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Christmas Boxes in Camp—Christmas, 1861.

OUR WAR ILLUSTRATIONS.

On page 4 we illustrate SHIP ISLAND, lately occupied by our troops; on page 13 the vessels composing GENERAL BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION; on page 12 a view of GREEN RIVER BRIDGE, KENTUCKY; and on page 5 SAVANNAH AND ITS APPROACHES.

SHIP ISLAND was occupied by the advance-guard of General Butler's expedition on 30 December. The troops consisted of the 26th Massachusetts and 8th Connecticut Volunteers, under command of Brigadier-General Phelps. They left Massachusetts in the steamer *Constitution*. The expedition was duly illustrated in *Harper's Weekly* at the time. On the 31st, as we said, they effected their destination, landed, and occupied the island without molestation. It is understood that they are to be followed by other troops, as future naval operations will be commenced against Mobile or New Orleans, or both. The following ground plan of Ship Island will, with our illustrations, enable our readers to understand the importance of the movement:

Ship Island is situated in longitude 89 and a little north of latitude 30, and is the property of the state of Mississippi. It is about sixty miles from New Orleans, nearly the same distance from Mobile, and Northeast by East of the Mississippi River, forty miles from Mobile, and nineteen from Pickens. It lies between Horn Island on the east and Cat Island on the west, and is distant about five miles from each. Some five or more miles to the north, on the main land of Mississippi, are the towns of Biloxi, Tschoupola, and Handsboro'. The two towns are favorite summer resorts for the wealthy planters and merchants of the Gulf States, both, of course, cannot be off their shore, are now the places of refuge for rebel gun-boats.

Ship Island is somewhat undulating, and extends in a slight curve about two miles outer-coastwise, and westeastward. At West Point (the western end), where the fort is located, the island is about a mile in breadth of a mile wide, and is a mere sand spit, utterly barren of grass or foliage of any kind. At the eastern end it is about half a mile across, and is wild, and is well wooded with pine, cedar, and live-oak.

The whole island contains a fraction less than two square miles of surface. Excellent water can be obtained by unlimited supply by sinking a barrel any where on the island. The island is admirably suited for the purpose of a depot command.

The island possesses a very superior harbor, into which fifteen feet can be carried at ordinary tides, and at the eastward north of the west end of the island. The anchorage, with water equal to the land, is about a mile in length, and averages three and a quarter miles in width. The harbor is one of the most landcrest secure in the Gulf—from the east-eastward, northward and eastward, and southward and southwest. In the harbor, during these storms without a pilot, if good light-houses were placed in proper positions. The fort was full of rain-water, and was broken to fourteen inches.

FORT MASSACHUSETTS, of which we give an illustration, is thus described in the *Herald* letter:

The fort, which is situated on the sand spit at the extreme western end of the island, is now under the charge, somewhat resembling a rear in form. As I have stated already, it was completed in accordance with the Federal Government, and when in a state of demolition progress was learned by the rebels, who obtained of work and then abandoned it. Piles of brick, and rendered bombproof by sand-bags, are now to be seen in front of the work.

The fort is built eleven casemates, and our forces have built two more since they occupied the fort. The casemates are bombproof. The fort is at present but one tier high, it is provided with Dahlgren guns, and a gorgeous of very heavy caliber and in perfect order, and there are barely enough guns to mount the fort, and two boards in removing them from the transport. It is hoped that they will be able to mount the fort in a few days, and that even the spot where it fell.

The vessels composing GENERAL BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION will be found portrayed on page 13. They comprise vessels of all kinds, from steamsloops to schooners. The principal vessels in composing the expedition proper, are North River propellers altered into gun-boats. These vessels, it is believed, will carry two-rifled, as they can carry a large number of men, besides acting as gun-boats. They have been strengthened forward and aft, and carry from two to four guns each. The destination of General Burnside's expedition is, of course, a secret. It is asserted, however, that it will operate in conjunction with General M'Clellan, and form a base not very far from Fortress Monroe.

GREEN RIVER BRIDGE, KENTUCKY, near which the contending armies under Schoepf and Zollicoffer have been encamped, is 73 miles from Louisville, Kentucky, on the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. This most elegant structure was built in the Fall of 1857. It is nearly 1000 feet in length; the centre pier is 115 feet high. The first or south span was blown up by the rebels and entirely destroyed.

Our bird-eye view of SAVANNAH AND ITS APPROACHES will convey a clear idea of the theatre of Commodore Dupont's operations.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1862.

THE "TRENT" QUESTION.

It is well understood that Great Britain has demanded satisfaction for the *Trent* affair, in what manner and to what extent is not known at the time we write. It is inferred from the tone of the British press that the degree of satisfaction required is such as can not be granted without subjecting the United States to decided humiliation. And the question which has engrossed for months the British cabinet during the past week has been whether we should submit to humiliation, or go to war again with England.

The answer to that question has not been unanimous. Some of our leading men and some journals on the war with England if the British demands growing out of the *Trent* affair are such as can not be honorably complied with. Others again, who think that national honor can not afford to embark in a foreign war, and that it is better for us now to submit to the demands of the British ministry, for the time being, and to trust to the future for opportunities of redress and vengeance. The latter view appears to be entertained by those whose opinion is entitled to the greatest weight.

They argue that if the British navy and British credit were placed at the service of the rebels, it would be a very serious matter indeed, to conquer them. We might, and we probably would, do infinite injury to British commerce. We could, if it were deemed worth while for whose accomplishment we have taken up arms would be placed beyond our reach. The war between the two countries in which the States would be prolonged indefinitely, and our ultimate success would be rendered extremely doubtful.

In view of these considerations, and of the paramount importance of preserving the Union —all costs, and at whatever they may be, and to preserve to rebels the right of property the controversy between. That this is the view of the Administration we do not know. But there is reason to believe that it is the view of a large and active as any one to the vital importance of maintaining our nationality at any sacrifice, and that he will not risk the main point for the sake of incidental controversies and side issues.

Of the conduct of Great Britain in this affair it requires neither comment nor opinion to understand language. It is as well known in England as here that the United States are engaged in a life struggle; that their armies and their navy are enlisted in a contest for the maintenance of our nationality: that there never has been a time since the commencement of this experiment when this country was less fitted to embark in a foreign war. It requires some self-command to remain upon the conduct of a nation which chooses this moment to offer us the option of war or humiliation. History, we think, may hardly be searched for a parallel. For a dozen times since 1814 occasions of war have arisen between this country and England, and have always been adjusted by negotiation. It is only now, when our whole energies are engrossed in a domestic struggle, that England ventures to threaten us with war.

But a just Providence rules, and to Him the issue may safely be intrusted. No wrong, in national affairs, ever goes unpunished. In such baseness as England has exhibited in the course of the past nine months can escape retribution. A time will come—and in our day, too—when we shall call England to account for the unnatural enmity she has displayed toward us, and especially for her base sympathy with traitors and pirates, and for her cowardice and cowardice she now evinces in trying to drive us in the wild hour of our most trying extremity. She should be the last power in the world to make us her foe, for she has not a friend in the world. There is not a nation in Europe that would not exult over the fall of England, for there is not one she has not insulted, outraged, or injured at some moment when they could not strike back. France, Russia, Spain, Germany, Italy—all will sympathize heart and soul with us when the time comes for our retribution, our vengeance. Millions of human structures in India, and millions in China, will bless the day when we strike to the heart of the brutal oppressor, who, for a century, has trampled them, and robbed them, and cheated them, and tried to convert them into mere instruments for the consumption of Manchester and Birmingham goods. Twice in our history we have fought with England, each time for causes which even Englishmen now admit to have been just. We are prepared now fight in prospect but it will be the last.

THE LOUNGER.

1862.

HARPER'S WEEKLY wishes its friends a Happy New Year! It has every reason to do so, for it believes that it will be prosperous and influential the coming time. Nor can it be unmindful of the prosperity which has followed it during the past year. The last year now closes—a prosperity which it may fairly say is not altogether undeserved. With a weekly issue of 120,000 copies, an illustrated journal like this is necessarily a power in the land. To-day, at least, while it compliments all others, it has a right to claim for itself a distinguished and specially if it means, in good faith, not to forget itself in the coming year, but to serve its friends as faithfully as in the past.

A Happy New Year! It can hardly fail to be that. Already, in our Southern metropolis—as already wasting itself away, and it will leave the land freer and fairer in all good purposes and principles. The dawn of peace calls to the mountains from the East, beyond the sea, is a dent that is unmistakable, and we shall shy shine before long. We have come in the last year to our national consciousness. We have proved to ourselves that the sons are worthy of the sires. We have shed our money and blood, and will yet cost more. But that temporary sacrifice is the price of peace welcome, and the consequences will make each future year of our lives a Happy New Year.

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

WHATEVER be the result of the difficulty between this country and England, history will record but a few simple facts:

That this was a great friendly power at peace with Great Britain;

That a different political systems each country was working out the problem of constitutional liberty;

That our commercial relations were most essential and intimate;

That the traditional mutual jealousy and dislike springing naturally from the circumstances of our earlier history were fast disappearing;

That the Civil War was not necessarily an Anti-Slavery nation, and the system of Slavery still lingered among us, yet that public sentiment here was rapidly repudiating the institution, and a lawful solution of the question, of which the proof was this civil war, in England;

That that result being clearly foreseen by a faction in the country, they raised the standard of revolt professedly to destroy this Government and establish another upon the corner-stone of Slavery;

That no other reason for the revolt was seriously presented or considered;

That immediately upon the declaration of this purpose the Government, by every practicable means, or achieved any result whatsoever, the British Government, without waiting for a word from this Government, at once declared the rebels at war with the great power, thereby treating a faction aiming to subvert a friendly government for the purpose already indicated as the surface equal of that government;

That in reply to the natural incredulity, surprise, and indignation of loyal American citizens, the chief organs of British opinion, leading statesmen, and public meetings assumed the identity of this Government as a fact already accomplished, and based their sympathy with the rebellion upon the integrity of the nation of waging a wicked and fratricidal war;

That the thinly-veiled sympathy with the rebellion, and selfish delight in the difficulties of this nation, which, with few exceptions, have been manifested by Great Britain from the beginning of the length induced the captain of an English passenger steamer, in open and deliberate violation of the Queen's proclamation—which was intended to embarrass this Government by granting belligerent rights to rebels which expressly forbade any of the English subjects to carry "officers, soldiers, dispatches, arms," etc.—to receive as passengers two men professedly going to the bleu to commissaries of the rebels to foreign courts, and so publicly declared to be by the confession of the captain himself;

That in pursuance of the unquestionable rights of a belligerent power, a naval officer of the United States, regarding the offending steamer, and not seizing the traitors, kindly permitted the offending ship to escape;

That Great Britain had always exercised, and still asserted, the right of stopping any American vessel on the high seas, and removing any British seaman found on board;

That she had thus stopped hundreds of American vessels, impressed thousands of sailors;

That upon hearing what this nation had done, the English press and Parliament and the parliamentary right to do precisely as they chose, and other nations only what Great Britain might permit;

At this point the record, for the moment, closes. If it shall be completed by the further fact that thereupon England declared war against us, recognized the rebellion as a successful revolution, and, in concert with the slaveholders, sought to overthrow this Government and consummate the ruin of the country, no student of history will be surprised. No intelligent man is surprised. There is little to be surprised. Only the greatest firmness and care upon the part of this Government can prevent her hastening, in the hour of our peril, from dealing a blow which she will hope may remove her most formidable rival forever.

WHAT WILL BE DONE?

THE attitude of the country and the tone of the newspapers since the news of the English excitements are most extraordinary. The calm calm and perfectly firm, neither inviting nor evading a war, which could not be to full measure forced upon all sides, the feeling of the nation undoubtedly is to acknowledge frankly any wrong that may have been committed and to make it up as we dishonor.

Unquestionably the Government will insist that by all international law and usage, and especially by the uniform conduct of England upon the ocean, nothing can be clearer than the right of a national ship to stop any neutral vessel and remove contraband of war, dispatches, and agents.

We do not recognize the claim which Great Britain has set up that the Queen's proclamation, which already wanting itself away, and it will leave the land freer and fairer in all good purposes and principles. The dawn of peace calls to the mountains from the East, beyond the sea, is a dent that is unmistakable, and we shall shy shine before long. We have come in the last year to our national consciousness. We have proved to ourselves that the sons are worthy of the sires. We have shed our money and blood, and will yet cost more. But that temporary sacrifice is the price of peace welcome, and the consequences will make each future year of our lives a Happy New Year.

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WHY IS ENGLAND OUR ENEMY?

WHY should England wish a war with us? In the last war our personal friend it are questions that are instinctively asked by many. Why is it so fondly cherished the tradition that England was a peculiarly unfriendly country? Why is the commonality of language and race is sufficient to secure permanent friendship between us.

But the case is not so clear to a moment's calm consideration.

If we emerge victorious from the suppression of the rebellion, as no sane man doubts, we shall have demonstrated the superiority of our system to every other in the world. The British Government could hope to subdue a conspiracy so vast and vigorous as this has proved to be. Our success will be the most triumphant argument against aristocratic system. Every English coronet, from the crown to the cap, will be found to be stained in the Englishman of proved deepest insight; and what would not English toryism and the tory populace of John Bull do with a word more than Jacobin politics! Our success will be a tremendous political argument against England.

But again, if we are victorious, we come out with an army and a navy which make us absolute masters of the North Continent, and masters of the seas. What, then, becomes of the mistress? If John Bull bears, like the Turk, no rival near the throne, is he not likely to deal with the rivalry?

Our domestic struggle is thus really the crisis of England. Her very existence is beginning, and hence all her conduct during the contest. Doubling she will strain every point now to precipitate war. If she does not, she will secure insult upon an ultimatum, this effort will be defeated.

The cue of England at this moment is to insist upon the rights of neutrals, in order to give the way to a recognition of the Confederate traitors. That again places in all questions of difficulty between us and her the temerity to deny the right of secession" exclaimed an Englishman the other day, who had been a friend to the country from the first, and the *Athenæum*, a purely literary and scientific London journal, begins a review of a work upon the American Union by a Mr. James Spence, with these words: "Although Mr. James Spence takes the unpopular side of the American question in his book, and arranges with lucidity and force the *arguments which establish the existence of a constitutional right to secede in the theory of the Constitution*," etc., etc.

This is amusing, because nothing is more profound than the ignorance of every Englishman in the matter of our political system. That they should not understand it is not surprising, but that they should now, whether in the person of Mr. James Spence, or these mysterious and final gentlemen "the Law Officers of the Crown," undertake to enlighten the world at large, and especially the President and his Cabinet, as to the proper interpretation of our Constitution, is so ludicrously preposterous that it must be turned off with a loud laugh.

And yet, notwithstanding this practical absurdity, and the unquestionable alienation of English

feeling from this country, and the imminent danger of a collision, there is no good reason for supposing that the collision may not be avoided. A century, however, will not repair the mischief worked by the jealousy of England at this time. We may be ceremonious acquaintances, punctiliously careful upon every point of etiquette, but we shall not for many a generation be the friends that we ought to be now, and that so many believed we already were. Nor can any just judge declare that the reason is to be found in any tariff system that we may have adopted. No such purely superficial question explains so deep a difference. It is to be found in the eagerness and evident joy with which England hailed the prospect of our national ruin.

AN ARMORY IN THE NORTHWEST.

THE letter of the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, of Chicago, representative from Illinois, to the President—the appointment of Mr. Kellogg, of the same State, upon the Committee for the establishment of a Western Armory, and the memorial of the citizens of Chicago to the Government setting forth the claims of that city as the proper site, all show that the Northwest is thoroughly alive to the importance of securing that armory for the great capital of that region.

The case of Chicago is a very strong one, and its chief points are the following:

That the arsenal should be somewhere in the Northwest is generally admitted. There are three on the eastern side of the Alleghany—namely, Watervliet, West Point, and Springfield; but the Northwest, whose population exceeds that of all the loyal Eastern States, has none. The western and northwestern frontiers are the points where arms will be required for the next century; and at the beginning of the present war there were no arms of any importance in the whole region. In Illinois there was the greatest difficulty in getting even a few thousand, and the troops when posted as sentries were for a long time compelled to do duty with clubs instead of muskets.

The great security of the works at Chicago is another consideration strongly urged. From the seat of domestic rebellion Chicago is separated by hundreds of miles of territory filled with a brave and loyal people. From foreign attack she is vulnerable only through the Straits of Mackinaw. The small expense of a fortification there, as Mr. Arnold shows, would make the lake inaccessible. The immense commerce of the lakes, exceeding in the whole the entire foreign commerce of the country, could, in case of need, be sheltered in Lake Michigan, and by means of an arsenal the merchant marine be rapidly converted into a navy.

The economical view is not less strongly presented. The iron, copper, lead, and lumber could be furnished, according to estimates, more cheaply in Chicago than elsewhere. Provisions are cheap. Mechanical labor abundant. Thirteen trunk lines of railway, counting, with their connections, more than five thousand miles, centre in Chicago. The futility of reliance upon *one* line of road has been shown painfully enough in the Baltimore and Ohio and Baltimore and Washington roads. But besides the railroads, the water communication by the great lakes and the Illinois canal and rivers, all improvable at an expense entirely disproportioned to the value of the results, is unsurpassed in the West.

Pittsburg is the rival claimant with Chicago. But in regard of building material, lumber, iron, copper, lead, coal for smelting, provisions, transportation, and security, the advantages seem to lean to Chicago. In skilled labor the two places are fully equal. The advantage of Pittsburg appears to be in motive power, in the cost of bituminous coal. But Chicago pluckily claims that this difference in the cost of coal for one purpose is more than counterbalanced by the other important considerations suggested. And as the Government owns ground at Pittsburg on which the armory might be built, Chicago will willingly furnish ground free of cost.

Mr. Arnold's letter contains some very curious and interesting statements. "Millions," he says, "are very properly expended annually in protecting and fostering the foreign commerce of the nation. The expense to the national treasury of the enormous trade on the great lakes is merely nominal; *a few light-houses and a single revenue-cutter armed with a single gun.*" Again he says: "A line drawn north and south through Pittsburg will show a majority of the loyal people of the Union west of that line. Yet this vast country, furnishing fully one-half of the soldiers now in the field, is entirely dependent upon eastern armories for the manufacture of arms. A national armory at Chicago during the last year would have saved the Government millions of money, the lives of many gallant men, and would have materially shortened the war."

Every year of our history will confirm one striking remark of Mr. Arnold's: "The provincial history of the Northwest terminated with the census of 1860."

A WORD TO "BOSTONIAN."

A FRIEND, who says that *Harper's Weekly* circulates twenty thousand or more copies in Boston and its neighborhood, suggests that the paper might wisely give a few more illustrations from that region. The suggestion is good; and we do not need Boston authority for believing that city to be a metropolis. But our friend should remember that a paper which circulates a hundred and twenty thousand copies has a very various and extended diocese. In Maryland and the District of Columbia twenty thousand are also taken; and as that region is the seat of present public interest, we naturally find the most attractive subjects there. If our friend has any suggestions of particular subjects to make, *Harper's Weekly* will be always very glad to receive them. Meanwhile we may observe that since the war broke out *Harper's Weekly* has illustrated Faneuil Hall, Fort Warren, and other Boston "lions."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FRAMLEY PARSONAGE.—A critic says: "There is a certain manner and style about it that pleases all." That certain manor is doubtless the parsonage itself, and the stile is the stile that leads to it.

A wounded Irishman wrote home from the hospital, and finished up by saying, "I've fought for this country, I've bled for it, and I shall soon be able to say I've died for it."

BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!

Break, break, break,
  Let the world thy rottenness see;
And I would that my hand could grasp again
  The money I lent to thee.

Oh! weep for the orphan boy,
  That his little is lost to-day;
Oh! weep for the holder of stock,
  That his savings are swept away.

And the city banks go on,
  And pay their depositors still;
But oh! for a touch of my vanished gold,
  That has gone from the Pall Mall till.

Break, break, break,
  Let the world thy rottenness see;
But the hard-earned gold that has fled
  Will never come back to me.

A century ago, the lady of one of the "City" knights wrote a note once to an old acquaintance, *verbatim*, as follows: "Lady —— precents compelments to Mrs. ——, and beggs she'll abstane from calling on her, as she sees now nobody *but* folks of fashion since her Ladyship and Sir —— has been nighted by his Majesty."

In a discussion with a temperance lecturer, a toper asked, "If water rots your boots, what effect must it have on the coats of your stomach?"

At an election dinner a voter said he had never received a bribe to the extent of a farthing. "Oh, Mr. Smith, how can you say so," observed another voter, "when I know Mr. Wilks sent you a hare?" "Ay, that's true enough; but it was full of maggots." "Well, then," was the rejoinder, "if it were not bribery, it was corruption."

"Now, children, who loves all men?" asked a school-inspector. The question was hardly put before a little girl, not four years old, answered quickly, "All women!"

An old man, when dangerously sick, was urged to take advice of a doctor, but objected, saying, "I wish to die a natural death."

Can a man with wooden legs be considered a *foot* passenger?

An old maid, speaking of marriage, says it is like any other disease—while there's life there's hope.

"So you are going to keep a school!" said a young lady to her aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nine children." "I should prefer that myself," was the quiet reply; "but where is the widower?"

An eminent and witty prelate was once asked if he did not think such a one followed his conscience. "Yes," said his grace, "I think he follows it as a man does a horse in a gig—he drives it first."

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—A short man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said that he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it falling in love?" said the suitor. "It's more like climbing up to it."

A QUALIFICATION.—A merchant, lately advertising for a clerk "who could bear *confinement*," received an answer from one who had been *seven years in jail!*"

Can a man be said to be in a stew when you make his blood boil?

A late lecturer remarked that it wouldn't be a very violent stretch of the imagination to believe "that a thoughtful Massachusetts baby, six months old, sits in his mother's lap eying his own cradle, to see if he could not invent a better; or at least suggest some improvement."

A learned young lady defines a thimble as a diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.

A milkman was awoke by a wag in the night with the announcement that his best cow was choking. He forthwith jumped up to save the life of his animal, when, lo! he found a turnip stuck in the mouth of the pump.

A truly rural young lady is about to publish a work on "The Rise, Growth, Culture, and Progress of the Hen, as an Element of Civilization."

TEST OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.—"Well, doctor," said a barrister to a witness, "what is the character of this defendant?" "He is a Christian, Sir." "A Christian?" "Yes, Sir; a good Christian; a most exemplary Christian." "Well, how do you know this?" "I know it, Sir, because I attended him through a fit of the gout, and never once heard him swear." The testimony was considered satisfactory.

Lady Yarmouth asked Garrick one day why Love was always represented as a child? He replied, "Because Love never reaches the age of wisdom and experience."

"Don't touch me, or I'll scream!" as the engine-whistle said to the stoker.

"Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lisping maid of an old veteran. "No, my dear," growled the old soldier; "in those days I once had a military ball come to me, and what do you think?—it took my leg off!"

People who cross the ocean for mere pleasure generally conclude, before finishing the voyage, that they were *retched* fools.

The story is told of a certain New Zealand chief, that a young missionary landed at his island, to succeed a sacred teacher deceased some time before. At an interview with the chief, the young minister asked: "Did you know my departed brother?" "Oh yes! Me deacon in his church." "Ah, then, you knew him well; and was he not a good and tender-hearted man?" "Yes," replied the pious deacon with much gusto, "he very good and very tender. Me eat a piece of him!"

A gentleman traveling across Salisbury Plain saw an old man sitting at the door of a cabin, weeping bitterly. "My friend," inquired the gentleman, "what is the matter with you?" "Why," replied the man, "daddy jist gave me an awful licking 'cause I wouldn't rock granddaddy to sleep!" The gentleman rode off, fully satisfied with the salubrity and healthiness of the Plain to produce such unparalleled instances of longevity.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, December 17, in the Senate, several petitions were presented for emancipating the slaves of rebels. A bill was reported to increase the number of cadets at West Point. Senator Lane in a speech criticised the action of the Government in the conduct of the war, and was replied to by Senator Carlile. The Chair appointed Senators Wade of Ohio, Chandler of Michigan, and Johnson of Tennessee, as the committee to investigate the general conduct of the war. The House resolution for an adjournment until January 6 was laid on the table. An executive session was held, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Bingham, from the Judiciary Committee, reported back the joint resolutions requiring the Provost Court at Alexandria, Virginia, to hold the property of rebels until Congress take further action on the subject. The resolution then passed. The resolutions of Mr. Eliot, for the emancipation of slaves, being the special order, were then resumed. On motion of Mr. Kellogg, the resolutions, and all others relating to the subject in the same special order, were referred to the Judiciary Committee by a vote of 77 against 57. A bill was reported from the Foreign Affairs Committee appropriating one thousand dollars to pay the owners of the British ship *Perthshire* for losses incurred in consequence of detention by our blockading fleet off Mobile, in June last, our naval officers at the time acting on a misunderstanding of the circumstances. The bill was finally passed, but not until after it had given rise to a somewhat lengthy and discursive debate. A bill was reported from the Naval Committee to authorize the Secretary of the Navy to construct twenty iron-clad steam gun-boats, at a cost of from five hundred thousand to six hundred thousand dollars each, which, after a brief debate, was laid over for further consideration, and the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, December 18, in the Senate, petitions for the emancipation of slaves, and for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, were presented by Senators Doolittle and Sumner, respectively. Senator Sumner offered a resolution that Trusten Polk, now a traitor to the United States, be expelled from the Senate. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee. Senator Sumner's resolution that the army shall not be used to surrender fugitive slaves was taken up and adopted. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Committee on Elections reported adversely to the claim of Charles Henry Foster to represent either the First or Second Congressional District of North Carolina, and the report was adopted. A bill appropriating one million dollars for gun-boats on the Western waters was passed. The Pension Appropriation Bill was taken up, amended so that no pension shall be paid to rebels, and then passed. The bill authorizing the payment of troops mustered into service in Missouri was passed. This provides for the pay of the forces under General Frémont, as well as those under other generals. The Contract Investigating Committee was requested to inquire into the policy of abolishing sutlerships, or regulating them so as to prevent impositions upon soldiers.

On Thursday, December 19, in the Senate, Senator Sumner presented a number of numerously signed petitions in favor of the emancipation of slaves, with compensation to loyal masters. Senator Willey, of Virginia, offered a resolution to the effect that the existing war was forced upon the country by the rebellious States without provocation, and with the design to destroy the Union and the Constitution, and repudiate the fundamental principles of republican government. The Senate discussed the resolution of the House to adjourn till the 6th of January, in order to participate in the Christmas holidays, but adjourned without arriving at a determination on the subject.——In the House, the bill providing for the construction of twenty iron-clad steam gun-boats, to be built by contract or otherwise, as the Secretary of the Navy may deem best for the public interest, was debated and passed. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was passed. A bill abolishing the franking privilege was introduced by Mr. Colfax, and the second Tuesday of January assigned for its consideration.

On Friday, December 20, in the Senate, petitions for the emancipation of the slaves of rebels, for an armory at Rock Island, for the establishment of a system to exchange prisoners of war, and for the expulsion of Senator Bright, of Indiana, were presented and appropriately referred. A bill appropriating one thousand dollars to the owners of the British ship *Perthshire*, as indemnity for damages by reason of illegal detention by the blockading squadron, was reported by the Committee on Foreign Affairs and laid on the table. The Judiciary Committee were discharged from further consideration of the subject of the abolition and reconstruction of the Supreme Court. Senator Saulsbury's resolution, calling for a copy of General Phelps's proclamation to the loyal citizens of the Southwest, and by what authority it was made, was taken up, briefly discussed, and laid on the table. Senator Willey, of Virginia, then resumed and concluded his speech on national affairs.——In the House, a bill appropriating $150,000 to complete the defenses of Washington was passed. Resolutions of the Kentucky Legislature in favor of relief to Ireland, in view of a probable famine there, were referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. A resolution that the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to report a bill so amending the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 as to forbid the recapture or return of any fugitive from labor without satisfactory proof first being made that the claimant of such fugitive was loyal to the Government was adopted by a vote of 78 to 39. Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, offered a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill providing for the confiscation of all the property of all rebels, and their aiders and abettors, and the unconditional liberation of their slaves, and protection of said slaves from recapture by their masters. The proposition was laid on the table by two majority. Mr. Wilson, of Indiana, offered a resolution directing the Military Committee to report an additional article of war, prohibiting officers of the army from employing the force under their command to return fugitive slaves to their owners, and providing for the punishment of such officers by dismissal from service. No action was taken on the subject.

Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, December 23, in the Senate, Senator Davis, the new Senator from Kentucky, appeared and took his seat. A memorial was presented from citizens of Boston, representing that the freedom of the press had been abridged, and asking relief. The bill making an appropriation of $1,500,000 for the construction of gun-boats for operations on the Western rivers was reported from the Committee on Finance, and passed. Senator King, of New York, offered a resolution, which was laid over, requesting the President to institute law proceedings against persons held in custody by Executive authority. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill providing against the return of fugitive slaves by the army, and for the punishment of any officer ordering it. The bill to increase the number of cadets at West Point from 170 to 350 was taken up and debated at considerable length, but was not definitely acted upon.——In the House, Mr. Vallandigham introduced a bill to enforce the writ of *habeas corpus*. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee. A resolution introduced by Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, on Friday, requesting the Military Committee to prepare a new article of war for the punishment of all officers using any forces under their command for the return of fugitive slaves was considered, and finally adopted. The bill to increase the duties on tea, coffee, and sugar was reported from the Committee on Ways and Means, and passed after some debate, 77 to 29. It was immediately sent to the Senate, and passed that body also. The resolution introduced by Mr. Morehead, of Pennsylvania, requesting the Judiciary Committee to report a bill debarring forever any rebel from holding office under the Constitution and laws of the United States, was passed.

ESCAPE OF COLONEL CORCORAN.

The papers publish an interesting statement made by Lieutenant Hurd, of the Second Maine Regiment, who was wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run, and has recently been released. He, together with Colonel Corcoran and some three hundred others were confined in the Charleston Jail at the time of the great conflagration there, and they only escaped from the jail, which was burned, by leaping from a window, no effort being made to save them by the Charlestonians. Colonel Corcoran, Lieutenant Hurd believes, escaped during the confusion, as he expressed his determination to try to reach Beaufort or the North, and has not since been heard of. According to Lieutenant Hurd's representations, the National prisoners now in the South are treated in the most brutal and unjustifiable manner.

SKIRMISH NEAR WASHINGTON.

A brisk and successful conflict took place last week on the lines in front of Washington. General M'Call's brigade went out one morning on a foraging expedition toward Dranesville. His advance force, commanded by General Ord, consisted of four regiments of infantry, a regiment of Pennsylvania rifles, and Easton's battery. Near Dranesville a fire was opened on them by the rebels, under Colonel Forney, numbering four regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, who were concealed in the bushes. The fire was returned from our rifles and the battery, and after an hour's fighting the rebels fled toward Fairfax Court House, leaving 150 killed and wounded behind them, together with two caissons of ammunition and a quantity of clothing and stores. General M'Call had ordered up General Reynolds to a point on the Leesburg turnpike to support General Ord, in anticipation of an attack; but before Generals Reynolds and M'Call reached the field of action the rebels had been defeated by Easton's battery and the rifles of Colonel Kane's Pennsylvania regiment. Our loss was about six killed and twenty-seven wounded.

GENERAL POPE'S OPERATIONS IN MISSOURI.

Dispatches received from General Pope state that on Wednesday he got between the enemy encamped in two bodies, one at a point near Chilhowee and another in Clinton and Henry counties; that they retreated upon his arrival toward Rose Hill, leaving all their baggage and valuables in his possession. General Pope followed them up, but at Johnson, Bates County, they scattered in all directions. With a strong cavalry reconnoissance General Pope captured 150 rebels near Osceola, and at different other points about as many more. The whole country between Rose Hill and Grand River is now clear of rebels. Meanwhile another portion of his force, under Colonel Davis, surprised a second rebel camp, on the evening of the 18th, near Milford. The rebels, who were thirteen hundred strong, surrendered upon finding themselves surrounded. Among the prisoners were three colonels, seventeen captains, 1000 stand of arms, 1000 horses, sixty-five wagons, and a large quantity of supplies, tents, and baggage. The loss of the enemy is not known, but the Union loss was but two killed and eight wounded.

MORE BRIDGE-BURNING IN MISSOURI.

The rebels of General Price's army, in Missouri, made another raid upon the railroads on Friday night, destroying the track, water-tanks, wood-piles, and bridges on the North Missouri railroad for a distance of a hundred miles, commencing at a point eight miles south of Hudson, and continuing to destroy the rails and telegraph lines as far as Warrentown. It appears to have been a preconcerted movement, in which the inhabitants of that district participated, as no single party could have accomplished so disastrous a work in the short space of time which it took to complete the extensive damage.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENSES.

The report of General Barnard, Chief Engineer of the Army, which has just been submitted to Congress by Secretary Cameron, shows that the defenses around Washington consist of forty-eight works, mounting three hundred guns; that the whole defensive perimeter occupied is about thirty-five miles—exceeding by several miles the famous field-works of Torres Vedras, the most extensive fortification of this kind known in modern times. General Barnard asks the appropriation of $150,000 from Congress for the completion of these works, as many of them were thrown up in the face of the enemy, and therefore require considerable labor to make them perfect. Secretary Cameron has also submitted to Congress a report in favor of the appropriation of $4,710,000 for putting our coast defenses in order, from the lakes round to San Francisco, a large portion of which is to be devoted to defenses of New York harbor.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

The exchange of rebel prisoners has commenced. The bark *Island City* left Boston last week for Fortress Monroe with two hundred and fifty of the rebels captured at Hatteras, who have been released from captivity at Fort Warren by the Government.

THE FIRE AT CHARLESTON.

Somewhat fuller particulars of the great fire in Charleston have reached us by way of Fortress Monroe. The *Courier*, published on the 14th, gives a list of between two and three hundred sufferers (property owners) by the fire, and estimates the loss at seven millions of dollars; and the *Mercury* of the same date gives a list of five hundred and seventy-six buildings, which were totally destroyed on Wednesday alone. Five churches were burned, and various prominent public buildings used for secular purposes. The Richmond papers state that a Message was sent to the Confederate Congress, on Friday, by Jeff Davis, in which he recommended relief for the sufferers, and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were accordingly voted the next day—an advance upon the claims of South Carolina upon the rebel Government.

MORE INCENDIARISM SOUTH.

It is not in the least improbable that the fate of Charleston may be shared before long by other Southern cities. The Montgomery (Alabama) *Advertiser* says that no less than seven attempts were made to set fire to that city within two days, and that two of them were partially successful.

COTTON COMING TO MARKET.

The *Atlantic*, from Port Royal, brought the first installment of Sea Island cotton—150,000 pounds—and the intelligence that 400,000 pounds have already been secured by General Sherman. The expedition which was expected to leave for some point further South, under command of General Viele, has been abandoned for the present, the military and naval authorities having come to the conclusion that the force could be used to more advantage in the vicinity of Port Royal.

MORE DISTRESS AT NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans *Delta* of November 25 says that 1800 families were supplied at the free market on the preceding day—an increase of one hundred families during a single week.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

THE consort of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, expired at noon of Sunday, 15th ult., his disease being gastric fever.

THE CHIEF OF THE TORIES FOR WAR.

The Earl of Derby is said to have been consulted by the British Government relative to the *Trent* affair. He is said to approve of its war policy, and to have counseled ship-owners to instruct outward-bound vessels to signalize any English vessels that war with America is probable.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

The excitement in England continues unabated, as far as the expression of newspaper opinion and public speeches are concerned. The war preparations of the British Government show no signs of diminution. Transports were still fitting out, and troops were being ordered in increased numbers to Canada. The *Black Prince* and *Chanticleer*, the steamships *Persia* and *Australasia*, with 11,000 men, artillery, and stores, were under orders to sail on the 11th December. The *Hero*, carrying 80 guns, sailed on the 8th. The *Sutlej*, 51 guns, was ordered to start for Canada as soon as possible. The Fifth Dragoon Guards and the Grenadier Guards have received orders to proceed at once to Canada. The Admiralty Agent, Captain Williams, who was on board the *Trent* when Mason and Slidell were taken off, received a letter from the British Government approving of his conduct in protesting against the capture of the rebel emissaries.

FRANCE.

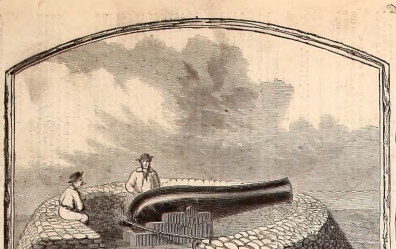
NAPOLEON OFFERS TO MEDIATE.

General Scott, previous to embarking in the *Arago*, had an interview with Prince Napoleon, at which it is reported that the Prince stated that the Emperor had expressed a desire to bring about a pacific solution of the impending difficulty between England and America.

GERMANY.

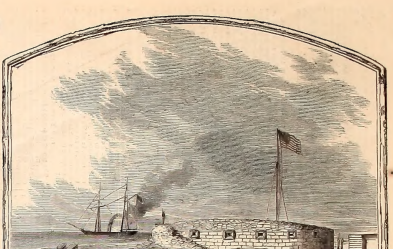
THE FEELING THERE.

The Austrian papers are fearful that a war between England and America would remove the only obstacle in Europe to French ambition, and that France would begin war against Germany.

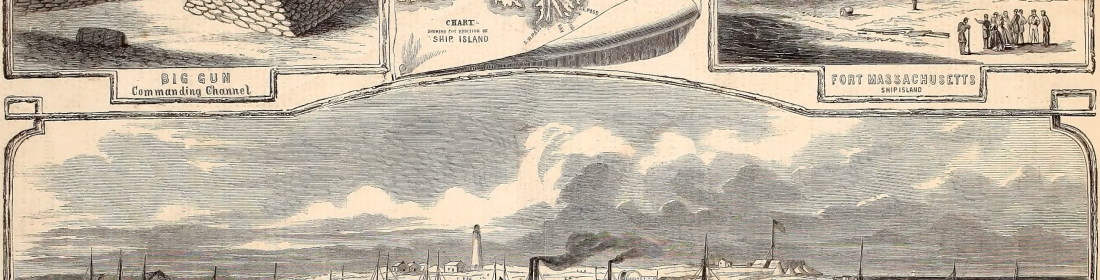


BIG GUN
Commanding Channel





FORT MASSACHUSETTS
SHIP ISLAND



GENERAL VIEW OF SHIP ISLAND, SHOWING THE LANDING OF GENERAL PHELPS'S BRIGADE.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 2.]



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE COAST, FROM SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, TO BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE POSITION OF OUR FLEET, ETC.—Reference.—1. Savannah.—2. Hutchinson.—3. Bluff.—4. Flag Island.—5. Wilmington River.—6. Skidaway.—7. Long Island.—8. Savannah River.—9. Fort Pulaski.—10. Jones Island.—11. Turtle Island.—12. Long Pine Island.—13. Wilmington Island.—14. Tybee Island.—15. Martello tower.—16. Dawfuskie Island.—17. Savage Islands.—18. Bull Island.—19. Calibogie Sound.—20. Colleton Neck.—21. Bluffton.—22. Bear Island.—23. Lemon Island.—24. Broad River.—25. Dawn Island.—26. Port Royal Island.—27. Beaufort.—28. Paris Island.—29. Helena Island.—30. Pinckney Island.—31. Skull Creek.—32. Fort Beauregard.—33. Port Royal entrance.—34. Fort Walker.—35. Camp.—36. Hilton Head Island.—37. Braddock's Point.—38. The Savannah.—39. The Flag.—40. The Augusta.—41. The Seneca.—42. The Pocahontas.—43. The Florida.—44. The Mohican.

CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW CHRISTMAS STORIES.

I.—PICKING UP EVENING SHADOWS.

It is a tale, this that I am about to tell, of good deeds revealed, of good instincts roused, of a good work done, and a good result attained, and all through Evening Shadows.

I have often thought what tell-tell things shadows are. I mean the shadows that one who stands outside sees in the windows of a lighted-up room or building; the shadows thrown on a blind by figures interposing between it and the lamp-light. I have noticed these in churches during divine service, when I, wandering about outside, have looked up at the windows and seen the shades of a pair of lovers reading out of the same hymn-book; of children evidently chattering and grinning together; and sometimes a shadow which, bobbing forward from time to time in a jerking fashion, then catching itself, still with a jerk, then remaining preternaturally erect and still, and then beginning to bob again, has suggested to me that the fourth head of a sermon in eight compartments was being developed, and that the shadow before me was that of one who was taking refuge from oratory in sleep.

Among the number of the shadows which my memory retains there are some that lie upon it with no dark and shuddering chill; some that were cast by objects in themselves so pure and noble that the shade itself seemed only a subdued brightness, and the light that cast it—a glory.

My story begins at the time, some years ago, when, as a single man, I was living in a narrow and rather crowded street in one of the old parts of London—one of those streets where very decent houses are mixed with much poorer ones—and in one of the best and cleanest of which I occupied two rooms; a bedroom and a sitting-room. Having at that time, as I have now, a great dread of noise while at work, I made use of the back room as my studio, sleeping in the front of the house, which was quiet at night, but not in the daytime, by reason of the day traffic. My painting-room then was on the second floor, and at the back of the house; and as there was a street running at an acute angle to that in which I lived, and joining it only a few yards higher up, it will easily be understood that the backs of the houses in this slanting thoroughfare, which was called appropriately enough Cross Street, were in tolerably close proximity to my painting-room window. I have been thus exact in describing the topography of my place of abode, because then you will be better able to understand how it happened that my attention was directed to the circumstances which I am about to detail.

You will be able to understand how it was that, sitting, especially during the short days, as the dusk was beginning to fall, looking meditatively out of window and thinking of my work, my attention would often be drawn, almost without my knowledge, to some of the windows in the slanting street which I have described, and how I found myself not unfrequently speculating about some of the inhabitants of the rooms which were separated from that in which I was sitting by so small a space.

There was one window more than all the rest which, for some reason or other, used especially to occupy my thoughts. It was a window exactly level with my own, and exactly opposite to it. During the daytime, though the blind was always drawn up as high as it could be, I could see but little of the room, but what I could make out only showed me that it was a very poor place indeed. Long habits of a speculative use of my eyes, if I may so express myself, have perhaps given me a tendency to attach much importance to the external aspects of things as indicative of what goes on within. Be that as it may, I possess that tendency, and possess it very strongly on the subject of windows. I think that the windows of a house give one a great idea of the dispositions, the habits, and the tempers of the occupants. Who has not felt, in passing by a house whose well-cleaned windows are filled with flowers, where the solid white and green of the Arum, and the delicate shades of color in the rows of blossoming hyacinths, stand out in pleasant freshness against the dark back-ground formed by the interior of the room—who has not felt that the inhabitants of a house whose windows are thus decorated are in a calmer and happier condition than their next-door neighbors, where the yellow blind hangs crookedly across the dirty window, and the wire screen beneath has got a bulging ragged hole in it?

Holding, then, the theory which I have ventured thus to put forward, it will be readily believed that I augured the better of the occupants of the room opposite, from the fact that I could see through the lower panes of the window the leaves and branches of a great big fuschia spread out fan-wise on a wooden frame. Other little contrivances and adornments there were about this poor casement, which, though of the cheapest and most two-penny order of decorative art, showed yet some love of the gentler side of things, and a wish to put a good face on poverty.

But it is, as I have already said, toward dusk and in the evening that my attention has been oftenest fixed on the window which I have been describing. It is then that, the room being lighted up, the shadows of things and persons within it are thrown upon the blind with a clearness and distinctness which those who have never observed such matters would hardly credit. The shadows tell me then that the room is tenanted by a husband and wife, both young, I am certain. The man, as I gather from his position, and what I take to be the shadow of a tissue-paper screen behind which he stoops over his labor, is a poor drudging engraver, for whom the days are not long enough, sitting cramped up at his patient toil through many hours of the night. As I watch him, he will rise and stretch back his head to relieve the muscles of his neck, and then I see that the shadow thrown on the blind is that of a young figure, spare but well-made. The light shows me also that he wears a beard; it is a very strong light indeed, and this makes me more sure than ever that he is an engraver. The shadow of his wife is there beside him—almost always. How she watches over and tends him; how she hangs over his chair, or kneels beside him! I had never, at the time I speak of, seen her, but I could not help fancying that she was pretty and good enough to light up a darker room than that in which she lives, and to make her husband's life of toil—if he can keep it up—not only bearable but delightful.

If he can keep it up—but can he? His shadow is all that I have seen of him, but it looks like the shadow of one in delicate health. I never miss him from his place at night, and I can see the edge of his blind by which he works at his window all day. "If he sits drudging there," thought I, "he will surely, as is the case in all excess, defeat his own object, and end in being disabled altogether."

It was not long before I began to fear that what I had apprehended had taken place. There came a day when the blind was not drawn up to let in the light on the engraver's work, but remained drawn down the whole day. It would be difficult to express how anxiously I longed for the evening, and the shadows which should tell me more.

That evening the light was burning in the room as usual, but the straight-edge of the engraver's blind was not seen cutting against it. There was the shadow of but one person—it was that of a woman—and as the figure which cast it moved so quietly about, I could make out that she was pouring out drugs and mixing the different compounds wanted in a sick-room by the light of the lamp. Sometimes she would pause in these occupations and look toward one end of the room, where I concluded the bed was placed; and sometimes I could even imagine—but this must have been pure fancy—that, looking still in the same direction, her lips would move at times, and that she was speaking. I could even see her tasting the food she was mixing, with her head a little on one side; altering and tasting it often before she carried it across the room to where, I felt sure, the sick man lay. So much will shadows tell.

From my front window I can see a long way up and down the street, even to that corner where the early-breakfast depôt is found every morning—a poor stall enough, and driving a poor business, I should have thought; a business, however, in which I am so deeply interested that my first morning act is to go to the window and see if the poor old proprietor has got a customer—nay, once I put on a pilot-coat and a wide-awake hat, to appear in character, and purchased a cup of his coffee, which was a sound coffee enough, though a little gritty, and perhaps a thought weak. Enough of that. I can see to the coffee-stall one way, and nearly as far the other, and at the back I command a bit of a court, two mewses and a half, and, by great dislocation of neck, a little scrap of Brewer Street, Golden Square. Now in all these regions, which are continually under my eye, I have noticed one constantly-pervading presence, one figure which comes upon the scene without fail every day in the year and at all conceivable hours. It is the figure of a tallish gentleman of about five-and-thirty, who stoops a little, has a very round back, wears spectacles, is always dressed in a buttoned black frock-coat, is always in a hurry, always expected anxiously at the houses he visits, and always followed to the door, on coming out again, by some who question him eagerly as he leaves them, and who seem to seek for comfort in his most inscrutable face. Of course I have not watched this gentleman's proceedings long without coming to the conclusion that it is Mr. Cordial, the parish doctor, whose surgery in Great Pulteney Street I am so often in the habit of passing.

If there had been any previous doubt on my mind as to the state of things in the house opposite, it would at once have been put to flight when, on the day succeeding that evening on which I had watched the engraver's wife in her capacity of nurse, I caught a dark glimpse of this gentleman's head (rather a bald head for so young a man) at the window of the room opposite, which he had come to, to prepare some mixture or other.

"Now here," I thought to myself, "is a pretty business! This is just what I feared. Here is this poor fellow laid up, unable to work, and probably not only ill in body, but harassed in mind by the consciousness that, as long as he is ill, there can be no money coming in to supply the daily expenses which, however poorly they live, he and his wife must of necessity incur."

I thought over this matter, and turned it all sorts of ways, as people who are unlucky enough, or unwise enough, to live alone do turn and twist things, and was so haunted by the thought of what was going on in the room opposite that, in the course of the afternoon, I was obliged to go out and take a long walk, in order to fill up the time that must necessarily intervene before the lamp would be lit and the shadows thrown upon the blind. When I got back from that walk I was in such hot haste for such silent news as I might reasonably hope to gain, that I did not even stay to light my candle, but felt my way as well as I could across the room, and stationed myself at the window.

At first I thought that there were no shadows at all on the white glaring blind, except those of the poor bits of curtain and of the spread-out fuschia before-mentioned; but by-and-by, noticing a small and continually moving shadow mixed up with that of the curtain, and observing that it rose and fell regularly and quickly, I presently connected it with another mass of shade a little above it, and arrived at the conclusion that this last was thrown by a woman's head, and by the moving shadow by her hand, as it rose and fell in the action of working with the needle. It was not long before I found out that my hypothesis was well grounded; for a little while the shadow of the hand was still and that of the head was raised, as if the person whose silhouette lay thus upon the blind was in the act of listening—and then it rose, and I saw the well-known figure of the engraver's wife pass the light, and knew that she had moved toward that quarter of the room in which I had made up my mind that the bed with the sick man in it was placed.

During the greater part of that evening, as I watched, and my occupations were frequently interrupted that I might do so, I made out no shadow but that which I have just mentioned. But, at about nine o'clock, I saw another shadow pass before the blind, and as it was that of a man, I had for a moment the hope that it was cast by the invalid. It was only for a moment; another glance showed me that this person wore no beard, and that there was greater bulk of figure than would have been cast by the poor engraver. I soon concluded that it was the doctor; and if I had any doubt on this subject it was removed when I presently observed the workman-like angle of elbow made by the shadow as it stood before the light, pouring something into what I suppose, from its size, must have been a tea-cup.

Twice a day, then. He was ill enough for the doctor to come to him twice a day.

My determination was taken as I made that reflection. I had got wrought up to a great state of interest and suspense about this case which I could hardly explain to myself. I felt a strange longing to know more of it, and I came to the resolution—it was like what might have been expected of a man half cracked with living alone—that I would go out, then and there, waylay the doctor as he came away from his patient, and ask him all about it.

I had lost some time in reflection, and when I looked hastily across before leaving my room I did not see any shadows on the blind, yet it was reasonable to suppose that I might still catch the doctor in the street; so out I rushed. Sure enough, there was the doctor just coming out of No. 4 Cross Street. How lucky I was to be in time!

I found the parish medical authority not very communicative or prone to take a very romantic view of sickness and suffering. He was a good sort of man enough, no doubt, but dry and matter-of-fact. He had seen so much of sickness and misery that he was used to it. He answered all my questions, however, politely, though seeming a good deal surprised at them.

"He had just been visiting a sick man in that house, had he not?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "he had. Bad case of low fever."

"Second floor—a married couple?" was my next inquiry.

Again an answer in the affirmative.

"Was it a case of great distress?"

"Yes, of very great distress."

"They have nothing to live upon but what the husband makes by his labor?" I asked.

"Nothing," was the answer.

"And he is laid up and unable to work?"

"That is the state of the case," replied the doctor.

"Ah! I thought so," said I. "Would you be kind enough, Doctor Cordial," I continued, "to take charge of this small sum" (it was a very small one) "for the benefit of these poor people—on no account mentioning how you came by it?"

The doctor promised that he would, and I was just going to leave him, when I thought I would ask the poor fellow's name.

"His name is Adams," said the doctor; and so we parted.

I now felt quite a sense of proprietorship in looking at my poor shadows opposite, and watched them more eagerly than ever. There was one action of the shadow, now unfortunately the only action to watch, which used to puzzle me not a little. The sick man's wife used at times to stand before the light, and, as it appeared to me, used to hold some article of clothing, or other piece of drapery, and examine it closely; sometimes I fancied that I could make the object out to be a shirt, or a coat, at another time a pair of trowsers. After this she would disappear, and I always noticed that the lamp would then be turned down till its light was very low, and would remain so for a considerable period. I could not understand this at the time, though I did afterward. She was testing the condition of different articles of clothing before taking them to the pawnbroker's.

And now I began to discover one of the bad results of my solitary life. Though I had given Dr. Cordial a small sum to go toward helping these poor people, it was quite impossible, in my straitened circumstances, that I could spare more. If I had resolutely kept my friends about me, there would have been somebody or other to whom I could apply in behalf of my poor shadows, while now it was impossible to do so. Even when the idea entered my mind of trying to revive some former friendships with this view, the fear that any one so applied to might imagine I wanted the help for myself at once deterred me.

While I was engaged in turning all these things over in my mind, there came across it the memory of one individual to whom I really felt as if I should not mind applying in this difficulty.

There was a certain Mr. Pycroft, a copper-plate printer, with whom I had formerly had dealings. He was an old man, and it so happened that at one time in my life I had been in a position to do him a service, and had done it. There was something about his age, his position, and our former relations, which made me feel less shy of approaching him than I should have felt with any one else. He was a fat, jolly-looking old boy, and was, as far as I had had opportunities of judging, as good-natured as he looked.

There was, however, one circumstance connected with his history which seemed to show him in a less amiable light, and the remembrance of which made me for a time hesitate about applying to him. I remembered to have heard that some short time ago he had acted with great severity toward his eldest son, who, having contracted a marriage against his father's wishes, had been deprived of his share in the business, which he had formerly enjoyed, and left to make a living as well as he could by his own exertions. The fact is, that the old man had had a darling project of marrying his eldest son to a young girl whose father was a business connection of his own. The old copper-plate printer was not only thwarted in this, but was further outraged by his son's choice having fallen in a direction particularly distasteful to him for private reasons. I suspected also, from what I had heard, that the conduct of the eldest son, which had been represented to his father as being violent and rebellious in no ordinary degree, had been made the worst of by the younger brother, who not only stepped into the lion's share of the business on his brother's removal, but himself contracted the marriage which his brother had declined. I could not help thinking, when I heard the circumstances of the case, that this younger son had had a great deal to do in poisoning the old man's mind with regard to his elder brother's conduct.

At all events, old Mr. Pycroft was the only person I could think of just now as likely to help my unfortunate shadows, and to him I determined to apply, but in a roundabout way. It occurred to me that if I could enlist his sympathy in the fate of these poor people, just as my own had been awakened, by means of the shadows, it would be a far better plan than any other.

It so happened that I had often promised my old acquaintance to show him a collection which I had of Rembrandt etchings, and it occurred to me that now was the time when these might come into play with great effect. So, making an excuse in relation to the matter of business which had formerly brought us together, I called on my old acquaintance, and, in the course of conversation, invited him, naming an evening, to come to my lodgings and examine these curiosities, intimating that we would moisten that pleasing labor with a glass of brandy-and-water. Punctual to the time named Mr. Pycroft arrived, and we got through the first hour very comfortably, though I could not help feeling rather anxious about the success of my scheme.

After examining the etchings, Mr. Pycroft, over the second glass, began to rally me about living in such a labyrinth of streets, asking me if I did not find it dreadfully confined at the back.

"By-the-by," I said—and here I must own that I was guilty of some small amount of deception, for I spoke as if the matter in hand were of no sort of importance—"by-the-by, Mr. Pycroft, you wouldn't imagine how much recreation I derive from observing my neighbors in that very cross street which you find comes too near my windows."

"If you was to come out of this kind of solitary life," replied Mr. P., "you would have other things to amuse yourself with besides the goings on of a parcel of people whom you know nothing about."

"Now here, for instance," I went on, unmindful of the interruption, as I drew aside my own curtain and pointed out the window of the room occupied by my poor young couple—"here is a window which has revealed to me all sorts of interesting matter—enough to make a story out of almost, I can tell you."

"What, this window opposite? But do you mean to say, Mr. B., that you think it right to look into people's rooms like that?"

"I have scrupulously abstained from doing so," was my answer, "and have made all my observations with the blind down, as you see it now."

"With the blind down? But how could you make any observations with the blind down?"

"By means of the shadows of the occupants of the apartment," was my answer.

"Shadows?" cried Mr. Pycroft, obviously incredulous. "You don't mean to tell me that you could make out what was going on in that room by means of the shadows on the blind?"

"Something of what goes on," I replied, "at any rate. Enough to interest me in the fortunes of those to whom the room belongs."

"Well, really, Mr. B.! If I had it on any other testimony than your own I should have thought it simply impossible."

"Would you like to look for yourself?" I said. "I dare say something will take place behind the blind before long which will give you an opportunity of testing the accuracy of what I have said."

"Well, without doubting that at all," replied my guest, "I really think I should."

Mr. Pycroft was sitting near the window, but my reading-lamp upon the table made the room rather too light for our observations. So I pushed the table away to the other end of the room, turned down the wick of the lamp, and lowered the shade over it as well.

"Well," said Mr. Pycroft, "I see nothing at present but a white blind with a light behind it."

The shadow of the little wife's head was there in the corner by the curtain, and the shadow of the hand rose and fell as usual; but Mr. Pycroft had not such a practiced eye as I had for detecting such matters. I pointed these out to my friend.

"I *do* see something bobbing up and down," he said, "now you mention it. But I should never have found it out without your help. Stop! there's a shadow now covering nearly the whole blind. What's that?"

"I suspect that it is the shadow of the same person," was my answer. "She will probably go nearer the window and farther from the light presently, and then you will see."

In a minute or two the shadow appeared again, and this time not so large.

"I can make it out now," said my friend, "quite easily; it is the shadow of a woman. I can see the line of the waist and of the skirts of the dress."

"Can you make out the face at all?" I asked.

"Oh yes," answered Mr. P. "It is turned sideways, looking to the left there. She's gone now," he added in a moment.

In a few minutes her shadow was thrown again upon the blind.

"What's she about now?" asked Mr. Pycroft.

"Nay, you shall tell me," I answered.

"Well, she seems to have some small object in her hand, which she is shaking."

"And now?" I asked again.

"I can't make out, her elbow seems raised—both hands are raised. No, I can't make out at all."

"*I* think she is pouring something out," said I.

"So she is, no doubt," answered my guest, who was evidently becoming much interested. "Stay," he continued, after a moment's pause, and looking at me quite anxiously as he spoke—"shaking, pouring—'to be well shaken before taken'—why, it must be medicine."

"I suspect it *is* medicine," was my answer.

"Is there some one ill, then?" asked Mr. Pycroft.

"Yes," I replied, "her husband."

"And did the shadow tell you that, too?"

"Yes, the shadow of her husband used to appear on the blind as often as hers, now I never see it. Exactly coincident with the disappearance of the husband's shadow has been the arrival of another shadow, which has been that of the parish doctor."

"And pray," asked Mr. Pycroft, with the air of one whose credulity had been really too much tasked at last, "*may* I ask how you knew it to be the doctor's shadow?"

"Doctor Cordial has the roundest back you ever saw in your life," was my answer.

"Well, this is really very curious," ejaculated the old copper-plate printer, who was now evidently powerfully interested.

As we continued to look the light was suddenly removed, and the room was left in darkness.

"What do you suppose has happened now?" inquired my companion.

"I suppose," was my answer, "that she has left the room for a short time. We shall see more presently, no doubt;" and almost as I spoke the light reappeared, and another shadow was in the room besides that of the little wife.

"The doctor?" asked Mr. Pycroft.

"There!" I cried, triumphantly, "you see how much may be discovered by shadows. You are expert already."

"He *has* a round back, certainly," said the old copper-plate printer.

The round-backed shadow now faded off softly in the direction toward which the profile of the little wife was turned so often. The white blind remained for some minutes shadowless.

"I suppose he is examining his patient now," said Mr. Pycroft; "here he is again," he added in another minute. The doctor, however, stood so near the light this time, and so completely with his back toward us, that we were unable to determine what he was doing. This was, naturally, often the case with the shadows. Much as one was able to make out, there was, of course, infinitely more, an explanation of which it was impossible even to guess at.

In a short time the round-backed shadow was joined by that of the sick man's wife, and then the two stood for some time in conversation; at least it was reasonable to suppose so.

"Giving her directions, I shouldn't wonder," said the copper-plate printer.

"Most likely," I answered.

"I wonder if he's *very* bad," said my companion. After this there was a pause. The two shadows continued standing by the table. At last we both thought that the doctor's shadow appeared to give something to the shade of the engraver's wife, and

immediately after the light was removed as it had been before, had been probably occupied with the loading in order that the doctor might see his way down stairs.

"And so they're very poor," said Mr. Pycroft, as if talking to himself.

"They had nothing but what the husband could earn," I answered, "and he is wholly incapable of working, and will remain so probably for weeks to come."

The light had now reappeared in the room. The shadow of the little wife seemed to linger by the table after setting it down. She stood there motionless for a considerable time, and then we noted that the head fell forward, and that she had sunk buried in the hands, as if in an agony of silent grief.

We neither of us spoke, and at the same moment I dropped the curtain of my own window, which had before been fastened back; for I felt that this was sorrow with which a spectator had no right to intermeddle.

Soon afterward my old friend rose to go, and we spoke not another word on the matter. Just before I retired to rest, however, I glanced out once more. The shadow of the little wife's head was in its usual place, and the shadow of her hand rose and fell as usual. She was at work again.

The next day, or an early post, I received a letter from Mr. Pycroft. He had been thinking a great deal, he said, of what he had seen and heard before, and inclosed a little money, which he asked me to see applied to the benefit of the young couple in whose fortunes I had interested myself. He also begged me, from time to time, to let him have tidings of "the shadows" which he described.

I handed the money over to Dr. Cordial, asking him to apply it as might seem best for the present, but making no mention of who it came from. I asked him to let me know of any change that might be possible of the condition of his patient. These I transmitted pretty nearly as often as I received them to the old copper-plate printer.

For some days there was not much to report, nor did the shadows tell me any thing different from what they had before revealed. The poor engraver's shadow was still waning, and the shadow of the little wife was either stationary in the corner, when she did not leave the room, or glided to and from her needle, or else was seen flitting about the room in attendance on her sick husband. Then I saw there came a time when the fever reached its crisis, and when it was clear, according to the doctor's report, that the sufferer must sink under it or recover. To many my story will be tedious, and I will not dwell on the details of this period of suspense. The one quality of youth and hope had not patient enough to constitution to rally, and after this crisis in his disorder he began to mend.

And now my convalescence began to set in, and a time arrived when one evening the shadow of a wasted figure seated by a table was cast on the wall. I could guess as I watched it, and observed that it was accompanied by the well-known shadow of the little wife, that the sick man was moving from his bed to a chair by the fire.

Of course I made this advance known to my friend, the copper-plate printer, and he in turn communicated with all the particulars of the gradual improvement in our invalid's health, even to the period when it was to be considered that he was able at last to sit up for a certain number of hours every day in his engraver's workshop, and once more for his wife's support.

"They're very grateful," I said, when I made this announcement to my old acquaintance, "to the unknown friend who has helped them in the time to time throughout their troubles."

"Oh, no, no-no-no, nonsense!" it is nothing, nothing at all—nothing at all!" ejaculated the old fellow, trying to get away from the subject.

"And they owe very much, I continued, resolutely, "to thank him personally, if he would but reveal himself and give them the opportunity."

"No, no, not for the world," was the answer; "oh dear no—impossible. Here, my dear, the profile extra, just to set them going, you know, because he mustn't receive money, you see."

"And you won't let them see you?" I asked again.

"No, no, no—no account," said the old boy; "I'll tell you what, my dear sir, I'll consider it in a moment, "I should like to see them—see them as I did before—the shadows, you know." he added. "I'll come and have a glass of grog and-and-and water with you some evening, and have a look at the shadows again."

I was obliged to be satisfied with this, and, making an engagement with my old friend for the next day, I left him and went home.

The evening came, and with it an unusual amount of stir and bustle in the quiet room opposite. The figure of the little wife was observed flitting backward and forward in front of the light, as if she were engaged in unaccustomed activity. Suddenly, hopping in the very middle of the window, and so close to the thin white blind that I could see its distinctly, there was a shadow not of a bird in it; and it was owing to the presence of this object that I had been induced to look for some idea of what my two friends opposite were like. What a figure of fun appeared upon the stage, as would sometimes happen, to give a chip of encouragement to its occupants! I saw the profile of the person who did so as distinctly as one used to trace the silhouettes of the old family portraits which itinerant artists were wont to cut out at fairs. Except at rare intervals, I had seen the engraver in the wife stood thus near the window and far from the light, I could distinguish that the bust a shapeless mass; and when one of them approached the candle nearly, their shadows became so gigantic that the whole upper part of the room—as unusually large on—was completely darkened, even by one figure. The shadow of myself I have said before, that the opportunities were very rare when I could make out what the shadows were about, and that in all cases in which I could detect such processes of stirring about, of eating and of medicines, and the like, it was owing to the fact that some necessary object connected with the act of feeding was placed on some article of furniture which stood in or near the window.

Punctual to the appointed hour, my old friend, the copper-plate printer, made his appearance, and his first question, after the usual greeting had been exchanged, was:

"Well, how are the shadows?"

I placed his chair in the old position, and we both sat down.

The bustle and movement to which I have advertised as going on in the room opposite were still noticeable, and I had little doubt that the apartment was being "cleaned up;" an impression to which additional force was given by a female charging on the scene of a thin, straight shadow, which I took to be a broomstick, and which was now brought into active service.

I must not omit to mention that at the moment of a certain pause in our talk, the name from the figure of the poor engraver was thrown with great distinctness on the blind. He had come to the window to stick some object, probably a piece of pasteboard, between the pane of the bird-cage.

When this happened I noticed a great change come over the countenance of my guest. He raised himself in his chair, and, with the eagerl forward said, in quite a strange tone of voice:

"What did you say was the name of these people?"

"Adams," was my answer.

"Adams—you are quite sure?"

"Quite," I replied. "At one time the shadow had vanished again, but I remarked that for a considerable time Mrs. Pycroft had been more than comfortable, and we had talked of many matters belonging to them, and I had at heart before he again returned to the shadows.

"They seem quiet enough now," said Mr. Pycroft at last.

"I dare say," I answered, "that the cleaning of the room is over, and that they are sat down to a bit of supper."

"Do you think so?" asked the old copper-plate printer.

"I dare say they have some little luxury furnished by your liberality."

"Do you think so?" said the old boy, who had a great idea of comfort. "What do you think they've got? I wish the shadows would show us!"

I darted at once at the opening which I saw here.

"The shadow is there now," I said; "no why not go across and see it in substance? It would make them happy, and it would make me happy. I am sure."

The old gentleman had just finished a tumbler of hot grog. He was in high good-humour, and as I spoke rubbed his hands together, and looked a latent smile developed itself about the corners of his mouth.

"It wouldn't be bad fun, would it?" he said.

I wanted nothing more, and in another minute I had him on his legs, and was leading him out of No. 9.

A little girl was on the door-step with a pot of beer in her hand, and we had no sooner stopped before the house than the door opened, as was incidental to the lives of maidens who stand only between the street and the kitchen fire.

"Please, Sir, will you ring the second bell from the top?"

"Second door?" I said, as I complied: "that's the door, my friend, on the right hand?"

"Yes, Sir, and he's my father," said the young lady, who evidently looked upon the couple attached to us as the first fruits of the day's labour, seen this child's shadow on the blind.

"Well, I want to see him," I replied, "and so does this gentleman."

"Oh, but mother," though," said the little girl —who, by-the-way, appeared to be a precocious person—"for father's not expecting you in a fevi and father's been ill, and you can't disturb him, and as he's a artist—engraver, you know, Sir."

"You just hold your tongue, Miss, will you?" said a voice at this juncture, "and let me talk to the gentlemen."

I looked up, and saw that the door had been opened by a tall, gaunt woman, with a large nose.

"Who did you please to want, Sir?" she asked in a whining tone, which I disliked very much.

I told her briefly who I was, and the object of our visit.

"Oh, what a joyful surprise!" said the gaunt woman, whining as before in a manner infinitely offensive to me. "Gal, you hear? Mrs. Lucy, she continued, addressing the child, "and tell your father that the kind gentleman as assisted him in his illness is come to see him. Oh, Sir, oh, kind gentlemen!—(*to the shadow that I had interested myself in, and who was now seen to be moving backwards through his illness, and—take care of the stairs, child gentlemen—and-and-and, Sir, you're welcome, and here's a joyful surprise, James: the gentleman that's been so kind all the time, and has come and be pleased to take a seat, gentlemen, and honor our poor room by sitting down in it."

I was thunder-struck. A little common-looking man was sitting at the table in a very smoking fowl, a bit of bacon, and some potatoes had been placed. He bore the evident marks of recent illness, and was with some difficulty at present. He resumed his seat, however, as I and my companion sat down. It took a minute or two before I could say any thing that was offered me in sheer surprise and bewilderment. The woman was very civil and obsequious. What, was that the substance of the neat little shadow which I had seen at work that great gaunt sloping creature? Were shadows so deceptive as this? I looked at the little man. The opposite neighbor could have had such a nose as I now saw, and that it was not a mere cast out in bold relief and left its mark upon my memory every time she approached the window?

I like fainted as I looked at my poor engraver. He was an inoffensive man enough, as he sat there like that, and expressed his gratitude to my companion for the assistance accorded to him during his recent attack; but he was a large-nosed, large-limbed man, no doubt. Not quite such a heavy brow as his wife's, but still a man of powerful make.

All this time, Swa while her husband was speaking, the gaunt woman kept up a continual protest of gratitude of the slimiest description, to which the old gentleman made no reply, but sat with his hands and his eyes fixed upon the fowl. Mr. and Mrs. Adams sat a little prepared for the real Mr. and Mrs. Adams by what he had seen of their shadows as I was. I, however, was not quite prepared for the real state of the invalid's health, which I had managed to foster on the strength of the shadow of the mother of us spoken a word.

Suddenly the tremendous idea entered my mind that there must be some mistake. I had been standing some time at the little girl whom we originally met on the door-step, and who, to do her justice, seemed the most complimentary person. I now struck me that her head came considerably above the window-sill, and I remembered that the child was almost extraordinary thing that its shadow had never caught my attention. My eyes having by this time got into comparison of the young lady with the window-sill been directed toward this last part of the room, I next observed that there was no bird-cage hanging in the window.

"Hallos!" I ejaculated, "you've taken down the bird-cage."

"Bird-cage, Sir?" whined the gaunt woman, deferentially.

"Yes, I got no bird-cage," burst out the small child of the door-step, "nor never haven't had none—nor yet no bird, neither."

"Will you hold your tongue, Miss?" interposed her mother.

There was an awkward pause. I looked again about the room, and looked at the man's head at her husband—he had no beard, I now observed, I had, however, presence of mind enough not to ask after that missing appendage as I had done after his bird-cage. A thought flashed across me since dawning, and walking toward the window and pulling aside the blind, observed, as an excuse for looking out:

"I am afraid you must be a good deal choked up at the back with houses. Isn't that rather unwholesome?"

A volubler answer on the subject of confined lodgings, their advantages and disadvantages, followed than I cared for at the moment. I looked down window in the house opposite. I had left the light and the blind half drawn up. The window before me, exactly in front of that which I was looking, was fastened back, and was open with shutters. Stretching my neck, and gleaning in a slanting direction toward the next of the opposite house, I saw that the room beyond it was also illuminated, and that the blind was half lowered.

"Your supper is getting cold," I said, coming back to the table, and addressing myself with meaning with my companion: "my friend and I have dined, and can wait; and we love to see enjoying ourselves, and so now we will leave you to better yourselves to the fowl that you smile it remained here."

So saying, and revisiting all entreaties to stay and take a share of the good things, I made for the door, and was soon on the staircase, followed close by Mr. Adams, who, I observed, kept up as we remained in the room, did nothing now but repeat, "Wrong, entirely wrong, Mr. Pycroft, the young people, haven't we?" in a loud and perfectly audible whisper to the little girl, who received the two loquacious herself to-hear what was said, and during the time that we were in the room she never ceased whining out her gratitude for a single moment.

When we got into the street I turned round and looked up companion in the face.

It is wrong, entirely wrong, my dear sir," I said, "to think that you have been assisting people who were not in distress. I am sorry for it, and sorry for the penny of your bounty has gone to the family so little in need of it."

"And how do you account for the mistake?" asked my old friend.

"I can only conclude," was my answer, "that by a curious coincidence the man and his two-and-four lodgers ill in two houses next door to each other, that the room having Dr. Cordial's visit has also opposite to mine, he had gone from the one house to the other, that he had had to pay a short visit to the invalid we have just left—and that then I had met him coming away, as I thought from attending to my poor neighbor, and so really from the deserving personage whose supper has been spoiled by our intrusion."

"And the shadows?" gasped Mr. Pycroft, utterly fallen.

"Have, through my unfortunate mistake, no received a single benefit," was my answer.

Mr. Pycroft stared at me for some time in perfect amazement.

"We can never leave the thing like this," he said, at last. "Do you think you could be sure of the house the third time?"

I can understand your feeling some misgivings about it," I answered, "but I think you may rely. *This* is the house, beyond a doubt; and I looked up at the window as I spoke.

Then let's bring the matter to a conclusion at once," said the old copper-plate printer, resolutely, and with that we actually rang at the second bell-handle from the top of the door.

After the proper amount of delay the door was opened by a tall, gaunt woman.

"Second-floor back?" said I, in a mellifluous voice.

"Front," replied the shatterly woman, in rather an injured tone: "you should have rung the bell on the right hand."

I begged pardon with all humility, and the slatternly woman ushered us upstairs.

"The two pair back's at home, I know," she said, "and the first floor's out, and as well high you."

We availed ourselves of this offer, and in a few seconds we were on the second-floor landing. The shatterly woman opened the door, and we found at first hidden from view, but in the other, as she rose upon our entrance, a recognized face and figure—one with which I was so familiar.

The room was a great contrast to that which we had left. The floor was tolerably well provided with furniture. The room was utterly bare, looking as if all the furniture had been taken away, as probably they had, to be turned into money. A couple of chairs and a table were the only articles out of the room. The table, and a couple of cups and saucers, the only articles of crockery I could see. The engraver's lamp was on the table, and his wife was sitting at work by the window. She had evidently just been cooking—a very little scrap of bacon and a few potatoes in a dish—and was hanging in the window, if I had wanted any confirmation of my conviction that I had found my shadows at last.

Of course, all these things were taken in by me at a single glance. It was necessary that I should at once account for my visit and that of my friend, and I began at the first thing that occurred to me.

"What do you mean?" I asked, in utter bewilderment.

I mean that if this has all been a planned thing to bring a reconciliation between me and my son—"

"Tut-tut-tut!" I gasped.

"I can only say," continued Mr. Pycroft, "that I should greet with the success it deserves."

He turned as he spoke, and made for the door, which I opened for him.

"Stay, Mr. Pycroft," I cried. "If you choose to retain the feeling of animosity, which so ill becomes you, you must, but you shall not go away with a false impression of this matter as far as I am concerned in it. I swear to you that your suspicions of me are false, that when we came to this house we knew little or nothing of the circumstances than you had, and that I never knew your son was living in this airy abbey; though, if I had, I would certainly have done my best to reconcile you to him. Under the present circumstances, you owe to one who bears your name"

"Who bears my name!" interrupted the old man when I denied his imputation of having been concerned in a plot to trick him into reconciliation, and now his eyes were directed toward the place where his son stood before him.

He was a fine, good-looking fellow, and as he stood there holding his wife's hand in his, and with the refined expression of his features I wearing on his worn but handsome face, I could not help feeling that such a son might well be proud of.

"Father," was the first moment left her husband's side, and, advancing to where we stood, laid her hand upon the arm of the old man. He looked at him once more, and then, beckoning the poor engraver to the door, he left the room, leaving it to the room, where I felt that my presence was no longer needed.

About an hour afterward I was sitting disconsolately in my room, reflecting on the loneliness of my own position, and rather envying my opposite neighbors the happiness which they were present in a cheery voice from my friend.

I rushed to the door, and saw my friend Mr. Pycroft standing at his son's open window.

"Come over, my dear sir," said the kind gentleman, "and spend what is left of the evening with us."

I accepted gladly, and was just drawing in my head from the window to go down, when I saw a man.

"And I say," said Mr. Pycroft, in a stage whisper, "as we are rather short of liquor here, perhaps you wouldn't mind bringing a bottle of brandy in your pocket with you. I'll pay you when you're going as a lesson—"

In a few minutes I was sitting one of a comfortable party in the room opposite.

"Do you see the use now of the first things we intend to do now?" said the little wife, smiling as she looked at me.

"I have not the least idea," was my answer.

"Why, you know," said the little gaunt curtain we can get, in order to prevent our opposite neighbor from seeing what we are about whenever we have occasion to be alight.

"You need not be afraid," I said, "and you may now remove the curtain, for the opposite neighbor hopes henceforth to see as much as he likes of their doings, since that he is not likely to trouble himself much more about—their shadows."

II.—PICKING UP A POCKET-BOOK.

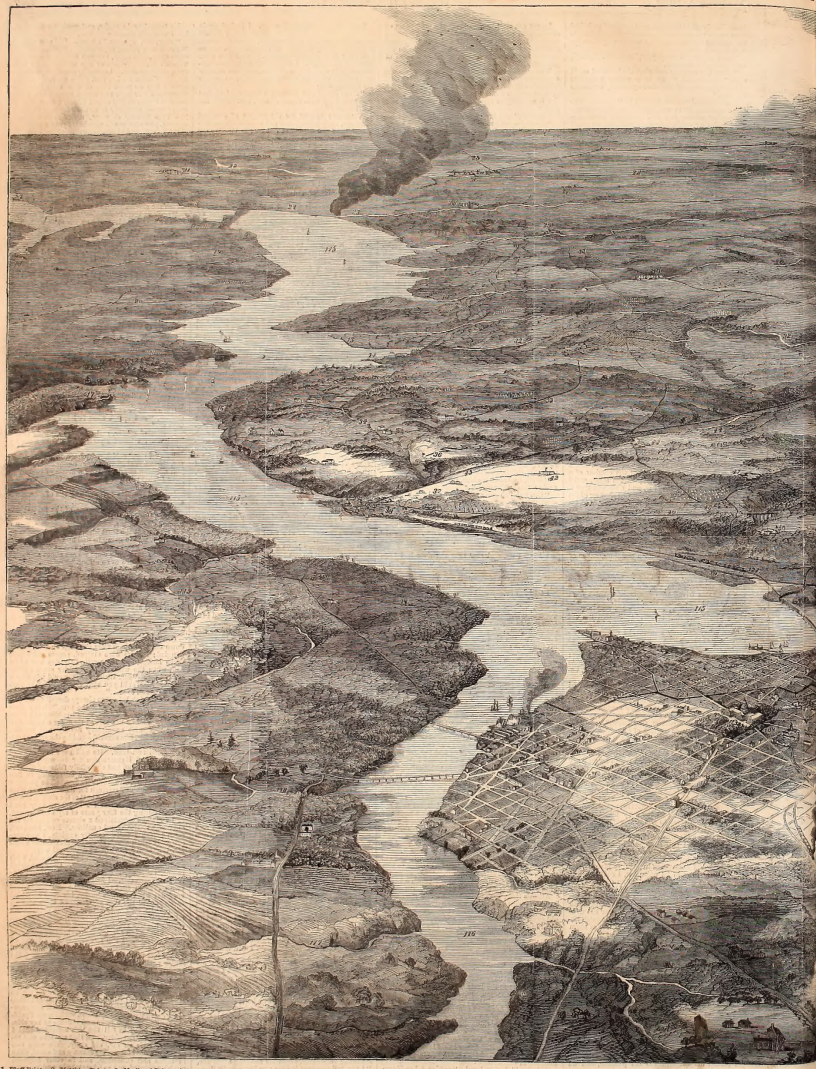
OFFICE-HOURS were over, and we were all taking down our coats and hats from the pegs on which they dangled; lodgers were cleaned, papers put away, desks locked, and we were ready to go out, and in and, when the whitehaired cashier came sidling toward me, and said, "Can you oblige me this moment? Would you step this way? The firm wishes to see you."

Good old Job Wigmton always described his employers as "the firm," and I knew that they were sacred beings in his eyes, were Spalding and Hamilton's bank, and had served there for a quarter of a century with exemplary fidelity and respect. Wigmton was a widower, with the daughter, a pretty near in that great mercantile house, was an Englishman born and bred. He had kept the books of Spalding and Hamilton's house in Calcutta and in Philadelphia, and had cheerfully followed them to Baltimore, and then to New York, and finally to San Francisco City, five years before. The younger clerks, fleet of foot and light of heart, used to say he rather disposed to make a butt of the simple, honest old man; but I, who had been one of his earliest friends during the four years of my employment, knew that he was universally respected for the old man's sterling good qualities. Now however, for he seemed to be summoned before the most relentlessly taken aback by the communication which Mr. Wigmton made to his own private ear.

"The firm wish to see you!" I stammered, with a tell-tale color rising in my face. Old Job nodded assent, and I left the room with my head in a confused spectacles. I had noticed, in spite of my perplexity, that the old man looked pale and full of nervousness; his voice was husky, his hand trembled as he held it out to me, and there was one of the unwonted moisture in his round blue eyes. As I followed him through the long office, the other clerks casually sat during business hours, I marked that every head was bent down, and every pen apparently might pretend. I had formerly been on terms of great and cordial intimacy with all these people, but for the last three months, my intercourse, with the senior partner in especial, had been strictly confined to the necessities of my office duties. It was not that I had done any thing to forfeit the good opinion of the firm, but I had unhappily, for the same confidence in me, the same regard for me, as I had formerly enjoyed. Mr. Spalding was a bachelor, ship, at least cordiality. This partial estrangement had arisen in the following way. I had been receiving smiling through tears and blushes at my side. I had written to my father, who had formerly loved his only daughter, and that my love was returned. He refused his consent. We were two young persons of the same country and creed, alike in tastes and education, and in other respects, wealth excepted, not so ill matched; and we were together on a foreign shore, among strangers who we had been sufficient to associate us similarly together, to read poetry, sing duets, and so forth; for Susan had a pretty voice, and I had the full approach of poverty-stricken suitors, and Mr. Spalding was a rich man, and had no daughter of his own.

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GENERAL BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF WASHINGTON AND THE VICINITY



1. Bluff Point.—2. Matthias Point.—3. Marlboro' Point.—4. Maryland Point.—5. Smith's Point.—6. Shipping Point.—7. Cobpit Point.—8. Freestone Point.—9. High Point.—10. Sandy Point.—11. Indian Head.—12. Hallowing Point.—13. White-house Point.—14. Batteries.—25. Railroad to Richmond.—26. Fredericksburg.—27. Stafford Court House.—28. Aquia.—29. Dumfries.—30. Occoquan and River.—31. Pohick Creek.—32. Accotink River.—33. Fredericksburg Turnpike.—34. Mount Vernon Road.—35. Infantry Road and Alexandria Railroad.—46. Springfield Station.—47. Fort Ward.—48. Fort Blenker.—49. Four Mile Run.—50. Fort Scott.—51. Fort Runyon.—52. Fort Albany.—53. Fort Richardson.—54. Fort Craig.—55. Arlington Mill.—56. Bailey's Cross Roads.—57. Mason's 60. Upton's Hill.—75. Taylor's Tavern.—71. Annandale.—72. Aqueduct Bridge.—73. Fort Bennett.—74. Fort Ethan Allen.—75. Falls Church.—76. Chain Bridge.—77. Little Falls.—78. Fort Marcy.—79. Lewinsville.—80. Minor's Hill.—81. Brent's Hill.—82. 95. Falefax.—96. Warrenton.—97. Gentreville.—98. Ferry.—99. Observatory.—100. Georgetown.—101. Rock Creek.—102. President's House and Treasury Building.—103. Washington Monument.—104. Smithsonian Institute.—105. Patent Office.—106. Geor Creek.—119. Oxen Run.—120. Piscataway Creek.—121. Rockville Turnpike.—122. Tiber Creek.—123. Washington City Canal.—124. Mason's Island.

Y, SHOWING THE FORTS, CAMPS, RAILROADS, RIVERS, ETC.



n Vernon.—15. Chapman's Point.—16. Sheridan's Point.—17. Fort Washington.—18. Fort Tobacco.—19. Chickamoxen Creek.—20. Mattawoman River.—21. King George Court House.—22. Rappahannock River.—23. Aquia Creek.—24. Aquia Creek ...—26. Fort Lyon.—27. Fort Ellsworth.—28. Alexandria.—29. Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.—30. London and Hampshire Railroad.—41. Alexandria and Leesburg Turnpike.—42. Fairfax Seminary.—43. Fort Worth.—44. Hunting Creek.—45. Orange ...ad.—46. Columbia Turnpike.—50. Benton's Tavern.—60. Fairfax Station.—61. Fort Tillinghast.—62. Fort Ratter.—63. Fort Woolbury.—64. Arlington House.—65. Arlington Heights.—66. Fort Corcoran.—67. Baily's Cross Roads.—68. Munson's Hill.—...ad Hill.—83. Vienna.—84. Hunter's Mills.—85. Flint Hill.—86. Germantown.—87. Fairfax Court House.—88. Little River Turnpike.—89. Cub Run.—90. Centreville.—91. Bull Run.—92. Union Mills.—93. Yates Ford.—94. Manassas Junction.—...ffice.—97. City Hall.—98. Capitol.—109. Railroad to Baltimore.—110. Baltimore Turnpike.—111. Long Bridge.—112. Arsenal.—113. Navy-yard.—114. Marine Hospital.—115. Potomac River.—116. Eastern Branch.—117. Piney Creek.—118. Mill

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before, and will again—down the smooth rose-strewn path that leads from friendship to love. I am sure of one thing: it was not my employer's wealth, or the idea of Emma's probable expectations from her father—who had but two children, a son and a daughter, between whom to divide the accumulations of a life spent in honorable toil—which allured me. But the time came when soft words and fond looks had to give place to an avowal of attachment. I spoke out to Emma, without premeditation; and, once across the Rubicon, other considerations, undreamed of as yet, came to beset me mockingly. What would Mr. Spalding think of me? Surely he could form but one judgment of the poor clerk, with no property beyond his pitiful savings, who had dared to entangle the affections of his master's daughter? My course was clear. I must tell him the truth, at whatever cost to myself.

I did so. The disclosure was hurried on by some slight unforeseen circumstance, as my proposal had been, but I was at least candid in my avowals. To do Mr. Spalding justice, he rejected my suit in as gentle and courteous a fashion as the harsh operation would admit of. But, cut to the heart, I withdrew from his presence, very very wretched, and had for many days afterward serious thoughts of excluding myself from observation, becoming a solitary man, and leading a gloomy and moody life. Better thoughts, however, lying deeper within me, admonished me of the utter worthlessness of a purposeless existence, and of the utter contemptibility of the soul that can sink into it. And thus it fell out that I ceased to visit my employer as a private friend, and yet remained in his employ.

Was I mean-spirited for staying on thus? I can not pretend to decide so nice a point, but I know that it was a great stimulant to me to have obtained a moral victory over myself, and some relief to the disappointment of my dearest hopes that I was still allowed to breathe the same air as Emma Spalding, to catch a glimpse of her sweet saddened face, were it but on the way to church, though for three weary months we never interchanged a word.

So I was not a little surprised when Job Wiginton summoned me to the presence of "the firm." My heart beat quickly as the old cashier turned the handle of the door. What could Mr. Spalding want of me? I had kept the promise he had wrung from me; I had abstained from any intrusion, any unlicensed correspondence. Surely, surely he could not send for me merely to say that a rejected suitor was ineligible even as a servant, and that our connection must cease? In the larger of the two adjacent rooms, a room hung in Spanish fashion with stamped and gilded leather, and heavily furnished with dark mahogany from Honduras, I found the firm. Mr. Spalding, a tall, thin, gray-headed gentleman, was pacing up and down the apartment in great agitation. Mr. Hausermann, a German, as his name implies, sat before a table covered with papers, ejaculating guttural exclamations of wonder from time to time, and with a look of hopeless perplexity in his fat pink face. The cashier entered along with me, and closed the door.

"Ach, mein Himmel!" muttered the junior partner—a hale, portly man, but of a flabby nature, morally and physically, compared with the energetic chief of the house—"ach! we were petter to have never peen porn than live to see this!"

Job Wiginton gave a groan of sincere sympathy. I quickly perceived that something had gone wrong, and as quickly did I see that this mysterious something had no direct reference to my audacity in winning the heart of Emma Spalding. What was amiss? There is one grisly ghost that always haunts the imagination of the more intelligent subordinates of a commercial firm—Bankruptcy. But the house had been such a prudent house, so steady and well ballasted, had glided so demurely along in safe old-world groove, that it was rather ridiculed in consequence by the mushroom firms that daily arose or collapsed around us. But I had little time to think, for Mr. Spalding stopped in his walk, came abruptly up to me, and took me by both hands. "George Walford," said the old merchant, with more emotion in his voice and features than he had ever shown before, "I have not been kind to you lately. You were a good friend to me—before—before—" and here he reddened somewhat, and ceased speaking.

I glanced toward Mr. Hausermann, but he looked so fat and helpless as he sat in his arm-chair, murmuring phrases in his native tongue, that I saw no explanation was to be looked for in that quarter. So I told Mr. Spalding, in as firm a tone as possible, that our mutual esteem had, I hoped, survived our intimacy, and that I still felt myself a faithful friend to him and his, and would gladly prove myself one.

"I thought so—I thought so," said the merchant, looking pleased for a moment; "you are a good lad, George, and that's why I come to you for help in my sore need, hard and harsh as you may have thought me the other day—when— Never mind!"

"I was first to say it," exclaimed Mr. Hausermann. "'Let us call Shorge Walford,' say I. 'He has got ver goot prains; ver goot young man.'"

A quarter of a century spent among Anglo-Saxons had never taught Mr. Hausermann the English language in its purity. Indeed, his life, out of office hours, was spent entirely with Teutons like himself, who swarm all over America, and with whom he could enjoy German conversation, Rhine wine, and the black coffee of the Fatherland. I should never get to the end of the interview if I described it verbatim, chronicling the broken sentences and vague talk of the junior partner, and the comments of Job Wiginton. The confidential cashier sympathized with the distress of his employers as a faithful dog might have done, and was about as likely to suggest a practical remedy. Mr. Wiginton was worthy of all trust; he was as close as wax and as honest as the day, but he was a mere machine for the casting up of sums, the balancing of books, and locking of safes. Mr. Hausermann was not much cleverer than the cashier; he was an admirable arithmetician, could detect an error of a halfpenny in a problem involving billions, and his penmanship was magnificent. But, with these attainments, he owed his present position in commerce not to his abilities, but to the florins he had inherited, and to the talent and keenness of his English partner. It was from the chief of the house himself that I heard the following tale: Mr. Spalding, as I have said, had but two children, Emma and her brother Adolphus; his wife had died on the voyage from Philadelphia, and his affection centred in his boy and girl. Unluckily, Adolphus did not turn out well, was wild and extravagant, and squandered his liberal allowance among horse-jockeys and gamblers. Mr. Spalding, strict with all the world besides, was rather lax and indulgent where his son was concerned. The young man was very good-looking and of pleasing address; he had been the darling of his dead mother; and the father was very patient and forbearing with him for her sake. The youth went from bad to worse, got deeper into debt and evil company, seldom came home, and seriously impaired his health by a long course of excesses. All this I knew, for Adolphus was a clerk in the house, nominally at least, though he hardly ever occupied his stool in the office. But what I did not know was that Adolphus Spalding, in his eagerness to settle a number of so-called debts of honor, had been led to rob his father. He had forged the signatures of Spalding and Hausermann to a check for thirty thousand dollars, payable at sight, and purporting to be drawn by the merchants on their bankers in New York. More than this: he had abstracted from his father's desk a Russia-leather pocket-book, containing bills and securities to a great amount, and this he had placed in the hands of the same vile associate who had undertaken to present the check at the counter of the New York bank.

"The scoundrel is gone Northward already. He started last Tuesday, by the way of Panama, along with the mail," said Mr. Spalding. "You know the man, I dare say, for he was very notorious in the town—Joram Heckler."

"Dr. Joram Heckler!" I exclaimed, as I recalled to mind the dark, clever face of the young man alluded to: a plausible, well-mannered person, who had been sub-editor of a San Francisco newspaper.

"Yes, Doctor, or Colonel, Heckler," responded Mr. Spalding, with a bitter smile; "for it appears that he has assumed a military title on the journey back to the North. He possessed great influence over the mind of my misguided son; he was the tempter in this accursed robbery; and I doubt not that he intends to appropriate the entire spoil to himself."

I now asked Mr. Spalding, as delicately as I could, *how* he had obtained his information.

It appeared that Adolphus, whose feeble frame, exhausted by hard living, was ill-fitted to sustain the fierce excitement of the felonious act he had committed, had sickened of a fever immediately after the departure of his accomplice.

"The wretched boy lies on his bed up stairs, quivering between life and death," said the father, with a faltering voice, "and in his delirium he has betrayed his guilt. His sister, who has watched at his bedside like an angel as she is, dear girl, she was frightened at his ravings of self-accusation. She called me, and with my own ears I heard the son I was so proud of—my petted boy—tell how he had cheated and plundered me."

The old merchant staggered to a chair, and I saw the tears trickle between the fingers with which he tried to hide the workings of his wrinkled face.

After a time he grew more calm. Then he developed his plan, in which broke out his habitual decision and force of character. Before all things, the honor of the house must be saved. The value of the money at stake (though a large sum) was trifling compared to the disgrace, the loss of credit, the blot upon the name of Spalding. Yes, at any cost, the young man's shameful act must be hidden in darkness. The check must not be presented, the bills must not be negotiated. But how to prevent the tempter from realizing the benefits of his ill-gotten booty? He was off—he was speeding toward New York by the quick Panama route; in a few weeks he would be there. No pursuit seemed possible. The delay till the start of the next mail would be fatal. I remembered the Pony Express, the swift overland mail whereby we Californian residents can most rapidly communicate with the civilized world, and I suggested this resource.

Mr. Spalding shook his head. "No, that would never do: I might send a dispatch, no doubt, to stop the payment of the check. I might perhaps procure Heckler's arrest on his arrival in New York, but thence would spring inquiry, doubt, suspicion, and the whole black affair would creep into the journals before a week was out. No. I have but one hope, one chance; I must send a trust-worthy person—I am too old to go myself—a trust-worthy person to hasten to New York by the perilous route across the Rocky Mountains, and he must arrive before Heckler, and must get the papers from him by violence or stratagem. George Walford, you are the man I have selected."

"I, Sir?"

I was stupefied. Before my fancy rose, like a panorama, the long route, then but lately explored, that traversed the enormous continent from sea to sea—a route teeming with dangers. All I had ever heard or read of prairie travel, of famine, fire, the assaults of wild beasts, and of human foes more pitiless still, crowded on my memory at once. I thought of the vast distance, of the almost Herculean fatigues to be undergone, of the icy barrier which the Rocky Mountains stretched across the track, as if to bar the progress of presumptuous man; and though I am no fainter of heart than my neighbors, I dare say my countenance expressed dismay and repugnance. Indeed, I am sure it did, for Mr. Hausermann groaned, and said, "Donner! what shall we to now?"

"Walford," said Mr. Spalding, "I don't wish to dissemble with you. I am asking you to incur the certainty of very great fatigue, hardship, and danger. I am asking you to risk life itself to save the honor of the house and that of my own family. I do not make such a request without proposing a proportionate reward— There, hear me out! I don't offer you money for such a service. Come back successful, and you shall be a partner in the house of Spalding and Hausermann; and if you and Emma are still of the same mind three months hence—"

I trembled with joy as I interrupted my employer. "I'll go, Sir, gladly and most willingly."

"That's a prave poy! I knew he would!" ejaculated the German; and the cashier rubbed his hands joyfully.

"When can you be ready to start?" asked Mr. Spalding.

"Directly. In half an hour, if you please."

"An hour will do," said Mr. Spalding, with a smile at my eagerness. "Bodesson shall be at the door by that time, with his carriage and his best horses. You must save your strength as much as you can for the prairie. You have a six-shooter, I know. Get ready what requisites for the journey will go into small compass. You shall have an ample supply of money—spend it freely, lavishly, and don't spare horse-flesh or gold upon the way. I would give half my fortune to place you speedily on the pavement of New York. You are an embassador with full powers, George, and your own wit and courage must carry you through. Now, you had better prepare for the road."

I lingered.

"Any thing more to say?" asked the merchant, good-humoredly.

"If I could speak for a moment—just an instant—to Miss Spalding?"

"She is at her brother's bedside," replied the old man, hurriedly. "But—yes, you are right. You *shall* see her before you start."

I seemed to make but one step to the house where I lodged. I spent ten minutes in hastily arranging my belongings—and it is wonderful how much a man can condense into ten minutes when he is under the influence of strong excitement—charged my revolver, packed a few things in a small bag, and ran back like a greyhound. Mr. Spalding gave me some fuller instructions, and handed to me a heavy parcel of gold and silver, as well as a bundle of bank-notes. I was to keep the bank-paper until I reached the civilized world; in the desert my only hope would be to bribe in specie the half-tamed wanderers of the West. Mr. Spalding was still talking when Bodesson, one of the principal liverymen of San Francisco, drove his spanking pair of Spanish horses up to the door. Then the merchant went up stairs, and returned with his daughter. Dear Emma! she was pale, and thinner than of old, but her eyes were bright and loving, and her words, full of hope and constancy, gave me fresh courage, and a resolve to do or die. Our parting was very brief. A few hurried whispers—a hasty renewal of the old vows and troth-plight—and for a moment I caught her in my arms and kissed her cheek, and in the next I was gone. I sat by Bodesson's side; the whip cracked; off flew the foaming horses along the street; and I looked back and waved a farewell in answer to Mr. Spalding's waving hand and Emma's handkerchief. Then we turned the corner, and darted along the road.

Bodesson was well paid, and he kept the mettled horses at their work over many a mile of ground. I seemed to start cheerfully, and under good auspices. My heart was full of hope. The gay French Creole by my side was a merry companion; he sang Canadian songs, whistled, chirruped to the bounding bays, and chattered incessantly.

"Monsieur was going to the prairies! Ah, très bien! The prairies were ver intéressantes, ver moch so. But Monsieur must take care when he got there—must not stir from the protection of ze dragoons, or les sauvages, ze ferocious Indians, would carry off Monsieur's cheveux—what you call scalp!"

So the Frenchman prattled on. He believed I was going to Salt Lake City on business, and never doubted that I should voyage with a caravan under escort of the States dragoons. What would he have said had he known that I was to traverse that land of danger and hunger *alone?*

My journey to the eastern border of California was not remarkable enough to justify me in dwelling here on its details. Spending money freely, I was able to proceed almost entirely in wheeled carriages more or less rude, and I contrived to push along over sorry roads at a respectable pace. I slept in the vehicles during the dark hours, snatching a broken slumber as best I could in the midst of jolting and swaying. Sometimes even a bribe could not induce my Mexican or American drivers to risk the perils of a stony road at night, and then I recruited my strength by rest, but was always ready to start at cock-crow. I knew well what was before me, and that all the fatigue I endured was child's play to what was in store. I had been on the prairies before—those, at least, which lie east of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Spalding was well aware that I was a good horseman, expert in the use of fire-arms, and of a robust constitution. These are not the common attributes of a clerk, but I had not been bred to the desk. My father had been esteemed rich, till at his death, in embarrassed circumstances, I had been left to battle with poverty as I might; I had kept hunters at Oxford, and had been passionately fond of field-sports. I had kept up the habit of taking brisk exercise, and now I was about to find the benefit of trained muscles and robust health. I did not disguise from myself that I was embarking on an enterprise full of risks. I might starve in the desert, whitened as it was by the bones of many an emigrant. I might perish miserably in one of those fires that rush like flaming serpents through the boundless sea of grass. And if my scalp did not blacken in the smoke of some Indian wigwam, fever or sheer fatigue might make an end of my life and hopes at once. Or, I might reach New York too late. It was gall and wormwood to me to think that Joram Heckler was pressing on toward the North with all the speed of a fast steamer. The very thought made me bound and stamp my foot on the floor of the rude mail-cart, as if I could quicken my progress by such a gesture. How I prayed that contrary winds might delay the packet on its passage from Aspinwall to the Empire City!

I reached Carson City, on the border of the desert, and there I made a brief halt that I might prepare for the coming effort. I was perfectly well aware that the most dangerous and difficult part of the road was that lying between California and the Mormon settlements. Once beyond the Utah territory, I might well hope to escape the arrows and tomahawk of the savage. I found Carson full of returning emigrants, diggers going back with their pelf to the Atlantic States, Mormon converts and traders who had emptied their wagons in Californian markets. These good folks were all waiting for the regular escort of national dragoons, under whose guard they were to travel. It was impossible for me to move so slowly, and I accordingly bought a bag of sun-dried beef, another of parched corn, some blankets, and such matters, and a powerful horse handsomely accoutred with a bridle and saddle of Mexican make. I bought the latter from an American dealer, who was mightily tickled at the idea of my making my way alone over the prairies. "I give you credit for your grit, sartainly, mister," said he; "it is good, and no mistake; but I guess you'd better sleep upon the idea a few times more. Then Indian scalpers will lift your ha'r, sure as hogs yield bacon. Won't you believe me? Come along, then, and ax another man's opinion!" And he dragged me toward a sort of tavern, the porch of which was crowded by men and women, French, Spanish, German, Yankee, and mulatto, all of whom were gathered round a lathy, dark-haired young fellow in a trim half-military dress, that would have passed for that of a policeman but for the red flannel shirt and Mexican sombrero he wore. This man had keen mobile features, and was hardened by constant work and weather into little more than muscle and bone; he wore spurred boots and thick "savers," and was cracking a whip as he gayly chatted with the crowd, who laughed at his wit in a way that proved him a prime favorite. He was, in fact, one of the salaried riders of the "Pony Express," ready to start with the bag of dispatches the instant the courier from San Francisco should arrive with it.

"Yes, Colonel; yes, gals," I heard him say; "I'm downright sorry to leave, but duty is duty, ain't it? If the Indians don't rub me out—"

"Rub you out, Shem? Catch a racoon asleep!" cried one of the rider's admiring friends.

"Wa'al!" said Shem, with a modest voice, but a boastful twinkle in his restless eye, "the varmints have tried a time or two, but they've found Shem Grindrod rather a tough nut to crack, they have. When a chap's Kentucky bred, real, right down hickory, 'tain't so easy to lift his ha'r as— Service to ye, stranger!"

For his eye had lighted on me.

"Shem," cried the horse-dealer, "here's a gentleman wants to cross the parara, all alone, on hossback, Broadway fashion. What do *you* say to that?"

There was a general laugh. Shem took off his hat with mock respect.

"Whoop!" he cried. "If that ain't clear grit in the down-easter dandy! You'll see snakes, mister, I reckon. There's no accommodation for gen-teel persons, and you'll jest get your hoss stole, or chawed up by the wolves, and you'll lose yourself and die for want of a dinner, if you don't fall in with the Injuns—and if you do, Jehoshaphat!"

All this would have been provoking to some men, but I knew the American character too well to be out of temper. Shem evidently took me for a presumptuous townsman, plunging wantonly into the lion's mouth, and was good-naturedly discouraging my rashness. With some trouble I drew him apart, and commenced a private conversation. I told him that I was bound for the Eastern States; that my business was imperative, but that if he could help me I would pay him most liberally for the aid rendered. For I had formed a crude idea that if I could procure the privilege of using the relays of spare horses kept at the different stations on the route, for the use of the mail-bag riders, I might accomplish the most awkward part of the journey with great rapidity. Shem, however, though not ill-natured, dashed my hopes to the ground. Such a concession would be "agin all rule." The servants of the Express Company "darn't do it." It was not to be thought of. I must wait for the caravan.

I did not wait for the caravan, but set forth that very day. The people gave me a half ironical cheer as I rode out of the straggling street of Carson, but I saw the Yankee dealer shake his head and screw up the corners of his mouth, as if he considered me little better than a suicide.

There was no use in letting the grass grow under my feet, so I pushed briskly ahead. I was riding a powerful horse, one of those bred in Kentucky or Tennessee, and which will sell for a high price on the western border of prairieland. To find the way in broad daylight was easy. There was a broad track made by the passage of countless wagons and beasts of burden. I had a compass, but I really did not need it. I covered many a weary league of ground in the course of that day's ride. Here and there, among the forked streamlets which were feeders of the Carson, I came to farms where I easily procured corn for my horse and food for myself. I had come to two resolutions: one, to economize my little store of jerked beef as much as possible; the other, to refuse all hospitable proffers of whisky, being convinced that on water only could such trying work as that before me be accomplished. I kept on, with brief pauses through the day, and held to the track as long as the moonlight served me, urging on my flagging steed to the very limits of his strength. Then, in the dark, I dismounted, took off saddle and bridle, hobbled my horse, and tethered him so that he had ample space to graze. Then I lay down, wrapped in my blankets, pillowed my head upon my saddle, and fell asleep with my weapons by my side.

I awoke with a start, in the pitch dark night, and could not well remember where I was. My horse was uneasy, and his abrupt motions had disturbed me. I heard a rustling in the long grass, a scratching, a pawing of light feet among the herbage, and a whining sound as of hungry dogs whimpering for food. Dogs? There were no dogs there. Wolves! And my horse, on whose security my life might depend, was trembling and bathed in perspiration. I had kindled no fire, apprehensive lest the light should attract some band of prowling savages; and now the coyotes were gathering around us like flies about honey. For myself, I felt no fear: the wolf of America is very different from the "gray beast" of German forests or Pyrenean snows. But my poor nag was in danger, and his very tremors were adding perilously to the exhaustion of the long and hurried ride. I rose, and began groping about for brushwood. Luckily I was still in a well-watered region, where shrubs and undergrowth abounded, and where the gigantic cotton-wood trees reared their majestic forms beside the streamlets. I soon came upon a clump of brush, and cutting with my sharp and heavy knife as much as I could carry in both arms, I returned with it, and cleared a little space of the grass, which was long enough to be dangerous in the event of its catching fire. I then took out my tin box of lucifers, struck a light, and kindled a fire: though not very easily, for the heavy dew stood in great glistening beads on grass and shrub, and the moistened wood emitted many a cloud of pungent and dark smoke before I could coax the sullen embers to burst forth in the required blaze. All this time I had to give an occasional halloo, rattling a tin cup against the barrel of my revolver, for the purpose of intimidating the wolves; while it was necessary to pat and soothe by voice and hand the poor horse itself, which was tugging at the tethering-rope in a way that threatened to break it every instant. At last, to my great joy, the fire leaped up, red and cheery, its bright beams illumined a little radiant patch of prairie, and, hovering in the shadows on the edge of this illuminated spot, I saw the slinking coyotes, the smallest and most timid, but also the most cunning, variety of the wolf of America. Presently I flung a firebrand among the pack, and they vanished into the darkness, but for half an hour I could hear their howls of disappointment growing fainter and fainter as the distance increased. My horse was quieter after the disappearance of the wolves, and in about an hour I ventured to return to my blankets and my repose, after piling a fresh heap of brush on the steadily glowing fire. Not very long afterward a feeling of intense cold awoke me by slow degrees. I opened my eyes. The fire was low; its embers glowed crimson, fading gradually into blackness. Overhead was the dim sky, the vast host of stars having the peculiar pale and sickly hue which heralds the dawn. It was very cold. There was a rushing sound in the air, and the grass of the prairie was tossed to and fro in wild confusion; a strong wind was blowing—the norther. This was the first blast of the chilly north wind that annually sets in at the close of the unhealthy season in the South. It had a piercing

and glacial effect, coming, as it did, from the Polar ice-fields, and across the Rocky Mountain range; but I gladly hailed it, for I remembered that it would be dead against the mail steamer that was breasting the waters of the Mexican Gulf with Joram Heckler and his plunder on board. I might beat him yet!

But the wind increased in force; it was blowing like a hurricane, and I shivered in spite of my warm poncho and blankets. My horse had lain down, and was trembling with cold. I was obliged to spare him a blanket; he was a "States" horse, swifter, but not so hardy and useful for prairie travel as the mustangs of the plains. The wind did not diminish as the sun rose, red and angry, and a new cause of alarm began to haunt me. I had heard of travelers utterly weather-bound for days among the prairies, on account of the fury of the resistless wind. And time was so valuable to me! I felt sick at heart as the chilly hours of early morning crept on, and almost despaired of success. I was benumbed and stiff; the dew had been turned to icicles by the sudden cold; and now every waving blade of grass seemed crested with a diamond, glittering and flashing in the level sunshine. By nine o'clock the wind began to abate; it slackened very gradually, and at half past ten I considered that I might resume my journey. My breakfast was not a luxurious one; a mouthful of beef and parched maize, swallowed in the intervals of saddling my horse and rolling up my blankets. Then I drew up the iron peg to which the halter was attached, rolled up the halter, lasso fashion, at my saddle-bow, and mounted. I was less awkward in the everyday routine of prairie life than might be supposed. Years ago, before I entered Spalding and Hausermann's employ, I had spent some weeks in a frontier fort, as the guest of the officers of a United States Ranger regiment. I had accompanied my hosts on several hunts and scouting expeditions against hostile Indians, and had found some amusement in picketing my steed, lighting camp fires, and so forth: little dreaming that my whole earthly happiness would ever depend on my proficiency in such arts. As the sun rose in the pale blue sky nature assumed a more cheerful appearance; the icicles and hoar-frost melted, and the air became merely bracing and agreeable, as the bitter cold passed away. On we went, following the plain trail of the wagon trains, up and down the gently rolling slopes of the undulating prairie. I noticed with some dismay that my horse was no longer the mettled creature that had pranced so gayly out of Carson the day before. At first he certainly answered my voice and the pressure of my knee, by stepping out gallantly; but after a while he began to flag, bore heavily on the bit, and required a frequent touch of the spur. It was clear I had taxed his powers too severely on the previous day. He was going weakly under me, in a spiritless way that spoke volumes. What was I to do? I had plenty of money, but money can not prove a talisman in the wilderness. There was not a farm between the place where I stood and the Great Salt Lake itself. My only chance in procuring a remount lay in meeting some one who would sell me a steed, and this was far from a certainty. I was chewing the cud of bitter reflections when I heard the light tramp of a galloping horse behind me. Quickly I turned my head, and saw a booted rider dashing gayly along over the swells of the prairie; his trim coat, half opened, showed a red flannel shirt; and his Mexican sombrero was bound with a cord of tarnished gold. He had a revolving carbine pistol at his saddle-bow, and at his side hung from his shoulder-belt his leathern dispatch-bag. It was my acquaintance of yesterday—Shem Grindrod.

"Mornin', stranger!" he called out, cheerily; "I didn't skear you yesterday, it seems, by my yarns about Injuns. 'Twas Gospel truth, for all that. Camped out, I reckon? Your hoss does look a little the wuss for wear, mister, though. You've pushed him a goodish stretch, you have."

We rode on for some distance side by side. My poor horse was inspired to do his best by the presence of the other horse, and together we sped over the country: my steed trotting, Shem's mustang galloping, for Spanish-American horses have but one pace when urged beyond a walk. Shem was much more kind and even polite in his manner than on the previous day. He told me, bluntly, that he respected a fellow that proved himself a man, but that what he hated worse than copperhead snakes was a Broadway dandy giving himself adventurous airs. My horsemanship had won Shem's esteem, and he sympathized heartily with me when he saw that I was really bent on crossing the desert at any risk.

"Your hoss is a good bit of stuff, mister," said he, "but I'm afraid he's pretty nigh used up for one while. Now you listen to me. The best thing you can do is to buy a mustang fust chance you get. There'll be hunters passing south, and p'raps they'll trade. When you get right out among the plains, you stick to the trail well, and if a grass fire blinds it, you take your compass and bear up for east by north. Keep that pistol of yourn ready, and if you do see Injuns, keep cool. Don't waste a shot. Every round bit of lead is worth a life on the parara. Good-by, wish you luck!"

Shem headed his horse for one of the Express stations, a little lonely block-house, with a stockaded yard, which was garrisoned by a few of his comrades, and where a relay of fresh horses was kept. I looked wistfully at the block-house and the well-stocked corral, and then turned away with my tired steed to resume my weary travel. I knew that early in the afternoon I should reach another station of the same kind, and there I meant to apply for refreshment and shelter in case my horse should knock up altogether. Before I had gone a mile I saw my friend Shem, on a fresh steed, scouring the plain. He waved his hand, and gave me a cheer of recognition, and I looked after him enviously as he flew like an arrow up the slope, and vanished in the distance. By good luck, however, I almost instantly encountered a party of white men, the first travelers I had seen. These turned out to be three trappers returning from Oregon, with a fair stock of peltry loaded on two mules. They were all well-mounted on "Indian ponies," and one of them led by a lariat a powerful and shapely mustang, whose bright eye and wide nostrils matched well with his wiry limbs. He had been captured on the plains, not two months before, one of a wild herd; but he was sufficiently broken in to be useful in prairie fashion. I struck a bargain with the trapper, by which my exhausted but more valuable quadruped was bartered for the half-wild mustang; the trapper also receiving four gold eagles. The arrangement was mutually satisfactory, and as the tall Kentuckian helped me to shift my saddle and bridle to the spotted nag I had just acquired, I saw his eyes twinkle with self-congratulation.

"One word of advice, Colonel," said the trapper, as I placed the gold in his hard brown hand; "keep your eyes skinned as you go along, and don't let the cussed Redskins double upon you. There's Indian sign about, there is. I saw the print of a moccasin down yonder by the spring, where the Indians never come for any good, mister. You mind—Utahs ain't to be trusted, and Shoshonies are worse. As for Rapshoes, Heaven help you, Colonel, if they ketch you alone! There's Indians about. I smell 'em."

"I wish you'd got a good rifle on your shoulder, mister," said another, as I mounted; "six-shooters is very handy tools, but nothing sickens the Indians like a good five-foot bit of holler iron, that air true."

I took leave of these good fellows, who wished me a safe journey in the heartiest way, though evidently disbelieving in the likelihood that a "greenhorn" could carry his property and scalp safe across the desert. The mustang was fresh, and darted along at that untiring though not very speedy gallop which animals of that hardy race can maintain for a very considerable time. We made capital progress: the country grew drier, and the grass shorter, and the swampy bottoms and trickling brooks were fewer. I met with no adventure, except that my new purchase put his foot into an outlying burrow, as we skirted a "village" of prairie dogs, and gave us both a roll on the turf; but we were unhurt, and I had luckily kept my grasp of the bridle, or I should have lost my horse. Once I thought I saw something hovering on the edge of the horizon, but whether savages, buffaloes, or wild horses, I could not determine. After riding several miles I came to a place where the trail dipped suddenly into a low tract of alluvial earth, intersected by a stream of some magnitude, and shaded by a belt of lofty cotton-wood trees. I traced here the fresh footprints of a horse, which must just have passed, for the bruised grass had but partially risen around the edges. "Crack, bang!" went the sharp report of fire-arms ringing from the thicket below, and with the reports mingled the horrid war-whoop of the savage. Grasping my pistol, I dashed in among the trees, and beheld poor Shem Grindrod, bleeding, reeling in his saddle, and beset by a party of six or seven Indians, mounted, and in their hideous panoply of war. Shem had been pierced by three arrows; he was fainting with loss of blood; but he fronted the savages boldly, and one Indian lay at his feet, rolling in the agonies of death. My arrival changed the current of the fight; two rounds from my revolver, the second of which laid low a muscular barbarian, smeared with yellow ochre, who was pressing on Shem with an uplifted tomahawk, sufficed for their discomfiture. Probably they took me for the advanced guard of a party of whites. At any rate, they fled at speed across the plain.

I was just in time to break Shem's fall, as the poor fellow dropped from his saddle, feebly murmuring, "Thank ye, mister. You've saved my scalp, any way, if 'twas just too late to save—" His voice was hushed here, and he fainted in my arms.

There was a metal flask of whisky dangling at the mail-bag rider's saddle-bow, along with his blanket and haversack; I hastily unscrewed the stopper, and contrived to force a few drops into the mouth of the wounded man. Then I tore my cravat into strips, and with it and my handkerchief tried to bind up the hurts Shem had received, after vainly attempting to withdraw the barbed arrows. Two of the injuries were mere flesh wounds, more painful than dangerous; but the third was of a serious character: the shaft was imbedded in Shem's side, though the hemorrhage was trifling in appearance when compared with the abundant flow of blood from the other injuries. In about a couple of minutes Shem revived sufficiently to look up. I was touched by the gratitude his eyes expressed. Probably, poor lad, he had received but a scanty share of kindness in his scrambling life.

"Do you suffer much pain from the arrow wounds?" I asked. "Take a drop more of the whisky; it will give you strength; and if I can once help you to proceed as far as the block-house—"

"'Tain't no manner of use, stranger, my duty to ye, all the same," replied the rider, after swallowing a small quantity of spirits. "I've got my finish at last. A chap that's fit in the border fights ever since he could squint along a gun don't need no doctor to tell him when he's got goss, *he* don't."

I could not disguise from myself that Shem was right. His face showed a ghastly change; it was ashen white, pinched, and thin; while the lips twitched, and the eyes had acquired that peculiar eager glance, and restless, craving brightness, which we never notice except in those over whom death hovers. But I tried to cheer the poor fellow; succeeded in stanching the blood that flowed from his arm, transpierced by two of the iron-tipped reeds; and begged him to keep up his hope and courage.

"'Tain't worth wasting words upon, mister," gasped Shem; "I knowed I'd my call: onst I felt the cold and the rankling pain that follered the smart of that cussed arrow in my ribs. I'm jest bleeding to death inwardly, I am, and all the surgeon chaps in the States couldn't help me, no, nor yet the cleverest bone-setter in the pararas. But you cheated the curs out of my scalp, stranger. They had a hanker to get this child's ha'r, they had, to dance round in their darned village, them Shoshonies. My! How the squaws will jeer and mock 'em when they go back empty-fisted, and leavin' two of the pack behind 'em too!" And Shem, with death in his face and at his heart, actually laughed. He had to catch painfully at his breath before he spoke again. "Stranger, it's an ill wind blows nobody any good. You hark to me. What I couldn't give you, nouther for dollars nor axin', you'll get now. Go on to the station; take this here mail-bag along; give it 'em, and tell 'em the rights of what's chanced. They'll turn out fast enough, I'll warrant, and they'll put me under the turf afore the wolves pick my bones. And another rider must go on with the bag. And tell 'em 'twere my dyin' wish they'd give you a fresh hoss at each block, and so let you go with the rider and push ahead. The Co. won't be riled at the breach of rules—seein' you saved the bag, let alone my scalp, and—"

He broke down here. I was quite melted at the unselfish thoughtfulness of this poor dying creature, this untaught, half-wild frontiers-man, who could care for my speedy journey while his own vital breath was trembling on his livid lips. I gave him a third sup of whisky, begging him to let me know if I could communicate his last wishes to any distant friend or relation?

"There a gal that lives to Hampton Town," said Shem, almost in a whisper, "the darter of a dealer that trades in mules, she be; and Ruth and I—Oh, 'tis a pity the wedding-day were put off, cause the Co. gives pensions to wives, but none to sweethearts, and Ruth's father met with misfortins in trade, and she'd ha' been glad of a few dollars a year, poor thing!"

I asked his sweet-heart's name, for, as I assured him, I felt certain that the house of Spalding and Hausermann would befriend her for his sake, if through the service I had rendered Shem I were really enabled to do my errand with a success otherwise unattainable.

"Ruth Moss," said Shem, in his weak voice; "that's her surname and given name. She's a good girl, pretty and good, is Ruth, and only too tender a flower for a rough borderman like me; goes to chapel reg'lar, and writes like a print book."

He then begged that I would send to Ruth a certain knot of ribbon which he had received from her as a keepsake, or merely snatched in a lover's whim I do not know which; at any rate, I found it carefully wrapped in deer-skin, in the bosom of his dress, but ah! with a deep dark stain of blood marring the gay blue of the silk. The arrow had passed nearly through that humble love-token. Shem further prayed me that, as I passed by the Round Pond Station, between Fort Bridge and Red Creek, I would tell his old father, Amos Grindrod, that he, Shem, had "died like a man."

"The old man 'll be cut up, I'm afraid," murmured Shem, whose eyes were getting dim; "but he'll be glad to know my ha'r warn't lifted. Tell him I were wiped out by the band of Mad Buffalo, the Shoshonie. 'Twar' Mad Buffalo hisself that sent the arrow through me just as I kivered him with the carbine. The skunk! Many a noggin of drink I've given him when he come tradin' to the fort. But there war a grudge atween him and me, and he's ped it; but let him mind how he ever comes within range of old Amos Grindrod's rifle!"

Shem was anxious to know whether the Indian I had shot was quite dead, and what painted device his half-naked body bore. His own glazing eyes could not distinguish; but when I described the yellow ochre barred with white, he said it must be the "Little Owl," one of Mad Buffalo's best warriors. The other Indian was of slighter make, and daubed with black and vermilion. Both were stone dead. Shem asked me, half timidly, if I would be so good as repeat "a bit of Scripture." He had not been much of a chapel-goer, but Ruth had "got religion," and his mother too had been "a Christian woman," as he quaintly observed. I knelt beside him, and held up his head as I uttered aloud the words of a brief and simple prayer, such as little children are taught to lisp with their innocent lips; and once or twice I heard the husky tones of the dying man repeat the words. But there was a strong shiver through his frame, and poor Shem Grindrod was dead before the prayer was prayed out.

About an hour later I rode up to the station, mounted on my own horse, and leading Shem's by the bridle.

"Halloa! pull up, pull up, or I'll plug ye, sure as my name's Bradshaw!" shouted a stern voice through a loop-hole of the lonely block-house. And I saw the long clouded barrel of a frontier rifle pointing in my direction. I halted, of course.

"That's one of our hosses!" cried a second voice; "the critter's stole it, I reckon. What is he?"

"I am a friend," I called out; "a traveler from California. Let me come in, and I will explain all."

The garrison held a short but animated debate. One man avowed his belief in the truth of my story, another broadly hinted that I might turn out a "renegade" or "white Indian;" that I merely wanted to open the doors of the fortress to my ferocious allies, ambushed somewhere hard by, and that it would be as well to shoot me, as a provisional act of prudence. But the majority carries the day in America; and, luckily for me, the majority decreed my admission. Loud was the surprise, and sincere the sorrow, with which the little garrison received the news of their comrade's murder. Three of the men caught up such rude tools as they possessed, and, slinging their rifles, prepared to take the "back trail" to the spot where the unfortunate young man's body lay, and where his remains would be hastily laid in earth, after the custom of the frontiers. Another hurried, with all the instinct of discipline, to saddle a horse for the purpose of carrying forward the mail-bag which poor Shem had resigned only with his life. This rider was the most affected of the group by the melancholy tidings I had brought. He would have preferred to be one of those who were to lay his old associate beneath the prairie turf, but this could not be. He was "next for duty," he said, simply, with tears standing in his hardy eyes. So he hurried to equip himself and steed for the perilous road. I now ventured, rather timidly and awkwardly, to prefer my request for the accommodation of fresh relays of horses along the rest of the route, speaking as modestly as I could of my own preservation of the dispatches. The men looked puzzled as they scrutinized me and weighed my demand. One of them—he who had taken me for a renegade white in the Indian interest—gave me a piercing glance, and gruffly said, "How do we know he ain't been bamfoozling us with a pack of lies? He may have murdered Shem, ye see, jest to get a remount, and—"

"*You* jest shut up!" thundered, in tones of deep indignation, the rider who was to carry on the mails. "You oughter to be ashamed of that tongue o' yourn, Jethro Summers. Here's a gentleman, and, what's more, an honest chap, has fit by poor Shem's side, has saved his scalp from them Shoshonies, and brought on the bag for us, and you're to insult him with your mean talk. See! his hoss is fresh, and he's brought in Shem's hoss; and you to go telling him he'd murder a white Christian to get a lift. It's a burnin' shame, Jeth Summers!"

"'Tis, 'tis!" exclaimed the other two men. "Did ye ever know a darned renegade look a chap in the face, bold and honest, like the Colonel there? He's a good chap, is mister; and if ever he wants a friend in a rough-and-tumble fight, we're his men, sure as minks can swim."

The trio shook hands with me with genuine warmth. Now, when the iron was hot, was the time to strike. I therefore made an energetic appeal to them to supply me with horses, assuring them that my whole prospects and happiness, as well as those of others, depended on my speed. They listened with interest; but when I concluded with the words, "Shem Grindrod wished it; he bade me ask it of you, as he lay dying," the game was won. To be sure, the one ill-conditioned member of the community grumbled out something about "soft sawder, breach of rules, cunning Yankees, and dismissal." But the tall rider cut him short, by affirming with an oath that "if the Co. chose to ride nasty on such a point, after the stranger's services, why the Co. was a mean scamp, and he wouldn't serve 'em, for one." I did not at first exactly comprehend this frequently-recurring phrase of the "Co.," and was disposed to regard it as the name of some over-looker, or superintendent, but afterward discovered that this monosyllabic impersonation meant the Express Company.

"Look sharp, mister. You shall have a mount, but there's time lost a'ready, and we shall have to ride whip and spur. Come and pick a nag out of the corral. There's a brindled mustang your saddle will fit like his skin. The roan's best, but his back's rubbed raw. Ask Jonas to give you some beef and biscuit: we sha'n't pass many hot-els, that air positive. Charge that revolver o' yourn, Colonel; I see two bullets a-missing. Have a horn of whisky—old Monongahela? No! Do be spry with the saddle, you Jeth—a man should help in a case like this. Easy, mister, with the bridle—the mustang bites—so! We'll take care of your nag, and you'll find him as sleek as a slug if you come back our way. Good-by, boys!"

So saying, the impatient rider finished his preparations, sprang to his saddle, waved his repeating carbine over his head, and set off at furious speed. I followed as rapidly as I could, shouting a farewell to those left behind, who were on the point of starting for the place where poor Shem was lying beside the corpses of his copper-hued foes, stiff and stark.

The brindled mustang was fat and lazy, compared with the nimble cream-colored pony on which my guide was mounted. It took all my exertions to overtake 'Demus Blake, whose name was probably Aristodemus, though thus curtailed by usage. We rode at a tremendous pace.

"Larrup your beast, Colonel," cried the rider, "we're woeful behind. Don't be stingy with the spur-iron, for that brindle does allays shirk when he can. Mind—'ware the sappy ground, where you see them clubby mosses! Jordan! they'd take a hoss up to the girths, and there you'd stop like a tree'd coon. Push on, Sir. Rattle him across them riv'lets: not that a parara hoss can jump like the critters from the U-nited States."

It struck me that 'Demus Blake was bawling and flogging in this excited way for no other purpose than to quiet his own nerves and drown care. I was confirmed in this view by the fact that, after six or seven miles had been swallowed up by the rapid career of our foam-flecked steeds, the rider reined his horse into a steady hand-gallop.

"There, mister," said he, "we'll go quiet now. I feels kiender easier under my left ribs. Tell'ee, Colonel, little as you think it, to look at such as me, I was as near making the biggest baby of myself—there, I was! Poor boy Shem! I knowed him, Sir, oncommon well, and oncommon long. We played about together, when we were as high as a ramrod, in Pequottie village, nigh to Utica, in old Kentuck. And when old Amos and my daddy, Jonathan Blake, calculated to move West, they chose the same location. Sad news for old Amos—a white-haired old chap now, but pretty tough, too. He's at Brown's Hole—no, at Round Pond—trading for peltry. I wouldn't care to have the tellin' on him."

The rider was silent for a good while after this. He did not speak again till I paid a merited tribute to Shem's courage. I had found him, I said, fronting seven Indians like a stag at bay. The frontiers-man's eye glittered proudly:

"A brave boy, Sir. I was with him, first fight—that is, Shem's first, cause I'm two year an older man. 'Twarn't hereaway. South of Frémont's Pass it wur, and bloody Blackfoot Indians war the inimy, three to one, on'y they'd no firearms. 'Twarn't child's play that day, mister!" The backwoodsman expanded his broad chest, while his nostrils dilated, and his lips tightened, as he recalled the arduous struggle long past.

He was a much stronger man than Shem, of a spirit less gay and lightsome, but not without a certain amount of rude practical poetry in his disposition. He knew Shem's sweet-heart: a very nice-looking girl, of rather a quiet, subdued, and pious nature. "Not too common on the border, nouther, where even gals mostly has a spice of the wild-cat, but, mebbe, that pleased Shem."

Of the distress in store for old Amos Grindrod—a hunter once renowned for his prowess and skill, whether in warfare or the chase—Blake spoke feelingly and with deep conviction.

"'Twill shorten the old man's days, Sir, but it's lucky the old woman's not alive to hear it: she was that tender of Shem, if his finger ached she'd flutter like a robbed hen. Good old soul she was, Mrs. Grindrod, and nursed my old mother when she took the fever in that murderin' swamp."

Honest 'Demus had too much innate good-breeding to be inquisitive as to the purport of my unusual journey. In this respect, as in some others, he far surpassed in tact and politeness many an accomplished citizen in varnished boots and satin vest. But he offered me some well-meant advice.

"Take it coolly," said he, "and don't flurry yourself, Colonel. You've got more color in your cheeks than need be, and your hand was as hot, when I shook it, as a bit of deer-meat toastin' over the fire. I don't know as you ain't right, shirking the whisky, though 'tis food and comfort to such as me. But a smart touch of fever would tie you by the leg, stranger, so don't fret overly, and sleep all you can. As for Injuns, they'll hardly trouble *two* white men, when there's nouthin' to be got but a kipple of nags that can be bought for a cast of the lasso, or larist. The emigrant trains is different, for the Red devils scent plunder in the wagons, and only the dragoons skear 'em. 'Twar spite med the Mad Buffalo fall on Shem Grindrod. Shem give him a coat o' tar and turkey feathers one night, at Bridger's Fort, when the Injun got so drunk with whisky some rascal sold him, he lay like a hog on the ground. They never forgive, them Injuns. Shoshonies have no pity, compared to the savages east of the Rocky Mountains. Keep a look-out for outlying war parties, mister, when you get to the mountain parks. Crows will take hoss and clothes; Blackfeet allays hanker arter ha'r!"

I took my guide's well-meant advice, and endeavored to get through the journey as phlegmatically as might be. I snatched every opportunity of repose, if only for a few minutes, while the reeking saddles were being shifted to the backs of fresh horses; and it is wonderful how much refreshment I at times derived from a nap so brief as not much to exceed the traditional "forty winks." More than once my companion said to me, "Colonel, you're about dropping with sleep. Shut your eyes, if you like, and give me your reins. I'll guide both hosses, and you can't hardly roll out of that cradle o' yourn." And, indeed, the deep Mexican saddle of demipique cut, which I had luckily provided on starting, was admirably adapted, with its lofty pommel and cantel, to the use of a dozing equestrian. Curious spells of slum-

ber those were, when my head would nod like that of a porcelain mandarin, and my eyelids droop as if weighted with lead, and when, after a few minutes, I would start up, broad awake, as my mustang stumbled over broken ground. Once—it was while 'Demus Blake was still with me—I had a long and most delicious period of slumber, uninterrupted by jerks or concussions; and when I awoke quite a new man, and revived to an extent at which I now wonder, I found myself supported by the strong patient arm of my conductor, who had been galloping by my side for miles, managing both bridles with his disengaged hand. "I thought it would fresh you up, Colonel!" said the brave fellow.

Not all my mentors throughout that phantom ride across prairieland were as frank as Blake, nor as merry as Shem. But the mail-bag riders turned out good fellows in all main points, and I can safely say that I found but two or three surly or ill-natured persons among all those who garrisoned the block-houses; while fortunately it fell to my lot on no occasion to be accompanied by one of these. In the prairie, as in the world at large, I found good-feeling the rule, cynicism or malice the exception, though I am bound to say that the ill-conditioned individuals made twice as much noise and stir as their more amiable mates. The first start had been difficult, but at each succeeding station I received my remount without much delay or parley. The "privilege of the post" was conceded to me, while I was always welcome to a share of the rations in each little community. On the whole, I found the men cheerful in their strange isolation. They were liberally paid and not ill-fed, and they looked forward to a pension in the event of becoming crippled by some Indian hatchet-stroke or arrow-shot. Planted in the wilderness, with the prospect of being presently encompassed by deep drifts of snow, over whose frozen surface the wolves would come to howl and scratch at their doors, like dogs seeking admittance, they were in fair spirits and undismayed. Their habitual talk was of the wild adventures that formed the everyday life of that frontier of Christendom; of Indian stratagems and cruelty, of panthers and "grizzlies," pronghorns and buffaloes. Several of them had consorted familiarly with the painted tribes of the desert, and spoke sundry Indian dialects as fluently as their mother tongue. I found these hardy men kind hosts enough; they would hush their talk, not to disturb me as I lay down on a heap of skins and blankets to sleep, while the guide saddled the horses: and they soon ceased to ridicule my apparently capricious refusal of whisky. "Mebbe the Colonel's right"—Colonel is the Western title of courtesy—they would say in their blunt politeness. Once I found the inmates of a station, built on swampy ground, quite helpless and prostrate with fever. The fever had abated when the healthy norther began to blow, but the poor fellows were cramped with pains and very feeble, and only one of the party could crawl about to cook and feed the fire. I had need to fix my mind on the reward of success, on the distant goal glittering far ahead, for it was no light task that I had undertaken. The thought of Emma nerved me, and I felt an Englishman's dogged resolve to win, to fight on, and to break sooner than bend. But the fatigues of that journey surpassed all my conceptions. By day and night, under a glaring sun or through the frost and cutting northerly winds, on we pressed, fording streams, threading the way through marshes, stumbling among the burrows of prairie dogs, or dashing across boundless plains. I almost learned to hate the long terraces of turf, the illimitable sweeps of dark-green surface, the blue horizons, the swells of gently sloping earth, smooth enough for the passage of wheeled carriages. On we went, till the long grass, mixed with flowers and wild tufts of the flax-cotton, gave place to a shorter and crisper herbage, the true "buffalo grass" that the bisons love; or till water became scarce, and the sage plant replaced the blossomed shrubs of the west, and the springs were brackish, and here and there our horses' hoofs went cranching over a white stretch of desert, strewn with crystals of salt that glittered in the sun. We saw little of Indians, and of game still less. The latter, my guides told me, had been chiefly scared away by the constant passage of emigrants. As for the savages, we sometimes saw the plumed heads, the tapering lances, and the fluttering robes of a troop of wild horsemen against the crimson sky of evening; but they offered us no molestation, and the riders said they were Utahs on the look-out for "buffler droves" returning from the south. Of the fatigue of that interminable ride, the aching joints, the stiffened sinews, the pains that racked my overstrained muscles, I can give no just idea. Still less can I convey any sense of the continual strain upon the intellect and the perceptive faculties, or how my brain grew as weary as my limbs.

I shall never forget the evening of my arrival in Salt Lake City, the capital of Utah Territory, and New Jerusalem of the Mormons. I had been encouraged by the guides to look upon this town in the deserts as a turning-point in the journey, beyond which I should be in less peril from Indians, and after which a comparatively short ride would carry me to more civilized regions. But, to my surprise, I found the inmates of the station at Salt Lake City quite as lonely as, and more suspicious and moody than, in the far-off posts among the prairies. They were Gentiles in the midst of a fanatic population, wholly swayed by the hierarchy of that strange creed whose standard had been set up in the lawless wastes of the West. Nor was it long before I heard the cause of their dark looks and low spirits.

"Where's Josh Hudson?" asked the rider who had come with me, when the first greetings had been exchanged.

"Who knows?" answered the man addressed; "*I* don't. Seth said he went to the town, while I were in the corral with the hosses. If so, all I can say is, he never come back."

"When was that, Seth?" asked the newly-arrived rider.

"Two days agone," answered Seth, as he scraped the surface of a half-exhausted quid of tobacco with his long sharp bowie-knife, "jest afore sundown."

"He's not desarted. Josh was too honorable to make tracks that way," said the rider, confidently.

"Desarted! Not he. But that's what'll have to be put in the report—leastways, missin'," said Seth.

The rider looked Seth in the face, and drew his forefinger, with a meaning look, slowly across his own throat. Seth nodded.

"Least said, safest," said Seth, looking dubiously at me.

"Colonel's safe. You may speak afore him, same as myself, boys!" cried the mail-bag rider, who had come with me; "do ye mean them bloodthirsty Mormons—?"

"Whist, Jem! Whew! You'll get all our throats cut," cried the oldest man, starting up in great alarm; "there may be one of the brutes within ear-shot." He looked through the window, and opened the door, to satisfy himself that no eaves-droppers were near.

"I forgot," apologized Jem; "but about Josh Hudson?"

"I'm afeard," answered Seth, in a voice dropped almost to a whisper, "that he's gone for good. Josh was troubled about his sister, Nell Hudson, that jined the Mormons last winter, up in Illinoy, and was coaxed off, and is here, somewhere."

"Ah," said the listener, "I heerd as much."

"It's my belief," continued Seth, "that Josh got on this station a purpose to seek the gal out, and get her to go home to the old folks and the Church she were bred in. Mormons won't stand that."

"Ah!" said the guide Jem again.

"So, in short, Seth and me some think, we do," said the oldest of the group, "that Josh has been at his scoutin' onst too often, and met 'shanpip.'"

"Shanpip!" I repeated; "what is that?"

The man eyed me curiously. "Never heerd of 'Shanpip Brethren,' then, harn't ye, mister? So much the best for you. P'raps you've heerd tell of Danites?"

I *had* heard, vaguely and obscurely, of that spiritual police of Mormondom, of those fierce zealots who obey their Prophet blindly.

"Then you have reason to fear that your comrade is—"

"Is lyin' under the salt mud of one o' them briny pools nigh to hand," interrupted the man, "and not alone, nouther. Theer's been a many missin', that never went back to settlements nor on to Californey. And theer they'll lie hid, I reckon, till the Day of Judgment, when Great Salt Lake shall give up its dead, like the rest of the airth and waters."

I asked if an appeal could not be made to the Mormon elders themselves?

"'Twouldn't answer, Colonel. Suppose I goes to-morrow to Brigham's own house, or Kimball's, or any of their big men—elders, or angels, or high-priests, or what not—and asks after Josh Hudson. Brigham's very mealy-mouthed, afraid the man's run away; what could be expected from a benighted Gentile, and that; gives his own account of it in preachment next Sabbath. P'raps one of 'em gives me a glass of wine or a julep, and mebbe it disagrees with me, and I die of it. You may stare, but didn't the States Treasurer die that way, arter takin' refreshment at Angel Badger's house? And a pretty angel *he* be. P'raps I don't drink under a Mormon roof, and then, mebbe, I walk home late, and lose my way, or some other accident happens me—true as death, mister, on'y last week, as I passed Big Lick, I saw a dead woman's face looking up at me, all white and still, at bottom of the salt pool."

Thus far the elder man had spoken, but now Seth, who had evinced great uneasiness, jumped up with an oath, and cautiously opened the door. No one was listening.

"Tell'ee what," said Seth, "we'd best keep this discoorse close till we're outside the territory. They're that sharp, Mormons, blessed if I don't think they're all ear. And if they get's a notion what we're sayin', the Colonel won't never see New York, and I sha'n't never happen home to Montgomery agin. Indian Walker and his pesky Utahs mostly got a knack of tomahawking them as Mormons don't much like. And mebbe we'd meet other Indians, with blankets and red paint on their faces, jest like the real Utahs, and pretty sharp knives in their belts."

"Seth's right," said my former guide; "we don't want to set up any chaps to paint Injun on our account, as Angel Brown and Young Harris and the Danites did, when Martha Styles and Rachel Willis chose to go home to Illinoy—so, Colonel, you get a snooze, and Seth, you needn't hurry about saddlin'—we've rode awful quick."

I was not sorry when day-dawn found me, after a hard gallop by moonlight, approaching the confines of the Mormon territory. The rest of the journey was unmarked by adventure. Hardships there were, but no great perils. We traversed a route on which the bleached bones of many horses and mules lay white and ghastly, and on which many a low turfen mound marked the last resting-place of an emigrant, or his wife or child, never to reach the Promised Land of Hope.

But provisions were more plentiful now, and water more regularly stored and easy of access, than when the expelled Mormons made their famous march across the desert, marking the untrodden route with graves. We narrowly escaped being smothered in the snow, in passing the outlet in the Rocky Mountains, and this was our last semblance of peril.

Previous to this, it had been my sad duty to tell old Amos Grindrod, whom I found at the Round Pond Station, of his son's death, and to commit to his care the bit of ensanguined ribbon that was to be returned to poor Shem's sweet-heart. The old man tried to bear the tidings with the stoicism of those Indians among whom he had passed much of his life, and expressed great pleasure at hearing that Shem had "died like a Kentucky man, clear grit," and that I had come up in time to save his scalp. But in a few minutes nature conquered. The old man's bronzed features worked and twitched, and tears trickled from his aged eyes as he sobbed out, "Shem! dear boy Shem! 'twas I that oughter be dead, not he."

At last the weary ride was over: we had passed outlying farms guarded by a strong stockade, then the farms grew thicker and the stockades were dispensed with, and at last the roofs of a village, called by courtesy a town, came in view. Gladly did I dismount, gladly did I shake the hard hand of the last rider of the Express Company! Leaving that honest fellow puzzling over the cabalistic flourishes of a ten-dollar note I presented to him, I hired a pair-horse wagon of light build, and set off at once. The wagon bore me on until I exchanged it for a coach, the coach did me the same good office until I heard the snort of the steam-horse, and took my ticket by railway. How delicious, how snug and luxurious was such a mode of travel, after so much hard saddle-work! Corduroy roads seemed smooth, and American railroads not in the least addicted to cause the trains to jerk or rock. The gliding motion was charming, and I made amends for lost time, by sleeping in a manner which provoked more than one fellow-traveler, eager to know my business and station in life.

I had already telegraphed to New York briefly thus:

"Has the California mail, *via* Panama, arrived?"

Briefer still was the answer:

"No."

That was right, so far. My toil was not yet purposeless. I might hope to be in New York before Dr., or Colonel, Joram Heckler. The victory, to be sure, was not yet won. The valuable papers remained in the scoundrel's keeping. But my presence in New York would be unsuspected by him, and any overt act on my part would have the effect of a surprise. I was too exhausted to devote myself to spinning air-drawn schemes for outwitting the intriguer. I should have need of all my faculties when the tug of war began, and I must sleep now. Sleep I did, over miles and miles, over leagues and leagues, of the iron way: resting obstinately, and being as passive as possible.

"Massa get out? Dis New York, Sare."

Some one was shaking me by the arm: some one else held a lantern to my face. A black man and a white. The conductor and a negro porter.

"I'm going to the Metropolitan Hotel. I want a hack: no luggage. Has the Californian mail arrived?"

"Yes, it has," said a news-vender, who stood by, with a heap of journals under his arm; "got all the news here. *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Times*. Which will you have?"

I bought one of the papers, and glanced at the list of arrivals *via* Panama. So much gold dust, so much bullion, distinguished European traveler, Postmaster-general, Signora Cantatini, Colonels Tom, Heckler, etc. The driver of the hack-carriage was an Irishman, as usual, and, luckily, not a new arrival. He readily conducted me (at that late hour all other stores and shops were closed) to the emporium of a Jew dealer in ready-made clothes, who was willing to turn a cent even at irregular time. I purchased a new suit, linen, a portmanteau, and so forth, and shaved off my stubbly beard with razors supplied by the Jew, and before the Jew's private looking-glass. My driver drove quite a trim, ordinary-looking gentleman to the Metropolitan Hotel, instead of the shaggy, flannel-shirted Californian who had first engaged him.

Before I engaged a room I civilly asked the book-keeper to let me look at the addresses of guests: I was expecting my brother, I said, from Albany. I took good care to say nothing of Heckler or California, and the book-keeper had no suspicion that my voyages had commenced at any more remote spot than Philadelphia or Baltimore. Yes—Heckler's name was down.

I had guessed he would put up at the Metropolitan, for I had heard him mention the house approvingly in conversation. I hung about the bar and the staircases until I happened to hear that he had gone to bed. Then I withdrew to think over my own plan of operations. I own I was puzzled. I tossed and tumbled uneasily on my pillow. While hurrying onward it had appeared as if I had but to arrive in time, and the difficulty was at an end; but now, what was I to do? The battle had yet to be fought. What *should* I do? In the morning, no doubt, Heckler would repair to the bank, to present the forged check, if not to get the bills discounted. I must stop him. But how? Should I go to the police, and return with the police myrmidons? Not to be thought of! Scandal, exposure, must follow such a step; nay, in the eyes of the law Heckler might seem an innocent man, and I a false accuser. I next thought of confronting him boldly, and forcing from him, with a pistol at his head, if need be, the property of the firm. But this was too Quixotic a proceeding to be adopted in a first-rate hotel in New York. I was at my wit's end.

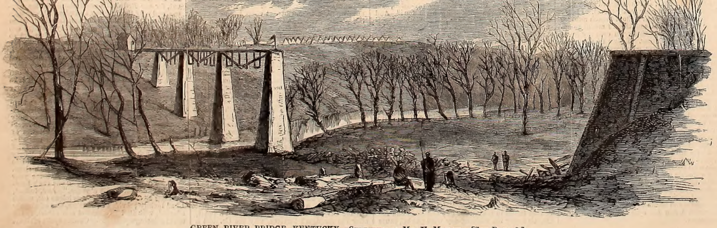
Heavens! What a smell of burning, and how stifling and thick the air! Smoke! The house is on fire. Up I sprang, and flung on my clothes in hot haste. "It's an ill wind that blows no one any good." I thought of Joram Heckler as I rang my bell to alarm the people.

"Fire! fire!" The awful cry broke upon the ears of the sleepers like the trump of doom. Dark clouds of volleying smoke poured along the corridors, flecked here and there by thin ribbons of flame that licked the walls and floors like the tongues of fiery serpents. Shrieks were heard: doors were burst open; men, women, children, rushed out, half-dressed and screaming. There was panic, terror, and wild confusion. The fire gained ground, the smoke was blindingly thick, and all fled before it—all but myself. I steadily groped my way toward Joram Heckler's room. I knew the number, and where to find it. I knew that I risked my life, but the stake was worth winning at such a risk. I was very nearly suffocated as I pushed on, holding by the wall, into the thickest of the smoke. Some man, half-dressed, and winged by fear, came rushing by with extended arms, and nearly overturned me. He uttered a savage oath; the red glare of the fire fell on his face; it was Joram Heckler.

He did not recognize me, but dashed on, only mindful of his danger. Had he the papers with him? I thought not. I hoped not. That was *his* room then, the door of which was ajar, and into which the smoke was rolling. Not the smoke alone; I saw a thin red tongue of fire creeping in over the floor, beside the wainscot. I dashed in. My eyes smarted with the smoke, and I gasped for breath, but smoke and fire could not turn me now. Heckler's clothes and dressing-case were as he had laid them; the latter was open: no papers! His valise, too, lay open: no papers! I struck my forehead despairingly. He had them about him then! I was risking life idly. Emma was lost to me! The smoke choked me: the intolerably hot fire had gained the bed: valance and curtains were flaring high in a tall yellow pillar of flame. The subtle tongues of flame almost touched my feet. I must fly if I would not perish. Outside I heard the noise of the engines and the cheers of the mob, and then the dash of water, as prodigious efforts were made to extinguish the fire.

I was staggering away when I saw, peeping from under the bolster of the bed, a Russia-leather pocket-book. The rascal had forgotten it in his blind terror. The blazing curtains fell in fragments upon me, and my hands were a good deal scorched, but I rescued the precious prize. I tore it open. Yes, check and bills, all were there! Thrusting it into my breast-pocket, I left the room, and struggled as I best could down the passage. Dash after dash of water, flung from hand-buckets, had partially subdued the flames, and the firemen were gaining the victory. Half smothered, singed, blackened, but with a proudly-beating heart, I forced my way down the heated and crowded staircase—reached the outer air, and fainted.

I have little more to tell. I am a partner in the firm: Emma is my wife; her brother recovered from his illness, and is now, in another land, an altered and penitent man. The house of Spalding, Hausermann, and Co. (I am Co.) have granted a pension to the poor girl who was to have been the bride of the luckless Shem Grindrod. Of Heckler we heard no more.



GREEN RIVER BRIDGE, KENTUCKY.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 2.]



GENL. BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION.



[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

[☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."]

CHAPTER LV.

It seemed incredible that Lilian could go far without being observed. I soon received proof she had not gone away by the railway—by any public conveyance—had hired no carriage; she must, therefore, be still in the town, or have left it on foot. The greater part of the day was consumed in unsuccessful inquiries, and I hoped that she would return; meanwhile, the alarm of her disappearance had spread; how could matters fail to do so?

An acquaintance of mine met me under the archway of Monks' Gate. He wrung my hand, and looked at me with great compassion.

"I fear," said he, "that we were all deceived in that young Margrave. He seemed so well conducted, in spite of his lively manners. But—"

"But what?"

"Mrs. Ashleigh was, perhaps, imprudent to admit him into her house so familiarly. He was certainly very handsome. Young ladies will be romantic."

"How dare you, Sir!" I cried, choked with rage. "And without any coloring to so calumnious a suggestion! Margrave has not been in the town for many days. No one knows even where he is."

"Oh yes, it is known where he is. He wrote to order the effects which he had left here to be sent to Penrith."

"When?"

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"Oh yes, it is known where he is. He wrote to order the effects which he had left here to be sent to Penrith."

"When?"

"The letter arrived the day before yesterday. I happened to be calling at the house where he last lodged when at L——, the house opposite Mrs. Ashleigh's garden. No doubt the servant in both houses gossip with each other. Mrs. Ashleigh's maid shared in the folly of Mr. Margrave's address from her maid; and since servants will exchange gossip, they may also converse on other topics, you know, as your friend."

"Not from the moment you breathe a word against my betrothed wife," said I, fiercely.

I wrenched myself from the clasp of the man's hand, and left him to gaze still in my track. I mounted my horse: I rode into the adjoining suburbs, the neighboring villages; there was not, ever, I learned nothing till just as nightfall. In a hamlet, about ten miles from L——, a laborer declared that a young lady answering to the description I described, who passed by him in a path through the fields a little before noon; that he was surprised to see one so young, so well dressed, and a stranger to the neighborhood (for he knew by sight the ladies of the few houses scattered around) walking alone; that as he stepped out of the path to make way for her, he looked hard into her face, and she did not heed him—seemed to gaze, right before, into space. If her expression had been less quiet and grave, he should have thought, he could scarcely say why, that she was not quite right in her mind—there was a strange uncommon look in her eyes, as if she were walking in her sleep. Her pace was very steady—neither quick nor slow. He had watched her till she passed out of sight, amidst a copse through which the path wound its way to a village at some distance.

I followed up this clew. I arrived at the village to which my informant directed me, but might had no trace. Most of the houses were closed, so I could glean no further information from the cottages or at the inn. The only person I encountered was the district lived in the village, and to him I gave instructions which I had not given, and indeed would have been unwise even to give, to the police at L——. He was intelligent and kindly; he promised to communicate at once with the different police-stations for miles round, and with all delicacy and privacy. It was not probable that Lilian could have wandered in one day much farther than the place at which I then was; it was scarcely to be conceived that she could walk any great way in the practical skill of the police. I rested but a few hours at a small public-house, and was on horseback again at dawn. A little after sunrise I again heard of the wanderer. At a lonely cottage by a brick-kiln, in the midst of a wide common, she had stopped the previous evening, and asked for a draught of milk. The woman who gave it to her inquired if she had lost her way? She said "No," and only tarrying a few minutes, had gone across the common; and the woman supposed she was a visitor at a gentleman's house which was at the further end of the waste, for the path she took led to no town or village. It occurred to me then that Lilian travelled all night—all places, perhaps, in the neighborhood, where men congregated together. But where could she have passed the night? Not to forget the render with the fruitless result of frequent inquiries, I will but say that at the end of the second day I had ascertained with unerring that I was still on her track; and though I had had ridden to and fro nearly double the distance —coming back again by places I had left far to the—it was at the distance of forty miles from L—— that I had heard of her that second day. She had been seen sitting alone by a little brook only an hour before. I was led to the very spot by a woodman—it was at the hour of twilight when he beheld her—she was leaning her face on her hand, and seemed weary. He spoke to her; she —— out answer, but rose, and resumed her way along the banks of the streamlet. That night I put up at an inn: I followed the course of the brook for miles, then struck into every path that I could conceive her likely to have taken—in vain. Thus I consumed the night on foot, tying my horse to a tree, for it was tired out, and returning to it at sunrise. At noon the third day I again heard of her, and in a remote savage part of the country. The features of the landscape were changed; there was little foliage and little culture, but the ground was broken into mounds and hollows, and covered with patches of heath and stunted brushwood. She had been seen by a shepherd. He had made the same observation as the first who had guided me on her track, she looked to him "like some one walking in her sleep." I pushed on. Night fell. I was among the furze-bushes, I chanced on a knot of ribbon. I recognized the color Lilian habitually wore; I dismounted, and found a shoe. I had no doubt, having the utmost speed I could ascribe to her, she could not be far off. I still held on in the dark. The scene now was as solitary as a desert; I met no one on my way. At length, a little after sunrise, I found myself on the edge of a small town nestled below the cliffs, on which I was guiding my weary horse. I entered the town, and while my horse was baiting went in search of the resident policeman. The information I had received was brief. The policeman had reached him; he had acted on it, but without result. I was surprised to hear him address me by name, and looking at him more closely, I recognized him for the policeman Walby. This young man had always expressed to me a cordial sense of my attendance on his sister, and had, indeed, so natively evinced his gratitude in protecting with his own arm the injuries that terminated in the discovery of Sir Philip Derval's murderer, that his conduct had left on my mind a fine subject of my search. His face immediately became thoughtful. He paused a minute or two, and then said,

"I think I have it, but I do not like to say; I may pain you, Sir."

"No! Say quickly; you pain me by concealment."

The man hesitated still; I encouraged him, and then he spoke out frankly.

"Sir, did you never think it strange that Mr. Margrave could maintain such intimate relations in the hotel to a somewhat uncomfortable lodging, from the window of which he could look down on Mrs. Ashleigh's garden? I have seen him at night in the balcony of that window, and when I myself was passing I have heard Mrs. Ashleigh's house during your unjust detention, I own, Sir, I felt for you—"

"Proceed!" I said; and Margrave went to Mrs. Ashleigh's house as my friend.

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"Proceed!" I said; and Margrave went to Mrs. Ashleigh's house as my friend.

He began. What I had to do was to listen.

"Patience, Sir; hear me out. I was sent from L—— to this station (on promotion, Sir) a fortnight since. I found that I had to deal with a good deal of crime hereabout; it is a bad neighborhood, and full of smugglers—some days ago, I received orders to meet a boat which was to bring the owner as a suspicious character, down in my books, I was to watch his motions. If he came out of that house—come out of a private door in it, which belongs to a part of the building not inhabited by the owner, but which was formerly, when the house was a sort of inn, to be let to single rooms, where no questions were put to. I followed him; he went down to the seashore, walked about, singing to himself, then returned to the house, and remained within the same door. I soon learned that he lodged in the house, had lodged there for several days. The next morning a fine yacht arrived in the early convenient creek about a mile from the house, and there remained, the owner sometimes rambling down to this town. The yacht belonged to Mr. Margrave, he had purchased it by advertisement in London. It was fitted for a long voyage. He had directed it to come for him to this out-of-the-way place, where no gentleman's yacht ever put in before, though the creek, or bay, is handy enough for such craft. Well, Sir, I was thinking that a rich young gentleman should come to this unfrequented sea-shore, put up with accommodation that—but it is the wisest kind, in the house of a man known as a desperate smuggler, suspected to be worse? Or, is a yacht to be bought in London, and sent to Orange? But would it be strange if he were waiting for a young lady? And if a young lady were in sight from the house, and has come secretly along by-paths, which must have been very fully explained to her beforehand, and is now near that young gentleman's lodging, if not actually in it—if this be so, why, the affair is not my concern, Sir! And you will also forgive me, Sir?"

"Where is this house? Lead me to it."

"You can hardly get to it except on foot; rough walking, Sir, and about seven miles off by the shortest cut."

"Come, and at once; come, quickly. We must be there before—before—"

"Before the young lady can get to the place. Well, from what you say of the spot in which she has been seen, I think, on reflection, we may easily do that. I am at your service, Sir. But I should warn you that the owners of the house, man and wife, are both of villainous characters—would do any thing for money. Mr. Margrave, Sir, is their guest, his money flows, and if the couple choose to go away with Mr. Margrave, you know, I have no power to help it."

"Enough, all that to me; all look of you is to show me the house."

We were soon out of the town; the night had closed in; it was very dark in spite of a few stars: the path was rugged and precipitous, sometimes skirting the very brink of perilous cliffs; sometimes delving down to the sea-shore between ridges of rock or wave—and painfully rewinding up the ascent.

"It is an ugly path, Sir, but it saves four miles; and any how the road is a bad one."

We came, at last, to a few wretched fishermen's huts. The moon had now risen, and revealed the squalor of poverty-stricken ruinous hovels; a couple of boats moored to the shore; a morning fretful sea; and, at a distance, a vessel, with lights on board, lying perfectly still at anchor in a sheltered curve of the bold rude shore. The policeman pointed to the vessel:

"The yacht, Sir; the wind will be in its favor if it sails to-night."

We quickened our pace as well as the nature of the path would permit, left the huts behind us, and, about a mile farther on, came to a solitary house, larger than from the policeman's description of Margrave's lodging. I should have presupposed: a house that in the wilder parts of Scotland might be almost a laird's: but even in the moonlight it looked very dilapidated and desolate. Most of the windows were closed, some with panes broken, and filled with straw; there were the remains of a wall round the house; it was broken in some parts only its foundation left. I found myself approaching the house I observed two doors, one on the side fronting the sea, one on the other side facing a patch of broken ground that might once have been a garden, and lay waste within the inclosure of the ruined wall, encumbered with various litter —heaps of rubbish, a ruined shed, the carcass of a worn-out boat. This latter door stood wide open—the other was closed. The house was still and dark, as if either deserted or all within retired to rest.

"I think that open door leads at once to the rooms Mr. Margrave hires; he can go in and out without disturbing the other inmates. They used to keep on the side which they inhabit a beer-house, but the magistrates shut it up; still it is a resort for bad characters. Now, Sir, what shall we do?"

We acted separately. You wait within the inclosure of the wall, hid by those heaps of rubbish, near the door; none can enter but what you see them. If you see me, you will accost and stop her, and call aloud for me: I shall be in hearing. I will go back to the high part of the ground yonder, it seems to me that she must pass that way; and I would desire, if possible, to save her from the humiliation, the—the chance of coming within the precincts of that house. I shall hear you if you cry out more than hereafter. It is a great thing for the happiness and honor of this poor young lady and her mother, that I may be able to declare that I did not take her from that man, from any man—from that house, from any house. You comprehend me, and will obey? I speak to you as a confidant—a friend."

"I thank you with my whole heart, Sir, for so doing. You saved my sister's life, and the least I can do is to keep secret all that would give pain to the of blabbed about. I know what mischief folks' tongues can make. I will wait by the door, never fear, and will neither lose my voice nor strain all the legal power I possess to keep the young lady back from sorrow."

This dialogue was interchanged in close hurried whisper behind the broken wall, and out of all hearing. Waby now crept through a wide gap into the herbiness, and nestled himself silently amidst the wreck of the broken boat, not six feet from the open door, and close to the wall of the house itself. I went back some thirty yards up the road, to the rising ground which I had pointed out to him. According to the best calculation I could make—considering the pace at which I had cleared the precipitous rocks, and reckoning from the place and time at which Lilian had been last seen, she could not possibly have yet entered this house—I might presume it would be more than half an hour before she could arrive: I was in hopes during the interval, Margrave might absent himself, perhaps at the door, or from the windows, or I might even by some light from the latter he guided to the room in which to find him. If, after waiting a reasonable time, Lilian should fail to appear, I had formed my own plan of action; but it was important for the success of that plan that I should not lose myself in the strange house, nor bring its owners to Margrave's aid—that I should surprise him alone and unaware. Half an hour, three quarters, a whole hour thus passed—no sign of my poor wanderer; but signs there were of the enemy, from whom I resolved, at whatever risk, to free and to save her. A window on the ground floor to the left of the door, which had long fixed my attention because I had seen light through the chinks of the shutters, slowly unclosed, but remained fast back, the casement opened, and I beheld Margrave distinctly in his bold assembling in his hand that gleamed in the moonlight, directed not toward where I stood nor the path I had taken, but toward an open space beyond the ruined wall, to the right. Hid by a cluster of stunted shrubs, I watched him with a heart that leaped with rage, not with terror. He seemed so intent in his own gaze as to be inattentive or unconscious of what was near him. I crept from my post, and still, under cover sometimes of the broken wall, sometimes of the shaggy ridges that skirted the path, crept on, till I reached the side of the house itself; then, these scares from my eyes, should I in turn them, I stepped over the ruined wall, scarcely two feet high in that place, on—on toward the door. I passed it, kept on within the policeman's intended himself: he was seated, his back against the ribs of the broken boat. I put my hand to his mouth that he might not cry out in surprise, and whispered in his ear: he stirred not. I shook him by the arm; still he stirred not. A ray of the moon fell on his face. I saw that he was in a profound slumber. Persuaded that it was no natural sleep, and that he had become useless to me, I passed him by. I was at the threshold of the open door; the light from the window close by falling on the ground; I was in the passage; a glimmer came through the chinks of a door to the left; I turned the door, half-noiselessly, and the next moment Margrave was locked in my grasp.

"Call out," I hissed into his ear, "and I strangle you before any one can come to your help!"

He did not call out; his eye, fixed on mine as he writhed round, saw, perhaps, his peril if he did. His countenance lowered fear, but as a lightened my grasp that expression gave way to one of wrath and fierceness; and he, in turn, I felt the gripe of his hand, I knew that the struggle between us would be that of two strong men, each equally bent on the mastery of the other.

I was, as I have said before, endowed with an unusual degree of physical power, disciplined, in early youth, by athletic exercise and contest. In height and in muscle I had greatly the advantage over my antagonist, but such was the nervous vigor, the elastic energy of his incomparable frame, in which sinews seemed springs of steel, that had our encounter been one in which my strength, was less heightened by rage, I believe that I could no more have coped with him than the baron can cope with the bear; but I was animated by that passion which trebles for a time all our forces—which makes even the weak man a match for the strong. I felt that if I were worsted, disabled, stricken down, Lilian might be lost in losing her sole protector, on the other hand, Margrave had been taken at the disadvantage of that surprise which will half unnerve the bravest of the wild beasts; while as we grappled, reeling and rocked to and fro in our struggle, I soon observed that his attention was distracted—that his eye was turned toward an object which he had dropped involuntarily when I first seized him. He sought to drag me toward that object, and when near it, stooped to seize. It was a bright, slender, short wand of steel.



"IN A DELL AMONG THE FURZE-BUSHES, I CHANCED ON A KNOT OF RIBBON."

remembered when and where I had seen it, wheth-er in my waking state or in vision, and as his hand stole down to take it from the floor I set on with open eyes foot. I can not tell by what rapid process of thought and association I came to the belief that the possession of a little piece of blunted steel would decide the conflict in favor of the possessor, but the struggle now was concentred on the attainment of that seemingly idle weapon. I was becoming breathless and exhausted, while Margrave seemed every moment to gather up new force, when, collecting all my strength for one final effort, I lifted him bodily high in the air, and hurled him to the farthest end of the cramped arena to which our contest was confined. He fell with such a force, by which most men would have been stunned; but he recovered himself with a quick rebound, and, as he stood facing me, with his quivering grand as well as terrible in his aspect. His eyes literally flamed, as those of a tiger's; his iron hair, flung back from his knotted forehead, seemed to erect itself as an angry mane; his lips, slightly parted, showed the glitter of his teeth; his whole frame seemed larger in the tension of the muscles, and as gradually relaxing his first defying and haughty attitude, he crouched as the panther crouches for its deadly spring. I felt as if it were a wild beast whose rage was upon me—a wild beast, but still Man, the king of the animals, fashioned forth from no mixture of humbler races by slow revolutions of time, but his royalty stamped on his form when the earth became fit for his coming."

At that moment I stumbled over the weapon I rected it toward him, and, advancing with a fearless stride, cried,

"Now try if you feel, miserable sorcerer!"

To my own amaze, the effect was instantaneous. My vengeful antagonist sprang on the floor as a dog drops at the word of his master. The muscles of his frowning countenance relaxed, the glare of his mortified eyes grew dim, and, turning his limbs lay prostrate and unnerved, his head resting against the wall, his shoulders still drooping by his side. I approached him slowly and cautiously; he seemed cast into a profound slumber.

"You are at my mercy now!" said I.

He moved his head as a sign of deperating submission.

"You hear and understand me? Speak!"

His lips trembled forth "Yes."

"I command you to answer truly the questions I shall address to you."

"I must, while yet outside of the power that has passed to your hand."

"Is it by some occult magnetic property in this wand that you have exercised so demoniac an influence over a creature so pure as Lilian Ashleigh?"

"By that wand and by other arts which you could not comprehend."

"And for what infamous object?—her seduction, her dishonor?"

No! I sought in her the aid of a gift which would cease did she cease to be pure. At first I but cast my influence upon her that through her I might influence yourself. She decided your help to discover a secret. Circumstances steeled your mind against me. I could no longer hope that you would voluntarily lend yourself to my will. Meanwhile, I had found in her the light of a fatal knowledge that, in that of conscience, through that knowledge, duly heeded and cultivated, I hoped to divine what I can not of myself discover. Therefore I deepened over her mind the spells I command—therefore I have driven her hither as the loadstone draws into its steel, and therefore I would have borne her with me to the shows to which I was about this night to visit. I had spent the morning in her house, and all around it, into slumber that none might witness her departure; but I not done so, I should have summoned others to my aid, in spite of your threat."

"And would Lilian Ashleigh have passively accompanied you, to her own irretrievable disgrace?"

"She could not have helped it; she would have been unconscious of her acts; she was, and is, in a trance; nor, had she gone with me, would she have waked from that state while she lived; that would not have been long."

"Wretch! and for what object of unhallowed curiosity do you exert an influence which condemns its victim to the grave?"

"Not curiosity, but the instinct of self-preservation. I count on no life beyond the grave. I would deal the grave, not death, to her."

"And was it to lesen, through some ghostly agencies, the secret of renewing existence that you lured me by the shadow of your arm image on the night when we met last?"

The voice of Margrave here became very faint as he answered me, and his countenance began to exhibit the signs of an exhaustion almost mortal.

"Be quick," he murmured, "or I die. The fluid which emanates from that wand in the hand of one who exercises the fluid with his own hatred and rage will prove fatal to my life. Lower the wand from my forehead; low—low—lower still!"

"What was the nature of that rite in which you constrained me to share?"

"I can not say. You are killing me. Enough that you were saved from a participation in the apparition of the protecting image vouchsafed to your eye, otherwise you would—you would—Oh, release me! Away! away!"

The foam gathered to his lips; his limbs became fearfully convulsed.

"One question more: Where is Lilian at this moment? Answer that question, and I depart."

He raised his head, made a visible effort to rally his strength, and gasped out,

"Yonder. Pass through the open space up the cliff beside a thorn-tree—you will find her there, where she halted when the wand dropped from my hand. But—but—hasten! This fit will serve me yet, and through her! They said so that night, though you heard them not. Thro' and it!" Here his voice became dumb-like; he pressed his hand on his heart, and shrieked out, "Away! away! or you are murderer!"

I retired to the other end of the room, turning the wand from him, and when I gained the door, looked back. I perceived he had ceased, but he seemed locked in a profound swoon. I left the room—the house—passed by Wing's; he was still absorbed in his task. I said, and touched him with the wand. He started up at once, rubbed his eyes, and commenced his excuses. I checked them, and bade him follow me. I took the way up the open ground toward which Margrave had pointed the wand, and there, motionless, beside a gnarled fantastic thorn-tree, stood Lilian. Her arms were folded across her breast; her face, seen by the moonlight, looked so innocent and so infantine that I needed no other evidence to tell me that unconscious she was of the peril to which her step had been drawn. I took her gently by the hand.

"Come with me," I said in a whisper; and she obeyed me silently, and with a placid smile.

Roughly through the way, and unconscious of fatigue. I placed her arm in mine, but she did not lean on it. We got back to the town. A chair was waiting for me, and a pair of horses. At morning Lilian was under her mother's roof. About the middle of the next twilight I found the woman rapidly worse, and to all appearance, in imminent danger. Between six & 7 watched beside her night and day, supported by an inward conviction of her recovery, but tortured by the sight of her sufferings. On the third day a change for the better became visible, her sleep was calm, her breathing regular.

Shortly afterward she woke, out of danger. Her eyes fell at once on me, with all their old languish of tenderness.

"Oh, Allen, beloved, have I not been very ill? But I am almost well now. Do not weep; I shall live to—to—repay your sake." And she bent forward, drawing my hand from my streaming eyes, and kissing me with a child's guileless kiss on my burning forehead.

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Notwithstanding the great amount of space devoted to Illustrations of the War, *Harper's Weekly* commenced its 5th, dated August 10th, a NOVEL AND THRILLING SERIAL TALE, by SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, entitled,

"A STRANGE STORY."

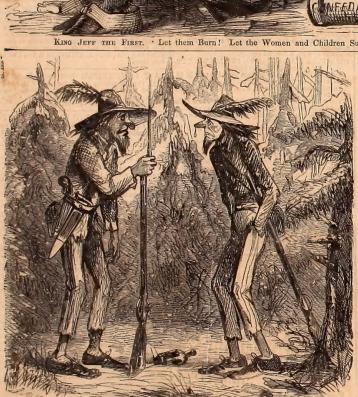
which will be continued from week to week till completed.

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SCENE.—Rebel Pickets in Western Virginia.

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SECOND PICKET. "Co-o-ld! yes, an' I'm jist gitting another Shuke of that Ager, and no Quinine in the Federacy!"
FIRST PICKET. "Worser still! Got them Blue Devils after me, an' nary drop o' Whiskey." (*With much feeling.*)
SECOND PICKET. "I wish I was Ho-o-me."

[*They part, singing, mournfully,* DIXIE, *without the Variations.*]

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Maum Guinea

And her Plantation "Children."

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By MRS. VICTOR.

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At W. Forsyth & Co.'s Advertisement in Harper's Weekly of Dec. 28th, page 826, of Watches, Chains, Jewelry, &c. Hurry up the Orders for Certificates. Prize 25 cents each. W. FORSYTH & CO., 565 Broadway, N. Y.

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WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.

Retailed at Wholesale Prices, Made to Measure at $18 per doz. OR SIX FOR NINE DOLLARS,

MADE OF NEW YORK MILLS MUSLIN,

With fine Linen Bosoms, and warranted as good a Shirt as sold in the retail stores at $2 50 each.

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P. S.—Those who think I can not make a good Shirt for $18 per dozen are mistaken. Here's the cost of one dozen $18 Shirts:

10 yards of New York Mills Muslin at 14½ c. per yd. $4 35
10 yards of Fine Linen, do. do. do. 7 50
Making and cutting 6 00
Laundry, $1; buttons and collar, 55c. 1 55
Profit 2 65

Total $18 00

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, with rules and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere. Those Prize are so easy to understand that any one can take their own measure. I warrant a perfect fit.

The cash can be paid to the Express Company on receipt of the goods.

The Express Company have orders to allow all parties to examine the goods before paying for them. If the goods are not as represented, you are at liberty to return them.

S. W. H. WARD,
387 Broadway, up stairs.
Between White and Walker Streets, NEW YORK.

The Christmas Gift.

ON Christmas had come, with his bright, merry face,
And bracing airs joyous and keen,
And while the gay holiday folks at each place,
Selecting their gifts, might be seen,
An old man wilted on, at a very brisk pace,
In search of a SEWING-MACHINE.

Perplexed he appeared—nay, bewildered in mind—
Amid all the vast moving scene,
Unable to meet with precisely the kind
Of thing he was seeking, I ween;
Indeed, it is not quite so easy to find
A really good SEWING-MACHINE.

For hours he posed up and down all Broadway,
With puzzled and sorrowful mien;
For all his researches, throughout the long day,
Entirely fruitless had been,
Till Fortune benignantly threw him in way
Of FISKLE AND LYON'S MACHINE.

"Ah, here!"—he exclaimed, as a happy smile graced
His features so bland and serene—
"Ah! here I have managed to find out, at last,
The very MACHINE that I mean:
Yes, yes—I forgotten the muse in my haste—
'TWAS FISKLE AND LYON'S MACHINE!

"Was ever invention like this 'neath the sun!
"What movements!—how rapid and clean!"
Continued repeating the joyous old man,
As he on his elbows did lean,
Behinding what wonderful things can be done
By FISKLE AND LYON'S MACHINE.

His choice of a gift was no longer delayed;
(And here his great wisdom was seen)—
That Christmas his daughter—a blooming young maid—
Was rendered as proud as a queen;
Next morn, when he rose, in her bosom there laid
A FISKLE AND LYON'S MACHINE!

Superior Winter Clothing,

Consisting of

OVERCOATS,
BEAVER AND CLOTH PALETOTS,
WALKING COATS,
CASSIMERE SUITS,

And every description of MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING, ALL AT LOW PRICES.

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TO CONSUMPTIVES.—The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe LUNG AFFECTION, and that dread disease, CONSUMPTION, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he considers invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing. Parties wishing the prescription will please address

Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburgh, Kings County, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VI.—NO. 263.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



SINKING THE STONE FLEET IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.—[SEE PAGE 31.]



CHANNELS TO CHARLESTON HARBOR.—*See Page* 31.)

☞ The FIFTH VOLUME of HARPER'S WEEKLY, for the year 1861, is now ready, price $1 50, neatly bound in cloth. This Volume forms a COMPLETE HISTORY of the WAR for the past year, and contains some FIVE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS. It is indispensable to every library.

☞ EUROPEAN Dealers will be supplied with HARPER'S WEEKLY by *John Adams Knight*, Publisher of the *London Athenæum*, 169 Fleet Street, London, to whom Subscriptions and Advertisements will be received, and single copies of HARPER'S MONTHLY and WEEKLY furnished.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1862.

THE SURRENDER OF THE TRAITORS.

THE traitor Mason, Slidell, Eustis, and Macfarland have been surrendered to the British Government. The country was prepared for the event, and gulps the bitter pill in silence. Mr. SECRETARY SEWARD has written a rather ingenious and extremely long justification of the act. It is to be hoped that it will so far help him abroad that British journalists will cease to represent him as the sworn foe of England and of peace.

Every body here knew a week ago that the traitors would be given up. Not because of any technical informalities in their arrest, but because it was infinitely better that we should endure a certain amount of humiliation at the hands of Great Britain than that we should jeopard the great cause of the Union by throwing the naval power of England into the rebel scale. The main point thus determined, it devolved upon Mr. SEWARD to decide the form and conditions of our compliance with the demand of Great Britain.

He might have said that the arrest of the traitors was right and proper, and that detention legal; but that, in the present circumstances, the country was not in a condition to go to war with England while the much more momentous question of the dissolution of the Union was being discussed in the battle-field, and therefore that Mason and Slidell were surrendered for the sake of peace.

Or he might have said that, while the general spirit of international law justified the arrest, no perfectly parallel case had ever occurred, and therefore a doubt existed as to the completed lawfulness of Captain Wilkes's act; and that as peace with Great Britain was at the present juncture absolutely necessary to this country, he would give England the benefit of the doubt, and would release the prisoners to please her and to appease the British mob.

Or he might have argued the case from a legal point of view, setting in bold relief the arguments of the British side, and concluding with him: the strong points of our case; and might thus have concluded, in the teeth of the expressed view of Secretary WELLES, and the sentiment of nine-tenths of the people of the United States, that the arrest was unjustifiable, the British claim reasonable, and our duty imperative.

Of those three courses the two first would here completely satisfied the people of the United States, and would not have lowered the fame of the Secretary. Whether the third will prove as satisfactory as the others to the great mass of our people is a question which it will take time to decide.

Mr. THURLOW'S dispatch, darkly hinting that France would be found on the side of Great Britain in the event of difficulty in this country, confirms the opinion we have had occasion to express more than once—that we have no real friends on the other side of the ocean. The logic of the French Minister is not worth examination. His strong point is that the *Trent* was sailing from one neutral point to another; a perfectly immaterial circumstance, in view of the fact that she carried dispatches and officers of the rebel Government. Mr. SEWARD Scout always held that the immediate point of departure and the direct destination were infinitesimal if the goods contraband of war actually came from belligerent ports, or were ultimately destined for belligerent uses. The practice, known to be learned from Mr. THURLOW himself, is that France will not be on our side in the event of trouble between England and ourselves. Mr. SEWARD's smooth manner must not delude nay one into imagining that our Government places the least reliance upon the benefactions flowing existing between our country and France; but that it relies, as it should do, on our own strength for the regulation of our own affairs.

It is to be hoped, at all events, that this extremely disagreeable business will secure the end proposed by so much Commission—namely, that we may be suffered to conclude the job of crushing out the rebellion without further foreign interference. At the present moment a piratical steamer—the *Nashville*—belonging to the rebels, half filled with the plunder of the American ship HARRY *Bird*, which she has sunk within sight of the British coast, is refitting in the harbor of Southampton: the British steamer *Gladiator*, filled with arms and munitions for the rebels, is lying in the British port of NASSAU, and has been supplied with coals to enable her to run into Savannah at any favorable moment, while the authorities of NASSAU refuse coals to our gun-boat, the *Florida*, which is watching for her: rebel British steamers are notoriously fitting out in England with like cargoes for the rebels; and British officials all over, from the Governor of Canada to the Governor of Havana, give palpable evidence on their sympathy with the rebels. It is to be hoped that this measure of unfriendliness and spite may suffice. We do trust that the British may be satisfied with equipping pirates to prey upon our commerce, and encouraging them with their plunder; with converting British ports into harbors of safety for our enemy's ships, and refusing to sell coal to our vessels; with permitting their officials to receive with honor and respect the emissaries of the rebels, and to visit with their high displeasure any British subject who shows a friendly spirit toward this country. As we have treaties of alliance with England, the members of the British Government are constantly receiving one of their high regard for us, perhaps these injuries may also be forgotten by the United States and for democracy. It is to be hoped, after the surrender of MASON and SLIDELL that they will.

SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

On 28th December the New York City Banks suspended specie payments. Their example will be followed by the Banks of Philadelphia and Boston, and by the Government of the United States.

The suspension is a consequence of the war. It has been evident for some time that the Government could not borrow money fast enough to defray the cost of so enormous a war as the one in which we are now engaged, and that a resort to issues of inconvertible paper money was inevitable. That resolved itself into the suspension of the Banks indispensable. They could not go on paying specie while the Government was issuing its paper by the million and a half a day, and declining to redeem it in coin. And it has been doubted whether the Banks would not have acted a more wisdom had they foreseen the crisis a month ago, and suspended with forty millions of coin on hand, than to have waited as they have done, until nearly half their reserve has been withdrawn from them.

The last time the Banks suspended, the danger which rendered suspension necessary was a drain of gold to Europe. No such danger exists to-day. The balance of trade is now in favor, and we are more likely to draw gold from Europe than Europe from us.

The suspension is necessary now in order to "ride over" the period intervening between the present time and the entire suppression of the rebellion, and then to take up the specie which out the paper money which shall have been emitted by Government will then be funded or redeemed out of the direct taxation of Government. There will then be no reason why the banks should not resume specie payments at once, and they will of course do so.

The extent of the changes which may take place between this and then must depend on the duration of the war, and the economy with which it is carried on.

If Congress passes tax laws sufficient to insure an ample fund for the due payment of interest upon the entire debt incurred for the suppression of the rebellion; and if Mr. Chase succeeds in the effort of sufficiently aiding financial administration, the new paper money to be issued by Government need not depreciate below one or two per cent., and gold need not rise above one or two per cent. premium. There can be no scarcity in this country better than that of the United States, with their growing wealth and resources, the whole of which are pledged for the redemption of this paper. Even if the immediate expenses of it were not paid the year 1862—which is more than can be needed without great extravagance somewhere—our debt at the end of the year will only be one-fourth that of Great Britain, and our means of payment fully equal, if not superior to hers.

Meanwhile let us trust that Government and our Generals will strain every nerve to accomplish the work before them without a moment's delay. Time now is precious indeed.

THE LOUNGER.

FOR THE CONTRABANDS.

ONE of the most practical questions of the rebellion is set forth in a recent Report of Dr. Robert WARE to the Sanitary Commission, how, properly to clothe and care for the "contrabands" at Fort Monroe. By the order of General WOOL those who are employed by officers and citizens are paid at the rate of eight dollars a month for men, and four dollars for women, from which sum is deducted enough to pay for proper clothing. Those not thus employed are employed in the service of the Government, and are paid ten dollars a month, with quarters, one ration, and clothing, the expense of the latter being deducted from the ten dollars. The old men and boys are paid five dollars a month, with rations and clothing. There are now fifteen hundred contrabands, of whom two hundred are women. The Government partly supplies their wants from a store with such articles as sugars, sheer, and hat; but furnishes none for women and children, and no under-clothing for any. The quarters are still insufficient, and these people are painfully crowded.

The chief difficulty—master of the post, who was charged with the care of the contrabands, was necessarily entirely occupied with the inevitable duties of an office—and Lieut. R. S. MORE, of Cincinnati, has been appointed chief Superintendent of contrabands, and he appeals to the generosity of all who can dispense with money the certificates of the sugars be sending old or new clothing for women and children, and under-garments for the men. Those who do not choose to send directly to Mr. MORE, at Fortress Monroe, may send to Mr. F. C. BARLOW, in the basement of 112 and 114 Broadway, who has been generously granted for the purpose by the New York Union Insurance Company.

It is one of the many ways in which every one who will may help on the good cause. And it is not only of the humane but the wise to aid in the end. As fast as our flag advances the necessity will be created. Deserted by their masters, or living on a flag which they believe to be the flag of liberty, the responsibility of caring for them is thrown upon us. We shall not have the right to avoid it. We must direct their industry, and we must see that they do not suffer. Our duty is not done when circumstances have freed them. The long arrears of injury to a race are not settled quite so easily. But the duty is manageable now, and it will be our fault if it becomes unmanageable. It is not the fault of the poor contrabands that they are cold and hungry. Let us clothe and feed them; remembering, at this holy tide, that "The King shall answer and say unto them: Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE LAST TRUMP IN THE HAND.

THE last trump card of the rebellion has been played. It is the last trump in the hand, the game is up. There were but three trumps in their hands. They were all loaves; and they are proving to be mere Jacks. The first was the negro. The rebel gamesters knew that the country did not sincerely believe in the negro as a political war, and they hoped to succeed before the nation could sufficiently recover from the shock of consternation to make an effective resistance.

The gamblers were mistaken. Their play only revealed to the country the depth and strength of its own resolution.

Then they hoped, and probably believed, that there should arise a desperate party cause in the loyal States; and that war would be made upon the Government by the Democratic party, and not exclusively by a slave-driving faction. But the smoke of Sumter cleared away only to show them their pitiful mistake. So far as the support of their treason was concerned, the great Democratic party in the loyal States had dwindled to such people as Mr. Benjamin Wood and Mr. V. Vallandigham, who thought they could harm their country more by remaining in it and trying to get control of the arm of the Government raised to smite traitors. Mr. Ben. Wood is long since silenced, and Mr. Vallandigham stands desperately by the old and amid the rebellion by an effort to plunge us into war with Great Britain. The people who were so clamorous for "peace" with rebels who were shocking down loyal citizens engaged in defending the liberties of the nation, are now vociferous to force war with England upon a fairly debatable point of international law, in which, if we are wrong, every honorable citizen will frankly confess it.

In this course these gentry are but helping the rebel leaders to play their third and last card—an alliance with England upon any terms, in order that the slave-holding confederacy may be recognized and protected, and that, if possible, this Government may be overthrown. And as this was their last, so it is their wrongest, play. The support of Great Britain has been their fond dream from the beginning. As long ago as the Charleston Convention, at which the first steps of rebellion were taken by YANCEY and his friends in forcing two Democratic nominations, the sympathies of Englishsympathy and assistance were openly discussed in private circles. In *DeBow's Review*, in which the philosophy and practicability of treason has long been debated—a *Review* which was precisely commensurate in "national" support—the fact has been constantly assumed that Great Britain would not permit trouble between the Government of this country and itself to arise from the exercise of the "Peace Congress," last February, Slidell and Hunter said, and consequently reiterated, the same thing. The theory was that Great Britain was a monarchy, and its king was cotton.

They have played their last card, and the result is still undecided. But if calmness, and sagacity, and most faithful patriotism and discretion can block the game of rebellion, and discredit treason by bringing this play also to naught, it will be done. And if it be done, of course it results in a clearer understanding than ever between the United States and Great Britain.

Should war then be avoided—should the third and last trump card fail—the reaction in the mind of the rebellious nation will be so signal that the conspiracy will be in great danger of sudden collapse.

MR. SEWARD AND ENGLAND.

A REPORT has been circulated, and at one time was widely believed, that a gentleman said that the Secretary of State wanted a war with Great Britain, in order that we might end the battle of our domestic difficulties by a compromise. The report only got into print, but it was privately received with a good deal of credulity and sympathy. Why a statesman so sagacious—whose great and just fame was forfeited upon a calm and wise adherence to principle—should desire a war having steadfastly maintained them in a day when he was the most unpopular statesman in the country whatsoever desert them at the very moment they had brought him into official power, and wantonly in effect should, was a supposition simply too insulting to be answered.

But the war has dwindled by success to an answer; for in the sense in which that word was used he was not successful, because "success" was the accomplishment of what was desired. To say that he was soured by disappointment was equally inadequate; because, under the circumstances, that word could not be applied, and nobody believed him a traitor. To say that he wanted a separation, in order that he might be the President of the Northern Union; or a compromise, in order that he might be President as the great Pacificator, was to screen the political sagacity of the man never doubted; or his sanity, which relieves him from censure.

But while th's report was circulated at home, the universal faith in England seems to have been that the war was a mistake which Mr. SEWARD was resolved was war with Great Britain. So much a matter of course was this, that the utterly silly and insulting letter of Lord LYONS to Mr. NICOLAY was at first believed to be the result of a deliberate purpose to insult, was gravely cited in the *London Chronicle* as a fact that carried its own evidence, and that was received in the lavishly empty style.

The precise points upon which this general impression of Mr. SEWARD's views was founded are not easy to indicate. They are probably a speech of two or three years since in the Senate; his remarks at the Astor House last year; his circular to the Governors of the coast States; and his letter to Lord LYONS in regard to the imprisonments of Messrs. MASON and SLIDELL. Points are explained by a faith which Mr. Seward probably shares with a great many other political leaders, that in the order of civilization, and the development of history, the provinces of Canada will become incorporated with this Republic, and not act necessarily in any convulsive or unfair manner. It is the philosophy of statesmen, the philosopher, and seems to have been regarded as the purpose or plot of the statesman. The circular was the augury of peace, and the letter was a calm expectation for a maritime power at war. It was the counsel of ordinary common sense—nothing more; while the letter to Lord LYONS was the simple vindication of policy, and a dignified rebuke of interference with the case pending.

But whatever may have been thought of the Secretary's feeling for England, and with whatever apparent reason, the publication of his dispatches to Mr. Adams in London puts him, and us, and all honest Englishmen there, in the right position whatever the highest courtesy, the greatest ability, the truest honor, and the sincerest sympathy could do for the cause of peace and the Union, Mr. ADAMS has been done by Mr. SEWARD. No one can understand in the least the wonderful ability with which he manages our foreign affairs at this most critical moment who does not read this correspondence. It is as spirit, but these extracts testify.

On the 19th of June he writes to Mr. Adams: "We are anxious to avoid all causes of misunderstanding with Great Britain and France. Intent instead of breaking the existing bonds of amity and friendship, we are anxious to draw them closer, if both nations may not expect to attain or effect if they may remain friends. It would be a hazardous day for both the branches of the English race when they should try how much harm each could do the other."

On the first of July he writes: "We, as you are well aware, have every desire for a good understanding with the British Government. It causes us no concern that the Government sends a naval force into the West Indies or a military force into Canada. We can have no designs hostile to Great Britain so long as she does not, officially or unofficially, recognize the insurgents or render them

aid or sympathy. * * * Under present circumstances, the more effectually Great Britain guards her possessions and her commerce in this quarter, the better we shall be satisfied. If she should change her course and do us any injury, which we have not the least idea now that she proposes to do, we should not be relieved from vindicating our rights and our unbroken sovereignty against all the armies and navies she could send here."

Of all Mr. Seward's services to his country—and they are many and signal, unquestionably greater by far than any other of our living statesmen—none is more honorable to his country and himself than his correspondence with Great Britain during the last year.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

THIS is the title of a London Weekly paper which has a bad eminence for hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, especially toward America and Americans. The Saturday calls its London *Review*, from its affectation of universal superiority; and when Bright rises in the House *perhaps* from its universal smirility. But an American scholar, Henry James, in a note to his masterly address of last July, upon "The Social Significance of our Institutions," tells the truth of it in so trenchant and sparkling a manner that it should be put upon permanent record.

He says: "This able but unscrupulous paper is an invaluable test therefore now of the prejudices of the utter worthlessness, for all social purposes, of the sentiment culture of the head, which is moral culture, when weighed against the intellectual culture of the heart, which alone is spiritual culture. It seems to have had no more genuine reason than to show the rank and festering self-bness which has eaten out the vitals of the old European decency, coming now at last to the surface to corrode and consume every traditional usage of humanity and sympathetic literary art which has hitherto masked its presence and limited its action. If the *Saturday Review* fairly represent the scholarship *amour* of England—if its flippant, transparent Pharisaism, its puerile self-complacency, its wanton insolence, its truculent arrogance, exhibited toward every form of intellectual independence—except, as in the case of John Mill, where a great reputation sanctifies it—and toward every the most honest suggestion of social advance, fitly represent the academical consciousness of that country—one can only exclaim, Alas, how changed from the former self! *A land* (in an intellectual sense) *of deserts and pits, a land of drought and the shadow of death, a land no man passes through, and where no man dwells.* Certainly honest John Bull was never before so sophisticated—degraded from a fat, savory, succulent, juicy beef, to a lean, stringy, sinewy, tendinous veal—from the superb, contented, dilatital mastiff of broad muzzle and gilt, glittering streams, to the blatant and menacing and biting challenger of every innocent scarlet rag that flutters along private lane or public highway. It is in English middle-class manners made conscious of their own inanity and vulgarity, ready to covet it up under an affectation of cause and vulgar effrontery toward superior people."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"WELCOME AS WATERCRESS."—The Customs of the Bay of Naples tell of a Wopping caller in the Mediterranean, that he must not be his diligence on arriving, when there happened, after six months' clear weather, to be a slight fog. "Turn out, boys! turn out! Here's waiter as is weather; some of your everlasting blue sky!"

Sweetening one's coffee is generally the first stirring event of the day.

FATHER OF A FAMILY: "NOW, my JOHN, let me see! We've got the subscription, and the entry, and the railway tickets in one of a collection that is a great comfort to reflect, in case of any thing serious. The last of the speech is lost in the shriek of the railway engine.

"It is very curious," said an old gentleman to his friend, "that a watch should be perfectly dry when it has a running spring inside."

Love, Justice, and Fortune are said to have no eyes; but all three make no mistake upon rare pretty wide occasions.

"Sally, what time to your folks dine?" "Soon as you get away," that Master's orders."

EASY FOR MAN.—By the year two thousand it is probable that mankind labor will have utterly ceased under the idea that the occupation of the adjective "hard-fisted" will have gone to over. They have now in New Hampshire a machine-digging machine, which, driven by steam down two rows, digs the potatoes, separates them from the dirt, and loads them into the cart, while the farmer rides alongside, whistling "Hail Columbia!" with his hands in his pockets.

The boy who undertook to ride a horse-radish is now practising on a noddle of mutton.

A man, speaking of a place not West, says it is a perfect paradise, and that there's most all the people have the finest kind now, yet it is a great blessing, for it is the only earthly place I like.

FASHION.

A way to dress,
To be made, I guess,
Pick a husband's hours quite clean,
And your Mr. Spratt
Must cry "No fat!"
And his wife will cry—no fear.

"Now, then, my heartie," said a gallant captain, "you have a tough bottle before you. Fight like horse till your garden's green, then—run!" "I'm a little lame, sir," stammered.

The horse "warranted to stand without tying," which a man bought at an outside the other day, is described for sale by the purchaser, with the additional guaranty that "he has not move without whipping."

Ugly people are as anxious as handsome ones to perpetuate their features; probably, having lived so long with their ugliness, they have become attached to it.

"Is your father at home?" inquired a man of the little girl who admitted him. "Is your name Bill?" she asked. "Some people call me so," replied he. "Then he is not at home, for I heard him tell John, if any bill came, to say he was not to home."

The ocean, which is forever sounding, sometimes gets sounded.

Who lets one sit on his shoulders, shall have his precisely sit on his head.

Men wounded by the explosion of bomb-shells are wounded worrying.

"Although you count yourself a brighter fellow than I am, yet I can round you, as the earth said to the sun."

The two most precious things now inclosed in *hoops* are gold and Spain.

A good many chairmen at public meetings don't know how to put a question. Young ladies think it should be popped.

The women must think that we men are great robbers; we are all the while going about robbing them of their very senses.

Doubtless most have their seconds, and widows are entitled to their thirds.

A man's mouth is made to talk and eat, yet he often turns himself dreadfully by talking, and keeps himself by eating.

Some fellows never pay a debt, except when they owe a grudge.

KING LEAR. "WHAT's the matter now?"
SLAVE. "OH! Sirree, de ky's gone and BURNT CHARLESTON, and dey's set FIRE to MONTGOMERY six times in two days!"

"Even a man so dull, so you begets,
Sees Prince Rupert curtains in the dead of night,
And would have told him *half his Troy was burnt*."—SHAKESPEARE.

A BRIGHT SCHOLAR.—"Did you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked a teacher in the infant school. "I have," shouted a sharper one at the foot of the class. "Where?" inquired the teacher, considerably amazed at his precocious. "On the elephant," shouted the prodigy, gleefully.

DON'T carry your antipathy to royalty so far as to break the crown of your head.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, December 24, in the Senate the House not being present, Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, rose to the consideration of eleven new processes. The Committee on Naval Affairs was discharged from the further consideration of the war vessels had been fitted out at the Navy-yards, ensures of great advancement having been obtained. A petition of citizens of Boston relative to the freedom of the press, and a memorial from Samuel Hale, asking a pension from the Senate adjourned.

On Thursday, December 26, in the Senate, Senator Hale offered a resolution requesting the President, if not incompatible with the public interests, to transmit a copy of all dispatches which have passed between the United States Government and that of Great Britain, and all the correspondence of the relief envoys—Slidell and Mason—the duties on sugar, and demanded a decision. Senator Bayard supported the resolution. Senator Hale proposed his resolution be laid on the table. Senator Bayard opposed the motion. Senator Hale objected to the resolution. The subject, he said, was one in great part of which it would be better for the Senate to reserve themselves for facts, and not act upon a hypothetical case. The resolution was then laid upon the table. Notice was given of a bill to provide for the confiscation of the property of persons in arms against or rebellion against the Government. Senator Hale introduced a bill to authorize the appointment of an additional Associate Justice—a bill referred. Among the petitions presented was one from Mr. Seward, and he had received medical practice in the army, several for an armory at Springfield, Massachusetts, and one for the appointment by the military power. The Senate adjourned till Monday, December 30, when it resumed its duties after the recreative, no question being present. The House also adjourned till Monday.

THE SURRENDER OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

Considerable interest is felt at present upon the question between the Governments of France and England on the one hand, and that of the United States on the other concerning the question of international law, involved in the surrender of Mason and Slidell. Earl Russell has addressed a note from Mr. Seward to Mr. Adams, in which the British Government demands of Mr. Seward, 1. That the action of Captain Wilkes was without any hostile intent. 2. That the prisoners, and his dispatches, be set at liberty. 3. That the United States would consider the subject in a friendly spirit. 4. That the United States would offer no apology. 5. That Lords Seward and Lyons, acting for Lincoln, were not to be considered as agents, and he declined to receive communications from them. 6. That the British flag, and a salute, constituted how and announcing that the "liberation of the Commissioners" would be an act of security to the British flag, together with a suitable apology for the aggression, since could not be British subjects. To the Mr. Seward responds in a page, addressed to Lord Lyons, to the date of the 30th of December, in which he maintains that the principles of public law involved in the case, and arrives at the conclusion that the Government of the United States would be wrong in refusing to comply with the British demands; in the first place, because the principles that underpinned the persons captured. He closes by saying that the United States Government "will be cheerfully disposed, and "your lordship will please indicate a time and place for the delivery of them." The Times says that Mason and Slidell cause no offense was intended. To the Lord Lyons replies that the surrender of the persons will be considered by the Majesty's Government as a full satisfaction for the aggression complained of, and that the "case gentlemen" again be placed under the protection of the British flag. The documents here is a dispatch from M. Thouvenel, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, to M. Mercier, the "Minister of the Emperor at Washington," in which he expresses the hope that the United States Government will not, by its refusal to accept the terms with the British Government, and exchanges assurances of friendship.

THE BRITISH FLEET.

The following is the point of the dispatch of Earl Russell:

"HER Majesty's Government, bearing in mind the friendship which has long existed between the United States and Britain and the United States, are willing to believe that the United States would offer no unfriendly act, and that the aggression was not acting in compliance with any authority from his Government, or that, if he conceived himself to be so authorized, he greatly misunderstood the instructions which he had received. For the Government of the United States must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow any violation of what it considered the national honor to pass without full reparation, and her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that it is to the deliberate intention of the Government of the United States unnecessarily to force upon the British Government the necessity of a question of so grave a character, and with regard to which the national honor of England would be sure to entertain such unanimity of feeling. Her Majesty's Government, therefore, trust that, when the matter shall have been brought under the consideration of the Government of the United States, that Government will, of its own accord, offer to the British Government such redress as alone could satisfy the British nation, namely:

"The liberation of the four gentlemen and their delivery to your lordship, in order that they may again be placed under British protection, and a suitable apology for the aggression which has been committed.

"Should these terms not be offered by Mr. Seward, you will propose them to him."

MR. SEWARD'S REPLY.

The following passages contain the gist of Mr. Seward's answer. After stating the law and the facts in say:

"I trust that I have shown to the satisfaction of the British Government, by a very plain and natural statement of the facts and analysis of the law applicable to them, that this Government has neither instructed nor practised, nor approved, any deliberate wrong in the transaction to which they have called its attention, but, on the contrary, that what has happened has been simply an inadvertency, unaided by a departure by the naval officer—free from any wrongful motive—from a rule uncertainly established, and, probably, by neither party contemplated, either imperfectly understood or entirely unknown. For that error the British Government has a right to expect, in the same reparation that we, as an independent State, would require if a similar error had been committed by any officer of the British navy.

"If I decide that case in favor of my own Government, I must disavow its most cherished principles, and reverse and forever abandon its established policy. The country has not offered the sacrifice. If I maintain those principles and adhere to that policy, I must accomplish the object. This will be seen, therefore, that this Government could not have done the justice of the case more than it has done it against upon its merits. We are asked to do to the British nation just what we have always insisted all nations ought to do to us. * * *

"Putting behind me all suggestions of this kind, I proceed to express my satisfaction that, by the adjustment of the present case, the relations of the two countries will remain, and yet, I trust, mutually satisfactory to both of the nations. Conciliation is finally and rightly established between them which, heretofore exhausting not only all forms of peaceful discussion, but also the settlement of war itself, for more than half a century alienated the two nearest kindred nations, and perplexed with fears and apprehensions all other nations.

"The four persons in question are held in military custody at Fort Warren, in the State of Massachusetts. They will be thereby liberated. Your lordship will please indicate a time and place for receiving them."

THE FRENCH VIEW.

The following extracts contain the gist of M. Thouvenel's dispatch:

"Lord Lyons is already instructed to present the demand for satisfaction which the English Cabinet is under the necessity of ordering to form, and which consists in the immediate release of the persons taken from on board the Trent, and in the disavowing explanations. Your idea from this act its offensive character toward the British flag. The Federal Government will not refuse to do justice and exalted feeling in deferring to these requests. One must regard with wish to what end, in fact, interest, it would hazard to provoke by a different attitude a rupture with Great Britain.

"For ourselves, we should see in that fact a deplorable misunderstanding in respect of international right which the Cabinet of Washington has already to struggle, and a blow dealt at the principles of maritime law. Powers which could not consider of the existing contract to be neutral, and which would not be willing to submit to the consequences of the war, would be not permissible to be, however, in this condition of things, of our manner of seeing, granting, in principle, the right of search, the exercise of seizing yourself frankly to Mr. Seward, and, if an idle it, send him a copy of this dispatch."

AFFAIRS IN KENTUCKY.

No official information has been received of any action in Kentucky, but rumors state that 40,000 men, the advance of General Buell's command, have crossed O. on River, and are within a mile of Bowling Green, the Confederate advance point. A battle is therefore looked for in a short time.

AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI.

As soon as the intelligence of General Pope's cavalry having driven in the pickets of General Hallee reached the latter, a force of 5,000 men, with a battery of artillery, was immediately pressed, and a sudden flight took place in great confusion. The rebels left behind them their tents, baggage, and camp equipage. The rebel force, including that which left behind by General Fremont over the Osage River. The pursuit was continued for 20 miles, when the rebels, the day had passed hurriedly through Springfield en route for Arkansas, and abandoned it to the Union troops again in occupy.

On 28th ult. General Prentiss, with four hundred and fifty men, dispersed nine hundred rebels, under Colonel Mowery, at Bloomfield, Stoddard County. Several wounding on hundred and fifty, and taking thirty-five prisoners, among the latter Colonel Mowery and his son, with a loss on our side of only three killed and eleven wounded. The rebels were commanded by Jeff Thompson on the South Missouri Railroad. They have another force at Cape Girardeau, and the Government will destroy every one on the road.

SECESSION OF BLUFFTON.

The village of Bluffton, which is about the same size as Beaufort, was occupied by the United States Forces under Gen. Stevens, on the 14th ultimo. The rebels had previously abandoned it. The Union troops found it in a most confused manner, and found thirty feet of water there.

GOOD NEWS FROM NEW MEXICO.

Our news from New Mexico is of a cheering character. Colonel Canby, who is in command of the military department, has driven the rebels from the Territory, from Fort Craig and Stanton—and was, at last accounts, on the Rio Grande, in pursuit of the rebels, who were under the command of Major Lynde, who surrendered his troops in consequence. Colonel Canby is driving the rebel Texans before him, and intends to capture the entire force.

SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

At a meeting of the bank representatives, held in this city on 30th ult., a new decided movement in the suspension of specie payment on 30th. This decision was come to unanimously by the banks of this city, and they are drawing out coin and storing it away in order to sell it at a premium, thus realizing on the resumption of specie payments. The heavy drain upon the banks for the past few weeks has hastened the movement in question.

COLONEL CORCORAN NOT ESCAPED.

The statement of Mr. Hall respecting the escape of Colonel Corcoran, and the treatment of Union prisoners at Richmond, is denied by Mr. Hall himself. He says, in a laconic fable—at least as far as it relates to the asserted escape of Colonel Corcoran—that the whole thing, of this man Hurd; no such person has been heard of there. It is probable that the whole affair is a hoax.

PERSONAL.

Colonel Wilcox, the English officer, who distinguished himself during the Mexican war, under Garibaldi, has been appointed Brigadier-General, a very lively position in England. Previous to quitting the French capital, the General had a hearty interview with His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III.

The Honorable Mr. Ely, who has so long been confined at Richmond, and who has been discharged for Mr. Faulkner, arrived in Louisville, where he had at once continued his journey northward.

General Buell, who has been confined to his bed for some days with a slight fever, has recovered, and is in the saddle again.

General Scott returned to New York on board the *Arago*. He first came from Fortress Monroe, and a very lively ovation in England. Previous to quitting the French capital the General had a hearty interview with His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III.

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Major Anderson has received a proclamation declaring the railroads of Missouri under martial law.

FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND.

THE WAR FEVER.

The war agitation is still at fever heat in England. Troops are being mustered and shipped for Canada, with ships, shells, cannon, and every thing requisite for a winter campaign in a Northern climate. War vessels are being fitted out, both steam and sailing, and even the new frigate *Emerald* is the latest departure from Plymouth.

NEW IRON-CLAD SHIPS.

The *Shipping Gazette* states that four new iron-clad first-class steam-frigates were to be built immediately, to serve also as steamers, the particulars of each of which were to be twenty feet long. They will each carry thirty-six Armstrong 100-pounders on the gun-deck and two pivot guns at the bow and stern, to throw 200-pound shot. They will be 6,000 tons burden, and will be driven by 1,000 horses-power, and their tonnage is to be 6,000.

DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

The full report of the sickness and death of Prince Albert is effective. He was fatal with a "typhoid cold" on the 13 of December. This attack alarmed from mid to ensure and on Sunday night the physicians said, that when the case assumed the character of typhoid fever. The Prince gradually declined in strength until death struck the same night, when he died tranquilly, surrounded by the Queen and the other members of the royal family.

THE BAHAMAS.

BRITISH SYMPATHY WITH REBELS.

Letters from Nassau state that, while the United States gun-boat *Florida* is denied coal and other accommodations, it appears that the *Gladiator* has been allowed to run his her cargo of arms and ammunition to schooners from the shore, and to coal, under the full knowledge of the British officials. Four rebel vessels, laden with cotton and tobacco, had arrived at Nassau from Mobile and Nassau, among them the *Theodora* and *Isabel* with 1600 bales of cotton, under the rebel flag, and all having run the blockade of Charleston harbor.



THE BATTLE OF DRANESVILLE.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER WHO WAS PRESENT.—[SEE PAGE 20.]



IN AND ABOUT PORT royal, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[Sketched by our Special Artist.]

THE DEFENSES OF WASHINGTON—FORT ELLSWORTH, SOUTH OF ALEXANDRIA.

THE DEFENSES OF WASHINGTON—FORT LYON, ON THE HEIGHTS OF HUNTING CREEK—THE LAST REGIMENT THAT WILL BE LEFT OF THE FORTIFICATIONS.—[SEE PAGE 23.]



GENERAL VIEW OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER FROM CAIRO, ILLINOIS, TO THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER.—[SEE PAGE 31.]


FAIRY
TO
THE LITT
HAIR
DYE
THIS IS THE OLD HUMBUG
THAT DETESTED FAIRY TALES
THE OLD BO


TALES
BY
FOLKS
THE HORRID OLD THING THAT
HATED LITTLE FOLKS

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LVI.

LILIAN recovered, but the strange thing was this: all memory of the weeks that had elapsed since her return from visiting her aunt was completely obliterated; she seemed in profound ignorance of the charge on which I had been confined; politely, but with a certain air of the esteem of Margrave; she had, indeed, a very vague reminiscence of her conversation with me in the garden—the first conversation which had ever been embittered by a disagreement—but that disagreement and she did not connect together. Her belief was that she had been ill and light-headed since that evening. From that evening, up to the hour of her waking, conscious and revived, all was a blank. Her love for me was restored, no ill be itmed her memories broken. Some such instances of oblivion after bodily illness or mental shock are familiar enough to those versed in all medical men;* and I was therefore enabled to appease the anxiety and wonder of Mrs. Ashleigh by quoting various examples, more or less similar, of loss, or suppression, of memory. We agreed that it would be necessary to break to Lilian, though very cautiously, the story of Sir Philip Derval's murder, and the danger to which I had been involved. But we could not find the heart of those events from others. How shall I express how womanly tender—how loving, yearning, during pity—on hearing that story, Lilian listened as well as I could?

"And to think," said I (new nothing of this)" she cried, clasping my hands; "to think that you were in peril, and that I was not by your side!"

Her mother spoke of Margrave as a visitor—an agreeable, lively stranger, of whom she had been recollect his name, but she seemed shocked to think that any visitor had been admitted while I was in such circumstances as mine. I say that our engagement was renewed? Retrieved! To her knowledge and to her heart it had never been broken. Therefore at a moment's call, the malignity of the wrong would: Oh, that strange fatal struggling between the right and the seizes on hearts the least wantonly cruel! Let two idle tongues utter a tale against some third person, who is entirely offended, happy, and unconscious how the tale spreads, like fire, ignited nook know how, in the lodging of an unsuspecting victim. Who shall put it out? What business have we in the concern of other men's hearts? True or false, the tale is no less dangerous. But the concern of ours can at be? I speak not of cases to which the law has provided remedies, which law has sifted, on which law has pronounced. But how, when the law is silent, can we assume its verdicts? How, when the law itself implies, there can be no witness-box, no cross-examination, no jury? Yet every day we put on our ermine, and make ourselves judges—prejudge—we are accused, and on what evidence? That which no court of law will receive. Some whisper, some chit something to somebody, which somebody repeats to every body.

The gossip of L——had set in full current against Lilian's fair name. No ladies had called or sent to congratulate Mrs. Ashleigh upon her return, or to inquire after Lilian herself during her struggle between life and death.

How I should like Queen Caroline or Hill at this critical moment! How I longed for aid to crush the slander, with which I knew not how to grapple—aid, in her knowledge of the world, and her ascendency over its judgments. I had heard from her since she left Rome, a letter full of kindly expressing her amazement at the ineffable stupidity which could for a moment have subjected me to a suspicion of Sir Philip Derval's strange murder, and congratulating me heartily on my escape from implication in so monstrous a charge. To this letter no address was given. I supposed the omission to be accidental, but on writing to her I expressly asked her direction I found that her servants did not know it.

What, then, was my joy when, just at this juncture, I received a note from Mrs. Poyntz, stating that she had returned from Italy to Paris, and would be glad to see me!

I hastened to her hotel. "Ah," thought I, and I sprang lightly up the accent, "how the tattlers will be silenced by a word from her imperial lips!" But my pride and my gratitude met one difficulty—how to express them without offending her. Mrs. Poyntz was a woman—her who had, less ostensibly but more ruthlessly than myself, destroyed Dr. Lloyd for his belief in the unquestionable though mysterious facts of clairvoyance—all the mystical excuses for Lilian's flight from her home? How speak to her—or, indeed, to any ex—about an occult fascination and a magic wand? No matter: surely it would be enough to say that, at the time, Lilian had been light-headed, under the influence of the fever which had affected her nearly proved fatal. The early friend of Anne Ashleigh would not be a severe critic on any tale that might right the good name of Anne Ashleigh's daughter. So assured, with light heart and cheerful, I sprang over the steps into the great lady's pleasant but decorous presence-chamber.

CHAPTER LVII.

MRS. POYNTZ was on her favorite seat by the window, and her footstool, on which Margrave's classic task seemed done; but she was smoothing and folding the completed work with her white comely hand, and smiling over it, as if in complacent approval, when I entered the room. At the first sight of me she paused, suspending a merily-invented banterer; at another wiving, in the farthest recess of the room, stood Miss Jane Poyntz, with a young gentleman whom I had never before seen, but who turned his eyes full upon me with a haughty look as the servant announced my name. He was tall, well proportioned, decidedly handsome, but with that expression of cold and supercilious self-sufficiency in his very attitude, as well as his countenance, which makes a man of merit unpopular, a man of small talents ridiculous.

The he-colored, always punctiliously civil, rose from his seat to meet me, and, after a word or two, said, "Colonel Washington to-day; but we shall have rain to-morrow. Rainy seasons came in cycles. We have had a long cycle of cycle of them with heavy showers." He sighed, and exclaimed to his hostess:

Miss Jane bowed to me graciously enough, but was evidently a little confused, a circumstance which might well be from my notice, for I had never before seen that high-bred young lady deviate a hair's-breadth from the even tenor of a demeanor which, in its quiet and cold assortment tone, which one felt convinced would be matured to be those charms of which the Marquise Sevalgne swallowed one up an inch before her feet.

The young gentleman continued to eye me coldly, as he stood by Miss Jane's side, selected planet might eye an inferior creature from a well-informed which ordinary dropped upon his sublime and perfected star.

Mrs. Poyntz extended to me two fingers, and, with a slight bow, said, "Mr. Ashleigh, I am glad. How kind to attend so soon to my note!" Mo. Mrs. Poyntz was in a seat beside her, she here turned to her bookcase and took, from a heap, a couple of rain begins to murrow better secure your ride home." Ah, a young people with you. I want to talk with Dr. Fenwick."

The Colonel carefully put away his barometer, and saying to his daughter, "Jane, dear, and forth, Jane followed her father; the young gentleman followed slowly.

The reception I had met chilled and disappointed me. I felt that Mrs. Poyntz was changed, and in her manner to me. Jane also seemed changed. The very chairs looked civilly unfriendly, as if preparing to turn their backs on me. However, I was not to be the first mentioned of an intruder; I had been summoned; it was for Mrs. Poyntz to speak first, and I waited quietly for her to do so.

She finished the careful folding of her work, and then laid it at rest in the capacious table at which she sat. Having so done, she turned to me, and said:

"By-the-way, I ought to have introduced to you my young guest, Mr. Ashleigh Sumner. You would like him. He is a scholar—not shown, but solid. He will succeed in public life."

"So that young man is Mr. Ashleigh Sumner? I do not wonder that Miss Ashleigh rejected him."

I said this, for I was nettled, as well as surprised, at the coolness with which a lady who had professed a friendship for me recommended that fortunate young gentleman with so somewhat marked an air of disparagement that had once made his name painful to my ear.

He turn, my answer seemed to nettle Mrs. Poyntz.

"I am not so sure that she did not prefer; perhaps she remembered that a gallant compliments are not always proposals of marriage. However that be, his spirits were not much disturbed by the loss of Miss Ashleigh, nor his heart deeply smitten by her charms, for he is now very happy with Miss Jane, who is another young lady, to whom he proposed three years ago at Lady Delafield's, and, not to make a mystery of it, Miss Jane's mother will have before to-morrow, that young lady is my daughter Jane."

"Were I acquainted with Mr. Sumner, I should offer to *his* my sincere congratulation."

Mrs. Poyntz resumed, without heeding a reply more complimentary to Miss Jane than to the object of her choice:

"I told you that I meant Jane to marry a rich country gentleman, and Ashleigh Sumner is the very person to suit her. Jane is sensible, my thoughts. He is cleverer and more ambitious than I could have hoped; he will be a minister some day; he will be in Parliament, at once if he wishes it, in right of his lands. So that matter is settled."

There was a pause, during which my mind passed rapidly through links of reminiscence and conjecture. I had left Mrs. Poyntz in attentions of admiration for Mrs. Poyntz as a diplomatist and of interest for her as a friend. It was now clear why Mrs. Poyntz, who had so little disposed to approve my love, had urged me at once to offer my hand to Lilian, in order that she might depart affianced and engaged to the house in which she would meet Mr. Ashleigh Sumner. Hence Mrs. Poyntz's anxiety to obtain all the information I could afford her of the sayings and doings at Lady Haughton's; hence the publicity she had so suddenly given to my engagement; hence, when Mr. Sumner had gone away, a rejected suitor, her stern dismissal from L——; she had seized the very moment when a rain and proud man, piqued by the more brilliant success of his fellow lady, fain the easiest prey to the arts which allure his suit to mother. All was so far clear to me. But L—was my self-conceit less egregious and less readily duped than that of you gilded popinjays's! How skillfully this woman had played on the weak spot with the noiseless turn of her white hands! and yet, how much at least must the superior sense, my intellect, and phem all the fountains of Nature—I, who could not fathom the little pool of this female schemer's mind!

But that was no time for resentment to her or rebuke for myself. She was now the woman to whom I must appeal and save from shame my innocent, beloved Lilian. But how approach that perplexing subject?

Mrs. Poyntz approached it, and with her usual decision of purpose, which bore to deceitful a semblance of candor and truth.

"But it was not to talk of my affairs that I asked you to call, Mr. Fenwick," she said, interfered my name her voice assumed, and her manner took that maternal, caressing tenderness which had previously aroused and subjugated my misled me. "No, I do not forget that you have been to me very kind. I take, without scruple, the license of friendship. What are these stories that I have heard already about Lilian Ashleigh, to whom you were once engaged?"

"To whom I am still engaged."

Is it possible? Oh, then, of course the stories I have heard are all false. Very likely: no fiction is half so clever nor surprises me. But, dear Lilian, then, never ran away from her mother's house?"

I smothered the angry pain which this mode of questioning caused me; I knew how important it was to me to preserve to her the confidence and support of this absolute sovereign. I spoke of Lilian's long previous disrepose of mind; I explained it as my previous medical physician, unacquainted with all that I could not reveal, would account. Heaven forgive me for the veiled hints that I spoke of the mysterious charge against myself as enough to unhinge, for a time, the mind of a girl so acutely sensitive as Lilian; I sought to create that impression as to the origin of all that might otherwise seem strange in the recent scene of cowardly assassin she had wandered from home—but alone. I had traced her out of her way. I had found and restored her to her home. Arrived at that point had followed, from which she now rose, served in his daughter's name that those who could be a whisper against her name. And then, with all the eloquence I could command, and in words which I felt would move them to soften the heart of a woman, herself a mother, I implored Mrs. Poyntz to shield her sister from the shame of calumny, and extend her shield over the child of her own early friend.

When I had done, and I had taken, with caressing force, Mrs. Poyntz's reluctant hands in mine, there were tears in my voice, tears in my eyes. And the first sound of her voice, as I reply gave me hope, for it was unusually gentle. She was evidently moved. The hope was soon quelled.

"Allen Fenwick," she said, "you have a noble heart; I grieve to see how it is abused by reason. I can not aid Lilian Ashleigh in the way you ask. It would be to insult her unknowingly. Listen to me as patiently as I have listened to you. That when you brought back the unfortunate young woman to her poor mother's side mind was disordered, and because yet more dangerously so, I do not doubt. But that she has recovered, and thinks with shame, or refuses to think at all of her imprudent flight, I can believe also. But I do not believe, the World will not believe, that she did not, knowingly and purposely, run away from a roof, and in quest of that young stranger so mysteriously, so strangely admitted to her mother's house during the very time you were banished on the same charge of human accusations. Every one in the town knows that Mr. Margrave visited daily at Mrs. Ashleigh's during that painful period; every one in the town knows in what strange, out-of-the-way place Mr. Margrave found his friend himself, and that a yacht was bought, and lying in wait for them. What for? It is said that the cruise in which you, Mr. Ashleigh have been lost, and your home was hired at a village within an easy reach of Mr. Margrave's yacht—of Mr. Margrave's yacht. I rejoice that you saved the young lady from ruin: but her good name is tarnished, and of Anne Ashleigh's daughter I sincerely pity. I see my advice, I can but give her this: 'Leave L——, take your daughter abroad, and if she must to marry Mr. Margrave, marry her as quietly and as quickly as possible to some foreigner.'"

"Madam," I exclaimed, "is this your advice ship to her—to me! Oh, shame on you to insult thus an affianced husband! Shame on me that I have listened to you so long! Farewell."

"A heart, man!" she exclaimed, almost fiercely, springing from her reclining seat with a change in her countenance and voice. "And little you would have valued, and pitilessly have crushed this heart, if I had suffered myself to show it to you! What right have you to reproach me for it? Is it a strong interest in your career, an unusual attraction in your conversation and society. Do you blame me for that, or should I have moved my sympathies so little among brainless puppets, my dull occupation to pull the strings that moved them, it was a new charm to my life to establish friendship and intercourse with intellect, and spirit, and courage, Ah, I understand that look, half incredulous, half inquisitive."

"Inquisitive, no! incredulous, yes! You desired my friendship, and how does your harsh judgment of my betrothed wife prove either to me or to her mother, whom you have known from your girlhood, the first duty of a friend, which is surely not that of leaving a friend's side in the moment that he needs assistance in calumny, succor in trouble."

"It is a higher duty to prevent the calumny and avert the trouble. Leave aside Anne Ashleigh, a cipher that I can add or subtract from my sum of life and of peace. What is my duty to yourself? It is plain. It is to tell you that your honor commands you to abandon all thoughts of Lilian Ashleigh as your wife. Ungrateful that you are! Do you suppose it was no mortification to my pride of woman and friend that you never approached me in confidence except to ask my good offices in promoting your connection with another? No check to the quiet plans I had formed as to our family—no thought humbler influence, to hear that you were bent on a marriage in which my friend would be lost to me?"

"Not lost!—not lost! On the contrary, the regard I must suppose you had for Lilian would have been a new link between our homes."

"Pooh! Between me and that dreamy girl there could have been no sympathy, there could have grown no regard. You would have been chained to your bride, and—and—but no matter. I stifled my disappointment as soon as I felt—stifled it, as all my life I have stifled that which either destiny or duty—duty to myself as to others—forbids me to indulge. Ah, do not fancy me one of the weak criminals who can suffer a worthy liking to grow into a decaying love. I was not in love with you, Allen Fenwick."

"Do you think I was ever presumptuous a coxcomb as to fancy it?"

"No," she said, more softly; "I was not so false to my household ties and to my own nature. But there are some friendships which are as jealous as love. I could have cheerfully aided you in any project which my reason could have approved for you as wise; I should have been pleased to have found in such love my most intimate companion. But that silly child—absurd! Nevertheless, the foolishness and entirely of your love have touched me, and you may said, and I gave it—perhaps I did believe that with you sense and affection Ashleigh you would be cured of a fancy concerning which I—yes—I should have known better what dupes the wisest men can be to the witchcraft of a face and of eighteen! When I found your illusion obstinate I wrenched myself away from a vain regret, and left you to the scheme which I felt sure was wisest, and smiled bitterly to think that in pressing you to propose to my family to Lilian I made your mind passion an agent in my own plans. Enough of this. I speak thus openly and boldly to you because I am sure I have not the slightest that can interfere with the dispassionate soundness of your judgment. I repeat, you can not now marry Lilian Ashleigh; I can not take my daughter to visit her; I can not destroy the social laws that have fixed a barrier between the two."

"Be it as you will. I have pleaded for her while she is still Lilian Ashleigh. I plead for no more. I have been cruelly wronged in my name. Before the woman whom I have taken from the altar I stand with a shield sufficient, my strong breast of man. Who has so cruel a current in Lilian's purity as I have? Who so fitted to judge of the just truth of every whisper against her? Yet when I, whom you admit to have some reputation for shrewd intelligence—I, who have watched her—I, who have lived by her home—when I, Allen Fenwick, am so assured that I am ready to defy the world to speak out that I trust my honor to her keeping—surely, surely I confute the scandal which you yourself say is current, by the mere fact that I appeal not to annul it."

"You may deceive yourself, Allen Fenwick," said she, still standing beside me, her countenance now hard and stern. "Look, where I point. Look to the WORLD! The WORLD, as statists depreciate or as optimists extol its immutable characteristics, its all-pervasive authority. I am The World! And my advice is the World's voice when it thus warns you. Should you make this unfortunate alliance your career in any position would be gone!—if you look only to lucre and professional success, possibly *they* may not be impaired. But if you look to fame, which men need; their need may still draw patients to your door, but the patients turn away from you, but you have the pride as well as the birth of a gentleman, and the wounds to that pride will be deeper and more painful, and never healed, a strong breast of man no shelter to the frail name of woman. Lilian, if, in her health, will look down on your wife, though in sick she look up to you. This is not all. The World, in its prudent mood of intelligence, has its moments sincerely. 'Poor man! how weak, and how deceived! What an unfortunate marriage!' But the World is not often deceived, and when the mist to the motives most seen on the surface. And The World is not more frequently so much too clever a man to be duped. Mrs. Ashleigh had money. A good match to the man who liked gold better than honor."

I sprang to my feet, with difficulty suppressing my voice to a whisper, though it was a woman who spoke to me, "Farewell, Madam," said I, and I strongly grinded teeth. "Were you indeed the Person whose name I bear, I would not threaten you mouth so calmly, I could not disdain you more."

She made no reply, and left her still standing erect and menacing, the hard sneer on her resolute lip, the red glitter in her remorseless eye.

* Such instances of suppression of memory are recorded in most physiological, and in some medical works. But the Abercrombie notices some more or less similar to that related in the text. A young lady, who was accustomed to interrupt a husband, in which many people lost their lives by the fall of the gallery at a theatre, received a severe injury, but with the complete loss of the recollection of any of the circumstances which preceded or led to the accident, but to every thing that had occurred to her for a certain than before going to church. A lady whom I attended some years ago in a protracted illness, was seized with a violent convulsive attack, during the prostration of a period of about two or twelve years, but of which she had no recollection. Many such cases are on record. But Abercrombie observes, "So far as I have been able to trace it, the principle is the same in all these cases, that when the mental impression is in a certain degree, the law of it extends backward to some extent or some period by which a chain of association is formed, and here made upon the mind."—*Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers*, pages 118, 119 (25th edition).

CHAPTER LVIII.

IF ever my heart vowed itself to Lilian, the vow was now the most trustful and the most sacred. I had relinquished our engagement before, but then her affection seemed, no matter from what cause, so estranged from me that though I might be miserable to lose her, I deemed that she would be unhappy in our union. Then, too, she was the gem and darling of the little world in which she lived; her whisper assoiled her; now I knew that she loved me. I knew that her estrangement had been wondrously, I knew that appearances wronged her, and that they never could be explained. I was in the one position of all men to unweave the subtle, the bulwark, the fearless, confiding protector! Design her enemies had, and behind the veil, because my career might be impeached—resign her, and, in that resignation, confess her guilt—they said against her! Could. I do so I should be the most craven of gentlemen, the meanest of men!

I went to Mrs. Ashleigh, and entreated her to hasten my union with her daughter by the first marriage day.

I found the poor lady dejected and distressed. She was not sufficiently relieved from the absorbing anxiety for Lilian to be aware of the change on the face of that Wild Indian, for whose man I had just spotted personified and conceived; she had listened the cause from the bloodless lips of Mr. Ashleigh.

"My child—my poor child!" murmured the mother. "Can she so grievously misunderstand? Could she know what it said it would kill her. She would never marry you, Allen. She would never bring ruin to you!"

"She never need learn the barbarous calumny. Give her to me, and assure her patients, fortune, fame, are not found only in Europe. Give her to me at once. But let me name a condition: I have a paramount reason—reasons I have assured large savings—I have my profession and my repute. I can not touch her fortune—I can not—never! Take it! Take it! Should I lose you die, leave it to accumulate for her children, if children she have, not to me; not to her—unless I am also buried!"

"Oh, Allen, what a heart!—what a heart! No, not heart, Allen—she had in its cage has a heart: *soul*—what a soul!"

CHAPTER LIX.

How innocent was Lilian's virgin blush when I knelt to her and prayed that she would forestall the date that had been fixed for our union, and be my bride that day week! How the moon had withered the pomp of the woodland and silenced the song of the birds. Meanwhile I was so fearfully conscious that the world took no shape of hearing, even of surmising, the cruel slander against her—how should mine? The moment was now locked—above all, should be safe from the barbed tolls of Mrs. Poyntz—that I insisted on the necessity of immediate leaving of the scene. I proposed that we should all three detart the next day for the banks of my own beloved and native Wyhenemo, where the mountain air Lilian's health would be soon reestablished, and where, meanwhile, we could tend the graves of my fathers our vows could be plighted. No calumny had ever cast a shadow over those graves. I felt as if I should there be safer in the neighborhood of my mother's tomb.

I carried my point: it was so arranged. Mrs. Ashleigh, however, was reluctant to leave before she had seen her dear friend, Mrs. Poyntz, whom I had not the courage to tell her what she might expect to hear from that dear friend, but, as delicately as I could, I intimated that I had already seen the Queen of the Hill, and contradicted the calumny that had reached her ear; and as yet, like other absolute sovereigns, the Queen of the Hill thought it politic to go with the popular stream, perceiving all others of her subjects till the rush of its torrent might slacken; and that it would be infinitely wiser for Mrs. Ashleigh to postpone conversation with Mrs. Poyntz until Lilian's return to Lo—as my wife: slander by that time would have withered. I had and Mrs. Poyntz (assuming her friendship to Mrs. Ashleigh to be sincere) would then be enabled to act with authority to Mrs. Poyntz's set in Fenwick alone knows the facts of the story, and his meeting with Miss Ashleigh refutes all the gossip to her prejudice."

I made, that evening, arrangements with a young and skillful practitioner to attend Lilian once on my patients during my absence. I passed the greater part of the night in writing up memoranda to guide my proxy in each case, however humble the sufferer. This task finished, I chanced, in looking for a certain memorandum, on the wonders of which I thought might interest and amuse Lilian, to open a drawer in my desk that kept the manuscripts of my cherished Physiological Work, and in so doing my eye fell upon the work which I had thought I had destroyed. I had thrown it into that drawer on my return home after restoring Lilian to her mother's home, and, in the anxiety that had subsequently preyed upon my mind, had almost forgotten that it was possessed in the world I required. There it now lay, the instrument of agencies over the mechanism of nature which no doctrine admitted by my philosophy could accept, side by side with the presumptuous work which had analyzed the springs by which affiure is moved, and decided the principles by which reason metes out, from the inch of its knowledge, the plan of the Infinite Unknown.

I took up the wand, and examined it curiously.

It was evidently the work of an age far remote from our own, scored with hieroglyphics literated characters in some Eastern tongue, perhaps no longer extant. I found that it was hollow within. A more accurate observation showed, in the centre of this hollow, an exceedingly fine, thread-like wire, the unattached end of which would slightly touch the palm when the wand was taken into the hand. Was it possible that there might be a natural and even a simple cause for the effects which this instrument produced? Could it serve to collect, from that great focus of animal heat and nervous energy which is placed in the palm of the hand, some such subtle latent fluid as that which Reichenbach calls the "od," and which Mesmer terms "the universal fluid through and pervades universal Nature?" After all, why not? For how many centuries lay unknown all the virtues of the mineral and the anbne? It is but as yesterday that the forces of vapor have become the seven-leaguer boots of more than those conjured up by Aladdin's lamp; and, as a touch, springs forth from invisible air, that thought had not conceived, the magic of the wings of the fabled Arfite. As, thus musing, my hand closed over the wand, I felt a wild thrill through every frame. Was it the new alarmed fear, according to the plain common-sense theory of Julius Faber, tingling the nerves of imagination to form and to credit its own illusions? Hastily I laid down the wand. But then it occurred to me that, in my profession, it might lead so served the purposes of the dread Rosicrucian from whom it had been taken, that he might absolutely seek to spy out the nature of a delicate instrument to enter my house in my absence; more prudent to destroy at once the mischievous and the incomprehensible instrument of incomprehensible arts. I resolved, therefore, to take the wand with me. But, as I laid down my pen to rest, I placed it in my travelling-trunk with such effect as I intended to make the excursion that was to commence with the morrow. I was then down to rest, but I could not sleep. The recollection of Mrs. Poyntz's interview with Mrs. Poyntz became vivid and haunting. It was clear that the sentiment she had conceived for me was that of no single passion, but a complex mass of something less—but certainly something else—than romantic love. Her nature was of too proud hard face, disturbed by a pang wrested against but not subdued, and that clear metallic voice, pervaded by the most unwomanly quality, perhaps, she had never analyzed to herself. I did not need her own words to assure me that the sentiment was not to be confounded with a love which she would have despised as a weakness, and repelled as a crime. It was an admiration of the intellect, not a passion of the heart. But still it admitted a jealousy little less than that which has love for its source. I saw that it is that jealousy is never absent where self-love is the master-key. I remembered, in the very ambiguity of sober friendship which had made the stern arbitress of a coterie ascribe to her interest in me her public judgment to counteract it. Strongly enough, with the image of this archetype of conventional usages and the haughty dame, the chief of the mysterious Margrave, surrounded by all the attributes with which superstition clothes the being of the unknown, I felt a relief at this addition? Both had entered into the record of my life when my heart was untouched by the sentiment of love. Through the aid of this cynical schemer I had been made known to Lilian. After hours I had heard the dark story of Margrave Lovely, with whom, in mocking spite of my reason, conferences (which I have very reason to doubt) myself before it could resolve into distempered fancies) identified the enigmatical Margrave. And now both she, the representative of the formal world most opposed to visionary creeds, and he, who gathered round him all the terrors which haunt the realms of fable, stood united against me —foes with whom the intellect I had so haughtily contemned had power to crush. Crush! Lilian was mine! I might expect from either I was unable to assail again. Alike, then, in this are the Sibylline and the Phantom—that they speak as most in their power over us is our impotence against them.

But my eye rose the sun, chasing the shadows from the earth, and brightening insensibly the thoughts of my mind. Ever all, Margrave and Sibylline had defeated, whatever the arts he had practiced and the secrets he possessed—it was, at least, beneficent to believe his evil vocation would be renewed. He had seemed so incapable of longcontinued malice to myself, that it was probable he was already in pursuit of some new agent or victim; and as to this commonplace and conventional agent, Mrs. Poyntz, surely, if it is every where to him whom it owes, it is nowhere to him who despises it. What was the good or bad word of a Mrs. Poyntz to me? Ay, but to Lilian? There, indeed, I trembled; but still even in trembling it was impossible that my new home would be her shelter—my choice her vindication. Ah, how unutterably tender and revering was my love for Lilian! Sacred from the follies of the guardian, and hallows its own heart into a sanctuary of refuge for the beloved!

CHAPTER LX.

THE beautiful lake! We two are on its grassy margin. Twenty days—twenty days—at the stern stealing forth, one after one. What a wonderful change is made within us when we come from our callings among men, chafed, wearied, wounded; gnawed by our cares, perplexed by the doubts of our very wisdom, stung by the adder that dwells in cities—Slander; nay, even if removed, fatigued with the burden of the very names that we have won; what a change is made within us when suddenly we find ourselves transported into the calm solitudes of Nature—into scenes familiar to our boyish thoughts, and, coming back from the dusty thoroughfares of our toil-worn manhood to the golden fountain of our youth! Blessed is the change, even when we have no companion beside us to whom the heart can whisper its sense of relief and joy. But if the One, in whom all our future is garnered up, be with us then, instead of that weary Void which has so magically vanished away from the eye and the thought, then does the change make one of those rare epochs of life in which the charm is the stillness. In the pause from all, that control, grief, and strife struggles for human trouble existence, we feel with a rapt amaze how calm a thing it is to be happy. And so as the night, in dawning, brightened, Lilian and I wandered by the starry lake. Conscious of no evil in ourselves, we saw no evil—we felt from it! A few days more—a few days more, and we two should be as one. And that thought we uttered not, but it was there in the brooding over it in the long intervals of enamored silence.

And when we came back to the quiet inn at which we had taken up our abode, and her mother, with her soft face, advanced to meet us, I felt as her child.

"Would that in these scenes we could fix our home for life, away and afar from the cold town we have left behind us, with the fret of its wearying cares and the jar of its idle babble!"

"And why not, dear?" Why not? But so, you would not be happy."

"Not be happy, and with you? Skeptic! by what sentence would you prove us that unpleasant conclusion?

"The heart loves repose and the soul contemplation, but the mind needs action. Is it not so?"

"Where learned you that aphorism, out of place as it is now to you?"

"I learned it in studying you," murmured Lilian, tenderly.

Here Mrs. Ashleigh joined us. For the first time I slept under the same roof as Lilian. And I forgot that the roof contained an enigma to solve or an enemy to fear.

CHAPTER LXI.

TWENTY days—the happiest my life had ever known—thus glided on. Apart from the charm which love bestows on the beloved, there was in Lilian's conversation much more than the delightful companion. Whether it was that in this nature there was a depth of power my mind could more plainly supple itself to her powerful imagination, or that her imagination itself was less vague and more subdued these recent years which realized in their loveliness and grandeur the long-conceived ideals than it had been in the days when, unchastened, it sported by the stir and bubble of the busy town, in much that it had once seemed to me unfeminine in the rapidness of undisciplined fancy I now recognized the sparkle and play of an intuitive genius lighting up many a dim subject to my interested thought. It is with some characters as with the earth on which we tread—the more we know of it, the more we find to admire and to love. To appreciate them we must suspend the course of artificial life. In the city we call them dreamers. On the mountains they would be philosophers.

In Lilian the sympathy with Nature was not, as in Margrave, from the joy and sense of Nature's beauty. That it was refined into mystic perception of the diviner spirit by which that beauty is shaped, I felt. Thus, like the artist, the outward forms of beauty she drew forth the covert types, lending to things the most familiar a transient meaning unconceived before. For it is truly said by a wise critic of old, that "the attributes of the beautiful are rarely more than moral expresses;" and such suggestions, passing from the artist's innermost thought into the mind that receives them, are not on that account the less of Ideas, as a moonlit wave struck by a passing oar impels wave upon wave along one track of light.

So the days glided by, and brought the eve of our bridal morn. It had been arranged that after the ceremony (which was to be performed by license in the village church, at no great distance, which obviated the paternal home now passed away to strangers), we should make a short excursion into the mountains. Mrs. Ashleigh to await our return at the little inn.

I had retired to my own room to answer some letter of business from patients, and having finished these, I looked into my trunk for a book I had left in the North, which I had brought with me. My hand came upon Margrave's wand, and remembering that strange thrill which had passed through me when I last handled it, I drew it forth, resolved to examine calmly if I could detect the cause of the sensation. It was the first moment of night in which the imagination is most liable to credulous impressions, nor was I over free from the influence of that state of mind in which such impressions may be the more readily conceived. The sun was slowly setting over the distant mountains; the air was still and serene; my thoughts collected; heart and conscience alike at peace. I took, then, the wand, and adjusted it to the palm of the hand as I had done before. I felt the slight touch of the delicate wire within, and again the thrill ran. I did not this time recoil; I continued to grasp the wand, and sought deliberately to analyze my own sensations in the effect. There came over me an increased consciousness of vital power, a certain elasticity and cheerfulness, such as a strong cordial may produce on a fainting man. All the forces of my frame seemed refreshed, redoubled; and as such effects on the physical system are ordinarily accompanied by correspondent effects on the mind, so I was sensible of a proud elation of spirits, a kind of defying superb self-glorying. All fear seemed blotted out from my thought, as a weakness impossible to the grandeur and might which belong to lofty-related Man. Then, as if I were a royal child light to secure Earth and its spirits, brave Hades and its spectres. Rapidly this new-born arrogance enlarged itself into desires vague but daring; my mind reverting to the wild phenomena associated with its memories of Margrave, I said, half aloud, "If a creature so beneath myself in constancy of will and completion of thought can work from Nature forces so marvelous, what could not he won from her by me, her patient, persevering seeker? What if there be spirits around, all unseen, visible to the common eye, but whom we can submit to our control; great as if this rod be charged with some occult fluid that runs through all creation, and can be so disciplined as to establish communication wherever the hand may touch to beings that live and think! So would the mysteries of old explain what perplexes me. Am I sane when I ask myself if I have duped themselves or their pupils? This, then, this slight wand, light as a reed in my powerful hand, was the instrument by which Margrave sent his irresistible will through air and space, and by which he himself, in the midst of his fiercest lives like wrath, into the helplessness of a sick man's torment! Can this instrument in the mere physical control him; if now meditating this, disarm and disable his purpose?" Involuntarily as I reached these ideas I stretched forth the wand, with a concentrated energy of desire that its influence should reach Margrave and command him. And since I knew not his abode—about, yet was vaguely aware that, according to the mysterious theory by which I was myself could be supposed to carry its imagined virtues to definite goals in distant space, it should be pointed in the direction of the object I wished to affect, so I slowly moved the wand as if describing a circle, and as I thus moved it round the circle—east, west, north, or south—the direction could not fail to be true. Before I had performed the circuit I was conscious of a vague relief, resting palpably the movement of my hand to impel it more rapidly. Had it, then, found the point to which my will was guiding it, obeying my will by some magnetic sympathy never yet comprehended by my research? I knew it not; but I had not held it thus fixed for many seconds before a dark air, well remembered, passed by me, stirring the hair of my head, and, reflected against the opposite wall, stood the hateful form of Mrs. Poyntz, with an aliment in its light than when before beheld, and the outline of the features was less distinct; still it was the same figure, or image, of Margrave.

And a voice was conveyed to my senses, saying, as from a great distance, and in weary yet angry accents,

"Have you summoned me? Wherefore?"

I overcame the startled shudder with which at first I beheld the Shadow and heard the Voice.

"I summoned you not," said I; "I sought but to impress upon you my will, that you should persecute with your ghostly influences, me and mine no more. And now, by whatever authority in this world bestows on me the right to send command you!"

The Shadow was a sneer of disdain on the lip through which the answer seemed to come:

"Vain and ignorant; it is but a shadow you have summoned. Had I was refined into spirit, and it knows not that the shadow is here; nor, were it visible, would it have the power to take reminiscence of the words that you utter or the words that you hear."

"What, then, is this shadow that simulates the body? Is it that which in popular language is called the soul?"

"It is not: soul is no shadow."

"What then?"

"Ask not me. Use the wand to invoke Intelligences higher than mine."

"I will do so."

"I will tell you not. Of yourself you may learn, if you guide the wand by your own pride of will and daring. But if in the hands in which you learned not the art the wand has its dangers. Again, I say you have summoned me! Therefore [illegible]

"Lying shade, I summoned thee not."

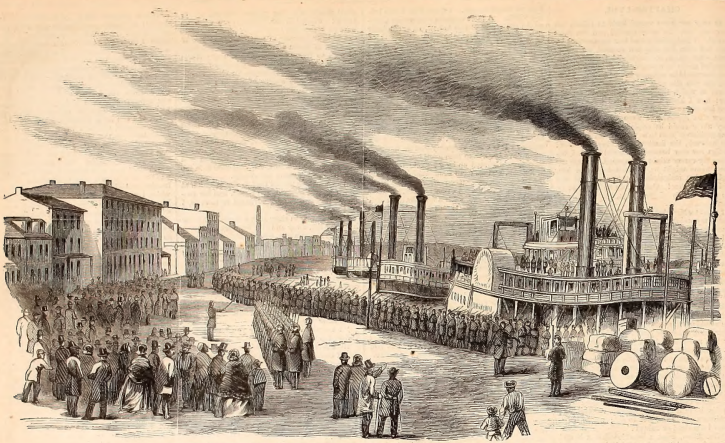
"So should thou say in thy dreams, did they come in their terrible wrath, when the burglar, who knows not the springs that he moves, and them up and unawares, and rouses with control our dupe!. Less revengeful than they, I leave thee ashamed, and depart!"

The shape, as above sayest, no command I address to thee—to thee, who art only the image of the beloved Lilian. Again I say, in the body and mind of the being whose likeness thou art, still thou canst tell me what passes now in his brain. Speak! or have other science than that through the woman I love? Answer truly!"

"Fool, I am not she. Yet, as even I am more than a likeness, though only the shadow. He thought speaks thus: 'I know, Allen Fenwick, that you are in the agent I have to-day leaving the end that I seek. Through the woman whom I love I hope to effect one. And then will harrow thy heart as at hand; when that grief shall befall thou wilt welcome my coming. I am not sure that I shall be pleased through me alone with thou seek a path out of thy sorrow. All ideals are worthless: they will make thee my soul and my slave!"

The Shadow waned—it was gone. I did not recall it. I did not, in my mind, believe that I have known by what process. But a new idea now possessed me. This shadow, then, that had once so appalled and controlled me, was, by its own confession, nothing more than a Shadow! It had spoken of higher Intelligences; from them I might learn what the Shadow could not reveal. As I still held the wand firmer and firmer in my grasp, my thoughts grew haughtier and bolder. Could the wand, then, bring those loftier beings? I was darkly referred to them! With that thought, intense and engrossing, I

[*Continued on Page 30.*]



LANDING OF OHIO TROOPS AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—[SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.]

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

WE devote this and the following page to illustrations of the War in Kentucky.

We reproduce above a sketch by Mr. Henry Mosler, representing the ARRIVAL OF TROOPS AT LOUISVILLE. Mr. Mosler writes that regiments past counting are arriving at Louisville, and moving on no one knows where.

The picture below, also from a sketch by Mr. Mosler, represents GENERAL BUELL'S BODY-GUARD. Mr. M. writes that these are the finest body of men he has ever seen, being in truth and in fact the flower of the Pennsylvania troops. They are all from five feet ten inches to six feet in height, and were picked one man from each county of Pennsylvania.

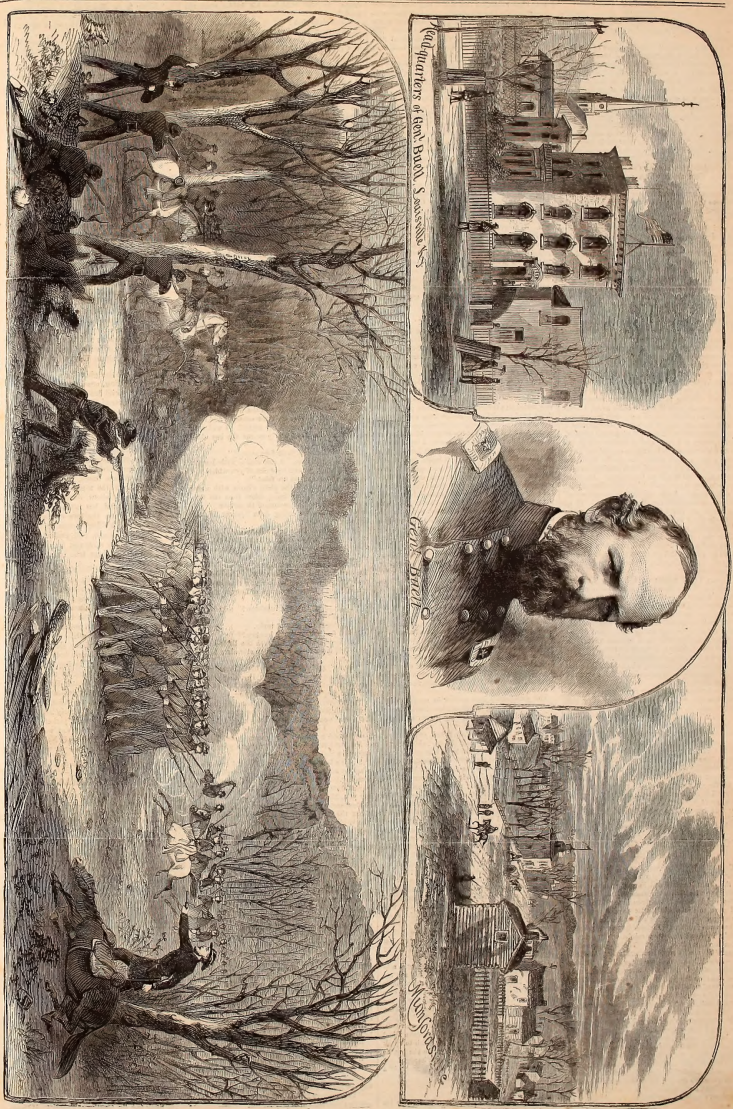
The large picture on the following page represents the recent BRILLIANT SKIRMISH between a part of Colonel Wilich's Thirty-second Indiana Regiment and several rebel regiments—among others the Texan Rangers, under Colonel Terry. The official report from General Buell to the head-quarters at Washington, sent by telegraph, gives but few particulars of the brilliant resistance made by four companies of the Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers against a vastly superior rebel force under Colonel Terry. The rebel force consisted of one regiment of Texan Rangers, two regiments of infantry, and one battery of six guns; and that of the Unionists of but four companies, who occupied a point in front of the railroad bridge across Green River, a short distance south of Munfordville. The attack was made by the rebels at about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th December; and after a brief struggle, during which they lost Colonel Terry, of the Rangers—he, with thirty-three others, being killed, and about fifty others wounded—they ingloriously retreated. The Union loss was one lieutenant and eight enlisted men killed, and ten wounded.

On the same page we give a portrait of GENERAL BUELL, our Commander in Kentucky, and a view of his head-quarters. General Don Carlos Buell was born in Ohio, about the year 1819, and is consequently forty-two years of age. He entered West Point in 1837, graduated in 1841, and was appointed to the Third Infantry. He obtained his First-Lieutenancy in 1846, was brevetted Captain for gallant and meritorious conduct in several conflicts at Monterey, in September of the same year; distinguished himself greatly at the battle of Cerro Gordo; was brevetted Major for gallant conduct at Contreras and Churubusco, on 20th August, 1847. In 1848 Major Buell became Assistant Adjutant-General, and fulfilled the duties of that office till 1851, when he relinquished his rank in the line. On the outbreak of the rebellion Major Buell took an active part on the side of the Government, and was soon in command of a division under General M'Clellan. His division was remarked as the most thoroughly drilled in the service, and his soldierly qualities were so obvious, that when it became evident that General Sherman was not the man for the command in Kentucky it was given to General Buell.

GENERAL BUELL'S HEAD-QUARTERS are situated in one of the most aristocratic streets in Louisville—Fourth, between Green and Walnut.



GENERAL BUELL'S BODY-GUARD.—[DRAWN BY MR. H. MOSLER.]



THE BATTLE AT GREEN RIVER, KENTUCKY.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[FOR DESCRIPTION, PAGE.]

[Continued from Page 27.

guided the wand toward the space, opening boundless and blue from the casement that let in the skies. The wand no longer resisted my hand.

In a few moments I felt the floors of the room vibrate; the air was darkened; a vaporous, hazy cloud seemed to rise from the ground without the casement; an awe, infinitely more deep and solemn than that which the Scin-Loca had caused in its earliest apparition, curdled through my veins, and chilled the very roots of my heart.

At that moment I heard without the voice of Lillias, singing a simple carol used to lull the child learned at my mother's knees, and taught to her the day before; singing low, and as with a waking angel's voice. By an irresistible impulse I dashed the wand to the ground, and bowed my head as I had bowed it when my infant mother complained, without an effort, mysteries more solemn than those which perplexed me now, Death's very eyes, and looked round the vaporous, hazy cloud had passed away, or melted into the ambient rose tints outside which the sun had risen.

There, by one of those common reactions from a period of overstrained excitement, there succeeded to that sentiment of arrogance and daring with which these wild, half-conscious invocations had been fostered and sustained, a profound humility, a wearing fear.

"What!" said I, inly, "have all those sound resolutions, which my reason founded on the wise talk of Julius Faber, melted away in the reach of bargered, dissolving fancies? Is this my boast as intellect, my vaunted science? I—I, Allen Penwick, not only the believer, but the priest, the blundering practitioner, of an evil magic! Great what may be possible, however incomprehended—great that in this eccentric movement of antique superstition there be some real powers—chemical, magnetic, no matter what—by which the imagination can be strangely influenced, indeed, so that it shapes the things I have seen, speaks in the tones I have heard, creates what shall I keep ever ready, at the caprice of will, a constant tempter to steal away my reason and fool my senses—for, if on the other hand, I trust my sense to admit what all other men must reject —and I anchored myself to belief in the wind of my ear or my fancy informs me, grief—human grief—is about to befall me, and I, at the stage of impatient sorrow, have recourse to an aid which, the same voice declares, will subject me to a tool and a slave?—tool and slave to a being I dread as a foe! Out on these nightmares! and away with the thing that bewitches me! I will conceive them!"

I rose; I took up the wand, holding it so that its hollow should not rest on the palm of the hand. I stole from the house by the back way, in order to avoid Lillias, whose voice I heard still singing low, on the lawn in front. I came to a creek, to the bank of which a boat was moored, small in chain, moved on a drag of stone into the lake, and dropped the wand into its waves. It sunk at once; seemed a ripple formed on the surface, not a bubble arose from the deep. And, as the boat glided on, the star mirrored itself on the spot where the placid waters had closed over the tempter to evil.

Light at heart I sprang again on the shore, and hastened to Lillias, where she stood on the silvered shining sward, clasped her to my breast. "I will be a fool!" I muttered exultingly, "if enchantments for me but thine! Thine are the spells by which creation is beautified, and in that beauty hallowed. What though we can see not into the mysterious future from the verge of the moment—what though sorrow may come as while we are dreaming of bliss, let the future not rob me of thee, and a balm will be found for each wound. Love me and trust me, oh my Lilias; truth to truth, side by side, till the grave!"

"And beyond the grave," answered Lilias, softly.

JOHN SPENCER'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

CHRISTMAS-DAY dawned clear and frosty. The snow lay deep in the city streets, but deeper still on the country roads and in rural districts, where then up to a levelwith the stone walls. Feathery flakes weighed down the branches of the trees, and gave to the whole landscape the appearance of dazzling white with which a New England winter makes us so familiar. Blocks of hay were so completely invested that they might easily be mistaken for mounds of snow. The ruddy-cheeked farmers' boys with their trousers tucked into their boots, manfully attacked the large drifts, and with shovels opened out a way through every obstacle. Now and then the jingling of bells announced the approach of a sleigh or pung making its slow way through the encumbered roads, the horses neighing and snorting with the exertion they were compelled to make.

In a two-story house, accessible from the main street by a narrow lane and full half a mile from any other dwelling, lived John Spencer. There was nothing remarkable about the house. It was a plain building of two stories, built after the usual want of taste which distinguishes the farm-houses of New England. In the main part of the house there were two rooms on a floor, one on each side of the front door, while an L part of later date contained a kitchen, and overhead a bedroom. It may appear singular that this L part was the only portion of the house which its owner chose to occupy. The other rooms, though furnished and ready for occupancy, had not been used for years. No fire had been kindled in the old-fashioned fireplaces since the last female occupant had been borne out in a coffin fifteen years before.

For fifteen years John Spencer had occupied the house alone. Such had been his choice, since at various times he had been invited to let the remaining portion, but had invariably refused. His life was the more singular, as in his solitude he had developed a strong passion for money, and in his own expenses had shown himself extremely ill to degree. Little was known of his housekeeping, and his purchases in the village were so scanty, that conjectures could readily be formed as to his style of living, which, so far as could be judged, would hardly have proved a feast even for a single man.

In the farmers' houses in the neighborhood Christmas received a noisy welcome. Young children danced with delight as they took from the mails to which they had suspended them the presents of Christmas stockings, and vied with each other in being the first to offer the good wishes of the season. Worse there are children Christmas is a festive season, and is greeted with joyful acclamations. The boys with the board grown with the weight of dainties, and for once the careful mother throws to the wind prudential considerations, and puts no check upon the appetite of young and lusty offspring. But in John Spencer's dwelling Christmas dawned gray in the city other day. It is doubtful if he would have known of its arrival, had not some adventurous urchin in the joy of his heart so far forgotten his usual awe of the house as to come to greet him with "Merry Christmas!" that very morning. John Spencer eyed the little fellow with some surprise, and muttered, that he did not know that it was Christmas-day, to the great amazement of the boy, who reported Mr. Spencer to be a queer saint in the calendar, and the day consecrated to him the most important of the year.

Quite opposite to the usual custom in the day, John Spencer had seated himself in the room which served him as a kitchen and dining-room. It was seated on a three-legged stool, such as is sometimes used in milking. Before him was a large pile of corn, which he was engaged in husking. A bushel-basket at his side received the ears of corn, while the husks were carried into another to serve for fuel. While he is at work let us glance at him. His figure, which is spare, is tall and somewhat stooping. His age is about sixty, and he has not spared him, and his strongly-marked features give the impression of a more advanced age. Like most who are long habituated to be solitary, then society he has an abstracted look. You can read in the rigid lines of his face that the love of his lives for himself, and is seldom called to sympathize with the joys and griefs of others.

For two hours he worked steadily at his self-imposed task; but when the last ear had been husked he rose from the stool and set about preparing dinner. That was no frugal fare which he is keeping with the day. A couple of sausages were placed on what he was pleased to call a spider, and a piece of bread were cut for toasting. These preparations completed, John Spencer was about to resume his seat when he was arrested from his purpose by an unusual circumstance.

A knock was heard at the door, and an in distinct sound, something like a moan, seemed to blend with it.

In great surprise John Spencer advanced to the door and opened it cautiously. He had hardly done so when a woman, holding a child in her arms by the hand, staggered in, and, shaking upon the very sat chair, murmured, "Help us, in Heaven's name We are perishing with cold!"

The unexpected host started in astonishment. He had acted so long in solitude that it was a novel feeling for him—that of compassion for others. He looked steadily upon the wife of the sailor, and then at the child, and his countenance softened. His cheek was the more singular, as in his solitude he had developed a strong passion for money, and in his own expenses had shown himself extremely ill to degree. Little was known of his housekeeping, and his purchases in the village were so scanty, that conjectures could readily be formed as to his style of living, which, so far as could be judged, would hardly have proved a feast even for a single man.

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The boy looked up in surprise.

"My name is Jack Halliday," he answered.

John Spencer started back as if the touch had stung him, and turned hastily to the woman, who was regarding him with a look of astonishment.

"It is true," she said, anticipating his question. "You see before you, John Spencer, one against whom you have had just cause of complaint. I am Margaret Evans."

"You have darkened my life, Margaret," said John Spencer, bitterly. "You have cut me off from joys I might have known. You have made me to differ from other men. Here for fifteen years I have lived a solitary life, finding little joy in my own companionship, yet averse to that of others. You have much to answer for, Margaret."

"I have suffered much, John," said the woman, sadly. "Too late I discovered the mistake I had made in giving you up. I do not wish to speak harshly of *his* father"—she pointed to the boy as she spoke—"but he did not make me happy."

"Where is he now?" asked John Spencer, in a constrained tone.

"He is dead!"

"Dead! How long?"

"A year since. Do not ask me to describe his death. It was terrible—he habits were not good."

"And since then?"

"I have submitted to much privation and much suffering. My husband left me nothing. I was in a great city, with no friends to care for me or help me. I kindled my strength to the utmost, but the world is a hard step-mother to her needy daughter. In my despair I at last bethought myself of you. I scarcely dared meet you, for I knew that you would fling away your heart, but I knew that you used to be generous, and I thought the sight of my distress might lead you to think kindly of her for whom you once professed to esteem."

John Spencer listened with downcast eyes and varying color. At length he looked up.

"You do not know the change that has been wrought in my character, Margaret," he said, "I was once generous—at least I think so—but later years have made me selfish. I had no one to care for, and for me what are called life's pleasures moved me little. So for fifteen years I have lived as you see."

He glanced as he spoke around the lonely furnished room.

"Do you know what they call me in the neighborhood, Margaret?"

She looked at him, half inquiringly, half timidly.

"They call me miserly; and though at first it made me angry, I soon came to feel that they were right. They never come to me for charity. I am generous."

"I have been greatly to blame, John," said Margaret, in a subdued tone. "I am the guilty cause of this great change in you. I feel that I have much to answer for, but I trust you have warmed ourselves we will go."

"Where?" demanded John Spencer, abruptly.

"I know not," said Margaret, turning pale. "But I think God will not suffer us to perish."

"Neither will I. For to-day at least you shall be welcome in this house. Stay, you must be hungry; is it not so?"

"We have eaten nothing since yesterday."

"Nothing since yesterday! And this is Christmas-day. No one should go hungry to-day. I must attend to that. But in the mean time you shall not wait. Here are some sausages and toast which I had just cooked for myself. You shall take them from the stove, and you and the boy shall eat them."

"And you cooked them for yourself."

"Do not mind me. I can wait a little longer. Besides, I have gotten a service of you which you can not perform if you are faint."

The boy watched the plain viands with eager eyes while they were being taken from the fire, and needed no second command to partake.

While they were eating John Spencer left the house.

It was half an hour before he returned. There was a large basket hanging from his arm. He came in stamping the snow from his boots, and set the basket on the floor.

"Margaret," he said, turning to the mother, "I must devolve my duties upon you. I have been accustomed to cook for myself, and not for others. I have something in my basket which goes beyond my skill. Boil these, I pray you."

He lifted the cover and displayed a plump turkey and a variety of groceries.

"I will see to it," said Margaret, but I think I remember that my mother used to have for dinner on Christmas-day. I will see how well she has done it. But to-day at least we will revive the old custom. What say you, Margaret?"

Margaret was already on her feet, ready to set about the preparation of the Christmas dinner. The boy's eyes sparkled with delight at the prospect before him. The lonely, gloomy mansion of one who, an hour since, had been a homeless wayfarer!

It was two hours after the usual time before the dinner was served. It was wonderful to see what interest John Spencer took in its preparation. now he assisted to the extent of his ability; and when the turkey was done to a turn, how he watched Margaret as she basted about.

Suddenly he left the house and returned with a large pitcher of cider, which he had taken from the open the door of the old sitting-room, which for years had been unoccupied. There was a bright fire blazing in the fire-place.

"We will have dinner here, Margaret," he said, quietly.

In due time the dinner was ready. The turkey was done to a turn, and for the pudding nothing could be more delicious. It was a merry party at the head of the table it seemed to him like a dream of his life rioting in the holiness of love, and he forgotten past became a reality. His heart was stirred by feelings long dormant, and the thought of returning to the long monotony, now so strangely interrupted, made him shudder.

"Margaret," he said, abruptly, "why should not this continue?"

"I do not understand you," she said, timidly.

"I mean to say that you will be my wife. You need a home which I can give, and I shall be the happier for your presence."

"You are very kind, John, but I can not let you sacrifice yourself out of pity for me."

"Listen to me, Margaret. I loved you many years since, and I find that in spite of all that has passed I love you still. Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, John."

That was all she said, but it was enough. So it was all arranged as they sat over the Christmas dinner.

The marriage took place on New-Year's Day. There seemed no good reason for delay, since John Spencer had already waited twenty years for his bride. Of course the neighborhood talked largely in gossip, but this concerned John and Margaret not. After long musing on the restless ocean they had at length found a quiet haven.

May they be happy, and all others who sit beside the Christmas fire!

STOCKINGS AND MITTENS.

THE summer's grain is harvested,
The yellow corn is housed;
The meadows now are tenantless,
The flocks are in the fold.
The rustling of the autumn leaves,
That flutter on the ground,
Proclaims the coming winter-day,
With a melancholy sound.
In the horror of the battle,
In the hurricane's madness,
Of the hissing rifle-ball;
In the toiling of the marching,
In the dread of death, exarching,
Ere our gallant soldiers fall:
There is pleading for the needing
Of the feet so sorely bleeding,
And the cold and blistered hands.
Of the hands so true and ready,
Of the feet so strong and steady
Of our gallant brave bands.

And a demon, fierce, unyielding,
In his hand, the sighd-dump wielding,
Walks he silent, deadly round.
Tortured, tried, but nothing fearing,
For they know his arm enclearing
Them to kindred hearts of steel.
There they stand, still patient waiting
For the future's earnest freighting
Soon from those dear hearts to come.

Still the thousand needies ringing
Make a music all their own,
Seeming like a low, sad singing—
Sad harmony in the time.
And the little Maltese kitten,
Gently playing with the ball,
Ordains it the sock and mitten
Mean to confiscate it all.
Now the cloud is rising slowly,
For a mission great and holy
From a thousand loving hearts;
Winds among the tangled mazes,
Where the soldiers' bivouac blazes,
Past the grimy powder-carts—
Past the danger of the rifles,
Past the smoke that curling rifles,
Through the guarded picket stakes.
There they stand, worn out with labor,
Father, Brother, Husband, Neighbor,
"*Take and wear them for our sakes!*"

THE BATTLE OF DRANESVILLE.

WE publish on page 29 an illustration of the BATTLE OF DRANESVILLE, from a sketch by an officer who was an eye-witness. The following is the official dispatch from General M'Call to General Marcy, recounting the facts:

OFFICIAL REPORT FROM GENERAL M'CALL.

HEADQUARTERS, DRANESVILLE, Dec. 21.

General Orb's brigade, with the First Regiment of Pennsylvania Reserves, and a battery of artillery, had a brisk affair with the enemy, consisting of four regiments and a battery of artillery, on the Leesburg road, on Saturday.

I arrived during the action, and sent for General Reynolds, who was in charge. The enemy's battery was defeated, and fled before General Reynolds arrived with the First Regiment of Pennsylvania Reserves.

The enemy's loss is two killed and three wounded. We have taken two colonels with the horsemen, the horses having been killed.

The regiment of rifles behaved finely. Lieutenant-Colonel Kane received a very slight wound, but is still in the field. I have collected the dead and wounded, and sent them to their lines to-day.

GEORGE A. M'CALL, Brig.-Gen. Commanding.

A correspondent of the *Herald* adds the following:

Meantime General Orl advanced to Thornton's House, near Dranesville, and the enemy's force suddenly fired upon by a force lying in ambush in dense woods adjacent. This was the signal of battle, and the engagement promptly opened.

General M'Call, who arrived a few minutes previously, took command. In a moment's time Easton's battery was planted alongside the Thornton House, and fired rapidly and with terrible effect in the enemy's ambush. Colonel Kane's 11th Regiment Pennsylvania Reserves, and Colonel Simmons's company also very much assisted the rebels, who had a battery of six pieces, returned the compliment with spirit, and for a time the contest was very hot. The firing was kept up some three-quarters of an hour, when the rebels retreated precipitately, the fire of the whole brigade, rifles and battery, being too hot for them. Our troops then started in pursuit, but the strategem of the rebels. Their steadiness was praised by General M'Call and his officers.

The rebels took the direction of Fairfax Court House.

leaving on the field a number of their killed and wounded. Our troops pursued them a short distance, but returned.

The arms in the works presented all the horrors of a sanguinary battle-field, and the ground was literally strewn in various directions. Forty dead bodies of the rebels were picked up, and fifteen wounded prisoners were taken and placed in Hooker's and other houses in Dranesville.

General Ord captured eight wounded prisoners and two colonels with commissions. In their haste the enemy left behind arms of all descriptions, clothing, etc.

Their loss is estimated at 150 killed and wounded. Among their killed was Colonel Tom Taylor, of Frankfort, Kentucky, and commander of the Fifth Kentucky Regiment of rebels. The forces of the enemy consisted of three infantry regiments, First and Eleventh Kentucky, and Tenth Alabama, with a cavalry regiment and a battery, all under command of General John B. Floyd. The First Tenth Alabama, acting Brigadier-General. The dead Colonel was also on the field.

The loss on our side was six killed and eight wounded, most of whom belonged to the Rockville. Colonel Kane received a slight wound.

OUR MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

As the time is approaching when movements of our forces on THE MISSISSIPPI may be fairly expected, we publish on page 23 an elaborate Map of the course of that River from Cairo to New Orleans, showing every Island, Town, Village, etc., on either bank. Also following is a list of Places, with their distances from New Orleans and Cairo, will be useful:

	Distance in Miles from New Orleans.	Cairo.
Cairo	962	0
Norfolk, Missouri	956	6
Belmeyville, Missouri	1	18
Columbus, Kentucky	776	22
Hickman, Kentucky	750	42
New Madrid, Missouri	736	56
Osborville, Kentucky	729	93
Riddle's Point, Missouri	719	99
Walker's Island	878	114
Little Prairie, Missouri	871	121
Needham's Cut-off	846	146
York Deer River	841	151
Ashport, Tennessee	839	153
Caruthe, Arkansas	837	156
1st Chickasaw Bluff	821	171
Fulton, Tennessee	817	175
Hatchie River	807	185
Randolph, Tennessee	805	187
Penon Point	797	196
2d Chickasaw Bluff	793	200
Greenock, Arkansas	760	232
Fort Pillow, Tennessee	749	243
Fort Thompson	734	258
Grayson, Arkansas	732	260
Bloe's Point, Arkansas	713	279
Commerce, Mississippi	710	282
Austin, Mississippi	708	284
St. Francis River	694	300
Helena, Arkansas	674	318
Yazoo Pass	666	330
Friar's Point	630	332
Horse-Shoe Bend	600	362
Old Town, Arkansas	582	380
Concordia, Mississippi	617	375
Montgomery Landing	597	395
Victoria, Mississippi	587	385
White River	586	376
Arkansas River	567	405
Napoleon, Arkansas	566	406
Bollvia, Mississippi	574	418
Grahm Landing	462	443
Columbia, Arkansas	421	477
Rodney, Mississippi	418	480
Prentiss Landing	417	487
Washington Landing	401	501
Grand Lake Landing	405	507
Princeton, Mississippi	401	511
Rushen Bend	400	512
Providence, Louisiana	402	540
Tallulah, Mississippi	400	542
Tompkins, Louisiana	437	558
Bruinsburgh, Mississippi	403	561
Millikin's Bend	441	561
Yazoo River	395	597
Walnut Hills	394	599
Vicksburg	400	600
Warrenton, Mississippi	352	610
New Carthage, Louisiana	425	615
Point Pleasant, Louisiana	397	635
Big Black River	390	572
Grand Gulf, Mississippi	393	644
Rodney, Mississippi	391	652
Bruinsburgh, Mississippi	390	654
Rodney, Mississippi	339	662
Nanton, Mississippi	299	702
Vidalia, Louisiana	289	703
Ellis Cliff, Mississippi	271	721
Union Point, Louisiana	259	733
Homochitto River	256	736
Red River	235	727
Red River Landing	219	753
Rescuvil Bend	209	787
Rescuvil Point	199	797
Bayou Sara River	177	815
St. Francisville	171	821
Point Coupee	170	811
Waterloo	165	827
Port Hudson	134	853
Baton Rouge, Louisiana	129	833
Manchac	74	888
Pontchatoula	56	906
Ponchartrain	36	926
Donaldsonville	81	910
Jefferson College	66	896
Bonnet Carre	42	950
2nd Church, Louisiana	15	959
Carrollton, Louisiana	7	955
New Orleans		962
Fort St. Leon		1000
Fort St. Philip		1004
Fort Jackson		1004
Mouths of Mississippi River		1054

THE STONE FLEET IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.

We publish on page 17 a view of the Sinking of the Fleet of Old Whalers, laden with stone, in the channel leading into Charleston harbor; and on page 18 a small Chart of the Harbor, showing the ship channels now closed by our vessels. The correspondent of the *Herald* thus describes the scene:

At half past four this afternoon (December 19), the tide being then half full, we removed the buoy and ran up into the bank *Pendleton*, of New London, which was to be the first victim, and towed her across the bar to the upper boat, on the left-hand side of the channel. When we had got her in position, Captain Dayton, of the steamer, a sprightly-tempered, elderly gentleman, called out to the captain:

"Ay, ay, sir," came back the reply: and the buoys we let go and manned in again on our deck in the twinkling of an eye. The trembling old bark, being under some headway, started slowly on for the chosen spot without her, and then struck the bottom; and her anchor dropped for the last time in the water, by which she resisted as gracefully as any chain might which had made its last run, and the old bark settled down into its own grave. The ship had been knocked out as the anchor dropped, and the water rushed madly and wildly in. In a moment the whole boats were lowered and alongside, and the steamer left the scene of action, and returned to the fleet for another victim.

We did not wait for them, but hurried out, to tow in another before dark. The first ship touched bottom and the sighing was drawn as the sun went down. Each had finished the course in the same manner; one by one the boats became as bright and glorious as ever, the other to waste away and go to places under the combined action of the element which it had braved as long and so well. Alas! that a single woman in the world should be made to weep and sad and cause to such an ignoble end.

The *Talbot* came next in our wood in and anchored at the other side of the channel, and the water soon filled her decks, and she settled slowly and gracefully down, resting unsteadily, to be sure, as the water poured in, but going down with every rope and spar in place, as if many days' sails in India, with no homes on.

The last ship on the port side of the bar clearly marked the course. The *Fortitude* boats were relieved from their unpleasant position, and the steamer proceeded to the next ship. She was reported by Captain Devin, and he reached the *Pendleton* and the *Talbot* just in the nick of time, as the ships they would alter for the moon had risen high enough to afford us light to see.

At eight o'clock we were again at work. We ran to and and took four more before the low water made it impossible for the low loaded ships to be got to position, and there we ran rest again and anchored outside the bar.

The steamer returned to the anchorage this evening. While we were at work the harbor was dotted with whole-boats, pulling about in various directions, and the sailors, carrying away their (the officers' and crew's) bearings: and the steamer was frequently boarded by the officers of the men-of-war boats were engaged in rowing the sunken ships, and have the pleasure of returning any thing they may wish to. W. A. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweller, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

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3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5.00 to 10.00 each
3000 " Pins	5.00 to 10.00 each
3000 Cameo Brooches	4.00 to 6.00 each
3000 Jet and Pearl Brooches	4.00 to 6.00 each
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4.00 to 6.00 each
3000 Cameo, Jet, Lava, Florentine Ear Drops	4.00 to 6.00 each
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4.00 to 6.00 each
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3000 Gold Band Slide	2.00 to 6.00 each
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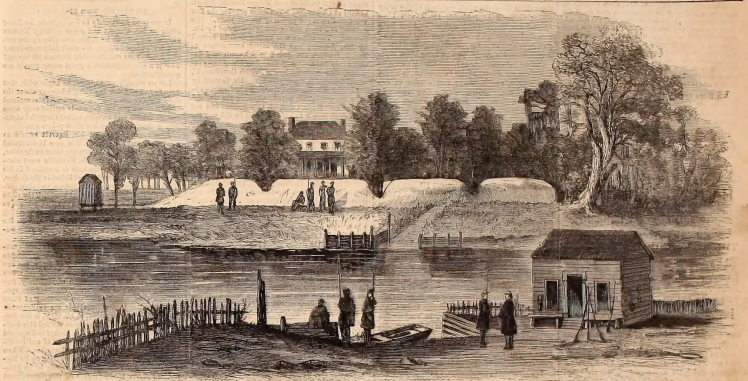
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VI.—No. 264.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



PORT ROYAL FERRY, SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF FIRST JANUARY, 1862.—FROM A SKETCH BY A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



SCENE IN THE PARLOR OF MR. BARNWELL'S HOUSE AT BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

FORT ROYAL FERRY.

We publish on the preceding page a view of FORT ROYAL FERRY, where the fight took place between our troops, under General Stevens, and the rebels. The following account from the *Herald* explains the affair:

We have received news of a victory over the rebels on the 1st inst., in a fight near Fort Royal Ferry, about twenty-five miles from Hilton Head. The expedition which achieved the victory was a combined military and naval one, and was under the joint command of Brigadier-General I. I. Stevens and Captain Quackenbush of the Pawnee. The troops engaged consisted of the Eighth Michigan regiment, Pennsylvania Round Heads, Fifty-Pennsylvania, Sixty-seventh New York Rifles, Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth New York Volunteers. The naval vessels consisted of the gun-boat *Pilot*, *Seneca*, *Pawnee*, and *Ottawa*.

A flank movement was made by the rebels, who desired possession of the ferry and burn the bridge, which operation the boat was allowed for that purpose, after which the rebels fell back upon the woods, and were followed by our troops, who, after a short advance, leaving behind them one large gun, which they had spiked. The rebel force engaged was estimated at eight thousand men, under the command of Ripley and Pope. The Federal force engaged was four thousand five hundred men. Our loss was one commissioned officer killed, Major Watson, of the Eighth Michigan Regiment, who has already died. The rebel loss is not positively known, but it is said to be pretty large.

We learn by telegraph, through rebel sources, that on the 30th inst. they our troops in full force, drove back the rebels, and took possession of a station on the railroad.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1862.

THE WEEK AND THE PROSPECT.

BY the time this Number of *Harper's Weekly* is laid before its readers the great and pressing the rebellion will have begun in real earnest. The long period of preparation will have ended, and the final tussle will have commenced.

There have been many among us who have complained of the long stage of inaction which has succeeded the battle of Bull Run. Many well-meaning but weak-minded and limp-backed citizens would have laid to see us march into our armies within a month after the Bull Run defeat; and have never ceased, since August last, to deplore the inaction of the Union forces, and the apparent progress of the rebellion. The fact is, that the Bull Run defeat was followed by a general disintegration of the Union forces. The bulk of the troops who fought on that disastrous day were three months' men, who went home directly after the battle. General M'Clellan, on assuming command of the army of the Potomac, found it to consist of raw levies, unacquainted with discipline, unprovided with arms, unable to move in masses, without military knowledge, equipments, or competent officers. It was a mere mob, in fact. His first duty was to convert this mob into an army. Jomini, quoting Napoleon, says that it takes six months to make infantry troops fit for service in the field, and twelve months to drill cavalry. If they are taken into action before this time, he adds, they are by no means likely to do harm than good. General M'Clellan's first orders, when he took the command at Washington were, first, a police order to put an end to the loose discipline which had previously prevailed among the volunteers; and, secondly, an order laying the foundation as fast as they arrived at the capital. General Burnside spent several weeks in the duty of brigading the regiments which poured into Washington, and daily brigade drills were ordered. When a sufficient number of brigades had been organized they were formed into divisions, and division commanders—Buell, Porter, Franklin, Heintzelman, Hooker, M'Call, Banks, M'Dowell, &c.—were placed in command and directed to train the men to move by divisions. All this naturally took time. The twenty-two weeks which have elapsed since the Battle of Bull Run are if any thing too short a period to perfect the officers in their duties, and the men in the various evolutions of company, battalion, regimental, brigade, and division movement. So far from complaining of McClellan's inaction experienced soldiers would rather advise his keeping his men in training for another month or two. No man would undertake to make boots, or coats, or books, or cotton cloth, or to sell merchandise or stocks, or to cure diseases, or plead lawsuits, after an apprenticeship of only five months and a half. If M'Clellan has educated his mob of volunteers to the proper pitch of military discipline in that period, all that can be said is that he has done wonders.

At any rate, we are led to believe that the real work is now about to begin in earnest. Before this paper meets the public eye, General Burnside's column will have commenced operations. It seems to be universally understood that it is to operate on the York, James, or Rappahannock rivers—being in fact a flank attack on the rebel army of the Potomac. General Magruder appears to be satisfied that it is to ascend the York River. Simultaneously with its operations, it may be expected that General Buckner will attack the rebel forces in Kanawha port, General M'Clellan will make a forward movement on the line of the Occoquan, and General Lander, who has taken the place of General Kelley, will move on Winchester, while General Banks moves on Leesburg. The assailed at all points, it is assumed that General Johnston will be compelled to give battle in the open field, and it is taken for granted that he will labor under heavy disadvantages that he can not but meet with defeat.

Meanwhile it may be gathered from the various contradictory rumors from Kentucky and the line of the Mississippi River, that, by the time these lines are read, the bulk of the army under General Don Carlos Buell will have crossed the Green River and will either have assaulted the rebel works at Bowling Green or will have turned the position. The new bridge over the Green River was to have been completed by 1st January. General Buell's antagonist, General Hardee, is described as a very capable officer, and was the commander of our army in Utah. He has seen active service in Texas and Mexico. Don Carlos Buell is to General M'Clellan's opinion that he will find his match in General Buell; and in numbers, equipment, arms, and discipline, our army is sure to be superior to that of the rebels. General Buell can not have for short of 70,000 fighting men under his command.

We look also, during the current week, for news of movements down the Mississippi. At the latest dates the whole of General Polk's force of gun and mortar boats had mustered at Cairo, and a land army of some 30,000 men was there to support them. It is expected that before these lines are read this army will be nearly doubled, and the flotilla will be ready for work. Opinion differ considerably more with regard to the policy General Halleck will pursue. Some authorities pretend that he will send his army in transports down the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers until a point is reached due east of Memphis, and that he will march on that city while his flotilla fights its way down the river. Others, again, look for a direct march from Cairo and Paducah upon Columbus, in conjunction with the advance of the fleet. If the former course be adopted, it is safe to expect that within a day or two the great Mississippi expedition will have begun its work, and that General Ulysses mem count upon success as reasonably certain.

We have made no allusion, in the above brief review, to the movements of our armies at the South. They will, however, naturally exercise a potent influence upon the grand result. At the time we write Port Royal, Beaufort, Savannah or Charleston, is in the hands of our forces, and we hold the railroad between those two cities. No force can advance on that from Savannah to Charleston, or *vice versa*, except by making a great detour. It is in our power to take either city at any time, and doubtless one or both will be captured very shortly.

Simultaneously the Butler expedition is operating vigorously in the Gulf. General Phelps, who is an excellent soldier, though a poor proclamation-maker, has occupied Ship Island, which commands the entrance between Mobile Harbor and Mobile, and also Biloxi, on the main land. The *Constitution* has since sailed with reinforcements, under orders for the general Butler in person, and it is well understood that his arrival will be followed by movements of great interest on the rebels in the Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana. The final operations against New Orleans will probably be deferred until Commodore Farragut's fleet, which is now actively fitting out, reaches the mouth of the river; but in the mean time it is likely that other places of scarcely less importance will fall into our hands.

The fate of battles rests with God alone, and no one can tell what fortune our brave volunteers may encounter. At the same time it generally happens that the heaviest artillery and the biggest battalions carry the day, and we believe we have the advantage in this respect. A few days now will tell the tale.

LOUNGER.

WHAT NEXT?

ALTHOUGH the immediate occasion of collision between this and the British Government has been removed, the manifest ferocity of the British feeling, as shown in the rhodomontade of the newspapers, is quite sufficient to apprise every sensible man that only the occasion, and not the cause, has been removed. Still further—the attitude of the British Government from the beginning of the rebellion has been passively hostile to the United States. Before Mr. Dallas left London, Lord John Russell explained himself very vaguely and unsatisfactorily with regard to the recognition of the rebels as an independent power; and the Queen's Proclamation, issued upon the very day of Mr. Adams's arrival in London, showed, beyond debate, the intention of the British Government to prejudge the question, and to act without authority together in regard to our conditions; and they informed other European states that they were expected to concur with them in whatever measure might be taken.

In the early summer began the movement of troops to Canada, and the shipping of great quantities of military stores to the same point, with the sailing of vessels of war. The refusal to offer of the United States made to Great Britain and France to accede to the Treaty of Paris was also significant, and the tone of the papers, accept upon condition of our assuming obligations which they declined to assume for themselves. The Mason intervention was agreed upon by Great Britain, France, and Spain, in the development of which a hostile fleet would be known last in the Gulf of Mexico. Meanwhile the British Government, through an agent here, but not officially, approached the rebel authorities to invite their virtual adhesion to the Treaty of Paris. The agent of this business was Robert Bunch, British Consul at Charleston. The letter proving the fact was found upon the person of Robert More. The removal of Bunch was instantly demanded by Mr. Seward. The matter was opened to Lord Russell by Mr. Adams, and the secret instructions to Bunch, "which are only now acknowledged because they have come to light," as Mr. Adams remarks, were communicated by the British Government with perfect coolness to Bunch. Mr. Seward, by the President's direction, very courteously withdrew his exequatur, notwithstanding the declaration of Earl Russell that his Government had not considered that the fact that what he did was the first step toward recognition.

The interior history of our relations with Great Britain since the outbreak of the rebellion fully authorize Mr. Seward to say, as he does in his dispatch of the 30th of December, that "the United States and Great Britain have assumed incompatible and thus far irreconcilable positions on the subject of the existing insurrection." The total absence of feeling which has ensued between the nations, the bitter expressions of animosity upon the part of England in the ludicrous drivel of the *London Times*, which calls the people of the United States "a people mad on cotton," the evil wishes of British hatred and insolence developed by the affair of the *Trent*—the unsteady assumption of the position of this Government; the open aid given to rebel ships and the common courtesies refused to ours, notwithstanding the claim of "belligerent neutrality" between an allied power and a faction of its citizens seeking to overthrow it—all these things are in sight now as they were in the rising cloud and the muttering thunder.

If in four or which ends in April the Government has not substantially suppressed the insurrection, or is not clearly suppressing it, Great Britain, France, and Spain will recognize the rebellion, the dependence of the rebellious section. As the rebel ministers are accredited to foreign courts and foreign fleets. Treaties between the two nation and the old will follow. It is to be reasonably supposed that the Treaty of Paris, perhaps waived by the French, will try to open the blockade. That act is war between us and those powers.

There would seem to be not a long time to complete so great a work. It can be done only by the most vigorous efforts. The Government must have a military necessity. The victory over rebellion must be overwhelming, radical, and final. Can we justly expect that Great Britain will allow the government to summon the insurgents to surrender under proof of losing the labor of their slaves in an unquestionable act of summoning them to do so under peril of loss of property and life. If such a measure be adopted, and the nation is saved, the endangered peace of the world confirmed, and the root of all our troubles is removed, will any honest citizen regret the great act of justice and mercy by the way? If such a measure be delayed, and the nation is dismembered, and reduced either to a foreign war and domestic disunion, will the Government, legislative and executive, have done all it ought to have done to avert so tragical a disaster?

MR. SEWARD'S LETTER.

THE enough has now elapsed to perceive that Mr. Seward's letter formed one of the most skillful and delicate tasks that ever devolved upon a statesman with such calmness, dignity, and consummate ability, that there is universal national assent. There are many who think that the surrender of Mason and Slidell was a mistake, to avoid a war for which we were not prepared; and they are glad that a humiliating necessity has been made so obvious that we others may be glad that the question was, at best, doubtful; and they are glad that, upon it, it has been decided to maintain ourselves. There are still others who think that the true American doctrine honorably required the surrender of persons who had violated the law and maintained its own principle even under the implied threat of war. "If I decide this case in favor of my own Government," says Mr. Seward, "I must disavow its most cherished principles, and must forever renounce my own opinions." If he therefore decige as an American statesman ought to decide. But national pride may be wounded, because pride always insists upon sticking to what has been done, right or wrong. But a national honor is eternally sustained, when the business of a statesman is to vindicate the honor of his nation, even at the expense of its pride.

We are not of those who regard Mr. Seward's letter as making the best of a bad case. On the contrary, if we were at perfect peace, and a similar case should arise, it would be the duty of the United States to take precisely the same ground. Some such declaration and such of conduct in the future events in universally conceded. That some things are contraband of war is equally recognized. That some persons may be contraband is not disputed. But the decision of what is contraband is property left to the discretion of prize courts; and the property must be so referred, how much more must persons? The judgment is too momentous to be left to a naval officer. If, therefore, in this case, the *Trent* had been taken into some prize port and condemned, and Slidell and Mason had not been restrained, we could not have released them without dishonor. If Mr. Seward could have answered the fifth question as easily and frankly as he did the first four, his conclusion, by his own reasoning and upon our usual principles, would have been that Mason and the British Government can not be granted. If we must follow, we have the fought that Government before upon the same question, and not unsuccessfully. We assert at the claim of Great Britain to make her own maritime law; that she could we have respected ourselves in fighting against the principle in 1812 that we fought so well for in 1812?

That Great Britain had what she called Captain Wilkes did, and with no provocation whatever. It was unjustifiable. But Great Britain set our model, thank God! in politics, in manners, or in nationality.

DO THE DOCTORS DISAGREE?

If we were so entirely in the right in the *Trent* affair as Mr. Everett and other eminent Doctors assured us, why do we consent to give up the two traitors, except because we can't help ourselves? Are Mr. Everett and the other Doctors of wrong? this is a question which a great many people are already asking.

Let us frankly grant, then, to begin with, that very few of us know any thing whatever about the legal rights or wrongs of the question. International maritime law are definitely settled only upon a few points, and on such, without exception attention to them, can say what those points are.

Now every thing that Mr. Everett asserts as and about international law in this case is asserted by Mr. Seward. They quote the same authorities, often the same words. Mr. Everett's only plausible consideration of the case is contained in his paper of the 7th December, published in the *Ledger*. He bases necessarily upon circumstances. He considers all the points of law that establish the right of a belligerent state ship, like the *San Jacinto*, to stop a neutral vessel suspected of carrying passengers and mails, like the *Trent*: and, in the words of Sir William Scott, "to stop the embassador of your enemy upon his passage."

Mr. Everett establishes the point beyond question. He describes, indeed, some arguments which Mr. Seward, as Secretary of State, can not admit. Mr. Everett, for instance, lays great stress upon the British proclamation of neutrality, forbidding subjects to carry dispatches, officers, etc., in a neutral vessel. Mr. Seward replies that he can not allow that mere rebels are belligerents. The English proclamation, in his view, is the declaration of an unfriendly purpose of the British Government; but this Government prefers to disregard its purpose and await the overt act of unfriendliness which is implied by the proclamation. When Great Britain follows the proclamation to its logical result, and recognizes the rebels as an independent Power, it will be time for this Government to act also. If Mr. Seward argued upon the ground of the proclamation, he would argue against the carrying of his own dispatches to our foreign ministers by England. Mr. Everett does not use the argument for his purpose, and he uses it ably, but the Secretary of State can not.

Mr. Everett's most fairly conclusive reasoning they reach the same result—namely, that Captain Wilkes had a right to stop the ship and the embassadors. There, however, Mr. Everett's argument ends and Mr. Seward's begins. He agrees precisely with Mr. Everett, that the ship was a case prohibited; that Captain Wilkes might lawfully stop the ship; that he did it properly; that having stopped the contraband he had a right to capture them; but that he did not exercise the right in accordance to the law of nations.

Therefore we were right, but not *entirely* right, and in such cases an incomplete right is not enough. We remind Mr. Everett that Britain the right of stopping the ship and the embassadors; but they none of them establish, because none of them has the Secretary discusses, the right of deciding the question as Captain Wilkes decided. Therefore, he says, we do not give up the trifle because we should have war if we did not, but because every part of the law is equally vital, and the act was not altogether lawful.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

TRUE, like Daniel, is a Daniel when it comes to judgment. For years, when we had no navy, when we had twelve ships and Great Britain had a thousand, we were constantly called to task by stopping our merchantmen and taking out whatever persons we pleased. Great Britain chose to call British subjects, although without any complaint against them. And this business was opened and approved by the Secretary of State.

A few weeks ago a loyal and brave captain in our navy, upon his own responsibility, takes from a British merchantman two American citizens plainly upon such a compulsory service as evidence of this Government. Great Britain trembles with rage, and so does all the Tory press that certain individuals have been actually taken from on board a British vessel, the ship of a neutral Power, while each vessel was pursuing a lawful and innocent voyage—an act of violence which was an affront to the British flag, and a violation of international law."

The demand is stern, but not to terms uncourteous. As the United States neither authorized the act nor justified the method, the certain individuals were "cheerfully liberated."

But now comes Mr. Seward, a Daniel come to judgment. If stamy time hereafter, in her Russopean or other wad, British cruisers should stop

any neutral American ship and undertake to remove, or succeed in removing, any person claimed under any whimsey of owing allegiance to the British Crown, that Crown would instantly declare to Washington: "It thus appears that certain individuals have been forcibly taken from on board a United States vessel, the ship of a neutral Power, while such vessel was pursuing a lawful and innocent voyage—an act of violence which was an affront to the United States flag, and a violation of international law."

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

FRANCE AND NEUTRALITY.

The letter of M. Thouvenel to Mr. Dayton Seward is interesting in itself, as showing the French doctrine of neutral rights. It is interesting historically, because thenceforward our troubles England and France have moved hand in hand. France asserts for herself the unquestionable right to carry, when neutral, to cover vessels and cargo between neutral ports, even although there be enemy's civil agents on board. The only doubt she raises, and that is but a doubt, is the case of "military people actually in the service of the enemy."

This ground, of course, concedes the right of search to ascertain that the flag is truly neutral, and not falsely borne; and that the vessel is making a neutral voyage but nothing further.

The United States, according to Mr. Seward's letter, takes the ground, that "whatever doubts may have existed concerning a right of visitation or search in time of peace, there is no question, has existed in modern times about the right of a belligerent in time of war to capture contraband in neutral and even in friendly merchant vessels." And the Secretary assumes, that, according to British maritime law, the fact of passage of the neutral "from one neutral port to another does not modify the right of the belligerent captor."

That country, of course, asserts the right of our cruisers to stop a French merchantman conveying dispatches or embassadors, and taking them before a prize court for condemnation. But under the doctrines advanced by France, if Breckinridge and Hunter should embark from Marseilles in a French mail-packet for a French port, the case of the *Trent, mutatis mutandis*, and the ship and passengers be seized for adjudication, would be brought into direct issue with France.

It is of the utmost importance to the peace of the world that the American question should be settled. The joint action of France and England, however, in the matter of our offer to assist the Mexican people at Paris, pure and simple—an action by which they proposed to impose a condition upon us which they did not accept themselves—produced a feeling here of any present adjustment. We must therefore all the more desire the direct complication of the kind may arise with France.

"MISTRESS AND MAID."

BOLWEN'S tale, "A Strange Story," regularly published in the *Weekly*, is about ended. "Hackaway's Philip," and Mr. Trollope's "Rachel Ray Farm," with its charming illustrations by Millais, are still proceeding amicably together in *Harper's Magazine*.

But the story-tellers never tire. Wilkie Collins, whose fascinating and famous "Woman in White" was read with such avidity, and mastered with such masterly skill by the author, is about commencing a new tale, of which the readers of the *Weekly* will have the earliest glimpses; while the author of "John Halifax," one of the most popular and delightful of late novels, begins in *Harper's Magazine* in February a story called "Mistress and Maid." The opening is most genial and charming. The Flemish detail of portraiture and scenery reveal the sharp eye and steady hand which the friends of "John Halifax" recall; while the sketches of the three sisters, the sedate elder, no longer young, the invalid second, and the younger, Hilary, only twenty, give promise of a tale of the truest interest, enlivened with the most smiling humor. It is a domestic story with a winning household voice in it, and yet even in the first chapter the rosy hue of romance invests it. The story is sure to be a delightful companion in these tumultuous times.

AGAIN!

A DAY or two before Mr. Seward's letter appeared, an English gentleman, rubbing his hands briskly, remarked to an American friend, "War! war! of course. You have insulted us, and we don't see just turn to and lay you down, and give you a good thrashing."

"What!" replied the American, quietly, scrawling carelessly upon the newspaper he was reading the figures 1775 and 1812, "What, again?"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AGRICULTURAL.—"I put outside my window a large hot, filled it with custard, and served it with seed. What do you think came up? Wheat, barley, or oats? No, a pound cake, who ordered me to remove it."

"First class in philosophy stand up. Thibeu, what is life?"—"Life consists of memory, a habit, and a faculty for wife." "What is poverty?"—"The reward of merit which genius receives from a discriminating public." "What is religion?"—"Doing unto others as you please, without allowing a return of the compliment." "What is fame?"—"A six-line puff in a newspaper."

An English gentleman once fell from his horse and injured his thumb. The pain increasing, he was obliged to send for a surgeon. One day the doctor was unable to visit his patient, and therefore sent his son instead.

"Have you visited the Highlanders?" said his father in the evening.

"Yes," replied the young man, "and I have drawn out a form which I ascertained to be the chief cause of his agony."

"Joel!" exclaimed the father. "I trusted you had more sense; now there is an end to the job."

A celebrated poet advertised that he would supply "lines for any occasion." A fisherman sought him soon after, and wanted "a line strong enough to catch a perch."

Somebody has said that "We ought always to believe less than we are told." This may be a safe maxim for general use, but when a woman informs you of a fact, for instance, of course—with her age, you may always believe a great deal more than you are told.

"What have you got to say, old *Sinner-face*?" said a commodore to a tarpaw at the late Cambridge Assizes, "why don't you answer the farmer." "I am thinking my *face* and your Cap'n-head would make a very good dish."

"James, my boy, take this letter to the post-office, and pay the postage." "Ha boy returned highly elated, and said, "Father, I took a bit of mea putting letters in a little place, and when no one was looking I slipped your in for nothing."

It is related of the French family of the Duke de Levis, that they have a picture in their chateau in which Noah is represented sitting on the ark, and contemplating with a small trunk on which is written, "Papers belonging to the Levis family."

"My family, surely, is the more ancient, for the killing of Abel by Cain was the first criminal case," said a lawyer to a medical friend. "Sure enough," replied the doctor "but notice that happened a rib was taken out of Adam's side, and that constituted the first surgical operation."

A lady, very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his ugliness of person, once said to Rogers, the poet, "What do you think? My husband has laid out fifty guineas for a baboon on purpose to please me." "The dear little beast!" replied Rogers; "it's just like him."

Some minds will always be slow till you cut them to the quick.

We suppose that there is quite as large an amount of cash upon the land as there is upon the water.

Swinging is said, by the doctors, to be a good exercise for the health, but many a poor wretch has come to his death by it.

A beggar boy applying to a lady at Boston for money to get a dose of castor-oil, was called in, and the oil was administered gratis, despite his grimaces.

"How are you to-day?" inquired a doctor of his patient. "A little better, thank you." "Have you taken any drops to-day?" "Yes, a little punch." "With aspirits?" "No, Sir, with applesauce."

Wanted to know—whether the volume of sound has yet been found.

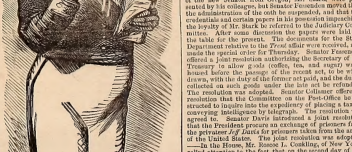
A curate having been overhauled by his bishop for attending a ball, the former replied, "My lord, I were a parish" "Oh indeed," returned the bishop, "I did not see face on the affair."

The "don" who was told that the best cure for palpitation of the heart was to marry the girl he loved, said, "But that is the only remedy which can be proposed, I, for one, say let 'up palpitate.'"

It is a current belief that a wolf is never more dangerous than when he has *shegrief*.

A lawyer once asked a backward lad before the following question: "If a man gave you a hundred pounds to keep for him, and then, on his return, he asked you to give it back." "No, Sir," replied the latter; "I pay for another like him."

A belle doesn't differ so very much from a bell; both have their clappers in their mouths.



NAPOLEON BIDING HIS TIME.

See the *Opinion Nationale* and other French papers on the *Trent* Affair, in another column.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, December 9th, in the Senate, a number of petitions were presented in connection with the manner the war power were prosecuted. A communication was received from the Secretary of War, stating that the contract made with the public interest to furnish the correspondence relating to the case of Fremont. Several bills and General Patterson relative to the conduct of the war. Senator Davis, of Kentucky, introduced a bill to confiscate the persons enemies, and for sanctioning their property for the use of the United States Government. Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill to provide for the better organization and discipline of the militia. It was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs. Mr. Wilson introduced a resolution to gain into creating ports of entry. Mr. Potter offered resolutions calling upon the President and Secretary of the Interior to furnish the cabet commission appointed to investigate the alleged illegal acts of government employes with certain information, in order to make the investigation. Mr. Wilson moved to take up the bill relative clerks in the public employ who are disloyal to the Government. The resolutions were adopted, and the bill itself were not acted on.

On Tuesday, January 2, in the Senate, petitions were presented for the emancipation of slaves under the war power, and for the establishment of a line of steamers between San Francisco and China. Senator Kennedy presented a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Interior for information relative to the Indian Department. Senator Wilson offered a resolution, which was adopted, that the President be requested, if not incompatible with the public interest, to transmit to the Senate the correspondence relating to the surrender of the Congress laid at Paris in 1856, relating to neutral and belligerent rights on the ocean. A bill, providing for the appointment of sutlers for the volunteers, and defining their duties, was introduced by Senator Wilson, and referred. Senator Wilson offered a resolution directing inquiry with reference to the organization of the military force; also a resolution calling for information as to the number of cavalry regiments now in the service of the United States they are stationed, and if it would not be advisable to convert them into infantry regiments. The bill introduced by Mr. Harris—both adopted. The Secretary of War was requested to furnish the reports of the Surgeon-General, Paymaster and Sanitary Commission on the health of the army. Senator Wilson introduced a resolution requesting the Secretary of War to furnish information why certain Massachusetts and Delaware officers were transferred and removed. Mr. Trumbull offered a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for information respecting the national debt, which was adopted, but it was amended and was not received.

On Monday, January 6, in the Senate, the credentials of the new Senator from Oregon, Mr. Stark, were presented by his colleague, but Senator Collamer offered a resolution that the Committee on the Post-Office be instructed to inquire into the expediency of placing a lot on conveying intelligence by telegraph. The resolution was agreed to. Senator Davis introduced a bill declaring that the President procure an exchange of prisoners from the prisoner of *Libby* for prisoners taken prisoners of the United States. The joint resolution, adopted by the House, relative to the Bank of the State of New York—of the safest alternative to the bill, that on the record of the Senate. The resolution was adopted requesting the Secretary of War to inform the House whether any officer has been taken to ascertain who are responsible for the defeat of the Union forces at the battle of Bull's Run. To the resolution the military authorities made answer to the effect that the proposed investigation would be incompatible with the public interests. This answer Mr. Cushing, Mr. Lovejoy, and others denied. Considerable discussion ensued upon the management of the Bull's Run affair, and the conduct of the war generally. In the course of the day, Mr. Cushing offered a resolution declaring that the action of the War Department in withdrawing General Stone from obedience to the House, and that the House be requested to furnish a copy of the order. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 79 against 54. A joint resolution was introduced by a vote of 79 against 54. A joint resolution, relative to the payment of duties on coffee, and copies from bonded warehouses on the 1st of August, was adopted. Another resolution, relative to the payment of duties on sugars, was adopted.

SKIRMISH IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Our troops in Western Virginia had a brisk skirmish with the rebels at Hunterville on Saturday morning. Rebels reached a company of scouts. A body of our men, numbering seven hundred and forty, and consisting of a portion of the 47th Ohio, Second Virginia, and Ohio cavalry, made an attack on Hunterville, which was occupied by four companies of rebel infantry and three hundred and fifty infantry, and after an attack of an hour drove the rebels, who were defeated with a loss of eighty killed and wounded. No one was killed on the Union side. The enemy retired from the town, leaving eighty thousand dollars' worth of army stores and clothing in the hands of our troops.

DEPARTURE OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

Messrs. Mason and Slidell have taken their departure for England in the British war steamer *Rinaldo*, which arrived at Provincetown on the 8th December. They were taken from Fort Warren by the tug-boat *Starlight* at eleven o'clock on 1st January, and put on board the *Rinaldo*, together with their secretaries, Eustis and M'Farland. The *Rinaldo* left Boston at eleven o'clock on the morning of New-Year's Day, the wind at that time blowing a perfect hurricane.

RELEASE OF UNION PRISONERS.

Two hundred and fifty Union prisoners were brought to Fortress Monroe on Friday, who were released from Richmond. They were brought down by James River by the rebel steamer *Northampton*, and put on board the steamer *Baltimore*, which had been sent from after Savannah by Baltimore.

A LANDING IN MISSISSIPPI.

A rumor was published in the Richmond *Dispatch* of Friday, December 27, that the Federal troops had landed on Ship Island, in the Mississippi Sound, to Biloxi, a small town on the main land, where they found the flag was a thousand men, and that the Union troops would soon occupy that place. The rumor is thus in that vicinity, and inland to push on to Jackson.

TRIBULATION ON THE YORK RIVER.

It was learned yesterday, from contrabands and the small canoes off Back River, in the Chesapeake Bay, last week, that the inhabitants of Yorktown are in a state of great trepidation, fearing that the destination of General Burnside's expedition is to that place. Many of the poor whites are said to be under an Yorktown by fire, and that he was directed not to spare a single house in the event of his approach.

The steamboat *Jamestown*, which left Fortress Monroe on the 2d inst. for Yorktown, with a flag of truce to convey a number of citizens of that town to Fortress Monroe, although in the service of the rebel government, was fired into by a gunboat of the Union troops. Upon the arrival of the steamer the captain of one of the gunboats came on board to search the mail. Breast-works extending for nearly a mile, pierced for twelve guns, were erected during the fall of 1861.

BATTLE EXPECTED IN KENTUCKY.

Information from Green County, Kentucky, represents that a battle had been fought at Munfordville, the fighting force of the Union and rebel armies are in close juxtaposition—the rebels on the south and the Union forces on the north side of the river.

THE CHARLESTON BLOCKADE RUN AGAIN.

It is stated in a passenger of the steamer *Fingall* arrived on Friday, and by the assurance of gentlemen who arrived at Fortress Monroe from Savannah, that the steamer *Nashville*, Burley *tommy the Rebel*, which arrived at Nassau, from Charleston on December 23, ran the blockade of Charleston at daylight on Tuesday, the 24 inst., and entered that port with a valuable cargo of cotton, specie, ammunition, and other stores, principally drugs. How she succeeded in doing so is not known to those in Nassau. It is also said that the rebel vessel had on board a Mr. Trenholm, a member of the Rebel Treasury to the rebel government.

THE NEGROES' WORK.

Within the past three weeks some of the Southern cities have suffered fearfully from conflagrations. Savannah is paralled. We give below the most disastrous fires, with the loss of property attending:

December 12—Charleston,	$6,000,000
December 23—Savannah,	50,000
December 24—Nashville, Tennessee,	800,000
January 1—Richmond,	50,000
Total,	$6,900,000

DISCONTENT AMONG THE REBELS.

The Richmond *Examiner* of the 3d instant has an exultant article on the schism of the rebel Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Memminger. The *Examiner* says that the rest, due on Confederate bond out of specie for which 50 per cent forty per cent. The cessation of the rebel army to picture by the rebel papers as almost hopelessly demoralized, and the rebel leaders as in a state of despair and disease. Drunkenness is said to be prevalent throughout the rebel army, and the rebel leaders are described generally as a terror and dread to the citizens of South generally.

THE RESISTANCE OF SAVANNAH.

The British steamer *Fingall* attempted to run the blockade of Savannah, but was foiled. She was fired at, and her way through Warsaw Sound; but information having been received that she was on the coast, the vessel was dispatched to the Sound, and on her arrival the rebel megaphone fleet of Tatnall came down to attack her. A brisk engagement is said was put through Commodore Goldsborough's fleet of vessels. The escape of the *Fingall* was thus frustrated.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Greenlow, the female rebel, has been detected in carrying on a secret correspondence with the enemy, in spite of the close watch kept upon her house in Washington. It has, therefore, been decided to send her at once to Fort Lafayette, where she will have no opportunity of communicating information to the rebel leaders.

The Court of Inquiry, in the case of Colonel Miles, charged with habitual intoxication at the battle of Bull Run, has honorably acquitted him of the charge. The decision is furnished in a report of Reverdy Johnson and E. M. Stanton left.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

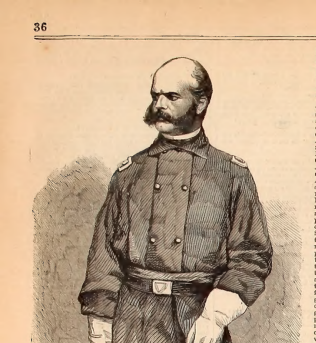
WAR PREPARATIONS GOING ON.

The preparations for carrying on war under the pressure of a very intense and general excitement, stimulated and promoted by the daily effusions of the ministerial and aristocratic press. At latest date troops were still pouring in from the provinces. Regiments of artillery, *Action, Pericles, Aeschylus, Fusiliers*, and other regiments of infantry, were ordered, filled with the most efficient regiments in the British army. The Mediterranean squadron, the available vessels in the British Mediterranean fleet had been ordered to the American station to proceed, as was supposed, to the same destination.

FRANCE.

SPANISH OCCUPATION OF VERA CRUZ.

The first hostile step of the allied expedition against Mexico was taken on the 7th inst., when the Spanish troops occupied the fort landed at Vera Cruz, took possession of that city and the fort of San Juan d'Ulloa. The Spanish flag was hoisted on the city and on the fort. The rejoicings in Havana on the receipt of the news were most enthusiastic.



GENERAL BURNSIDE, COMMANDING THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION.

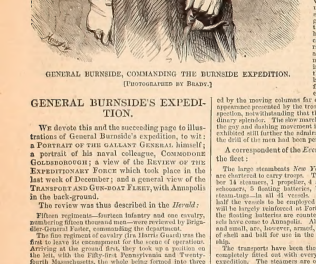
We devote this and the succeeding page to illustrations of General Burnside's expedition, to wit: a PORTRAIT OF THE GALLANT GENERAL himself; a portrait of his naval colleague, COMMODORE GOLDSBOROUGH; a view of the DEPARTURE OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE which took place in the last week of December; and a general view of the TRANSPORT AND GUN-BOAT FLEET, with Annapolis in the back-ground.

The review was thus described in the *Herald:*

Fifteen regiments—fourteen infantry and one cavalry, numbering fifteen thousand men—were reviewed by Brigadier-General Foster, commanding the Department.

The troops were at seven o'clock this morning under the command, respectively, of Brigadier-General Foster and acting Brigadier-Generals Colonel Morse and Colonel Heywood. The parade-ground is situated about two miles from the city, on the railroad line, and afforded a fine opportunity for a good display of division, brigade, and regimental evolutions, as it embraced some two thousand acres of smooth ground, with graceful, swelling undulations, which served to add considerably to the picturesque character of the review. There were some fifteen thousand men on the ground, and the scene was one of the most interesting which has ever occupied the attention of the people of the vicinity of Annapolis, who flocked by thousands in vehicles, on horseback, and on foot to the parade-ground, every available point around which was taken possession of by them.

At about eleven o'clock the reviewing party, consisting of Brigadier-General Foster, Brigadier-General Hatch, Inspector-General Hendrick, Assistant Adjutant-General Richmond, and Aid-de-Camp Lieutenant D. C. Pell, of General Burnside's staff; Assistant Adjutant-General Hoffman and Aids on General Foster's staff; Captain E. R. Goodrich, of the Commissary Department; and various members of the division and brigade staffs of the post. Following on fast came the Governor of the State and the members of the Legislature, which by now in session at this place. Commencing at the right of the column they minutely inspected the different regiments, and, of the expression elsewhere highly pleased with the admirable good order and discipline of the troops. The brigade commanders, accompanied by their staffs, next reviewed their respective commands, and the reviewing party then took up their position at the southern extremity of the ground, at the right of the troops. Every thing being in readiness, the clear tones of command rang along the whole line, and steadily, solidly regiment after regiment passed into battalion column. At the word forward the whole body got in motion and filed by the reviewing general. The scene presented



was one to inspire a soldier with enthusiasm. The glorious old flag floated proudly in the breeze, and the bands played inspiring martial airs, while the glistening bayonets and the gay and dashing movement in "double quick," which exhibited still further the admirable precision with which the drill of the men had been perfected.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* thus sketches the fleet:

The large steamboats *New York* and *New Brunswick* are chartered to carry troops. There are now in the harbor 14 steamers, 1 propeller, 4 ships, 2 barks, 1 brig, 11 schooners, 3 floating batteries, besides a little flotilla of steam-tugs—in all 41 vessels. These are, perhaps, not half the vessels to be employed in the expedition, which will be largely reinforced at Fortress Monroe; for, unless the floating batteries are towed, they will be of little use. All of the transports, with the exception of the tugs, are armed, and carry large supplies of shell and ball for use in the field as well as on board ship.

The transports have been thoroughly overhauled and completely fitted out with every thing necessary for the expedition. The steamers are of light draught, and are capable of carrying from four hundred to six hundred men each, besides stores and ordnance, and when loaded will draw but from six to eight feet of water. There is no particular difference in these vessels, and every captain thinks his own, of course, the best. Every inch of space is devoted to use. Bunks have been erected and thoroughly put up, which can be taken down at short notice, if necessary to clear the ship for action, or an unpleasant thought to afford room for a sick one. The two steamboats *New York* and *New Brunswick* will each carry a whole regiment. The propeller *Pioneer* (formerly the *Alabama*) carries six guns, two of them formidable *Parrotts*, which speak with (not for) "vengeance" in the shape of 30-pound bolts. She is a good vessel and a good sea boat. She carries comfortably five hundred troops. Most of the steamers are equally well armed. The *Highlander* (once the *Clermont*, a confiscated vessel belonging to William Allen, on the James River) is a schooner of 500 tons, armed with two 12-pound Parrott guns, and capable of carrying, besides her crew of twenty-five men, four hundred troops and eighteen officers.

The ships can carry a much larger number of men, but will be loaded mainly with provisions and ammunition, and all the sailing vessels will be towed by the steamers to Fortress Monroe.

The *Pickett*, a handsome little propeller of four hundred tons, is the flag-ship of the transport fleet, and is appropriated by General Burnside and his staff. She carries two 12-pound rifled guns on deck, and but six feet of water. It is not unlikely that when the expedition reaches the point of attack General Burnside will leave the *Pickett*, and use the *Cossack* as a flag-ship. The *Cossack* is a fine steamer, formerly the *Western City*, plying between Boston and St. Johns, New Brunswick, and the new-paper man are already comfortably quartered on board of her. If she is struck by a shell the reporters will receive the credit of having intelligence of the same.

The two floating batteries are large canal boats, as strong as timber can make them, and divided into five compartments, so as to be beyond the danger of sinking by any ordinary casualty. The *Zouave* and *Grenade* each carry three 32-pound rifled cannon on deck, and the *Lancaster*, *Lafayette*, and *Funkehill* each carry two guns of the same calibre. They will go into action, and will be valuable auxiliaries to the naval part of the expedition.

This general description of a vessel of each class of those connected with the expedition is sufficient to give an idea of the completeness of the whole outfit. It seems as if nothing was wanting to render the fleet as formidable as it necessary, and, with the soldiers of the naval vessels now lying at Fortress Monroe, it is believed that the expedition, in size and strength, will far surpass the one sent to Port Royal.

THE ARMIES OF THE UNION.

FROM Maine's deep-wooded hills to far Pacific's Golden Gate,
They gather to the battle with the plow, sure step of fate.
They ask not who their leaders be, they only know the enemy
Old feuds are hushed as each one round the sacred banner draws.

They come not here to plunder foes, they are not urged by hate,
Nor lured by hopes of conquest, nor by glory's glittering bait;
No conscripts they, contented to fight at any master's nod,
But each man is a freeman, who bows down alone to God.

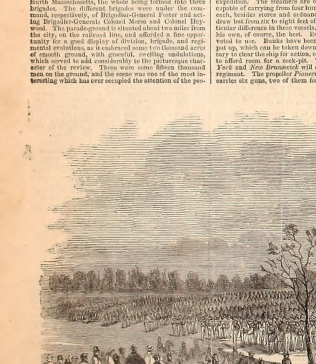
Each claims the nation as his own, from distant shore to shore;
To each belongs the starry flag his patriot fathers bore;
And each has sworn no rebel knave shall rend the land in twain,
Or strike one star from off that flag, so long without a stain.

Full many a soldier's grave there'll be, full many a darkened home,
Where wives and mothers sickening wait for those who ne'er shall come.
Yet for each one who nobly falls another stands prepared
To take his place, to wield his arms, and dare all he has dared.

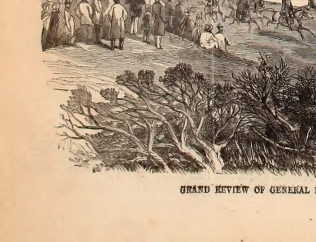
If fate should frown, and treason's flag, o'er many a stricken field,
Should proudly wave, there is a blood that knows not how to yield;
But gathering strength with each reverse, three stubborn ranks would grow,
As the torrent swells amid the rocks that vainly check its flow.

O could they fail, man's hopes would fall of freedom ever. more!
The peaceful reign of unarmed law and equal rights were o'er.
Then close your lines, and strike home deep amid the traitor clan—
No nobler cause the world has seen since man first warred with man!

L.



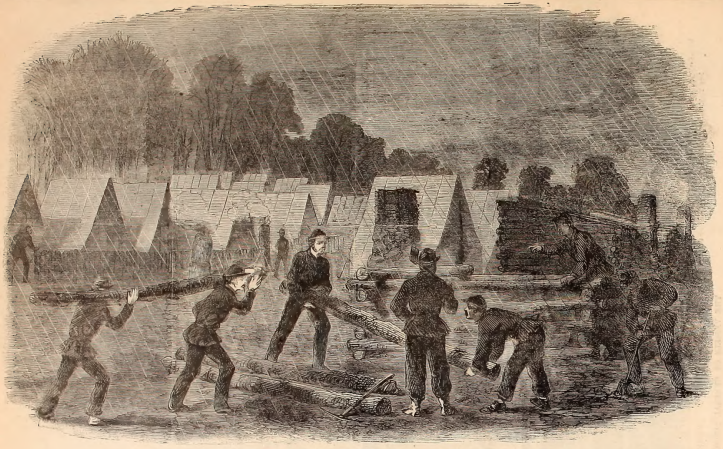
COMMODORE GOLDSBOROUGH, COMMANDING THE NAVAL PART OF BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]



GRAND REVIEW OF GENERAL BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITIONARY FORCE AT ANNAPOLIS, DECEMBER, 1861.



THE VESSELS OF GENERAL BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION AT ANNAPOLIS.—[Sketched by our Special Artist, Mr. Angelo Weber.]



BUILDING HUTS FOR THE ARMY ON THE POTOMAC.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

THE CITY OF RICHMOND, VA.

On pages 40 and 41 we publish a large view of the CITY OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, the capital of the pretended rebel Confederacy.

Richmond is situated on the James River, 23 miles north of Petersburg, 113 south by west of Washington, and about 150 miles from the mouth of the river. Its population in 1854 was 30,000; its exports about $9,000,000, chiefly wheat and tobacco. A gentleman who visited Richmond last summer gave the *Herald* an account of what he saw, and we subjoin the following extracts from his narrative:

The principal feature that strikes every one who sees Richmond for the first time is its curious topography. From the James River, which, tumbling over its rocky bed, makes a wide bend here, with its convex face to the city, rise, without any regard to uniformity of direction, some half-dozen hills, of gravel formation and of pretty considerable elevation. There has never been any attempt to grade them into level streets, but the city is scattered promiscuously up and an and over them, just as fashion, taste, or business may have happened to dictate. The principal part of the city, however, occupies actually only one of these elevations, and the garden spot of that one is the Capitol Square, where stands the building of which Jefferson procured the design in France, but which, however magnificent it may have been in the days of its comparative unostentatious days in which it was built, is certainly not to be lauded nor either for its beauty or for its adaptation to the wants of a State Legislature, much less to those of



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—A RECONNOISSANCE IN A LAUREL-BRAKE.



THE ARMY ON THE POTOMAC—BRINGING IN REBEL PRISONERS.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

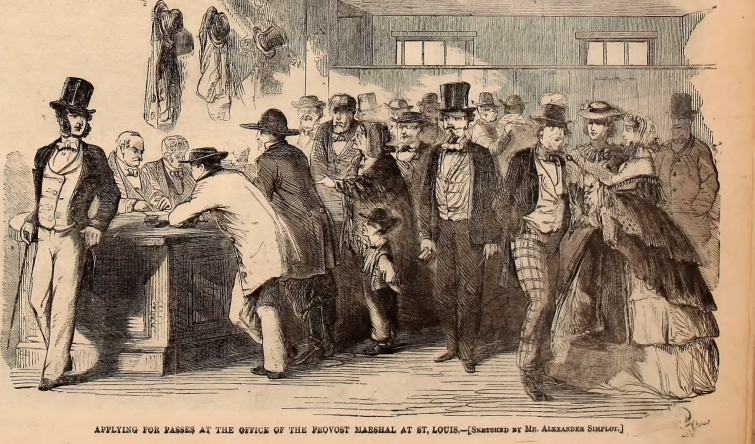
a Congress of Confederate States. In the centre of the Square is the beautiful equestrian statue of Washington, looking as calm and serene and commanding as if the city which he overlooks was not the centre and hot-bed of the rebellion treason that ever showed itself in the light of day. Around the base of this are the taller statues of distinguished Virginians, but those of which there are most are in their places. These are Jefferson, Henry and Mason—not the arrogant, self-conceited blockhead who recently represented the State in the Senate at Washington, and has now gone seeking recognition at London as the diplomatic representative of secessiondom, but a far purer, wiser, and more patriotic namesake of his. Here also is a small statue of Henry Clay.

Richmond has really but one business thoroughfare. That is Main Street. Most of the hotels, banks, newspaper offices, and stores are located on it. It extends northward into the open country, and southeastward to a suburb called Rocketts. In this latter section of it are situated some of the tobacco warehouses where our Union prisoners are now confined. These are large old brick edifices, of squalid, dilapidated appearance. They stand three together on one side of the street—which here is of a most dingy character—and two nearly opposite. These on the north side are overlooked by the bluffs in which Church Hill here terminates, and which supply gravel for the city, while those on the south side of the street have the James River and Kanawha Canal, and the river itself immediately in their rear.

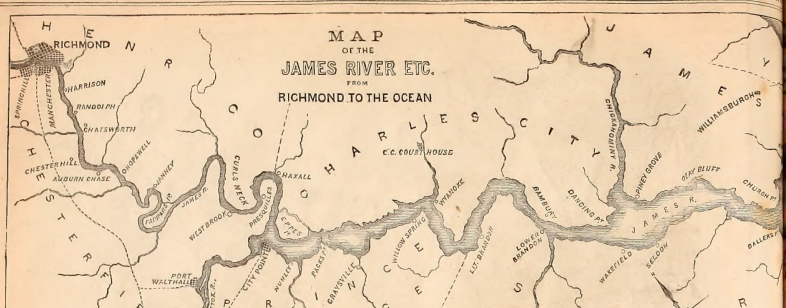
Near the summit of the elevation known as Church Hill is a large, old-fashioned brick building known as the almshouse. It has been converted from its original purpose, and now serves as a hospital for our sick and wounded. Sisters of Charity come and go, untiring angels of consolation, and the benevolent ladies of Richmond, so great is the mortality that prevails here, have opened the private houses in the vicinity are also converted into temporary hospitals. As a general thing, the former residents of this part of the city have gone elsewhere since the location of the hospitals here; and now on every tenth house or more you see waving a little dirty, whitish-yellow flag, denoting a lazarette. The 63d Fellows' Hall, on Broad Street, is also used as a general hospital. On the most commanding part of Church Hill still stands, in good preservation too, the church in which Patrick Henry made the famous speech at the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle, where he used that memorable and eloquent phrase, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" Around the church are the graves of the last generation of the people of Richmond, and I was no little disgusted to observe that few of the head-stones had escaped the profane Vandalism of some secessionist, who, as a proof of his wit, cut the figure "1" before the figures recording the age of the deceased, making it appear that those who rested here from their labors had enjoyed incredibly patriarchal length of years.

Between this hill and the rickety suburb known as Rocketts there is a large encampment, and I believe there are also batteries here, for the defence of the river. I know that there certainly are batteries on the bluffs, above and beyond Rocketts. Near here the ice steamers and sailing craft that used to trade to Richmond had their mooring-places, and here also the James River and Kanawha Canal has its southern outlet into the river. This is a great work of internal improvement, so far as the design is concerned; but, unfortunately for Virginia, her execution does not keep pace with her plans, and the canal, though open for many years, does not come within a long distance of the Kanawha River, which it was intended to tap. If it ever will do so, it must be after secession is crushed and the Union restored.

Richmond is not, as seems erroneously to be considered, garrisoned by a large army. There are only troops of instruction maintained here. The recruits are sent for drill and equipment, and when they are considered tenable in those respects they are forwarded to other points.

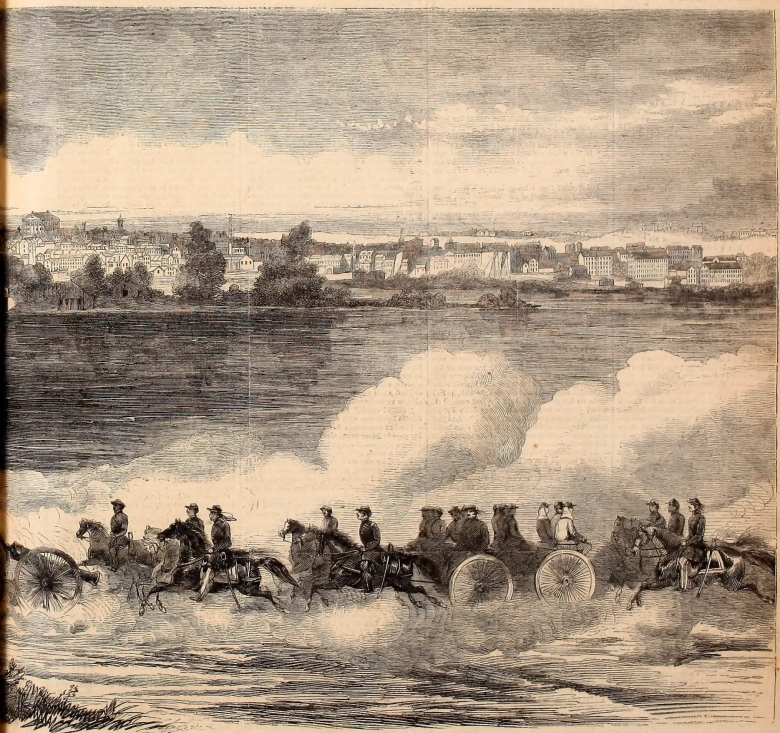


APPLYING FOR PASSES AT THE OFFICE OF THE PROVOST MARSHAL AT ST. LOUIS.—[SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]



THE CITY OF RICHMO





VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 38.]

BUN'S HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Well, I believe this is the end for to-night. Yes, that is the package of bills on the left. And you will communicate to Grede and Seyne first. The sooner it's over the better. Heigh-ho!"—and a long yawn exhaled with the cloud of cigar-smoke, and the face of the smoker seemed to assume a gray tinge in the grey light of the smoke.

The lawyer, drawing forth the package of bills on the left, remarked something pitifully to his wife on the other returned, between short, energetic whiffs,

"No, I don't think my creditors will give me cause for any great unfairness. I believe I have been, as you say, Mr. Waring, strictly honorable."

A slight pause, then a little shuttily, "But I wish it could have been deferred, at least. Bun will lose her Happy New Year now. Poor little Bun!"

The lawyer glanced up from his occupation, and as he fondled a soft arm across at the table, there was just the least surprise visible in his impassible face. What was it? What did he see in John Baylie to surprise him?

There was nothing strange to be seen. Only a man, young, lively, and going thoughtfully as he smoked into the blazing fire of sea-coal. A cool grave man to the world of business; some said a hard man, and at least to weigh carefully all the nice chances in the mercantile balance. Not less cool, not less grave now in seeming, but very pale indeed; and it might be that the shade of gravity had deepened to a shadow, and that a softer one than usual; or it might only be the shadow of thought that arose from the cigar. Who could tell? Not Mr. Waring with his one swift glance. Not especially the wife, dear John Baylie to whom tenderly. Who then? Little Bun could have told.

But after that one rapid glance the lawyer's interest in the matter appeared to subside, and the exclamation and the shadow went out of his mind together, for the matter of a few minutes, and passed quietly in business talk—cool, clear-headed recognizings on both sides, and no surprise. Only, as you would have said, a callous recognition and acceptance of certain bitter truths: so brave that when lawyer Waring walked home to his well-lit discomfort midnight he said to himself, "The man has splendid courage!" And on the still December midnight while losing home this man of splendid courage kept thinking, sometimes aloud, "Poor little Bun!"

As he turned to ascend the marble steps of his Fifth Avenue palace a carriage, with its span of blood-horses, dashed up, and immediately after a gas-light, dashed up to the curb-stone. It would seem as if the carriage and the horses were already in the lock, and a moment more he would have been out of sight, when a dear treble voice called,

"Papa, papa! I wait for—"

He stopped, hesitated just the fraction of a minute, then turned to meet Miss Waring's daughter, self-christened "Bun" in the days of her babyhood, out of some baby whim, which baby whim had clung to her for the last twenty years.

"You are back early," he said.

"Yes, and for such a funny reason. That clumsy Keyes—Clumsy Keyes, you know—caught my lovely thread-lace flounces in his ugly regimental sense way, and broke such a lot of them, I feel to come home. But I didn't mind, 'twas a stupid party. All my fun is in her box, and that isn't mine, but yours, papa, for I shall wear it only once to renew me for New-Year's night."

So, chattering in a bright, brilliant way, she had led him into the drawing-room, and now, under the full light of the chandelier, stood revealing the unlucky "fun" in a cloak of fur, trimmed, and torn, and cut by that "clumsy Keyes." In the midst of which revealing she gave a gay laugh as she recalls the unfortunate Captain, telling papa how absurdly he looked "flying down the room encwound in the long flounces of the thing," and papa smiles absently all the time, saying never a word; for all the time he is thinking, "This will lose her Happy New Year! Poor little Bun!"

Once at twelve he opened his lips to tell her about it; but she looked, a gay rustling creature, shook him, and then one o'clock struck from the French timepiece on the mantle, and rubbing a little while hand into the opulent gray in the head of the simplest little Bun goes yawning up to bed, dragging an ormolu clock by the hair. She is no doubt soon asleep, and smiling as she sleeps, very likely, over that "clumsy Keyes," while downstairs sits the man of splendid courage who hadn't courage enough to tell little Bun why she would lose her Happy New Year.

"I will tell her to-morrow," he promises himself. "I, for I will tell her to-morrow. She ought to know of course."

But when to-morrow came Bun was out when he was in. "Out driving, Sir," Ludemeuille Allen, her French maid, informed hi ::

"Out driving!" This was not pleasant to hear for John Baylie, and another sheet of paper that it violated a sense of propriety that his daughter should be "out driving" on the day when her fortunate was tinging with its new title of bankrupt. Much he regretted his cowardly "putting off" the night before.

"You will tell Miss Baylie," he said to Madelonsiele Allen, "that I wish to see her when she returns, and not to suffer her to go out until I see her."

It was late when the young lady returned. Her father would not be home till evening, the butler told her. But no one told her of his message; for only Madelonsiele Allen ever interrupted her in the out of that giddy French head the message went in fifteen minutes after it was communicated.

So in her ignorance Miss Baylie commenced her toilet for another party, under the supervision of the faithful Allen. It would seem that some untoward fate must have presided at that toilet; for never had Madelonsiele Allen succeeded so well in her mistress so brilliant—nay, almost gorgeous, in adornings as on this special evening. A dress of sheeny rose, liberally sown with pearls, whose rare, pale lustre gleamed with a fiery whiteness that seemed to absorb all light, and warmth, and color. Pearls, too, in her hair—splendid Persian pearls—and dropped like moon-spray on her neck and arms, where through mists of costly Flemish lace they sent out their subtle sparkle.

Madelonsiele Allen, who was not given to ecstasies, clasped her hands in a French order of admiration as she regarded her.

"Ah, ciel, you will kill somebody to-night, Mademoiselle!" she exclaimed; and Mademoiselle laughed, looked movies unwilling to fulfill the auspicious prophecy, and then, with a parting glance at her, and so ran down to the carriage, singing as she went the opening bars of Giacamento's *Ero stella dal mattino*. Beautiful like the star indeed, and as she ran all the hundred little stars, set in moonbeam spray upon her dress, danced out like fireflies.

It was fashionably early instead of late, and the ball-room was filled as she entered the dazzling room—Mrs. Vercleyne, who had rushed back from the Opera in the way to greet her some early. Was the dull stupid again so night?" Always mindful of the dignity of reserve; as haughty in her reticence as Beauharnais Waring, he was ten times as sensitive a regard to its breach. So his greeting in the hall of Wilton was plain-cool while a fire was raging within his breast. A nod beckoned her into the library, and he closed the heavy door before he spoke to her in the outside world. He knew why she had gone, for Allen's neglect of his message had transpired. Now what did she say?

Her first words thrilled him with surprise—with dread.

"Oh, papa, why did you not tell me?"

"Tell her—what?" he uttered, in his amazement. "Good Heaven! what did she have told? who had told her? I left a message for you at noon to remain in until I saw you, and Mademoiselle Allen forgot to deliver it."

"Oh!" faintly uttered, with nose relief in the tone, "I am glad of that. I am so sorry, papa, for you, I mean. *I don't* mind, you know."

He thought he would have to close with tears and terrors and, like Waring, he had been fortifying himself; and here she were, calm-eyed, unutterably puzzled, and glancing wonderingly at him. "I assument he could not see; a mist came over his vision; and he could find no words to answer her.

"I cannot think why you should have told *me* before she told her to untying the tassels of her cloak, and shaking away, with a little rounded kiss at her cheek, she replied, "Mr. Waring told me."

"Waring!" why had he told her?

It was a strange question—they two together. He eager, determined, expectant—and of the worst; she, laughing, and unbuttoning away from a cloak that haughty pride invaded, open to the world, and quivering with a double sense of suffering. She turned, tossed, and wore caressed, and wept, and lay scorned, insulted almost, and aching with the rude blow, but covering it over with a mask of calmness to save the pride of Beauharnais Waring.

Thus for a few moments they waited, hesitating, until he asked her in a husky voice,

"Why did Mr. Waring tell you, Rosamond?"

A moment more she hesitated; then, quite low in tone—not from delicacy at revealing—"He thought it wouldn't be pleasant for me to be there. He was much kinder to you, papa; and—and—he told me you were ill at first."

He rose and came before her. His voice was momentary quite gentle—so still, tender, deep for her. "Rosamond, was it not *pleasant* to?"

She trembled visibly, hanging her head at the unexpected question, and with gentle shame, yet caring more even than for the hurt to him.

"Not pleasant as usual, papa," she lastly laughingly answered.

All his suspicions were confirmed. The world had found out her secret, and hatred for years had struck back upon him in his only vulnerable spot—now his little Bun! This blow was more than he could bear calmly. Through his cool ease of manner vehement passion and tenderness proclaimed itself. Why did—why did—that was plain to an imprecation he took her to his breast.

"Child! child! how exclusive I have been to dare to insult you with neglect—with coldness!"

She had never seen her father moved before—her gay, trifling father, whose very touch was a kind word or a jest—and she trembled against his breast without a word.

By-and-by she said, as if in explanation, "It was not so strange, perhaps, papa, when you remember how I—I—" and she dropped the cloak from her shoulders, disclosing that sumptuous Princess Royal raiment.

His hand came down him as he regarded her. What might be not have saved her by an earlier confidence?

"Bun," he said, suddenly, "who was there that you know well?"

"Oh, every body almost! Henri Seyne, and—"

"Henri Seyne! was Seyne there?"

"Yes."

"What did he say to you, Bun?"

"Nothing, papa." He ground his teeth, and pressed something up and down the room. "The fools!" he muttered, "not to perceive at once that it was a child's ignorance. And Waring," he went on, "you did well, Waring, however, eh?"

She told him of his introduction, and all that followed.

As in a glass he saw every shade of this chivalrous conduct.

"God bless him!" he murmured, heartily, "Waring is a man!"

"And you think you will not mind, Bun?" turning again to her.

"Oh no, papa; you will be with me, and I shall like it."

"Like what, Bun?" he asked, smiling dreamily. "Oh, by-the-by, about what you were talking of. You mustn't think, papa, because I look so fine at night that I am thoroughly engrossed in the vanities of my dress. Aunt Anne ordered this for me, and I have thought very little about it indeed, papa, until to-night."

"And that was a sorry thought, wasn't it, Bun?"

"Oh, don't fret about it, I shan't! I shall be quite happy if I can see you cheerful, papa. It makes me ache so to think of you," she said, with a real ache in her voice.

He bent down and kissed her. "Child," he said, with much emotion, "the world has no power to make me suffer but through you. If I can carry you where its shafts can not reach you—if I can make you happy, I shall be happy. God bless you, Bun!"

The conference was ended, and they two alone in the world—father, yet not father, and child, yet other, separated with a new bond of sympathy that night.

A low, wide room, simply furnished—its view from two slender windows, the southwestern side of the country. To the north-east the Hudson—bay-head, showing greenly underneath a light glare of a January sun; to the west a light of hills, and flowering all, the level sweep of the sea. The wind howled savagely down the distant hills, and roughened the waters. The sun shone merrily through the murky scudding clouds; but within this low, wide room, a great fire roared and sang up the great chimney, and in the centre of the floor a table spread for two sparkled cheerily its plain dinnerservice in the light of the fire.

This was the home of Rosamond Baylie; and here, in this room, she—now her father—returned from town. A small, plain house for a palace of luxury. A single servant in place of a dozen obsequious attendants, and the rent reckoned by hundreds. This was the change that a week had brought to Rosamond Baylie. It would seem a hazardous experiment to transplant such an exotic to the loneliness of country-life in mid-winter; but John Baylie knew what he was about well. He had calculately educated, had the pure tastes of a gentlewoman. The simplicity of this stern country-life would strike her painfully than the gorgeousness of a fourth-rate city residence. For companionship he would see to it himself, and for the rest a couple hundred associates, and save her from utter loneliness.

So on this first day of January she awaited him. It was the day he had dreaded for her.

He comes in at length with his old, gay, brilliant manner, with a smile on his face, and pleasant words on his lips, but a stone at his heart. Throughout the dinner he was watching what they guessed but that he was the most contented of men.

At no grand entertainment had he shone so agreably by no more brilliant table-talk than that. The elegant dame at splendid festivities had he ever exerted all his powers of pleasing to charm more than the young girl sitting opposite to him. Books and people he discussed with her with a flattering deference he had never shown to the fairest among bits of gossip, stray reminiscences of his younger days, were thrown in as illustrations, while night settled down without and the fire flickered. Tea was heaped on, candles were brought in, and in the midnesses that followed they played a game at cribbage, with scattles of old songs, recitations of rare poems, etc., until the ancient clock in the hall proclaimed that the old year sat on the year in. Rising to bid her good-night, he risked the question which had been in his mind, putting it in a gay and careless manner:

"Well, has little Bun had a sorry New Year out here in the wilds?"

Her face grew radiant as she exclaimed, "Oh, papa, I never had such a Happy New Year in my life!"

"And you don't pine for the gay gallants you have left behind, with no one but an old rusty fellow like me, eh?"

"Pine!" She gave a little smile of ineffable amusement at connection with scorn. "Why, you are worth a hundred of them; and I shall never marry until I find one like you, papa—never!" And laughing lightly in a bright tinkle of merriment, she went up the narrow stairway to her tiny room, singing as she went that very *Ero stella del mattino*.

And this was Bun's Happy New Year he had thought she would lose.

So winter passed, and spring found them keeping excellent house-keeping—Bun's phrase.

Whatever of care or discomfort, and hard, bitter struggles John Baylie encountered fighting his way up again, he escaped them out of sight. Here he entered his home, and was only in the presence of his daughter the most agreeable companion she had ever met.

Whatever of inconvenience, of deprivation Rosamond Baylie endured, the same loving pleasure every night compensated.

But one thing a knowledge came to her which broke up the serene repose of her life. The servant they kept was an old nurse—Rosamond's foster-mother.

As Mr. Baylie went out that morning she looked after him, muttering, "He's growing thin under it!"

Her young mistress overheard her.

"What's that you say, Kathie? Who's growing thin under it?"

Kathie, thus surprised, answered, "Your father, Miss Rosamond dear. He's so afraid you will want for any thing he sits up o' nights working, writing till almost sunrise."

A flush passed over Rosamond's face. In her ignorance she had not seen that even so small an establishment required considerable money to keep it up. And here she had been idle while he was wearing himself out! What could she do? Who could advise her? Suddenly she remembered one who had proved himself a true gentleman, if not a friend, on that painful night. He was a lawyer. She had been told that lawyers employed a vast amount of copying; and Rosamond at once thought she dressed herself, searched out the lawyer's address from the directory, and started for the cars. It waited but five minutes to the time of

leaving, but she reached the dépôt in season, and was soon whirling over the road to New York.

"A lady, Sir, to see you," the clerk communicates carelessly, and returns to his desk outside. Mr. Warling goes on writing, finishes his document, then touches the spring of the bell.

"Here," to the clerk, "file this with No. 30. Oh, James, did you say some one wanted to see me?"

"Yes, a lady, Sir."

"Show her in, I will see her now;" and Rensbaw Warling yawns rather wearily over the expected interview with some one of the numerous clients.

Simply dressed as she is, he does not recognize the young girl before him; for the little Bun he remembers was clothed like a fairy princess. A word startles.

"Miss Baylie! I beg your pardon."

With the same composure as another occasion she states her errand. Perhaps Renshaw Waring had fifty just such applications every day. He was obliged to disappoint fifty and grant fifty, if not more. He did not disappoint Rosamond Baylie, however, but made up a roll for her which would keep her employed a week.

"So you are out of town, your father tells me," he remarks to her as he is making up the package.

"Yes."

"It is a pleasant old place—Warehill."

"Do you know it, Mr. Waring?"

"I was born there, Miss Baylie. The property used to be called Waring Hill. It was afterward re-Warehill, which the country people shorten to "Ware."

She laughed a little, remembering Kathie's very pronunciation.

Presently rising to go, thanking him with a cool dignity which she might have given had he done her some service of gallantry at a party, she adds, "We should be pleased to see you, Mr. Waring, at Warehill."

He thanked her courtesy, smiling a moment when she said, "I think papa must feel better society than I am to him. I fancy he gets lonely."

Clearly she put him entirely out of the question.

"But you," he resumed, "do you not get lonely with only 'papa?'

I believe for the space of a second Rosamond Baylie thought Renshaw Waring was the stupidest man she had ever met. Then she answered, a little coldly,

"I don't think any body could be lonely with papa."

Mr. Waring bowed, with a pleasant compliment for "papa," and his visitor went out mollified. "That's Miss Baylie's way," he mused, when the lawyer sat he resumed his papers. I shouldn't like to tell him to be more kind to Rosamond. But it's a brave little girl. This work will ease her heart. I'm glad I gave it to her."

Many times after this he thought he would accept her frank invitation to call upon "papa," but one thing and another got in it off, and thus spring went and summer deepened.

Regularly, however, she made her calls at his office for "copying," and as regularly was it duly plied.

Meanwhile life at Warehill moved on more smoothly than before. The little fund which was paying in so secretly had lightened the load.

"Kathie, you must be very economical," Mr. Baylie half jestingly observed one day. "Your housekeeping bills are wonderfully reduced."

"Bless you, Sir," answered the little Kathie to whom Rosamond's secret was as sacred as death, "summer, you know, is all the difference in the world. There's the fires you know, and the vegetables."

So Mr. Baylie was lovingly deceived.

It was toward the latter part of the summer that Mr. Waring, out riding, under the call he had been contemplating so long, in which he understood between himself and Miss Baylie that her father was to be ignorant of her business connections with him; so he must put this call upon the list of accidents, for John Baylie in his sensitive pride had never invited him.

The sound of a flute came to him with a piano accompaniment as he rode up. "Miss Baylie has a visitor," he presumed.

The presumption was incorrect, for the door stood wide open, and while he waited for the song he saw it was only "papa."

Mr. Baylie? "Pleased to see you, Mr. Waring," was somewhat stiff and haughty of tone, but beyond-by his old love of genial society warmed up under Mr. Waring's sympathizing manner, and when Mr. Waring left, there was as cordial an invitation to repeat the visit from the host as from the hostess. The ice once broken, he found a habit of dropping in upon them quite frequently, and Rosamond enjoyed her father's improvement in his new and valuable acquisition to his isolated life more than any thing else.

Into all their brilliant talks—and there were few more brilliant talkers or deeper thinkers than John Baylie and Renshaw Waring—Rosamond, bringing her delicate thread of thought, let on by her father, who never for one moment forgot her. In such pleasant ways the summer evenings passed away. Then winter brought again the great roaring fire, but still Kathie's housekeeping was as mysterious, by economical as ever. Mr. Baylie couldn't see into it, he said; but Kathie's ingenuity here again beguiled him.

"I'm getting used to the ways of the house, you see, Sir, and that makes all the difference in the world," she said. This ambiguous sentence amused him somewhat, but he thought Kathie knew what she meant better than he did. Indeed she did.

One day in December Rosamond came in, cheeks and lips aglow, and eyes sparkling with the news: "Oh such splendid skating down to Warehill pond. Will you try it with me, papa?"

It grieved John Baylie to refuse the least pleasure to one whom pleasures were so limited; but he never shirked. She had set him Mr. Waring as she entered; but hearing what she said, he came forward and offered his services. If Miss Baylie would allow him he should like to try his skill once more. He could skate very well years ago. Miss Baylie was frankly delighted, and the next time Renshaw Waring appeared he was ready to attend her.

Now it must be confessed that Bun was an awkward little skater; she was only trying, you know; but Mr. Waring was as firm as she was unsteady, and many a tumble he saved her by his steady guidance. Leaning his daughter in such good hands, John Baylie was content to remain with books or writing indoors. But in those hands she was learning a new lesson. And Renshaw Waring?

Renshaw Waring had for years disdained general society. Once he had been a leader in it, brilliant and admired. Some experience had changed the man, and he himself knew it, when he was him at forty, a profound and successful lawyer. The society he disdained said he was a disappointed man. But now he was—what was he—Was Renshaw Waring learning a new lesson too?

After much careful teaching Miss Rosamond determined to try her accomplishment alone. One afternoon just at sunset, a cold still day, and the pond was like a surface of glass. Away she went, skimming over its smoothness in a very creditable manner; but at last she turns a false step, and she wavers, and in a moment more comes to.

"Oh, Mr. Waring!" she exclaims. Mr. Waring did not see her tumble, for he was engaged in swift movement, and as she wavers again, with outstretched arms he approaches, and as she falls he catches her, and for a moment just presses her to his heart.

"Little Bun, you couldn't do without me, could you? I wish I could always be as necessary to you. Will you trust yourself to me for life, my darling?"

Then, as he spoke, thrilled his heart with happiness.

Then loose to look her straight into the presence of John Baylie, with these direct words: "Mr. Baylie, will you give me your little Bun?" For a brief moment the father felt a sharp pang. His little Bun! all he had in the world! Then the sure safety, the happiness for her triumphed; and he said to Renshaw,

"Mr. Waring, I believe you are worthy even of little Bun. I hope you love her half as well as her father does."

"Do I can not leave my father, Mr. Waring, when, where—"

"You blessed child, you never shall! I do not think *I* could leave your father, Bun."

"Papa!"

Again it is the first of January, and in a low white room, where the fire burns and blazes up in great chimney, Rosamond Baylie sits a bride—the wife of Renshaw Waring. Once more little Bun in her father's arms. The present of the year before a year ago scorned her new finds out its mistake, and opens its arms to her; but there are fewer arms within whose sheltering fold to nestle happiness.

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LXII.

OUR vows are exchanged at the altar—the rite which made Lilian my wife is performed—we are returned home—we are alone. I look on her in which my fathers had worshiped, the joybells that rang for my marriage had pealed for my birth. Lilian had come from Rome to prepare for our bridal ceremony, while the carriage we have lately purchased is sent for. Late in obtaining her mother on the lawn, seeking to cheer and compose her spirits, painfully affected by the sudden change in the manners and habits of the parent which makes itself suddenly felt by the parent's heart, I leave that sorrow to the child another heart on which to lean.

But Mrs. Ashleigh's was one of those gentle natures which, though full of feeling, are not easily consoled. And, already smiling through her tears, she was about to quit me and join Lilian, when the voice of the old man waits came to me with some letters, which had just been delivered by the post-boy. I took them, and asked the servant, Mrs. Ashleigh asked if there were any letters for her? She expected one from her daughter Emily, implying an answer to her in her absence, and about whom the kind mistress felt anxious, for the young woman's health was no letter for her, but one directed to Miss Ashleigh, which he had just sent up to the young lady.

Mrs. Ashleigh did not doubt that her housekeeper had written to her daughter, well known from the cradle, and to whom she was tenderly attached, instead of to her mistress, and my curiosity was roused to that effect, quickened her steps toward the house.

I was glancing over my own letters, chiefly from publishers, with a copy, when a cry of agony, a cry as of one suddenly stricken to the heart, pierced my ear. It came from the house. "Heavens! was not that Lilian's voice?" The same doubt struck Mrs. Ashleigh, who had hurried on before me. She turned pale, dis-appearing within the threshold, and calling to me to follow. I bounded forward—passed her on the stairs—was in Lilian's room before her.

My bride was on the floor, prostrate, insensible. So still, so colorless! that my first dreadful thought was that life had gone. In her hand was a letter, crushed, as with a convulsive soft grasp.

It was long before the color came back to her cheek, before the faintest sound escaped her lip. She woke, but not to health, not to sense. Hours were passed in violent convulsion, in which Lilian tossed on her bed. To these succeeded stupor, lethargy, not benignant sleep. That night, my bridal night, I passed as in some chamber to which I had been summoned to save youth from the grave. At length, at length, life was rescued, was assured! Life came back, but the mind was gone. She knew me not, nor her mother. She spoke little and faintly; in the words she uttered there was no reason.

I pass hurriedly on; my experience here was in vain, my skill was in vain. Lilian lingered on, and no ray came back to the darkened brain. Then came, by gentle stages, to London. I was sanguine of good result from skill more consummate than mine, and more specially devoted to the disease of the mind. I summoned the first advisers. In vain !—in vain!

CHAPTER LXIII.

AND the cause of this direful shock? Not this time could it be traced to some evil spell, some phantasmal influence. The cause was direct, and might be produced often by as simple cause. Lilian's nature, though not deficient in her own nature of stronger fibre if compounded with it was delicately sensitive, an honor as exquisitely pure.

The letter found in her hand was without name; it was dated from Rome, and bore the post-mark of that town. It conveyed to Lilian, in the biting words which female malice can make so sharp, the tale we had sought anxiously to guard from her ear—her flight, the consequent fate of the unhappy girl. It offered for my blind infatuation a contemptuous pity; it asked her to pause before she brought on the name of Ashleigh an indelible infamy. If she do decided, she was warned not to return to Rome, as by no other there for the stranger who would exclude her from the society of her own sex. I can not repeat more. I have not minute recall, but the letter expressed or implied, in either the strange blossoms in a work of breath. The heart that it reached was struck as by poison on the brain, and the mind fled before the presence of a thought so deadly to all the ideas which its innocence had hitherto conceived.

I knew not whom to suspect of the malignity of this mean and miserable outrage, nor did I much care to discover. The handwriting, though evidently disguised, was that of a woman, and, therefore, had the discovered the author, my blood would have forbidden me the idle solace of revenge. Mrs. Poyntz, however resolute and pitiless her temper when once roused, was not without a certain largeness of nature irreconcilable with the meanness of all the envenomed hate that hatred or envy can supply to the vile. She had too lofty a self-esteem and too decorous a regard for the common proprieties of life to stoop, she typified, to do, or connive at, an act which degrades the gentlewoman. Putting her aside, what other female friend had Lilian ever made? No matter! What other woman at L——— was worth the consideration of a conjecture?

After listening to all that the ablest of my professional brethren in the metropolis could suggest to prevent the mind trying its own remedies, I brought back my charge to L——, abandoning my practice and my fame to other patients, I engaged, for the privacy of my home, a house two miles from the town, secluded in its own grounds, and guarded by high walls.

Lilian's mother removed to my mournful dwelling-place. Ashleigh House, in the centre of a fatting coteria, had become distasteful to her, and to me it was associated with thoughts of anguish and of terror. I could not, without a shudder, have entered its grounds—could not, without a stab at the heart, have seen again the fatal gates of Ashleigh Monks' Well, and the dark cedar-trees under which Lilian's hand had given pledge of love to the unconscious remembrance, banished while Lilian's angel face had heightened the fatal precincts, now revived in full force. The very name was abhorred and it not been fulfilled.

A new contract for the old house was found within a week after Mrs. Ashleigh had written from London to a house-agent at L——, intimating her desire to dispose of the house. Ere before we had gone to Windermere Miss Ashleigh had received a visit from Mr. Mural Ainsworthy bequeathed to her by her uncle, Sir Phelim. Her means thus enabled her to move, and the commodious and humble lodging of the hitherto occupied, to Abbots' House; but just as she had there commenced a series of ostentatious improvements, implying an intention to rise to dispute with Mrs. Poyntz the sovereignty of the Hill, Miss Ashleigh was seized with a malady which appeared complicated with spinal disease, and after my return to L——— none of the skill of the spacious pantheon of the Hill, drawn along slowly in a Bath chair, by the two peering and sallow faces of Indian shawls and Siberian furs, and the gaunt figure of Dr. Jones stalking by her side, taucium and grave to assume sincere mourner with the crowd to the grave the patron on whose life he had conveniently lived himself. It was in the dismal return of February that I returned to L——, and I took possession of my blighted nuptial home on the second anniversary of the very day on I had passed through the dead dumb world from the naturalist's gloomy death-room.

CHAPTER LXIV.

LILIAN'S wondrous gentleness of nature did not desert her in the suspension of her reason. She was habitually calm—very silent; when she spoke it was rarely on earthly things—on things familiar to her during one single conversation-hend. Her thought seemed to have quitted the earth, seeking refuge in some imaginary heaven. She spoke of meetings with her father as if he were living still; she called me husband, not to sense.

[Continued on Page 46.]



THE SKATING SEASON.—1862.

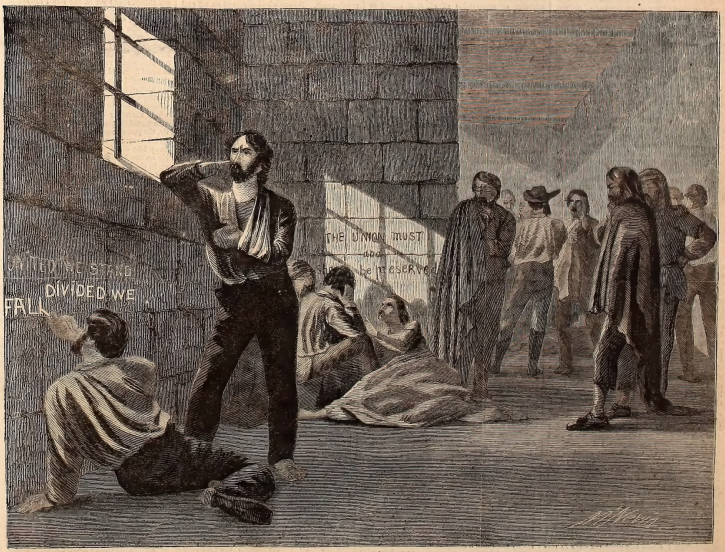


SURPRISE OF REBELS BETWEEN HURRICANE AND LOGAN, WESTERN VIRGINIA, BY A DETACHMENT OF COLONEL PIATT'S ZOUAVES (THIRTY-FOURTH OHIO VOLUNTEERS), UNDER LIEUTENANT ROWE.—[SKETCHED BY SERGEANT HILLES.]

SKIRMISH IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

We publish herewith an illustration of the surprise of a party of rebels in Western Virginia by a detachment of the Thirty-fourth Ohio Volunteers. The officer who sent us the sketch appended the following note:

Herewith I send you a sketch by our color-bearer, Sergeant Hilles. It vividly represents the utter rout of a party of rebels who were encamped in the mountains between Hurricane Bridge and Logan Court House, Western Virginia. A detachment of Piatt's Zouaves, under command of Lieutenant Richard Rowe, numbering 90 men, surprised on six o'clock in the morning, December 31 309 rebels, whom they gallantly attacked and routed, wounding several and taking three prisoners, our side sustaining no loss.



THE UNION PRISONERS AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

(Continued from Page 43.

who had been detached from the crowd by the profession of friendship—those who, when the slander was yet new, and might have been awed into silence had they stood by my side—to the pressure of their hands now I had no response.

Against Mrs. Perrute, above all others, I bore a remembrance of unreleased, unmitigable indignation. Her schemes for her daughter's marriage had triumphed: Jane was Mrs. Ashleigh Sumner. Her mind was, perhaps, softened now that the object which had dampened its worldly faculties was accomplished: that it was, on the hearing of my affliction, had this she Machiavel owned a humane remorse, and, with all her keen comprehension of each fleeting shot circumstance gave to her will, availed herself of the general commotion to strengthen the popular reaction in favor of Lilian's assaulted honor—in vain had she written to me to ask the gentleness of sympathy for her husband's unfortunate politics—in vain besought me to call on her—in vain waylaid and accosted me with a supplicating look that implored forgiveness; I vouchsafed no reproach, but I could imply no pardon, put between her and my great sorrow the impenetrable wall of my freezing silence.

One word of hers at the time that I had so pathetically besought her aid, and, on the parrot-block that repeated her very whisper in noisy shrillness would have been as loud as if uttered as it had been to defame; that vile letter might never have been written. Whoever its writer, it amply was one of the baleful who took their malice itself from the jest or the nod of their female despot; and the writer might have recalled herself to saying she did but coarsely proclaim what the oracle of worldly opinion, and the early friend of Lilian's own mother, had forbidden her to believe.

By degrees the bitterness at my heart diffused itself to the circumference of the circle in which my life went its cheerless mechanical round. That cordial brotherhood with the unfortunate that is the true physician's happiest gift and humanest duty, forsook my breast. The warning words of Mrs. Poyntz had come true. A patient that monopolized my thoughts awaited me at my own hearth! My conscience became tenderer, but it felt that my skill was lessened. I said to myself, "The physician who, on entering the sick room, fails, while there, something that is among the finest powers of his intellect from the sufferer's ease, is unfit for his calling." And my resolve to be passed once by fatal wedding-day before I had formed a resolution to quit London, and abandon my profession; and my resolution was confirmed, and my goal determined, by a letter I received from Julius Faber.

I had written a line to him, not many days after the blow that had fallen on me, stating all circumstances as calmly and clearly as I could, and would allow, for I held his skill at a higher estimate than that of any living brother of my art, and I was not without hope in the effect of his advice. The letter I now received from him had been begun, and continued at some length, before my communication reached him. And this earlier portion contained animadvi and cheerful descriptions of his Australian life and business, which contrasted with the sorrowful tone of the supplement written in reply to the tidings with which I had wrung his friendly and affectionate heart. In this, the letter, part of his letter, he suggested, or that if time had brought no counsel of comfort for the better, it might be advisable to try the effect of foreign travel. Scenes entirely new might stimulate observation, and the consideration of things external withdraw the sense from that brooding over images decisively focused within which characterized the kind of mental alienation I had described. "Let any intellect create for itself a visionary world, and the unreasoning built on it are fallacious; the visionary world vanishes in proportion as we can arouse a predominant interest in the actual."

This grand authority, who owed half his consummate skill as a practitioner to the extent of his knowledge as a philosopher, then proceeded to give me a hope which I had not dared, of myself, to form. He said, "I should imagine the case you so minutely detail from that insanity which is recent; here it seems evident that no reason held in suspense. Where there is hereditary predisposition, where there is organic change of structure in the brain, nervous system, there is that kind of insanity which takes the epithet of moral, whereby the whole character becomes so transformed that the prime elements of understanding, conscience itself, is either erased or warped into the execution of crime. In healthful state, it would most disapprove, it is only charlatans who promise effectual cure. But here I assume that there is no hereditary taint. Nor do I am convinced, from my own observation, that the mischief is in the organs, all things are in the vigor of youth, would rather submit to death than to the permanent overthrow of their equilibrium in reason; here, where you state the character preserves all its moral attributes of gentleness and purity, and the contagion lies in one early habit of estranged contemplation; here, without deceiving you in false kindness, I give you the guarantee of my experience when I bid you 'hope!' I am persuaded that, sooner or later, the mind, too, has its natural cure, will right itself; because here, in the course of the malady, we do but deal with the nervous system. And that, once righted, and the mind once disciplined in those practical duties which conjugal life necessitates, the malady itself will never return; never be transmitted to the children, on whom your wife's restoration to health may permit you to count hereafter. If the course of travel I recommend and the prescriptions I conjoin with that course fail you, let me know; and though I would fain close my days in this land, I will come to you. I love you as my son. I will tend your wife as my daughter."

Foreign travel! The idea smiled on me. Julius Faber's companionship, sympathy, healing skill! The very thought seemed as a raft to a drowning mariner. I now read more attentively the earlier portion of his letter. There he described, in glowing colors, the wondrous country in which he had fixed his home; the joyous elasticity of its atmosphere; the freshness of its primitive pastoral life; the strangeness of its scenery, with a flora and a fauna which have no similitudes in the ransacked quarters of the Old World. And the strong impulse seized me to transfer to the shores of that Hesperian and barely Nature a spirit no longer at home in the civilized regions of men, and a heart-sick that shrunk from all social eyes, and would fain have found a wilderness for the desolate hearth, on which they had ceased to be sacred if unveiled. As if to give practical excuse and reason for the idea that seized me, Julius Faber mentioned, incidentally, that there was every prospect of a wealthy speculator in his immediate neighborhood coming on sale at a price very moderate to me alluringly trivial, and, according to his judgment, far below the value they would soon reach in the hands of a more wide capitalist. He wrote at the period of the agricultural panic in the colony which preceded the discovery of the earliest gold-fields. But his geological science had convinced him that strata within and around the property of which he was now speaking and his intelligence enabled him to predict how inevitably man would be attracted toward the gold, and how surely the gold would enrich the soil and enrich its owners. He described the house that was to be sold—in our terms, a gentleman's purchaser; it had been built at a cost unusual in those early times, and by one who clung to English taste amidst alien scenes, so that in this purchase a settler would escape the hardships that had been ordinarily the commencement of his life, in short, a home to which a man, more luxurious than I, might bear a bride with some key to the position to which I was entitled for my darling Lilian.

This communication dwelt on my mind through the sweetness of the day on which I received it, and in the evening I read all, except the supplement, aloud to Mrs. Ashleigh in her daughter's presence. I desired to see if Faber's description of the country and its life, which in themselves were extremely specific in detail, would arouse Lilian's interest. At first, she did not seem to hear what I read. But when I came to Faber's loving account of little Amy, Lilian turned her eyes toward me, and evidently listened with attention. I saw that the child had already become the most useful person in the simple household. I also watched the quick frown of the mother had made the service of the eye; all their associations of comfort had grown around that child as the companionship of a man who she had contrived to monopolize the management or supervision of all that added to Blame the nameless infant whose image her eyes the rude furniture of the log-house grew incongruous with. Rightly she might deem that where the dairy; she had made the garden gay with flowers selected from the wild, and suggested the unfledged which the mother's fancy had left very omit a refreshment in the weariness of daily labor. Lilian sighed as I laid down abruptly. I wrote the old man, with the enthusiasm which no time had roth from his hearty, healthful generosity—How all that is best and beautiful is here opening last into flower from the bud of the infant's soul! That child's companionship to suit it—the child-woman in the child-world!"

I heard Lilian sigh; I looked toward her features closely; I could see that a change in her face was quivering. Presently she began to rub her right hand over the left—over the wedding-ring—at first slowly, then with increasing rapidity.

"It is not here," she said, impatiently; "it is not lost."

"What is not here?" asked Mrs. Ashleigh, hanging over her.

Lilian leaned back her head on her mother's bosom, and answered faintly:

"The child's wedding-ring! there was a stain on this hand. I do not see it—do you?"

"There is no stain, never was," said I; "the hand is white as your mother's—as white as the fro which you take your name."

"Hush! you do not know my name. I will whisper it. Shall—my name is Nightshade. Do you want to know where the lily is now, brother? Ah, no! I will tell you. Lily is dead —you call her Amy—she is the lily—take her to your breast—hide her. Hist! what are those bells? Marriage-bells. No, no, I see them there. For there is a cruel wind that whispers the bells, and the bells ring out what it whispers, louder and louder.

'Stain on lily,
Stain on lily,
Wither lily.'

If she hears what the wind whispers to the bells, she will creep away into the dark, and then she too, will turn to Nightshade."

"Lilian!" said I, sternly. You have been in a long, long dream: it is passing away. Lilian, my beloved, are you awaking?"

Never till then had I heard from her even so vague an allusion to the fatal calumny, and its dreadful effect upon her. Those words now pierced my heart, it beat, among its pangs, with a thrilling hope.

But, alas! the idea that had gleamed upon her had vanished already. She murmured something about Circles of Fire, and a Veiled Woman in black garments; became restless, agitated, and unconscious of our presence, and finally sank into a heavy sleep.

That night (my room was next to hers with the intervening door open) I heard her moaning. I hastened to her side. She was still asleep, but her face expressed intense laboring oppression on her young face, and yet not an expression wholly of pain—for her lips were parted with a smile—that glad yet troubled smile with which one who has been revolving some subject of perplexity or fear greets a sudden thought that seems to solve the riddle, or prompt the escape from the danger; and as I softly took her hand she returned my gentle pressure, and inclining toward mine, said, still in sleep,

"Let us go."

"Go, Lilian?" I answered, under my breath, so as not to awake her; "is it to see the child of your friend, and the child that is blooming out of the earth's childhood?"

"Out of the dark into the light; where the leaves are green always; where the night is short day, and the winter our summer. Let us go—let us go!"

She will go. Dream on undisturbed, my bride. Oh that the dream could tell you that you have but awaked from a dream more painful and deeper than on the day in which our vows were exchanged! In you still all my hopes fold their wings: when you arise, there still I myself have my dream-land!"

The day after, grew bright as I spoke: all trouble left the smile; softly she drew her hand from my clasp, and rested it for a moment on my head, then, as if in blessing.

I rose; stole back to my own room, closing the door, lest the sob I could not stifle should mar her sleep.

CHAPTER LXVII.

I RECEIVED my new prospects to Mrs. Ashleigh. She seemed easily persuaded to listen to them. I could have supposed, judging by her blushes, sighs, and trembling hands, that answers to all that disturbed their even tenor. But the great grief which had befallen her had roused her from a dangerous lethargy which lies dormant in all hearts that are capable of loving another more than self. To her full consent I wrote to Faber, communicating my intentions, requesting him to purchase the property he had so commended, and charging my bankers to remit the amount on an Australian firm. I now announced my intention to retire from my profession; made over my practice to a gentleman with a moderate, but practice; disposed of my two houses at L——. Read the last sentence in picture. Whatever dread within me, or I might have been gratified by the sensation which the news of my design created. My faith has compelled me to describe my mental qualities as I might possess were exaggerated. The public regret vented and consoled itself in a few complimentary lines in the local journal; and my patients insisted on the privilege to contribute, in a round robin, to a testimonial which was to have served for the epitaph on some great man's tomb. No one who has served an art and strives for a name is so wise to himself as to others; and sweet indeed would such honors have been to me had not publicity itself seemed a mocking to the humiliation that afflicted the name of Lilian apart from the movement and the glories of the world.

The two persons most active in "getting up" this testimonial were, nominally, Colonel Poyntz and Mr. Vigors, the latter a solicitor, junior to Vigors! It is long since my narrative has referred to Mr. Vigors. But it is right that I should state that, in his capacity of magistrate, and in his own way, he had been both active and delicate in the investigation of the foul slander upon the unhappy time in which she had wandered, spell-bound, from her home. He alone, of all the more influential managers of the town, had upheld her innocence against the gossip that asserted it; and when, after the trial, he called on me at my residence at L——, he had sought me, with frank and manly confessions of his regret for his former prejudice against me, and expressions of the respect in which he had held me ever since my first professional attendance on Mrs. Ashleigh. He had then, strong in his ruling passion, besought me to consult his clairvoyants as to her child's fate. I declined that test, but I was not the less affected by his kindness, and, as I should once have done, but with no word nor look of irrepressible disdain. The fact was, that I had conceived a solemn terror of all practices and pretenses of the human mind that touched on science. Perhaps in my refusal I did wrong. I know not. I was afraid of my own imagination. He testified not less friendly in spite of my refusal. And, such are the vicissitudes in human feeling, I parted from him with a kindly regard for my most bigoted foe with a warmer sentiment of kindness than for any of those on whom I had formerly lavished my love. He had loved and pitied Lilian. It was not so with Mrs. Poyntz. I would have said ten-fold the value of the testimonial to have avoided it from the lips of those who subscribed to it, her husband's name.

The day before I quitted ——, and some weeks after I had, in fact, renounced my practice, I received an urgent entreaty from Miss Blakeston to see her. She was ill, and could not be blurred that I could with difficulty decipher them, that she was very ill, even over by Dr. Jones, who had been attending her. She implored my opinion.

CHAPTER LXVII.

On reaching the house a formal man-servant, with indifferent face, transferred me to the guidance of a hired nurse, who led me up the stairs, and, before I was well aware of it, into the room in which Dr. Lloyd had died. Widely different, indeed, the aspect of the walls, the character of the furniture. The dingy paper-hangings were replaced by airy muslin curtains, the rose-colored ground through their fanciful openwork; luxurious fauteuils, gilded wardrobes, full-length mirrors, a toilet-table tricked out with lace and ribbons, and glittering with an array of silver gewgaws and jeweled trinkets—all transformed the sick chamber of the simple man of science to a boudoir of death for the vain coquette. But the room itself, in its high lattice and heavy ceiling, and its spacious—as the term itself has the same confines whether it be rich in velvets and bright with blazoning, or rude as a trapper's shell.

And the bed, with its silken coverlet, and its pillows edged with the thread-work of Lovisa stood in the same relative place to the window had flickered the frowning smoke-rock above the dying remnant of fire. As I approached, a man, who was seated beside the sufferer, turned round his face, and gave me a silent kindly nod of recognition. It was Dr. Jones, the village doctor of the town, the one with whom I had the most frequently consulted in the progress of the physician resigns to the priest the language that bids man hope. Mr. Clinger, as a preacher, was renowned for the unction of his manner. As a nurse, revered for his benignant piety; as friend and neighbor, beloved for a sweetness of nature which seemed to temper the fierce elements of a mind eminently masculine by the best of a nature tender as the gentlest woman's.

This good man, then whispering something to the sufferer which I did not overhear, stole toward me, met me by the hand, and, said, in a whisper, "Be merciful as Christians are, for the bed may be beholden, there left me, went out, and closed the door.

"Do you think I am really dying, Dr. Fenwick?" said the sufferer, in a voice that Dr. Jones has misunderstood my case. I wish I had called you in at the first, but—but I could not—I could not! Why am I dying? Do you think you think you could do me good?"

I laid my hand on the pulse in that skeleton wrist; the aspect of the face sufficed to tell me that death was drawing near.

Bechadnezzar, Never, I went through the blackened formula of professional questions. This vain mummery done, as gently and delicately as I could, I gave the true expository of concluding, if not yet settled, those affairs which relate to this world.

"This duty," I said, "in relieving the mind from care for others to whom we owe the forethought of affectionate duty, is one of the holy duties of many a drawing pain, and sometimes, to the surprise of the most experienced physician, prolongs life itself."

"Ah," said the old maid, peevishly, "I understand! But I have no duty, no troubles me. I should not be left to a nurse from a hospital if my relations did not know that my property dies with me. And I handed it in furnishing this house, Dr. Fenwick, and all these pretty things will be sold for what the horrid tradesmen!—very hard! so hard!—just as I had got things about me in the way I always said I would have them! Very hard, very cruel! It always said I would have my bedroom hung with muslin, like dear Lady L——; and the drawing-room in green-colored silk—so pretty! You have not seen it: you would not know the house. Dr. Fenwick. And just as I had got settled, to be taken away, and thrust into the grave. It is so cruel!" And she began to weep. Her emotion brought on a violent cough, which, when she recovered from it, had produced one of those trembling exhaustions of mind and body sometimes witnessed before death: changes whereby the whole character of a life seems to undergo solemn transformation. Like the dying Roman general, the proud meek, the frivolous earnest. That awful moment when the things of earth pass away like dissolving views, and the spiritual visible on the back-ground by the glare that shoots up in the last flicker of the lamp.

And when she lifted her haggard face from my shoulder, and heard my pitying, soothing tones, it was with the look of one who sees in the face of fondest toys that spoke in the falling lines of her lip, in her eye, in her pleading eye.

"So this is death," she said. "I feel it hurrying on. I must speak. I promised Mr. C. that I would. I promised. Do you mean you? That letter—that letter to Lilian Ashleigh, I wrote it! Oh, do not look at me so terribly; I never thought it would do such harm. And I am not punished enough? I truly believed, when I wrote, that Mrs. Poyntz had given authority, and once I was silly enough to fancy that you might have liked me. But I had another motive: I had been so poor all my life—I had become rich unexpectedly; I set my heart on this house—I had always thought it pretty—I thought if I could prevent Miss Ashleigh marrying you, and secure her and her mother from coming back to L——, they would leave it cheap. And I did get it. What for?—to die. I had not been here a week before I got the hurt that is killing me—a fall down the stairs—coming out of this very room: the stairs had been polished. If I had said this to the coroner, he would not have believed me. I shall say it now, and he may be sure I say it, even if you do not feel you can! Say it! And the murderer will be punished, and not by the arm as Dr. Lloyd had grasped me.

I shudder as they exerted with my hand: my heart leaved with the agony of my suppressed passion. A wrong, however deep, only to myself, I could have pardoned what value effort! *such* a wrong to Lilian—no! I could not say I forgive."

The dying wretch was perhaps more appalled by my silence than she would have been by my reproach. Her voice grew shrill in her despair.

"You will not pardon me! I shall die with your curse on my head. Mercy! mercy! That good man, Mr. C., assured me you would be merciful. Have you never wronged another? Has the Lord Jesus never forgiven you?"

Then I spoke in broken accents: "Me! Oh, heal it been my own offense—but a young

creature so harmless, so unoffending, and for so miserable a motive!"

"But I tell you, I swear to you, I never dreamed I could cause such sorrow; and that young man, that Margrave, put it into my head!"

"Margrave! He had left London long before that letter was written."

"But he came back for a day just before I wrote: it was the very day I met him in the lane yonder. He asked after you—was Miss Ashleigh; and when he spoke he laughed, and I said, 'Miss Ashleigh had best look to her game away;' and he laughed again. And I thought he knew more than he would tell me, so I asked him if he supposed Mrs. Ashleigh was coming back, and said how much I should like to take this house if she did not; and again he laughed, and said, 'Birds never stay in the nest after the young ones are hurt,' and went away singing. When I got home his laugh and his song haunted me. I thought I saw him still in my room gossiping me to write, and I sat down and wrote. Oh, pardon, pardon me! I have been a foolish poor creature, but never meant to do such harm! 'The Evil-One tempted me!' There he is, near me now! I see him yonder! there at the door-way! He comes to claim me! As you hope for mercy yourself, free me from him! Forgive me!"

I made an effort over myself. In naming Margrave as her tempter the woman had suggested an excuse echoed from that innermost cell of my mind which I dared not even plead into, for there I should behold his image. Inexplicable though the injury she had wrought against me and a little child, the woman was less than—fellow-creature—like myself; but not?

I took in both my hands the hot head that still pressed my arm, and said, with firm voice,

"Be comforted. In the name of Lilian, my wife, I forgive you for her and for myself, and as fully as we are enjoined by Him against whose precepts the best of us sin, to-day. Go, give—no children of wrath—to forgive one another!"

"Heaven bless you!—oh, bless you!" she murmured, sinking back upon her pillow.

"Ah!" thought I, "what if the pardon I grant for a wrong far deeper be pleaded on him whose imprecation smote me in this chamber, should, indeed, be received at once—and this blessing on the lips of the dying annul the dark curse that the dead has left on my path through the Valley of the Shadow?"

I left my patient sleeping quietly—the sleep that precedes the last. I went down the stairs into the hall I saw Mrs. Poynte standing at the threshold speaking to the man-servant and the nurse.

I would have passed her with a formal bow, but she stopped me.

"I come to enquire after poor Miss Brabazon," said she. "You can tell me more than the servants can: is there no hope?"

"Let the nurse go up and watch beside her. She may pass away in the sleep into which she has fallen."

"Allen Fenwick, I must speak with you—nay, but for a few minutes. I hear that you leave home—to-morrow. In such uncertain circumstances of life that we should meet again." While thus speaking she had moved me gently down the path that led toward her own home. "I wish," said she, earnestly, "that you could part with a kindlier feeling for me; but I fear I can scarcely expect it. Could I put myself in your place, and be moved by your feelings, I know that I should be implacable; but I—"

"But you, Madam, are The World! and the World governs itself, and abides by laws, by laws which seem harsh to those who ask from its favor the services which the World can not render, for the World admits favorites but not friends. You did but act to me as the World ever acts to those who mistake its favor for its friendship."

"It is true," said Mrs. Poynte, with bitterness; "and we continue the world's identity at length she said, abruptly, "But do you not rashly deprive yourself of your own privileges, I know?"

"Whom the heart suffers does you still admit any remedy like occupation to the mind? Yet you abandon that occupation to which your mind is most accustomed; you desert your career; you turn aside, in the midst of the race, from the fame which awaits at the goal; you go back from civilization itself, and dream that all your intellectual powers can find content in the life of a herdsman, amidst the monotony of a wild." No, you will repent, for you are untrue to your real self."

"I am sick of the word 'mind!'" said I, bitterly. And therewith I quitted the enchantress.

The enigma which had foiled my intelligence in the unraveled Sibyl Book of Nature were mysteries strange to every-day experience: a piece of thought, even if reducible to the fraudulent impressions of outward sense: For illusions in a brain otherwise healthy, suggested by music in our human organization which the college that record them rather guess at than solve. But the blow which had shattered my life had been dealt by the hand of a fool. Here, there were no mystic enchantments, however the most commonplace and paltry, suggested to a brain as trivial and shallow as that of a mere frivolity of woman a theme for the satire of poets, had sufficed, in devastating the field of my affections, to blast the rose for which I had cultured my mind; and had my intellect been as great as Heaven ever gave to man, it would have been as vain a shield as mine against the shaft that had lodged in my heart. While I had, indeed, been preparing myself more and more fortitude to meet such perils, weird and marvelous, as those by which tales round the winter hearth scare the credulous into fear, reverence so vulgar and hackneyed that not a day passed but what some hearth is vexed by an anonymous libel—had wrought a calamity more dread than any that my dark guess into the Chaldean Land, unpierced by Philosophy, could trace to the prompting of malignant witchcraft. So, ever this truth runs through all legends of ghost and demon—through the uniform records of what wonder accredits and science rejects as the supernatural—to! the dread machinery whose motive will through Bodies! What need such awful engines for such mean results! The fire blockhead we meet in our walk to our grocer's can tell us what it is to be burned at the stake; the poorest envy we ever aroused hurts us more than the demon! How true an interpreter is Genius of Hell to be Earth. The Fiend came to Jesus, the tired seeker of knowledge; Heaven and Hell shake their wings in Milton's mortal's presence. And what does the Fiend to astonish the Mortal? Turn wine into fire, turn love into crime. The need and longings of the human creature are marvels every day!

Thus when, thinking, I walked by the side of the world-wise woman; and when she next spoke, I looked up and saw that we were at the Monks' Well, where I had first seen Lilian gazing into heaven.

Mrs. Poynte had, as we walked, placed her hand on my arm, and, moving abruptly from the path into the glade, I found myself standing by her side in the secrecy of the wood in which she had first disclosed to my sight the hues with which Love, the passionate beautifier, turns into purple and gold the dull hues of commonplace life. Thus, when romance has ended in sorrow, and the Beautiful flies from the landscape, the trite and positive forms of things vanished into new respect, and deepen our mournful remembrance of the lovely illusion that has fled. the Woman of the World, finding how little I was inclined to respond to her when she had talked of myself, began to speak of her husband's claim, ringing accents of her own social schemes and exercises:

"I shall miss you when you are gone, Allen Fenwick, for though, during the last year or so, all actual intercourse between us has ceased, yet my interest in you gave some occupation to my thoughts when I sat alone, having lost my most objects of attention in settling my daughters, and having no longer any one in the house with whom I could talk of trivial things. Ah! there I could form a project. It is so wearisome to count the changes which pass within us, that we take interests in the changes that pass without. The sun still has his weather-glass; I have no longer my Lilian."

"I can not linger with you on this spot," said I, impatiently, turning back into the path; she following me, treading over fallen leaves, but unheeding my interruption, she thus continued her hard talk:

"But I am not sick of my mind as you seem to be of yours: I am only somewhat tired of the little cage in which it is lodged. I can feel that it ruffles its plumes against the flimsy wires that confine it from wider space. I shall take up my home for a time with the new-married couple: they want me. Ashleigh Sumner has come into Parliament. He means to attend regularly to his work, but he does not like Jane to go into the world by herself, and he wishes her to go into the world, because it seems a wife to display the wealth for the improvement of his position. In Ashleigh Sumner's house I shall have room to range for my energies, such as they are. I have a curiosity to see the few that perch on the wheels of the State, and see how they go over the wheels!' It will amuse me to learn if I can maintain in a capital the authority I have won in a country town; if not, I can find scope in my small principality. Wherever I live I must have my court. If I succeed—as I ought, for in Jane's beauty and Ashleigh's fortune I have materials for the woof of ambition, wanting which here, I fall asleep over my knitting—if I succeed, there will be enough to occupy the rest of my life. Ashleigh Sumner must be Prime Minister, and I must be presented and enjoyed by my child, and created and maintained by me! Allen Fenwick, don't look so. Be world-like, as I am, and it will only be in moments of spleen and chagrin that you will sigh to think that the heart may be void when the mind is full. Now, have you envy me while you listen.'

"Not so; all that to you seems so great, appears to me so small! Nature alone is always grand, in her terrors as well as her charms. The World for you! Nature for me. Farewell!"

"Nature," said Mrs. Poynte, compassionately. "Poor Allen Fenwick! Nature indeed—intellectual solitude! Nay, shake hands, then, if for the last time."

So we took hands and parted, and there the wicket-gate and the stone stairs separated my blighted fairy-land from the common thoroughfare.

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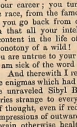
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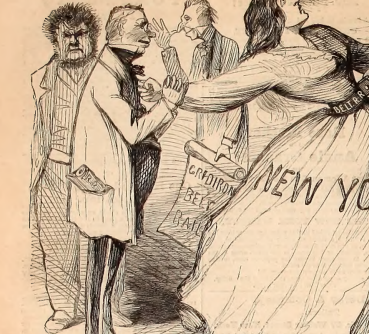
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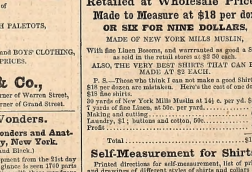
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VI.—No. 265.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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"LITTLE MAC" OUT AGAIN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1862.

RETIREMENT OF SECRETARY CAMERON.

MR. SIMON CAMERON has retired from the War Department, and is succeeded by Edwin M. Stanton, late Attorney-General under Mr. Buchanan. The public will not regret the change, nor is it believed that the country will be a loser by it.

SLAVERY BLOCKING UP THE WAY.

Two Christian knights, brothers, in the great army which had undertaken to rescue the sepulchre of Christ out of the hand of the infidel, departed from their tent early one morning in search of a diamond of rare beauty and great price, which they knew to be concealed in a neighboring castle, and which these pious brothers had promised to their mother as a token of filial love. As they rode along they began to discuss the setting of the jewel. The elder would have it set in plain massive gold, but the younger insisted upon its being surrounded by a chain of fine pearls. As neither would yield, and each waxed hotter and hotter as the debate was prolonged, they finally came to blows, and both soon lay prostrate, faint and bleeding, at the gate of the castle. An Arab passing that way, humanely dressed their wounds, and inquiring the cause of the quarrel, bade them cease their strife. "The diamond is mine, and now, at last it should give rise to further quarrels, I will take it with me at once to Damascus." So saying he departed, leaving the helpless brothers great-fallen.

It would seem that these Christian brothers must have been the lineal ancestors of some of our politicians and statesmen. The record of our Congressional debates at the present time contains little else than a succession of quarrel between emancipationists and others with regard to the disposal of slaves whom we haven't got, and whom we are not likely to get very soon, from present appearances. One honorable member proposes to emancipate all the slaves in the South in a lump, leaving the ultimate question of their disposal to be decided hereafter. Another is for transporting them to Africa. A third demands that Nicaragua, or some other tropical region be acquired, and the negroes (sent thither to build up a great tropical empire. A fourth insists that they be sent to Hayti as settlement service. All this time, be it remembered, the slaves about whom these gentlemen are fighting are calmly looking cotton and boiling corn on their masters' plantations, and we see no more get at them than we can at the inhabitants of Jupiter.

Then, on the other side, we have another practical party which is furious with every body who doesn't damn and worship the divine institution of slavery. The Legislature of Kentucky, which has been so long on the fence that it requires an effort to believe that it is now fairly on the loyal side, demands that the treasury of slavery be allowed to remain in the Cabinet. The Legislature of Maryland, reeking with treason, protests against the least interference with the splendid institution. Newspapers here and there bellow daily that the racially abolitionists are the cause of all the trouble; that Wendell Phillips seized Sumter, and Lloyd Garrison commands Confederate States. The telegraphic dispatches from Richmond teem with accounts of "abolitionist conspiracies." If there are to be believed, our representatives are on the point of cutting each other's throats and that of the President on account of minor differences of opinion touching the disposal of questions which can not arise when the rebellion has been fairly crushed out.

It is not good to be jealous of Providence. It is well that we should take every possible care, and exercise every possible forethought in our daily transit; but something may safely, may must always, be left to Providence. Generals and members and galleries are very wise, no doubt. But Providence is a good engineer too. This slavery question is just the one upon which Providence is apt to solve well. In the Revolutionary war Providence took care of one or two things which our leaders were disposed to, and they were not the least important of the war. Let us trust the same power now.

Practically, wherever our armies advance slavery will disappear. Generals may order the return of fugitives, but the run and the rule won't execute the command, because they can't compel us at doing so. Proclamations may be issued prohibiting slavery; but the slaves won't pay much attention to them, and the masters will not have the power, nor the troops the time to enforce them. To flourish, or even to exist, slavery requires perfect peace, and the most strict and thorough execution of municipal law; it can no more thrive in the midst of civil war than gunpowder can be manufactured in a blacksmith's shop. This implies no abolitionism among officers of our army. General Sherman, at Port Royal, made his début with a proclamation which, so far as slavery was concerned, suited the stomach of the Charleston *Mercury*. Yet neither Garrison nor Phillips, nor all the abolitionists together, ever dealt so deadly a stab at the institution as Sherman did when he directed that sea-island cotton be picked by free negroes only, and the negroes paid a penny a pound for all they brought in. He could not help himself. Others will do the same. Men may go out at the head of our armies with preconceived opinions on the slavery question that would be relished by Tyrant and Lowery; but they will find, and if they know their trade as soldiers, they become active abolitionists by the necessity of the case.

The people of the North have an abiding faith in the power of the Government to crush out this rebellion, and an unshakable resolve that it shall be done, though slavery and a dozen other Southern institutions be crushed out with it. When slavery goes to the wall no tears will be shed from Northern eyes. But the people hear with anxiety and annoyance those eternal discussions in Congress about the disposal of negroes; both because it is idle to quarrel over the disposition of that which we haven't got, and because because it is a fact that the people can prevent our ultimate success except divisions among ourselves such as these discussions seem calculated to provoke.

THE LOUNGER.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following interesting and most gratifying correspondence speaks for itself:

"*Ed. D., Barrister at Law:*

"DEAR SIR—Having read with the profoundest admiration and gratitude the graphic letters in which you have vigorously and courageously exposed the folly, cowardice, having seen with what painful and elaborate ingenuity you have labored first and foremost conclusive, insulting our public men and covering our soldiers with ridicule; how incessantly you have supplied the material to the London *Times* for its brutal fun; upon American affairs; how skilfully and with what unquestioned fervor you have labored to promote the cause of the Government of the United States to defend its own existence, to put down treason, to free ourselves from the curse of slavery, to the jealousy and hate which the selfish and the ignorant in England (if you will pardon the allusion) always exercise for a great and better, and therefore successful, we have served the purpose for which you were sent, of multiplying American sympathizers, of disarming English rancorous passions, and embroiling in war two nations which are naturally friendly and cordial, to abstain yourself, or only informing yourself to conceal, the real character of the rebellion which has plunged our country into war, and expend enormous energy in the work of deception; we, a committee of American gentlemen, recognizing that you, therefore, are the representative of your nation, more than any other individual, have misrepresented the motives, conduct, and character of the American people, and blackened the fair fame of our country, restore unto him, by request you to honor us by partaking of a dinner at our expense, in order that he may be received as one of our countrymen, and to the whole world, that the nation furnishes a background sufficiently large for conveying correction of men and gentlemen that you have described as all to be.

"With profound respect,

"We are your most humble, obedient Servants."

"GENTLEMEN,—Although my age and my fabulous boundage of a Government have all gone to the devil—and good riddance to bad rubbish—I feel that I ought to answer but out I can have no earthly objection to eating them.

"YOURS, ILL-D. BARRISTER AT LAW."

LAND REBELS AND WATER REBELS.

JUDGE DAILY has written a letter to Senator Harris upon the subject of privateering and privateersmen. He takes the ground that a privateersman is only a rebel upon water, and that if you do not hang land rebels you have no right to hang people to be willing to exchange water rebels, and not hang them. He does not say, of course, that if Mr. Mansfield Lovell were taken in arms against the Government he might be tried for treason, and surely being if he were taken in arms on the deck of Mr. Lovell is true of every other rebel with or without a title. But as Mr. Lovell is no more a traitor than Captain Semmes, or Captain Wilkes, or General Banks or Lander, if the rebels had them, we would gladly exchange Mr. Lovell rather than hang him, so for Colonel Corcoran we ought willingly to exchange Captain Semmes, if we had him.

The argument is fair enough. Every citizen who lawfully raises his own Government is a traitor, and traitors are punishable with death. But there is a difference in the manner of resistance, and therefore, in the penalty. Privateersmen are not guilt of the offenders. When the Congress of Paris agreed that "Privateering is abolished," it certainly did not mean that the laws of war were even abolished; but only that the consenting nations pledged themselves to observe a certain kind of warfare. Why did they do it? Simply because war, although it is an appeal to brute force, does not forget all law. Even in the midst of battle, and amid the roaring of guns, the wailing of women and children, etc., are unseemly. And now, by the common consent of the great Powers of the world, in a treaty to which we have offered to become parties, privateering, or authorized piracy, is placed upon the high seas, is ranked among these odious outrages and crimes of war.

The reason of this is evident. It is because there is an essential unfair cut in such warfare. A rebel who is taken upon the battle-field is a man who has openly and consciously offered himself to the same chance that he brings to bear against his enemy. He tries to take the life of the loyal citizen, indeed, but he does it by risking his own life. On the other hand, a privateersman is a rebel who takes a loyal citizen at every disadvantage. He oppresses and robs the peaceful subject; he risks nothing; yet who, if loose and heroism contrast resistance, must not hesitate to murder. The difference between a land rebel and a water rebel, therefore, is precisely that between a highway robber stopping an unarmed passenger and a sailor in the field confronting another soldier. That difference is fully recognized in the Treaty of Paris which abolished privateering. Consequently, when Judge Daly urges, as an argument for the exchange of privateersmen, that we have no right to hang, in the field, "that actual war exists, and that, as a Christian people, we mean to carry it on according to the usages of civilized nations," he apparently forgets that the usage of civilized nations has abolished privateering, and therefore that it affords no argument to the point.

However, the question is practically one of policy. No enemy can possibly be more clearly proved than the armed resistance of Commodore Barron and Captain at Richmond Isliet to the Government of their country. No more is there a more distinctly forfeited than theirs. But the Government wisely refuses to make this its ultimate test and exact rights. For the same reasons it certainly will not hang the privateersmen. But with equal certainty it will take the ground that they are no worse than rebels on land. Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, has introduced a joint resolution, which has passed the Senate, that the President procure an exchange of prisoners from the privateer *Jeff Davis* for prisoners taken from the army of the United States.

"OUR OWN" UPON THE ABOLITION REACTION.

IN a late letter to the London *Times* Mr. W. H. Russell, the correspondent of that paper in this country, makes the following remarks upon the change in this country as one bordering upon bloody civil war, to be waged for what he calls the Abolitionist party, and which is the creature of the Government. This statement—the absurdity of which can not, of course, be appreciated in England any more than if he had written the story told to the Memphis papers that Fremont had seized the head of Alaric and carried it off—is followed by the following note of two references: one to Mr. Sumner's speech in this city; and the other to a meeting in favor of Fremont, held in Cooper Union several weeks ago.

As for Mr. Sumner's speech, he said—first at Worcester, Massachusetts, and afterward in this city, his view, Slavery ought to be assailed, as the main spring of the rebellion; but that he left the matter entirely with the will of the Government. The New York speech, to which Mr. Russell refers, Mr. *Sumner was not advocate universal emancipation, nor even among the slaves.* He said: "Our Constitution must be reinforced by ideas, and we must strike at the heart of the rebellion by striking at Slavery." I do not say now in what way or to what extent. It may be by the system of a Massachusetts Senator, Charles Sumner. It may be by Fremont; or it may be by the grander system of John Quincy Adams, by saying that the rebellion should be struck in some way through the military system, Mr. Sumner merely expressed an all but universal opinion, and in saying that he left the matter with the will of the Government, he merely yielded to the action of the Administration in the matter, he merely expressed the universal determination.

The other ground upon which he asserts the imminence of civil war within this war is as follows: "The Government is accused in mass meetings, amidst immense cheering, of 'an infamous, sneaking, cowardly policy,' and the supporting the fabric which sword bended by Fremont for this great nation." Assuredly, if he be thus encouraged, the General is not the man to hesitate to wield the terrible temporary dictature with equanimity." There was a large meeting, enthusiastic demonstration lately, in Cincinnati, about the middle of November, at which the Rev. Mr. Conway, an ardent and sincere abolitionist, but by no means a violent partisan, say, or is reported to have said, what Mr. Russell describes, the spirit of that meeting the spirit not the slightest response from any quarter; but Mr. Russell puts it as if "in mass meeting" through out the North the most violent measures were applauded. Meanwhile General Frémont has studiously forborne from a single patriotism which surprises no one who knows him, to please in the least degree those who might wish him to make an open war upon the Administration.

Of course both he and those who believe him to be an able and an honest officer still believe that the "electric wire would" in the very course of our success. But the spirit of the passionate eloquence of Mr. Conway was simply the noble word of General Frémont's conduct nor of the policy of his friends. And the morality of the impression of the spirit of those things in the extreme conveyed in this letter of Mr. Russell is but an illustration of the entire lack of intelligence which he betrays give to our sentiments and events in general.

TRAITORS WITHIN THE LINES.

IT was not to be expected that a treason of so long growth and of such a nature as that which has culminated in this rebellion, could be rooted out at once even from the civil service of the Government. The effects of which such men as Floyd, Cobb, Thompson, and Toucey were the heads could not be the fall of traitors. But it was not so easy to discover them—and often it must have been very difficult, with due regard to the proper sequence of the public business, to expel them peremptorily.

Suppose Mr. Chase, upon taking the keys of the Treasury, had summoned singly each of the clerks in the Department, and had tendered them the oath of allegiance. Some traitors might have hesitated, and they would have been at once set aside. But of course many would have had no hesitation to receive the pay of the Government while plotting or favoring its overthrow, would have taken the oath of allegiance with the smoothest face and glibbest tongue in the world.

The suspicion that every clerk in the Department had refused the oath. How would it have worked to turn every one out and fill their places with men of unquestioned fidelity who had not the least idea of the duties or the routine of their office? It was by no means easy to winnow the chaff from the grain.

So with the army and navy. Experience justified the reluctance of the body of officers both in the rebellious section. Of course there were shining exceptions. Farragut and Porter, for instance, who would unquestionably allow the justice of the doubt. Yet nothing surely could be more ungracious than to assume disloyalty invariably, and to act upon the assumption. So we were exposed to delays, and even to treachery; but it was unavoidable.

When the leaders of the rebellion determined to strike openly they naturally took the most without perfect deliberation. For we must never forget that it was we who moved suddenly and without extraordinary preparation. The rebels had had the Government in their power for many years. They knew how deep and how far the treason had spread. Mr. Slidell said, during the Peace Congress, "There will be no serious fighting." He thought that the hap-hazard process of force would be apparent to the Government. The experience of nine months since the outbreak was great reason for his feeling so far as the treasonable action of the Government were concerned. The game was to make the rebellion so formidable and so fast to be an "abolition" movement; and as all office-holders and the Democratic party hated nothing so much as "abolition," that cry was to quickly and purgative them.

Now, happily it failed in the country at large, how party shackles of all kinds fell off, and patriots who had been buried in party came forth like statues from the sculptor's chisel. In the Presidencies, is now matter of history. But so far as the *personnel* of the Government was concerned, of which so large a part in the Departments and in the army and navy were born in Secesia or sympathized with secession, the expectations of the rebels were not unfounded.

Therefore it is to be expected that from time to time fresh exposures of treason, even in high places, will be made. The process of purgation, of course, is going on. But after a long practice and the logic of events are somnambulists traitors. The women, by whose agency so much blood has been shed and wrong done already, are getting desperate. "Washington swarms with traitors," we hear. Here, but Washington is not of course swarm with traitors more than any city out of Secesia. It is their native air; and it is the point where they can do most mischief.

UNDER WHICH KING?

IN the recent debate in the House upon the Post-Office Bill Mr. Horace Maynard is reported to ask the Secretary of War to reply a little more satisfactorily touching the battle at Ball's Bluff, two questions were put at once, which, taken in connection, for they came from representatives of the extreme right and the extreme left of the friends of the Government and the Union.

Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, who is popularly supposed to be entirely devoted to the Administration, asked whether he preferred the perpetuation of slavery to that of the Union. Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, made a reply which was not quite an answer. But Mr. Mallory, also of Kentucky, immediately rose to his question, and said: "Answering I know the feeling of Kentucky, if we considered slavery standing in the way of the Constitution we were not hesitate to destroy slavery." He added, that "we can not regard slavery as inseparable with the liberty established by our forefathers;" and concluded by asking Mr. Lovejoy whether he "would destroy the Constitution to get rid of slavery?"

Mr. Lovejoy replied that he would not. He only declared that slavery must be destroyed rather than the Constitution and the Union.

What Mr. Lovejoy thinks and means is very clear. Does Mr. Mallory mean that, if slavery threatens the liberty established by our forefathers we can destroy it to save that liberty? Or does he mean, that, as slavery is not inseparable with that liberty, therefore that liberty can not be preserved without maintaining that slavery? Does Mr. Mallory mean that he thinks slavery is an essential part of the liberty of the country? Or, as he thinks, that slavery is not a part of the liberty *as established*, not merely tolerated or recognized, by the Constitution?

We do not desire the ground on which Davis and Breckinridge justify their rebellion.

ARE PERSONS CONTRABAND?

IN his note to M. Mercier, the French Minister, acknowledging the French dispatch on the *Trent* affair, Mr. Seward certainly states the truth very mildly when he says: "While it must be admitted that those three Powers are equally impressed with the importance of establishing principles favorable to neutral rights, there is at the same time not such an entire agreement concerning the application of those principles to the present case as to secure that important object."

The reason why there is not is that there is an entire difference of opinion.

This is sufficiently clear upon one point only. Are persons, not in the military service of the enemy, contraband and liable to seizure? In reply to this question Mr. Seward quotes Sir William Scott: "You may stop the ambassador of your enemy on his passage. And in reply to the suggestion that agents of a rebellious movement can not be ambassadors, he relies upon "the true test in all cases—namely, the spirit of the law." Mr. Everett, also, quotes the same passage in regard to "the em-

bassador of your enemy upon his passage." To the objection that, as rebellious agents, they are not embassadors, Mr. Everett says: "But on this supposition, the emissaries of a rebellious province, going abroad in quest of foreign succor, *the very case and the very circumstance on which the law of nations is founded that authorizes the arrest of the enemy's embassadors*—could never be seized."

Both these gentlemen, relying upon Vattel and Sir William Scott, hold that rebel emissaries are embassadors of the enemy; therefore contraband: therefore liable to seizure. The lawful method of seizure we do not here discuss.

Upon this point of the contraband of persons the great French authority, De Hautefeuille, entirely differs from the views advanced by Mr. Seward and Mr. Everett. He states the case broadly in this way: "Any ship freighted expressly for the transport of land or sea troops, of recruits for the service of a belligerent, *would not be carrying contraband of war*. It would be guilty of a direct participation in the hostilities: it would lose its neutral character: it would be a belligerent, and if it fell into the hands of the adversary it would share the fate reserved for belligerent vessels—it would be confiscated with all its cargo." By all the treaties, he says, the only isolated persons who can be removed from a neutral vessel are those who are in the military service of the enemy, and then not as contraband, for persons can not become so." And he sums up the French position upon this point as follows: "*First*, that in no case can there exist contraband of war on a neutral vessel sailing between two neutral ports. *Second*, that even if there were contraband of war, the sole right of the cruiser would be to seize the vessel and to carry it into one of the ports of his own country to have it legally sentenced. *Third*, that persons can not, in any case, be considered as contraband of war. *Fourth*, that Messrs. Slidell and Mason, not being in the military service of the Southern Confederation at the moment of their arrest, could not be carried off from the neutral vessel in which they were sailing."

There is evidently "not an entire agreement" in these views. They can be harmonized only by an international Congress. But it is clear that France and the United States will not seriously differ; for Mr. Marcy's improvement upon the Treaty of Paris, that free ships make free goods, and that neutrals between neutral ports are to be visited only to determine that they are such, will in time doubtless become the maritime law of the world. Mr. Seward justly bases his recent action upon the generally acknowledged doctrine of to-day—namely, that the neutral flag covers what is not contraband of war. That is the doctrine of the Treaty of Paris, and that is the latest general law.

FROM ENGLAND.

A FRIEND long resident in Paris writes to the Lounger under date of December 14:

"We have allowed ourselves to speak very contemptuously of them (the English) sometimes; they will have a chance now to retaliate. At the Guildford Agricultural Society dinner (see *Galignani's Messenger* of this morning) the Rev. G. Portal (rector of Albury), after having urged an effective extermination of the hybrid Germano-Anglo, etc., etc., etc. mixture, gave as a sufficient reason for his sanguinary and Christian counsels that 'a Yankee was as great a parody upon an Englishman as a monkey was upon the human race.' Think of it, my dear fellow, after all you are nothing but a parody!

"Well, if you *are* a parody, you can retaliate and tell t'other that he is a pretext. It is well understood here that they were trying to make a pretext * * * of the *Nashville* and *Harvey Birch* affair when the *Trent* turned up. The Admiralty lawyers were sent for. Their report was that in face of the Queen's proclamation nothing could be said. 'But,' cried out Palmerston, 'by ——, you must cook up something.' They could not; so the common law lawyers tried their skill. 'Why don't you publish their report?' I said to my English friend. 'Oh! d—— it, it was so weak that we could do nothing but make a report of their report. All we wanted was a pretext.'

"My dear friend—I mean my unfortunate parody—if you have any country left at the end of the English crusade, do not call it Anglo-Saxon, or say that liberty is the mission of that race again. * * * The 'pretexts' are the veriest hypocrites and blood-thirsty slaves of Mammon that God's sun has shone upon. Why, this same day's paper contains a nice calculation: when embarrassed by prisoners, one Enfield bullet was enough for *eight Sepoys;* now one Whitfield ditto will finish *eleven and a half* 'parodies.' If you are in the line, pray put yourself at the tail of it!

"I don't know what our movements will be. The pretexts have more that 4000 guns out with us, or on their way (at least by the 8th of January). They count on Baltimore and Annapolis, and a combined movement with the rebels on Washington. Also on Portland, Maine, and the 'indemnity,' of which their official journal talks, is that port and so much of Maine as they consider necessary for Canada. This information is *accurate*." * * * * *

The Rev. G. Portal, rector of Albury, may be a very amiable rural British saint, but his amusing talk is significant only as indicating a public state of mind which could tolerate it. That Great Britain would gladly have accepted a war upon the *Trent* issue is beyond question. That the British nation—partly through willfulness, partly through ignorance and the falsehoods of rebel agents—is sorely inflamed against us, is equally indisputable. But it becomes us, as a nation of superior general intelligence, and resolved upon justice, not to retort by losing our temper; but by calm reply, and incessant and ample preparation, to avoid any collision which may be honorably avoided; and if it can not be, to accept the struggle with the determination that it shall be the last in which these two nations shall engage.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE rudeness of Dr. Parr to ladies was sometimes extreme. To a lady who had ventured to oppose him with more warmth of temper than cogency of reasoning, and who afterward apologized for herself by saying "that it was the privilege of women to talk nonsense." "No, Madam," he replied, "it is not their privilege, but their infirmity. Ducks would walk if they could; but nature suffers them only to waddle!"

A man who cheats in short measure is a measureless rogue. If in whisky, then he is a rogue in spirit. If by falsifying his accounts, then he is an unaccountable rogue. If he gives a bad title to land, then he is a rogue in deed. If he gives short measure in wheat, then he is a rogue in grain.

A lady, suspecting that her female servant was regaling her young man upon the cold mutton of the larder, called Betty and inquired whether she had not heard some one speaking to her down stairs. "Oh no, ma'am," replied the girl, "it was only me singing a psalm." "Well, Betty," replied the lady, "I have no objection to your singing psalms; but let us have no HIMS, Betty—I have a great objection to HIMS."

An Irishman had been sick for a long time, and while in this state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would again come to. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick asked him: "An' how'll we know, Jemmy, when you're dead—you're afther wakin' up ivery time?" "Bring me a glass o' grog, an' say to me, 'Here's till ye, Jemmy!' an' if I don't rise up an' dhrink, then bury me!"

A bickering pair of Quakers were lately heard in high controversy, the husband exclaiming, "I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!" "But how wilt thou be able to get it?" said the taunting spouse, in "reiteration," which married ladies so provokingly indulge in. "I will keep thee a week after thou are dead!" was the Quaker's rejoinder.

A good story is told of St. Kevin, a religious gentleman, who lived by the fish he caught in the Irish lakes, which shows he was subjected to a severe temptation during one of his piscatorial excursions, but whether he fell into the snare laid for him or not, we do not remember. It seems that a belle of that ilk, named Kate, put the following leading questions to him:

"You're a rare hand at fishing," says Kate.
"It's yourself, dear, that knows how to hook 'em;
But when you have caught 'em, agrah!
Don't you want a young woman to cook 'em?"

A young lady at Notting Hill is so refined in her language that she never uses the word "blackguard," but substitutes "Ethiopian Sentinel."

At the examination of a boy of nine years of age for admission to one of the public schools in a suburban town, the teacher, after a satisfactory result in reading and spelling, asked, "What do you know about the United States?" The youngster promptly replied, "Don't know nothing: nobody does—all gone!"

A countryman in the depths of dyspeptic despair called on a physician. The doctor gave him some plain advice as to his food, making a thorough change, and ended by writing a prescription for some tonic, saying, "Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight." In ten days Giles returned, blooming and happy, the picture of health. The doctor was delighted, and proud of his skill. He asked to see what he had given him. Giles said he had not got it. "Where was it?" "I took it, Sir." "Took it! What have you done with it?" "I *ate* it, Sir! You told me to *take* it!"

An English judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied: "Some succeed by great talent, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

An old bachelor, seeing the words "Families Supplied" over the door of a shop, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

"I say, Bill, what have you done with that horse of your'n?" "Sold him." "What did you sell him for?" "Why, he moved so slow at the last of it, that I got prosecuted half a dozen times for violating the law against standing in the street. The policeman at one time sighted him by a building five minutes, and couldn't see him move."

Not long since a premium was offered by an agricultural society for the best mode of irrigation; and the latter word, by mistake of the printer, having been changed to "irritation," a farmer sent his wife to gain the prize.

A fashionable baronet has said, with no less feeling than high moral sense, "Happy, thrice happy the man who has the means to keep a servant to stretch the tight boots before he wears them himself!"

"Anyt'ing pite you dare?" inquired one Dutchman of another, while engaged in angling. "No, not'ing at all." "Vell!" returned the other, "not'ing pite me too."

"Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said a French nobleman in Paris to a talkative person who was sitting near him at a dinner, and who was constantly suiting the action to the word. "Indeed, my lord," replied the gabbler, "we are so crowded at the table that I do not know where to put my hand." "Put it in your mouth," said the nobleman.

If the cat had wings, no birds would be left in the air. If every one had what he is wishing, who would have any thing?

"What is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable young lady?" "One faces the powder, and the other powders the face."

"Wife, I thought you said you were going to have a goose for dinner?" "So I did? and I've kept my word." "Where is it?" "Why, my dear, ain't you here for dinner?" Smithers couldn't see the point of that joke.

Frederick the Great, after a very terrible engagement, asked his officers, "Who behaved the most intrepidly during the engagement?" The preference was given to himself. "You are all mistaken," replied the King; "the boldest fellow was a fifer, whom I passed twenty times during the contest, and he did not vary a note during the whole time."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, 7th January, in the Senate, petitions for the emancipation of slaves, and for the exchange of prisoners of war, were presented and referred. A resolution was adopted, instructing the Naval Committee to inquire how the practice has prevailed in the navy of making purchases through other than recognized agents, and if such have been made, whether larger prices have been paid. The bill to increase the number of cadets at the West Point Military Academy was then taken up, discussed, and rejected by a vote of twelve yeas against twenty-five nays. Senator Wilson's bill providing for the punishment of army officers, by dismissal from the service, who shall detain fugitive slaves, was taken up. A motion by Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, to indefinitely postpone the subject, was defeated—yeas thirteen, nays twenty-three. The further consideration of the bill was then, on motion of Senator Carlile, of Virginia, postponed for the present.——In the House, the documents relative to the settlement of the *Trent* affair were received from the President. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, expressed his dissatisfaction at the surrender of Mason and Slidell, and predicted that in less than three months we shall be involved in war with Great Britain, or else submit to the recognition of the Southern Confederacy and the breaking up of the blockade. Mr. Thomas, of Massachusetts, justified the capture of the rebel envoys, and said that England did us grievous wrong in demanding their surrender. A lengthy, lively, and interesting discussion ensued, and finally the documents were referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On Wednesday, 8th, in the Senate, resolutions of the Kentucky Legislature, in favor of constructing a railroad to connect Kentucky with loyal East Tennessee and Western North Carolina, were presented by Senator Powell and referred. A series of resolutions adopted by the Kentucky Legislature, assuming the State's quota of the direct national tax, pledging the State to be true and loyal to the Constitution and the Union, protesting against Congressional interference with slavery, and approving the President's modification of General Fremont's proclamation, were also presented by Senator Powell. The Naval Committee reported the House bill providing for the construction of twenty iron-clad steam gun-boats, with an amendment authorizing the President to have the work done, instead of the Secretary of the Navy. This implied censure on the head of the Navy Department created a lively discussion, which continued till the expiration of the morning hour, when the subject was laid aside.——In the House, the Judiciary Committee were authorized to send for persons and examine witnesses relative to the telegraphic censorship of the press; also to compel the production of papers and dispatches sent or proposed to be sent. The Ways and Means Committee was instructed to consider the expediency of reporting a bill at their earliest convenience amending the eighth section of the act of August last, so as to provide for raising $100,000,000 instead of $20,000,000 by direct taxation, and that in this connection they consider the expediency of telegraph and stamp duties, and excise duties upon cotton, tobacco, and all malt and distilled liquors. On motion of Mr. Colfax, a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of taxation for the support of the Government, as follows: One mill per mile on all railroad passenger travel; one-eighth per cent. on all transfers of stock, notes discounted, and bills of exchange; and five dollars docket fee on all suits commenced in any court of record. The Judiciary Committee were instructed to inquire and report as to the Constitutional power of Congress to make Treasury Notes payable on demand a legal tender. Mr. Blair offered a preamble setting forth the action of the French Government relative to the *Trent* affair, and concluding with a joint resolution declaring that the people of the United States are not insensible to the kindness which animated the French Government in its prompt and wise interposition, and for reasserting the principles of international law and neutral rights which have been held by both France and the United States. Mr. Vallandigham, regarding the dispatch of M. Thouvenel as hostile to the United States, called for the yeas and nays on the passage of the resolution. Mr. Lovejoy expressed a desire to debate the resolution, and it was laid over under the rule. Mr. Lovejoy offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Public Lands to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill for the consideration of the House empowering the generals in command of the army who may take possession of any inhabited portion of the rebellious States to appoint commissioners of sequestration, whose duty it shall be: First—To take possession, for the use of the United States, of all property, real and personal, found without owners. Second—To convert all such personal property into money, to be paid into the Treasury of the United States. Third—To sell at auction all homesteads sequestrated. Fourth—To give homesteads not exceeding one hundred and fifty acres to such settlers as shall occupy the same for three years. Fifth—The remainder of the lands to be surveyed and disposed of as other such property of the United States.

On Thursday, 9th, in the Senate, the House resolution in regard to bonded sugar and coffee was passed, by a vote of twenty-three to fifteen. Senator Hale introduced a bill to punish frauds on the Treasury by a fine to the amount of money fraudulently obtained, and imprisonment, at hard labor, for not more than ten years, also, that any officer of the Government convicted of fraud be discharged and punished, and ever after held ineligible for any office. Referred. Bills providing for a Signal Department of the army; to regulate the pay of army officers; organizing the staffs of the divisions of the army; regulating the appointment of chaplains and to allow Jewish chaplains, and to increase the clerical force of the Adjutant-General's office, were presented by the Committee on Military Affairs. The communication from the Secretary of State in regard to the *Trent* affair was then taken up, and Senator Sumner, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, delivered an elaborate exposition of the policy of the Government as regards the settlement of the recent difficulty with Great Britain. At the conclusion of Senator Sumner's remarks the Iron-Clad War Steamer bill was taken up, and the proposed amendment of the Naval Committee, that the ships be built under the direction of the President, instead of the Secretary of the Navy, gave rise to a discussion. The debate was closed by Senator Wilson's offering a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the Secretary of the Navy to report to the Senate the facts in regard to the employment of George B. Morgan to purchase vessels, and the amount of compensation paid him, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, bills to establish an arsenal at Springfield, Illinois; to punish frauds on the Government, and providing for the payment of interest, in certain cases, on claims against the Government, were presented and referred. The bill abolishing the franking privilege was then taken up. After debate, a motion was made to lay the subject on the table, and on this test vote the opponents of the bill were defeated by a vote of fifty-one against seventy-eight. Without further action the House adjourned.

On Friday, 10th, in the Senate, the report of the Judiciary Committee in favor of expelling Waldo P. Johnson and Trusten Polk, Senators from Missouri, who have joined the rebels, was adopted unanimously, and the Vice-President was instructed to notify the Governor of Missouri of this action of the Senate. The motion to refer the credentials of Mr. Stark, the newly-elected member from Oregon, whose loyalty is questioned, to the Judiciary Committee, was then taken up, discussed at some length, and finally adopted by a vote of 28 to 11. The bill organizing the signal department of the army was passed. The bill relative to the appointment of sutlers and defining their duties was taken up. Senator Lane, of Kansas, offered an amendment abolishing the sutler system, as it was a nuisance and an injury to the service. Senator Carlile moved to recommit the bill, with instructions to abolish sutlers and furnish soldiers tobacco rations; but without any action on the motion the subject was dropped.——In the House, a letter was received from the Secretary of War, in which he states that measures have been taken to ascertain who is responsible for the disastrous movement at Ball's Bluff, but that it is not compatible with the public interest to make known those measures at the present time. The paper was referred to the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War. In Committee of the Whole, the Civil Appropriation bill was taken up, and a long discussion ensued on an amendment offered by Mr. Stevens, appropriating $150,000 to supply the deficiency for printing Treasury Notes, in which frauds between the officials of the Treasury and the engravers were charged.

On Monday, January 13, in the Senate, petitions for the emancipation of slaves were presented and referred. The House bill, appropriating $150,000 for completing the defenses of Washington was reported by the Military Committee. The Judiciary Committee reported on the resolution to expel Senator Bright, of Indiana, that, the allegations being insufficient, the resolution do not pass. A motion to take up the bill indemnifying the owners of the British ship *Perthshire*, for damages sustained by reason of illegal capture by the blockading squadron, was disagreed to. Senator Carlile offered a resolution, which was laid over, that the Committee on Finance consider the expediency of providing by direct taxation on all kinds of property for a revenue of two hundred millions of dollars, and issuing bonds for that amount; also for the issuing of bonds to the amount of $800,000,000, and to establish a fiscal agency for New York, etc. Senator King introduced a bill, which was referred, to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to issue Treasury Notes to the amount of $100,000,000, at 7 per cent. interest, and providing for a direct tax of $10,000,000 for the payment of the interest.——In the House, the Army Appropriation Bill was reported, and referred to the Committee of the Whole. Mr. Andrew J. Clements was admitted to a seat as representative from the Fourth District of Tennessee, and was qualified by taking the usual oath. Mr. Dawes delivered a speech showing the frauds that have been perpetrated in the Government contracts, and Mr. Baker, of New York, advocated the passage of a tax bill to realize one hundred millions of dollars. With regard to the Treasury Note Printing appropriation, Mr. Dawes offered an amendment appropriating $150,000 for this service in addition to the former appropriation, provided no part of it be applied in payment or liquidation of any sum due on any existing contract for engraving and printing Treasury bonds or notes. This was agreed to—95 against 44. With regard to the Treasury note engraving, Mr. Dawes moved a similar proviso, appropriating $100,000. Adopted.

RETIREMENT OF SECRETARY CAMERON.

Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, has resigned, and accepted the mission to Russia, from which Cassius M. Clay is about to retire, in order, it is said, to take a command in the army. Mr. Cameron's successor is Edwin M. Stanton, an eminent lawyer from Pennsylvania, and formerly a conspicuous member of the Ohio bar. Mr. Stanton, it will be remembered, was appointed Attorney-General of the United States in December, 1860, when Judge Black was transferred to the State Department, and was one of those members of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet who took the place of the three traitors, Floyd, Thompson, and Cobb.

DEPARTURE OF BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION.

The Burnside expedition, upon which so much of the public interest has been concentrating for some time past, sailed from Hampton Roads very suddenly on Saturday night and Sunday morning, leaving a few vessels behind, no doubt to bring on further reinforcements. The weather there at that time was very pleasant, notwithstanding that it was very foggy and disagreeable here. It may be that the sudden departure of the expedition was decided upon because of the favorable weather, or it may have been the result of some news received by General Burnside.

HUMPHREY MARSHALL'S FORCE SCATTERED.

Intelligence is received, from three different sources, that the second invasion of Eastern Kentucky by the rebels has ended still more disgracefully for them than the first, and that Humphrey Marshall, from whom the rebels expected so much, has failed signally in establishing his reputation as a military leader. On 8th instant Colonel Garfield, in command of the National forces, had advanced up the Big Sandy River as far as Painesville, seven miles from the rebel camp, when he was met by a flag of truce from Marshall, who wished to know if matters could not be arranged without a fight. Colonel Garfield, however, had no arrangement to offer but a fight or an unconditional surrender of the rebel forces. Whereupon Marshall addressed his men, and gave them the choice of scattering or surrendering, and they concluded to scatter, after burning all their wagons, tents, camp equipage, etc. Nothing was taken away by the rebels but their cannon, which were expected to be captured by Colonel Garfield's cavalry, which went immediately in pursuit.

THE MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION.

The news from Cairo and Chicago is to the effect that the advance of the great expedition had commenced a Southward movement, and the main body of the troops had embarked preparatory to leaving. The various brigades were to be placed under the command of Generals Paine, M'Clernand, Smith, and Wallace.

THE STEAMER "PENSACOLA" GONE TO SEA.

The steamer *Pensacola* succeeded in running the blockade of the Potomac on 11th as far as Indian Head, where she remained until 12th, at which time she again started on her way. She was fired at by the rebel batteries, and twenty-two shots were aimed at her, but none hit the mark. She did not return the fire, although heavily laden with cannon and other appliances of war, and fully prepared for hostile service. The safe passage of the vessel is a source of great satisfaction to all parties concerned.

THE WAR IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Our army in Western Virginia continues active. A brilliant affair is announced to have taken place at Blue's Gap, east of Romney, at daybreak on 7th, when a detachment of General Kelley's forces, commanded by Colonel Dunning, of the Fifth Ohio regiment, attacked two thousand of the enemy, routing them completely. The rebels lost fifteen killed, two pieces of cannon, their wagons, etc., and twenty prisoners, including one commissioned officer, were captured. None of the Union soldiers were killed. A force of three hundred Union troops, belonging to the Thirty-second Ohio regiment, under command of Captain Lacey, dispatched by General Milroy into Tucker County, dispersed four hundred rebels, and captured a large quantity of stores, a commissary, a first lieutenant, and a private soldier. Four of the rebels were found dead on the field, and a large number of wounded. At last accounts the Union troops were in hot pursuit of the fugitives.

AFFAIRS AT PORT ROYAL.

A dispatch has been received at the War Department from General Sherman, giving a brief statement of the objects and results of General Stevens's recent expedition from Port Royal Island. The object was to destroy the batteries of the enemy on the Coosaw River, and to punish him for firing into the steamer *Mayflower* on her recent passage through that stream. The expedition was successful in every respect. The rebels were driven off, their batteries demolished, and the property found there either destroyed or brought away. General Stevens is on the main land awaiting reinforcements.

GUN-BOAT SKIRMISH ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

A gun-boat skirmish took place last week near Cairo. It appears that three rebel gun-boats attacked the two Union boats, *Essex* and *St. Louis*, lying off Fort Jefferson; but the fire being returned, the rebel boats retreated, the others following in hot pursuit until the former were sheltered by the guns of the batteries at Columbus. It is believed one of the rebel boats was disabled during the engagement.

GOVERNMENT SALE OF COTTON.

The Government sale of sea-island Cotton, confiscated by the National forces in South Carolina, was made last week. There were, in all, seventy-three bales sold, weighing about 25,700 pounds. The prices paid varied from 63¼ cents for the ginned down to 18 cents for unginned. The total proceeds of the sale were $14,231 12.

DISTRESSES OF THE REBELS.

The Richmond journals are putting forth the most heart-rending appeals to the rebel volunteers, whose time is about expiring, to re-enlist; and proclaiming that the North is about to slaughter and devour the whole South. In the Kanawha region the rebels say they are in a terrible plight; and that if Rosecrans crosses to "Pock's," it will be about up with them. This is a valuable hint for General Rosecrans, now in this town. In East Tennessee, the rebels say the people are rapidly renouncing the Lincoln Government; but it seems they are not entering the rebel service, as a writer from Knox County, which has 3500 voters, says it is "unrepresented in the armies of the South."

LIBERALITY OF VERMONT.

The State of Vermont has opened a bank account for each one of the volunteers from that State, and regularly passes to his credit seven dollars a month. If the money remains undrawn for six months, six per cent. interest is allowed. This makes the pay of the Vermont soldiers twenty dollars a month.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

JOHN BULL COOLING DOWN.

THE hot-blooded rush to arms in England has cooled down, and the dread of the horrors of war and dangers to commerce are making themselves manifest, while some are considering the chances of "no war at all," and begin to count the cost of their hostile demonstration. It is asserted that the money expended would have relaid the Atlantic cable, by which means so vast a waste of cash would have been saved. Deputations from several religious bodies, peace societies, and other corporations have waited on the Premier, and memorials have been presented to induce him, if possible, to refrain from war; and arbitration, if not recommended, is broadly hinted at.

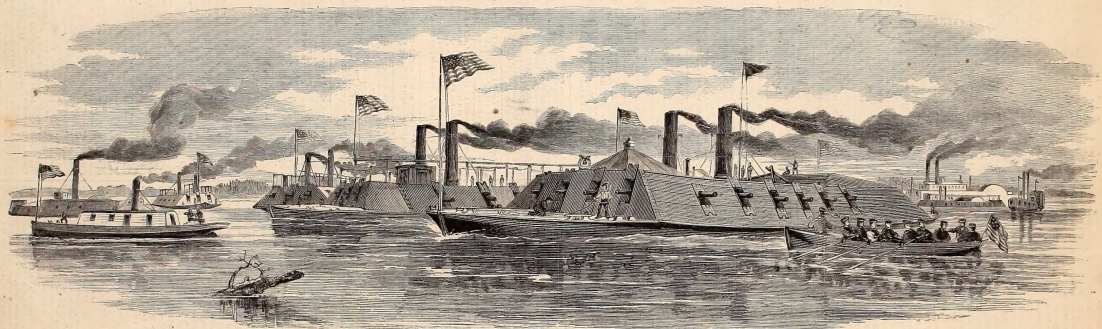
GERMANY.

PRUSSIA AGAINST US.

The Government of Prussia has addressed a dispatch to the Minister of Prussia at Washington in reference to the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, condemning the proceeding of the commander of the *San Jacinto*.



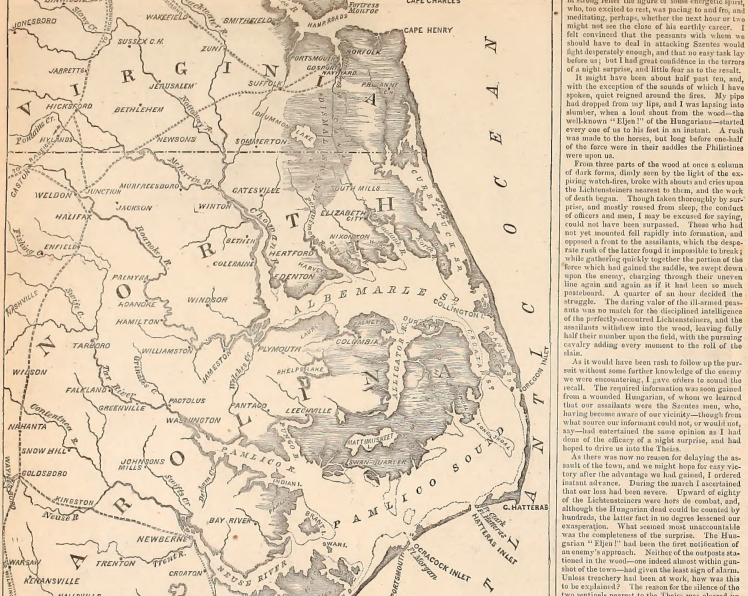
FORT HOLT, KENTUCKY, OPPOSITE CAIRO.—[SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]



COMMODORE FOOTE'S GUN-BOAT FLOTILLA ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 62.]



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE VESSELS COMPOSING THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION AT FORTRESS MONROE, AND SHOWING NORFOLK AND ITS APPROACHES.—[See Page 62.]



MAP SHOWING PAMLICO AND ALBEMARLE SOUNDS, AND THE APPROACHES TO NORFOLK FROM THE SOUTH.

MICHAEL THE DRAGOON.

IN the year '49 I was major in the dragoon regiment of which I have now the honor to be colonel; but, owing to the great loss of officers in the early part of the Hungarian campaign, was virtually then in command. The rebels knew our weak point. They were aware that men could be supplied to the Austrian army in any number; but that to cripple us effectually they had only to pick off the officers, and we were at their mercy. This plan they accordingly carried out. None of us ever expected to see nightfall when we went into action. Thus it happened that, though but a young man at the time, I was senior officer of the Lichtenstein regiment, as fine a body of men, I venture to say, as are to be found in the service.

We had suffered a good deal since the beginning of the war, and our force was reduced from its original strength of one thousand to about seven hundred and fifty sabres; but the men were true as steel, and eager to revenge the death of their comrades. The time of which I am going to speak was the latter end of March, immediately after the battle of Szolnok, a town upon the right bank of the Theiss, before which we had just sustained a tremendous defeat. Prince Windischgrätz, the Austrian commander, was falling back as rapidly as possible upon the river, and the Hungarians, under Görgei, were in hot pursuit. Though much cut up, our fellows did not lose heart, and the retreat was conducted with tolerable order.

My Lichtensteins led the advance. With us marched a corps of engineers and the wagons carrying pontoons, upon which it was intended to cross the river. Behind us we could hear the distant thunder of the guns, which told of the stubborn resistance still offered by our comrades in the Hungarian pursuit. We had arrived upon the bank, and were making every preparation to construct the bridge, when an orderly with dispatches dashed up to the front and inquired for me. He was the bearer of an order to lead the cavalry immediately across the river, as the Prince had received information that Szentes, a petty market town of great local importance, separated by a small wood from the left bank of the Theiss, was held by a considerable force of the enemy, who might embarrass the passage of the army next morning, or at any rate keep us in check until Görgei came up, when, taken between two fires, our utter annihilation seemed certain. If, on the contrary, we could manage to put the river between us and our pursuers, we should be secure, for their hastily-mixed levies were unprovided with the means of crossing its rapid stream. I was therefore to reconnoitre Szentes, and carry it at all hazards before the arrival of the Prince.

To read was to obey. Leaving the engineers to construct the bridge, I summoned my men, and as there was no time to look for a ford, they were compelled to swim the river. Some loss was experienced in the transit; a few were carried away by the violence of the current, but nearly all finally reached the left bank in safety. It was now dark. Parties were sent out instantly to reconnoitre the town, pickets were thrown into the wood, and we got ready for immediate action if the report of the scouts should render it advisable.

Now I should state that, though the majority of the Lichtensteiners were men upon whom I could implicitly depend, there were some few Hungarians in the regiment in whose fidelity to their oath I did not place perfect trust. I had had no particular reason for this doubt; all the men had fought well and bravely in the actions which had occurred, and no signs of disaffection to the Emperor had been noted. Still I thought it best to be upon my guard, and had, therefore, some days back, privately desired the captains to see that none of those whom I distrusted were appointed to any important charge. They were especially forbidden to place them on pickets. The arrangement had worked well; none of the Hungarians were told off for outpost duty; or, if they were, always in company with others whose fidelity was unimpeachable; and the men were believed not to have perceived the precaution. In accordance with this rule I was justified in supposing that the pickets now in the wood between us and Szentes were all well-affected men.

Toward nine o'clock our scouts returned. They brought with them a couple of peasants whom they had found gathering twigs and fallen branches in the wood. Two active Bohemians, well acquainted with the language, had changed clothes with the prisoners, and by this means penetrated without trouble into the town. They reported it occupied by about one thousand men, mostly peasants, armed with scythes and flails. The news of our defeat at Szolnok had apparently not yet reached them; but although no suspicion of our vicinity appeared to be entertained, too many were about to render an immediate attack prudent. I called the officers together, and we agreed to assault at midnight. The men were dismissed for a couple of hours to get their supper and obtain a little rest after their laborious day's march. A very short time sufficed before the troops had their fires lighted and the coffee-pots swinging over, the cheerful blaze. Some superintended the cooking, while others picketed the horses, and refreshed the poor brutes with water and such scanty forage as was at hand.

I have seldom seen a more picturesque scene than our little bivouac presented to me as I lay wrapped in my cloak by the fire, enjoying my after-supper pipe. The night, though cold, was fine but dark. As there was no moon, all the light afforded by the sky was given by the stars, which seemed to shine out with unusual brilliancy. Before me rolled the rapid waters of the Theiss, across which came the clink of the pontoniers' hammers, as the bridge grew beneath their practiced hands. Around us the men were mostly sleeping, for the poor fellows were tired with the forty-mile march from Szolnok. The flickering blaze of the fires was thrown up against the dark back-ground of wood and thicket, and brought out here and there in strong relief the figure of some energetic spirit, who, too excited to rest, was pacing to and fro, and meditating, perhaps, whether the next hour or two might not see the close of his earthly career. I felt convinced that the peasants with whom we should have to deal in attacking Szentes would fight desperately enough, and that no easy task lay before us; but I had great confidence in the terror of a night surprise, and little fear as to the result.

It might have been about half past ten, and, with the exception of the sounds of which I have spoken, quiet reigned around the fires. My pipe had dropped from my lips, and I was lapsing into slumber, when a loud shout from the wood—the well-known "Eljen!" of the Hungarians—startled every one of us to his feet in an instant. A rush was made to the horses, but long before one-half of the force were in their saddles the Philistines were upon us.

From three parts of the wood at once a column of dark forms, dimly seen by the light of the expiring watch-fires, broke with shouts and cries upon the Lichtensteiners nearest to them, and the work of death began. Though taken thoroughly by surprise, and mostly rescued from sleep, the conduct of officers and men, I may be excused for saying, could not have been surpassed. Those who had not yet mounted fell rapidly into formation, and opposed a front to the assailants, which the desperate rush of the latter found it impossible to break; while gathering quickly together the portion of the force which had gained the saddle, we swept down upon the enemy, charging through their extreme line again and again as if it had been so much pasteboard. A quarter of an hour decided the struggle. The flaring value of the ill-aimed peasants was no match for the disciplined intelligence of the perfectly-accoutred Lichtensteiners, and the assailants withdrew into the wood, having fully half their number upon the field, with the pursuing cavalry adding every moment to the roll of the slain.

As it would have been rash to follow up the pursuit without some further knowledge of the enemy we were encountering, I gave orders to sound the recall. The required information was soon gained from a wounded Hungarian, of whom we learned that our assailants were the Szentes men, who, having become aware of our vicinity—although from what source our informant could not, or would not, say—had entertained the same opinion as I had done of the efficacy of a night surprise, and had hoped to drive us into the Theiss.

As there was now no reason for delaying the assault of the town, and we might hope for easy victory after the advantage we had gained, I ordered instant advance. During the march I ascertained that our loss had been severe. Upward of eighty of the Lichtensteiners were hors de combat, and, although the Hungarian dead could be counted by hundreds, the latter fact in no degree lessened our compunction. What seemed most unaccountable was the completeness of the surprise. The Hungarian "Eljen!" had been the first notification of an enemy's approach. Neither of the outposts stationed in the wood—one indeed almost within gunshot of the town—had given the least signal of alarm. Unless treachery had been at work, how was this to be explained? The reason for the silence of the two sentinels ceased to be a mystery when cleared up as we reached the spots where the poor fellows had been posted. Each had fallen, having probably been taken unawares by peasants gliding through the brush-wood. This I afterward ascertained to have been the case. Here, at any rate, were two of the men, both slain at their posts; but where was the third? His horse was found tied to a tree; his pistols, undischarged, were in the holsters; but the sentinel himself was not to be found. One inference only could be drawn. He must have deserted, and it was to the information given by him that we were indebted for the Hungarian attack.

Further inquiry, as rapidly pursued as the circumstances would admit, brought out the suspicion—nay, that the missing sentinel was one of the men upon whom I had given orders to keep a watchful eye. He was a Hungarian, named Michael Kovats, a dragoon soldier, and, from his nationality, a man with whom no possible fault could be found. He had been three years in the regiment, and was never suspected of partiality toward his countrymen. Except upon this ground, however, suspicion could be assigned to no quarter. Time would not allow of investigating the cause for inferring my orders, that no important charge should be given to the man, for the time. The time I fully ascertained these facts we were already emerging from the wood and entering the town.

Half the men were ordered to dismount and advance at once to the attack, while a squadron was told off to guard the entrance of the wood in the rear. The loss which the insurgents had sustained upon the bank of the Theiss had lowered their courage so severe that little resistance was offered. A feeble barricade of carts, and similar materials had been thrown up at the entrance of the town, but was soon surmounted by the active assailants, who swarmed over it like rats, and scared the defenders where they stood. The men were in a furious rage against them, and well enough, but their number was small, and when once the town was charged upon—for near a hasty flight dispersed even this scanty band. The Lichtensteiners were so irritated at the disturbance of their night's rest that they gave little quarter. The officers had difficulty in dissuading them from firing the town; but even when I had succeeded in orders could prevent their pillaging the houses, and destroying every valuable too unwieldly to be carried away. I must confess that I took little pains to enforce strict discipline, for the loss of so large a number of my men had aroused in me also some spirit of revenge.

An hour perhaps had passed in plundering the town when I sent for the officers to assemble in the market-place. The men came straggling in, a few bringing prisoners, from whom it was thought important information might be gained, but all

(To be continued.)

with as much booty as they could manage to collect. While the roll was being called, lights were placed in the windows of the houses looking upon the square, and lanterns attached to poles were hung up at the corners to enable us to guard against another surprise. While this was being done, my attention was directed to a house presenting a different appearance from any of the rest; large and high, built of stone, with the doors fastened and windows dark, it seemed at first as if deserted. No answer being given to our summons, an attempt was made to force the door, but its massive character defied violence, and I was on the point of calling off the men from wasting valuable time upon what, after all, was probably unimportant, when one of the sergeants came to tell me that the house belonged to Gregori Kozlo, a Hungarian of the town, who was believed to be on the Austrian side. The name being that of the missing sentry, made me send for the person who had given the information, and learning, further, that the servants had been left behind, I directed that the window should be broken in, and Michael Szalody grouped in speechless sorrow around the corpse. The entrance of our party aroused them from their stupor; they threw themselves before the deserter, and called loudly to him to leave his escape. Michael opened the window, and before our men could push the two men aside, had thrown it open and jumped out. He was instantly followed, and after a long chase among the cut-buildings in the rear of the premises, was captured and brought back into the room.

"Michael," said I, "you have been a bad soldier. "His ears will soon be settled. Tie paces and a long party of the deserter."

"Oh! spare him, my lord!" exclaimed one of the females, an elderly woman, throwing herself with clasped hands at the officer's feet. "Spare the poor boy! He never meant to desert. It was to ask his father's last blessing that he left his post, and we persuaded him. Oh, spare the boy!"

The two other women—a couple of handsome, dark-eyed girls—one of whom was Michael's sister, the other his cousin and betrothed, followed the mother's example, and, joined their cries to her supplications. Michael himself never uttered a word.

"A likely story," returned I, "but it is no matter. The facts are clear enough. Even if what you say were true, I have no power to save the man. Each of the way there. Sergeant, forward—march!"

As he spoke he pushed Michael's cousin, who was nearest to him, aside more roughly perhaps than he needed to have done. She was thrown off her balance, and falling forward cut her mouth against his heavy riding-boot. The blood gushed over her face, and stained her light-colored dress. The sight maddened Michael to fury. With a sudden curse he swung himself loose from the men who held him, rushed upon the officer, tore the sabre from his hand, and cut him down before the others of the party had time to interfere. He was disarmed and pinioned in a moment, however, and brought out just as the noise of the scuffle and the shrieks of the women had induced me to order in more men.

When Szeldy appeared outside, followed by two men supporting the wounded officer, I saw with difficulty I could keep the Lichtensteiners from rushing upon their former comrade and killing him. I should have been justified under the circumstances in ordering out a party and shooting him without delay, but refusing to give the man a hearing, I assembled the officers for a drumhead court-martial, and proceeded to try Michael Szeldy for the gross military crime of desertion and wounding his superior.

The facts were clear and unmistakable. I was particularly anxious to learn how it had happened that Szeldy had been placed on outpost duty contrary to regular order? An inquiry showed that a casualty accident sometimes frustrates our most carefully-laid plans. Although the sergeants were prohibited from placing the men on sentry, it was necessary to prevent the men themselves from receiving they were objects of suspicion, and therefore the officer placed in regular order upon the rota with the rest, but it was so contrived that something always occurred to prevent their taking turn of duty. In the present instance, Szeldy stood third on the list, but when the sentry-go posse, to which he was told off, found that No. 1 was missing, having been drowned in passing the Theiss; No. 2 was disabled by a kick from the stranger of one of his horses while riding in the dark among the trees; and the sergeant called forward No. 3 because he had literally no better man available. It was indispensable that a smart soldier should occupy the post; it was only to be for a short time; and from the good character of Szeldy in the regiment, with his apparent want of sympathy with the rebels, added to the manner in which he had volunteered for the fringing the order. It should be added that no one had the slightest suspicion of Michael's having relatives in Szentes.

The case against the prisoner was apparently unanswerable. He had left his post in the presence of the enemy, occasioning by negligence, if not by treachery, heavy loss to the regiment; he had tried to escape when discovered, and had severely wounded his officer when captured. The unanimous sentence of the court was, death on all the charges; the judgment—Death.

Before passing sentence, I, as president of the court, addressed the prisoner, and told him we were willing to hear any explanation he might have to offer. Szeldy had listened to the proceedings thus far in apparent stupor. It evidently seemed to him so inexplicable that he should be arraigned upon so frightful a charge as having treacherously caused the death of his comrades, that he had scarcely been able hitherto to realize the horror of his position. He roused up a little, however, at my address, and after a short pause began to speak.

"I am a soldier, I remember his words well, in his speech struck me as one of remarkable ability for a man in his station.

"Major and gentlemen," said he, saluting the court, "I know that whatever I may say won't be of any use, for it seems to be all made out against me. I must die by my comrades' fire as a coward and a traitor, where if I willingly have given every drop of blood in my body to have saved even one of them. I'm not afraid of death, for I've looked him me in the face often enough, but I do shudder at the thought that those by whose side I've fought so often should curse my name and memory after I'm gone. That's a dreadful curse to die with upon one's mind, and more than all, because as I hope for forgiveness in heaven, I am innocent of the charges brought against me as any one of your gentlemen can be. Except that I got down the lieutenant's horse, that's true, I'll not pat it to you, gentlemen, whether if any of you were to ever find yourself in a similar way, I injured, you wouldn't have acted as I did? But that's not the point to mock as the charge that by my negligence I betrayed my comrades. Well, what weighs upon my mind, and it's that in particular I want to speak about,

"When the sergeant left me on sentry I dismounted, feeling, old, tied my horse to a tree, and commenced walking my beat. I was relieved at an hour, looking every now and then at the town lines, where the lights in the windows were gradually disappearing, and every thing becoming still. I was thinking we should have an easier job in surprising them from the Lichtensteins' quarter, as it may be sure it was the very last of my thoughts that any one I cared a pipe of tobacco about was among the rebels. I'm a Szentes man myself, and for months—in fact, since the beginning of the war—could not hear from my poor father had removed here entered my mind.

"As I said, Major, I marched up and down after my hour, when I heard a footstep, and in the bushes near. 'Halt!' thinks I, 'let's keep quiet a bit, and see who goes there.' So I stepped behind the trees to watch my beat, and to be watched. In a minute or two out came a woman, whom I couldn't see for the trees, and who, not to making off toward the town, when I sung out to her to stop, or I should fire. She started, as you may suppose, and ran to offer to me, but as I didn't know then was one within miles of the place, and thought it was a trick, I fired. I was just asking what brought her into the wood at that time of night, and telling her she was my prisoner, when she gave a scream, and I knew the name, and jumped up my neck. Then, Major, I observed that was my cousin, Carlin Kerbely, to whom I was promised before the drafting, and for her I heard that my father and all the family had gone to Szentes, and that she had left the Lichtenstein uniform, and was a lost hope; but then she found her father, who was one of the men murdered by Jellachich's Croats the day before, and was now getting back to Szentes as fast as she could.

"You may think, gentlemen, that a suicide news this was to me. First, my father was very ill, and not likely to survive the night; next, my mother and sister and poor Carlin in a country ravaging to attack, and I knowing only too well what they might expect from the Lichtensteiners when the blood was up. Carlin begged and prayed me to come with her into the town to see my father once more before he died, and to take her with me, as impossible I could leave my post, she assured me that I should be back in an hour, and that no one would be found out. Then I began to think, too, the thing might be managed, if she could get out of the town and to the Austrian lines, and that if I could not get back in time it would be enough, when the advance took place, that I had fallen in with the rebels, and I should be able to protect the women after the town was taken. In talking to this Carlin to me, I had forgotten that I'd also forgot all about my horse being tied to the tree and that being found there I should be thought to have given leave.

"Well, gentlemen, to make my story short, I agreed to go with her, and she promised I should be back in half an hour. The lights were all out as we got into the place; there wasn't a soul stirring, and we reached the house without mishap. When we entered, Carlin told my mother and sister I had consented to go with her to see my father in to my father. How they found out the town that the Lichtensteiners were in the wood and on the bank of the river I don't know. Perhaps my mother can tell you. All I do know is that my father kept fast hold of my hand till he died, and that I couldn't let my poor father go. Perhaps the attack was from the firing outside, and affected the Lichtensteiners, I can't remember. They cause the lieutenant and our men, and you know what has just happened."

Rather to test the truth of Szeldy's story for my own satisfaction than for any benefit its confirmation would be to him, I questioned the prisoner, and tried to discover from her how our occupation of the wood had become known in Szentes. From her statement it appeared that a neighbor, who was in the house when Carlin Kerbely told her aunt and cousin of Michael's arrival, must have overheard the story and communicated it to the leaders of the peasants in the town. Probably several of the rescuing party had brought him to Szentes was, therefore, very probable true, and that the fact of Szeldy's having been guilty of having intentionally betrayed his companies; but the fact of his having undoubtedly abandoned his post was established by his own confession, and it was certainly through his negligence that the attack took place. The wound of his superior officer, again, although inflicted under great provocation, was an inexcusable crime. I felt such sympathy with the man on account of the trying circumstances into which he had been thrown, but pity could not be permitted to overrule duty. Sentence must therefore be pronounced, the only indulgence the court could permit being the postponement for an hour, to enable the prisoner to take leave of his relatives and the friends of death.

Szeldy was placed for safe custody in a stable adjoining his father's house, a sentry being posted at the door. His mother, sister, and cousin—who, after the first shock, had given his sentence with a composure which seemed to me strangely unfeeling at the time—were then admitted to take their leave, and after they had taken their farewell of the prisoner, and had been expelled by the sentry, I myself, with the rest of the court, proceeded to the place of execution. The interview with his mother and sister was over, but that with his cousin lasted longer—so long, in fact, that the priest interrupted them before it was concluded. I had been told before I arrived that, if I would consent to see a request from the prisoner to be permitted to see Carlin once more, but without witnesses, as he had a last message to deliver to her. Willing to afford the poor fellow whatever consolation was in my power, I assented to the request. The priest sought Carlin, brought her to the door of the stable, and closed it upon her. Some time having passed without the sound of a voice, the priest again went in to hasten the parting. As he came out he said, in a very serious look, saying: "Poor souls, poor souls! I am glad I left them to part. Grant them a few minutes longer. I go to comfort the afflicted mother."

He walked away. A quarter of an hour passed, and still no sign. Longer delay could not be permitted, and a corporal with a file of men was sent in to bring out the prisoner. They had scarcely entered, however, before a shout was heard within, and the corporal rushed out, exclaiming, "Treachery! Michael has escaped; and the girl, too, has disappeared!"

Escaped!" I ejaculated. "Impossible! Surround the place, I shall look to the post at."

We hurried into the stable, searched it in every corner, turned over the bundles of hay and straw on command, and then looked into the ranks and dungeons, but in vain. Neither Michael nor Carlin were to be found. The mother and sister and the priest had also mysteriously disappeared. It was evident that the repeated interviews were nothing but a device to gain time for the collected ones to complete their arrangements. Though bitterly annoyed at having been so thoroughly duped, I can not say that I felt particularly sorry to be relieved from a painful duty. Michael had remained faithful to the cause, and could not have been executed; and being persuaded that the story he had told was true, my feelings had pulled hard in favor of the noble-minded man and his mistress of war had toggled just as vehemently in another. Under the circumstances, however, I was not hypocrite enough to affect much grief at his escape. The only mystery I should have been glad to solve, in what way the escape had been effected.

This mystery, would not allow of our desiring much pains to its discovery. News was received that the advanced-guard of the Prince's force had passed the Danube at various points, and that even I gave orders for instantly evacuating Szentes, and the Lichtensteiners resumed their position at the head of the Austrian army. I was glad to learn that the passage of the river was only just effected in time. Gorgey's force debouched upon the left bank as the last of our corps was still upon the bridge, and it was under a heavy fire, and with the loss of the rear-guard, before the latter could be succeeded in detaching the pontoons, and thus destroying the means of the enemy following us beyond the Theiss. Two days later we fell in with strong reinforcements under General Vetter, which placed us in a position to hold our own in the next encounter.

In the year '55, long after I had forgotten the mysterious escape of Michael Szeldy, I was again in command of a party of Hussars in Transylvania, over the service in which we were engaged was far less hazardous than that of attempting to subdue the revolutionary spirit which had manifested itself former part of the corps d'armée under Count Carl Gottlieb, and which was now occupying part of Wallachia, the Danubian Principalities, during the Crimean war. Except an occasional brush with the Cossacks, however, we saw little of the enemy service; and it was during one of these small expeditions that the mystery which had hitherto involved the events I have just detailed was cleared up.

Intelligence had been received at Bucharest that the inhabitants of a Moldavian village had risen against a company of Croat infantry quartered in them, owing, as the officer in charge, by our men. The Moldavians had besieged the barracks, and the men were only saved from massacre by some of the guns. Orders were given me to see to the suppression of the disturbance, and to bring the ringleaders to trial. Two regiments of Austrian Lichtensteiners had been considered sufficient for this purpose, and I was provided out with my command. a man who had attended me for many years—to-ward a little inn upon the frontier, where I had left my command during the expedition's progress.

It chanced that we had never been in this part of the country before. The inhabitants were peaceable and quiet, and our duties brought us chiefly into contact with people of a different class. We had, consequently, then, after receiving a wide tract of hilly country, we strayed from the highroad in order to endeavor to get again it bewildered ourselves so thoroughly that we had not the remotest idea in what direction it was to be sought. In this dilemma I desired my attendant to ride up to a farm-house I saw at the end of a valley we were then traversing, and inquire the way to the frontier line. The man rode off, was absent a considerable time, and at length returned with a curious smirk on his countenance.

"I've made a strange discovery up there, Colonel," he said. "As the only acquaintance of your honor owns that farm-house, and its people and barcolons, to tell me."

"Indeed, Szeldy?" I replied. "Which? Who? Is his name?"

"Szeldy!—what's your name?" answered Oscar. "Szeldy!—what's your name? Szeldy!—what's your name?" I exclaimed. "Are you sure you are not mistaken?"

"Positive, Colonel," returned Oscar; "and he made me say that if you would only please to favor him with a visit he should consider it the greatest honor that could happen to him. But here he comes."

He pointed to the farm-house, and as he spoke a stout, well-dressed farmer, mounted upon a fine bay, rode toward us. Oscar was right—it really was Szeldy. The ex-dragoon saluted me respectfully, and invited me very cordially to rest a few hours at his farm, promising, for mine no longer offer, want to the frontier inn of which I was in search. When we arrived at the farm-house, a comely matron, in whom I had little difficulty in recognizing Carlin, came to meet us, with an infant in her arms, and two other children clinging to their mother's dress. Michael presented me to his wife and children, and conducted me into his house.

After an excellent dinner, succeeded by some capital wine and cigars, the farmer began to tell me by what means he and Carlin had succeeded in making their escape from the town of Szentes. I assured him that he might confide in me without fear. Although an Austrian army occupied the country, he was now loosened the province of the Turkish flag, and I should not demand his extradition.

"I am sure of that, Colonel," returned Michael. "I didn't serve three years among the Lichtensteiners without learning the difference between an officer and a gentleman, and a scoundrel who betrays poor wretches for the price of blood. If I had not felt sure of that, I should have never have made myself known to Oscar there, whom I recognized at an old comrade the moment he rode up.

"You ask how Carlin and I made our escape, Well, the fact is, we never made any escape at all, but were in the stable, or rather under it, all the time you were in the town. Our story may well look surprised; but this is how it came about. In many of the houses in Hungarian towns—particularly those of the richer class—built at considerable date—there is generally some secret place large enough to be used for the concealment of property. In my father's house at Szentes, this was a cellar situated beneath the stable, filled with piles of brushwood and lumber, and communicating with the loose wall by a trap-door, artfully let into the floor behind one of the partitions. The thing was so very well arranged that you might have walked over without finding it even if you had known of its existence, but to us it was invaluable, and this must have followed our unexpected disappearance, it was almost certain to elude discovery.

"My mother told me about this place when she visited me in the stable, but our great difficulty was to find an opportunity of raising the trap unseen from intrusion, and to restore it after leaving to its old position. For this purpose the priest, on his way to the cell, had the little pile of logs introducing Carlin, and then after a bit coming back to see if our interview was finished. As his record visit he replaced the trap behind the partition, swept the earth and litter back over the spot, and made the best of his way out of the stable with my mother and sister.

"Carlin and I waited below until the troops had quitted Szentes, and did not venture to leave our concealment until we found the town in Gorgey's possession. We agreed that Debrecen, Carlin's home, was no place for me. My mother collected her property, and we came over to Moldavia, where I purchased this farm and married Carlin. We live here happily and in comfort, and are very prosperous; and now that the Providence will, to pass the remainder of our days."

I repeated my assurance to Michael that I should do nothing to disturb his happiness, and continued over to be careful not to let fall any hints among the comrades. My caution was quite superfluous, as I judged from Oscar's significant grin in reply that Michael had already adopted means to secure his silence. Still he expressed his gratitude secrecy, and he will be the more likely to keep his promise, as we left the farm next day, and he has not passed under the sceptre of the Sultan, having married Michael's sister, and settled as a horse-breeder near his brother-in-law, among the Moldavian hills.

THE MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION.

We devote page 52 to illustrations of the GREAT MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION.

Our first illustration represents the fleet of IRON-CLAD GUN-BOATS with which Commodore Foote is to attack the rebel fortifications at Columbus and other points on the Mississippi. They will probably be simultaneously on the land side. It will be noticed that they are most formidable craft, and that they are armed with the work set before them. By the time these lines are read, it is possible that they may have begun operations.

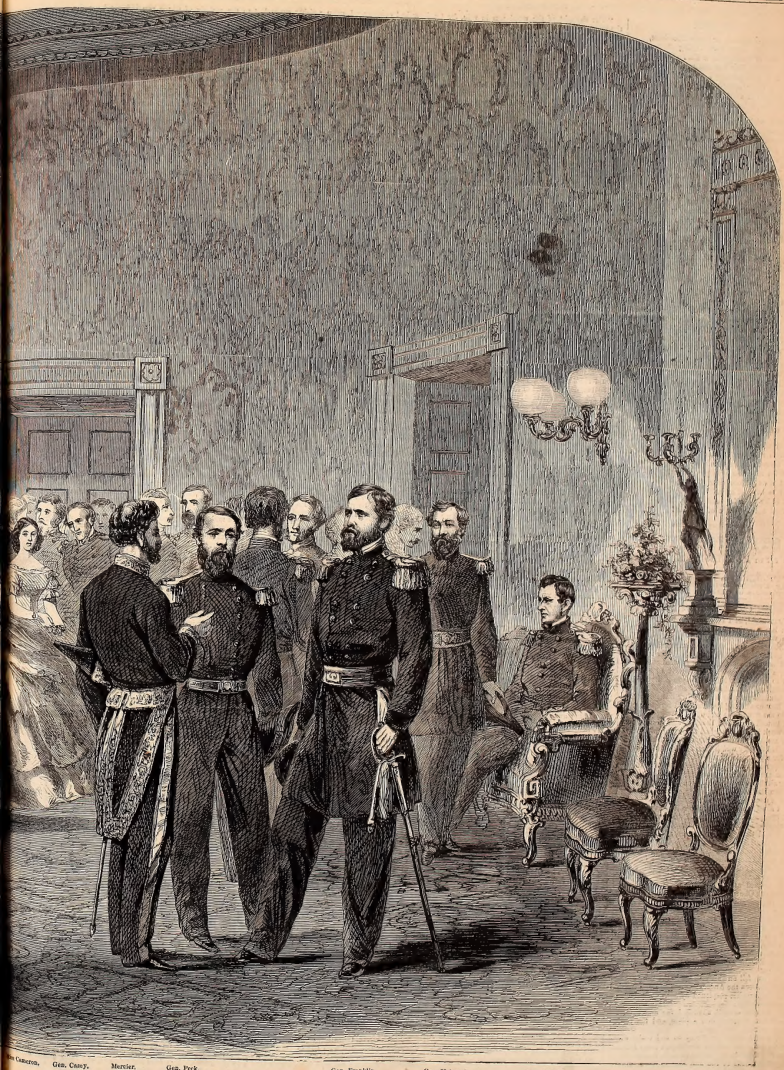
The other cut represents FORT HOLT, KENTUCKY, opposite Cairo, which is to be the starting-point of the land portion of the expedition. On another page we give a sketch of the interior of the BARRACKS at FORT HOLT.

All these pictures are from designs by our attentive and faithful correspondent, Mr. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.



Hay. Stanley. Gen. McDowell. Col. Lamon. President Lincoln. Commissioner of Public Buildings. Cullum. Col. Astor. Mrs. Lincoln. Secretary Chase and daughter.

GRAND RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOU



UARY, 1862.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. WAUD.]

LEECHES.

'Tis strange indeed, in times like these,
How many show their feeling
And love of country in a kind
Of "gnashy o'er me stealing!"
One man goes prating long and loud
About our "bleeding nation;"
But while the soldiers gape around
He robs them of a ration!

Another, with long face he asks
A blessing on our graves;
He wants a chance to try his hand
In contracting for horses!
"He's loyal to the Stars and Stripes,
He would, he says, be blessing
As long's his contract lasts he says,
"Oh! Ale, just lay the tax on!"

Another's oldest brother went
To school with Mrs. Lincoln's;
To show his love for country he
Would furnish it with tin cans!
Held like to cop old Uncle Sam,
And let that sole of blessing
And all the while he prates about
"This damnable seceding!"

Another wants a soldier's birth,
"To fight in that 'ar battle;"
And so he'd like to do his share
By furnishing the rabbit!
"He loves his country old country's flag,
And Yankee Doodle Dandy;"
And so he shows his love for them
By selling poisoned brandy!

Go where you choose, look where you will,
You'll find these mean leeches!
In church, in Congress, on the stump,
A making Union speeches.
Round lucrative fine places they nestle
They drink their whisky-toddy;
While shiver, shiver in the camps
The men they clothed in shoddy!

Away with all such men as these,
Who rob our flag's defenders!
To Warren and to Lafayette
With all such leeches plunderers!
And if at all our dear old flag
Is to be rent asunder,
Let it be done by *rebel* hands,
And not by those of plunder!

A STRANGE STORY.

By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets, now in possession of the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THAT night, as I was employed in collecting such books and manuscripts as I proposed to take with me, including my chemical and physiological work, and such standard authorities as I might want to consult or refer to in the perilous yet unexplored, my servant entered to inform me, in answer to the inquiries I had sent him to make, that Miss Bertram had peacefully breathed her last an hour before. Well! my pardon had perhaps soothed her last moments; but how unavailing her dreadful repentance left minds the wrong she had done!

I turned from the memorial, and glancing at the work into which I had thrown all my learning, methodized into system with all my art, I recalled the pity which Mrs. Ashleigh had expressed for my meditated waste of mind. The tone of superiority which this sentiment of commonsense accompanied by uncommon will assumed over all that was too deep or too high for her comprehension, had sometimes nettled me; thinking over it now, it pleased. I said to myself, "After all, I shall bear with me such solace as intellectual occupation can afford. I shall have leisure to complete this labor, and a record that I have lived and thought may still exist all the longer which worldly ambition may bestow upon an Ashleigh Summer!" And, as I so murmured, my hand, mechanically moving, had nearly sealed, fell on the Bible that Julius Faber had given to me.

It opened at the Second Book of Esdras, which our Church places among the Apocrypha, and is generally considered by readers to have been written in the first or second century of the Christian era. But in which the questions raised by man in the remotest ages, to which we can trace back his desire "to comprehend the way of God," and to learn the reasons of a grandeur of thought and sublimity of word to which I know of no parallel in writers we call profane.

My eye fell on this passage in the lofty argument between the Angel, whose name is Uriel, and the Prophet perplexed by his own cravings for knowledge:

"He (the Angel) answered me and said, went into a forest, into a plain, and the trees took counsel and

"And said, Come, let us go and make war against the sea, that it may depart away before us, and that we may make us more woods.

"The floods of the sea, also in like manner took counsel, and said, Come, let us go up and subdue the woods of the plain, that there also we may make us another country.

"The thought of the floods of the sea came likewise to naught, for the sand stood up and stopped them.

"If thou wert judge now betwixt these two, whom wouldst thou begin to justify, or whom wouldst thou condemn?

"I answered and said, Verily it is a foolish thought that they both have held, for the ground is given unto the wood, and the sea also hath his place to bear his floods.

"Then answered he me and said, Thou hast given a right judgment; but why judgest thou not thyself also? For like as the ground is given unto the wood, and the sea to his floods, even so they that dwell upon the earth may understand nothing but things that are above the height of the heavens?

I paused at those words, and, closing the Sacred Volume, fell into deep, unquiet thought.

CHAPTER LXIX.

I HAD hoped that the voyage would have had some beneficial effect upon Lilian; but no effect, good or bad, was visible, except, perhaps, a deeper silence, a quieter calm. She loved to sit on the deck when the nights were fair, and the stars mirrored on the deep. And there, too, she stood beside her, bending over the rail of the vessel, and gazing on the wake of light which the moon made amidst the darkness of the ocean to which no shore could be seen, I said to myself, "Perhaps it is as well that I should be meanwhile buried!" Would that I could believe as I did when a child! Then cruel exceptions, to which I brought no experience by making it worth his while to serve me with it! Who doubted me? Who, and two who had been for many years with Mrs. Ashleigh, had accompanied me, they reasoned fallibly, but seemed contented. So the clock-work of our mere household arrangements went on much the same as in the quiet home. And I was not subjected to the ordinary privations and discomforts that attend the life of most of the other emigrants. Alas! would she have heeded them if she had been?

The chance of scene wrought a decided change for the better in her health and spirits, but not such as implied a dawn of reviving reason. In her communications she was more lively overcast. Its usual aspect was gloid with a soft mysterious calm. The momentary sunrises of memory, that were partly borrowed from English poets, partly gliding away into what seemed spontaneous odes addressed to her own waning intelligible meaning but never melody nor rhyme. Strange that memory and imitation—the two faculties which are the mere servants of knowledge—should still be so active, and judgment—the after faculty, that combines the rest into purpose and method —be annulled.

Julius Faber I see continually, though his research in a new department. He is sanguine as to Lilian's ultimate recovery; and, to my amazement and to his own he has contrived, by some art which I can not attain, to establish between her and himself intelligible communion. She comprehends by touches and signs, even though the simplest, seem to her in unknown language; and he construes into sense her words, that to me are unmeaning babbles.

"I was right," he said to me one day, leaving her seated on the rude bench he had placed in the mother, and joining me where I lay—listless yet fretful—under the shadowless gum-trees, gazing on the sky, and thinking that I could see Heaven's own, but on the far mountain range, from which the arch of the horizon seemed to spring—"I was right," said the patient physician; "this is reason suspended, not reason lost. Your wife will recover."

"But what?"

"Give me your arm as I walk homeward, and I will tell you." And in conclusion to which I have come."

Arose, the old man leaned on me, and we went down the valley, along the craggy ridges of the winding creek. The woodland on the opposite bank was vocal with the chirp, and creak, and chatter of Australian birds—all mirthful, all songless, save that sweetest of warblers, which seems to have been composed expressly to the name of magpie, but whose note is sweeter than that of nightingale. Its full throat filled the warm air with a distinct ecstatic melody of joy that dominates all the discords—so ravishing the ear of the lonely bush, the ear scarcely hears the scream of the parrots.

CHAPTER LXXI.

"YOU may remember," said Julius Faber, "Sir Humphrey Davy's eloquent description of the effect produced on him by the inhalation of nitrous oxide. He states that he began to lose the perception of external things; trains of vivid and rapid images passed through his mind, and were connected with words in such a manner as to produce perceptions perfectly novel. I existed, he said, in a world of new sensations, and newly-modified ideas." When he recovered he was astonished at the words he had spoken; the universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains."

"Now observe, that davy, a cultivator of positive science, endowed with one of the healthiest of human temperaments, by the inhalation of a gas, abstracted from all external life—enters into a new world, which consists of images he himself creates, or words which, in their novel combination, he receives the universe itself into thoughts."

"Well," said I, "but what inference do you draw from that voluntary experiment, applicable to the malady of which you bid me hope the cure?"

"Simply this: that the effect produced on a healthful brain by the nitrous oxide may be produced also by moral causes operating on the blood, or on the nerves. There is a degree of mental excitement in which the mind creates vivid sensations, and then the world is of external things gives way to the world within the brain. But this, though a suspension of that reason which comprehends accuracy of judgment, is no more a permanent derangement of the mind than was Sir Humphrey Davy's visionary ecstasies under the influence of the gas. The difference between the two states of suspense is that of time, and it is but an affair of time with our beloved patient. Yet prepare yourself. I fear that the mental will not recover without some critical malady of the body."

"Critical! but not dangerous?—say not dangerous. I can endure the pause of her reason; I could not endure the void in the universe if I let her cease to find from the grave."

"Poor friend! would not you yourself rather lose life than reason?"

"—yes? But we men are taught to set cheap value on our own lives; we do not estimate at the same value as women the lives of those we love. Did we do so, Humanity would lose its virtues."

"When then I, Love teaches, that there is something of nobler value than mere life? and surely it can not be the mere body. What is it, but that consciousness of being which your philosophy declines to acknowledge—viz., soul? If you fear so painfully that your Lilian should die, is it not from very fear to lose her soul?"

"Oh, cease, cease!" I cried, impatiently. "I can not now argue the metaphysics. I feel that I want you student of hearts to her life? Her wealth has been stronger ever since her affliction. She never seems to know objects by sight. Do you not perceive that her cheek has a more hardy bloom, her frame a more rounded symmetry, than when you saw her in England?"

"Unquestionably. Her physical forces have been silently accumulating through the dreams which half lull, half arouse her imagination. IMAGINATION, that faculty, the most glorious which is located on the human brain, because it is the faculty which enables thought to create, is of all others the most exhausting to life when unduly stimulated, and consequently arousing on its own creations. I think it probable that, had this sorrow not befallen you, you would have known a sorrow yet graver—you would have long survived your Lilian. As it is now, when she recovers, her whole physical health, and mental, will have undergone a beneficial change. Take it meanwhile as a truism, to see the malady of the body will precede the restoration of the mind; and it is my hope that the present suspension or aberration of the moral waking powers of the mind fit the body to endure and surmount the physical crisis. There is a hope, in my own experience, in many respects similar to this, but in other respects it was less hopeful. I was then in the full exuberance of the fullest physical conformation, of great mental energies, and consumed by an intense ambition. He was labouring for the infancy hours. He would not listen to me when I entreated him to rest his mind. I thought that he was certain to obtain the distinction for which he toiled, and equally certain to die a few months after obtaining it. And I should both my deductions. He was overworked himself that, on the day of examination, his nerves were agitated, his harmony of mind was in part passed, not with a certain credit, but fell far short of the rank among his fellow-competitors to which he aspired. Then, the physical mind sank low in the disappointed heart, and raised a new train of emotions. He was first visited by a species of insanity: then he sank into a state in which the external world seemed quite blotted out. He locked nothing that was said or done, and seemed to see nothing that was placed before his eyes; in a word, sensations became dormant, ideas were engendered within their place, and these ideas gave him pleasure. He believed that his genius was recognized, and he had images imposed constantly, arising an imaginary fame. So it went on for two years. During that period his frail form became robust and vigorous. At the end of that time he was seized with a fever, which would have swept him away in a few days had not the crisis been met in the first saw him. He conquered the fever, and, in recovering, acquired the full possession of the intellectual faculties through the medium of ideas. I first saw him, many years afterward, he was in perfect health, and the ideas of his youth were within him realized: the body had supported the mind—he had achieved distinction. Now what I ask you, is sorrow, laid this strong mind into a visionary sleep? The most agonizing of human emotions in a noble spirit—shame? What has an ancient writer said? Lilian? You have told me the story; shame!—the shame of a nature pre-eminently noble. Shame! Shame! In his case as in hers, the shock inflicted does not produce a succession of painful illusions; but, on the contrary, of ideas that are delightfully pleasing. Had the illusions been painful, the body would have suffered—but it suffered not. Why did a painful shock produce pleasing illusions? Because, no matter how a shock on the nervous system may operate, if it effects life, it does but make more vivid than impressions from actual external objects the ideas previously most cherished. Such ideas in the young student were ideas of earthly fame; such ideas in the young painter were ideas of angel comforters and heavenly Eidens. You miss her mind on the earth, and, while we speak, it is in paradise."

"Much that you say, my friend, is authorized by the speculations of great writers, with whom

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* Such is the supposition of Julia. Dr. Lee, however, is of opinion that the entire manuscript, according to the deed, identical, with the author of the Book of Enoch.

† Creak is the name given by Australian colonists to precarious water-courses and tributary streams.

‡ See, on the theory elaborated from his principle, Dr. Hilbert's interesting and valuable work on the Philosophy of Apparitions.

I am not unfamiliar; but in none of those writers, nor in your encouraging words, do I find a solution for much that has no precedents in my experience—much, indeed, that has analogies in my reading, but analogies which I have ever before despised as old wives' fables. I have bared to your searching eye the weird mysteries of my life. How do you account for facts which you can not resolve into illusions? for the influence which that strange being, Margrave, exercised over Lilian's mind or fancy, so that for a time her love for me was as dormant as is her reason now: so that he could draw her—her whose nature you admit to be singularly pure and modest—from her mother's home? The magic wand! the trance into which that wand threw Margrave himself; the apparition which it conjured up in my own quiet chamber, when my mind was without a care and my health without a flaw. How account for all this—as you endeavore , and perhaps successfully, to account for all my impressions of the Vision in the Museum, of the luminous haunting Shadow in its earlier apparitions, when my fancy was heated, my heart tormented, and, it might be, even the physical forces of this strong frame disordered?"

"Allen," said the old pathologist, "here we approach phenomena which few physicians have dared to examine. Honor to those who, like our bold contemporary, Elliotson, have braved scoff and sacrificed dross in seeking to extract what is practical in uses, what can be tested by experiment, from the speculations of Puységur and Mesmer."

"What! You believe—you! Julius Faber, you—in the doctrines of animal magnetism and electro-biology?"

"I have not examined into those doctrines, nor seen with my own eyes the wonders recorded, upon evidence too respectable, nevertheless, to permit me peremptorily to deny what I have not witnessed.* But wherever I look through the History of Mankind in all ages and all races, I find a concurrence in certain beliefs which seems to countenance the theory that there is in some peculiar and rare temperaments a power over forms of animated organization, with which they establish some unaccountable affinity; and even, though much more rarely, a power over inanimate matter. Whether this power be among the properties of that electric fluid with which all matter is more or less charged, or proceed from some other subtle fluid not yet more than dogmatically asserted or vaguely conjectured, I do not hazard an opinion. But from the power I name emanates the practice of what is popularly called witchcraft or magic. This practice is much more rife in savage states than civilized, as in all states it is more believed by the ignorant than the educated, and no doubt one reason of this is that the power is increased by the faith of him who exerts it, and the faith of those over whom it is exercised. In the native tribes of this land the elders are instructed in the arts of this so-called sorcery, but only in a very few constitutions does instruction avail to produce effects in which the savages recognize the powers of a sorcerer; it is so with the Obi of the negroes. The fascination of Obi is an unquestionable fact, but the Obi man can not be trained by formal lessons; he is born a fascinator, as a poet is born a poet. It is so with the Laplanders, of whom Tornæus reports that of those instructed in the magical art 'only a few are capable of it.' 'Some,' he says, 'are naturally magicians.' And this fact is emphatically insisted upon by the mystics of our own middle ages, who state that a man must be *born* a magician, in other words, that the gift is constitutional, though developed by practice and art. Now, that this gift and its practice should principally obtain in imperfect states of civilization, and fade into insignificance in the busy social enlightenment of cities, may be accounted for by reference to the known influences of imagination. In the cruder states of social life not only is imagination more frequently predominant over all other faculties, but it has not the healthful vents which the intellectual competition of cities and civilization affords. The man who in a savage tribe, or in the dark feudal ages, would be a magician, is in our century a poet, an orator, a daring speculator, an inventive philosopher. In other words, his imagination is drawn to pursuits congenial to those among whom it works. It is the tendency of all intellect to follow the directions of the public opinion amidst which it is trained. Where a magician is held in reverence or awe, there will be more practitioners of magic than where a magician is despised as an impostor or shut up as a lunatic. In Scandinavia, before the introduction of Christianity, all tradition records the wonderful powers of the Vala, or witch, who was then held in reverence and honor. Christianity was introduced, and the early Church denounced the Vala as the instrument of Satan, and from that moment down dropped the majestic prophetess into a miserable and execrated old hag!"

"The ideas you broach," said I, musingly, "have at moments crossed me, though I have shrunk from reducing them to a theory which is but one of pure hypothesis. But this magic, after all, then, you would place in the imagination of the operator, acting on the imagination of those whom it affects. Here, at least, I can follow you, to a certain extent, for here we get back into the legitimate realm of physiology."

"And possibly," said Faber, "we may find hints to guide us to useful examination, if not to complete solution, of problems that, once demonstrated, may lead to discoveries of infinite value—hints, I say, in two writers of widely opposite genius—Van Helmont and Bacon. Van Helmont, of all the medieval mystics, is the most severely intellectual. He supposed that the faculty which he calls Phantasy, and which we familiarly call Imagination, is invested with the power of creating for itself ideas independent of the senses, each idea clothed in a form fabricated by the imagination, and becoming an operative entity. This notion is so far favored by modern physiologists, that Lincke reports a case where the eye itself was extirpated; yet the extirpation was followed by the appearance of luminous figures before the orbit. And again, a woman, stone blind, complained 'of luminous images, with pale colors, before her eyes. Abercrombie mentions the case 'of a lady quite blind, her eyes being also disorganized and sunk, who never walked out without seeing a little old woman in a red cloak who seemed to walk before her.'* Your favorite authority, the illustrious Müller, who was himself in the habit of 'seeing different images in the field of vision when he lay quietly down to sleep, asserts that these images are not merely presented to the fancy, but that even the images of dreams *are really seen*,' and that 'any one may satisfy himself of this by accustoming himself regularly to open his eyes when waking after a dream, the images seen in the dream are then sometimes visible, and can be observed to disappear gradually.' He confirms this statement, not only by the result of his own experience, but by the observations made by Spinoza, and the yet higher authority of Aristotle, who accounts for spectral appearance as *the internal action of the sense of vision.*† And this opinion is favored by Sir David Brewster, whose experience leads him to suggest 'that the objects of mental contemplation may be seen as distinctly as external objects, and will occupy the same local position in the axis of vision as if they had been formed by the agency of light.'‡ Be this as it may, one fact remains, that images can be seen even by the blind as distinctly and as vividly as you and I now see the stream below our feet and the opossums at play upon yonder boughs. Let us come now to some remarkable suggestions of Lord Bacon. In his Natural History, treating of the force of the imagination, and the help it receives 'by one man working by another,' he cites an instance he had witnessed of a kind of juggler, who could tell a person what card he thought of. He mentioned this 'to a pretended learned man, curious in such things,' and this sage said to him, 'It is not the knowledge of the man's thought, for that is proper to God, but the enforcing of a thought upon him, and binding his imagination by a stronger, so that he could think of no other card.' You see this sage anticipated our modern electro-biologists! And the learned man then shrewdly asked Lord Bacon, 'Did the juggler tell the card to the man himself who had thought of it, or bid another tell it?' 'He bade another tell it,' answered Lord Bacon. 'I thought so,' returned his learned acquaintance, 'for the juggler himself could not have put on so strong an imagination; but by telling the card to the other, who believed the juggler was some strange man who could do strange things—that other man caught a strong imagination.' The whole story is worth reading, because Lord Bacon evidently thinks it conveys a guess worth examining. And Lord Bacon, were he now living, would be the man to solve the mysteries that branch out of mesmerism or (so called) spiritual manifestation, for he would not pretend to despise their phenomena for fear of hurting his reputation for good sense. Bacon then goes on to state that there are three ways to fortify the imagination. 'First, authority derived from belief in an art and in the man who exercises it; secondly, means to quicken and corroborate the imagination; thirdly, means to repeat and refresh it.' For the second and the third he refers to the practices of magic; and proceeds afterward to state on what things imagination has most force; 'upon things that have the lightest and easiest motions, and, therefore, above all, upon the spirits of men, and, in them, on such affections as move lightest—in love, in fear, in irresolution. And,' adds Bacon, earnestly, in a very different spirit from that which dictates to the sages of our time the philosophy of rejecting without trial that which belongs to the Marvelous, 'and whatsoever is of this kind should be *thoroughly inquired into.*' And this great founder or renovator of the sober inductive system of investigation, even so far leaves it a matter of speculative inquiry whether imagination may not be so powerful that it can actually operate upon a plant, that he says, 'This likewise should be made upon plants, and that diligently, as if you should tell a man that such a tree would die this year, and *will* him, at these and these times, to go unto it and see how it thriveth.' I presume that no philosopher has followed such recommendations; had some great philosopher done so, possibly we should by this time know all the secrets of what is popularly called witchcraft."

And as Faber here paused there came a strange laugh from the fantastic she oak-tree overhanging the stream—a wild, impish laugh.

"Pooh! it is but the great kingfisher, the laughing bird of the Australian bush," said Julius Faber, amused at my start of superstitious alarm.

We walked on for some minutes in musing silence, and the rude log-hut in which my wise companion had his home came in view; the flocks grazing on undulous pastures, the kine drinking at a water-course fringed by the slender gum-trees; and a few fields, laboriously won from the luxuriant grass-land, rippling with the wave of corn.

I halted, and said, "Rest here for a few moments till I gather up the conclusions to which your speculative reasoning seems to invite me."

We sat down on a rocky crag, half mantled by luxuriant creepers with vermilion buds.

"From the guesses," said I, "which you have drawn from the fancies of those who first greeted the dawn of philosophy emerging from the mists of fable, I collect this solution of the mysteries, by which the experience I gain from my senses confounds all the dogmas approved by my judgment. To the rational conjectures by which, when we first conversed on the marvels that perplexed me, you ascribed to my imagination, predisposed by mental excitement, physical fatigue, or derangement, and a concurrence of singular events tending to strengthen such predisposition—the phantasmal impressions produced on my senses; to these conjectures you now add a new one, more startling and less admitted by sober physiologists. You conceive it possible that persons endowed with a rare and peculiar temperament can so operate on the imagination, and, through the imagination, on the senses of others, as to exceed even the powers ascribed to the practitioners of mesmerism and electro-biology, and give a certain foundation of truth to the old tales of magic and witchcraft. You imply that Margrave may be a person thus gifted, and hence the influence he unquestionably exercised over Lilian, and over, perhaps, less innocent agents, charmed or impelled by his will. And not discarding, as I own I should have been originally induced to do, the queries or suggestions adventured by Bacon in his discursive speculations on Nature—to wit, 'that there be many things, some of them inanimate, that operate upon the spirits of men by secret sympathy and antipathy,' and to which Bacon gave the quaint name of 'imaginants,' so even that wand, of which I have described to you the magic-like effects, may have had properties communicated to it by which it performs the work of the magician, as mesmerists pretend that some substance mesmerized by them can act on the patient as sensibly as if it were the mesmerizer himself. Do I state your suppositions correctly?"

"Yes; always remembering that they are only suppositions, and volunteered with the utmost diffidence. But since, thus seated in the early wilderness, we permit ourselves the indulgence of child-like guess, may it not be possible, apart from the doubtful question whether a man can communicate to an inanimate material substance a power to act upon the mind or imagination of another man—may it not, I say, be possible that such a substance may contain in itself such a power over certain constitutions, though not over others. For instance, it is in my experience that the common hazel-wood will strongly affect certain nervous temperaments, though wholly without effect on others. I remember a young girl who, having taken up a hazel stick, freshly cut, could not relax her hold of it, and when it was wrenched away from her by force was irresistibly attracted toward it, repossessed herself of it, and, after holding it a few minutes, was cast into a kind of trance, in which she beheld phantasmal visions. Mentioning this curious case, which I supposed unique, to a learned brother of our profession, he told me that he had known other instances of the effect of the hazel upon nervous temperaments in persons of both sexes. Possibly it was some such peculiar property in the hazel that made it the wood selected for the old divining-rod. Well, we do not know what this wand that produced a seemingly magical effect upon you was really composed of. You did not notice the metal employed in the wire which you say communicated a thrill to the sensitive nerves in the palm of the hand. You can not tell how far it might have been the vehicle of some fluid force in nature. The wand itself is steel, or iron; it is tipped with crystal. Possibly iron and crystal do really contain some properties not hitherto scientifically analyzed, and only, indeed, potential over exceptional temperaments, which may account for the fact that iron and crystal have been favorites with all professed mystics, ancient and modern. The Delphic Pythoness had her iron tripod, Mesmer his iron bed; and many persons, indisputably honest, can not gaze long upon a ball of crystal but what they begin to see visions. I suspect that a philosophical cause for such seemingly preternatural effects of crystal and iron will be found in connection with the extreme impressionability to changes in temperature which is the characteristic both of crystal and iron. But if these materials do contain certain powers over exceptional constitutions, we do not arrive at a supernatural, but at a natural phenomenon."

"Still," said I, "even granting that your explanatory hypotheses hit or approach the truth—still, what a terrible power you would assign to man's will over men's reason and deeds!"

"Man's will," answered Faber, "has over men's deeds and reason, habitual and daily, power infinitely greater, and, when uncounterbalanced, infinitely more dangerous than that which superstition exaggerates in magic. Man's will moves a war that decimates a race, and leaves behind it calamities little less dire than slaughter. Man's will frames, but it also corrupts laws; exalts, but also demoralizes opinion; sets the world mad with fanaticism as often as it curbs the heart's fierce instincts by the wisdom of brother-like mercy. You revolt at the exceptional, limited sway over some two or three individuals which the arts of a sorcerer (if sorcerer there be) can effect; and yet, at the very moment in which you were perplexed and appalled by such sway, or by your reluctant belief in it, your will was devising an engine to unsettle the reason and wither the hopes of millions!"

"My will! What engine?"

"A book conceived by your intellect, adorned by your learning, and directed by your will to steal from the minds of other men their persuasion of the soul's everlasting Hereafter."

I bowed my head, and felt myself grow pale.

"And if we accept Bacon's theory of 'secret sympathy,' or the plainer physiological maxim that there must be in the imaginat[illegible], morbidly impressed by the will of another, some trains of idea in affinity with such influence and preinclined to receive it, no magician could warp you to evil, except through thoughts that themselves went astray. Grant that the Margrave who still haunts your mind did really, by some occult, sinister magnetism, guide the madman to murder—did influence the servant-woman's vulgar desire to pry into the secrets of her ill-fated master—or the old maid's covetous wish and envious malignity—what could this awful magician do more than any commonplace guilty adviser to a mind predisposed to accept the advice?"

"You forget one example which destroys your argument—the spell which this mysterious fascinator could cast upon a creature so pure from all guilt as Lilian!"

"Will you forgive me if I answer frankly?"

"Speak."

"Your Lilian is spotless and pure as you deem her, and the fascination, therefore, attempts no lure through a sinful desire; it blends with its attraction no sentiment of affection untrue to yourself. Nay, it is justice to your Lilian, and may be a melancholy comfort to you, to state my conviction, based on the answers my questions have drawn from her, that you were never more cherished by her love than when that love seemed to forsake you. Her imagination impressed her with the illusion that through your love for her you were threatened with a great peril. What seemed the levity of her desertion was the devotion of self-sacrifice. And, in her strange, dream-led wanderings, do not think that she was conscious of the fascination you impute to this mysterious Margrave; in her belief, it was your own guardian angel that guided her steps, and her pilgrimage was ordained to disarm the foe that menaced you, and dissolve the spell that divided her life from yours! But had she not long before this willfully prepared herself to be so deceived? Had not her fancies been deliberately encouraged to dwell aloft from the duties we are placed on the earth to perform? The loftiest faculties in our nature are those that demand the finest poise, not to fall from their height and crush all the walls that they crown. With exquisite beauty of illustration, Hume says of the dreamers of 'bright fancies,' 'that they may be compared to those angels whom the Scriptures represent as covering their eyes with their wings.' Had you been, like my nephew, a wrestler for bread with the wilderness, what helpmate would your Lilian have been to you? How often would you have cried out in justifiable anger, 'I, son of Adam, am on earth not in paradise. Oh that my Eve were at home on my hearth, and not in the skies with the seraphs!' No Margrave, I venture to say, could have suspended the healthful affections, or charmed into danger the wide-awake soul of my Amy. When she rocks in its cradle the babe the young parents intrust to her heed—when she calls the kine to the milking, the chicks to their corn—when she but flits through my room to renew the flowers on the stand, or range in neat order the books that I read—no spell on her fancy could lead her a step from the range of her provident cares! At day she is contented to be on the commonplace earth; at evening, she and I

[*Continued on Page* 62.]

* What Faber here says is expressed with more authority by one of the most accomplished metaphysicians of our time (Sir. W. Hamilton):

"Somnambulism is a phenomenon still more astonishing (than dreaming). In this singular state a person performs a regular series of rational actions, and those frequently of the most difficult and delicate nature; and, what is still more marvelous, with a talent to which he could make no pretension when awake. (Cr. Ancillon, Essais Philos. ii. 161.) His memory and reminiscence supply him with recollections of words and things which, perhaps, never were at his disposal in the ordinary state—he speaks more fluently a more refined language. And if we are to credit what the evidence on which it rests hardly allows us to disbelieve, he has not only perception of things through other channels than the common organs of sense, but the sphere of his cognition is amplified to an extent far beyond the limits to which sensible perception is confined. This subject is one of the most perplexing in the whole compass of philosophy; for, on the one hand, the phenomena are so remarkable that they can not be believed, and yet, on the other, they are of so unambiguous and palpable a character, and the witnesses to their reality are so numerous, so intelligent, and so high above every suspicion of deceit, that it is equally impossible to deny credit to what is attested by such ample and unexceptionable evidence." —Sir W. Hamilton's Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic, vol. ii., p. 274.

This perplexity, in which the distinguished philosopher leaves the judgment so equally balanced that it finds it impossible to believe, and yet impossible to disbelieve, forms the right state of mind in which a candid thinker should come to the examination of those more extraordinary phenomena which he has not himself yet witnessed, but the fair inquiry into which may be tendered to him by persons above the imputation of quackery and fraud. Müller, who is not the least determined, as he is certainly one of the most distinguished disbelievers of mesmeric phenomena, does not appear to have witnessed, or at least to have carefully examined them, or he would, perhaps, have seen that even the more extraordinary of those phenomena confirm, rather than contradict, his own general theories, and may be explained by the sympathies one sense has with another—"the laws of reflection through the medium of the brain." (Physiology of Senses, p. 1311.) And again by the maxim "that the mental principle, or cause of the mental phenomena, can not be confined to the brain, but that it exists in a latent state in every part of the organism." (Ib., p. 1355.) The "nerve power," contended for by Mr. Bain, also, may suggest a rational solution of much that has seemed incredible to those physiologists who have not condescended to sift the genuine phenomena of mesmerism from the exaggeration and imposture which too frequently obscure and degrade them.

* She had no illusions when within doors.—Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, p. 277. (15th edition.)

† Müller, Physiology of the Senses, Bayley's translation, p. 1068-1395, and elsewhere. Mr. Bain, in his thoughtful and suggestive work on the Senses and Intellect, makes very powerful use of these statements in support of his proposition, which Faber, in the text elsewhere, advances in other words—viz., "the return of the nervous currents exactly on their old track in revived sensations."

‡ Perhaps it is for the reason suggested in the text, viz., that the magician requires the interposition of a third imagination between his own and that of the consulting believer, that any learned adept in (so called) magic will invariably refuse to exhibit without the presence of a third person. Hence the author of Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie, printed at Paris, 1852-'53—a book not unremarkable for the learning wasted on such a subject, but still more remarkable for the earnest belief of a scholar of our own day in the art of which he records the history—insists much on the necessity of rigidly observing Le Ternaire, in the number of persons who are credulous enough to assist in an enchanter's experiments.



EXECUTION OF PRIVATE LANAHAN, OF THE REGULAR ARMY, FOR MURDER, AT WASHINGTON.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

FORTRESS MONROE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

We publish on page 53 a Bird-eye View of Fortress Monroe and Vicinity, with the vessels composing the Burnside Expedition; also, on page 54, a Map showing Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, and the approaches to Norfolk from the south. It is well understood that the Burnside Expedition, after having cleared the rebels out of Pamlico, Albemarle, and Currituck Sounds, will pay some attention to Norfolk. The *Tribune* correspondent says:

I presume I shall violate no confidence if I state, on common rumor and belief, that the expedition will rendezvous at Hatteras Inlet, and that Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds will be the immediate field of operations. Of these operations in detail it is not proper to speak, any further than that it is understood that the force, when fairly afloat on the waters of Pamlico Sound, will address itself to Roanoke Island, which is strongly fortified. This is the key to Albemarle Sound, through Currituck, and it is supposed that the position is defended by from 2000 to 3000 rebels. This taken, one of the forts following the taking of Hatteras four or five months ago, when 1000 men might have done the same thing, will have been retrieved. I presume the clearing out of the rebels from all the sounds will follow, which might have been done with a thousand men and two or three gun-boats at the time referred to. It must not be supposed that this is the whole work laid out for the expedition. It will be but clearing away the underbrush, and it will be time enough to record the rest when it takes place.

We read in the Norfolk *Day-Book* of the 9th:

Information received this city last evening to the effect that a Union fleet had made its appearance in Pamlico Sound. The fleet consists of twenty gun-boats, drawing from five to six feet of water, and carrying some of them, five guns. They were first discovered by Captain Hunter, who, while reconnoitering, was shot at by them. On his return to the island he reported the fact, and our force proceeded at once to place themselves in a state of readiness for an attack.

This is supposed to be a portion of the Burnside expedition, and it is thought by some that its object is to prepare for an attack upon Norfolk from the rear. However this may be, one thing is certain, and that is, that, should this be their programme, they will find it a hard road to travel before they get to the end of it. We trust that our friends will give them a warm reception, and determine to concentrically resist the foe, and that when he shows battle they will keep themselves cool and their powder dry, and by their valor cause another "masterly retreat" upon the part of the Hessians.



EMBARKATION OF PART OF GENERAL BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION AT ANNAPOLIS, ON BOARD THE "HUSSAR."—SKETCHED BY MR. ANGELO WEBER.—[SEE PAGE 62.]



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY, AND ITS APPROACHES.—[illegible] 1. General Crittenden's camp.—2. Bowling Green and defenses.—3. Big River Creek.—4. [illegible]—5. [illegible]—6. Green River Knob and batteries.—7. Pratt's Knob.—8. Cave City.—9. Woodland.—10. Horse Well.—11. Summer Seat Knob.—12. Clear Point.—13. Peach-tree Knob.—14. Bald Knob.—15. Cranmer.—16. Louisville and Nashville Turnpike.—17. Louisville and Nashville Railroad.—18. Green River bridge, restored.—19. Green River.—20. Mumfordsville.—21. Gen. Buell's advance Brigades.—22. Bacon Creek.—23. Leesville.—24. Upton Station.—25. Nolin.—26. Red Mills.—27. Nolin Creek.—28. Hodgensville.—29. Elizabethtown.—30. Rough Creek.—31. Litchfield.—32. Valley Creek.—33. Pontoon bridge.

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knock together at the one door of heaven, which opes to thanksgiving and prayer, and thanksgiving and prayer sends us back, calm and hopeful, to the tasks that each morrow renews."

I looked up as the old man paused, and in the limpid clearness of the Australian atmosphere I saw the child he thus praised standing by the garden-gate, looking toward us, and, though still distant, she seemed near. I felt wroth with her. My heart so cherished my harmless, defenseless Lilian, that I was jealous of the praise taken from her to be bestowed on another.

"Each of us," said I, coldly, "has his or her own nature, and the uses harmonious to that nature's idiosyncrasy. The world, I grant, would get on very ill if women were not, more or less, actively useful and quietly good, like your Amy. But the world would lose standards that exalt and refine if no woman were permitted to gain, through the indulgence of fancy, thoughts exquisite as those which my Lilian conceived, while thought, alas, flowed out of fancy. I do not wound you by citing your Amy as a type of the mediocre. I do not claim for Lilian the rank we accord to the type of genius. But both are alike to such types in this: viz., that the uses of mediocrity are for everyday life, and the uses of genius, amidst a thousand mistakes which mediocrity never commits, are to suggest and perpetuate ideas which raise the standard of the mediocre to a nobler level. There would be fewer Amys in life if there were no Lilian, as there would be far fewer good men of sense if there were no erring dreamer of genius!"

"You say well, Allen Fenwick. And who should be so indulgent to the vagaries of the imagination as the philosophers who taught your youth to doubt every thing in the Maker's plan of creation which could not be mathematically proved. 'The human mind,' said Luther, 'is like a drunkard on horseback; prop it on one side, and it falls on the other.' So the man who is much too enlightened to believe in a peasant's religion, is always sure to set up some inane superstition of his own. Open biographical volumes wherever you please, and the man who has no faith in religion, is a man who has faith in a nightmare. See that type of the elegant skeptics—Lord Herbert, of Cherbury. He is writing a book against Revelation; he asks a sign from heaven to tell him if his book is approved by his Maker, and the man who can not believe in the miracles performed by his Saviour, gravely tells us of a miracle vouchsafed to himself. Take the hardest and strongest intellect which the hardest and strongest race of mankind ever schooled and accomplished. See the greatest of great men, the great Julius Cæsar! Publicly he asserts in the Senate that the immortality of the soul is a vain chimera. He professes the creed which Roman voluptuaries deduced from Epicurus, and denies all divine interference in the affairs of the earth. A great authority for the materialists—they have none greater! They can show on their side no intellect equal to Cæsar's; and yet this magnificent free-thinker, rejecting a soul and a Deity, habitually entered his chariot in muttering a charm; crawled on his knees up the steps of a temple to propitiate the abstraction called 'Nemesis;' and did not cross the Rubicon till he had consulted the omens. What does all this prove? A very simple truth. Man has some instincts with the brutes; for instance, hunger and sexual love. Man has one instinct peculiar to himself, found universally (or with alleged exceptions in savage states so rare that they do not affect the general law*)—an instinct of an invisible power without this earth, and of a life beyond the grave, which that power vouchsafes to his spirit. But the best of us can not violate an instinct with impunity. Resist hunger as long as you can, and, rather than die of starvation, your instinct will make you a cannibal; resist love when youth and nature impel to it, and what pathologist does not track one broad path into madness or crime? So with the noblest instinct of all. Reject the internal conviction by which the grandest thinkers have sanctioned the hope of the humblest Christian, and you are servile at once to some faith inconceivably more hard to believe. The imagination will not be withheld from its yearning for vistas beyond the walls of the flesh and the span of the present hour. Philosophy itself, in rejecting the healthful creeds by which man finds his safeguards in sober prayer, and his guide through the wilderness of visionary doubt, invents systems compared to which the mysteries of theology are simple. Suppose any man of strong, plain understanding had never heard of a Deity like Him whom we Christians adore, then ask this man which he can the better comprehend in his mind, and accept as a natural faith, the simple Christianity of his shepherd or the pantheism of Spinoza? Place before an accomplished critic (who comes with a perfectly unprejudiced mind to either inquiry), first, the arguments of David Hume against the Gospel miracles, and then the metaphysical crotchets of David Hume himself. This subtle philosopher, not content, with Berkeley, to get rid of matter—not content, with Condillac, to get rid of spirit or mind—proceeds to a miracle greater than any his Maker has yet vouchsafed to reveal. He, being then alive and in the act of writing, gets rid of himself altogether. Nay, he confesses he can not reason with any one who is stupid enough to think he has a self. His words are: 'What we call a mind is nothing but a heap or collection of different perceptions or objects united together by certain relations, and supposed, though falsely, to be endowed with perfect simplicity and identity. If any one upon serious and candid reflection thinks he has a different notion of himself, I must confess I can reason with him no longer.' Certainly I would rather believe all the ghost-stories upon record than believe that I am not even a ghost, distinct and apart from the perceptions conveyed to me, no matter how—just as I am distinct and apart from the furniture in my room, no matter whether I found it there or whether I bought it. If some old cosmogonist asked you to believe that the primitive cause of the solar system was not to be traced to a Divine Intelligence, but to a nebulosity, originally so diffuse that its existence can with difficulty be conceived, and that the origin of the present system of organized beings equally dispensed with the agency of a creative mind, and could be referred to molecules formed in the water by the power of attraction, till, by modifications of cellular tissue in the gradual lapse of ages, one monad became an oyster and another a Man—would you not say this cosmogony could scarcely have misled the human understanding even in the earliest dawn of speculative inquiry? Yet such are the hypotheses to which the desire to philosophize away that simple proposition of a Divine First Cause, which every child can comprehend, led two of the greatest geniuses and profoundest reasoners of modern times, La Place and La Marck.* Certainly, the more you examine those arch phantasmagorists, the philosophers, who would leave nothing in the universe but their own delusions, the more your intellectual pride may be humbled. The wildest phenomena which have startled you, are not more extravagant than the grave explanations which intellectual presumption adventures on the elements of our own organism and the relations between the world of matter and the world of ideas."

Here our conversation stopped, for Amy had now joined us, and, looking up to reply, I saw the child's innocent face between me and the furrowed brow of the old man.

* It seems extremely doubtful whether the very few instances in which it has been asserted that a savage race had been found without recognition of a Deity and a future state would bear searching examination. It is set forth, for example, in most of the popular works on Australia, that the Australian savages have no notion of a Deity or a Hereafter, that they only worship a devil, or evil spirit. This assumption, though made more peremptorily, and by a greater number of writers than any similar one regarding other savages, is altogether erroneous, and has no other foundation than the ignorance of the writers. The Australian savages recognize a Deity, but He is too august for a name in their own language; in English they call Him The Great Master—an expression synonymous with "The Great Lord." They believe in a hereafter of eternal joy, and place it among the stars.—See Strzelecki's Physical Description of New South Wales.

* See the observations on La Place and La Marck in the Introduction to Kirby's Bridgewater Treatise.

BOWLING GREEN AND THE VICINITY.

On page 61 we publish a birds-eye view of that part of Kentucky now occupied by our own and the rebel forces, showing the course of the Green River, Mumfordsville, Bowling Green, etc. A correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* writes as follows regarding this region of country:

The Federal forces advancing on Bowling Green are now detained at Green River for repairs of the railroad bridge. This bridge was an iron one, and said to have been destroyed two or three months ago, contrary to the instructions of General Buckner at the time. It is over 200 feet span. The whole country west of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, for 50 or 60 miles to the Ohio River, is rough, hilly, and broken, and literally without any thing that would be entitled to the name of roads, and but sparsely inhabited. The distance from Green River to Bowling Green is 41 miles. There are no villages on the route of the turnpike or railroad. The largest place is at Preut's Knob, with some dozen houses. There is a high range of hills on the west of the road, extending from near Green River almost to Bowling Green. At several points these hills would command the railroad and turnpike. Preut's Knob is a point of great strength. The roads passing between the hills and knobs, which are here some 200 feet high, and, except the open country to the east, that would render it possible to turn the flank of an army posted within the pass of these hills, I should consider this the strongest natural position on the line of road between Louisville and Nashville. This is some twelve miles from Green River, and if the rebels make a stand this side of Bowling Green it will doubtless be here.

Glasgow Junction (Bells, the old point for stage to Mammoth Cave) is also another strong point, and may be defended by Buckner's army. The turnpike from Green River to this point is but a common dirt road, and in winter very bad; but from this point to Bowling Green is a fine Macadamized road, and our forces will not likely meet with any obstruction for the 23 miles to Bowling Green.

The greatest strength of Bowling Green for defense is in the great difficulty our troops will have to turn either flank of the enemy, which probably can not be done without great labor and preparation. Either above or below the country is rough and rugged; there are no roads running parallel with the railroad.

The country between Green River and Bowling Green is very peculiar in its formation, being cavernous. There is not a stream of water on the whole route, and, save a few small springs, there is no water that is not artificially obtained. The whole of this country may be compared to bowls with a hole in the bottom, of all sizes from a few rods in extent to 50 or 100 acres. These holes or sinks carry off the surplus water after rains into the caves or underground streams. By the natural supply of water 500 horsemen could not have found the means of subsisting themselves and horses in a body between Green and Barren rivers, within several miles of the railroad. But the country is now a fine farming one, and abundance of water is obtained by cisterns, and by stopping the holes in the sinks, forming little ponds from the surface drainage, every farmer having one or more of these ponds. Should the rebels choose to do so, and they wish to annoy our forces, they could open these sink-holes, and drain the ponds along the whole line of forty miles in a single day, which would render it impossible for an army to subsist on the route until the holes could be stopped and the rains again fill the ponds with water.

We give also on this page a map of a portion of Tennessee and Kentucky, being the theatre of the operations of Commodore Foote, General Halleck, and General Buell.

EXECUTION OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

On page 60 we illustrate The Execution of Private Lanahan, of the regular army, who was hung for murder at Washington on 6th January. The following extracts from the *Herald* correspondence contain the history of the affair:

Lanahan had for some time entertained a grudge against Sergeant Brennan, and when the homicide occurred he was reprimanded by the Sergeant for being absent from his post at guard mounting. Lanahan replied to the Sergeant impudently, and when Brennan turned quickly and asked what he said, Lanahan leveled his musket and fired, killing the Sergeant instantly. The culprit was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be hung. Major-General M'Clellan, upon a careful review of the record, which disclosed facts that would have convicted him of murder in the first degree before any impartial jury, signed the death-warrant. Brennan was an officer much respected, and his murder was the subject of much comment at the time.

This morning, at ten o'clock, Lanahan was taken from the central guard-house, and, accompanied by his spiritual adviser, Father Walter, of St. Patrick's Church, placed in a carriage, guarded by a file of regulars, conveyed by way of Ninth Street to Pennsylvania Avenue, and thence to Franklin Square. Lanahan was dressed in his regular uniform, and, with the exception of an unnatural paleness, looked as usual. He was short in stature, and dark-complexioned.

At eleven o'clock an escort, composed of five detachments from regiments of United States Infantry, took the prisoner through Fourteenth Street and Vermont Avenue to the place of execution, a vacant space between O and P streets. Here was a gallows, which had been erected during the morning, and around this the troops were ranged in a hollow square. The prisoner was taken from the carriage at a quarter past eleven o'clock, and, with a single armed guard, approached the scaffold, accompanied by Father Walter. He mounted the scaffold with a firm step and looked around upon the soldiery without flinching. General Devereaux, Assistant Adjutant-General, read in a clear voice the order for the execution, to which the prisoner calmly listened, occasionally looking around for the last time at his comrades upon the field. Three or four hundred spectators only had gathered around the military to witness the impressive spectacle.

The troops were brought to a parade rest, and the prisoner requested that his arms, which had been pinioned behind him, might be loosened, as he desired to meet his fate like a man. The request was complied with, and Father Walter put on his sacerdotal robes, and knelt for a few minutes to offer up the last petition for him who was soon to expiate his crime. Lanahan looked around when the priest had concluded his prayer, and said, in a cheerful and audible voice, as he looked around upon the military cordon, "Good-by, soldiers, good-by!" The black cap was drawn over his face, and he stepped firmly upon the trap, where he placed himself in the position of the soldier, with his arms by his side. All things being ready, Corporal Brown, at half past eleven o'clock, placed his foot upon the spring, and Lanahan, who had not been unnerved for an instant, fell, and his life was over.

There were a few muscular contractions of the body, but the spinal cord was broken, and in a few minutes the surgeons examined the body, and pronounced life extinct. The corpse was placed in an army wagon, and conveyed by comrades of the deceased to the Catholic Cemetery for burial.

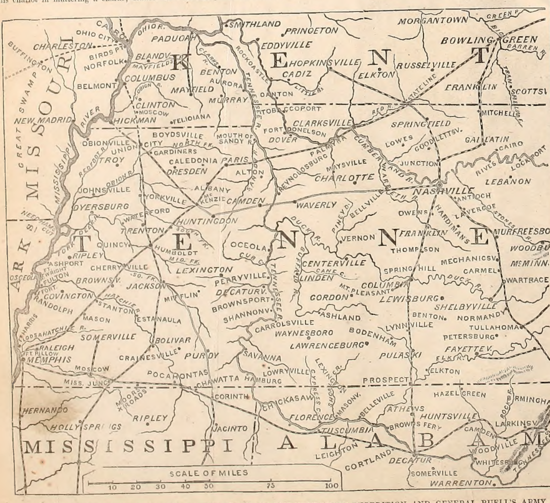
Within half an hour after the execution the scaffold was removed, and persons living a square distant hardly knew that such an affair had taken place in their neighborhood.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

We publish on page 60 an engraving of the Embarkation of Troops for the Burnside Expedition on board the *Hussar*. The expedition will have sailed before these lines reach the public eye. The *Tribune* correspondent at Fortress Monroe wrote on 9th:

Throughout the day yesterday transports, gun-boats, and other craft, constituting the principal portion of the Burnside Expedition, were passing through the Chesapeake, in sight of the Fortress, on their way to their place of rendezvous. In the afternoon the fleet of gun-boats that have rendezvoused here for some time also commenced leaving, and by sundown all but two or three, which are to act in the double capacity of gun-boats and transports, such as the *Hunchback* and *Southfield*, were showing their heels in the waters of the Chesapeake. But a small number of vessels will come here, the final arrangements of the Expedition having been nearly perfected at Annapolis.

Flag-Officer Goldsborough will be chief officer in command of the expedition—of the land as well as the naval forces. Experience has proved the impracticability of a dual command—nominally a united, but really a divided one. Hence Flag-Officer Goldsborough, as the senior officer, with the rank of Major-General as well as Commodore, will be supreme, and direct the entire forces. I understand that this has the entire approval of General Burnside, who enjoys to the fullest the confidence of the Flag-Officer, and who only in the event of an extreme contingency will be abridged of any of his powers as commander of the land forces.



WAR MAP, SHOWING THE THEATRE OF OPERATIONS OF THE MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION AND GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY.

And again at 10th:

At about 10 o'clock A.M. the fog began to lift, and then we realized the full and awful presence of the Rebellion, for even transports, gun-boats, and all sorts of craft began to enter the Roads, and come to anchor under the walls of the fortress. The tars got steamers were black with troops, who shouted vociferously, and were saluted by every body on all sides, while the bands played the "Star-Spangled Banner." Up the Island Creek to the Eastern City, with General Burnside, had cut arrived. General Foster came on the *Star Spangled*, and had no time in paying his respects to General Wool. He speaks in the highest terms of his progress, and does not doubt that his troops will follow him any where.

GIVING THE MITTEN.

She gave him the mitten, the villagers said,
And that they alleged was the reason
Why Tiny Alf's wept as a private last spring,
To fight for oppression of treason.

Whether goodly spake fibly or wisely, 'twas true
That his gloves were dirty and ragged,
And smiles never more to his lips came again
Since she his love he enlisted a soldier.

And Jane Dashaway—what said she the while?
She smiled, but she trembled all over,
And sent the pale roses to flowery snow
When they spied her lover's recover.

Listened, pressing her lovelorn tight over her heart,
When the wire thrilled the grim battle story
Of Lieblerd's, of the heroic Bill Hill,
Reeling death on the red field of glory.

Then winter came on, and pitying hearts
Told of sufferings, wants, misery, and blame;
And Jane stole away to her grandmother's side
To ask—"Couldn't I knit a mitten?"

* * * * * *

Boy Alfie is nursing on sick soldier's knee—
Her quickly the bright needles ply—
"Tell soon have them done, and one man the less
On guard shall not tremble and shiver.

"But they must not know this heart, turning traitor,
Takes back all those hasty words spoken;
I said I would never be his if he went—
I must keep the pale promise unbroken.

"I'll take them to him, just to see if they fit,
Or, if needs be, some stitches to alter,
And if he is better and happy at heart
I know that my speech will not falter.

But if he should be very sorry, or sick,
Or look very weary and lonely—
Boy, am I quite sure I can meet him again?
Courage, Jane, for a brief moment only."

* * * * * *

"Friend Boy, will you try them? I knit them for you."
A smile lit his face and sad color,
While holding his hand tightly over his own,
The kneeling form trembled all over.

"This fits very well, the other please try,
To make sure both right I'll examine."
He threw back his cloak.—"Jane Dashaway, dear,
One mitten homefresh and forever!"

And now couldn't I such a sweet story tell!
How the girl, with her eyes softly shining,
Crept close to his side the arm lonely for aye,
Around her slight degree leaning,

And murmured some words in a wounded way,
Something all about soldier and glory;
And then, that the mitten might not want a hand,
She gave him her own. That's the story.

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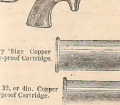
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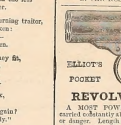
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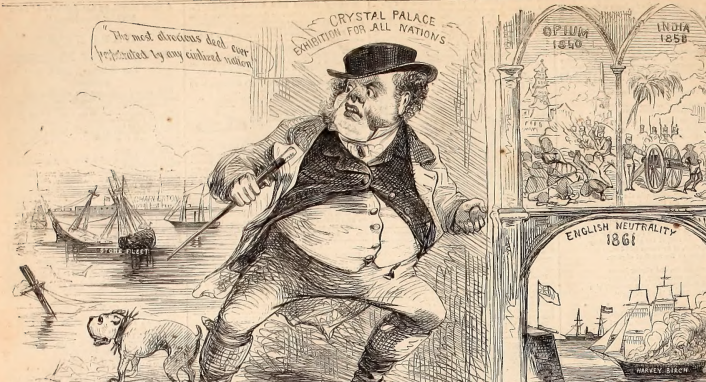
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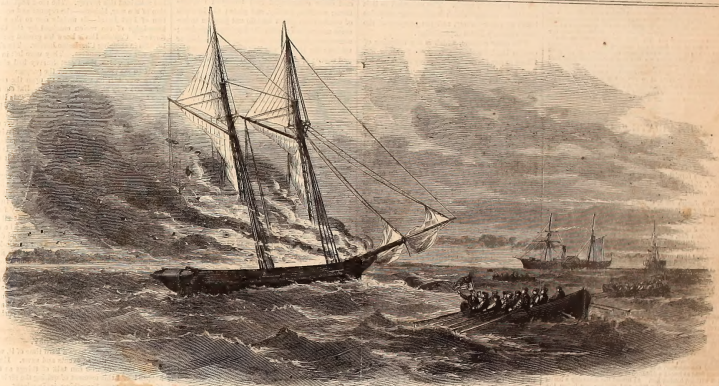
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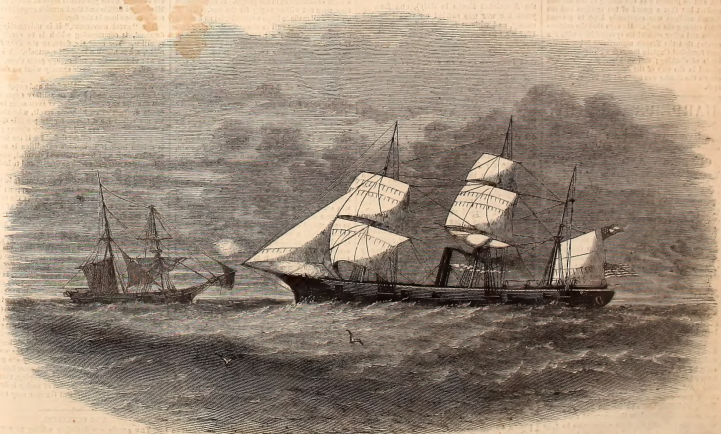
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DESTRUCTION OF A SCHOONER OFF CUMBERLAND INLET, GEORGIA, BY THE BOATS OF THE "ALABAMA."—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE "ALABAMA."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE PIRATE "SUMTER" FIRING AT THE BRIG "JOSEPH PARKS," OF BOSTON.—SKETCHED BY ONE OF THE CREW OF THE "SUMTER."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

DESTRUCTION OF A SCHOONER OFF THE COAST OF GEORGIA.

WE publish on the preceding page a picture of the DESTRUCTION OF A SCHOONER which was trying to run the blockade off Cumberland Inlet, Georgia. A letter from the United States steamer *Alabama* to the *Herald* thus describes the affair:

Early on 15th December a small sail was descried to the southward, standing in toward Cumberland Inlet, and evidently trying to run the blockade. Signal was made to the *Pocahontas*, which was then lying to, and started in pursuit, the *Seminole* standing under easy steam and sail to cover her movements. About that they could not make, which was the small schooner's number, and that they could not board her in the shallow waters, having all sail set, and commenced throwing her cargo into the beach. The *Alabama* then fell in her way cautiously in as far as practicable, the *Seminole* remaining in the offing to look out for the movements of the same sort. Two of our boats were then lowered, manned, armed, under the command of Acting Masters Benton Dennis and West, and one likewise from the *Seminole*, and, after a short but spirited pulling they came up with her, her late occupants having taken to the woods upon the approach of "Lincoln's hirelings." She proved to be a fine, fore and aft schooner, evidently Spanish, without a name, colors, or papers, and loaded with a valuable cargo of coffee, Havana cigars, shoes, and other miscellaneous articles, evidently coming down Cumberland Inlet, with the intention of running the blockade that night. Having dispatched another boat with orders to the Alabama to state that she could not get off immediately, &c., the sailing the boats were loaded with coffee, cigars, shoes, and trash, and the destroyed schooner was soon wrapped in flames, the officers staying by her long enough to see that her destruction was inevitable. No vessel had yet been started for the ship than the schooner's crew ran down out of the woods and hoarded the *Pocahontas*'s boat into its extremities the flames, her masts soon going by the board, and then left her to her fate, the flames above a smoking wreck. Considering the close vicinity of the enemy's batteries to the northern end of the inlet, the prize, and the uncertainty as to whether it would be captured, either near to it or under its own headed batteries, and the expedition was certainly a very hazardous one, and reflects great credit upon the officers and men who carried it out.

THE PIRATE "SUMTER"

WE publish on the preceding page an engraving which represents the pirate *Sumter* firing shot and shell at the Boston brigantine *Jabez Howe*, and the finishing stroke of the best part of her contents. The *Howe* brig was furnished to the Captain of the *Sumter* by the *U. S. Times*. The Boston *Journal* thus describes the affair:

The *Joseph Park*, Captain Knights, sailed from this port July 26, in ballast, for Pernambuco, and at 6.30 A.M. of the 29th was boarded by a steamer steering for her. When the steamer was bearing down on them, the Captain of the *Park* ordered the mate to get the boat ready and get the American flag, which he did, and this was run up. The steamer fired a gun for the brig, and when she was within distance also ran up the American flag at the gaff. An order was then given from the steamer for the Captain of the brig to hand in his stubbin—oath and bonds, we think was at one time. A boat was then sent from the steamer, which had come under the stern of the brig, and a lieutenant, with six men, came on board the brig, and asked the Captain for his papers, at the same time informing him that he was a prisoner of war to the Confederate steamer *Sumter*. Captain Knights then delivered the papers, and went on board the *Sumter*, as did all the crew, each being told to take his effects with him. When the crew getting on board the *Sumter* they were taken to the quarters, and their effects examined before they were sent below, each having his sheath-knife and matches taken from him.

A prize crew was put on board the brig, and she was kept there, and is under the control of Semmes. The number, provisions, instruments, and new sails were taken on board the steamer, and all clothes and other articles that were fired at her at a distance of about five hundred yards, but without hitting her. At sunset the steamer and brig's crew went aboard the brig, and putting her before the wind, they set her on fire.

Captain Ainsbury tells us that while the *Sumter* was off at St. Pierre she was moored to a buoy in the harbor, and so intense was the feeling of the negroes against her that a guard of ten marines and ten French soldiers was constantly kept on board to keep them cutting the cable. He says that the customs-house and other officials were sympathetic with the pirate; that the French man-of-war lying in the port furnished Captain Semmes with several boatloads of clothing; and that every facility was placed in the way of the *Sumter*. At latest accounts the *Sumter* was again at St. Pierre, Martinique.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

CURRENCY AND TAXATION

BOTH Houses of Congress now stand pledged, by a nearly unanimous vote, to tax the people, directly and indirectly, to the amount of $150,000,000 annually. Almost all has been determined with regard to the nature of the new taxes to be imposed, or with regard to the machinery by which Mr. Chase proposes to fill his exhausted Treasury. Both topics, however, are being actively ventilated in the papers and in Congress, and it is fair to suppose that when action is taken on them, it will be taken understandingly.

There are certain points which are admitted on all sides. It is confessed that the Treasury is empty, and the floating debt about $80,000,000. No one doubts but the war will cost more than $500,000,000 a year. It is also well known, at least in financial circles, that the Government can not borrow any money at present either at home or abroad. Large sums, such as are required for the prosecution of great wars, can only be borrowed through the instrumentality of heavy banks and banking-houses, and our banks and bankers have already done their utmost. Very nearly the entire bank capital of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston is at the present moment invested in Government securities, which the people evince no willingness to take off the hands of the banks. As to borrowing abroad, that is not to be thought of. After the *Trent* affair our people would not suffer any Finance Minister from this country to go begging to London; and even if the attempt were made, there are abundant indications that foreign Governments would, from a desire to see this country divided, prevent the negotiation of any United States loan. It being clear, therefore, that we are to expend $500,000,000 a year; that the Treasury is empty; and that no more money can be borrowed; the question is—by what other process than that of taxation can money for the prosecution of the war be obtained?

Thus far two practical schemes, and only two, have been proposed. One, that of Mr. Chase, is to raise the money by taxation. The other, a number of visionary methods have been proposed by "currency doctors" but none but the two to which we shall refer have been tried.

The first has been laid before the House by Mr. Spalding, of the Committee of Ways and Means. He proposes to allow Mr. Chase to issue his debts in Treasury Notes which shall bear no interest, shall be a legal tender, and shall be receivable for all dues to the Government. The advantage of this scheme is that it at once relieves the Treasury, and supplies the Government with all the money it needs. The objection is to the "fatal facility" which it affords for excessive issues of paper money, and the prospect of the Treasury Notes depreciating.

The other scheme, which is the offspring of certain bank Presidents, proposes to allow Mr. Chase to pay his debts in Treasury Notes bearing 3.65 per cent. annual interest, and not a legal tender, but convertible into 7.30 notes, which latter are made a legal tender. The advantage of this scheme is that it does not increase the volume of currency afloat, and hence in some degree avoids the danger of a general inflation. The objection to it is that the 3.65 notes, not being bankable, could not find a market but at a ruinous discount, and hence depreciate to an enormous extent, dragging down with them all other Government securities, and the whole credit of the Government generally. It would seem that this scheme would render certain and speedy all the evils which, under Mr. Spalding's plan, might be averted by the under adverse circumstances, at a remote period.

Both these projects rest, of course, on a basis of taxation. Without such taxation neither Treasury Notes bearing interest, nor Treasury Notes without interest will help the Government. The only question is, what taxes? Mr. Chase personally, a large amount of Government paper can be floated, as it would be receivable for taxes and would be received at par; but, to be on the safe side, if it was apparent that the public revenue from direct taxation was adequate to defray all interest on the debt, and to pay that which it was convertible, and to extinguish the principal at a given period by means of a sinking fund.

It is instructive, in this connection, to refer to the experience of other nations engaged in great wars. Thus, that the success of the war in 1793 to restore the Bourbons to the throne of France, her rulers believed, as Mr. Lincoln now believes, that the country was full of "loyal" men. Mere temporary arrangements for loans were therefore made (just as Mr. Chase made with the Associated Banks in July), and for 5 years the war was carried on with borrowed money, and without increase of taxation.

But Mr. Pitt soon discovered, as he deemed it, that this resource was exhausted, and that course must be had to taxation. The war increase increased from an average of $80,000,000 annually to $150,000,000 in 17 $226,000,000 in 1804, $307,000,000 in 18 and $352,000,000 in 1814. Commencing then with this, in 1797, the Bank was directed to suspend specie payments, and paper was made, and remained for many years, a legal tender and the currency of the kingdom. Under this system Great Britain was enabled to expend in this long war a sum of $4,000,000,000 without exhausting her strength. She came out of the war richer than she went into it, with her population largely increased in a few short millions, and with her position secured as the most wealthy nation in the world.

If we should be forced to the same course, should first proceed to select the best possible kind and form of paper (there being no institution in this country corresponding to the Bank of England), and make it a legal tender, providing for it a market and an ultimate resting-place by making it receivable for all dues. Then, as practicable in coin at the pleasure of Government, and convertible into Government bonds at a fixed rate. It should next proceed to impose war taxes enough to meet a very large proportion of the annual expenditure—say one-third, at least. The people of Great Britain, who number 26,000,000, pay annual taxes, direct and indirect, amounting to between $300,000,000 and $350,000,000 annually. We, who number, counting 40,000,000, pay taxes, direct and indirect, to the amount of $275,000,000 to $300,000,000. The people of the North can easily manage over 21,000,000, can surely afford to pay $200,000,000 for taxes during the first year of the war, and to increase the amount hereafter, should the war continue.

In July last Congress adopted a measure imposing an income tax, which was to be levied only on incomes over $800 a year. It is to be feared that in this servile imitation of British precedent due regard was not had to the difference between this country and England. In Great Britain a very large segment of the people enjoy fixed incomes from lands or money invested in public securities; this class is rendered better by an increase tax than in any other way. In this country, on the contrary, there are no fixed incomes, and every man can be reached by specific taxes upon property and commerce. The limitation fixed by Congress at $800 would, moreover, have the effect of exempting from the operation of the tax the great bulk of the rural population, and would throw the whole of it upon residents in cities.

A revenue of $150,000,000 can be obtained without any income tax. If the tariff be so altered as to yield $50,000,000, the remaining $100,000,000 can be raised by—1. A stamp tax, which would be in force only for the first $100,000,000; 2. Excise duties on liquors, beer, ale, wines, and tobacco, say $30,000,000; and, 3. A property tax of $70,000,000, which would be made objects of taxation, which should be made to yield revenue, are private carriages; stock held in banks, railroads, insurance companies, and other commercial and moneyed corporations; watches, jewelry, and plate; the incomes of resident foreigners who do not propose to become naturalized; lawsuits; legacies; travelers; steamboats, omnibuses, hack carriages, and other vehicles for rent; horses; dogs; horses; sporting; auction sales, etc., etc., etc.; all of which might and ought to be taxed.

THE LOUNGER.

A NATIONAL PRESIDENT.

THE President-elect has given proof of the fact that he regards the question of the suppression of the rebellion to be a purely national question, and entirely independent of party. The country of his Administration, falling upon so critical a time, has been to gather its national standard all loyal men, whether they were Republicans or Democrats. The peril of the nation annihilates party, and whoever forgets that in the excitement does not. He is the most purely national and loyal Chief Magistrate we have had for many years. The Democratic name office have been chosen from patriotic and not upon partisan grounds. High military appointments have been given for the most signal and political enmity to the Administration. Mr. Jeremiah S. Black, the last Secretary of State under James Buchanan, has been appointed Attorney-General to the Supreme Court. General Dix, the last Secretary of War in the same Cabinet, is the Major-General, and in command at Baltimore. Edwin M. Stanton, Mr. Buchanan's last Attorney-General, is now Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of War.

It would be difficult for any man to give stronger proof of the sincerity of his declaration that the country is to be saved by all loyal citizens than the President gives by this action. And it is quite enough to silence the Republican party as the war in New Hampshire and Indiana.

THE TAX.

THE most alarming sign since the outbreak of the rebellion was the apparent unwillingness of Congress to lay the necessary tax. It indicated a want of confidence in the people. It implied that they were not willing to pay for the war. But if we have all supposed that Congress was afraid it at once. If we are all so absurdly deceiving ourselves, the immediate tax will be unnecessary. If the nation wishes and expects to pay the enormous cost of this war by throwing up hats and shouting hosannas to the Government contractor, certainly no time should be lost in surrendering to the rebellion.

The question of the tax is simply, Are we in earnest? Are we willing to know that the cost is money, and that we must therefore pay cost? It is easy enough to print a myriad reams of pretty engraved notes, and to agree to take them for money. But they are not money; and, like all other lies, they will come to naught, and bring us to confusion. Are we in earnest? For if we are, we shall gladly economize, and economize again. If we are, we shall be willing enough to be poor, and never to be ashamed.

Besides, the tax has been expected. For nine months we have known that gaps were necessarily come; that a nation whose entire machinery was set to peace could not go to war without an immense outlay. To have had a party ready to collect and equip an army; to feed, and move, and arm half a million of men, until now we are spending two millions a week, is to have begun the machine moving. And that money must be paid by the whole people. But the people have had it for every man, woman, and child in the loyal States. Does any one doubt that they are willing to pay it what they expect to pay it?

Nations have been called upon to do it before ours. William Pitt, the idolater of British governors, when England was wrestling for life and death with France, proceeded upon the principle that the people were willing to pay, and were willing to pay for life. He knew that there would be complaints and grumbling. He knew that John Bull had sense enough to see that he must pay the exact value of what he enjoyed. His motto, therefore, was, "Take away your money." When he was obliged to borrow money, he set apart certain revenues to pay the interest and take care of the principal. John Bull grweled; paid the tax thanked him; and has ever since followed so good a leader.

The only question to consider, then, is, not whether we shall be taxed, but how the tax shall best be laid. Any system will be good enough to secure success if he knows that our expenses are virtually cash payments. And a still greater confidence will possess the public mind when every body's accounts are beginning to the necessary tax. Every moment of delay is a battle lost. Every sign of hesitation is a bid for foreign interference. The Committee should have at once advised the necessary tax, or an unconditional surrender.

EXPENSIVE ECONOMY.

THAT the war should be ended as suddenly and with as much economy as possible we are all agreed. But the country views with alarm the policy Congress that measures of the most expensive economy are not adopted. The appropriations have been a hasty and summary premium upon inventions of effective fire-arms and projectiles, this would hardly seem to be the special subject of economy. Indeed, the last points which the hand of economy should touch are those which increase our knowledge of the rebels' resources and their means of means to strike them effectively.

It is the plain reason that the proposition to omit the appropriation for the Coast Survey should be so jealously regarded. It is a plan of penny-wise and-pound-foolish economy. No money appropriated for many years past is proved by events to have been more wisely expended than that which has sustained this survey. The most brilliant action of the war, hitherto—the capture and occupation of Port Royal—is mainly due to the exact knowledge of the region obtained by the Coast Survey. Captain Davis has his ground perfect in his head. So is Sherlock Bache. The ships were not sunk at random. They were left in the very spots where the Coast Survey charts showed would be the most effective for the purpose.

The war will be waged by us upon the coast, for we are very strong there. We have the most marine strength, under the circumstances, gets its efficiency from a perfect knowledge of the whole shore against which we operate, and that comes from the Coast Survey. Our navy, however ample in ships and guns, is powerless without the men, can only deal left-handed blows unless it knows precisely the character of the coast. Is it time to suspend the survey which gives it that knowledge?

Besides, we all naturally wish that we may, as far as possible, avoid the usual brutalizing effects of war. It is its tendency to crush all purely civil and social intellectual activity. It is in our great desire to throttle rebellion we may forget that it is fostering other monsters. In the life-and-death struggle of existence all the moral and humanizing and civilizing processes should be continued. It is our constantly widening and deepening intelligence which makes our political advance. Without knowledge Democracy is a delusion. Even Great Britain, in her long French war, found that the suspension of civil processes did not discontinue this kind of work. Why should we? The intellectual activity of the nation is the immediate purpose of the war. It is a monument of our consciousness of the value of science to a nation. To suppose is small. Is its suspension a cheap economy?

THE VAN OF VICTORY.

WE weekly papers have a hard time of it, when every day is so rich in events and news. Happy Fridays that we are, we know all things. But what happen! At this moment of writing the air is full of expectation. Something is imminent. The great January fog which seems to cloud the land from the Mississippi to the Chesapeake, is only typical of the mental haze in which the public mind are hidden; while yet events seem at hand, as the Mississippi flotilla and the Burnside expedition are dimly descried in the fog.

The "great movement," it is universally understood, is about to begin. Things will end the rebellion. The next six days, or the next fortnight, are to unveil a splendid spectacle. We are to win victories that will astound them. In a word, we are going to do exactly what we design to do.

While therefore the public faith and expectation are so resolute, and while no solitary expression can dampen the ardor, it is well for every one to indicate distrust of an ultimate result, why should we not? Why should not upon probable disappointment? We are fully ready for victory; are we pretty well prepared for defeat? If the flotilla is driven back, if Burnside's troops are not as effective as it will be heroic and devoted, are we all ready to carry our fault as firmly, and to look as sparingly at the consequences?

If any of the great battles which seem to be next shall be lost by us, shall we be disheartened? The white-feather party will begin to cackle; the rebels will insist upon some forward movement of their own; and then will begin the usual brief interval preparatory to saying, "You can't do the work, and I can do better."

The point that we ought always to bear in mind is that war is uncertain; that the most ample and overwhelming preparation for it that a nation may be eminently just, but does not therefore necessarily win the battle; and that if any nation relies in our present operations we are not to look for immediate peace. Broken the rebels may be, and dismayed, and disheartened, but they will not yield to one campaign however successful. They fight for life, and for the life of their institutions. They fight, too, with the sympathy of the world. Let us not suppose, therefore, that they are going to succumb to the first or the second struggling. much more endurance, much more paying, than we have yet had. The movement of to-day is doubtless the van of victory. But the rear must be yet in sight.

THE CONTRACTS.

THE people are doubtless willing to pay the necessary taxes for the war, but they will not patiently endure many such exposures as Mr. Dawes made in his speech. They are specimen pleas from

the forthcoming pudding of the report. Won't it be a dainty dish to set before the people?

The first contract, it seems, was one to supply cattle for the troops at Washington in April. It was given to an old hack Washington politician. He sublet it in twenty-four hours, and made $32,000 without leaving his chair; and the men who actually furnished the cattle made $26,000 more; so that upon the first 2200 head of cattle contracted for a profit of $58,000 over the market-price was realized.

A regiment of cavalry, 1000 strong, reached Louisville, and a board of officers condemned 485, nearly half, of their horses. They were blind, spavined, ringboned; they had the heaves, the glanders: they had every thing but strength and health and fitness. There was not one of them worth $20. They had cost the Government, before they were mustered into the service, $58,200, besides thousands of dollars for transportation.

There are contracts for the manufacture of Springfield muskets, the first one of which can not be delivered for six months. There is a contract for the supply of 1,092,000 muskets at $28 a-piece, when the very same muskets are now made in Springfield for $13 50 a-piece.

When the last Congress appropriated $20,000,000 for such purposes, $37,000,000 had been already pledged to contractors for provision for some future emergency. $2,000,000 were intrusted to an honest but incompetent gentleman to spend in the wisest way he could. He immediately began to purchase linen pantaloons, straw-hats, London porter, and dried herrings, until he had expended $390,000, "and then he got scared and quit."

There is a contract for the supply of wood to the army at $7 a cord. After the army itself has cut down the wood to clear the ground for their batteries, the contractor employs the army wagons to draw the wood to the camps. "He has no farther trouble than to draw his seven dollars for a cord, leaving the Government to draw the wood."

These are given to us as illustrations of the manner in which the money of the people has been spent. It is perhaps no worse a disclosure than the history of any nation suddenly plunged into war would show. But it is certainly a lamentable revelation. There is a frightful responsibility somewhere; and the retirement of Mr. Cameron from the head of the War Department simultaneously with this exposure, may be interpreted as the result of his conviction that, rightly or wrongly, public opinion would hold him accountable. There was a very strong opposition to his original appointment, upon the ground that unpleasant stories affecting his reputation, whether true or false, had long been believed. But his apparent energy, skill, and perspicacity in the management of his important office, had at least mollified the public expression of distrust.

That distrust is again suddenly awakened. If the statements of the Committee's report shall be unquestionably correct, and the late Secretary of War is unable to explain them satisfactorily, it had been better for his fame that he had marched by his brother's side to Bull Run, and had shared his fate.

PAY AS YOU GO.

THERE is to be no more franking home of shirts to be washed. There is to be no more express provision of Congress by which the Postal Department is made the unprofitable department of the Government. If we value the speeches of our senators and representatives, we must now pay a penny for the privilege of reading them. If we want the wisdom of the Patent-office report, we must pay for it. Members can no longer talk to Buncomb gratis. Buncomb must pay the piper if it wishes to dance.

The abolition of the Franking system is the explosion of an absurd practice, and, consequently, an evidence of the common sense of this Congress. It was at best but robbing Peter to pay Paul. The deficit in the revenue caused by the Post-office had to be made up in some other way. Under the old system of high postages something might be said in favor of allowing documents to pass free from representative to constituent. But it is utterly different now. No letter ought to be written which is not worth three cents to the writer or the recipient. No book can be of much value to any constituent for which he is not willing to pay the necessary postage.

Besides, the reform prevents electioneering at the expense of the Government. And it shows that the present majority in Congress is honestly in favor of lightening the public burdens. The Senate is said to be unwilling to agree to the bill; but we will still believe the Senate is not less wise than the House.

THE ASTOR LIBRARIAN.

DR. COGSWELL is, in the public estimation, such an essential part of the Astor Library that, without offense to his accomplished successor, his resignation seems to be a misfortune to the Institution. And yet, with the completion of the catalogue, his great work in the Library may be considered finished. The Institution grew out of his suggestion. He collected the books. He arranged them in the noble building erected for them. He has prepared the catalogue of them, 120,000 in number. The ship is built, launched, rigged: the armament is on board: the future is secure, and the head and hand that have directed all may well retire from active service, conscious that the voyage, whoever may be in command, will be but a monument of the skill and devotion of the builder.

The catalogue fills four volumes, and more than two thousand pages. The trustees in receiving it spoke of it as it deserved, and as he deserved who made it. They also requested him to use at his pleasure the rooms he has occupied in the building; and he retains his seat in the Board of Direction. At his suggestion, Mr. Francis Schrœder has been appointed his successor as Librarian-in-chief.

The great and unobtrusive labors of a ripe scholar are thus ended. *Exegit monumentum.* The Astor Library is not less the monument of its first Librarian than of its founder.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ENCOURAGING.—"How do you feel this morning, James?" "Very much better, I thank you. I did think when I came out that I was not so well; but I know I am better now, for I just met the undertaker, and he looked black at me!"

When the old lady had fallen into the well, and was rescued from drowning with some difficulty, she declared that, "had it not been for Providence *and another man* she would never have been got out alive." The theory of the old woman's assertion seems to have operated in one of the churches in Logansport, Ohio, where, on the national fast-day, in the presence of a large congregation, a gentleman of reputed creditable attainments, both literary and moral, thus prayed; "O Lord, had the East done as well as the Hoosier State in furnishing men to put down this rebellion we would not be under the necessity of calling on Thee!"

"Do let me have your photograph!" said a dashing belle to a gentleman who had been annoying her with his attentions. The gentleman was delighted, and in a short time the lady received the picture. She gave it to her servant with the question, "Would you know the original if he should call?" The servant replied in the affirmative. "Well, when he comes, tell him I am engaged."

The New Bedford *Mercury* says that an Irish couple, a few evenings since, at about nine o'clock, rang the door bell of one of the Protestant parsons of our city. The door was opened by the clergyman, who, on inquiring what they wanted, was informed by Michael that he and Bridget came to be married. "But why," asked the parson, "don't you go to the priest?" "And sure we did," said Michael, "and he tould us to go to the divil, and *so we came to you.*"

A traveler in Ireland having been inclined to deny that the peasantry were humorous was told to ask any question at the first laboring man he met on the road. Accordingly, on seeing a sturdy fellow breaking stones, he says, "Now, my man, if the devil were to come here just now, whether would he take you or me?" "Me, to be sure," says the man, "for he's certain of your honor at any time."

T. B. THORPE, once "of Louisiana"—though before and since of New York—Colonel of our army in Mexico under "Old Zack"—author of "Tom Owen the Bee-Hunter" and a score of other clever sketches of character, besides Magazine papers on Art and Natural History almost without number—painter of one of the three good pictures of Niagara—a clever stump-speaker—and one of the best story-tellers of the day—has just made a most successful appearance upon the platform as a lecturer. His lecture on "the Inside View of the Great Southern Rebellion" was a marked success. During his long residence in what is now "Secessia" he became personally known to almost all the men who are now magnates of the rebellion; and he lights up the graver part of his discourse with anecdotes and reminiscences as deftly as he had lighted up the sombre parts of his "Niagara." The lecture has one fault: it is too short. It occupies only two hours, while the audience who listened to its first delivery were anxious for "more." Lecture Committees, who want a live subject treated by a live man, in a lively manner, will bespeak this if they are "Wise;" if "Otherwise," they will not.

A good-for-nothing fellow left his wife in a great rage, telling her that he would never come back till he was rich enough to come in a carriage. For once he kept his word, being trundled home drunk in a wheel-barrow.

WAY OF THE WORLD.—If the speculator misses his aim, every body cries out, "he's a fool," and sometimes, "he's a rogue." If he succeed, they besiege his door, and demand his daughter in marriage.

At one of the London police-courts, last week, a professional beggar, on being asked what trade he followed, replied that he was "a philanthropist."

Children don't often consult the will of the father; his only will that they are apt to care much about is his last.

A coquette is equal to a dozen high winds in throwing dust in one's eyes.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, January 14, in the Senate, a communication was received from the President, transmitting a copy of the instructions received by the Austrian Minister from his Government relative to the *Trent* affair, and the reply of Mr. Seward thereto. The resolution of Senator Powell, calling on the Secretary of War for an answer to the resolution in regard to contracts, was taken up, debated briefly, and adopted by a vote of thirty-four against three. A communication was received from Mr. Lamon, the Marshal of the District of Columbia, giving the regulations respecting visitors to the jail under his charge. Senator Grimes called up the bill providing for the release of fugitive slaves from the jail. This led to a long debate on the negro question, and finally the bill passed by a vote of thirty-one against four. The House bill for the relief of the owners of the British ship *Perthshire* was passed, and the Senate adjourned.——The House resumed the consideration of the bill to abolish the franking privilege, and after a lengthy discussion passed it by a vote of 107 against 42. In Committee of the Whole the bill making an appropriation of $35,500 for the exhibition of American products at the London World's Fair was taken up, and a lively debate followed in reference to our relations with Great Britain, in which Messrs. Conkling of New York, and Lovejoy of Illinois, participated. The bill was finally laid on the table by a large majority, and the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, 15th, in the Senate, the joint resolution to promote the efficiency of the troops serving in Kansas was taken up and discussed by Senators Saulsbury, Lane, and Harlan. Senator Trumbull, of the Judiciary Committee, to which had been referred all the plans for confiscating the property of rebels, reported a bill, as a substitute for the whole, confiscating the property and declaring free the slaves of rebels. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was reported by the Finance Committee. A communication was received from the Navy Department, in answer to a resolution relative to the employment of George D. Morgan, which was referred. After an executive session, during which the appointment of Mr. Stanton as Secretary of War was confirmed, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Conway, of Kansas, introduced a joint resolution to promote the efficiency of the troops in Kansas. Mr. Corning, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a joint resolution, that, in order to pay the ordinary expenses of the Government, and the interest on the national loan, and have an ample sinking fund for its ultimate liquidation, a tax be imposed, which, with the tariff on imports, will secure an annual sum of not less than one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, moved to postpone the consideration of the subject until Monday week, which was voted down, and the joint resolution, under the previous question, was agreed to by a vote of 133 to 5. Mr. Blair, from the Military Committee, reported a bill amendatory of the direct tax bill, providing for liberating and colonizing the slaves of rebels, which was referred to the Committee of the Whole.

On Thursday, 16th, in the Senate, the Secretary of War sent in an answer to the resolution in regard to contracts. The Secretary states that the first resolution was received at the Department just after the battle of Bull Run, and that since then he has not had sufficient clerical force to properly answer the resolution. The answer also states: "I myself have not made a single contract for any purpose whatever. The heads of bureaus have made all the contracts." The subject was referred. A resolution declaring Marshal Lamon guilty of a breach of the privileges, and of contempt of the authority of the Senate, by his order excluding Senators from the District jail, and that said resolution be communicated to the President, was laid over. The bill providing that army or naval officers who shall arrest fugitive slaves shall be discharged from the public service, was then discussed till the expiration of the morning hour. The debate on the Kansas contested election case was resumed, the question being on a motion to strike out the word "not" in the resolution of the Judiciary Committee declaring that Mr. Lane was not entitled to his seat. The motion was finally adopted by a vote of 24 to 16, thus rejecting Mr. Stanton's claim to a seat. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill was passed authorizing and directing the Secretary of War to furnish the prisoners of the United States in the revolted States with clothing and other necessaries of life, and for this purpose that he employ such agents as may be necessary.

On Friday, 17th, in the Senate, Mr. Jacob M. Howard, Senator elect from Michigan, in place of Senator Bingham, deceased, was qualified and took his seat. The joint resolution from the House, declaratory of the purpose of Congress to impose taxes which will yield $150,000,000 of revenue, was adopted, Senator Powell alone voting against it. The Senate held an executive session, confirmed the appointment of Mr. Cameron to the Russian Mission, and afterward adjourned.——In the House, the District of Columbia Committee made a report regarding Marshal Lamon's jail regulations, to the effect that while they are annoying to members of Congress, they are not so onerous as to require the intervention of the House, and hence the Committee ask to be relieved from further consideration of the subject. Mr. Stevens reported the West Point Academy Appropriation bill, and stated that he had been informed that numerous libeling letter-writers had been finding fault with the Committee of Ways and Means for not reporting an equitable tax bill. The committee, however, he said, are gathering facts, and work for hours after attending to business in the House. He desired to say that the criticisms and libels of the press would not make them move one minute faster than a due regard to the public interests will permit. The Fortification Appropriation bill, as originally reported, was passed. It appropriates between five and six millions of dollars for the completion of defensive works already commenced.

On Monday, 20th, in the Senate, a petition was presented asking for the continuance of the Coast Survey, and a protest was received from citizens of New York against the appointment of a Solicitor of Customs for that city. Bills were introduced and referred regarding the pay of naval officers; the appointment of additional Secretaries of War for one year; repealing the act excepting witnesses before Congressional Committees from examination in courts of justice; and authorizing payment for property occupied by United States troops. Resolutions providing for a daily overland mail between Utah and Oregon, and authorizing certain naval officers to accept presents from the Japanese Government, were offered. The bill amending the articles of war, and imposing the death penalty upon spies, was discussed and laid over. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was passed, as amended. A communication from the Government of Prussia upon the *Trent* affair was received from the President. The report of the Judiciary Committee that no cause exists for the expulsion of Senator Bright, of Indiana, charged with treasonable correspondence, was warmly debated, but no action was taken.——In the House, a memorial was presented from workmen in the Brooklyn Navy-yard; William A. Hall, from the Third District of Missouri, took the oath and his seat; the Committee on Elections reported a resolution that Joseph Segar is not entitled to represent the First District of Virginia. A bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to settle with the States for supplies furnished troops was referred. A resolution was adopted confiscating certain lands selected by Alabama, under the law of Congress, and applying the same to the use of a Seminary in the Territory where the lands are. The Judiciary Committee was instructed to inquire whether further legislation is necessary to secure to the relatives of killed or deceased volunteers the bounty provided by the Act of July last. A bill discharging all bands of volunteer regiments was referred, and also a bill establishing Territorial governments in rebel States. Mr. Allen, of Ohio, offered a resolution that no part of appropriations made or taxes levied by Congress shall be applied for the prosecution of a war for emancipating slaves in rebel States. Mr. Blake, of Ohio, moved to lay this resolution on the table. Carried—91 against 37. A resolution was adopted from the Government Contract Committee, ordering the arrest of Henry Hickley, for refusing to appear before the Committee at Cincinnati; and a bill was also adopted appropriating $10,000 for expenses of the Committee. A motion by Mr. Lovejoy, to instruct the Judiciary Committee to report a bill making void all sales, transfers, and dispositions of all kinds of property by persons engaged in insurrection, was passed. On motion of Mr. Blair, of Missouri, the Committee on Ways and Means were instructed to inquire into the expediency of levying a stamp tax upon the circulating notes of banks and other corporations. A bill to establish an additional judicial district in New York was referred. Debates upon the rebellion and the slavery question consumed the remainder of the time until adjournment.

IMPORTANT UNION VICTORY IN KENTUCKY.

By telegraphic dispatches from Kentucky we learn that on Saturday, January 18, the rebel general Zollicoffer marched out of his intrenchments at Mill Spring and attacked the camp of the Union forces under General Schoepffs at three o'clock A.M. The battle raged with great fury until four o'clock P.M., with a very heavy loss on both sides. At that hour, however, General Zollicoffer was killed, and the rebels fled in confusion to their camp. The Union forces were reinforced by General Thomas during the fight, and on Sunday afternoon they pursued the rebels, captured their intrenched camp and army stores, and totally dispersed the army. The rebel loss is reported at 275. The Tenth Indiana regiment lost 75 killed and wounded. No further Union loss reported. This victory clears East Kentucky of rebels, and opens the way for the advance of General Buell into East Tennessee. It is rumored that, in consequence of this Union victory, General Beauregard has evacuated Manassas, fearing that his supplies will be cut off and his flank turned by Buell's army; but this report lacks confirmation.

GREAT FLOOD IN CALIFORNIA.

Further telegraphic accounts have been received of the great flood in Sacramento Valley. In the streets of Sacramento the water was from two to eleven feet deep, and the Legislature adjourned until the flood subsided. Cooked provisions were sent on from San Francisco. The loss of property is immense, and the flood unprecedented.

PREPARATIONS FOR AN ADVANCE.

General M'Clellan has issued a peremptory order to commandants of divisions and brigades, enjoining the absolute necessity of keeping every officer and soldier at his post at this critical juncture. Nothing but medical certificates of ill health and other urgent reasons shall entitle any officer to furlough or leave of absence.

M'CLELLAN BEFORE THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

General M'Clellan was closeted on 15th with the Committee on the Conduct of the War, at the Capitol, from ten o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon, during which time he communicated much valuable information to the committee. He was subsequently summoned to an interview with the President.

THE ADVANCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION.

General M'Clernand's force marched on 15th to Mayfield, Kentucky. The rebels who are encamped close to that place, at Camp Beauregard, will therefore either give fight or retire. General Grant and staff went down on 15th on the steamer *Chancellor*, and landed at Fort Jefferson.

Deserters report 40,000 rebels at Columbus. General Grant made a heavy reconnoissance on the afternoon of the 16th inst., going within five miles of Columbus, but no rebels were discovered. A dispatch from Cairo reports that on Friday night the expedition to Bloomfield returned successful, with 40 rebel captives, including one Lieutenant-Colonel and one Adjutant and three Captains. A reconnoissance up the Tennessee River by the gun-boat *Conestoga* had failed to discover any fortifications.

GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY.

According to the letters of the *Tribune* correspondent, with the advance of General Buell's army, from Munfordsville, up to the 14th instant, the preparations for an early advance were completed, but the weather had been too unfavorable and the roads too miry for a movement against the enemy. Rifle-pits and intrenchments were being made on the south bank of Green River, to protect the bridge in case of need.

THE LAST OF HUMPHREY MARSHALL.

A dispatch from Colonel Garfield to General Buell, dated Prestonburg, 11th, states that he left Paintville Thursday noon with 1100 men, and engaged Marshall's forces, 2500 strong, with three cannon posted on the hill. "We fought them," he says, "till dark, and drove them from their positions. This morning we found twenty-five of his dead on the field. The enemy's loss can not be less than sixty. We took twenty-five prisoners and a quantity of stores. The enemy burned most of his stores and fled precipitately during the night. To-day I have crossed the river and been occupying Prestonburg. Our loss is two killed and twenty-five wounded."

ANOTHER FIELD-DAY AT FORT PICKENS.

Colonel Harvey Brown opened fire from Fort Pickens on the 1st inst. upon the rebel steamer *Times* while loading stores at the Pensacola Navy-yard. He was provoked to adopt this course by the fact that the rebel batteries at Pensacola had been firing for some days previous at our small craft. The rebels returned the fire, several of their shells bursting within Fort Pickens, but wounding only one man. The firing was continued until evening, when the last shot came from Colonel Brown's guns. One of the shots from Fort Pickens made a breach in Fort Barrancas, and during the day the town of Warrington was set on fire by our shells, and continued to burn until the night of the 2d.

SIEGEL IN THE FIELD AGAIN.

A dispatch from Rolla, Missouri, says that the indications are that the troops there, under General Siegel, will soon move eastward. The pickets of the enemy extend fourteen miles from Springfield, where General Price is estimated to have about 12,000 men. General M'Intosh was reported as coming to his aid with large reinforcements from Arkansas.

MASON AND SLIDELL SAFE.

Messrs. Mason and Slidell arrived at Saint Georges, Bermuda, on the 9th instant, on board the British war steamer *Rinaldo*. After the *Rinaldo* had coaled she sailed for Saint Thomas, where the rebel agents would wait a passage to England in the regular British West India mail steamer.

MORE PENNSYLVANIANS FOR THE WAR.

Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, his State having already furnished her full quota of troops, asks permission to send eight full regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, now ready in Pennsylvania, on an expedition to the Southern coast. Bravo for the old Keystone State!

DISCONTENT AMONG THE REBELS.

Southern papers afford conclusive proof of the increasing discontent and demoralization of the rebel army. It is admitted by the Richmond journals that the inertion and *ennui* which has fallen upon the troops is working out terrible results. The Richmond *Examiner* says that, while the rebel army is accomplishing nothing, the Northern Government has been making movements and assaults, and carrying on plans of attack to suit themselves, without any delays or alarms, ever since they were compelled to make hasty preparations for the defense of Washington several months ago. The whole tone of the Southern papers would seem to indicate a fear that the rebellion is in immediate danger of breaking up.

REBEL ARMIES DISBANDING.

The intelligence of the Government is to the effect that the rebels will have great difficulty in inducing their twelve months' men to remain in the service, after the periods of their enlistment, which expire in February and March.

MORE ADVICE FROM THE FOREIGNERS.

The State Department has received notes from the Governments of Prussia and Austria on the *Trent* question, similar to that from Russia, urging that it would be not only wise in us to avoid a foreign war at this time, but also that the surrender of the captive rebels would be in accordance with American doctrines of international law.

PERSONAL.

General Lane is to leave Washington soon for Kansas, to take the head of his brigade. He has had an interview with Mr. Lincoln, the Secretary of War, and General M'Clellan. They gave him full liberty to conduct the campaign in Kansas on his own principles.

Dispatches from Minister Corwin confirm the report that he is about to come home, as, under his instructions, he can not advance our interests in Mexico. The Mexicans are making great preparations to resist the allies.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

CONFIDENCE IN PEACE.

THE news by the steamships *Anglo-Saxon* and *Hansa* had materially strengthened confidence in peace. Consols showed great buoyancy and had further advanced about one half per cent., and closed firm on Friday, the 3d instant, at the quotations current before the *Trent* affair, and showed an advance of three-eighths since the 1st instant.

THE "TUSCARORA" ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR THE "NASHVILLE."

A suspicious steamer has been seen cruising in the English channel off Dover, and there were strong reasons to suppose it was the privateer *Sumter*. [Supposed to be the United States gun-boat *Tuscarora*.]

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

The Emperor, on New-Year's day, made an address to the diplomatic corps, and received as usual the various State bodies. In response to an address from the Senate, he said he counted on the Senate to assist him in perfecting the constitution, and at the same time maintaining intact the fundamental basis on which it rests. To the legislative body he merely expressed the hope that they would see in the recent modifications of the constitution a new proof of his confidence in their intelligence and patriotism. To the clergy he gave assurance that they might count on his protection and lively sympathy, telling them that they knew how to render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's. This expression had given rise to the idea that a serious attempt is about to be made to settle terms for the evacuation of Rome.

ITALY.

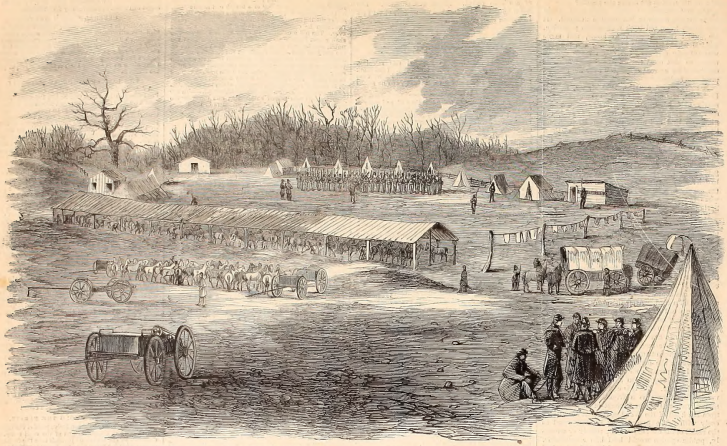
A SPEECH FROM THE POPE.

On New-Year's day the Pope received General Guyon and French officers. General Guyon spoke of devotion toward the Pope, and the latter thanked Guyon for the sentiments expressed. The present French soldiers at Rome would not permit the fulfillment of any irreligious or impolitic act. The Pope concluded by bestowing the apostolic benediction on the imperial family, the Emperor Napoleon, and the whole French company.

SPAIN.

THE "SUMTER" AT CADIZ.

Mr. Adams, our Minister at London, under date of the 4th inst., writes to Collector Barney, of New York, that the *Sumter* had arrived at Cadiz, having burned three vessels.



ENCAMPMENT OF CAPTAIN PATTERSON'S CAVALRY SCOUTS, NEAR HANCOCK, MARYLAND.—[SKETCHED BY MR. W. W. CHARLES.]

CAVALRY PICKET AT HANCOCK, MARYLAND.

An attention has been lately directed to Hancock, Maryland, by the skirmishes which have recently taken place there between General Jackson, of the rebel army, and our General Lander, we publish on this page a picture of a CAVALRY PICKET at that point, from a sketch by a member of the picket. The artist writes:

Captain E. H. Patterson's Cavalry Scouts, raised in Pittsburg by Captain E. H. Patterson, has been for the last three months a prominent part of the advanced-guard of the Upper Potomac. Besides acquiring no mean proficiency in cavalry tactics and sabre exercise, they have done much good to the Union cause in picket duty at the principal fordings and crossings on the river between Williamsport and Hancock, in preventing the transmission of salt and other supplies to the rebels. They have also taken part in several brisk little skirmishes, among which are those at Sir John's Run and Cherry Run. In their scouting parties they have made several important arrests.

GENERAL KELLEY AND STAFF.

WE publish on this page an engraving of GENERAL KELLEY AND STAFF, from a drawing by Mr. Guril Bott. General Kelley is the gallant Virginian who was the first man in his State to raise a regiment of Union troops, and who was so gravely wounded at the very first battle in Western Virginia. He has since been promoted to a Brigadier-generalship, and has a command at or near Cumberland. Great things are expected of him, as he is known to be a man of remarkable energy and daring.



Lieut. W. B. Kelley. Capt. J. M. Mackenzie. Brig.-Gen. B. F. Kelley. Capt. B. F. Hawkes. B. Powell, Private Secretary. Capt. G. W. Harrison. Maj. John D. Frohinghiam.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL KELLEY, UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, AND STAFF.



WAR SCENES ON GREEN RIVER, KENTUCKY.—Sketched by Mr. Henry Mosler.—(See Page 70.)

OUR ARMY ON GREEN RIVER.

We devote page 69 to illustrations of our army on Green River, Kentucky, from sketches by our Kentucky correspondent, Mr. Henry Mosler. They need no description. Mr. Mosler says that he witnessed a very brisk skirmish with the rebels at the spot entitled "Guarding Fords." The pontoon bridge shown in the picture was built by Willich's German Regiment, Thirty-second Indiana. A letter to the *Tribune* from Munfordsville, dated 16th January, says:

The divisions of Generals M'Cook, Nelson, and Mitchell still occupy their old positions. In the course of this week mounted scouting parties of rebels appeared several times in sight of our outpost pickets, on the south bank of Green River. But as, since the attack on Willich's German Regiment by the Texan Rangers, our advance has been greatly strengthened, they kept at a safe distance.

The wooden substitute for the central portion of the iron railroad bridge over Green River, destroyed by the rebels some two months ago, was at last finished on Tuesday, and evening before last a locomotive made an experimental trip to the south bank. I had some misgivings as to the strength of the frail-looking trestle-work; but it promises to answer until something more durable can be put in its place. Railroad facilities to the south bank of Green River were a *conditio sine qua non* of a successful campaign in the southern part of the State, and an advance of our troops could not be thought of without them, in view of the general spoliation of the counties now under rebel control of every thing in the shape of food for man or beast, and the indispensable necessity of ready means of supplying the immense columns about moving on the enemy.

General Thomas's division, lately advanced from Lebanon to the vicinity of Columbia, in Adair County, has been more active than the troops still on the north side of Green River. Five regiments belonging to it, under command of Brigadier-General Boyle, marched on the day before yesterday, toward the Cumberland River—whether to cross and threaten the rear of Zollicoffer or merely to put a stop to rebel navigation from the north bank, I am unable to say. A small force from Thomas's division is also reported to have occupied Greensburg, in Green County, until lately held by a few hundred rebels.

From General Schoepff's brigade we hear that three regiments lately made a reconnoissance to the banks of the Cumberland, and ascertained the fact of the passage of several heavily loaded Nashville steamboats up the river with supplies of arms, ammunition, and provisions for Zollicoffer's command. The movement of General Boyle was undoubtedly made in consequence of this information. It was well known weeks ago to General Buell that the object of Zollicoffer's appearance in the Upper Cumberland Valley was to obtain control of the coal-mines in that region, which supply Nashville with fuel; and for the purpose of preventing the shipment of such on the river, Captain Prime was ordered by him to erect a small work on the north bank, near Somerset. Unfortunately, the Captain ventured to make his preliminary surveys without an escort, and was captured by the rebels. Since then nothing appears to have been done toward stopping the navigation of the river by the rebels until this week. A small battery will effectually do it.

The bridge over Green River—the most important of the preliminary work—being completed, the three divisions encamped about and near this village would probably have moved forward ere this were it not for the terrible condition to which this part of the State has been reduced by the almost uninterrupted rains of the last few days. The surface of the ground has been softened to the depth of several feet by the superabundance of water from above, and the roads and camps are almost fathomless. Movements afoot are fraught with indescribable discomfort. In front of every house and tent yawns an abyss of mud. On horseback alone progress can be made. Teams find it extremely laborious to pass in any direction. Military exercises had to be suspended during the continuance of the wet spell. The usual gloomy effect of rainy weather is visible upon every body's countenance. All look dull and melancholy, and pray for relief by frost or sun. The unavoidable confinement for days within the narrow walls of a tent is truly one of the sorriest features of military life, and your correspondent is most heartily tired of it. When it will please Providence to render an advance possible by an improvement of the roads, I can not, of course, divine, but trust that it will be before long.

ON THE KENTUCKY BORDER.

I.

"You've lived too long at the North, Maurice! You ought never to have left Old Kentucky!"

"Well, perhaps so. I might then have been a fellow of about six feet three (I should have grown at least five inches taller, of course), with my hair very badly in want of cutting, my teeth dyed of a good permanent yellow with tobacco, my pants thrust in my boot-tops, and my homespun suit rather out at elbows. I should be a crack shot at turkeys, deer, or 'possum, and count it a disgrace not to bring down a squirrel as dead as a hammer with the wind of my bullet. I should loaf about all day talking horse, with a whip under my arm and half a dozen dogs at my heels, or fighting cocks at Jones's tavern. At night I should chew myself sleepy by a wood fire, dream about *euchre*, and wake up crying out 'I'll go it alone!' as you did only last evening!"

The young man whose personal appearance and characteristics were thus described eyed his half-brother with an expression indicative of resentment at his raillery and incapacity to answer it in kind.

"You kin talk right peart, you kin, Maurice!" he said; "on'y I wouldn't wake snakes, if I were you. It don't take much to raise a fight out here, you know."

Maurice Byrne laughed. "I don't want a fight with *you*, Dan," he said; "you'll get enough of that, if you're going to volunteer, which I should be sorry to see."

"Well I am, then, and Andy too; the game's made up, and there's no backing down about it!"

"Don't take the boy, Dan, whatever you do yourself. His father would rather see him dead than fighting against the Union; besides, he's too young."

"He kin knock the head off a turkey at a hundred yards, and I reckon that's further than any of Linc'ln's nigger-stealin' abolishioners 'll like to come within sight of a Kentuck rifle!"

"Dan! Dan! why *will* you talk such nonsense? The abolitionists, as you call them, haven't set foot in our soil, though we, under the treacherous pretext of neutrality, are organizing a 'State Guard' which, as every body knows, is Secesh to the backbone. Don't you see that invasion is threatened only from the other side?"

"The Tennessee men are our friends, and fightin' for Southern rights. You can't rub that out, no way you kin fix it! And me and Andy are bound to join them!"

"I'm sorry to hear it. What would you say to me if I were to join the Union men?"

"But you won't?" And Dan Byrne looked equally surprised, puzzled, and indignant.

"I don't know. If I acted on my convictions, I should. I was captain of a company in Illinois, and they'd be glad to get me back again, I've no doubt. Only I wouldn't like to have to fight against Kentuckians any how."

"Or to leave Harry!" added his half-brother, knowingly. The name, we may remark, notwithstanding its masculinity, designated a girl of eighteen, cousin to the speakers; nor was it used as an abbreviation. In accordance with a practice not at all uncommon half a century ago, nor yet extinct among the rougher denizens of Kentucky and Tennessee, it had been bestowed in jocular defiance of the trammels of custom, as were not unfrequently those of women upon infants of the opposite sex.

Maurice took the remark in good part. "Well, yes," said he; "you don't object to that, Dan, do you?"

"No! I wish you'd jes' marry the gal, and settle right down among us, as you might do for all I kin see to prevent it; for she's as good a Union woman as any out of jail, let the next come from where she will."

"That's so, Dan Byrne; and she's not ashamed of it either!" And the person alluded to unexpectedly looked forth from the window on to the wooden piazza, the scene of the preceding dialogue. She was a brilliant brunette, with magnificent black hair and eyes, ripe scarlet lips, and a face whose bold, symmetrical beauty of feature and ruddy health seemed in part to justify her masculine appellation. Not too neatly dressed, with her fell of tangled curls put back behind her ears; her bare, brown, handsome arms crossed on the window-sill, and a half-resentful blush upon her cheeks at what she had overheard, she stood regarding the cousin who had spoken of her with friendly defiance.

He laughed, and affectionately tried to twitch her by the ear. "I'm right, Harry, ain't I?" he said; "you'd stop me and Andy going if you could—wouldn't you?"

"Father would, if he were here," she answered, emphatically.

"I have been trying to persuade Dan not to take him," put in Maurice, in whose cheek an answering flush of emotion had welcomed Harry's appearance. "The lad is altogether too young for it. Think of uncle's anger and distress if he comes to any mischief."

"He kin take care of himself; and if he can't, I'll take care of him," said the intended volunteer, doggedly; "and he *will* go!"

"Can't *you* stop him? I have tried my best, and the boy really seems bent on it," appealed Maurice to Harry, who, twisting one of her long tangled curls very much as an impatient or meditative man might his mustache, looked from one to the other, in sympathy with Maurice and anger at Dan, blended with apprehension for her younger brother. "Both had better remain at home, I am sure; and I'd give every thing I have in the world to keep them there. At least let us save the boy, who will join this infernal rebellion—don't scowl, Dan, for it *is* a rebellion, and nothing else, as sure as you live—without a thought of the consequences."

"*That* for consequences!" cried Dan Byrne, with an emphatic expectoration of tobacco-juice.

"You want Andy killed, then?" inquired Harry, with exasperated affection.

"I'd rather be killed myself, and you know it."

"I don't! If you cared for him, as you say, you'd never tempt him away from us—for it's all *your* doing! Father is against it, and Maurice is against it, and *I* am against it; yet, because he's a boy, and knows no better, and has got his head full of nonsense about Southern rights, and Yankees, and invasion, and Heaven knows what—as all the boys around here have—you'll take him with you!"

"Listen to me once more, Dan," interposed Maurice, checking a choleric reply on the part of his cousin; "you are going to take up arms against your country in entire misconception of the state of things. If it comes to a fight here—which God forbid!—it won't be with Yankees, but Kentuckians against Kentuckians. Our State has voted herself neutral, because there was then no alternative between that and secession. We had traitors for rulers, and loyal men could only temporize to gain time. But Kentucky is *for* the Union at heart; I'm sure of it. Wasn't I up at Louisville only a week ago, and don't I know what's brewing there? Here, on the borders, *secesh* is rampant enough, but it don't amount to any thing compared with the love for and loyalty to the Union which Harry Clay—God bless him!—taught us long ago. I wish we had all learned the lesson."

"I don't believe it!" shouted Dan Byrne, enraged at the statement, and at what he considered merely as his lack of argumentative ability to confute it; "we b'long to the South, don't we? and when she's in for a fight—for her rights by ——! for her rights!—hain't we to be counted in? or are we to stan' roun' shivering in our boots like a lot of corn-shucking souled Yankees? You are bound to get me mad, Maurice, so you are, though I cautioned you not to!"

"*Ira furor brevis est!*" quoted his cousin, who had "taught school" in Illinois among other miscellaneous employments, at which the irascible Dan sniffed and spat; "let there be peace between us; and if you *are* determined to go, don't take Andy."

"You kin both talk with him if you like; I han't persuaded him!" And the tall volunteer—he was a fine, though rough-looking fellow of three-and-twenty, Maurice's junior by five years—took his rifle from its corner behind the door, whistled to his dogs, and departed, his homely-attired but manly figure soon disappearing among the luxuriant summer foliage of the wild Kentucky woodland which surrounded the house. Maurice watched it until he was out of sight, and then turned to Harry, who, quitting her post at the window, emerged on the piazza. Tall in stature, like her race, her proportions were yet so exquisitely symmetrical, even in their dress of blue homespun, that she could not appear otherwise than strikingly handsome, and might have sat for a model for Spenser's Britomart or Tasso's Clorinda. I have said that her arms were bare and brown: if her feet were also, their beauty and that of her ankles made their nudity a matter of congratulation to the masculine spectator. The only looker-on at present, however, had his eyes bent on her face, in which frank regard for him and concern for her brother were equally manifest.

"Harry, dear," Maurice said, taking her hand, "I can't tell you how this persistence of Dan's pains me; I don't wonder at his opinions, recollecting what I was before I left home, only because I aspired to better the rough fortune into which our family has decayed, and to win her whom I loved almost as a boy—whom I find increased in beauty, yet possessing the same brave, earnest nature as ever. Loving her as I do, I would fain save her brother from this miserable rebellion if I can not rescue my own. Is there no way to effect it?"

"If father were at home he would soon stop Andy's going. They both know that. I am afraid Dan will hurry him off before father's return."

"And I too. But you know what took him away at such a time?"

"He didn't tell me, though I have my suspicions. *You* know, Maurice, of course?"

"I do. He went to procure arms that we may be able to defend ourselves against traitors when the evil day comes. He is as loyal as he is brave, and swears that the dear old flag he fought under at New Orleans shall be hoisted over this house never to be hauled down by rebel hands while he lives to protect it. In that resolution I am with him heart and soul, failing to persuade him to remove to a place of safety. Only on his and your account do I linger here, otherwise I should be doing a man's duty in defense of the Union now."

"Never let that prevent you. If I were a man I'd shoulder a musket beside you!"

II.

Three months have proved the correctness of Maurice Byrne's judgment, and the Kentucky border, subjected to all the horrors and miseries of a devastating civil war by invasion from the South, seems again deserving of its ancient ominous title, "the dark and bloody ground." I resume my story toward the close of the latter part of September, when the wild woods of that wild part of the State are in all their autumnal glory, and when the hot noontide sun shines down in unclouded splendor on their leafy loveliness, lighting up the "fall fashions" of the hamadryads—their purples, reds, oranges, yellows, their necklaces of ruby sumach berries—like a veritable fairy orchard. A pity that men's evil passions should be there to desecrate it!

There is no more wind than cloud stirring in the bright blue sky, otherwise the flag surmounting the time-stained homestead of old Jasper Byrne would not hang so straight and heavily as it does. Every day since the State election in August (when Kentucky, with its "State Guard" in full operation, its power in the hands of traitors, with rebellious Virginia, Tennessee, and the worst part of Missouri inclosing her borders, yet chose, deliberately and unconditionally, to adhere to and share the fate of the Union), every day, at sunrise, has the flag been hoisted by a hand that once pulled a deadly trigger on a certain memorable Eighth of January, to be lowered only at sunset. It is the only flag of its kind within a score of miles on the soil of Kentucky; there are bastard, hostile ones all around, yet up to the present time it has flouted and defied them.

To this house, then, at noontide, on an autumn day, comes riding through the woods, over the stony road, the gaunt, wasted, cadaverous figure of a young man on a sorry hack of a horse, which has evidently traveled far, fared miserably, and been used unscrupulously. But miserable as is the aspect of the animal, that of its rider far exceeds it in wretchedness. Clad in a tattered, semi-military costume, stained with mire and dust, with an empty coat-sleeve pinned to his breast, a blood-stained rag binding his brow, surmounted by a torn hat, haggard, hollow-eyed, emaciated, unshorn, unshaven, faint with wounds and exhausted with hunger and lack of sleep, so returned Dan Byrne to the family homestead.

Its appearance is unlike the careless, open-doored, open-windowed aspect familiar to him, and at once suggestive of the insecurity of the times and the resolution of its owner. Two or three trees in front have been cut down, probably as a precaution against their affording shelter to enemies; the door is shut, and the windows of the upper and lower stories are defended with strong planks, nailed perpendicularly, with interstices of the width of a rifle-barrel between them. Except a couple of dogs, sleeping under the sunny piazza, nothing living is visible. These, awakened by the arrival, come frisking about the horse's heels barking a clamorous recognition.

The rider dismounts, hesitates, and adds his voice to the din. Not, however, until he has beaten repeatedly upon the door is any reply vouchsafed. Then a footstep approaches from within, and a stern voice questions him as to his name and purpose.

"It's me, uncle! your nephew, Dan Byrne."

A surprised ejaculation from a woman follows, and an indistinctly-heard colloquy. And again the stern voice addresses him, this time in deeper tones than before:

"Go your ways, young man! You *were* my nephew, and *are* a rebel! What have you done with my son?"

"Open, uncle, and I will tell you." And the applicant covered his face with his one hand, shuddered all over, and leaned against the door-post as if to preserve himself from fainting. The dogs, meanwhile, caper and whine around him, some of them scratching at the portal as though seconding the wretched young man's request for admission.

Another whispered dialogue occurs—the woman's voice being heard in supplication—a heavy wooden bar is removed, and the door opens. A tall, resolute-featured man of seventy-five, with iron-gray hair, appears on the threshold, and behind him the handsome, anxious countenance of Harry Byrne.

"Dan!" "Harry!" "Uncle, he's wounded—dying!" With these and similar expressions of pity and sympathy the sufferer is borne into the house, and the old man, after a wary glance outside, sets the door open, permitting the sunlight to stream into the darkened passage between the two main rooms of the ground-floor. Here, on a rough settle, the returned rebel volunteer addresses his anxious listeners.

"Uncle," he says, "you kin take and shoot me just as soon as you've heard what I've got to tell. You'll never see Andy again—he's dead and buried!"

His cousin clasped her hands over her breast as if to check the violent pulsations of her heart, and then hiding her face, wept aloud with all her impulsive woman's nature. Old Jasper Byrne grew deadly pale, turned aside, and, with his head against the wall, strove to hide his emotion. There was a miserable pause, broken only by the sobbing of Harry. At last her uncle spoke in a hoarse, constrained voice, curiously interrupted by a sort of tremulous quaver, inexpressibly painful to listen to:

"It's better as it is," he said; "he was my only boy and I loved him, God knows! but he turned traitor and fout agin his country—and I named him arter Jackson, too! Ah! I'm glad the old woman never lived to see this day! Dan! Dan'l! the lad's blood cries out aginst you!"

"God forgive me if I've done wrong! I lost this arm tryin' to save him!"

"Tell us all about it. Harry, girl! quit cryin'. 'Tain't of no use. 'Twon't bring back the dead or wipe out shame from the living, else you might cry on, for there's a heavy score of it come on our family. Let us hear the whole story."

It may be condensed into a paragraph. Young Andrew Byrne had met his fate in one of the many bloody fratricidal skirmishes following the invasion of Kentucky from the South, being bayoneted in a night-surprise on the part of the loyalists. His cousin, wounded, mutilated, and a prisoner, had contrived to escape and to rejoin the Tennessee regiment which both cousins had belonged to. It was now defeated, dispersed, broken, retreating in scattering handfuls toward the border. Anticipating the arrival of one of these, Dan had hurried on to tell his doleful story, to warn his uncle of the coming danger, and to afford him what protection might accrue from his presence.

"They'll be h'yar before sun-down, I reckon," he concluded. "Uncle, if you don't want to risk the house being burned over your head, you'd better haul that flag down, if but for an hour or two."

The old soldier folded his arms, knitted his brows, and smiled grimly. He was yet tremulous with suppressed grief at the tidings of his son's death, but the prospect of immediate danger seemed to relieve him. "I'll see them —— first!" said he, with energy sufficient to place his determination beyond the reach of entreaty or argument. "They've took my boy; they've got him killed in the wickedest cause that ever man shouldered a rifle for; now let 'em come and receive a father's thanks. I wish Maurice was here now."

"I hearn tell of his joinin' the abolition—the Federalists," Dan remarked. "I'm glad we didn't have to fight agin his regiment."

His uncle made no reply. He was pacing with long strides up and down the passage, nervously, expectantly. Presently he paused, and addressed Harry:

"Gal," he said, "tell Pete to hitch up the old mare and wagon, and do you clear out to Brodnax's—I reckon you'll be safe enough thar. And you may jist tell him—"

But Harry, in her turn, folded her arms with a look of resolution not inferior to that expressed in the countenance of her father.

"I'm going to stop with you," she said, briefly.

"You're better away; it's no woman's work we've got on hand, and I can't be scared with the thought of what these devils may do to you, supposin' I aren't able to beat 'em off, as I intend tryin'! Likely they'll burn the shanty down, as Dan says, and you've got too many fair years of life before you, gal, to die like that. Go away! take my blessing and go away, where you'll be out of danger!"

"I shall stop with you, father; I can load your rifle for you, if I can do nothing else. Don't ask me to leave you now, for I *won't* do it!"

He looked into her eyes, read there her determination and love stronger than death or the fear of it, bent over and kissed her, and abruptly turned away. "You're true grit, gal!" he murmured. "Now then, let's git ready to receive 'em."

III.

Sunset has come and gone, and darkness rests upon the wild Kentucky woods, shrouding their autumnal glories until the birth of a new day. It is a black, moonless night, threatening rain, and a strong wind has arisen, making melancholy music among the boughs and branches of the forest, driving its foliage fiercely in one direction, as if in emulation of the great wet-looking clouds which are moving rapidly and continuously athwart the face of the heavens. No sound but that of the wind and the occasional startled cry of an owl is audible, the more harmonious night-birds and forest creatures have sought covert in anticipation of the coming storm. And within the house of Jasper Byrne its inmates prepare to meet the scarcely less unreasonable and more harmful tempest of man's passions.

The old soldier has sent away the two negroes forming part of his household, bidding them secure their safety by flight, and in consequence obtained an unexpected auxiliary in the neighbor to whose dwelling he had proposed sending his daughter. Alarmed at the report of the slaves, Dave Brodnax comes to remonstrate with his ancient comrade, hoping to dissuade him from his rash, perhaps suicidal intention, but failing utterly, resolves, with characteristic Kentucky daring and hardihood, to

remain and share his fate. He brings confused reports confirming Dan Byrne's representations. A roving band of defeated Tennesseeans will, in all probability, pass by the homestead. There remains only the hope that their haste may prove greater than their inclination for mischief and desire for wreaking vengeance upon the isolated home of a known loyalist, or that Dan's services, wounds, and mutilation may purchase his uncle's safety, of which he himself is not too sanguine.

Slowly and heavily the night drawn on, as, in an upper room, the four inmates of the house wait and listen. Mattresses are placed between the windows, the doors are barricaded and ready, and Harry, with a pale, resolute face, is temporarily relieving Dan in the task of casting bullets. The two old friends converse together earnestly. Dan, perturbed and expectant, walks to and fro, or nursing himself, assumes a calmness which any transient sound discomposes.

"If it comes to the worst we kin clear out down the slope at the back of the house, " says Brodnax; "or if I reckon they won't risk their necks in attacking us that-a-way. Then there's the corn not yet cuts off"—alluding to one of those natural excavations, popularly known in Western vernacular as "slash-holes," which underline all the mountains of Kentucky—"would hold a hundred of us easy."

"I've thought of that," Byrne answers, "and there's a bottle handy to its mouth. But, mind, I intend to fight this place just as long as I kin hold it."

"Sartain!" replied his comrade, who in ceasing to combat the other's resolution seemed to have adopted his views; "but let his enemies, for the expected fight; "have you left the flag flying?"

"It's that still. I wish there was a moon that they could see it."

"Well, I don't care so much about that; if they take the 'Union and Bars' it's all the same. You won't open the ball unless they begin it, reckon?"

"No!" answered Jasper Byrne, relapsing into silence, in which the party remained for perhaps ten minutes, listening to the stormy moan of the wind in the forest.

"Come to the door; we shall have plenty of time to fix it and get back," suggests Brodnax. And the two men descend the stairs, unfasten the door, and look out from the shelter of the little piazza into the night and the wild landscape.

Another pause, and a long one. Then through the lamentation and soughing of the wind, the rustling of the leaves, and now the patter of the angry rain, a sound, at first faint and distant, grows in fulfilling, a deep, sullow murmur. Anon only the wind and rain. Then the murmur, increasing or lessening with the atmospheric currents in the windings of the road. Presently an unmistakable sound, resolving itself into the scrambling, disorderly approach of a body of men.

"At last!" The two old soldiers draw back into the house, and close down to their companions the door which Dan Byrne stands before them.

"Let me go out, uncle!" he says; "I shall be of more use there than within."

"Stay where you are!" is the answer, blended with demands for light and refreshments. Then, more vocally spirits are about to enforce by a rush toward the house, when Dan raises his voice in vigorous remonstrance:

"Boys!" he cries, "you know me as your comrade, and that I bet this arm in fighting for the Old era Right, and that I wouldn't have cared if it had ben my life. Now, I ask you in return jest to keep right and straight on, without turning to the right. It belongs to my uncle, and he's an old man, and I don't want him troubled. He only son gal left him on our side is the skrimage up in Virginia, and he wants to be let alone."

There was a confused clamor of voices, some in approval, some in dissent. Then a voice shouted, "We've heard of him! he's a d—d Unionist! Yankee, and that's what he is! Let's have it down, boys!" A partial hurrah followed.

"I know you, Mat Cooper," cries Dan, bitterly, to the direction of the last speaker; "the biggest coward in the regiment! Come here, and for all I've got but one arm I'll lick you, and do it easy!"

Some of the Tennesseeans set up a laugh at this, and for a moment the young Kentuckian thought he had prevailed. Only for a moment: in another he found himself hustled to and fro, not in fun, as on sport, half in earnest, and heard four or five of the party, who had ascended the house, knocking at the door and clamoring for admission and speech with the inmates. Very soon, in reply, an upper window was raised behind the planking, and the strong stern voice of old Jasper Byrne demanded the cause of the tumult.

"Give us some whisky!" "Let us in!" "Have down that ——— ——— flag!" These and more confused outcries were the answers of the crowd in front of the house, while the men immediately below continued their clamor.

"Go to him who sent you hither, the father of all evil!" said the Kentuckian; "not one of ye shall set foot over my threshold while I have power to prevent it, pack of rebels that ye are!"

"Beat down the door!" "Set fire to the house!" And the blows of musket-butts began to rain on the portal, mingled with execrations and bloody threats. Dan Byrne meanwhile was furnishing with those about him; but his struggles were useless, his voice unheard amidst the uproar.

"Hear me once more," his uncle shouted; and the tumult slackened, the besiegers probably anticipating some unthinkable surrender or compromise with their demands. "You have murdered my boy, now clear out before I am tempted to revenge him on you all!"

Almost as he spoke a pistol-shot was fired at him, followed by a rattling volley or explosion of Tennessee muskets in the same direction. The sharp crack of a rifle answered this—another—and two of the foremost of the crowd fell, the rest fled, leaving mortally wounded.

Then spoke a wild shout of rage and desire for vengeance, and several persons before two unsubstantious and equally fatal discharges sent their leaden messengers of destruction through the door or brain of others; and scatter as their comrades might, in temporary panic from that group which afforded so easy a mark, in an air as practical marksmen within, yet a fifth and a sixth victim was added to the list before they gained cover in which to gnash their teeth and concert measures of reprisal. Even there, wherever the gleam of a torch or lantern indicated their presence, no one felt safe from the bullets that always unsuccessfully.

"Only the rain," suggested Brodnax, whose sense of hearing was yet as acute as that of his companions. The storm had increased and the rain now descended in torrents.

"I wish it would," answered Byrne; "*that's* on our side, but I reckon those who are coming won't be so. You have any bullets left?"

"I think a sound in the distance, but can not distinguish what it is," Harry replied. Steadfast and unshaken as ever, he had continued at the task of loading their rifles for them throughout the attack, not even blenching when a chance bullet entered the window, and passing close through his bright black foil of hair—the only shot which had penetrated the apartment.

"It's horses and men coming this way," pronounced her father; "we shall soon know what for. Hist!—you, Harry, and you, Dan, get to the rear with your rifles, and be ready to fire, the moment I give the word. Don't waste your shots, but aim low."

Just at the minutes of the house stood listening to the devilish intentions avowed within a few feet of them, the party gathered for the second expedition, a sudden fall was heard, as of a man stricken to the ground, followed by the quick, harsh sounder of the halloo of the intended hostess, and Dan Byrne's voice, crying,

"You shall not fire! Come on, all of you, cowards that you are, and see if I can't use this bowie to some effect, naimed as I am! Come on, I say!"

A storm of invectives, of threats, and orders to stand aside succeeded this outcry. "Fire! whole I live!" the young Kentuckian rejoined, in tones well-nigh as savage as those about him, and the shaded outside light revealed the face of his old comrade, then at his daughter.

"Thar! I knew that the lad in five minutes, the bloody-dirty hounds! They will, I know, unless we help him. He brought it on us; but he knew not, neither has he cause to die for us. Dave! Dave! what shall I do? Think of Harry, if they prove too many for us!"

"Open the door, father!" the girl replied; "save Dan if you can! We're in God's hands, and to Him we commend them!" Then, as the means of rescue, she rushed to the door and began undoing its fastenings.

Jasper Byrne laid his hand on her arm. "Leave it to us," said he. "Do you go up stairs. Wait you not here, but keep a look-out from above. If there's nothing left for it, mind my last word and *do*—you know how."

Shuddering at a gun, the girl obeyed him without a word. Then with bowie-knives between their teeth, and revolvers in the two old soldiers' hands, about the fastenings of the door.

They were just in time. The Tennesseean, infuriated by the disappointment of his late comrade, had attacked and beaten him to his knee, in which position he still defended himself desperately, having already slain one and wounded two men. As the door opened—which it did so suddenly as to be entirely unanticipated by the besiegers—a cry was raised to train him, to trample him to death. Quick as the utterance he was snatched from between the infuriated musket-butts and dragged into the house by the strong arm of his uncle, while fourteen assailants rushed in, in the act to refasten the door. The lumber piled against it had fallen inward.

With yells of rage and exultation the Tennesseeans rushed forward to improve their fancied opportunity. They were met by so deadly and rapid a discharge of revolvers that seven of their number bit the dust, and the rest wavered and might have retreated but for the fierce rear pressing on them. So on they came tumultuously, thirsting for blood and bowling like so many fiends. Then the portal and passage became the scene of a conflict I want words to do justice to.

Desperately, fiercely, and desperately, fighting inch by inch, did the three Kentuckians—for Dan Byrne soon sprang to his feet and repaid his relative's assistance—make use of sword and pistol as ever one-armed man achieved—contest the ground, and defend slippery steps to the last. Below, in the narrow passage was sulphurous with smoke, resonant with oath and death-shriek, gluttery with human sacrifice. Step by inch the brave defenders of hearth and home are borne backward, wounded men succeeding to the foot of the staircase—even the upper portion of which has more than once come sudden destruction to the enemy in the shape of a mankind-shell, which are overcome only by numbers, and fight apparently with no hope but that of selling their lives as dearly as possible—

When a tumult arises without, the stamp of horses' feet, cries of alarm, a volley of musketshots, and, clear above the storm which has unsealed the approach of the new-comers, a ringing cheer for the Union, loaded with, "Here are the Kentuckians!" Few had themselves suddenly attacked in the rear by the troop of loyal Kentuckians from which they had fled in defeat and disgrace only that morning.

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It were needless to protract our story by the relation of the particulars of the conflict. It was short, fierce, and decisive. Before the rising sun next day the majority of the rebels, the dispersion and flight of the remainders. When Captain Maurice Byrne reached the house the parties, wiping his ensanguined sword upon his horse's mane, it was to congratulate the veteran on his timely victory and rescued from death, and to embrace her whom he loved dearer than life itself, and, in due time, to receive at once the reward of his love and loyalty.

THE MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION.

On page 72 we publish, from a sketch by our Eastern correspondent, Mr. Alexander Simplot, a view of the departure from Cairo of the advance of the great Mississippi Expedition under General M'Clernand. The *World* correspondent writes:

The expedition consists of a brigade, consisting of about 5000 men, under General M'Clernand, which embarked on board transport steamers on Thursday and Friday, and started down the river as the river-news broke out. It is called, from the name of its chief, the First Division of the Army of the Mississippi. It is the first of the Mississippi, at Mayfield creek, five miles below Fort Holt, and the first to start down the river. It has had little else than the steamer, the *Rob Roy*, to herself during the past few days, as no further room for the encampment of its 5000 persons was to be found on the steamers already in stream, leaving the Confederates in their strong-hold. The mouth of the Mayfield creek has been seen on the opposite bank from Columbus, and this reconnoissance was but a natural disposition of the brigade. The object was the meeting of the movement down the river. The officers at Columbus had discovered that the projected movement down the river. This pushing down of troops five miles nearer their base was enough to make them feel very uneasy.

A special dispatch to the Chicago *Times*, dated twelve miles from Columbus on the 10th inst., says that Commodore Foote, with General Grant and staff, left Cairo yesterday at 10 o'clock, and overtook M'Clernand's, Paine's, and Cook's column-steamers in the afternoon.

The following order in relation to the expedition has been issued by General Grant:

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF CAIRO, CAIRO, ILLINOIS, January 9, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 5.

During the absence of the expedition now starting, upon all batteries established almost solely by the rebel army, and when it is deemed necessary to the safety of the troops, the following orders will be observed:

No communication will be kept in the mails, company officers being held strictly accountable for all stragglers from their companies. They will be left behind at no point or on the march not strictly required in the performance of duty. Where it is camp, no permits will be given by officers or soldiers to leave their regimental grounds, and no citizens will be permitted to come into camp without strictly pointed.

Regiments having been brought upon our borders solely by the foul conduct of some of their commanders in firing upon unarmed citizens and flags of truce through territory occupied by secessionists, and the encouragement of treasonable acts and sympathizers with the cause of wanton destruction of private property, the general commanding deems it due to the service to make a change in this respect. Interpreting confidence into cowardice, and leniency into fear, officers and men have in numerous instances in exact proportion to the degree of kindness and courtesy and respect manifested by many who, from opposite treatment, would become friends, have proved themselves enemies. To the end that the severest punishment be inflicted upon every soldier who is guilty of taking or destroying private property, and any commissioned officer guilty of like conduct, or of countenancing it, shall be deprived of his sword and expelled from the camp, not to be permitted to return.

On the march every straggler guilty will be well punished by the provost-guard. Cases of infamy will be reported to the War Department, to be dishonorably dismissed from the service.

It will be the duty of all company commanders to see that the foregoing orders are called immediately upon going into camp each day, and every night before dark.

By order,

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

THE "PENSACOLA" AT SEA.

On page 76 we illustrate the STEAMER "PENSACOLA" PASSING THE REBEL BATTERIES on the Potomac on her way to sea. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes the passage:

Yesterday morning, 11th, the *Pensacola* left Alexandria at half past seven o'clock, and immediately proceeded down the river, escorted by the tug-boat *Pratt*. A large crowd of spectators assembled on the wharves, and on the roofs and on the adjoining buildings, to get a last glimpse of the noble vessel that has been so long expected, and is now so much as possible, which deprived her mantle of their usual attention, and every sundry collected her hat and tongues upon giving them a stumpy appearance. On arriving at Fairfax Seminary, the *Pensacola* was brought to an anchor, to await the time of her departure under cover of darkness.

I accompanied Captain Gremley, of the *Stepping Stone*, on board the *Pensacola*. Every thing was prepared for an imperial entertainment; the deck was scrubbed, mattresses, and hangdies provided, and upon the carriage of each gun were a couple of bottles of wine and a box of cigars.

At half past three o'clock we all went on board the *Pensacola* were roused up by the officer of the deck, who ordered all hands to quarters, announcing that the *Pensacola* was coming down. There was no piping nor calling to quarters, as it would have been heard on the Virginia shore, but the men quietly turned out. Soon a black object was seen moving between the lights of the opposite shore, which obscured the moon and stars, and every thing was hushed in silence. The object proved to be the *Pensacola*, which moved silently and majestically within a few hundred yards. Captain Gremley, hailing the *Pensacola*, ordered a light to be hoisted. This was done on our mast-head. A second light hung run up within a few feet of the truck. All hands were now at their quarters. The anxious watch was enjoined, and every thing was in readiness to weigh anchor, should the *Pensacola* refuse. The precaution was purposes. It guided the *Pensacola* in taking her bearings, while it deceived the rebels, who supposed it to be a *Vessel for the Pensacola*; and while the latter vessel was slowly steaming past the batteries at Cockpit Point they were awaiting her coming. A light is now seen gleaming from Cockpit Point. It is answered from the mast, so as to warn Freestone Point and intermediate places. These are the only batteries between Alexandria and the Potomac. The lights occasionally disappear, as if the vessel were turning. Soon the bow is now fine on block, and not a shot has been fired, for it is probable that the rebels would be allowed to pass unmolested, the rebel still deceived by our ruse. At length the *Pensacola* is seen to be under the fire the most formidable of the batteries at Cockpit Point, that being Mud-creek point. Cook will not forget Mud-creek point. The guns are a flash, followed, after a few seconds, by the roar of the guns. Soon from the other batteries opening, throwing their shells at long intervals, but the *Pensacola* does not reply. Seventeen shots are fired, when a more vivid gleam of yellow flame than any seen before issues from Mud-creek point. It is the *Pensacola*'s long-awaited gun. It is the enemy's signal of distress. The *Pensacola* has passed the batteries.

The secret of the escape of the *Pensacola* is thus revealed in a letter from one of her officers to the *Herald* correspondent:

The first shot and shell flew through the rigging and around the lower mast-heads and lower yards. Shortly this, we knew that the hull of the good ship was safe; for unless we fired high our masts and rigging would soon be rectified. It was a severe trial for officers and men to stand with grim silence upon their quarters, and not to fire a reply. There never was a ship in better trim for a fight, or more deliberately governed, than the *Pensacola*. Every man at the moment of the action was ready to be crippled in the Potomac at any price, and to have died rather than surrendered, or even retreated, where we shell would to throw away in darkness.

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION AT FORT MONROE.

We illustrate a portion of the BURNSIDE EXPEDITION as it appeared off Fort Monroe on the eve of its departure. The *Herald* correspondent said:

Hampton Roads has only exhibited one such spectacle since the one presented at present, and that was during the Crimean war, when October, 1854, the combined fleets of Royal armada congregated here. The scene presented by the numerous vessels of various classes at present is most amazing. During the evening of yesterday all the vessels were illuminated, and the decorations and numerous bands with the regiments on the vessels was most striking and beautiful. The Rhode Island regiment of the Burnside silvery moon added additional splendor to the occasion.

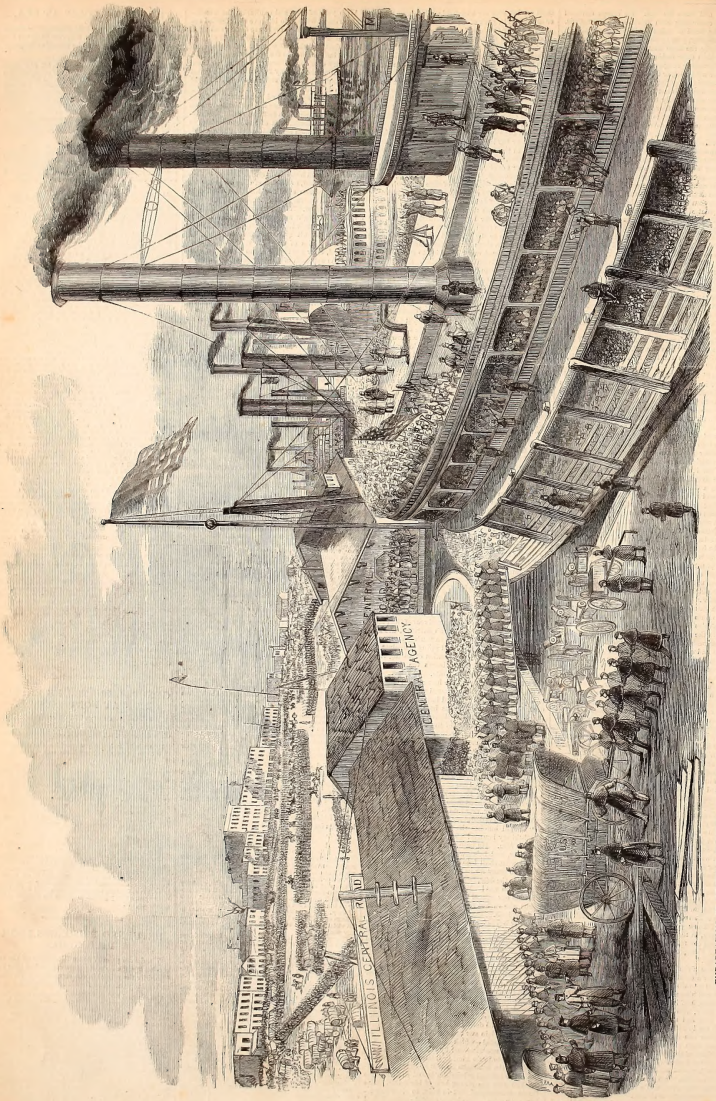
Long after midnight was heard the inspiring strains of the Tenth Regiment New York Volunteers (Duryee's Zouaves), and there were also occasional strains through the "still night." A sail in the bay with the thermometer at sixty degrees, is a pleasure which can not be enjoyed in the month of January north of Dixie's land."

Our neighbors, the rebels, are not of course on the qui vive, and it must have been galling to them to listen to the deafening roar of Burnside's and Goldsmith's guns, and the constantly performing national airs on board of the vessels. The rebels must have thought that the Yankees were celebrating as it is at the fort, and already has a rebel flag of truce been sent to the Monroe pretext to opt out the strength of the expedition, etc.

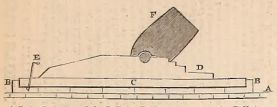
RETURNED PRISONERS FROM RICHMOND.

We devote page 77 to an illustration of the recent exchange of prisoners between which has just been released by the rebels) in the camp of their division at Washington. The *Herald* correspondent says:

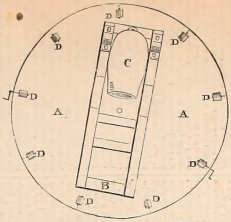
The returned prisoners but five prisoners belonging to the New York file regiment, numbering thirty-two, visited their former quarters, and were invited to dine with their comrades and furlough, and were invited. The scene was a touching portrait of a beautiful picture. Long-lost five months in the one, to the men and the hands of their more fortunate rebel prison ground, were welcomed home. Many of the fellow-soldiers dinners were present, and in the speeches officers of the regiment, and in the speeches which followed the happy occasion allusions were made in feeling terms to the absent ones. Many a tear was shed, and many a one to the memory of those of the regiment who died in their captivity, and whose remains the returned prisoners will be supply provided for in the camp.



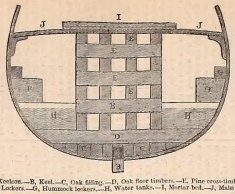
EMBARKATION OF GENERAL MCLERNAND'S BRIGADE AT CAIRO—THE ADVANCE OF THE GREAT MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION—JANUARY 10, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 71.]



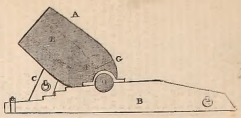
A, Deck.—B, Stationary bed.—C, Circle.—D, Mortar slide.—E, Crank.—F, Mortar.



A A, Mortar bed.—B, Slide.—C, Mortar.—D, Rollers.



A, Keelson.—B, Keel.—C, Oak filling.—D, Oak floor timbers.—E, Pine cross-timbers.—F, Lockers.—G, Hummock lockers.—H, Water tanks.—I, Mortar bed.—J, Main deck.



A, 13-inch Mortar.—B, Slide.—C, Quoin.—D, Trunnion.—E, Bore.—F, Chamber.—G, Vent.

SECTIONS OF MORTARS, MORTAR BEDS, AND SUPPORTS.



Westfield. Pars. O. H. Lee. C. P. Williams. A. Hugh. W. Bacon. Henry Jones. George Maugham. Racer. Horace Beals. Sarah Bacon. S. Rosan. J. Griffith. R. Seaman. M. J. Carlton. S. C. Jones. T. A. Ward. Sea Foam. M. A. Wood. Octarara, Commander Porter's Flag-ship. M. Vassar, Jun.

COMMANDER PORTER'S MORTAR FLOTILLA.—[See Page 75.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LXXII.

I turned back alone. The sun was reddening the summits of the distant mountain range, but dark clouds, that portended rain, were gathering behind my way and deepening the shadows in many a chasm and hollow which volcanic fires had wrought on the surface of uplands undulating like diluvian billows fixed into stone in the midst of their stormy swell. I wandered on, and away from the beaten track, absorbed in thought. Could I acknowledge in Julius Faber's conjectures any bases for logical ratiocination? or were they not the ingenious fancies of that empirical Philosophy of Sentiment by which the aged, in the decline of severer faculties, sometimes assimilate their theories to the hazy romance of youth? I can well conceive that the story I tell will be regarded by most as a wild and fantastic fable; that by some it may be considered a vehicle for guesses at various riddles of Nature, without or within us, which are free to the license of romance, though forbidden to the caution of science. But I—I—know unmistakably my own identity, my own positive place in a substantial universe. And beyond that knowledge what do I know? Yet was not Faber so far right in his startling parallels, that my favorite Hume, on whose skepticism I had built my whole philosophical system, and by whose reasonings I had drilled all the raw early ideas which my youth had enlisted for bold conquests of truth, did, in fact, resolve my identity, the one conscious indivisible ME, into a bundle of memories derived from the senses, and reduced into a phantom, as spectral as that of the Luminous Shadow, the whole solid frame of creation?

While pondering these questions, the storm, whose forewarnings I had neglected to heed, burst forth with all the suddenness peculiar to the Australian climes. The rains descended like the rushing of floods. In the beds of water-courses, which at noon seemed dried up and exhausted, the torrents began to swell and to rave; the gray crags around them were animated into living waterfalls. I looked round, and the landscape was as changed as a scene that replaces a scene on the player's stage. I was aware that I had wandered far from my home, and I knew not what direction I should take to regain it. Close at hand, and raised above the torrents that now rushed in many a gully and tributary creek around and before me, the mouth of a deep cave, overgrown with bushes and creeping flowers tossed wildly to and fro between the rain from above and the spray of cascades below, offered a shelter from the storm. I entered, scaring innumerable flocks of bats striking against me, blinded by the glare of the lightning that followed me into the cavern, and hastening to resettle themselves on the pendents of stalactites, or the jagged buttresses of primeval wall.

From time to time the lightning darted into the gloom and lingered among its shadows, and I saw, by the flash, that the floors on which I stood were strewed with strange bones, some among them the fossilized relics of races destroyed by the Deluge. The rain continued for more than two hours with unabated violence; then it ceased almost as suddenly as it had come on. And the lustrous moon of Australia burst from the clouds, shining, bright as an English dawn, into the hollows of the cave. And then simultaneously arose all the choral songs of the wilderness—creatures whose voices are heard at night, the loud whirr of the locusts, the musical boom of the bull-frog, the cuckoo note of the morepork, and, mournful amidst all those merrier sounds, the hoot of the owl, through the wizard she oaks and the pale green of the gum-trees.

I stepped forth into the open air and gazed, first instinctively on the heavens, next, with more heedful eye, upon the earth. The nature of the soil bore the evidence of volcanic fires long since extinguished. Just before my feet the rays fell full upon a bright yellow streak in the midst of a block of quartz, half-embedded in the soft, moist soil. In the midst of all the solemn thoughts and the intense sorrows which weighed upon heart and mind, that yellow gleam startled the mind into a direction remote from philosophy, quickened the heart to a beat that chimed with no household affections. Involuntarily I stooped; impulsively I struck the block with the hatchet, or tomahawk, I carried habitually about me, for the purpose of marking the trees that I wished to clear from the waste of my broad domain. The quartz was shattered by the stroke, and left disburied its glittering treasure. My first glance had not deceived me. I, vain seeker after knowledge, had at least discovered gold. I took up the bright metal—gold! I paused; I looked round; the land that just before had seemed to me so worthless took the value of Ophir. Its features had before been as unknown to me as the Mountains of the Moon, and now my memory became wonderfully quickened. I recalled the rough map of my possessions, the first careless ride round their boundaries. Yes, the land on which I stood—for miles, to the spur of those farther mountains—the land was mine, and beneath its surface there was gold! I closed my eyes; for some moments visions of boundless wealth, and of the royal power which such wealth could command, swept athwart my brain. But my heart rapidly settled back to its real treasure. "What matters," I sighed, "all this dross? Could Ophir itself buy back to my Lilian's smile one ray of the light which gave 'glory to the grass and splendor to the flower?'"

So muttering, I flung the gold into the torrent that raged below, and went on through the moonlight, sorrowing silently; only thankful for the discovery that had quickened my reminiscence of the landmarks by which to steer my way through the wilderness.

The night was half gone, for even when I had gained the familiar track through the pastures the swell of the many winding creeks that now intersected the way obliged me often to retrace my steps; to find, sometimes, the bridge of a felled tree which had been providently left unremoved over the now foaming torrent, and, more than once, to swim across the current, in which swimmers less strong or less practiced would have been dashed down the falls, where loose logs and torn trees went clattering and whirled: for I was in danger of life. A band of the savage natives were stealthily creeping on my track—the natives in those parts were not then so much awed by the white man as now. A boomerang* had whirred by me, burying itself among the herbage close before my feet. I had turned, sought to find and to face these dastardly foes; they contrived to elude me. But when I moved on, my ear, sharpened by danger, heard them moving too in my rear. Once only three hideous forms suddenly faced me, springing up from a thicket, all tangled with honey-suckles and creepers of blue and vermilion. I walked steadily up to them; they halted a moment or so in suspense, but perhaps they were scared by my stature or awed by my aspect; and the Unfamiliar, though Human, had terror for them, as the Unfamiliar, although but a Shadow, had had terror for me. They vanished, and as quickly as if they had crept into the earth.

At length the air brought me the soft perfume of my well-known acacias, and my house rose before me, amidst English flowers and English fruit trees, under the effulgent Australian moon. Just as I was opening the little gate which gave access from the pasture-land into the garden, a figure in white rose up from under light feathery boughs, and a hand was laid on my arm. I started; but my surprise was changed into fear when I saw the pale face and sweet eyes of Lilian.

"Heavens! you here! you! at this hour! Lilian, what is this?"

"Hush!" she whispered, clinging to me; "hush! do not tell; no one knows. I missed you when the storm came on; I have missed you ever since. Others went in search of you and came back. I could not sleep, but the rest are sleeping, so I stole down to watch for you. Brother, brother, if any harm chanced to you, even the angels could not comfort me; all would be dark, dark! But you are safe, safe, safe!" And she clung to me yet closer.

"Ah, Lilian, Lilian, your vision in the hour I first beheld you was indeed prophetic—'Each has need of the other.' Do you remember?"

"Softly, softly," she said, "let me think!" She stood quietly by my side, looking up into the sky, with all its numberless stars, and its solitary moon now sinking slow behind the verge of the forest. "It comes back to me," she murmured, softly—"the Long ago—the sweet Long ago!"

I held my breath to listen.

"There—there!" she resumed, pointing to the heavens; "do you see? You are there, and my father, and—and— Oh, that terrible face—those serpent eyes—the dead man's skull! Save me—save me!"

She bowed her head upon my bosom, and I led her gently back toward the house. As we gained the door which she had left open, the starlight shining across the shadowy gloom within, she lifted her face from my breast and cast a hurried, fearful look round the shining garden, then into the dim recess beyond the threshold.

"It is there—there!—the Shadow that lured me on, whispering that if I followed it I should join my beloved. False, dreadful Shadow! it will fade soon, fade into the grinning, horrible skull. Brother, brother, where is my Allen? Is he dead—dead—or is it I who am dead to him?"

I could but clasp her again to my breast, and seek to mantle her shivering form with my dripping garments, all the while my eyes, following the direction which hers had taken, dwelt on the walls of the nook within the threshold, half lost in darkness, half white in starlight. And there I too beheld the haunting Luminous Shadow, the spectral effigies of the mysterious being whose very existence in the flesh was a riddle unsolved by my reason. Distinctly I saw the Shadow, but its light was far paler, its outline far more vague, than when I had beheld it before. I took courage as I felt Lilian's heart beating against my own. I advanced—I crossed the threshold—the Shadow was gone.

"There is no Shadow here—no phantom to daunt thee, my life's life," said I, bending over Lilian.

"It has touched me in passing; I feel it—cold, cold, cold!" she answered, faintly.

I bore her to her room, placed her on her bed, struck a light, watched over her. At dawn there was a change in her face, and from that time health gradually left her; strength slowly, slowly, yet to me perceptibly, ebbed from her life away.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Months upon months have rolled away since the night in which Lilian had watched for my coming amidst the chilling airs under the haunting moon. I have said that from the date of that night her health began gradually to fail, but in her mind there was evidently at work some slow revolution. Her visionary abstractions were less frequent; when they occurred, less prolonged. There was no longer in her soft face that celestial serenity which spoke her content in her dreams; but often a look of anxiety and trouble. She was even more silent than before; but when she did speak there were now evident some struggling gleams of memory. She startled us at times by a distinct allusion to the events and scenes of her early childhood. More than once she spoke of commonplace incidents and mere acquaintances at L——. At last she seemed to recognize Mrs. Ashleigh as her mother; but me, as Allen Fenwick, her betrothed, her bridegroom, no! Once or twice she spoke to me of her beloved as of a stranger to myself, and asked me not to deceive her—should she ever see him again? There was one change in this new phase of her state that wounded me to the quick. She had always previously seemed to welcome my presence; now there were hours, sometimes days together, in which my presence was evidently painful to her. She would become agitated when I stole into her room—make signs to me to leave her—grow yet more disturbed if I did not immediately obey, and become calm again when I was gone.

Faber sought constantly to sustain my courage and administer to my hopes by reminding me of the prediction he had hazarded—viz., that through some malady to the frame the reason would be ultimately restored.

He said, "Observe! her mind was first roused from its slumber by the affectionate, unconquered impulse of her heart. You were absent—the storm alarmed her—she missed you—feared for you. The love within her, not alienated, though latent, drew her thoughts into definite human tracks. And thus the words that you tell me she uttered when you appeared before her were words of love, stricken, though as yet irregularly, as the winds strike the harp-strings, from chords of awakened memory. The same unwonted excitement, together with lengthened exposure to the cold night air, will account for the shock to her physical system, and the languor and waste of strength by which it has been succeeded."

"Ay, and the Shadow that we *both* saw within the threshold. What of that?"

"Are there no records on evidence, which most physicians of very extended practice will perhaps allow that their experience more or less tends to confirm—no records of the singular coincidences between individual impressions which are produced by sympathy? Now, whether you or your Lilian were first haunted by this Shadow I know not. Perhaps before it appeared to you in the wizard's chamber it had appeared to her by the Monks' Well. Perhaps as it came to you in the prison so it lured her through the solitudes, associating its illusory guidance with dreams of you. And again, when she saw it within your threshold, your phantasy, so abruptly invoked, made you see with the eyes of your Lilian! Does this doctrine of sympathy, though by that very mystery you two loved each other at first—though, without it, love at first sight were in itself an incredible miracle—does, I say, this doctrine of sympathy seem to you inadmissible? Then nothing is left for us but to revolve the conjecture I before threw out? Have certain organizations like that of Margrave the power to impress, through space, the imaginations of those over whom they have forced a control? I know not. But if they have, it is not supernatural; it is but one of those operations in Nature so rare and exceptional, and of which testimony and evidence are so imperfect and so liable to superstitious illusions, that they have not yet been traced; as, if truthful, no doubt they can be, by the patient genius of science, to one of those secondary causes by which the Creator ordains that Nature shall act on Man."

By degrees I became dissatisfied with my conversations with Faber. I yearned for explanations; all guesses but bewildered me more. In his family, with one exception, I found no congenial association. His nephew seemed to me an ordinary specimen of a very trite human nature—a young man of limited ideas, fair moral tendencies, going mechanically right where not tempted to wrong. The same desire of gain which had urged him to gamble and speculate when thrown in societies rife with such example, led him, now in the Bush, to healthful, industrious, persevering labor. *Spes fovet agricolas*, says the poet; the same Hope which entices the fish to the hook impels the plow of the husbandman. The young farmer's young wife was somewhat superior to him; she had more refinement of taste, more culture of mind, but, living in his life, she was inevitably leveled to his ends and pursuits. And, next to the babe in the cradle, no object seemed to her so important as that of guarding the sheep from the scab and the dingoes. I was amazed to see how quietly a man whose mind was so stored by life and by books as that of Julius Faber—a man who had loved the clash of conflicting intellects, and acquired the rewards of fame—could accommodate himself to the cabined range of his kinsfolks' half civilized existence, take interest in their trivial talk, find varying excitement in the monotonous household of a peasant-like farmer. I could not help saying as much to him once. "My friend," replied the old man, "believe me, that the happiest art of intellect, however lofty, is that which enables it to be cheerfully at home with the Real!"

The only one of the family in which Faber was domesticated in whom I found an interest, to whose talk I could listen without fatigue, was the child Amy. Simple though she was in language, patient of labor as the most laborious, I recognized in her a quiet nobleness of sentiment which exalted above the commonplace the acts of her commonplace life. She had no precocious intellect, no enthusiastic fancies, but she had an exquisite activity of heart. It was her heart that animated her sense of duty, and made duty a sweetness and a joy. She felt to the core the kindness of those around her; exaggerated, with the warmth of her gratitude, the claims which that kindness imposed. Even for the blessing of life, which she shared with all creation, she felt as if singled out by the undeserved favor of the Creator, and thus was filled with religion because she was filled with love.

My interest in this child was increased and deepened by my saddened and not wholly unremorseful remembrance of the night on which her sobs had pierced my ear—the night from which I secretly dated the mysterious agencies that had wrenched from their proper field and career both my mind and my life. But a gentler interest endeared her to my thoughts in the pleasure that Lilian felt in her visits, in the affectionate intercourse that sprang up between the afflicted sufferer and the harmless infant. Often, when we failed to comprehend some meaning which Lilian evidently wished to convey to us—*we*, her mother and her husband—she was understood with as much ease by Amy, the unlettered child, as by Faber, the gray-haired thinker.

"How is it—how is it?" I asked, impatiently and jealously, of Faber. "Love is said to interpret where wisdom fails, and you yourself talk of the marvels which sympathy may effect between lover and beloved; yet when, for days together, I can not succeed in unraveling Lilian's wish or her thought—and her own mother is equally in fault—you or Amy, closeted alone with her for five minutes, comprehend and are comprehended?"

"Allen," answered Faber, "Amy and I believe in spirit, and she, in whom mind is dormant but spirit awake, feels in that belief a sympathy which she has not, in that respect, with yourself nor even with her mother. You seek only through your mind to conjecture hers. Her mother has sense clear enough where habitual experience can guide it, but that sense is confused and forsakes her when forced from the regular pathway in which it has been accustomed to tread. Amy and I through soul guess at soul, and though mostly contented with earth, we can both rise at times into heaven. We pray."

"Alas!" said I, half mournfully, half angrily, "when you thus speak of Mind as distinct from Soul, it was only in that Vision which you bid me regard as the illusion of a fancy stimulated by chemical vapors, producing on the brain an effect similar to that of opium, or the inhalation of the oxide gas, that I have ever seen the silver spark of the Soul distinct from the light of the Mind. And holding, as I do, that all intellectual ideas are derived from the experiences of the body, whether I accept the theory of Locke or that of Condillac, or that into which their propositions are carried to their strict logical results by the wonderful subtlety of Hume, I can not detect the immaterial spirit in the material substance, much less follow its escape from the organic matter in which the principle of thought ceases with the principle of life. When the metaphysician, contending for the immortality of the thinking faculty, analyzes Mind, his analysis comprehends the mind of the brute, nay, of the insect, as well as that of man. Take Reid's definition of Mind, as the most comprehensive which I can at the moment remember: 'By the mind of a man we understand that in him which thinks, remembers, reasons, and wills.' But this definition only distinguishes the Mind of man from that of the brute by superiority in the same attributes, and not by attributes denied to the brute. An animal, even an insect, thinks, remembers, reasons, and wills.* Few naturalists will now support the doctrine that all the mental operations of brute or insect are to be exclusively referred to instincts; and even if they do, the word instinct is a very vague word—loose and large enough to cover an abyss which our knowledge has not sounded. And, indeed, in proportion as an animal, like the dog, becomes cultivated by intercourse, his instincts become weaker, and his ideas, formed by experience (viz., his mind), more developed, often to the conquest of the instincts themselves. Hence, with his usual candor, Dr. Abercrombie, in contending 'that every thing mental ceases to exist after death, when we know that every thing corporeal continues to exist, is a gratuitous assumption contrary to every rule of philosophical inquiry'—feels compelled, by his reasoning, to admit the probability of a future life even to the lower animals. His words are: 'To this mode of reasoning it has been objected that it would go to establish an immaterial principle in the lower animals, which in them exhibits many of the phenomena of mind. I have only to answer, be it so. There are in the lower animals many of the phenomena of mind, and with regard to these we also contend that they are entirely distinct from any thing we know of the properties of matter, which is all that we mean, or can mean, by being immaterial.'† Am I then driven to admit that if man's mind is immaterial and imperishable, so also is that of the ape and the ant?"

* A missile weapon peculiar to the Australian savages.

* "Are intelligence and instinct, thus differing in their relative proportion in man as compared with all other animals, yet the same in kind and manner of operation in both? To this question we must give at once an affirmative answer. The expression of Cuvier, regarding the faculty of reasoning in lower animals, 'Leur intelligence exécute des opérations du même genre,' is true in its full sense. We can in no manner define reason so as to exclude acts which are at every moment present to our observation, and which we find in many instances to contravene the natural instincts of the species. The demeanor and acts of the dog in reference to his master, or the various uses to which he is put by man, are as strictly logical as those we witness in the ordinary transactions of life."—(Sir Henry Holland, chapters on Mental Physiology, p. 220.) The whole of the chapter on instincts and habits in this work should be read in connection with this passage. The work itself, at once cautious and suggestive, is not one of the least obligations which philosophy and religion alike owe to the lucubrations of English medical men.

† Abercrombie's Intellectual Powers, p. 26. Fifteenth edition.

"I own," said Faber, with his peculiar smile, arch and genial, "that if I were compelled to make that admission, it would not shock my pride. I do not presume to set any limit to the goodness of the Creator; and should be as humbly pleased as the Indian, if in

"My faithful dog should bear me company."

To me, however, the distinction between man and the lower animals, in reference to a spiritual nature distinct from the mental, is very clear. Whether ideas or even perceptions be innate or all formed by experience is a speculation for metaphysicians, which, so far as affects the question of an immaterial principle, I am quite willing to by aside. I can well understand that a materialist may admit innate ideas in Man, as he must admit them in the instinct of brutes, tracing them to hereditary predispositions. On the other hand, we know that the most devout believers in our spiritual nature have insisted, with Locke, on denying any idea, save of the Deity, to be innate.

But here comes my argument. I care not how ideas are formed, the material point is how are the *capacities to receive ideas formed*. The ideas may all come from experience, but the capacity to receive the ideas must be inherent. I take the word capacity as a good plain English word, rather than the more technical word "receptivity," employed by Kant. And by capacity I mean the passive power* in every creature Nature, whether in man or in any living thing by which ideas are received. A man and an elephant is such because of capacities to receive ideas best suited to the several places in the universe held by each.

"The more I look through nature the more I find that on all varieties of organized life is carefully bestowed the capacity to receive such impressions, be they called perceptions or ideas, which are adapted to the uses each creature is intended to derive from them. I find, too, that Man alone is endowed with the capacity to receive the ideas of a God, of Soul, of Worship, of Hereafter. I see no trace of such a capacity in the inferior races; nor, however their intelligence may be developed by culture, is such capacity ever apparent in them.

"But wherever capacities to receive impressions are sufficiently general in any given species of creature, to be called universal to that species, and yet not given to another species, there I find all analogy throughout Nature, those capacities are surely designed by Providence for the distinct use and capacity of the species in which they are given.

"It is no answer to me to say that the inherent capacities thus bestowed on Man do not suffice in themselves to make him form right notions of a Deity or a Hereafter; because it is part of the design of Providence that Man must learn to correct and improve all he receives by his own study and intelligence. He must build a hut before he can build a Parthenon; he must believe with the savage or the heathen before he can believe with the philosopher or Christian. In a word, in all his capacities, Man has only given him, not the immediate knowledge, but the perfect, but the means to strive toward the Perfect. And those of all animal accompanied by inferior reasoners, to whose lectures you must have listened with delight in your college days, says well:

"Accordingly, the science always stands in the clearest interest are those in a state of progress and uncertainty; absolute knowledge and absolute completion would be the paralysis of any study, and the last word calamity that could befall Man, as he is at present constituted. It would be that full and final possession of speculative truth which he now vainly anticipates as the consummation of his intellectual happiness.

"Well, then, in all those capacities for the reception of impressions from external Nature, which are given to Man and not to the brutes, I see the evidence of Man's Soul. I can understand why the inferior animal has no capacity to receive the idea of a Deity and of Worship—simply because the inferior animal has not (if provided by admission for a future life, may not therein preserve the sense of its identity. I can understand even why that sympathy with social nature in common possess, and which constitutes the great virtue we emphatically call Humanity, is not possessed by the lower animals (or, if it exist in very rare and exceptional degree), even where they live in communities like bees and ants, for instincts; because men are destined to meet, to know, and to love each other in the life to come, and the hour these new the brutes cease to be.

"Now the more, then, we examine the inherent capacities bestowed by Providence on Man, the more they seem to distinguish him from the other races by their comprehension of objects beyond his life upon this earth. Man alone,† says Muller,‡ 'can conceive abstract notions:' and it is in abstract conceptions of soul, time, space, matter, spirit, light, form, quantity, essence—that Man grounds not only all philosophy, all science, but all that profitable knowledge one generation for the benefit of the next. And why? Because all these abstract notions unconsciously the mind away from the world around into the immaterial; from the present into the future. But if Man cease to exist when he disappears in the grave, you must be compelled to say that he is the only creature in existence whom Nature or Providence has condescended to deceive and cheat by capacities for which there are no available objects. How nobly and how justly has Chalmers said: 'What inference shall we draw from this remarkable law in Nature that there is nothing waste and nothing meaningless in the feelings and faculties wherewith living creatures are endowed? For each desire there is a counterpart object; for each faculty there is room and opportunity for exercise either in the present or in the coming futurity. Now, but for the doctrine of immortality, Man would be an exception to this law—he would stand forth as an anomaly in Nature, with aspirations in his heart for which the universe had no antitype. His wide capacities of understanding and thought that never were to be followed by aspects of comprehension greatness through the whole history of his being!

* * *

"'With the inferior animals there is a certain squareness of adjustment, if we may so term it, between each desire and its correspondent gratification. The one is evenly met by the other, and there is a fullness and definiteness of enjoyment up to the capacity of enjoyment. But it is with Man, who, both from the vastness of his propensities and the vastness of his powers, feels himself formed and born for more than he receives for him. He alone labors under the discomfort of an incongruity between his circumstances and his powers, and unless there be new circumstances awaiting him in a more advanced state of being, he is the subject of hopeless disappointment. And in the recognition of these truths the Human society that exacts the society of heavens, and aims by purposed and well-directed efforts the improvement on the notions inherited from its progenitors, stands in bold relief. The one species is benefited for men by their belief in the next, while the society of brutes remains age after age the same, forfeiting no happiness in the present, in all probability, improved since the Deluge.

"But inseparable from the conviction of these truths is the inquiry of whether, in Nature, it does not touch my argument when a philosopher tells me that the capacity of receiving ideas is 'that the origin of prayer is in Man's ignorance of the phenomena of Nature.' That is it for ex ignorance which, when cooked for consumption by when ground the ground, taught the weak to lend, the proud to pray,' my answer is—and brutes are much more thoroughly improved by natural phenomena than Man is; the bird and the beast of prey know better than Man when the storm will rock and the ground groan, and their instinct leads them to shelter; but it does not lead them to pray. The whole question for the Soul is to be sought not in the question whether natural ideas be derived by his own observation by the senses, by association or habit, but in the *inherent capacity* to receive ideas—the capacity bestowed on Man alone, and bestowed by Providence herself with the idea of a Power superior to Nature, with which to hold communion, and communion with Himself which comes from prayer.'

"Even were this so," said I, "it not in Creator consistent with that of all-wise, all-foreseeing? of all-foreseeing, all-perdoraining? Can the Creator of His creature alter the ways of His will?"

"For an answer to that question," replied Faber, "which, if it be not to be given by the clever men of the world, I ought to refer you to the Philanthropists, who have so triumphantly exploited the reasoner over that fool of doubt which is crossed every day by the infant. But as we have not time for that, I am contented to draw my argument from the proposition—a proposition sought by geology and human observation of Nature. I can only guess at the Deity's Omniscience, of which we find no trace in His power, by the observation of His general laws; and of all His laws, I know of none so general as the principle which I call that of Economy, which makes Nature so set that all the phenomena of Nature in one connected system, which, as science has experienced, do not make the brute pray; but there is not a trouble that can happen to Man but what his instinct and his reason, combined—indeed, that he is not a philosopher. I say not this in scorn of the philosopher, but to show that the gaps are obligations are infinite, but simply because for all which is impulsive to Man, there is a corresponding law by which philosophy can explain away. I do not, then, bewilder myself by seeking to bind and limit the Omniscience of the Deity by the knowledge of His attempt will believing that, somehow or other, He has made provision for the exercise of His Omniscience that Man should have the impulses that leads him to believe that, in addressing a Deity, he is addressing a Power all-comprehending, benignant Father, and in that obedience should obtain benefit. Because that impulse is to me an illusion, then we must say that Heaven governs the earth by a lie; and that is impossible, because, reasoning from analogy, we find in truth—that—is, Nature gives to no species instinct or impulse which does not of purpose to which it should I not be a shallow physician if, where I find in the human organization a principle or a property so general that I must believe it normal to the healthful conditions of that organization, I should refuse to admit that Nature intended it for use? Reasoning by all analogy,

* "Faculty is active power; capacity is passive power."—Sir W. Hamilton, Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic, vol. i. p. 170.

† See Sir W. Hamilton's Lectures, vol. i. p. 13.

‡ P. 1351.

must I not say the habitual neglect of its use must more or less injure the harmonious wellbeing of the whole human system? I could have much to add upon the point in dispute, by which the creed implied in your question would imbrail the Divine power to the necessities of its divine wisdom, and substitute for a benignant Deity a relentless Fate. But here I should exceed my province. I am no theologian. Enough for me that in all affliction, all perplexity, an impulse that I dare not suppress leads me at once to prayer. Do I find by experience that the prayer is heard, that the affliction is removed, the doubt is solved? I think, indeed, would be presumptuous to say. But it is not presumptuous to think that to the Creator of my heart he becomes more fortified against the horror, and my reason more serene amidst the doubt.'

I listened, and ceased to argue. I felt as if in that solitude, and in the pause of my wonted mental occupations, my intellect was growing languid, and all the subjects gazing in dimness. My pride took alarm. I had so from my boyhood cherished the idea of fame, and in pursuit of the search after knowledge, that I recoiled in dismay from the thought that I had relinquished knowledge, and myself off from them. I resolved to resume my once favorite philosophical pursuits, re-examine and complete the task in which I had once committed my hopes of renown and, simultaneously, a restless desire seized me to commence, though but at brief intervals, with other minds than those immediately within my reach—minds fresh from the old world, and from the supreme centres of its civil civilization. Emigrants frequently passed my house in the Far West, who shrunk from rendering the hospitalities so universally accorded in the colony. I could not endure to expose to such strangers my habits and mental disorder, and that thought was not less intolerable to Mrs. Ashlight. I now built commodiously for a building a few hundred yards from the house, and near the main track taken by travellers through the vast pasture. I was overjoyed to this building my books and scientific instruments. In an upper story I placed my telescope and microscope, globes and retorts. I removed my chemical experiments—I ought to investigate my minds and the laws of science which I had hitherto less cultured—meditated new theories on Light and Color—collected specimens in Natural History—subjected animal cules to my microscope—geological fossils to my hammer. Then, in those unoccupied moments of thought, I sought to distract myself from sorrow, and strengthen my reason against the illusions of my heart. The Luminous Shadow was not seen again on my wall, and the thought of Margrave was rarely present to me.

In this building I passed many hours of each day, more and more earnestly plunging my thoughts into the depths of science already, as Lilian's unaccountable dislike to my presence became more and more decided. When I thus ceased to disturb her joy she cheered and comforted here, my heart's occupation was gone. I had answered to the appeal consistent with myself in this log-hut a couple of spare rooms, in which I could accommodate passing strangers. I learned to welcome them for their company and interest, and to see them depart with regret. Thus, for the most part, the society of the ordinary class of colonial adventurers: bankrupt tradesmen, unlucky farmers, forlorn mechanics, hordes of unskilled laborers now and then a heedless barrister, or a sporting collegian who had lost all on the turf. Now and then, however, a young man of education and manners that unmistakably proclaimed the cultured gentleman of Europe would knock at my door. He was a cadet of a noble Prussian family, which for some political reasons had settled itself in the Far West. He had formed an intimate with young French nobles, and, living the life of a young French noble, had soon exhausted the paternal purse, forestalled his slender inheritance, and been compelled to fly his father's frown and his tailor's bill. He had become with a lively Frenchman which proved how much the wit of a German could be refined by the atmosphere of Paris. An old college friend of birth inferior to his own had been as unfortunate in seeking to make money as he had been prodigal but in obtaining it. Through the friend, a few years previous, he had joined one of the first commercial houses in Australia, and was already thriving: the penniless noble was on his way to join the bankrupt trader, as the latest intelligence fifty miles distant from my house. This young man was unlike any German I ever met. He had all the vivacity borne by which the well-bred French man gives to the doctrines of the Cynic the grace of Epicurus. He cannot himself even be good for nothing with an elegance of candor which not only disarmed censure, but seemed to challenge admiration. He was the happy spendthrift was so inebriate with hope—sure that he should be rich before long. How and whence, therefore rich?—he could have no more explained, than I can square the circle. When the grand sections Continuous does Providence be in illusion, then we must say that Heaven governs the earth by a lie; and that is impossible, because, reasoning from analogy, we find in truth—that—is, Nature gives to no species instinct or impulse which does not of purpose to which it should I not be a shallow physician if, where I find in the human organization a principle or a property so general that I must believe it normal to the healthful conditions of that organization, I should refuse to admit that Nature intended it for use? Reasoning by all analogy,

† Chalmers, Bridgewater Treatise, vol. ii. p. 55, 60. Perhaps I should observe that here and elsewhere, in deference however to the Author of Waverley, I have thought better to substitute the words of the author quoted for the more colloquial expression of the quotation which memory afforded to the inadvertence.

through the Mulberry Gardens with a Hochester and a Buckingham, or smiled from the death-cart with a Richelieu and a Lauzun—a gentleman's disdain et a mob!"

I was so thinking as we sat, his light talk freshing up from his careless lips, when suddenly from the spray and the sparkle of that light talk was flung forth the name of Margrave.

"Margrave!" I exclaimed. "Margrave. What of him?"

"What of him! I asked if, by chance, you knew the only Englishman I ever had the meanness to envy?"

"Perhaps you speak of one person, and I thought of another."

"*Parbleu*, my dear host, there can scarcely be two Margraves! The one I mean flashed like a meteor upon Paris, bought from a prince of the Bourbon a palace that might have lodged a prince of the blood royal, eclipsed our Jew bankers in splendor, our *pensieux dore* in good looks and luck-brain adventures, and, strangest of all, filled his *salons* with philosophers and charlatans, chemists and spirit-rappers; insulting the gravest dons of the schools by bringing them face to face with the most impudent quacks, and the most audacious dreamers—and, withal, himself so racy and charming, so *bon prince*, so *bon enfant*! For six months he was the rage in Paris; perhaps he might have continued to be the rage there for six years, but all at once the meteor vanished as suddenly as it had flashed. Is this the Margrave whom you know?"

"I should not have thought that the Margrave whom I knew in England could have risen to the life of crises."

"Nor could he, man: cities were too tame for him. He has gone to some far-remote wilds in the East—some say in search of the Philosopher's Stone, some for actual gold—buried in his house a Sicilian adventurer, who, when at work on that treasure, is guarded by sentries by the fumes of his own crucible. After that mixture tune Margrave took Paris in disgust, and we know why."

"So this is the only Englishman whom you envy? Envy him! Why?"

"Because he is the only Englishman I ever met who contrived to be rich and yet free from the spleen; to be a world his debtor and not ask to look at his face, and see how thoroughly he enjoyed the life of which your countrymen seem to be so bitterly tired! Because I have satisfied your curiosity, pray satisfy mine. Who and what is this Englishman?"

"Who and what was he supposed at Paris to be?"

"Conjectures were numberless. One of your countrymen suggested that which was most generally favored. 'This gentleman,' he said, 'came here forget, but who was one of those *odd roots* who fancy themselves young because they live with the young, and sooner cut off their fingers than be reclaimed, 'Louis Grayle come to life again, as I saw him forty-four years ago in Paris. Margrave, still handsome—must be his son!'"

"Louis Grayle, who was said to be murdered at Aleppo?"

"The same. The strange old man was enormously wealthy, but it seems that he hated his lawful heirs, and left behind him a fortune so far below that which he was known to possess, that he must certainly have disposed of it secretly before his death. Why so dispose of it, if not to bequeath it to a natural son, whom, as his own son, he might not have wished to acknowledge, or point out to the world by the natural bequest of his will? All that Margrave ever said of himself and the source of his wealth confirmed his birth as Louis Grayle's natural son, rather than legal son, enriched by a father whose name he knew not nor cared to know."

"It is true. And Margrave quitted Paris for the East? When?"

"I can not the date within a day or two, for his flight preceded mine by a week; and, happily, all Paris was so busy in taking of it that I slipped away without notice."

And the Prussian then named a date which it thrilled me to hear, for it was that of the month, and about that very day, that the Luminous Shadow had stood within my threshold.

"I left Margrave," the Count went on into other subjects of talk: nothing more was said of Margrave. At last, after or two afterward he came his way, and I remained long gazing musingly on the embers of the fire dying low on my hearth.

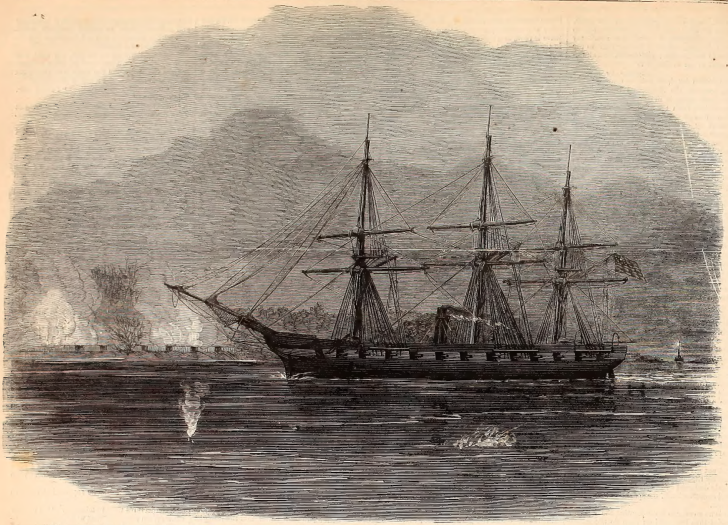
THE MORTAR FLOTILLA.

We present our readers on page 73 with a picture of the Mortar Flotilla. Farragut will set to service under CAPTAIN DAVID D. PORTER, U.S.N. The vessels are schooners of rested speed, drawing in loaded from eight to nine feet each armed with one 13-inch mortar weighing 17,000 pounds, and which throws a shell weighing 241 pounds. The range of this destructive weapon is about three miles. Besides the mortars, these vessels will carry two small guns, probably howitzers. The fleet will be divided into three divisions, each under the command of a lieutenant-commander. Captain Porter will fly his flag from the *Octorara*, a side-wheel steamer which was built at the Brooklyn navy-yard. She will be armed with two 11-inch guns; and from her peculiar model she can go up or down a narrow river without turning around, as she has a rudder at each end.

The first division, to be commanded by Lieutenant W. Smith, will consist of the following schooners: *Norfolk Packet, Para, G. H. Lee, Arabine, W. Bacon, and C. P. Williams*.

The second division, under the command of Lieutenant-Commander C. W. Pickering, will consist of the schooners *F. A. Ward, M. J. Carlton, A. J. Vaughan, G. Mercer, Sarah Bruen, Racer, Carlton, E. J. Hinds*.

The third division, under Lieutenant K. R. Breese commanding, consists of the schooners *J. Griffiths, Henry P. Smith, Sea Foam, H. Jones, and S. Bruen*.



THE UNITED STATES STEAM SLOOP OF WAR "PENSACOLA" PASSING THE REBEL BATTERIES IN THE POTOMAC, JANUARY 11, 1862.—[SEE PAGE 71.]



THE VESSELS OF GENERAL BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION OFF FORTRESS MONROE THE NIGHT BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE.—[SEE PAGE 71.]



RELEASED PRISONERS RETURNING TO THE CAMP OF THE THIRTY-FIRST REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS (FRANKLIN'S DIVISION), FROM RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. F. WAUD.

MISSING: PRIVATE WILLIAM SMITH

SERGEANT! enter on your roll,
"Missing—Private William Smith."
Death is but a passing dream,
Life a false and shadowy myth.
Commrace, close your gaping ranks!
He was of the first platoon;
Missing private William Smith
Dubbin will be heard of soon.

Missing private William Smith
Led the charge that turned the day;
Through the thickest of the fight,
Step by step, he clove his way.
When I last saw Private Smith
He was grimed with smoke and gore;
What if private William Smith
Should be heard of never more?

Comrades! soldiers should not mourn.
He was every inch a man!
Men have fallen in the fight
Ever since the world began.
Yet I would I knew for truth,
Now the fight is past and done—
Missing private William Smith
Has a wife and little one.

Would I knew that clanking chains
Bound his iron muscles o'er!
Would I knew a prison wall
Held his limbs, though wounded sore!
Would that missing Private Smith
May be heard of once again!
Wounded, captive, so that he
Be not of the nameless slain.

Missing private William Smith
Has a wife and little one;
Ere my life had scarce begun.
I should learn like to speak
To her of so strange a myth,
When the war is over, as
Missing, private William Smith.

TANGLED AND RAVELED.

I.

MISS CONWAY, spinster, came home from the morning church-service all in a flutter, walked straight up to the little glass, settled the bow under her chin, patted the coil over the left ear approvingly, without a salutation to the round, stout little body in a wonderful black lace cap, who stood in the relation maternal to Sophy.

"Oh, ma, I declare I am so nervous I don't know what to do!"

Ma Grump was not very quick of comprehension, but always ready to do a kindly deed, so she locked up two more potatoes in process of peeling, looked and said,

"Sophy, just you take the ladle a minit and I'll go right off and make you some Wild Isaac tea;" and she had already wiped her poor old willing hands on the crash roller when Sophy's petulant reply put an end to her designs.

"Wild Isaac! Ma, I do wish you wouldn't talk so outlandish. It's wild hyson, and you know and I don't want any of it either. I am only kind of flustered at seein' Grant Ryland this morning sitting right opposite to me in church, and he lookedat me so I didn't know which way to turn. Every time I looked up his eyes were perfectly set, and I know I blushed dreadfully. Well, I shan't make an objection on account of Sophy's nonsense; he will find that I am not going to forget old times."

"Did he come home with you, Sophy?"

"Why, no. I am sure he did mean to, but old Miss Beaufort and Pollitoy sat right behind him, and they must have a vile some motion to him, and he couldn't do any other way than go with them. I have he was dreadful coy as ever."

Ma put a bit of butter in the steaming potatoes and said, in her old-fashioned way,

"Why, Polliny would be a bit-rate match for him. She's rich enough for both. I shouldn't wonder if he took to her."

"Take to her indeed, ma!"

There was malice in the damsel's eye; there was grim determination in the way the head the bandbox cover over the split straw beneath it; and there was energy of purpose in the movement of the ends of her cape before her spare person. What she then and there intended was sure to be done; and she digitulated a message to the old Grant Ryland didn't propose to herself he never should do that child, Polliny Beaufort. Sundry convictions not pleasant to encourage came over her, that a fair young face like Pauline's just behind her might have accounted for something in the earnest glances from Grant Ryland's deep dark eyes in that direction. She scarcely knew, completely, as was her wont to do. Ma, in her secret soul, really thought that a little "Wild Isaac" tea would do wonders, but in her fear of saying anything more on the subject to her strong-willed daughter, especially as her preconceived ideas of the name of the herb in question had received a considerable shock. So she said nothing more, but meekly announced that dinner was ready, in her homely, cheery way, and succeeded in restoring the ruffled dignity of her tartaric offspring. Still she looked dangerous all the afternoon, as she sat biting her nails viciously, and planning, thinking, and plotting what could be said and done to prevent a new rival coming on the stage. Youth—grace—wealth. It was a dangerous combination; but she fancied she could combat any one more than that by a little skilful diplomacy.

When I announce a village sewing circle the

reader will know at once all the *dramatis personæ*. The kindly matron, sublime in her knowledge of biscuit-making and preserving; the fierce collector of dues and donations, with an anxious eye on unprotected single men, whom she regards as lawful prizes for the benefit of fairs and bazaars; the anxious mother of a family, who is fancying the baby is crying at home all the while; and the ladies maiden, who wonders if Jim or Bob will come for her at nine o'clock to escort her home.

This present gathering was not for the benefit of the Bible Society, nor for that for the soldiers' help and comfort. Piles of great stout warm shirts, made in the most liberal proportions, were there, where they couldn't fail to meet the corresponding button-hole and collars of wonderful dimensions, lay in one corner, while near by were seen, in all stages of progress, from the "setting up" to the narrowing off, were in the hands of the fifteen who assembled then and there. It wouldn't be fair to criticise the woolen articles already finished, and I dare say the fine, single cotton thread used; but there was not much symmetry displayed in their construction. If that pair of "Jim's" fingers narrowed so gradually to a termination, found crippled with corresponding feet, why—very well; but it would not do to have Jim's fingers and toes from some peculiarity in their construction, would keep one turning them over from hand to hand, hoping to find a way to wear them, than wouldn't twist the mouth askew in sympathy.

Miss Sophy Grump didn't think those—not she! If there was one thing she prided herself on more than another it was upon the shape of the articles she knit. That it came of her mother was authority on all doubtful points of seaming and making stitches, and things over the head were not before tried the business came clustering around her. "Oh, Miss Grump, I'm in trouble again; there's a great hole here!" and straightway Miss Ryland sat herself down on the stool at her feet with a puzzled face.

"Ls, child!"—and she took the work up—"you've dropped three stitches away back, and you just go off and pull all you've done, and I'll fix it for you."

Minnie, crest-fallen, went off to a corner and commenced the task, while Miss Grump continued her discourse to her companion in the loud whisper peculiar to a village gossip:

"That child is Jack's cousin, you know. Well, as I was sayin', the house Grant Ryland was in has all gone to smash—the big house of Grey, Jackson, & Co., you know. Well, they made money is gone too, and so that's an end of his fine pretensions. Old Ryland was a proud, stuck-up sprigs and proud, and there's no reason that she should'n be brought down."

And the speaker knit a stitch or two with such energy that her needle slipped.

"I should say that it would be should look out for a rich wife. There's Miss Sheddy, she'll be worth cool'sh after the old man's death."

"And Sophy Polliny," whispered Miss Avon, and jarked her thumb over her shoulder in the direction where a slight, pale, grey-eyed girl sat quietly knitting a soldier's mitten, glancing now and then at the strange faces about her, for Pauline Beaufort was a stranger right the first time in visiting at the large old white house on the hill, where her uncle, John Beaufort, had lived those many years, and she had come with her aunt to the "sewing society." Mrs. Beaufort was on the other side of the room in deep discourse with the minister's wife, so the girl, Miss sat and knit and dreamed over old scenes. Sitting with her two white hands folded together over her black dress, and her pale, sad, yet sunshine worn in her hair, one would not guess that the orphan girl was an heiress; but so it was. Young as she was, already had she learned how quickly friends in name cluster about wealth, and already she had found them only in name. She was practical, and did not despise her riches. Ah no; she valued them, not for the diamonds it brought to her casket, but for the sweet loving face it would ever in winter time; not for the silks and laces of her child, but for the bread and shelter they could gather around her; and better still, they could buy for her such happy smiles on faces sad before, such pleasant memories of those made grateful by her bounty. Ah yes! Pauline thanked God that he had made her rich, and thanked Him, too, that no offering always down. And so it came to pass that, foremost in every good work, she had come to find that she and her gold could be of little account.

She started from her reverie, for a familiar name fell on her ear: "Grant Ryland, is your cousin coming for you to night?" and one of the knot of fair girls in the bay window touched the maiden's rosy cheek. "Ryland, Ryland, if it should be—" and Pauline flushed and trembled. The name brought a remembrance of a summer meeting not so very long ago, off among the hills. It seemed to recall an hour of danger, when the frightened horse she rode was plunging madly down a steep, beyond control—of a strong hand on the bridle-rein of a strong arm thrown around her, a strange low voice saying softly, "Thank God you are safe, Linda." After that a bouquet of wild-wood flowers, a moonlight walk, a ride, and then the memory of Grant Ryland was not forgotten; and when among her worshipers a heart after heart was laid at her feet, she grew cold, and persuaded herself that they came to gain her wealth and not herself, and this was why no lover's prayer was answered.

Dreaming was a luxury in which Pauline did not often indulge, so she presently stole up to the side of Miss Grump. Presently she took for adjustment to the wondrous fagots of that renowned knitter and talker—"Please tell me about that thumb!"

"Oh la, yes, Polliny! Excuse me, but it don't seem a minit hardly since I saw you down here with your ma one summer, and you was in short frocks then. I s'pose you don't remember that time." And the speaker fixed the wiry little curl over her left eyebrow; while the girl's pale face grew whiter, for the black dress told the story—she was motherless now.

"There! you just see how I hold the yarn so, and take up stitches this way—the long men has mostly gone to the war—put your yarn over your finger. There's one home from the city now, Grant Ryland; I guess he will come after Minnie. Oh, Polliny, don't draw your thread so tight! Miss Beaufort, dear, now he's goin' to look out for a rich wife. Now knit three stitches, and widden again."

But Pauline, gray eyes of the spinster never left the girl's face; she saw its deep flush, and half guessed—at least plainly perceived another thing. "I don't think he and Minnie would make a match, but there's an end to that now. I declare you have got into over two inches of work, and you must up—there! Sarey Jackson said that Minnie said that Grant Ryland was dreadful fond of her, and he have a hundred thousand any way."

Then, pretending to notice her reddened cheek for the first time, she added, "Ls! you're sick, you know Mr. Ryland?"

"Yes; I am glad he will think he will marry as you say," said Pauline, hastily, as she moved aside, for she had caught a glimpse of a well-known form in the door, and made her escape before he should enter. Sitting in the dimly-lighted "keeping-room," awaiting her aunt's pleasure, she seemed to be in lingering mood for long twilight, she could see all that took place in either room, while in the shadow, muffled in a heavy gray cloak, she was herself unseen—saw Grant enter, and glance swiftly around the circle, and quickly stepping up behind Minnie Ryland, whisper something—holding her gaze from who it was—saw her blush and tremble as he stooped to whisper over the little girl's curls—saw presently, underneath the great lamp in the hall, saw her take from his grasp a photograph, which he held out to her, and, passing her way—glancing from the picture to the man before her, saying, softly, "It is like you." Yes! there was the picture, and the picture clear enough to see that though it was Grant Ryland's face it was in soldier's uniform. That he was a Captain Pauline could guess, that he was going off to join the army. He had hinted somewhere in his conversation during their moonlight walk from church; and she remembered that he had sighed deeply when he spoke of it. Her last word to him seemed to say his purpose, when she had said, "Don't join the army yet!" She had fancied something more than gallantry had prompted the words, and now he was going! Grant Ryland, the dark mustache, but now she, Minnie, held his hand. That he was a favorite cousin she was sure, for one moment credited; that he loved Minnie she did not suffer herself to doubt. When the heiress had left her room there was a strange pain in watching her company. On the hearth yet lay the ashes of the wishing-bone, sown there when the fire was first made, and burned with a trembling hand—the only love-token she had ever valued. She sat long in the window looking over to the hill-side, where the white grave-stones glimmered in the moonlight, and where the mother she had loved so well was laid. Then she crossed over to her. That Grant had revealed to her how, in all these months, she had kept Minnie's heart from the one she loved, and for beyond others; so frank and manly, so good and tender; and now—he belonged to another! Minnie's bright curly head should rest on his breast for shelter, her tiny hand should cling to his for guidance. She strove to talk cheerfully to the young girl; and looking from the shining grave-stone over her mother's resting-place on earth up to the shining stars that marked her future home, she asked His grace to bear the trial, and His brightest blessings on Grant Ryland's lot, even though another walked life's pathway beside him.

WHAT made Grant Ryland think he ought to call on old Miss Sophy Grump? He had sat quietly drawn up in a snarl, no mitten that looked more like a mitten for that any other name, as he straightened and shaped. Pauline Beaufort had, and it was quite natural that she should call and thank Minnie's cousin for the greater part in the town; and sitting in the window, her diamond earrings glittered in the sunlight bravely, and caught the idle gazer's eye. Perhaps it was because of those ear-rings nearer. He knew no one else in the room that could be, and so he naturally thought he should like a closer view. Yes, it must have been the diamonds. Miss Sophy actually blushed with pleasure as he took the welcome hand. The ball of yarn of course rolled quite away; but the bow with which he returned it compensated for the annoyance of having Polliny looking fresh and fair so close beside her.

Pauline hardly looked up, and spoke but little. She always found a pair of eyes fixed on her with an earnest, yearning look, whenever unnoticed she and so she bent lower and lower over her work while Miss Sophy, not at all abashed, kept up the day.

"You see, Mr. Ryland, we are busy for the soldiers as usual. Speaking of soldiers, now do tell if you are going off to the war, as I've heard to day."

"I suppose I shall. Miss Sophy, I should go mad to stay idling here. I am sorry to leave mother alone;" and the moist eyes looked through the dim window-pane off toward the little white cottage with its clustering vines, for he knew that the grave-yard heart would hold its watch there in the days to come.

All this time Pauline never looked up or spoke, but Miss Grump remarked, softly,

"I s'pose there's others besides Miss Ryland who will miss you;" and the damsel Grump let the gray yarn roll off across the room.

Grant, slowly winding it up in an absent mood, laid it by mistake in Pauline's lap, saying, absractedly, "Are there?" And then he sighed a little, and looked around. She heard it all, and involuntarily raised her eyes to meet a sad, real looking out from his. She glance made her tremble, and the diamonds quivered like a star, but whispering to herself, "Courage, Pauline," she rose to go, and with a voice as calm as might be, said, "Good-by." Tying the dainty little handkerchief over her head, and winding her scarf about her, she was gone. It was Grant's first impulse to follow her, but her manner forbade it. He could not guess that she dared not permit it. He threw himself in the chair she had just quitted to watch her graceful figure floating off away—away until lost to view, and then his idle dream was broken by Miss Sophy's voice.

"Polliny's in a great hurry to go. She expect, ed to stay till the afternoon service was done. She's rather queer; don't you think so? Always thinking the men are after her money. I should think she might have known you better than to make such speeches. Oh dear, what am I saying? I declare I'll have to you just to keep you from—"

And Sophy coughed in girlish confusion.

Grant Ryland wheeled straight round in front of her and laughed. "Ha! ha! you're better than even she desired, while his black eyes dilated as he looked down at "Speeches! what speeches did she—" And he pointed over his shoulder. "Does she call me a fortune-hunter? Does she think because I am poor I would court the heir, Sophy?"

"Oh, Grant—Mr. Ryland—I ought not to have said any thing to you."

"Once more, Sophy," said he, almost fiercely; "Does Pauline Beaufort think so meanly of me as that? I will know what she said."

Sophy was getting angry—both at the detaining hand and the deep feelings her allusion had brought to the surface her companion appeared reluctantly.

"Yes: I said I guessed you might better look for a rich wife; and she said, quite shortly, 'Well, he won't marry me, I can tell you!'"

"Were those her exact words?" and the young man's face grew white.

"Well—yes, as near as I can remember. I don't see what makes you take on oh about it!"

Grant shut his eyes and leaned back in the chair with a movement, but caught himself with the muttered exclamation—"I've been a fool, that's all, Miss Sophy; been dreaming, and I am awake now, thank-God!" and he hailed the sunlight striking off down the street, looking neither to the right nor the left, but as in a state of doubt whether she had gained or lost.

THE widow Ryland was waiting tea for her son, who staid late to-night. The wood-fire burned brightly on the hearth, and shimmering in its flickering light the tea-service sparkled and seemed to dance on the hearth, while the tea-kettle furnished the music. Minnie had come out, and Mrs. Ryland going to the window often put up her hand to shade her hands to shade her face as she looked out into the gathering gloom, for it was a tall figure coming through the little gate. It came at last; but the face was so sad and weary, the crisp curls all heavy with dampness, that the mother's heart involuntarily sighed that she started involuntarily. "Why, Grant, what is the matter?" and the word over 'tis a woman's question, when the man she loves looks sick or sad—"What's the matter?" "Oh nothing, mother, dear, only I am tired, that's all;" saying pressure of her hand, and a loving smile reassured her.

The dainty meal was over, the hearth newly swept, and Mrs. Ryland sat knitting again by the hearth anxious and troubled, while Grant stood leaning against the mantle, with one hand shading his eyes, which yet looked straight into the fire-light.

"Mother?"

"Well, my son!"

"Do you love me, mother?"

She was startled, and could make no reply, no word, but nestling close to his broad shoulder.

He took the head with the soft brown hair lovingly, looking down on her diminutive stature and little hands, of which he was so proud.

"I had a dream to-night, dear heart if her boy goes off to the army? Always loving her, always thinking of her, and always dreaming of the one when he should be gone—is she ever remembering better and greater than now?"

There was a great sob gurgling up, a tight choking of her throat, and then a gush of tears on his breast breast.

"Mother, dear, I can not stay here idle. Already have I been made to feel the bitterness of poverty and already heard the sneer in my own ranch that she, Pauline, has said I should never win her and her cursed wealth"—and he set his strong white teeth together, and his eyes flashed. "I must go without your blessing. With it, I shall find some happiness every of yonder, where men are living real earnest lives. Mother, dear, will you let me go?" and he raised her face and wiped the tears away.

She trembled yet, but looked up with a current: "Grant, you have been my brightest blessing. George is gone, and I can not bid you stay. Bless you, my son, my darling, my darling!" saying, waking and sleeping. He can watch you and preserve you where the birds forget the snare, and then you we shall be sure to meet some time again—if not here, up yonder."

And this was how Grant Ryland's mother blessed her child and bid him go.

Pauline Beaufort lingered strangely, the villagers said, and lingering did not seem to find happiness. She took long walks over the breezy hills and through the dim woods, alone, except for such companionship as that of her greyhound, "Birch-bark," whose cognomen, given in merry mood, was now its name in sober earnest. Off on the farthest range of hillocks toward the west, looking from thence over to the dim horizon, she often stood, and her heart beat fast to remember that

even new, beyond her vision, a battle might be raging, and he, Guard Ryland, might be—Heaven only—dying. Then when weary she came home at last, it was to search again the newspaper for the latest news from the scene of war. She would fain have passed many hours with Mrs. Ryland, but the love with which Minnie blushed and spoke of her soldier lover left a vague, dull pain in Pauline's heart which she could not overcome. She often stopped a moment at the cottage, just to hear that he was well and happy, or to leave a bundle of newspapers for their perusal.

"A battle at Lexington!" It dashed along the pipes, and heart-strings quivered in sympathy! Then came newspapers, with that dreadful list each weary waiting; of the field where "some one had blundered;" how "to the jaws of death rode forth six hundred;" of the thirst that maddened; of the hope of succor fading out, while brave men stood their ground as brave men will. A day or another the fatal list "Killed and wounded." Mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts asked of God, before they stopped to read it; and, alas! the help was sorely needed when the page was scanned.

Pauline was going to the postoffice. Fresh and ill she certainly looked, for her eyes were glistening and her mouth dry and burning. She had not slept these two nights, and would sleep no more until she heard Grant Ryland's fate. Ah, bravely had she struggled, and the shame and regret that she had won the victory until now. But the vision of the strong arm that once saved her from death by powerless and still—oh! how still—now light she had dared so seldom to encounter staring blank and fixed, unwarned to the daylight, when the voice stilled forever—ah, Pauline could not hush the beatings of her heart, though she pressed her hands almost over it.

"Miss Polliny—Polliny!" and Sophy Grump's shrill voice and beckoning finger fell upon her closer within her own door. "There's terrible news—have you heard it? I've got to-day's paper, and I'm going over to Mars Ryland's with it. Here it is," and running her long finger down the list of "Killed" it stopped—"G. Ryland." Pauline saw it clearly. It seemed to burn into her brain. "G. Ryland, killed." It was over; there was no disguise longer; and Sophy and Miss Grump stood aghast to see the fierce agony that convulsed the young girl's frame until insensibility came to her relief. Then came the wild fever that shook her brain. Days added became weeks, and yet she was too ill to be removed to her uncle's home—and no kinder or more faithful nurse than Mrs. Grump could have been found. It was infinitely better than if Mrs. Ryland had been in the house. She kindly soul, who never left her bedside, began to puzzle herself sorely over the scraps of delirious muttering that fell upon her ear, and sometimes in faint light seemed to dawn upon her mental horizon; but she kept the key idea, which was in her brain. Days added became weeks, and yet she was too ill to be removed to her uncle's home—and no kinder or more faithful nurse than Mrs. Grump could have been found. It was infinitely better than if Mrs. Ryland had been in the house. She kindly soul, who never left her bedside, began to puzzle herself sorely over the scraps of delirious muttering that fell upon her ear, and sometimes in faint light seemed to dawn upon her mental horizon; but she kept the key idea, which was in her brain. Days added became weeks, and yet she was too ill to be removed to her uncle's home—and no kinder or more faithful nurse than Mrs. Grump could have been found. It was infinitely better than if Mrs. Ryland had been in the house. She kindly soul, who never left her bedside, began to puzzle herself sorely over the scraps of delirious muttering that fell upon her ear, and sometimes in faint light seemed to dawn upon her mental horizon; but she kept the key idea, which was in her brain.

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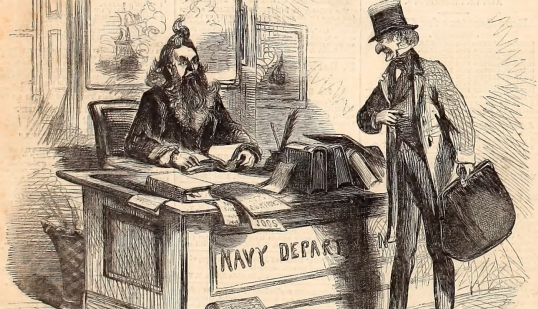


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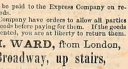
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE PICKET OF THE TENTH INDIANA REGIMENT DISCOVERING THE APPROACH OF THE REBELS AT MILL SPRING, KENTUCKY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

SKATING ON THE PARK.

Resuming into tunes,
Crashing into cars,
Pushing over ice-packs,
Like a pack of bears;
Crinoline on "rockers,"
Bulmorals on a "lark"—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Skating on the Park!

Crowds of easy Bloomers
Gyrate with a grace;
Crowds of "boozy" mercshaums
Puff them to their face:
Floods of rosy pippins,
Nough to fill an ark—
Jums! this is jolly,
Skating on the Park!

Shouls of scaly small-fry
Crack their jokes and pates;
Schools of "amphibilia"
Flounder flat on skates;
Pedagogick "ic" noaums,
Bound to "make their mark,
Jot down their disasters,
Short-hand, on the Park.

Now you "cut" an "eagle,"
Now you cut a "spread;"
Now you backward wriggle,
Now you "crack a head;"
Now you're "up" to Mercury,
Now you zero mack—
Jeh! ain't it jolly,
Gymning on the Park!

"Cup of coffee, Mister?"
"Mister, take a skate?"
"Ha! my pretty sister!"
"Ho! my cousin Kate!"
Off she shoots, the rocket!
Off fly I, the "spark!"
Smack! was *that* a pocket-
Paishon on the Park?

"Venus! what an ankle!"
"Phoebus! what a 'cloud'"
"How my fingers tingle!"
"Smoking's not allow'd!"
"Heigh! you 'cloud compelling.'
(Mind whom shins you bark!)
Jove'-ial, happy fellow!"
"*This* the ladies' Park?"

Jaunty little "jockey"
(*Here* it "smack you" dumb!)
Takes your chalk and (cracky!)
Chnir 't 'gins to *hum!*
Lika a top you're whirling—
Scal'd lips do them work?
And so you win your darling,
Skating on the Park.

Floating is't, or flying!
Is't like sky 'ots clniving?
Are we of hasheesh dying?
Are these "stars" of heaven?
What 'wakes' fills the vision?
What angel voices?—Hark!
Are these "Fields' Elysian?
Is this Central Park?

"What a charbic boodlight!"
"Cutlass, Mister Grab."
"Takidg cold?" "Well, *good*-night!"
"By! they're goide do dadee!"
"What! did no soul guide?"
"Take sobe wide add *bark*."
Ball's *down* for o'erbowing,
"Jig's up" on the Park.

THE UNION VICTORY AT SOMERSET, KENTUCKY.

Full details have been received of the Battle of Somerset, Kentucky. By the strategy of General Buell, Zollicoffer's army was surrounded by the divisions of General Thomas and Schoepff: perceiving which, Zollicoffer made a desperate attack upon the Union camp on Sunday morning, January 19. His force was 10,000 strong, and that of the Union army consisted of five regiments—the Tenth Indiana, Fourth Ohio, the Second Minnesota, the Fourth Kentucky, and the First Tennessee, the last-named not being engaged in the thickest of the fight. The battle began at four o'clock A.M., and lasted all day. General Zollicoffer was killed by Colonel Fry, of Kentucky, and his body found in a wagon. The rebels retreated, and were followed to their intrenchments, which they abandoned during the night. We give, on the preceding page, a picture of the picket of the Tenth Indiana Regiment discovering the approach of the rebels; on page 81 and 89 a spirited engraving of the battle; and on page 84 of 87 Mays showing the results of the conflict.

The Union loss is 39 killed, 127 wounded; that of the rebels is 115 killed, 116 wounded, and 45 taken prisoners. Ten cannon with their ammunition, 100 fine horses wagons, 1200 horses and mules, and several boxes of small-arms were captured by our forces. The rebels crossed the Cumberland River at Oak Springs, and dispersed in every direction. Our forces have also crossed in pursuit. General Thomas having secured the abandoned encampments used by the rebels. General Thomas has not been heard from since he crossed the river, but he will probably occupy Monticello, which the rebels have deserted. The rebel tent was complete, but the Southern papers profess to doubt the news of the affair. Our new Secretary of War has issued the following stirring General Order in relation to this affair:

War Department, January 19, 1862.

The President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, has received information of a brilliant victory achieved by the United States forces over a large body of armed traitors and rebels, at Mill Spring, in the State of Kentucky. He returns thanks to the gallant officers and soldiers who won that victory; and when the official reports shall be received, the military skill and generalship displayed in battle will be acknowledged and rewarded in a fitting manner. The carnage that ensued among and vanquished the greatly superior numbers of the rebel force pursued and animated them in their intrenchments, and passed not until the enemy was completely routed, merits and receives confidence. The purpose of this war is to pursue and destroy a rebellious enemy, and to deliver the country from danger. Menaced by traitors, insulted, darling, courageous spirit, and patriotic zeal, on all occasions and in all circumstances, are the best auspices of success and of victory. In the present instance the general movements and during at the battle of Mill Spring the nation will accept the victory; and the people of the United States will rejoice to honor every soldier and officer who proves his courage by combining with his bravery and stirring intrenchments, or in the hlaze of the enemy's fire. By order of the President.

Edwin M. Stanton, *Secretary of War.*

SCENES AT FORT PICKENS.

We give on page 85 sketches of the two Bombardments of Fort Pickens, furnished by our special artist. The first of these bombardments began on the 22d of November. A heavy firing was kept up, with little damage, only one man in the fort being killed. But two days after, eighteen men were handling a shell which had been thrown from the rebel batteries without exploding. While they were endeavoring to withdraw the fuse the shell exploded, killing six and wounding several others. Our artist has depicted this scene. The second engagement between Fort Pickens and the rebel batteries took place on New-Year's Day, 1862. Colonel Brown, commanding at Fort Pickens, provoked by the conduct of the rebels at Pensacola in firing our camp and their shells, opened fire upon them. This was returned. During the day the Navy-yard at Warrington was set on fire by our shells. Our artist has furnished a view of the conflagration, as it appeared from the fort. He also gives us views of the Fort and its surroundings just before and during the last bombardment.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 8, 1862.

THE UNION VICTORY IN KENTUCKY.

Before this time our readers will have fully informed themselves in regard to the recent Union victory in Somerset, Kentucky. This plan, the manner, and the results of that brilliant achievement are already familiar. The stirring General Order of the Secretary of War, and the no less stirring chronicles of the newspaper reports, have allotted to the officers and privates of the Union regiments engaged in the battle their due meed of praise. In the advantage which this victory gives us in clearing East Kentucky and in helping to open the way to the capture of Bowling Green and an immediate advance into Tennessee are evident. It remains only for us to consider the direct and indirect effects of our triumph on the people of the rebel States.

We have thus far carefully refrained from expressing any over-sanguine hopes of the speedy issue of the war. So complex are the questions involved, so nice is the discrimination required, and so many are the haps and mishaps in the subjection of this rebellion, that one who sets times and circumstances for the end of the war, runs great risk of belying his prediction falsified by occurrences the most singular and unexpected. Still, if we may trust at all to the signs of the times, the victory at Somerset inaugurates the close of the rebellion, and may be not inappropriately termed "the beginning of the end." And we propose it to be so, not from any knowledge of General M'Clellan's plans and the influence this battle may exert upon them, but for reasons which are more palpable to everyone—and we think, quite as satisfactory.

In the first place, then, whatever may be the strategical value of this victory, it undeniably begins a more active and decisive period of the campaign. The rebels attacked us, for almost the first time, at Somerset, and the encouragement they to hold the fortile though bloody fields of Kentucky that they will again attack us if we do not follow them up. We, *ergo* rebels, are ready for treason draws a great deal of its sustenance from Kentucky and Tennessee, and will not readily surrender those States. The rebels are in too great straits even to admit of delay. In the Border States are their principal defences and their greatest resources. Kentucky is a Border States, and the rebellion is mortally wounded. Our generals know this. The rebel leaders know it. With characteristic skill and informed, and with both hostile armies so well prepared, neither party has the power to avoid conflicts except by an absolute surrender of all that is worth fighting for. Therefore, as neither the Union nor the rebel armies can afford to decline battle, we may look for conflicts soon and immediately ensue in Kentucky; and we believe that fair, hard fighting will soon end this rebellion.

But the moral aspect of this victory upon the South is disastrous to the rebel cause. Lately there has been a great deal of discontent and complaining among the rebels, and it is very easy to see the uprising of a genuine Union sentiment among the more honest of the traitors. There seems to have been a growing conviction recently that we are too strong for them, and that, after all, they have gained nothing by rebelling against a Government which they themselves had framed, and against laws which they themselves had made. They only to live under a Government and laws which are oppressive, unjust, and unpopular, and which, indeed, they had no hand nor voice in forming. We look to this Somerset victory to strengthen and deepen this conviction, and give it efficacy and direction. The very fact that, at first, the rebel journals unanimously affect to disbelieve the news of the victory, will only make its effect the greater when the suppression of it useless and impossible; as disappointment is always most painful when hope has been most high.

From a variety of sources of information, and from our own personal knowledge, we are led to believe that the strength of this rebellion lies in its misrepresentation. The people of the South are told that New York is as desolate as New Orleans; that our army is as ill-equipped and disorganized as theirs; that our Government is as tyrannical, unjust, and bully conducted as that of Jeff Davis: in short, that we at the North are the same as they are much as they are, and that really the only question is one of endurance. The Southern people would be more than mortal—they would be Americans, if they did not endure as long as possible while they held this belief. But let them be once fully undeceived, let them be shown their own weakness compared with our strength, and, through the natural stages of despondency, despair, desperation, they will turn against their incendiary, traitorous deliders, the Southern people will be rid forever of this fever of rebellion.

The Union victory and those which will follow it will accomplish this undeception. It will be impossible to conceal Zollicoffer's death, impossible to conceal the rout of his army, impossible to conceal the inevitable results of our victory from the Southern masses; and when once our strength and our policy are understood rebellion will hesitate—totter—fall!

THE LOUNGER.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Here and of the rebellion is to be read, perhaps, more nearly the raving fancies of a lunatic than speeches and papers than in any other way. The frantic devices to "sell" the jealousy and hatred of the rebel section toward the Government, so that it may remain as virulent as ever; the amusing perfunctory with which the Government of the United States is called "Lincoln," and loyal citizens "Lincolnites;" the utterly ludicrous statements that of the excellent Mr. Maury to Admiral Fitzroy, that Wilson's Zouaves were furnished each with a halter to hang the rebels that he might capture to the nearest tree; or of the *Memphis Avalanche*, that Lincoln had emptied his penitentiaries for the border, and had given every criminal a torch to kindle a Confederate city! the hope avowed by the Governor of Georgia and statesman, Foote, that "Lincoln and his infernal Cabinet may be brought to the scaffold for their atrocious offences against the Constitution, which they have perjuriously violated;" and the grave assertion that the war springs from the malignant jealousy of Seward and Secretary—all these signs point directly to that desperation which precedes defeat.

The desponding, querulous bitterness of the Richmond *Examiner*, in criticising the spectral Government of Jeff Davis, betrays the same sulking and gnawing consciousness of impending disaster. If the rebels at home are now doubtless striking by the National troops are uniformly successful, the spirits of the rebels, now drooping, will be again revived.

And yet they will not "give it up so." A people, like a man, under the exasperation of mingled rage and disappointment, will do very wild and wanton things. If there be any considerable body of rebels remain at the South after the Government they reveal themselves they will be violently attacked by the ingrained Secessionists. The furious, frantic, desperate men of the rebel armies will as willingly turn upon their fellow-citizens and recruit Union regiments as they will attack Federal forces. As every man is, in their estimation, an Abolitionist who does not think chattel slavery the best thing in the world for every one, and who in any circumstances and for any reason is for yielding to the power of the Government, will be denounced and hunted as a Lincolnite. We have had several civil war among themselves; and while our army is steadily moving toward the lines of peace, there be only an armed peace, as it is in Maryland at this moment.

But there is not Peace. For many a month yet the quiet of the rebel section can be maintained only by the bayonet. The great Union army of the Union will be by no means immediately disbanded. Having suppressed rebellion, it will have to protect peace and loyalty. And only as the great root of rebellion is loosened and destroyed, and the Slavery on which the war is waged disappears, will the permanence of peace be secured. After the revelations of this rebellion, and in the circumstances of this time, whoever organizes or defends Slavery—whatever may be his views of the true method of Government—he is held a heart a traitor. Yes; and even if he abstractly thinks Slavery to be right, after this bloody evidence of its utter inconsonance with our government and the popular conviction, he can not labor for its protection or extension without condemnation as a dangerously impracticable visionary. So long as he talks only, he will be pitied and contemned. Should he try overtly to help Slavery, he will be an open traitor.

WORK AND WAGES.

The immediate excitement about Mr. Morgan's purchases for the Government has passed; but the question remains, and it will, under other names, occur again.

One thing is pretty clear—if Mr. Morgan had not undertaken to do the Secretary of the Navy we should have heard very little of the matter. And that shows conclusively that the difficult is in fix a public officer to give public employment and emolument of the kind in question to a relative, without to some extent exposing that act and full to provoke sharp comment.

Another thing is equally clear—that a Government board must ask itself, "How can I get this work done most economically?" That question was asked, and the Secretary answered, and the result was that hundreds of thousands of dollars were saved to the treasury.

Ah, but Mr. Morgan ought to have done it for nothing! The country was in peril, and he should assist in its necessities. It was not generous; it was not patriotic."

Perhaps not. But the Navy Department wanted vessels, and expected to get them. And it got the most faithful service, and made its bargains with economy. That its agent was paid, and justly, is true. But do Government offer the conscientious of virtue as a commission? Would their zeal be well done, or less done, if they did? Mr. Morgan might have done all the work, and have paid his own expenses. Granted. But was the Government to advertise for such a person if Mr. Morgan declined? That gentleman found the whole affair a most laborious transaction, and dealt honorably by all parties, although profitably by himself. And it was a business transaction. If he chose to do it as such, and then add entire renunciation of the profits, it would have been an admirable thing. But that was an utterly different question. Every Government must expect to pay for work. Mr. Morgan did the work well, and was paid.

"Yes; but he was paid too much."

But the record shows that the Government unquestionably saved *money* through its services, and 2½ per cent. is not an enormous commission when it saves the employer thirty or fifty.

If the purchases and contracts of the War Department had been managed as those of the Navy Department through Mr. Morgan have been, Mr. Dawes could not have made so scathing a speech. Is it not worth while for the Government in future to secure the services of business ability, general ability, special skill and experience, and pay well for his work, rather than "economize" him because somebody ought to be found who may be equally qualified, and may be willing to take his pay in a salary or a great rather than a percentage?

AN ADVANCE AT LAST.

While there has been clamor enough for a forward movement, there has been one who and one of great significance, and that is the advance of the lyceum lecturers upon Washington. In fact, some of these gentlemen, and the accounts of the establishment of our army at Hilton Head and Beaufort and Ship Island, and of the coming of Burnside's expedition, as if it were merely a movement of the van, while the major-generals and the staff and the bream will bring up the rear.

"In the name of good meals, sound hearing, exact science, and the fine arts," exclaimed a lecturer, "there's room enough for all of them." Here we not for fifteen resolis and heroic years lain in the cold load, eaten the cold pie and the cold and the rough steak in the morning, drunk the boot-heel coffee and the straw tea, and through slush and snow and ice and sleet and blizzard held our way, and shall there be no reward? After the vigil and the fasting shall there be no triumphant accolade of knighthood?

Of course there shall be. Henceforth the lyceum lecturer, like the bobolink and the quail he southward way as winter comes, and sit and sing upon the orange-bough and the February rose-tree. Why, the whole tone of public conversation last year, in October he may begin in Boston; by November he will have begun in New York and be still delivering in Pennsylvania and Maryland. Christmas shall find him across the Potomac, and the exact Washington birthday he will be in the *Examiner* catching his notes as they fall. In January the weary Canadians shall ring with his skill—the dreamy Carolinas that would now so gladly wring his neck. Florida and the Gulf shore shall break into song at his coming for him; and the Rebels, in Natchez, and New Orleans shall his parting song be heard.

The war has not yet lasted a year, and already an American citizen can say what he thinks in the capital of the country. It is a great advance a year, and already he can say in the shadow of Congress that he loves liberty and hates slavery! Who says that the war is not a good thing? Who has been no advance? In the salons of the national metropolis it may not yet be "fashionable" to say it is tolerated, to think that a gentleman pays for the labor he employs, and does not sell the children of other people to pay his own debts. Hallelujah! And there are people who complain of inaction! Hallelujah! Those who can and to be people who think that Liberty once having a fair hold of Washington :: going to let go again! There were people who knew that Washington could not make an egg stand on end. There were people who saw him into his field and say, "Ah, he's done!" and they thought him a fool. They had nearly got through

saying, 'I told you so; gone to the bottom,' when he returned with a new continent. The descendants of those people shake their heads in the old way, and prattle the old twaddle, only they do it in newspapers now; and just as they are saying, 'Stuff! nonsense! It always was night, and it always will be'—pop! up comes the sun!"

"Possibly," answered I, as patiently as I could; "but hadn't you better save your lecture for those who will pay for it?" Yet I knew he was right.

THE ROAD TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

There comes occasionally a painful rumor that many officers of the army are not really in earnest in the war; that they think it is an error of the rebels to take up arms to overthrow the best of governments; to shoot their fellow-citizens, and to do all they can to ruin the prosperity of the country, and to blast the hope of constitutional liberty —an error, but still a venial error; an error to be borne with, to be extenuated, to be guarded as much as possible from its natural consequences: in fine, that although most of the people in the Slave States are in open rebellion, it is the people of the Free States who are really guilty. As a consequence of this view, the story is that such officers are nervously anxious to show that they do not share the guilt of loyal citizens, who believe slavery to be the root of rebellion, and try to prove it by the most unscrupulous servility to slave masters.

This may be true of some officers. It is doubtless true of the Colonel who advertised, after the election of Mr. Lincoln, that he was raising a regiment to resist the Government. But it certainly is not true of many officers who had, before the war, been politically allied with the South. It is not true, for instance, of General Burnside; and the war will winnow the earnest men from the trifling—the patriots from the compromisers—fast enough. This nation has been dragged long enough at the tail of slavery. Every other question has long enough been lost in that one: *Is he sure for slavery?* Every one of the myriad national offices has been long enough a loophole from which a shot was fired at the principles of the Government and at human rights. Not a postmaster, not a custom-house officer, not a man who was paid ten dollars or ten thousand by the national Government, but has been the slave or the apologist of slavery, or has held his tongue and bowed his head in a silence that shamed himself.

The first gun fired at Sumter shot all this stuff away. Henceforth the word Liberty, and not Slavery, is the test word of nationality. Henceforth an American gentleman is a man who pays other men for the labor they do for him; and who does not sell other people's wives and children, or his own, to pay his debts. Henceforth it is not treasonable to repeat the Declaration of Independence, nor fanatical and incendiary to believe it. The people of this country have smothered their convictions—have apologized, and shirked, and submitted to the unscrupulous tyranny of slavery in the Government and in society—because they wanted peace at any price. Now they see precisely what its character is. They know that it can never do any thing worse than it is doing now, and therefore they have no inducement to cringe any longer. They have done licking Mr. Slidell's shoes, and kissing the toe of Mr. Mason's boot. Of course they are not so foolish as to suppose that all slaveholders are bad people; but they are sagacious enough to know that they are all more or less sophisticated. You can not breathe mephitic air and not be poisoned.

Neither are the people of this country so exquisitely silly as to suppose that those who have said that when the fire reached the powder there would be an explosion are responsible for the explosion. To say, "Don't discuss the Slavery question: do let it be: let it take care of itself," was to say, "Don't think: don't feel: don't have any conscience, or reason, or common sense: the devil has the best of it; so let's all go to pot together."

Slavery in this country is doomed; and the rebel leaders knew it, or they would have raised no insurrection. After this rebellion no man of sense will doubt whether or not there is an irrepressible conflict between the rights of man and the wrongs of man. Do you say that it can not be touched? My friend, every thing that withstands the supremacy of the Government can be touched. The log on which you rest your rifle to shoot an honest citizen can be knocked away, and the slave who stands by with another rifle for you, or who stays at home and does your work while you come up to murder us for defending our Government, he also can be knocked away. And he will be.

If any General of the United States army supposes that this nation is going to return to grovel in obsequiousness to slavery, like a dog to his vomit; that a young, vigorous, sagacious people is going to forge again the chains it has once broken—and thinks *that* the road to the Presidency, it were better for him that he had remained an ensign all the days of his life. Not unconstitutionally—not against the law—but by the will of the people Slavery is doomed. If the bond allow it a pound of flesh, the pound of flesh it shall have, but not a drop of blood. Henceforth, O General, if you would be President, take the road marked "To the Right," not that "To the Wrong."

THE ENNOBLING INSTITUTION.

A good many years ago, the Irish barrister Philips, in a famous speech declared that whenever any slave, of whatever race or color, touched the soil of Great Britain, he rose "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled." At the present time Great Britain is the especial ally and friend of a faction which is trying to establish a system of society of which the following are incidents. Can a decent Englishman read such things without bitter shame and loathing, that his nation throws the mantle of its sympathy over them? And this war is waged by the rebellion because the people of this country wished that the area in which such things are possible should not be extended.

—"The question of the status of Edward S. Gentry, *who is claimed to be both a white man and a darkey*, was still further argued before Judge William H. Lyons, on yesterday, but no decision was rendered. The Mayor condemned Gentry to some penalty as a colored person, and he appealed to Judge Lyons to determine his standing."

—"Alec Taylor, *an emancipated slave*, was brought before the Mayor yesterday for remaining in the State contrary to law; and it being proved that one year since he had been tried and allowed one month to vamose the ranche, the Mayor sent him before the Hustings court, which tribunal will, no doubt, in pursuance of law, order him to be sold into perpetual slavery. The prospect before the darkey is gloomy or gay, as he may choose to regard it."

How justly says the Memphis *Avalanche*, that "the civilized nations of the earth are beginning to open their eyes to the elevating and salutary effects upon society of this ennobling institution. They see a people reared under its influences displaying * * * all that justice, humanity, magnanimity, moderation, and stainless chivalry, which enter into the highest type of human civilization."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Consoling a Widow.—A clergyman, consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, remarked that she could not find his equal. "I don't know about that," remarked the sobbing fair one, "but I'll try."

Many "contrabands" are very pious in their way, though they have an odd way of expressing themselves even in prayer. We all know about the good darkey who prayed that his beloved mistress might be "like a great roarin' lion seekin' somebody to devour." Down at Port Royal, the other day, an old negro was heard pouring out his soul in a company of his fellows.

"O Lord!" he cried, "bress them Yankee bobolitionist mudsills!"

"Amen!" was shouted vigorously by all his companions.

"De Lord bress ebery one of the dear good mudsills. Dey pays us for pickin' cotton, and massa don't!"

Poor old Sambo had never heard his new Yankee friends designated in any other terms, and so he used the words in his prayer in their behalf.

A Scotch pedestrian, attacked by three highwaymen, defended himself with great courage and obstinacy, and was at last overpowered and his pockets rifled. The robbers expected, from the extraordinary resistance they had experienced, to lay their hands on some rich booty; but were not a little surprised to discover that the whole treasure which the sturdy Caledonian had been defending at the hazard of life consisted of no more than a crooked sixpence. "The deuce is in him," said one of the rogues; "if he had had eighteenpence I suppose he would have killed the whole of us."

Two Irishmen were in prison, the one for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a watch. "Hallo, Mike! what o'clock is it? said the cow-stealer to the other. "And sure, Pat, I haven't any time-piece handy, but I think it is most milking time."

"Silence! keep silence in Court!" said an angry Judge. "Here we have judged a dozen cases this morning, and I have not heard one of them." Justice was blind as well as deaf.

Lord Campbell, it is well known, was fond of a joke, and sometimes had the tables turned upon himself. A few days before his death he met a barrister who had grown very stout of late, and remarked, "Why, Mr. ——, you are getting as fat as a porpoise." "Fit company, my lord, for the great seal," was the ready repartee.

John Hunter, in demonstrating the jaw-bone, observed that the bone was known to abound in proportion to the want of brains. Some students at the time were talking instead of attending to the lecture, upon which Hunter exclaimed, "Gentlemen, let us have more *intellect*, and less *jaw*."

The latest advertisement of an air-tight coffin is, that it protects the form from decomposition, "and can be retained in the parlor as an elegant piece of furniture, without any annoyance whatever."

What is society, after all, but a mixture of mister-ies and miss-eries?

Collins, the sweet poet, was much attached to a young lady who was born the day before him, and who did not return his passion. "Yours is a hard case," said a friend. "It is so indeed," replied Collins, "for I came into the world a day after the fair."

A Tight Fix.—They say there is a man living in this city who attends church regularly, and clasps his hands so tight during praying-time that he can't get them open when the contribution-box comes round.

"Wife," said a man, looking for his bootjack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours."

"Give me a nice polish, you young scamp," said a dirty swell with a pipe and pork pie cap. "I can't give you one," said the lad; "it would take a cleverer 'man' nor me to do that. But I can polish your boots, Sir."

"I have turned many a woman's head," boasted a young nobleman of France. "Yes," replied Talleyrand, "*away* from you."

"It is very curious," said a young lady, "that a tortoise, from whom we get all our shell combs, has no hair."

"A man who'll maliciously set fire to a shed," said Mr. Slow, "and burn up twenty cows, ought to be kicked to death by a donkey—and I'd like to do it myself!" Slow is very severe sometimes.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, January 21, in the Senate, petitions for a continuance of the Coast Survey, for a naval depôt at Sandusky, Ohio, and in favor of the emancipation of slaves, were presented. The resolution to allow certain naval officers to receive presents from Japan was adopted. The Judiciary Committee was instructed to consider the expediency of amending the naturalization laws so as to confer the right of citizenship upon foreigners serving in our army. Bills to regulate the compensation of District-Attorneys, and to authorize the examination of certain parties in the Courts of the United States, were presented and referred. The amendment of the House to the bill for the completion of the defenses of Washington was agreed to. An amendment to the act allowing the discharge from the army of enlisted minors was agreed to, providing that no persons under eighteen years of age should be enlisted, and that the oath of enlistment should be conclusive as to age. The amendment imposing the death penalty upon spies and those forcing safe-guards was agreed to. A bill authorizing the President to appoint two Assistant Secretaries of War, to serve one year, at a salary of $3000, was passed. A resolution regulating the compensation of Customs Collectors and Naval Officers was referred. The report of the Judiciary Committee against the expulsion of Senator Bright, of Indiana, was then debated, and Senators Sumner, Lane, of Indiana, and Bright made speeches.——In the House, the Senate bill authorizing the appointment of Assistant Secretaries of War was passed. The bill requiring postage upon printed matter carried outside the mails was debated, and, on motion of Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, it was laid on the table, 75 against 66, thus killing it. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, gave notice that the Committee proposed levying a tax—perhaps by stamp—on newspapers, and a tax on telegraphic communications.

On Wednesday, 22d, in the Senate, the resolution appropriating $10,000 for expenses of the Joint Committee on the War was passed. The House bill repealing the act exempting witnesses before Congressional committees from criminal prosecution was passed. A bill authorizing the President to take military possession of certain railroad and telegraph lines was referred. Senator Davis, of Kentucky, made a strong speech in favor of the expulsion of Senator Bright, of Indiana, and against the Abolitionists. ——In the House, the bill for the increase of the clerical force of the War and Navy Departments was passed, and also the Senate bill authorizing certain naval officers to receive presents from Japan. The Committee on Ways and Means reported a bill authorizing the issue of United States notes, and providing for the redemption and funding thereof, and for the funding of the national floating debt, which was made the special order for Tuesday, 28th. A bill was reported from the Military Committee for the paying of field-officers of volunteer regiments for services rendered prior to the complete organization of their regiments. The President was requested to inform the House if the act requiring officers of new regular regiments appointed from civil life to be assigned to recruiting service had been complied with, and how many officers had been thus employed. A resolution was adopted asking the Secretary of War whether and when a military force can be detailed to guard the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, so that the road may be repaired. Messrs. Diven, of New York, and Stevens, of Pennsylvania, spoke upon rebellion and slavery.

On Thursday, 23d, in the Senate, petitions for the employment of homeopathic physicians in the army, a joint resolution of the Michigan Legislature in favor of exchanging prisoners of war, and a remonstrance against suspending the Coast Survey were presented. The amendments to the Washington Defense bill, providing that no new works be commenced, and imposing the death-penalty upon spies and those forcing safe-guards, were agreed to and the bill passed. The House amendment to the bill increasing the clerical force of the War and Navy Departments was concurred in, and the bill passed. Senator Davis, of Kentucky, concluded his speech in favor of expelling Senator Bright, of Indiana, and advocated the hanging of secessionists and abolitionists in pairs.——In the House, the Naval Appropriation bill, a bill establishing a postal money-order system, a bill regulating the prize laws, and a bill for a military and mail railroad from Kentucky to Tennessee, were reported. Mr. Alley, of Massachusetts, Mr. Harrison, of Ohio, Mr. Van Horn, of New York, and Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, made speeches.

On Friday, 24th, in the Senate, the credentials of Robert Wilson, appointed Senator from Missouri, *vice* Senator Polk expelled, were presented, and Mr. Wilson took the oath and his seat. The resolution appropriating $10,000 for expenses of the House Special War Contract Investigating Committee was passed. The bill relating to judicial districts of United States Circuit Courts was passed. Bills creating two new naval bureaux and granting charters for banks in the District of Columbia were referred. Senators Davis, Harlan, Sumner, Cowan, Harris, Ten Eyck, and Clark, debated the resolution regarding the expulsion of Bright, of Indiana. The Senate went into executive session.——In the House the joint resolution appropriating $10,000 for expenses of the War Contract Investigating Committee was adopted. The Senate bill appropriating $25,000 for protection of emigrants on overland routes to the Pacific was passed. The bill providing more stringent regulations of the sale of liquors to Indians was passed. Resolutions of the Legislature of New York in favor of enactments to prevent frauds in furnishing Government supplies, were referred to the Special Committee on the Investigation of War Contracts. The House non-concurred in the Senate's amendments to the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill including Florence among the Consul Generalships and striking out Hayti and Liberia. Mr. Blair's bill for the emancipation and colonization of slaves of rebels was postponed till Tuesday, and both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, 28th, in the Senate, petitions for the establishment of a national armory west of the Alleghanies; against all traffic in public lands; in favor of continuing the coast survey; for the employment of homeopathy in the army, and in favor of the emancipation of slaves, were presented. Resolutions of the New York Assembly in regard to frauds upon the Government were received. Committee on Naval Affairs reported upon the reply of the Secretary of the Navy in regard to vessels purchased for the Government, censuring the action of the Secretary. By joint resolution the Superintendent of the Census Bureau was ordered to furnish the War Department with statistical information. A resolution inquiring whether the ship-of-the-line *Alabama* can be converted into a steamer was laid over. Senator Wilson introduced a bill providing for the more effectual suppression of the slave-trade. An amendment to the joint rules providing that both Houses may go into secret session, upon certain contingencies, to act upon matters pertaining to the rebellion, was discussed. Senator Latham, of California, opposed the expulsion of Bright, of Indiana. Executive session followed.——In the House, a bill for the construction of a military road to Denver City was referred. Mr. Colfax introduced a bill to render postage on printed matter more uniform. A debate on rebellion and slavery took place, and the Military Appropriation, bill was passed without amendment. The appropriations for the executive, judicial, and legislative branches of the Government were discussed, but the House adjourned without action.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

A special messenger, with dispatches from General Burnside, reached Washington on the morning of the 28th Jan. They are dated "Head-quarters, Department of North Carolina, Hatteras Inlet, Jan. 26, 1862."

General Burnside states: We left our anchorage at Annapolis on Thursday, the 9th, and, after a protracted passage, owing to dense fogs, arrived at Fortress Monroe on Friday night, at twelve o'clock. Leaving Fortress Monroe on Saturday, at ten o'clock in the morning, we proceeded at once to sea, but, owing to fogs on Sunday night, our progress was very slow. On Monday, the 13th, the weather cleared, with a heavy wind and a rough sea, which caused our vessels to labor very heavily, and some were obliged to cut loose from the vessels they were towing. Most of them, however, passed over the bar, and anchored inside the harbor about twelve o'clock noon on the 15th, just in time to escape the severe gale of Monday night and Tuesday.

The propeller *New York* ran on the bar at the entrance to the harbor, and, owing to the severe weather and want of small boats, we could render her no assistance. She was laden with stores, and was lost.

The General also says he had been led to believe that he would find experienced pilots at Hatteras, but had great difficulty in accomplishing his wish for want of proper accommodations. He adds that he would commence that day to build a wharf for landing supplies. The men were cheerful and patient, and he would proceed with confidence.

An accident occurred in an effort to relieve the steamer *New York*, by which a boat was swamped, and the lives of Colonel Allen, of the Ninth New Jersey, his surgeon, and a mate of the boat were lost.

After the arrival of the expedition at Hatteras the enemy made their appearance in one or two vessels, on a reconnoitering expedition. Our boats gave chase and drove them back.

The health of the men is excellent: the deaths from disease unusually few. The troops are cheerful, and full of confidence in the General commanding, who is at work night and day. There can be little doubt that in a few days every thing will be ready for the advance.

THE MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION.

All the members of the gun-boat navy are ordered to report at Cairo immediately, as a sudden and speedy movement is expected.

WISE RATS DESERTING A SINKING SHIP.

The French residents of New Orleans have applied to our Government through General Phelps, at Ship Island, for permission to leave New Orleans in a body, as they despair of the blockade being raised or the Confederacy recognized.

REBEL STONE FLEETS.

The Southern journals are calling upon the rebel government to save "Lincoln's stone fleet" trouble by obstructing Southern harbors and rivers for us, so as to prevent the entrance of our expeditions. The London *Times* will please make a note of this.

GOVERNOR LETCHER DRUNK.

The Richmond *Examiner* of the 23d rebukes Governor Letcher for entering the legislative chamber drunk, and sitting with a cigar in his mouth during the session—"a spectacle for the whole house, and a butt for the jokes of the gallery."

CAPTURE OF CEDAR KEYS, FLORIDA.

We have intelligence, *via* Savannah, of the capture of Cedar Keys, a group of islands on the west coast of Florida, by the Union forces. These islands form the western terminus of the Florida railroad, which runs across the Peninsula, and their capture cuts off a most important route of rebel communication between the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

General M'Clellan has fully recovered his health and resumed his duties. In spite of the prevalent inclement weather the amount of sickness in the army does not exceed that of any community of the same number of persons. The Hutchinson band of minstrels were turned out of the camps recently for singing Abolition songs to the soldiers. Governor Sprague has offered three regiments of infantry and two batteries of artillery to defend Washington when the forward movement is made.

DEPARTMENT OF MISSOURI.

The accounts from interior Missouri are indefinite, but Price is probably still in retreat. General Halleck has issued an order that any attempt to interfere with the execution of an order from head-quarters will be regarded and punished as a military offense; and he has ordered Mr. Engel, a wealthy secessionist, to leave the Department of Missouri, for resisting, by civil process, the assessment ordered upon all secessionists for the benefit of Union refugees. General Jim Lane has arrived at Chicago on his way to take command of his Southern overland expedition. In a speech he promised to give each one of his 34,000 soldiers a freed slave to wait upon him. General Price has written to ask whether General Halleck intends to hang bridge-burners and received an affirmative reply.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

Secretary Stanton has ordered that two United States Commissioners be appointed to visit the cities of the South where our officers and men are confined, and adopt such measures for their comfort as the rebel authorities will permit. This action looks toward an exchange of prisoners, and is received with great rejoicing. Ex-Governor Hamilton Fish, of New York, and Bishop Ames, of Ohio, have been appointed as the Commissioners, have accepted, and will go South with the next batch of exchanged rebels.

FROM THE REBEL STATES.

The rebel journals are still attacking Jeff Davis's Government, and complain of inactivity, disease, and want, in and out of the army. The rebel government has prohibited the publication of any war news, except by authority, to suppress, probably, the news of the Kentucky defeat. Ex-President Tyler deceased, at Richmond, Virginia, on the 17th inst. A plan for governmental smuggling was broached at Richmond.

ANOTHER EXPEDITION IN EMBRYO.

Besides Captain Porter's mortar fleet, not yet sailed, there appears to be another expedition in embryo, as the War Department has inquired of the authorities of Massachusetts and Rhode Island what number of troops from these States can be put in active service within seven days.

THE TREASURY NOTE BILL.

The Treasury Note Bill reported to Congress by the Committee of Ways and Means provides for the issue of $100,000,000 of demand notes without interest, and $500,000,000 of twenty years' six per cent. bonds, the demand notes to be fundable. The Secretary of the Treasury approves the bill.

DISCOVERY OF RELICS OF WASHINGTON.

The Hon. Caleb Lyons has discovered, at Arlington House, Virginia, a set of porcelains presented to Washington by the Society of Cincinnati; pieces of a tea set presented to Mrs. Washington by Lafayette; Washington's field tent, portmanteau, tea-table, cabinet, punch-bowl, treasure chest; two vases presented by Mr. Vaughn, of London; two candelabra, presented by Count Rochambeau, and the blanket under which Washington died. Arlington House was the residence of General Lee (rebel), whose wife was the daughter of G. W. P. Custis, the favorite of Washington. The articles are deposited at the Patent Office.

NEW YORK STATE DEFENSES.

In his recent report, General Arthur, Engineer-in-Chief of the State of New York, recommends a large increase of our harbor and lake fortifications; the immediate manufacture of guns of large calibre; the construction of iron-clad steam gun-boats for the lakes, and the exercise of the militia in the management of heavy sea-coast artillery.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE MASON AND SLIDELL AFFAIR.

The *City of Washington* arrived at Queenstown on the 8th instant with the news of the surrender of Mason and Slidell by the United States Government. The news was gratifyingly received in financial and commercial circles.

The London *Times* and other English journals state that the settlement of the *Trent* affair is perfectly satisfactory. The *Times* hopes that no ovation will be given to Mason and Slidell, whom it pronounces "blind and habitual haters and revilers of England;" and it adds, "England would have done as much to rescue two negroes." The *Tuscarora* is still watching the *Nashville* at Southampton. The expenses of England in the *Trent* affair are estimated at £2,000,000.

FRANCE.

French official circles felt much satisfaction at the settlement of the *Trent* affair, and on the Bourse there was an immediate rise of one per cent. The *Moniteur* says that profound regret and indignation has been aroused by our destroying the port of Charleston. The Emperor has appointed Marshall Magnan grand master of the Free Masons in France. The Masons have hitherto chosen their own grand masters.

SPAIN.

The American consul has received orders to protest against the admission of the *Sumter* to the port of Cadiz. It was said that Spain would protect the American prisoners made by the *Sumter*.

RUSSIA.

It was reported that Russia had threatened to recognize the Kingdom of Italy if the Pope does not condemn the Polish clergy. The St. Petersburg *Journal* (official organ) congratulates Mr. Seward upon his upright policy, and demands that England shall solemnly guarantee neutral rights, *apropos* to the *Trent* affair.

CHINA.

We have news from Canton to the 30th November. Prince Kun, Chief of the Regency, had executed an imperial *coup d'etat* in Pekin, by imprisoning all the members of the Cabinet of the Emperor, and organizing a new Ministry.



HON. EDWIN M. STANTON, SECRETARY OF WAR.



THE REBEL GENERAL ZOLLICOFFER, KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF SOMERSET.

HON. EDWIN M. STANTON.

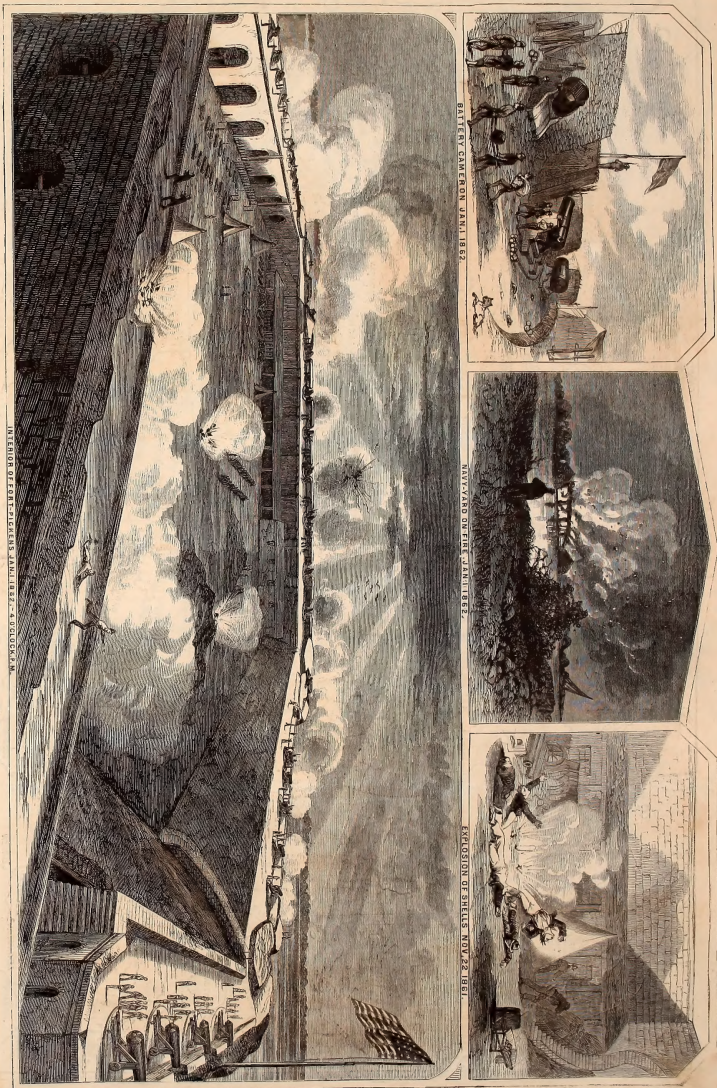
EDWIN M. STANTON, now Secretary of War, whose portrait we here give, is about 55 years of age. He was born at Steubenville, Ohio, where he began the practice of law, after having graduated at Kenyon College. He is the author of a portion of the Reports of the Supreme Court of Ohio, which bear his name. In 1848 he removed to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where he at once took his place at the head of the bar. Early in the administration of Mr. Buchanan Mr. Stanton was selected by Attorney-General Black to represent the Government in the important land cases in California. When Mr. Case, a little more than a year ago, resigned his post as Secretary of State, Mr. Black, the only loyal member of the Cabinet, was appointed to the place; and at his request the Attorney-Generalship, which he had vacated, was urged upon Mr. Stanton, who accepted it reluctantly, and at great loss to himself. In the Cabinet he soon found himself associated with Holt and Dix, and to their efforts is due the patriotic courge which marked the last few weeks of Mr. Buchanan's Administration. Mr. Stanton has been through life a firm and uncompromising Democrat, and his nomination and unanimous confirmation as head of the most important Department under a President of another party is the best proof of his eminent fitness for the post. He brings to it great administrative skill and executive firmness. His recent order in respect to the transaction of business shows that he is fully aware of the work to be done.

GENERAL ZOLLICOFFER.

FELIX K. ZOLLICOFFER, whose portrait appears on this page, was born May 19, 1812, in Maury County, Tennessee. After receiving an ordinary school education he served a few months in a printing-office, and then, at the age of seventeen, took the management of a country newspaper. His principal occupation has been that of an editor, though he held at various times offices in his own State. He was originally a Whig in politics; and when, in 1855, all the parties in Tennessee opposed to the Democrats united under the name of the American party, Mr. Zollicoffer was elected to Congress from the Nashville district. When his State seceded he went with the majority, and was appointed a Brigadier-General in the Confederate Army, although he had no previous military experience. He was a man of considerable ability and undoubted courage; by the rebels he was considered as one of the most promising of their officers. He fell at the battle of Somerset (or Mill Springs), fought on the 19th of January, in a vain attempt to break a link in the chain which is being wound around the rebel body in the West.



VIEW OF SHIP ISLAND, LOUISIANA.—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD THE "SAGAMORE."



BATTERY CAMERON JAN. 1862.

NAVY YARD ON FIRE JAN. 1862.

EXPLOSION OF SHELLS NOV. 22 1861.

INTERIOR OF FORT PICKENS JAN. 1862.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE TWO BOMBARDMENTS OF FORT PICKENS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 82.]



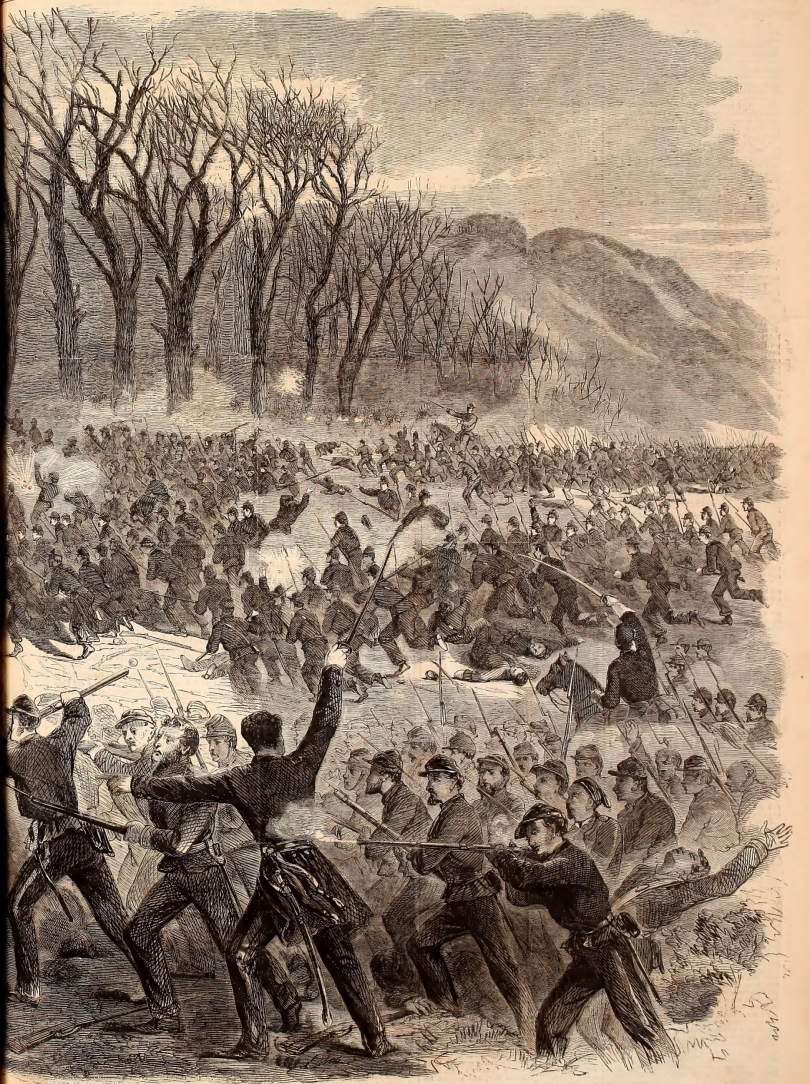
MAP OF KENTUCKY, WITH A PORTION OF TENNESSEE, SHOWING THE RAILROADS, RIVERS, MOUNTAINS, ETC.



TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP SHOWING MILL SPRING, PULASKI COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT BATTLE, AND DEFEAT OF THE FORCES OF THE REBEL GENERAL ZOLLICOFFER.



THE BATTLE OF SOMERSET, OR MILL SP



KENTUCKY, JANUARY 19, 1862.—[See Page 82.]

GOD'S SOLDIER.

"If I were only a strong man!"

A sick girl sat propped up with cushions, near an open window, in the early September days, while summer yet lingered among the green leaves and flowers with which she had beautified the land. Her face was almost ghostly in its whiteness. Far back in their sockets lay her eyes, which neither pain nor wasting sickness had been able to dim. Her shadowy hands, with their long transparent fingers, lay, one upon the other, on the other resting, like a piece of exquisitely cut marble, on a purple cushion.

Not very far away from the gates of death. The mad had slowly gone down from the sparkling plain, and was crowding in among the shadowy cypresses. Not far away from the gates of death. She knew it, and was not afraid.

"If I were only a strong man!" The tremulous life, shrill but exhilarant; the throbbing drum, changing the tune in her head; the sharp, sudden thing; the reverberant tread of armed men—these were yet in her ears, though the pageant was gone. Weak, sick, dying as she was, she was also quickened by a new inspiration.

"But I am nothing." She sighed a little while afterward, letting the white lids, with their thick fringe, fall over glittering eyes.

"Nothing. Alive?"

The shut lids flew open, and the bright eyes were in the questioner's face.

"Fear and I do? I am not a man."

"No. You are a weak, sick girl."

"So weak, that even your hands can not even knit."

"Just so, weak. Alive!" The voice was pondered with tenderness.

There are sick soldiers in our hospitals. But I can not even knit, much less, nor do so much as to hold a cup of cold water to feverish lips."

"No, you can not do such work."

"I am helpless. I can do nothing! And, yet, I would give my life, if that would avail any thing, for our country. To me, people do not seem to be half in earnest, and seem to comprehend but in part in which we are involved. Men talk of business and gain, and women of dress and pleasure, as if no enemy were at the gates, mad for our destruction. Yet, sometimes, as I pass the street or from the windows, and warn the people of a danger they do not appear to heed."

"If you could infuse your spirit into one who has the strength to stand up in the face of our enemies."

The sick girl raised her head from among the cushions, as if half surprised way.

"My spirit into another?" she said.

"Yes."

"Into whom?"

The answer did not come until her question was repeated. Then the name "Howard" was spoken.

"Howard!" It was evident that a new light gone through her heart. Her lids fell quickly, and her face burned itself among the purple cushions.

"When our country is in danger, God lays upon us the duty of praying for its deliverance from the precious things."

The sick girl lifted her head again. If the pale face could be paler, it was paler now.

"Howard is a good patriotic," she said.

"I believe it. Alive."

The eyes were shut again. A hard struggle was in progress.

"If I were not so weak, Aunt Phebe. If the time were not so near at hand." Her lips quivered, and tears fell over her cheeks. Silence followed.

"Only in the degree that God gives us strength are we willing to offer for my little life," she then answered. "You asked 'What can I do?' and the question is answered. Our nation cannot have your strong enthusiasm. Vitalize another soul with your strength. Alive! Alive! Howard stands closely, Alive, when Howard has been here. You are not, supposedly, the same as when he left you, are when he is absent. You do not talk as strongly, by about the war, and if he shows any thing like military order, are silent. Not a single stimulus, so far as observed by me, have you offered to his love of country. Is this right? Are you doing your highest duty in thus seeking to hold him back from the noble path of patriotism and defendant? Howard brave; I know him to be sound in principle. He longs to take chief rank among our brave best soldiers. And why is he not in the army? The answer is with you. You have the power to go, and he will move at once to the call of duty. Into his manly strength you war your life. Alive! Alive! On the battle-field your brave words will be in his thought and inspire him invincible. Alive what you do, Alive? You can give a man to the army of freedom—you filled with your own spirit—nothing can bring to her so that his country is saved."

Leave me to myself, Aunt Phebe," said the sick girl. "God will no doubt give me strength, but I feel very weak now."

Aunt Phebe laid her lips tenderly on Alice's forehead, and then went out.

For a long time, shadowing lashes lay close upon white cheeks. The pale thin mouth was shut. It was a sad mouth now. Was there strength enough? Could the sick girl bear this parting with her lover? and parting in which there was a risk of separation? And deeper still than this went the pang. She thought of wounding and of death. Could she give that precious one to these? Send him away by a word to encounter in his very prime of life the terrible things of which she had read as befalling in battle? Her weak heart shuddered. She grew faint and sick when the images she summoned wrought into almost life-like existence. But this state passed. Gradually the flowerlike strength changed the character of its creations. She did not see the dark things of fear, but the great success that lay beyond the strife of battle-field. And now was revived the old ardor of patriotism. Up from the valley of doubt and fear she walked with firm step and a new light on her face. Her crutches lay unused. She had opened and a young man entered. He was in age not past twenty-three; yet he had a firmly-set mouth, an eye of piercing, and the step of one who has studied, were already maturing into distinct life purposes.

"Dear Alice!" he said, and kissed her. Then taking her little hand, thin and colorless almost as a snow-flake, he held it very tenderly, looking down and bending toward her as she lay among her purple cushions—gazing into her face and drinking of its sweetness.

"If you were not so weak, Alice. There was a moment in which I was torn beyond the mere reason of regret. Alice felt this, and, as the tightened hold on his hand told me."

"If I were not so weak—what then, Howard?"

"I should have gone to the war in the army for a little while, and then his eyes dropped to the floor.

"What then?" She pressed him for an answer.

"I could not from you for a little while."

He saw her start. But instead of grief or pain, a soft smile lay upon her lips.

"Where?"

He stood up, drawing his form erect.

"I am a soldier, Alice, by birth and nature." She did not answer, but her eyes were in his face.

"Do you understand me, Alice?" His voice was just a whisper, and he bent his head down, taking the hand he had relinquished a moment before.

"I think so." She spoke very evenly.

"I would not go from you upon you, Alice, God calls."

"I believe it," she answered.

It has called upon me—has been calling for months. The summons is in my ears day and night, and, without it, I can not breathe calmly disobedient. But how can I go, and you so weak to-day? Alice, I am a soldier, and you love, husband, but the call of duty grows more and more imperative every hour."

"You speak truly, Howard," was the firmly-given answer. "I am not afraid of sacrifice and for God calls. I have heard the voice, and recognize it. Go, my brave love, and God be with you. What can I do? I, so weak, so helpless—just able to be lifted from my bed to the sofa? Is the minister even to my own needs. Oh, I have trembled in every nerve with excess of desire to respond."

"Let me take of your spirit, darling!" said the young man, bending down to her again. His face was upon her cheeks. "Let me lift from your weak bleeding heart the load of sacrifice for me and for it upon my own. Strengthen me with your love! Say to me, as Alice has, words of power of my hearts. I am ready to bear your gage of honor to the battle-field for you, and for God and right."

No fear came upon her heart. God was giving strength unasked. She felt it in her warm, and the shrunken flesh, instilled by stronger pulse, then, seemed to receive a new and fuller blood.

"Go forth!" she answered, "and may God give you courage and endurance!"

The sick girl laid her head upon the bosom of her lover, and in the enthusiasm of the hour was happy.

But did not her steps falter as she moved along this new path of duty? Did not all sorts of fears and gloom, and the ardor that flowed from the love on occasion, fall back? Alice knew that her steps were daily descending to the river of death, and that the dark waters of the world be amidst the encompassing waves. Over the river feels one can not be disheartened, and the shining ones on the bank ready to receive her soon. She had conquered the human weakness that would hold her from the path of duty, and found strength given him to his country in the hour of need.

How brave he looked in his uniform! How manly and noble! Alice felt a thrill of pride at his love. Never a word of weakness—never a look of pain—never a tear. Alice was strong in an inspiring strength. She hardly seemed to him a sick girl, but one who, having received new power, the way through danger to duty.

The time of parting came. Alice had not dared to trust herself to think of this hour. Would she have strength for trial? Strength of spirit? Yes! But the heart would be weak, and the stronger with human emotions; and the frail body might not meet the test.

"God's love and God's strength go with you, Howard!" Alice said, in a firm voice. "Be a true soldier! I shall be near you, always near you, Howard."

He kissed her over and over again. Drew her closely to his heart, and then left her in the long fold of impassioned love. Then, without utterance, took his manly strength.

A messenger reached him an hour afterward as he was assisting to the duties of embarkation. his regiment having been ordered to the front. The nature of this summons was such that he obtained leave to remain with Alice for a few moments on the next day.

The detail of parting had been too severe for Alice. The strength that came to her was unnatural, as the strength of soldier before his duties. The scene passed she became to weak and tremulous that she could no longer sit among the cushions in her great arm-chair, but had to be lifted to the bed, where she lay, with eyes closed, and breath so low that Aunt Phebe, as she stood over her, was somewhat in doubt as to whether she moved or not. Half an hour she thus lay. Then her lips moved, and to Aunt Phebe bent down her ear she caught the whispered name of Howard. It was then that she dispatched the messenger, who was just in time to find the young soldier before his departure.

"Alice!" The voice went down to the region of consciousness. Slowly the eyelids unclosed themselves, and there was light and joy in eyes that looked up to Howard.

"Oh, Howard!"

"How is dear Alice?"

She smiled sweetly, but feebly; and her eyelids fell, as if the weight of the world pressed them down.

"Alice!" he called, tenderly—"Alice!"

"I am better now, Howard."

"Do you know me, Alice?"

"Yes."

"Who am I?"

Her eyes, now fixed and becoming glassy, were looking steadily into his eyes.

"God's soldier!"

As the words left her lips a brief smile played over them. Then the eyelids fell, and a veil was drawn over the sullen face. It was the veil of death!

"God's soldier!" said the young man, sit, then, upon, turned to tears from a new-made grave, "God's soldier! fear, and without reproach!" Amen!"

Prompt to the call of duty; patient under suffering; all-enduring; tender to the sick as a woman; quick to help the weak; pure from all sin; and, at the end, the step of one who has fought a good, into whose life had flowed the lofty enthusiasm of another life, move among his fellows. That your spirits his spirit was infused. They felt the motive, and the unconquered courage, and found, in his true words fitly spoken, an inspiration to noble deeds. Give your own to our armies, and having justice on our side, victory is sure to perch upon our banners.

God's soldiers! Men inspired by no thirst of blood—no hatred of their fellow-men—no mere love of danger and adventure, but self-devoted for their country; strong and brave from duty; ready to go forward to battle to defend great principles of human rights when assailed. Such are the soldiers of God, whose cause is righteous and holy. Send them forth, true wives, mothers, sisters, maidens! Yes, maidens. Lay no restraining hands upon their garments—put no hindrances in their way. God requires this now by the fall, for all the powers of hell are moving to destroy the outposts of civil freedom.

POULAILLER THE ROBBER.

A BRETON legend said that the devil adopted Poulailler from the hour of his birth.

When Guy Eder was born under mansion which had his parents to suppose that, while the bodily part was to be his care, the spiritual part is subjected to a course of infernal influences between—that are his father and mother to do with him? They had not the best they can—which was enough—what Poulailler and his wife did with the hero of this story.

In the first place, they had him christened instantly. It was observed with horror that his infant face was marked with grimaces, and that his infant voice reared with a preternatural lustiness of tone the moment the priest touched him. "Ugly and bad-tempered," said the neighbors, "and he was old enough to go to school. "Thrash him," said Poulailler, and his master thrashed him well. "He won't come to his first communion," said the priest. "Thrash him," said Poulailler—and the young man, released by the farmer's cudgel, went and robbed; the neighboring rabbit-warrens were depopulated; lines were stolen from the gardens, and were found in the pockets of the boy. "Thrash Poulailler's boy!" was the general cry. "The devil is in the boy!" said Poulailler's master. "And yet he is a nice-looking boy," said Madame Poulailler. And he was—as tall, as strong, as handsome as any young man in the parish of Fraisce. "Let us pray for him," said Madame Poulailler. "Thrash him," said her lord and master. "Our son has been thrashed till all the sticks in the neighborhood are broken," pleaded his mother. "Let us try him with kindness to the end next," retorted his father; "he shall go to sea, and live in an atmosphere of thrashing. Our son shall be a sailor." It was all one to Poulailler Junior—he knew as well as his father who had adopted him—and he went to sea, and became, pine—and a cabin-boy he became at ten years old.

After two years of the rope's-end (applied quite indiscriminately by the mate and the boatswain) the captain, and ran away in an English port. London became the next scene of his adventures. At twelve years old he persuaded society in the Metropolis that he was the forsaken natural son of a Breton Count, by an English lady, and that, having providing for him for four years, opened its eyes and found him out at the age of sixteen; upon which he refused to own him, and entered the army in the capacity of drummer. At eighteen he deserted, as he had done at sea, and, having by this fortunes, h. conjured, he danced on the tight-rope, he acted, he sold quack medicines, he almost starved, he was a member of a troupe of mimes, he fell in love with the vivacities of his new regiment in the Portuguese major of the company, tended by the same amiable weakness, already represented his attentions to the lady. Poulailler (generally supposed to be married himself to Madame Poulailler's cast. Out fathed the swords on both sides, and in went Poulailler's blade through and through the left forearm of the opposing champion. The frontier was close at hand. Poulailler wiped his sword, and crossed it.

Sentence of death was recorded against him in his absence. When society has condemned us to die, if we are not very quiet, how are we to return the compliment? By condemning society to destroy itself. Poulailler went north, by rubbing right and left for a living. Feudalism in Brittany was now accomplished. He was picked out to be the Seigneur Thief in his age; and when Napoleon mined him to his place in the world he stepped forward and took it.

His first exploits were performed in Germany. They showed such novelty of combination, such originality of conception, such a mixture of audacious moments, such irresistible gayety and goodhumor, that a band of congenial spirits gathered about him at once.

On a Monday in the week he had stopped on the highway, and robbed of all his valuables and all his papers, an Italian nobleman—the Count Ferucci, of Sienna. On Tuesday, he was ready for another adventure. He was dressed in the coat of a stout bill, he watched the road which wound up to the entrance of the castle, while his followers were ensconced on the road which led down from it on the other. The prize expected, in this case, was the treasure-chest (which held a large sum of money inside) of the Baron de Kirbergen.

Before long Poulailler discovered the carriage after all, at the bottom of the hill, and in advance of it, ascending the eminence, two ladies on foot. They were the Baron's daughters—Wilhelmina, a fair beauty; Frederica, a brunette—both lovely, both accomplished, both susceptible, both young. Poulailler sauntered down the hill to meet the fascinating travelers. He looked, bowed, introduced himself, and let the carriage pass on before the spot. Both the charming girls acknowledged, in the gentlest manner, that confinement to the carriage had given them the fidgets, and that they were walking up the hill to try the remedy of gentle exercise. Poulailler's heart was touched, and his infinite facility to the sex was roused in the nick of time. With a polite apology to the young ladies, he ran back by a short cut to the ambush on the other side of the hill in which his men were posted. "Gentlemen!" cried the gallant Thief, "in the charming name of Wilhelmina de Kirbergen, I charge you all, let the Baron's carriage pass free." The band were astonished, but they obeyed. Poulailler knew the men, and he had studied to their hearts in vain—he now appealed to their pockets. "Gentlemen!" he resumed, "excuse my momentary misconception of your sentiments. Here is my own half share of the Kirbergen property. Enjoy it. I divide it among you will you let the carriage pass free?" The band knew the value of property, accepted the terms, Poulailler came back back up the hill, and arrived at the top just in time to hand the young ladies into the carriage.

"Charming man!" said the white Wilhelmina to the brown Frederica, as they drove off. Innocent soul! what would you have said if she had known that her personal attractions had saved her father's property? What else ever so much more than one again? Yes: she was to see him the next day—and, more than that, Fate was hereafter to link her fate to the robber's life and his career.

Confiding the direction of the band to his first lieutenant, Poulailler followed the carriage on horseback, and ascertained the place of the Baron's residence that night.

The next morning a superbly-dressed stranger knocked at the door. "What name, Sir?" said the servant. "The Marquis Petrucci, of Sienna," replied Poulailler. "Have you any letters of introduction?" The Marquis was shown into a room, and introduced to the Baron. The Baron was naturally delighted to receive a brother nobleman —Miss Wilhelmina was modestly happy to see the charming man she had met in the morning—she affectionately pleased on her sister's account. Not being of a disposition to lose time when his affections were concerned, Poulailler expressed his sentiments to the beloved object that evening. The next morning's post-bag contained a letter for the Baron, at which he produced the papers which proved him to be the Marquis. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the result of the correspondence—the two noblemen embraced. They were still in each other's arms when a stranger was announced at the door. "What name, Sir?" said the servant. "The Marquis Petrucci, of Sienna," replied the stranger. "Impossible!" said the servant; "this lordship is now in the house." "Show me in, scoundrel," cried the visitor. The servant submitted, and the two Marquises stood face to face. Poulailler's composure was not shaken in the least; he had come there for a purpose, and he had got the papers. "You are the villain who robbed me!" cried the true Petrucci. "You are drunk, mad, or an impostor!" said the false Petrucci. "Send to Florence, where I am known," exclaimed one of the Marquis, apostrophizing the servant. "Send to Florence by all means," echoed the other, addressing himself to the Baron also. "Gentlemen," replied the noble Kirbergen, "I am the guest of the honor of taking your advice"—and he sent to Florence accordingly.

Before the messenger had advanced ten miles on his journey Poulailler had said two words in private to the Baron's daughters, and had the pair eloped from the baronial residence that night. Once more the subject of this Memoir crossed the frontier and re-entered France. Insensible to the attractions of rural life, he forthwith established himself with the beloved object in Paris. In that superb city he met with his strangest adventures, performed his boldest achievements, committed his most prodigious robberies, and, at the end of all himself and his infernal patron the fullest justice.

Once established in the French metropolis, Poulailler planned a series of robberies, the extent of perpetual robbery and occasional homicide which made him the terror of the respectable people of Paris. In-doors, as well as out, his good fortune befriended him. No domestic anxieties harassed his mind and diverted him from his career. He had established public career. The attachment of the charming creature with whom he had fled from Germany survived the discovery that the Marquis Petrucci was Poulailler the robber. True to the principles of his education, the fierce Breton shared his fortunes and kept his house. And why not, if she loved him?—in the name of Cupid, why not? Poulailler was free from his fair-weather wife's sorrows, and by new revivities gotted together in Paris, Poulailler soon found himself in circumstances of affluence. Cartouche himself was his inferior in audacity and cunning. In course of time the whole city was paralyzed by the news of a robbery in the hand—the very Boulevards were deserted after midnight. Monsieur Hénault, Minister of police of the period, in despair of laying hands on Poulailler by any other means, at last offered a reward of a hundred thousand francs and a place worth sixty two thousand livres a year to any one who would apprehend the robber. "I will have nobody but myself over Paris—and, the next morning, they produced the very last result in the world which the lieutenant of police would have anticipated.

While Monsieur Hénault was at breakfast in his study, the Count de Villeneuve was announced as desiring to see him. The Count de Villeneuve was by name only, as belonging to an ancient family in Provence, or the Languedoc. Poulailler had secured him to be shown in. A perfect gentleman appeared, dressed with an admirable mixture of magnificence and good taste. "I have something for your private ear, Sir," said the Count. "Will you give orders that no one must be allowed to disturb us?" Monsieur Hénault gave the orders. "May I inquire, Count, what your business is?" he asked, when the door was closed. "To earn the reward you offered for taking Poulailler," answered the Count. "I am Poulailler!" Before Monsieur Hénault could open his lips the robber produced a pretty little dagger and some rose-col-

cred silk cord. "The point of this dagger is poisoned," he observed; "and one scratch with it, my dear Ike, would be the death of you." With these words, Pouhalier gagged the lieutenant of police, bound him to his chair with the rose-colored cord, and lightened his writing-desk of one thousand pistoles. "I'll take money down, instead of taking the place in the office which you kindly offer," said Pouhalier. "Don't trouble yourself to see me to the door. Good-morning!"

A few weeks later, while Monsieur Hérault was still the popular subject of ridicule throughout Paris, lieutenant-cols. Fairfax and Rolph in Lille and Cambrai. The only inside passenger in the coach to Calais himself was the venerable Dean Potter, of Hesselia. They fell into talk on the one interesting subject of the time—not the weather, but Pouhalier. "It's a disgrace, Dr. Potter," said he, "and the Dean," that such a miscreant is still at large. I shall be returning to Paris, by this road, in two days, and I shall not be easy in my mind, Hérault to suggest a plan of my own for catching the scoundrel." "May I ask what is it?" said Pouhalier. "Excuse me," replied the Dean.

"you are a stranger, Sir—and, moreover, I wish to keep the merit of suggesting the plan to myself." "Do you think the lieutenant of police will see you?" asked Pouhalier; "he is not accessible to strangers when the lieutenant you speak of placed him that trick at his own breakfast-table." "I will see Denis Potter, d'Hesselia," was the answer delivered with the slightest possible tinge of offended dignity. "Oh, unquestionably!" said Pouhalier—"I beg your pardon, my—" "Simply, Sir," said the Dean—and the conversation flowed into other channels.

Nine days later the wounded pride of Monsieur Hérault was soothed by a very remarkable letter. It was signed by one of Pouhalier's aliases, who offered himself as King's evidence, in the hope of obtaining a pardon. The letter stated that the venerable Dean Potter had been wrapped and murdered by Pouhalier, and that the robber, with his customary generosity, was about to escape from the Lisle coach, the next day, disguised in the Dean's own clothes, and furnished with the Dean's own papers. Monsieur Hérault took the precautions without losing a moment. Picked men were stationed, with their orders, at the barrier through which the coach must pass to enter Paris; and even the lieutenant of police waited at his office, in the company of two French gendarmes who had speak to the Dean's identity, in the event of Pouhalier's impudently persisting in the assumption of his victim's name. At the appointed hour the coach appeared, and out of it got a man in the Dean's costume. He knew himself in spite of the precautions; the papers of the murdered Potter were found on him, and he was dragged off to the policeoffice in triumph. In the door opened, and the posse comitatus entered with the prisoner. Instantly the two swimmers burst out with a cry of recognition, and turned indignantly on the lieutenant of police. "Gracious Heavens, Sir, what have you done?" they exclaimed in horror; "this is our old friend—here is our venerable friend; here is the Dean himself!" At the same moment a servant entered with a letter for Denis Potter. It was a note of Monsieur Hérault, Lieutenant of Police." The letter was expressed in these words: "Venerable Sir,—Profit by the lesson I have given you. Be a Christian for the future, and never again try to injure a brother minister. At this price I remain, Entirely yours, Pouhalier."

These feats of cool audacity were matched by others, in which his generosity to the sex asserted itself as magnanimously as ever.

Hearing, one day, that large sums of money were kept in the house of a great lady, one Madame de Brienne, whose door was guarded, in anticipation of a visit from the famous robber, by a number of approved trust-worthiness and courage, Pouhalier called to ask to be hired in spite of these precautions, and succeeded. With a stout pair of leather straps and buckles in his pocket, and with two of his band, disguised as a coachman and footman, he followed Madame de Brienne one night to the theatre. Just before the close of the performance the lady's coachman and footman were tempted away for five minutes by Pouhalier's disguised subordinates to have a glass of wine. The exchange was made to detain them, or to drug their liquor. But, in their absence, Pouhalier had himself driven to the carriage, had hung his leather straps round the box—one to hold by, and one to support his feet—and, with every single passenger, was now ready to await for events. Madame de Brienne entered the carriage—the footman got up behind—Pouhalier hung himself horizontally under the pole, and was driven home with them, under these singular circumstances. He was not suspected in any bad position, after the carriage had been taken into the coach-house; and he only left it when the doors were locked for the night. Provided with food beforehand, he waited patiently, hidden in the coachhouse, for two days and nights, before finding an opportunity of getting into Madame de Brienne's boudoir.

On the third night the lady went to a grand ball —she servants relaxed in their vigilance while her back was turned—and Pouhalier got into her bedroom. He found two thousand louis d'ors, which was nothing like the sum he expected; an à peck-de-book, which he took away with him, and left at home. It contained some stock-warrants for a comparatively trifling amount. Pouhalier was far too well off to care about taking them; and, on the opposite, where a lady was concerned, not to send them back again, under those circumstances. Accordingly, Madame de Brienne received her warrants with a note of apology from the polite thief. "Pray excuse my visit to your charming boudoir," wrote Pouhalier, "in consideration of the false reports of your wealth, which arose indeed me to enter it. If I had known what your pecuniary circumstances really were, on the honor of a gentleman, Madame, I should have been incapable of robbing you. I can not return your two thousand louis d'ors by post, as I return your warrants. But if you are at all pressed for money in future, I shall be proud to assist so distinguished a lady by lending her, from my own private resources, double the sum of which I regret to have deprived her on the present occasion."

On another occasion Pouhalier was out one night taking the air and watching his opportunities on the roofs of the houses, a member of his band being posted in the street below to assist him in case of necessity. While in this position, who will grown suddenly from an open back-garret window caught his ear. A parapet rose before the window, which Pouhalier was able to climb down and look in. Starving children surrounding a dying mother, and clamoring for food, was the picture that met his eye. The robber was one of the most beautiful; and Pouhalier's hand impulsively clutched his purse, as a necessary consequence. Before the charitable thief could enter by the window a man rushed in by the door, with a face of horror, and cast a bundle into the lap of the dying woman. "My honor is gone," he cried, "but our children are saved! Listen to the circumstances! I met a man in the street below; he was tall and thin; he had a green patch over one eye; he was talking so suspiciously at this house, apparently waiting for somebody. I thought of you—I thought of the children—I seized the suspicious stranger by the collar. Terror overwhelmed him on the spot. 'Take my watch, my money, and my fine valuable coat-buttons,' he said, 'but spare my life.' I took them." "Nothing else?" said I, cried Pouhalier, appearing at the window. The astonished father screamed, and dropped his children half themselves. "Let me entreat you to be composed," continued Pouhalier. "Sir, I enter on the scene for the purpose of soothing your agony conscience. From your vivid description I recognize the man whom you describe. Here are your wife's lap. Resume your mental tranquillity. You have robbed a robber—in other words, you have vindicated society. Accept the congratulations of your restored innocence. The miserable coward whom I rather you would have killed himself. He has lost his stolen property as the fit punishment for his disgraceful want of spirit." "Who are you?" exclaimed the father. "I am Pouhalier," replied the illustrious man, with the simplicity of an ancient hero. "Take this purse, and set up a business with the contents. Good-night, Apollyon, Sir, in favor of honesty. Give that prejudice a chance. There is my card." Such was the money I regret to feel it no longer. Under all varieties of misfortune an honest man has his consolation still left. Where is it? Here! Let me strike his heart—and the faithful fly on their knees before him. "Thousand thunders!" cried the brave husband, "how can I show my gratitude?" "You can permit me to kiss the hand of Madame," said Mr. Pouhalier. Madame did so, and fled for fear and embraced the generous stranger. "What else can I do?" continued the lovely woman, eagerly. —Oh, Heavens! what else?" "You can help your husband to light the down stairs," replied Pouhalier. He knocked out their hands, dropped a generous tear, and departed.

This last anecdote closes the record of Pouhalier's career in Paris. The lighter and more agreeable aspects of that career have hitherto been de liquidly preserved in the contemporary memoirs, in contrast which the tragic side of the picture must now present. Comedy and Sentiment, twin sisters of French conversation, "farewell!" and enter next on the stage, and enters welcome.

The various and contradictory conclusive observements in the art of robbery may be realized by reference to one terrible fact. In the police records of the period many of the most daring and lifemen and women are reckoned up as having met their deaths at the hands of Pouhalier and his band. Such was not the practice of the honorable robber to take life as well as property, unless life happened to stand between him and his prey, in which case he immediately swept off the obstacle without hesitation and without remorse. His deadly determination to kill Pouhalier, if he fell into the population in general, was matched by his deadly determination to spare the life of every man hit by followers in particular. One of their number, for example, having withdrawn from his allegiance, and having afterward set himself up as a security leader, was tracked to his hiding-place in a cellar, and was shot through the heart.

To attempt the arrest of such a man as this by tampering with his followers was impossible. He had not unnecessarily put his life in his own capture, first by eloping with Mademoiselle Williamina de Kriegsau, and secondly by maintaining her, it is more than doubtful whether the iron arm of the law would ever have reached far enough to fasten its grasp on him. As it was, the extremes of love and hatred met at last in the bosom of the devoted Wilhelmina; and the vengeance of the latter passion, combined with the love of the whole police force of Paris had been powerless to achieve.

Pouhalier, however, had his weaknesses as well as attachments, had wearied at an early period of the companion of his flight from Germany—but Wilhelmina was not to be shaken off. Her affections, once aroused, will not take No for an answer. She persisted in attaching herself to a man who had ceased to love her. Pouhalier's patience became exhausted; he tried twice to rid himself of his unhappy mistress—once by the knife and once by poison—and failed on both occasions. For the third and last time, by way of attempting an experiment of another kind, he established a rival to drive the German woman out of the house. From that moment his fate was sealed. Abandoned by jealous rage, Wilhelmina cast the last fragments of her fondness to the winds. She secretly communicated with the police—and Pouhalier met his doom.

A night was appointed with the authorities, and the robber was invited by his discarded mistress to a farewell interview. His contemptuous confidence in her folly led him to the accustom of his customary precautions. He accepted the appointment; and the two supped together, on the understanding that they were henceforth to be friends, and nothing more. Toward the close of the meal Pouhalier was startled by a ghastly change in the face of his companion.

"What is wrong with you?" he asked.

"Nothing," she answered, looking at her glass of wine. "I can't help loving you still, badly as you have treated me. You are a dead man, Pouhalier—you shall not survive me."

The robber started to his feet, and seized a knife on the table.

"You have poisoned me!" he exclaimed.

"No," she replied. "Poison is my vengeance on myself—not on you—not on you. You will rise from this table as you sat down to it. But you will be hanged in Lille prison; and your life will be ended on the Wheel."

As she spoke the words the door was burst open by the police, and Pouhalier was secured. The same night the poison did its fatal work; and his mistress rose to meet him with her life for the first last act of treachery which had ever betrayed her to the man she loved.

Pouhalier lodged in the hands of justice, the robber tried to gain time to escape in by promising to make important disclosures. The manœuvre availed him nothing. In those days the Laws of the Land had not yet made acquaintance with the Laws of Humanity. Pouhalier was put to the torture—was suffered to recover—was publicly broken on the Wheel—and was taken off it alive to be burned at the stake. By these merciless means Society rid itself of a murderous man, and the Hero on the Boulevards took their evening walk without him.

LILY.

In that part of Virginia where the scenery is wild and grand, and the districts thinly settled, in the year 1—, there lived a widow lady named by the name of Fairfax. As only son and herself composed the whole household, with the usual retinue of house-servants and field-hands, for Mrs. Fairfax died soon after the family returned to the old homestead.

Randolph Fairfax was a bright lad of fourteen when his father died—a bright, handsome lad, not a little spoiled by his pranks. Indeed, the only thing very winning in his high spirit and joyous face; but it was impossible to be angry with him, excepted in him to see how completely his mother was under his thumb—led around hither and you, yielding all her will to his every caprice, petting him in his nonsense and mischief, no matter what were the results, as if she were something to make further than to check; but she was very loving, and her only her husband made her tender and easy with her boy. She was a timid mistake that made her so bad as he should have been educated who was in every thing—never made to study—never tried to be a man—always pursuing pursuit, and determined to grow as vines do in the woods, twining themselves where they can find a tree to climb upon. Randolph became dictatorial, and the servants served. They winked at his mischievousness, and he, in return, was fond with gifts; yet there was no love him too, for he had a frank, merry way with him, for all his domineering and commanding manner, amounting to imperiousness.

In this desultory way he grew to be a man of fifteen, and then sixteen, though, still, at that time a cousin of Mr. Fairfax from New Orleans was invited to visit, bringing two or three servants with her—one, a beautiful quadroon, so white that she was called Lily. This girl pleased the fancy of Mrs. Fairfax, and when the cousin went away she begged Mrs. Fairfax to keep Lily as a souvenir of her visit.

To please Mrs. Fairfax was delighted; and Lily too, was much pleased, as she was an orphan, and had no kin in the world. She was the tenth and tidiest servant imaginable, and exhibited astonishingly mild to Mrs. Fairfax, she soon proved herself to be a treasure. She was quick to learn, and did not turn her hand to. Never had the point looked so clean, the dishes so bright, the curtains so spotless, nor the whole air of the house so comfortable till Lily held sway. She made the negroes work, she worked just as hard herself, always dressed jauntily and neatly, and always singing as she moved about like an industrious bird.

Randolph was getting wilder than ever, and his mother could do little with him except indulge him. He thought the work of her, and it was no wonder the poor girl's heart was in a tumult. She always dressed him in his scraps—for he tried to have some consideration for his mother—so Lily was generally in his sight.

Randolph taught Lily to read, and often when she was at work in his mother's room he would bring his book there, and books to read aloud, strictly for Lily's benefit, as Mrs. Fairfax was getting very deaf, and she did dislike to read aloud—edge it, and listened as if she heard every word.

Randolph used to meet Lily in the woods, and Lily would bring him in his scraps—and, indeed, at if he had quite forgotten that her position was the hundred one in the world, Lily knew. It was wrong; very wrong; but Mrs. Fairfax was so easy and indolent, never during to interfere with her son's pleasures, or not liking the exertion of combating his tastes.

About a year or so passed away. Lily had been absent on a visit, as it was said, of several weeks. One morning there was rather a stormy scene between Mrs. Fairfax and her son in her room. It was very unusual: she was seldom roused to remonstrance, and even then she seemed to be begging a simple request as if it were a great favor.

"Oh, go, Randolph! will you not?" she implored.

"Well," said he, "if you promise to treat her the same as ever—show no difference in your manner—I will go."

"Yes, Randolph, I am willing; but it is a terrible disgrace."

A mocking laugh answered her.

"Randolph, my son, do you wish to kill me with unkindness?"

"Oh no, mother; but you look upon an everyday affair too solemnly."

"Dear, dear! Well, I do not mean to be harsh, Randolph." That was the customary finale to her weakest suggestion of reproof.

"So I am to go to Philadelphia next month and begin my studies?"

"Yes; and no knows but what you may be the physician of our State?"

Again Randolph laughed his derisive laugh. It was not to be endured at. He lay on the sofa next to the man, he would never deny himself pleasure long enough to win fame.

Lily came home, pale and weak, with a little child in her arms.

No one would have believed she had ever been a gay, light-hearted girl, she was so sad and woebegone, so dull and spiritless; her large, lustrous eyes had lost their rich tears, and she seemed to have blown in a listless, indifferent way.

The sober servants did not dare to say any thing, but their looks were disagreeable enough. There was one man, the coachman, black as the sea of spades, who had tried to be very gallant to Lily, but whom she had always disdained to notice; he would never show any of them.

Ah! it was pitiable to see poor Lily, so dejected and forlorn, working as busily as ever, but never singing, never smiling, and crying. Her little child grew prettier every day, and its mother seemed to care for nothing else. She avoided Randolph as if he had been a rattlesnake, and never spoke to him if she could help it. He went to Philadelphia, but in a few months returned, a confirmed of the medical school, as might easily have been predicted.

One stormy night, when the forest trees were bending and swaying about, the old house creaking and shaking, the shutters rattling, and the doorfastenings, and the wind screaming through the keyholes, Lily, lying wide awake in her little bed in one of the mistress's apartments, thought she heard a tapping on her window-pane. She often heard sounds at night, and had become used to singular sounds; so she was not frightened, but rose with her child in her arms, and looked out. It was a dreadful night, and in the bright flash she saw Randolph with hat and cloak on.

"Lily," said he, "I am going away in the early stage, and I thought I'll bid you good-by."

"Well!" said she, in the coldest tone, but with a heart-throb of pain and pain under every word.

"Is that all you care? Then I need not have spoken, it seems. You seem to think I am an ogre, he continued.

"Oh, Randolph, don't talk to to me. I am sometimes tortured to know what to say or entertain. Don't taunt me."

"I am not taunting you, Lily; but you are unkind, you never even speak to me."

Again she repressed her feelings, and he said some kind and tender things to her, that caused her fretting child closer, and shook her head sadly. At last he said:

"Well, Lily, as you may hear it rather roughly, I may as well tell you."

She looked up in alarm.

"Don't be frightened; I will always see that you are kindly treated."

"What is my child!" she almost screamed.

"Hush, hush, little simpleton, no one wants your child. I am going to marry, and have you in my way. I am going away to be married. Good-by!" And he bounded over the fence and was gone.

Lily sank down on her bed with her crying child, clasping it even tighter though clear fear was past. Tears slowly rolled down her face; but as she had been heartbroken before, the worst of her unhappiness could not well be heavier. No one knew of her sorrow, and none after that; but what a poor, crushed life was hers!

It was true—Randolph had gone to be married to a lady-love, whom he had met at Mr. Fairfax, and in a few weeks would bring his bride home.

Mrs. Fairfax and there was preparing for the young married people; such sweeping, and dusting, and rubbing, and cooking!

Lily was very busy when Mr. Fairfax was expected; game and jellies, creams and cakes, filled all the tables. Her own sorrowful heart-ache would compel to find itself so full, and looked condescendingly down at the eggs-nog, fruity and delicious, beside it. She had to taste it, and every one could determine, and visitors were arriving constantly.

Mrs. Fairfax had told Lily to arrange flowers in the bride's dressing-room, and she was standing at the mirror wreathing the candle-brackets, her spoon hopped up and full of flowers, when a lovely girl came in laughing; her eyes were blue, her hair a golden brown, and happy and joyous looking indeed that Lily paused to admire her—just as an unhappy person will be fascinated by one who seems sorrow to have.

"Is this Mrs. Fairfax?" asked Lily.

The sweet voice that laughed, and answered:

"Yes, though I hardly know myself yet by that name. Oh, what lovely flowers! Do arrange some in my hair."

Lily assisted her off with her bonnet and traveling dress, and attired her in an exquisite, pearly silk; her curls just touched her snowy shoulders, while around the coil of braids Lily wove a wreath of white and delicate-hued flowers.

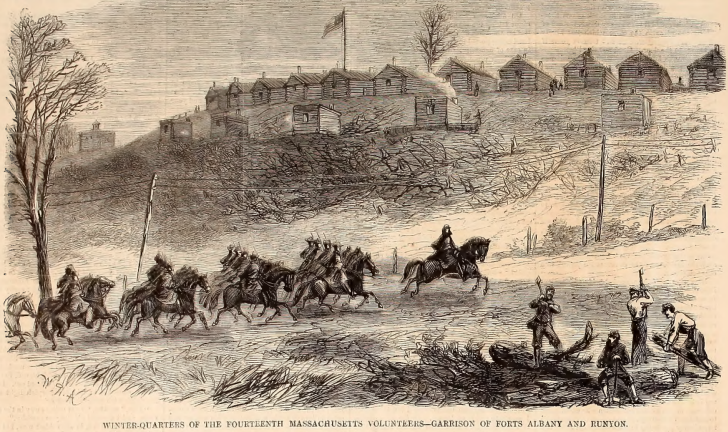
The servant stood, of course, behind her young mistress, who handed the rose, one by one, to her. That rose pricked her finger.

"Ah, lady, all roses have thorns," said Lily, sadly.

"And all pleasures their alloy, of course," said Mrs. Fairfax, wiping her pretty finger. Just then Randolph appeared at the door.

"Ah, what a lovely picture!" he said, casually. "Only something to complete it, perfect it," said his wife, putting her round, white arm in his and leading him away.

Lily was very pale, and a fearful light flashed



WINTER-QUARTERS OF THE FOURTEENTH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS—GARRISON OF FORTS ALBANY AND RUNYON.

in her eye. Who could tell what dreadful thoughts were lurking in her poor mind?

Randolph's wild oats seemed to have rendered the soil of his heart too unfruitful to bear even the commonest virtues. He was no longer the joyous, bright-faced boy of former years. He even tired of his young and lovely wife. Long days she sat alone, with Lily and old Mrs. Fairfax; for Lily was as useful as ever. She seemed to have conquered the demon of jealousy, which had prompted revengeful feelings, and under the religious teaching of her mistress she was becoming patient and resigned.

I have mentioned that there was an ugly fellow, the coachman, who had been gallant, or tried to be, to poor Lily. Just as she was regaining peace of mind he made new overtures, which she indignantly rejected. In sheer spite and malicious wickedness he managed to convey to young Mrs. Fairfax the history of the year previous to her coming to her Virginia home. It nearly killed her; she became very ill. Randolph sold the man; but now that his secret was out he became more and more reckless, riding fast and drinking hard—what a changed man he was!

All during young Mrs. Fairfax's illness Lily had been kept out of the room; indeed, she knew enough to stay out, much as she loved the gentle girl who had been so kind to her. She had been sitting on a fallen tree, just beyond the garden-gate, one day, her child playing with grass and pebbles, when she saw a horse come dashing up the road. She seized the child just in time to save him; but a glance at the empty saddle was sufficient to confirm her worst fears. Hastily running in the house she told the news: the servants startled out, but soon returned, bringing the lifeless body of Randolph Fairfax. He had been thrown, probably while intoxicated, and instant death must have ensued the blow which his head had received.

Ah, what a scene of misery was there in that lonely old house in the Virginian forest! The rooms were resonant of echo; the servants were like children in their unrestrained grief. Old Mrs. Fairfax was frantic; and Lily, almost beside herself, was the only one fit to attend to her young mistress, who had heard the terrible sounds, and insisted upon knowing the truth. Lily had to break the news, but the shock was too great; swoon succeeded swoon in fearful rapidity. Toward midnight she became conscious, but it was evident she was dying. Calling Lily to her, the sweet young creature put out her hand to her.

"Come here, Lily, come here! I have felt very wrongly toward you."

Lily made no answer; but on her knees by the bedside buried her face in the clothes, weeping bitterly.

"We must both forgive him, Lily."

Only a low groan and a quivering sigh.

"Lily, look up in my face. I can not die tranquilly until I know that you will try to feel no bitterness in your heart, and that you will forgive my want of charity—for I felt very wrongly toward you."

Lily looked up in the sweet face, growing paler, the soft blue eyes, drooping with the sleep which would cease her sorrow; eagerly she grasped that outstretched, soft, white hand, and bathed it with her tears and kisses. The blue eyes closed; the faint breath faltered and ceased; the glowing hopes of life had taken wing before—with one slight hand, even heavy with its wedding-ring, lying on her motionless breast, the other in poor Lily's, that life had ended.

In the room beneath, alone and stiffened in the rigidity of death, with all his sins upon him, the sins fostered by indulgence, lay Randolph Fairfax.

I have little more to add; for Lily and the old lady lived on in that lonely house quietly enough after all that misery. When old Mrs. Fairfax died she gave Lily free papers for herself and her son, which, with a small sum of money, enabled them to go to Canada.



CAVALRY CHARGE IN VIRGINIA.



THE "COLD SNAP" IN 1861—ICE IN THE EAST RIVER.

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LXXIV.

My Work, my Philosophical Work—the ambitious hope of my intellectual life—how eagerly I returned to it again! Far away from my household grief, far away from my haggard perplexities. Neither a Lilian nor a Margrave there!

As I went over what I had before written, each link in its chain of reasoning seemed so serried, that to alter one were to derange all: and the whole reasoning was so opposed to the possibility of the wonders I myself had experienced, so hostile to the subtle hypotheses of a Faber, or the childlike belief of an Amy, that I must have destroyed the entire work if I had admitted such contradictions to its design!

But the work was I myself! I, in my solid, sober, healthful mind, before the brain had been perplexed by a phantom. Were phantoms to be allowed as testimonies against science? No; in returning to my Book I returned to my former Me!

How strange is that contradiction between our being as man and our being as author! Take any writer enamored of a system—a thousand things may happen to him every day which might shake his faith in that system; and while he moves about as mere man, his faith *is* shaken. But when he settles himself back into his old fleshless form of author, the mere act of taking pen in hand and smoothing the paper before him restores his speculations to their ancient mechanical train. The system, the beloved system, reasserts its tyrannic sway, and he either ignores, or moulds into fresh proofs of his theory as author, all which, an hour before, had given his theory the lie in his living perceptions as man.

I adhered to my system: I continued my work. Here, in the barbarous desert, was a link between me and the Cities of Europe. All else might break down under me. The love I had dreamed of was blotted out from the world and might never be restored; my hearth might be lonely, my life be an exile's. My reason might at last give way before the spectres which awed my senses, or the sorrows which stormed my heart. But here, at least, was a monument of my rational, thoughtful Me—of my individualized identity in multiform creation. And my mind, in the noon of its force, would shed its light on the earth when my form was resolved to its elements. Alas! in this very yearning for the Hereafter, though but the Hereafter of a Name, could I see only the craving of Mind, and hear not the whisper of Soul?

The avocations of a colonist, usually so active, had little interest for me. This vast territorial lordship, in which, could I have endeared its possession by the hopes that animate a Founder, I should have felt all the zest and the pride of ownership, was but the run of a common to the passing emigrant, who would leave no sons to inherit the tardy products of his labor. I was not goaded to industry by the stimulus of need. I could only be ruined if I risked all my capital in the attempt to improve. I lived, therefore, among my fertile pastures, as careless of culture as the English occupant of the Highland moor, which he rents for the range of its solitudes.

I knew, indeed, that if ever I became avaricious, I might swell my modest affluence into absolute wealth. I had revisited the spot in which I had discovered the nugget of gold, and had found the precious metal in rich abundance just under the first coverings of the alluvial soil. I concealed my discovery from all. I knew that did I proclaim it, the charm of my Bush-life would be gone. My fields would be infested by all the wild adventurers who gather to gold as the vultures of prey round a carcass; my servants would desert me, my very flocks would be shepherdless!

Months again rolled on months. I had just approached the close of my beloved Work when it was again suspended, and by an anguish keener than all which I had previously known.

Lilian became alarmingly ill. Her state of health, long gradually declining, had hitherto admitted checkered intervals of improvement, and exhibited no symptoms of actual danger. But now she was seized with a kind of chronic fever, attended with absolute privation of sleep, an aversion to even the lightest nourishment, and an acute nervous susceptibility to all the outward impressions, of which she had long seemed so unconscious; morbidly alive to the faintest sound, shrinking from the light as from a torture. Her previous impatience at my entrance into her room became aggravated into vehement emotions, convulsive paroxysms of distress. So that Faber banished me from her chamber, and, with a heart bleeding at every fibre, I submitted to the cruel sentence.

Faber had taken up his abode in my house and brought Amy with him; one or the other never left Lilian, night or day. The great physician spoke doubtfully of the case, but not despairingly.

"Remember," he said, "that, in spite of the want of sleep, the abstinence from food, the form has not wasted as it would do were this fever inevitably mortal. It is upon that phenomenon I build a hope that I have not been mistaken in the opinion I hazarded from the first. We are now in the midst of the critical struggle between life and reason; if she preserve the one, my conviction is that she will regain the other. That seeming antipathy to yourself is a good omen. You are inseparably associated with her intellectual world; in proportion as she revives to it, must become vivid and powerful the reminiscences of the shock that annulled for a time that world to her. So I welcome rather than fear the over-acuteness of the awakening senses to external sights and sounds. A few days will decide if I am right. In this climate the progress of acute maladies is swift, but the recovery from them is yet more startlingly rapid and complete. Wait—endure—be prepared to submit to the will of Heaven; but do not despond of its mercy."

I rushed away from the consoler—away into the thick of the forests, the heart of the solitude. All around me there was joyous with life; the locusts sang amidst the herbage; the cranes gamboled on the banks of the creek; the squirrel-like opossums frolicked on the feathery boughs. "And what," said I to myself—"what if that which seems so fabulous in the distant being, whose existence has bewitched my own, be substantially true? What if to some potent medicament Margrave owes his glorious vitality, his radiant youth? Oh! that I had not so disdainfully turned away from his hinted solicitations—to what?—to nothing guiltier than lawful experiment. Had I been less devoted a bigot to this vain schoolcraft, which we call the Medical Art, and which, alone in this age of science, has made no perceptible progress since the days of its earliest teachers—had I said in the true humility of genuine knowledge, 'these alchemists were men of genius and thought; we owe to them nearly all the grand hints of our chemical science—is it likely that they would have been wholly drivelers and idiots in the one faith they clung to the most?'—had I said that, I might now have no fear of losing my Lilian. Why, after all, should there not be in Nature one primary essence, one master substance, in which is stored the specific nutriment of life?"

Thus incoherently muttering to the woods what my pride of reason would not have suffered me gravely to say to my fellow-men, I fatigued my tormented spirits into a gloomy calm, and mechanically retraced my steps at the decline of day. I seated myself at the door of my solitary log-hut, leaning my cheek upon my hand and musing. Wearily I looked up, roused by a discord of clattering hoofs and lumbering wheels on the hollow-sounding grass track. A crazy, groaning vehicle, drawn by four horses, emerged from the copse of gum-trees—fast, fast along the road, which no such pompous vehicle had traversed since that which had borne me—luxurious satrap for an early colonist—to my lodge in the wilderness. What emigrant rich enough to squander, in the hire of such an equipage, more than its cost in England, could thus be entering on my waste domain? An ominous thrill shot through me.

The driver—perhaps some broken-down son of luxury in the Old World, fit for nothing in the New World but to ply for hire the task that might have led to his ruin when plied in sport—stopped at the door of my hut, and called out, "Friend, is not this the great Fenwick Section? and is not yonder long pile of building the Master's house?"

Before I could answer I heard a faint voice within the vehicle speaking to the driver; the last nodded, descended from his seat, opened the carriage-door, and offered his arm to a man, who, waving aside the proffered aid, descended slowly and feebly; paused a moment as if for breath, and then, leaning on his staff, walked from the road, across the sward rank with luxuriant herbage, through the little gate in the new-set fragrant wattle-fence, wearily, languidly, halting often, till he stood facing me, leaning both wan, emaciated hands upon his staff, and his meagre form shrinking deep within the folds of a cloak lined thick with costly sables. His face was sharp, his complexion of a livid yellow, his eyes shone out from their hollowed orbits, unnaturally enlarged and fatally bright. Thus, in ghastly contrast to his former splendor of youth and opulence of life, Margrave stood before me.

"I come to you," said Margrave, in accents hoarse and broken, "from the shores of the East. Give me shelter and rest. I have that to say which will more than repay you."

Whatever till that moment my hate and my fear of this unexpected visitant, hate would have been inhumanity, fear a meanness, conceived for a creature so awfully stricken down.

Silently, involuntarily, I led him into the house. There he rested a few minutes with closed eyes and painful gasps for breath. Meanwhile the driver brought from the carriage a traveling-bag and a small wooden chest or coffer, strongly banded with iron clamps. Margrave, looking up as the man drew near, exclaimed, fiercely, "Who told you to touch that chest? How dare you? Take it from that man, Fenwick! Place it here—here by my side!"

I took the chest from the driver, whose rising anger at being so imperiously rated in the land of democratic equality was appeased by the gold which Margrave lavishly flung to him.

"Take care of the poor gentleman, squire," he whispered to me in the spontaneous impulse of gratitude; "I fear he will not trouble you long. He must be monstrous rich. Arrived in a vessel hired all to himself, and a train of outlandish attendants, whom he has left behind in the town yonder! May I bait my horses in your stables? They have come a long way."

I pointed to the neighboring stables, and the man nodded his thanks, remounted his box, and drove off.

I returned to Margrave. A faint smile came to his lips as I placed the chest beside him.

"Ay, ay!" he muttered. "Safe, safe! I shall soon be well again—very soon! And now I can sleep in peace!"

I led him into an inner room, in which there was a bed. He threw himself on it with a loud sigh of relief. Soon, half raising himself on his elbow, he exclaimed, "The chest—bring it hither! I need it always beside me! There, there! Now a few hours of sleep; and then, if I can take food, or some such restoring cordial as your skill may suggest, I shall be strong enough to talk. We will talk!—we will talk!"

His eyes closed heavily as his voice fell into a drowsy mutter. A moment more and he was asleep.

I watched beside him in mingled wonder and compassion. Looking into that face so altered, yet still so young, I could not sternly question what had been the evil of that mystic life, which seemed now oozing away through the last sands in the hour-glass. I placed my hand softly on his pulse: it scarcely beat. I put my ear to his breast, and involuntarily sighed as I distinguished in its fluttering heave that dull, dumb sound in which the heart seems knelling itself to the greedy grave!

Was this indeed the potent magician whom I had so feared? This the guide to the Rosicrucian's secret of life's renewal, in whom but an hour or two ago my fancies gulled my credulous trust?

But suddenly, even while thus chiding my wild superstitions, a fear that to most will seem scarcely less superstitious, shot across me. Could Lilian be affected by the near neighborhood of one to whose magnetic influence she had once been so strangely subjected? I left Margrave still sleeping, closed and locked the door of the hut, went back to my dwelling, and met Amy at the threshold. Her smile was so cheering that I felt at once relieved.

"Hush!" said the child, putting her finger to her lips, "she is so quiet! I was coming in search of you, with a message from her."

"From Lilian to me—what! to me?"

"Hush! About an hour ago she beckoned me to draw near to her, and then said, very softly, 'Tell Allen that light is coming back to me, and it all settles on him—on him. Tell him that I pray to be spared to walk by his side on earth, hand-in-hand to that heaven which is no dream, Amy. Tell him that—no dream.'"

While the child spoke my tears gushed, and the strong hands in which I veiled my face quivered like the leaf of the aspen. And when I could command my voice I said, plaintively,

"May I not, then, see her?—only for a moment, and answer her message, though but by a look?"

"No, no!"

"No! Where is Faber?"

"Gone into the forest, in search of some herbs, but he gave me this note for you."

I wiped the blinding tears from my eyes, and read these lines:

"I have, though with hesitation, permitted Amy to tell you the cheering words, by which our beloved patient confirms my belief that reason is coming back to her—slowly, laboringly, but, if she survive, for permanent restoration. On no account attempt to precipitate or disturb the work of Nature. As dangerous as a sudden glare of light to eyes long blind and newly regaining vision, in the friendly and soothing dark, would be the agitation that your presence at this crisis would cause. Confide in me."

I remained brooding over these lines and over Lilian's message long and silently, while Amy's soothing whispers stole into my ear, soft as the murmurs of a rill heard in the gloom of forests. Rousing myself at length, my thoughts returned to Margrave. Doubtless he would soon awake. I bade Amy bring me such slight nutriment as I thought best suited to his enfeebled state, telling her it was for a sick traveler resting himself in my hut. When Amy returned I took from her the little basket with which she was charged, and having meanwhile made a careful selection from the contents of my medicine-chest, went back to the hut. I had not long resumed my place beside Margrave's pillow before he awoke.

"What o'clock is it?" he asked, with an anxious voice.

"About seven."

"Not later? That is well; my time is precious."

"Compose yourself and eat."

I placed the food before him, and he partook of it, though sparingly, and as if with effort. He then dozed for a short time, again woke up, and impatiently demanded the cordial, which I had prepared in the mean while. Its effect was greater and more immediate than I could have anticipated, proving, perhaps, how much of youth there was still left in his system, however undermined and ravaged by disease. Color came back to his cheek, his voice grew perceptibly stronger. And as I lighted the lamp on the table near us—for it was growing dark—he gathered himself up, and spoke thus:

"You remember that I once pressed on you certain experiments. My object then was to discover the materials from which is extracted the specific that enables the organs of life to expel disease and regain vigor. In that hope I sought your intimacy. An intimacy you gave, but withdrew."

"Dare you complain? Who and what was the being from whose intimacy I shrunk appalled?"

"Ask what questions you please," cried Margrave, impatiently, "later—if I have strength left to answer them. But do not interrupt me while I husband my force to say what alone is important to me and to you. Disappointed in the hopes I had placed in you, I resolved to repair to Paris—that great furnace of all bold ideas. I questioned learned formalists; I listened to audacious empirics. The first, with all their boasted knowledge, were too timid to concede my premises; the second, with all their speculative daring, too knavish to let me trust to their conclusions. I found but one man, a Sicilian, who comprehended the secrets that are called occult, and had the courage to meet Nature and all her agencies face to face. He believed, and sincerely, that he was approaching the grand result, at the very moment when he perished from want of the common precautions which a tyro in chemistry would have taken. At his death the gaudy city became hateful; all its pretended pleasures only served to exhaust life the faster. The true joys of youth are those of the wild bird and wild brute in the healthful enjoyment of Nature. In cities, youth is but old age with a varnish. I fled to the East; I passed through the tents of the Arabs; I was guided—no matter by whom or by what—to the house of a Dervish, who had had for his teacher the most erudite master of secrets occult, whom I knew years ago at Aleppo— Why that exclamation?"

"Proceed. What I have to say will come—later."

"From this Dervish I half forced and half purchased the secret I sought to obtain. I now know from what peculiar substance the so-called elixir of life is extracted; I know also the steps of the process through which that task is accomplished. You smile incredulously? What is your doubt? State it while I rest for a moment. My breath labors; give me more of the cordial."

"Need I tell you my doubt? You have, you say, at your command the elixir of life of which Cagliostro did not leave his disciples the recipe; and you stretch out your hand for a vulgar cordial which any village chemist could give you!"

"I can explain this apparent contradiction. The process by which the elixir is extracted from the material which hoards its essence is one that requires a hardihood of courage which few possess. This Dervish, who had passed through that process once, was deaf to all prayer, and unmoved by all bribes, to attempt it again. He was poor, for the secret by which metals may be transmuted is not, as the old alchemists seem to imply, identical with that by which the elixir of life is extracted. He had only been enabled to discover, in the niggard strata of the lands within range of his travel, a few scanty morsels of the glorious substance. From these he had extracted scarcely enough of the elixir to fill a third of that little glass which I have just drained. He guarded every drop for himself. Who that holds healthful life as the one boon above all price to the living, would waste upon others what prolongs and recruits his own being? Therefore, though he sold me his secret he would not sell me his treasure."

"Any quack may sell you the information how to make not only an elixir, but a sun and a moon, and then scare you from the experiment by tales of the danger of trying it! How do you know that this essence which the Dervish possessed was the elixir of life, since it seems you have not tried on yourself what effect its precious drops could produce? Poor wretch! who once seemed to me so awfully potent, do you come to the Antipodes in search of a drug that only exists in the fables by which a child is amused?"

"The elixir of life is no fable," cried Margrave, with a kindling of eye, a power of voice, a dilation of form that startled me in one just before so feeble. "That elixir was bright in my veins when we last met. From that golden draught of the life-spring of joy I took all that can gladden creation. What sage would not have exchanged his wearisome knowledge for my lusty revels with Nature? What monarch would not have bartered his crown, with its brain-ache of care, for the radiance that circled my brows, flashing out from the light that was in me? Oh again, oh again, to enjoy the freedom of air with the bird, and the glow of the sun with the lizard; to sport through the blooms of the earth, Nature's playmate and darling; to face, in the forest and desert, the pard and the lion—Nature's bravest and fiercest—her first-born, the heir of her realm, with the rest of her children for slaves!"

As these words burst from his lips there was a wild grandeur in the aspect of this enigmatical being which I had never beheld in the former time of his affluent, dazzling youth. And indeed in his language, and in the thoughts it clothed, there was an earnestness, a concentration, a directness, a purpose, which had seemed wanting to his desultory talk in the earlier days. I expected that reaction of languor and exhaustion would follow his vehement outbreak of passion; but after a short pause he went on with steady accents. His will was sustaining his strength. He was determined to force his convictions on me, and the vitality, once so rich, rallied all its lingering forces to the aid of his intense desire.

"I tell you then," he resumed, with deliberate calmness, "that, years ago, I tested in my own person that essence which is the sovereign medicament. In me, as you saw me at L——, you beheld the proof of its virtues. Feeble and ill as I am now, my state was incalculably more hopeless when formerly restored by the elixir. He from whom I then took the sublime restorative died without revealing the secret of its composition. What I obtained was only just sufficient to recruit the lamp of my life, then dying down—and no drop was left for renewing the light which wastes its own rays in the air that it gilds. Though the Dervish would not sell me his treasure, he permitted me to see it. The appearance and odor of this essence are strangely peculiar—unmistakable by one who has once beheld and partaken of it. In short, I recognized in the hands of the Dervish the bright life-renewer, as I had borne it away from the corpse of the Sage of Aleppo."

"Hold! Are you then in truth the murderer of Haroun, and is your true name Louis Grayle?"

"I am no murderer, and Louis Grayle did not leave me his name. I again adjure you to

postpone, for this night at least, the questions you wish to address to me.

Seeing that this obstinate pauper possessed that for which the pale owners of millions, at the first touch of palsy or gout, would consent to be paupers, of course I coveted the possession of the essence even more than the knowledge of the substance from which it is extracted. I had no reward fear of the experiment, which this timid driveler had not the nerve to renew. But still the experiment failed. I poured the mixture out, and sat to find the fit place for it. While in the rage of the Dervish, the unfailing result of the experiment was at hand. The Dervish suspected my design—he dreaded my power. He fled up the vein in which I had meant to secure him, while he refused to sell me. After all, I should have done him good rather than evil. I should have left him wealth enough to transport him safely to my soil in which the material for the drink may be found abundant, and the descendants of this would have given his shrinking nerves the courage to replenish its refreshed store. I had not time to pay, who obeyed me as friends the minister. I chased the fugitive. I came on him. I touched a house in a narrow street in which, I was told, he had entered but an hour before. The day was declining: the light in the room struck full. I saw on a corner what seemed to me the form of the Dervish—stooped in pain, and my hand closed over it. The timid Dervish had so piled his rags that they took the shape of the form they had clothed, and he had left, as a substitute for his own body, the venomous reptile of death.

"The strength of my system enabled me to survive the relief of the poison; but during the hour that numbed me my Arabs, alarmed, gave me cause to my quarry. I was, though enfeebled and languid, I was again on my horse; again the pursuit—again the trick! I learned —but this time by a knowledge more than nearly—that the Dervish had taken his refuge in a hamlet that had sprung up around the tomb of my once famed through Assyria. The same voice that informed me of his whereabouts warned me not to pursue. I disregarded the warning. In my eager impatience I sprang on to the chase; in my fearless resolve I felt sure of the prey. I arrived at the hamlet—I was told that my forces were no longer the same since the loss of the tribe. The Dervish could not be long he had left the doors, on which I sank exhausted, but a few minutes before my horse stopped at the door. The carpet on which he had rested still lay on the ground. I dismissed the escort and lessen of my troop to attend to the fugitive. Sure that this time he would not escape, my eyes closed in sleep.

"How long I slept I know not—a long dream of solitude, fever, and anguish. Was it the curse of the Dervish's carpet? Was it a taint in the walls of the house, or of the air, which drinks sickly and rank over places where cities lie buried? I know not; but the dream of the East had seized me in slumber. When my senses recovered I found myself alone, plundered of my arms, despoiled of such gold as I had about me. All had deserted and left me, as the living leave the dead whom the Plague has claimed for its own. As soon as I could stand I crawled from the threshold. The moment my voice was heard, my face seen, I was hailed with popular rose as on a wild beast—a mad dog. I was driven from the place with imprecations and stones, as a miscreant who had left the tomb of a sorcerer, while plotting the death of a holy man. Bruised and bleeding, but still undaunted, I turned in wrath on that dastardly rabble; they shunk away from my path. I knew the trail for miles around. I had been in that land for years, long years, ago. I came at last to the trail which the caravans take on their way to Damascus. There I was found, speechless and seemingly lifeless, by some European travelers. They took me to Damascus, I languished for many weeks between life and death. But for the virtue of that essence, which lingered yet in my frame, I could not have survived—more than I be shattered. I need not say that I now abandoned all thought of discovering the Water of Youth. I had at least his secret, if I had failed of the paltry supply he had drawn from its uses. My sophistimeses as he had told me would be all procured in the East with more ease than in Europe. To sum up, I returned to the studies and the knowledge, and supplied with all the aids, which warrant me in saying, 'Do for cure for your life in its richest enjoyment, if not for yourself, for one whom you love, and will rejoyce from the grave?' Then share with me as a task than a single night will accomplish, and vanish a prize by which the life that is value the most will be secured to the dust and the worm, to live on, ever young, ever blessing, while each infant—love-born while I speak—shall have passed to the grave. Nay, there is the limit to life while the earth hides the inheritance by which life is renewed?

I give, as faithfully as I can recall them, the words in which Margrave addressed me. But his own pages by cold words removed, even here they artfully ranged by a master of language, the effect words produce when warm from the breath of the speaker? Ask one of the radicians which some orator held enthralled why words do not quicken a heart to the throb of pulse, and the answer of one who had listened to it, "The words took their charm from the voice and the eye, the aspect, the manner, the time?" So it was with the incomprehensible book before me. Though his presence was gone, though his beauty was dimmed, though my fancy clothed him with memories of abhorrent dread, though my reason opposed the audacious beliefs and assumptions, still he charmed and fascinated me; still he was the magician, the creator; still, if the legends of magic had truth for their basis, he was the born magician; a magician, in what calling soever, is born with the gift to enchant and subdue us.

Constraining myself to answer calmly, I said, "You have told me your story; you have defined the object of the experiment in which you ask me to aid. You do right to bid me postpone my replies or my questions. Seek to recruit by sleep the strength you have so sorely tasked. To-morrow—"

"To-morrow, ere night, you will decide whether you will or will not aid me in what I have selected to aid me shall be the foe to condemn me to perish! I tell you plainly I need your aid, and your prompt aid. Three days from this and all aid will be too late!"

"I will gladly consult the close of the room, when he called to me to come back.

"You do not live in this hut, but with your family yonder. Do not think that I am here. let no one but yourself see me as I now am. Look the door of the hut when you quit it. I should not close my eyes if I were not secure from intruders."

"There is but one in my house, or in these parts, whom I would except from the interfect you impose. You are aware of your own temperament danger; the life which you believe the discovery of a Dervish will indefinitely prolong is sacred in the eye of physician to hang on a thread. I have already formed my own conjectures as to the nature of the disease that enfeebles you. But I must have more exact information with the weightier opinion of one whose experience can guide us, we shall charge for forwarding Our Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, and to whom I can refer with the confidence which the honor of a physician will not allow to be slighted. If $8, thirty for $15, sixty-five for $30, and one hundred for $50. Certificates bearing an Agents will be allowed ten cents on every certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect fifty cents for every Certificate and remit 25 cents to us, either in stamps or Bank Notes, preferred. Great caution should be exercised in responding to agents giving their correct address, Town, County, and State, in full.

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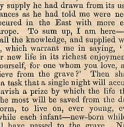
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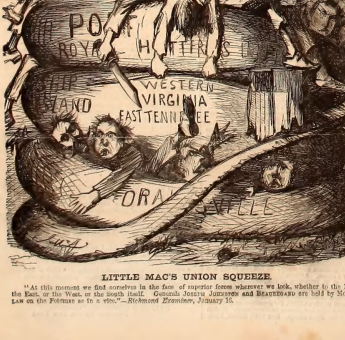
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THE "NASHVILLE" AND "TUSCARORA" AT SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 107.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1862.

BURNSIDE AT WORK.

AT length we hear of firing at or near Newbern and Roanoke Island, which is equivalent to saying that Burnside's expedition, having worked its way through the shallows of Hatteras Inlet, has divided its force, and struck out boldly to the north and south simultaneously. Before these lines reach the public eye full details of the operation will probably have arrived.

We have reason to believe that the main object of Burnside's expedition was to cut off railway communication between Virginia and the Gulf States by intercepting Weldon, while General Thomas seized the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad in the neighborhood of Knoxville.

If this be true, the sound, the attack on Roanoke Island is a false one, and the movement upon Fort Macon and Newbern the real aim of the expedition. It is possible that General Burnside may at present proceed no further than these two points, securing them as a base for future operations into the interior. Many military strategists deem it unlikely that he will advance so far as Weldon into an enemy's country with only 12,000 men. But reinforcements are at hand, and if we hear of him at Fort Macon and Newbern next week, it will be easy to swell his force to 25,000 men in a week.

FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

QUITE a hubbub was created last week by a few articles in obscure London journals suggesting an armed intervention of the great Powers of Europe in our quarrel. The papers in question are not known, even by name, to the bulk of our readers, and their utterances are entitled to no more notice than would be paid here to the disquisitions of any of our fourth or fifth rate political sheets. Yet our people are so absurdly sensitive on every thing that relates to them abroad, and foreign papers are somehow regarded as so much more reliable than journals at home, that the idle nonsense of the London *Observer* and the Manchester *Guardian* disturbed men's digestion, and caused a general decline in the stock market.

It is hard to see what either England or France would gain by intervening in our quarrel. They want cotton in the one case, and a market for cotton and silk goods in the second: in other words, they want to see their old commercial relations with the South restored. No one surely supposes that they can achieve this by becoming parties to the war. They can not lay an embargo on their own manufactures, nor can they expect to import cotton from the Southern States in the teeth of our privateers and our armies. If the war has already deprived them of one half their customers in this country; intervention would strip them of the other half. Their true policy is to hasten a peace; and as soon as our armies begin to "earn their living," as Secretary Stanton says, they will perceive that this can best be done by ceasing to afford shelter to Southern privateers and to isolate rebeldom. No other kind of intervention could be either safe or feasible, or reconcilable with the interests of their commerce.

International usage is very clear in regard to the intervention of one power in the domestic quarrels of another. Seventy-five years ago such intervention was common, and England, the great bully of the world, was actively prone to them. She spent over $5,000,000,000 in an intervention against Napoleon. She and France, again, in 1823, intervened in Spain, and the fall of the Bourbon dynasty was partly due to the odium the measure reflected on the Orleans Government. In 1827, France, England, and Russia intervened in Greece, and secured its independence. The consequence of this intervention was the Crimean war. In fact, there has not been an intervention of any kind for a century which has not been productive of evil to the nation intervening. This principle is so well understood in Europe that non-intervention has long been a cardinal principle of European international polity. Some of the British papers draw fanciful analogies between the affair of Greece and Turkey and the relations of the Southern States. If the analogy existed it would afford the best possible reason for letting us alone, for every European statesman is aware that Navarino was a gigantic political blunder. But the cases are, in fact, widely dissimilar. Greece had been struggling for freedom against a brutal, God-forsaken, Moslem despotism for six long years, and for many months before the battle of Navarino the Turkish general, Ibrahim Pacha, had been causing the blood of all Christians to curdle in their veins by cropping the ears of every male Greek upon whom he could lay his hands, and selling the young girls into Turkish harems—dealing with his enemy, in fact, much as the officers of the British army dealt with their enemy in the Indian rebellion of 1857. Even our English critics will admit that no such horrors have taken place here.

A favorite falsehood of the British newspaper writers is to assert that France is urging England to break the blockade. Not a line or a word in support of this theory is to be found in any French paper; and there is, in fact, no reasonable ground for supposing that the sagacious sovereign of France is really pursuing so unwise a course. The silk manufacturers of Lyons are distressed, it is true, by the falling off in the demand for French silks at the North. But it is hardly the right way to remedy this mischance to go to war with nations in the love of adventure, bring with them all the military traditions of Europe, arm and equip themselves the skirt of war, and they frolic, and dance, and sing:

"Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy boys,
Whose business 'tis to die?"

And where there are gay young foreign officers, and gay young domestic officers, with all the freshness and none of the sorrow of martial prestige, will there not be glittering throngs of girls and women, whom nature made to love quadrilles—not because they are quadrilles, but because they are the symbols of dance and heroism and glory?

These are all thrown up upon the very surface of Washington; they are the flashing bubbles on the stream, until it may easily seem to you to be all foam and flash.

But there are deeper currents which may trouble you. The difference of conviction as to the conduct of the war makes bitter accusation and recrimination. The Irish element may assert itself more strongly about methods, and talk so sharply, that you begin to think they value more than their own way of success. This creates seeming division, until again you understand why so many are disheartened when they come to Washington.

Yet a little reflection before you arrive will have prepared you for all these things. The earnestness of every sort of life brought out latent lines in the face of the people, not in the bureaus of the Government. Whatever goes to the bottom remembering this, and reflecting that the Declaration of Independence is at last tolerable political doctrine at the seat of government, you are to be resolved upon despair if he return disheartened.

THE BRIGHT DEBATE.

THE case of Senator Bright will have an interest long after it is formally decided. The debate was one of the most remarkable that has ever occurred in the Senate. Only two instances are upon record in our early history of the expulsion of Senators—William Blount in 1797, and John Smith in 1808. But the present case had a peculiar interest because of the criticisms of the war in question.

Jesse D. Bright, the Senator from Indiana, is a heavily-built man, with a smooth round face, with little hair upon his head, and an expression which is certainly neither winning nor conciliatory. Throughout the important debate, which was of the nature of a capital trial, for the charge was no less than treasonable sympathy, he sat erect in his chair, now and then talking, now and then his head hanging down behind the chair, and his face, with a slight air of sullen defiance, turned upon the Senator who had the floor. Occasionally Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, or some other extreme partisan friend, sat in the chair behind him, and conversed with him, but generally he remained in an almost painful isolation.

The interest of the galleries was profound. They were crowded on all sides, and during the speech of General Lane, of Indiana, the colleague of Mr. Bright, the involuntary applause which followed one of his passionate rhetorical periods caused one gallery to be cleared. The speech was powerful, and offended no more. The Senate itself is rarely a most trying body to address. The members are necessarily very much talking, reading, writing and reading newspapers, writing letters, clapping for the pages, lounging, and discussing matters, and doing every thing but listening to the speaker. Frequently the Senator who is addressing the Chair, wishing to have the ear of a reply sharply home upon a previous speaker, turns toward him with animated gesture, and, "war on a wooden leg" of his seat, or closely engaged in chatting with other Senators, or intently reading a pamphlet with his back to the orator. One Senator, immediately before whom sat two of his colleagues quietly conversing with their heads touching, excited exclaimed, in a low tone, "Stop that talking!" and the Vice-President's warning hammer thumps his table often at the most exciting moment of a speech to stop the hum of inattention.

When Mr. Bright rose to address the Senate in his own defense there was general silence. He was evidently full of mingled emotions of anger, doubt, and apprehension. His face was red, and with a high, exasperating, and monotonous voice began. It was universally admitted that his speech greatly injured his cause. It was not even grammatical even to insolence; and whoever heard him that heard in the last expiring scream of the domineering style of the Southern aristocracy the latest wheeze of the slave-driving Senatorial manner. There are those in Italy that outlive both their teeth and voices, but not their viciousness. When they can no longer run, they lie upon the ground and make all the movements of battle without the sound. Mr. Bright fiercely shook his finger at Senator Sumner. "I have had no personal explanations whatever with the Senator from Massachusetts: and that Senator would not have dared—he, he would not have dared" (and here the voice of the speaker became thick with hate)—"to say the things he has said of me here to-day, except that he knew that I stood alone and friendless, and he surrounded by his allies." Later he spoke of the "mad abolition horde led by that Senator," which had ruined the country.

Oh, Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, Senator Sumner spoke of you calmly in debate; but when you and your allies possessed the Capital, the city, the District, the neighboring States, and, as you fondly believed, the whole country, you and your allies ordered that chamber, and struck to the floor with a bludgeon the Senator whom you now accuse of wounding you with words!

The position of Senators Harris, of New York, and Foster, of Connecticut, with Cowan, of Pennsylvania, and Lane, of Indiana, was very trying. They are all most loyal men, and the first two most earnest Republicans. They were all members of the Judiciary Committee, which reported against Mr. Bright's expulsion unanimously, with the exception of Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois. The pressure upon these four gentlemen to change their votes was extreme. But they had an honest conviction that, however incorrect Mr. Bright's sympathies might be, the evidence of the letter was not sufficient to establish it. It was, so far, a judicial question, and to their minds the point was not whether Mr. Bright was an unsafe counsellor for the Senate, but whether the letter proved it. As Senator Harris said, "If this were a political question I should certainly vote with my friends."

To one who heard the debate, and who remembers the circumstances of the time and the antecedents of Mr. Bright, all of which must be taken to interpret the letter, it is clear that when he sent a message of peace-feelers to Mr. Davis, Secretary, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States," and spoke of "your capital," he sent them to a governing authority incompatible with that of this Government, and who could use the letter only as a proof of treasonable correspondence or some other. Circumstances forbid the supposition that they could have been meant for any other. If used at all, they must be used as evidence against the United States. Is the person who does not deny that he did this a fit counselor for the President?

Whatever the vote of the Senate may be, the question remains.

NUTRIMENT IN POISON.

THE disaster to the Burnside expedition will help fix our eyes upon the fact that the race is not always to the swift. Our great danger is in losing sight of the arduous character of the work we have in hand. We are, practically, an invading power. We have to overcome every where by overwhelming force. We can not overcome at Hatteras Inlet or Port Royal, and Ship Island are good as far as they go. But they are none of them blows which recoil through the Southern country and re-echo in a shout of awakening patriotism.

The misfortune to the latest expedition is slight and unimportant. But it illustrates how true a sun all the time. General Napier said, "a General is known by what he does not lose." Every victorious event of a great movement of which Burnside's fleet was the left wing. The left wing flags unfurled, the ships, the vehicles, the men, what can we do the same? It is not enough to collect and equip your army. The weather, the country, the roads, the sun, the winds, every thing in fact, are to be taken into the account, and all these are against us.

Of course it is so, and even more so, for the other side: but we are first of all to see where we are weak ourselves and then deal with the disadvantages of the enemy. We must always suppose that he knows where we are strong and will endeavor to strike us there. For the work we have undertaken we need every resource, every weapon we can command. It is every thing to have victorious generals. The foe must feel that we win them with hopeless superiority.

It will not be unfortunate for us, therefore, if the delay at Hatteras shall enforce upon us the necessity of concentrating every energy in the task of speedily achieving the supremacy of the Government. The gentlemen in Congress and out of it who so laboriously strive to make the impression that Abolition is secession, ought to remember that every moment of delay is a moment lost for any thing which must not give way before the necessity of maintaining the Government, is to insist that the Government shall not be saved. The Constitution of slavery, like the right of life and property of personal liberty and free speech, is strictly and utterly subordinate to the preservation. To talk of carrying on the war "constitutionally," as if it were a game, that the property of slaves is to be untouched, is as silly as to declare that, if a rebel is shot in the field, the war is not conducted "constitutionally." For his right to be a slave is certainly no more protected by the Constitution than his right to his head.

Let every reverse, then, abate the fervor of our differences upon this point, and unite us all in the great resolution that the war shall be by no halves corpus, and of property, and of life shall not interfere with the suppression of the rebellion, neither shall the right of holding slaves. And there is no harm in saying so if you think so.

THE CAPITOL BAKERY.

IF you should happen to go to Washington during the war do not fail to see the bakery at the Capitol. It is a most interesting establishment of the public institutions. It certainly is not the least useful.

Remember that you enter it from the outside. A party of Loungers tried to find some inner door from within the upper floor, but it was impossible. So we went down the main steps, and turned in behind the little pond, which is kept in a marble case, and looked inquiringly at the door of what, in buildings not so grand as the Capitol, we should call the basement. A courteous somebody, in military garb, smiled and said, "Come in!" Then we advanced and found a most military somebody passed us over, with an amused air, to a serious civic and gentlemen who most kindly accompanied us through the bakery.

THE LOUNGER.

THE TONE OF WASHINGTON.

For the last few months it has been a proverb that to go to Washington is to be disheartened. There was a cheap wit current in the spring that the Government had not yet found out that there was a war. And the other evening, when the music and the dancing were in progress, a sad and gloomy man passed beneath the hall and declared that he should like to throw stones at the windows. There is no earnestness here, said a desponding friend to the Lounger, as they watched the officers exercising upon their horses or whirling in the waltz.

But of course in every war there are a thousand interests of the purest selfishness. There are all the contracts, the jobs, the chances of private enrichment. These are to be settled and secured at the capital. And therefore you see many sharks shoveling through society there. Then the gay young foreign officers of the staffs over the river, who take part in our war, not from any particular knowledge or conviction, but from the desire of military experience, from the love of adventure, bring with them all the military traditions of Europe, arm and equip themselves the skirt of war, and they frolic, and dance, and sing:

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Should we be melancholy boys,
Whose business 'tis to die?"

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It occupies the rooms which were the committee-rooms of Congress in the days when there was republican simplicity in the Capitol, and before we had borrowed, for the decoration of our public halls and passages, the gay arabesques of the Golden House of Nero, and the light dancers of Pompeii. Down the chief staircase which our historic men descended, there were planks laid, and barrels of flour were rolling from the storehouse above. Turning off into a side-passage, full of the delicious odor of newly-baked bread, we entered a small vaulted room. There were two huge ovens in it, each baking two barrel-loads at once. We were introduced, and we looked in upon the murky, hot, fragrant spectacle. Opposite the ovens, against the wall, were the huge troughs for the sponge," or flour ready for baking, looking already good enough to eat. The bakers, in their paper caps, were busily at work, looking up at us as we entered slowly. This was the room in which John Quincy Adams lay in state after his death.

The next was like it. There were the ovens, and the troughs, and the busy bakers, and every where the sweet smell and the high heat of bread. There are fourteen ovens, that bake two hundred loaves apiece. Six or seven times, that makes nearly hundred spices. They use two hundred and fifty barrels of flour daily; nineteen hundred gallons of yeast; and fifty thousand pounds of bread are daily baked. They are turned out usually in sheets of fifteen loaves, and cost a trifle more of bread, weighing, I think, twelve ounces. In one of the delivery rooms we saw three thousand loaves, rations for three regiments. An army was upon me before the window, and the agent was passing out the supply. In another room had a dozen men were making the yeast, washing and mixing in smoking barrels. Here, as every where, there was the utmost cleanliness, and the utmost haste. And the bread, the result of all this labor, is so good and palatable that you can not help wishing that the work and the feeding, in every Department of the Government, might be modeled upon those of the Capitol Bakery.

The ovens that bake the eight hundred loaves at once are upon the outside of the building, under the great steps. To look up from them, and see the rounded tops of the leaves, is like looking at a Rotterdam kraal or village with its mounded huts. And all the scenery connected with the Bakery whom we saw were so willing and intelligent, that again we were reminded afresh how much capital to the wise panorama before it, and all the public buildings: "Why, too, might not all the officers and agents of each department be under the roof of the ward, and the results, be modeled upon those of the Capitol Bakery?"

A WORD FOR JUSTICE

EVEN those who believe General Fremont to be incompetent to command, think he has been fairly treated. A case of asphyxia was intended. He was to be smothered. He had been recalled from Missouri, and came to New York. There he remained until the Committee upon the Conduct of the War summoned him to Washington. He went, and gave his testimony. It was not published, and the Committee were understood to think it inexpedient to report. Meanwhile a Department of the United States Army, recalled under a cloud of injurious rumors, holding his tongue with a reticution that no American citizen has ever before related, remains without cates, the object of obloquy, until at length the impatience of mind upon the public mind that he is so utterly incapable that the authorities, from regard to him and to his previous public services, have not dismissed him, and so suffer him to disappear from our history in dumb disgrace.

When the late Secretary Cameron and Adjutant-General Thomas returned from the West, the letter published in the indictment against General Fremont, while that officer was still in command of his department. The then Secretary of War authorized the responsibility of the publication. The removal of General Fremont followed. He has now made his defense, and the Committee have believed to think it inexpedient to publish it. There are, therefore, but three courses for the General to pursue. He may remain absolutely silent, leaving a blasted name to his country and his children, he may publish his statement; or he may call a Court of Inquiry.

The first course no honorable man could demand of him. The third is attended with many inconveniences and delays at a moment when time is invaluable. The second is the manifest course. It owes to his friends and to himself. It makes the people his jury. He throws himself literally upon his country. If the statements which he has made calmly. It must be made, not as the mendicant of any discomfited faction, but simply as his own justification. There he may leave it. Then, if he receives no orders, he may retire quietly to Mariposa, conscious that he has done all that his country may now see whether or not he served her wisely so long as he served at all; and, resolved that no wrong of his own, by any means he, shall result in injury to his country.

Every fair, frank man will see the justice of this course. If, indeed, a trial could be had at once, it would be better, as seeming to be more impartial, that his defenses should be adjudged by a Court. But the most important witnesses could not leave their duty to appear, and the country can not come to trial until the war were well over. General Thomas, with the consent of Secretary Cameron, recalled General Fremont before the country. Why should he not reply to the country?

POPULAR FAITH.

THE youth of the nation shows itself in nothing more than in its ready faith. And it is a most cheering and hopeful sign; for a cold, critical, skeptical people is always in danger.

The latest illustration of our ready faith is our enthusiastic welcome to the new Secretary of War. Suddenly Secretary Cameron was removed and Mr. Edwin M. Stanton was called to his place. "Mr. Stanton! Mr. Stanton!" exclaims the public, "who on earth is Mr. Stanton? What is he? What is he likely to do?" The reply came that he had been Mr. Buchanan's last Attorney-General, and that he was a good Union man, and that "things would very go ahead" at once. "Very good, but will they?" cried the dear old public: "hurrah for Stanton!" And there is the profoundest popular conviction that we have entered a new phase in the right place.

There is the same unquestioning faith in General M'Clellan. He modestly says that he has yet to win his laurels, but we insist upon piling whole Parnassus upon his head. Commander-in-chief until the war began, there was a sudden series of rushing victories in Western Virginia—victories, indeed, but unmarked by the full results that, overfull, in whom we had the fullest faith, was unfortunate at Bull Run. Who else in the world, then, could fill his place? Then when General Scott who doubtless saved us last March, and in whom we had the fullest confidence, was retired forward Manassas. It was "a sure thing," as the newsboys say. For that reason also the revulsion consequent upon the defeat was so great. General Scott was practically described as a leader; but the popular faith was implicit in the man who could be found, and it poured itself as lavishly upon his successor as it had upon himself.

That faith is the surest sign of hope for the future. If this man does not answer, why, that man is the very man. If he fails, why, this other is the man we have been looking for. It shows an indomitable spirit. It shows that every man will have the fullest and the fairest chance. If General Fremont, who seems the victim of unfair treatment, should ever charge it upon the people of the country. They are ready to do him the justice that they mete to all others. And even if their judgment is erroneous, they will be ready to do him justice again. We do not slay our generals because they are unfortunate.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SAWNEY and Jock were in a feeding down lately, a man from the country applied to a respectable lawyer for advice. After detailing the circumstances of his case, he was asked if he had stated the facts exactly as they occurred. "Why, sir," replied the countryman, "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth; you can pit the lies till after."

A gentleman passing by a country church while undercreak, observed to one of the workmen that he thought it would be an expensive job. "Yes, sir," replied he, "and I think we shall screenest what our worthy minister has been preaching about, that is, making a spire out of repentance."

"My brother," said a waggish darkey to a crowd, "in all affliction, in all on your troubles, for's use place you can always find friends and de Lord." "Yes," replied several of his auditors, "in dadversity" he replied. "Dat's what I mean—dadversity."

A TOAST.—At an agricultural dinner the following toast was given: "The game of fortune—shuffle the cards as you will, nigbors will cut for deal."

"My dear boy," said a country schoolmaster to a promising scholar, whose quarter was up, "does your father intend to make a gentleman of you, or will you follow one of a profession, the stroll and narrow way of the industrious?" "Please, sir," replied the youth, "I'm going to be a "No, Zor," replied the prodigy: "dad says he's going to put me to work in the Custom House."

A squad of Indiana volunteers out scouting came across a party of Secessionists, and commenced firing. The consolations one of them asked her: "Well, did you run?" "No," replied the other, "I stood my ground." "Did you fight?" "No." "What are you, then?" "A Hoosier, and proud of it."

The following is a copy of the list of questions proposed for discussion in a debating club out West: "Suppose a person, having a wooden leg, should set fire to a stiff of thirteen works commendable? Is it necessary that female politicians should wear petticoats? Should the ladies attack parts in politics? Does dress constitute the merit parts of a man?"

Mr. Rock, the comedian, once advised a score-shifter to go into subscription-bill business. Some time after, a day after he desired the man to show him the list of names, which he said he would put down for a hundred. "Here's some surprise, said, "Why, Mr. Rock, won't you give me a hundred?" "No, sir," replied the old Rock; "why, sounds, man, didn't I give you the bill?"

There is a roll-call that would break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit on.

Those only are fit for solitude who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.

A hermit is one who has been informed by his brother that considerable property had fallen to the family, and asked a hasty dispatch to the news, he replies, "You let me out, and I'll take care of it," was the reply.

LITTLE BOY. "What's the use of an eclipse?" ARISTOCRAT. "Oh, it gives the sun time for reflection."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, January 28, in the Senate, a petition in favor of the restoration of the warehousing system was presented by Senator Pomeroy. Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, asking Congress not to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia, and asking for the expulsion of members who advocate it, was presented by Senator Sumner. The petition also asks that the title of Genera the Western Department, and that his thanks to the Western Department, and that his thanks to the Western Army, be tendered to him. A resolution was offered by Senator Foster, of Connecticut, and adopted, asking the Secretary of War the Navy whether any further legislation is necessary in order that the Government may obtain the bands of South Carolina, now in possession of the Government, and to prevent the further diversion of the negroes to the ranks in these localities. A bill to define the pay and emoluments of certain officers of the army was introduced by Senator Wilson, and referred. A bill to provide for the revision and consolidation of the statutes of the United States, was introduced by Senator Sumner, and referred. The bill to authorize the President to take possession of certain railroads and telegraph lines, was taken up, and debated at considerable length.—In the House, on Wednesday, the Committee on Military and Legislative Affairs was discharged from the consideration of the bill, but after some discussion it was referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs. The bill to amend the Neutrality Laws, and for the punishment of fitting out, arming, and equipping, of vessels in the United States, was discussed, and, after considerable debate, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The bill to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy throughout the United States was reported by Senator Conkling, of New York, and referred to the Special Committee on that subject.

On Wednesday, 29th, in the Senate, Mr. John B. Henderson, Senator from Missouri, in place of Mr. Bates, who retired Trusten Polk, was qualified and took his seat. The resolution relative to the arming of the slaves held within Alabama and Virginia was referred. The joint resolution to amend the Constitution so as to prohibit the existence of Slavery in the United States, and to the suppression of the rebellion was passed. The consideration of the resolution requesting the President to inform the Senate whether Ross Winans found, and a lively debate ensued, which continued until the hour for the new executive session arrived. In the House, the bill making the usual appropriation for the support of the Government for the current year, after the Government was passed, with an amendment that nothing in the act shall prevent hereafter a reduction of salaries, and that mileage shall be allowed to Congressmen for each session, and not for each year. The bill authorizing the President to take possession of railroads and telegraph lines in certain cases was passed by a vote of 113 against 18. In Committee of the Whole the Demand Treasury Note bill was taken up, and Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, reported on the subject. At the conclusion of his remarks the Army bill was taken up, and Mr. Conkling, of New York, spoke in favor of the bill. The general movement of the Union armies.

On Thursday, 30th, in the Senate, petitions in favor of the general emancipation of Slaves in the United States were presented and referred. Resolutions were adopted calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for information relative to foreign ports to take the oath of allegiance. The bill to authorize the President to call into the management of the army hospitals, and report what legislation is necessary to correct any evils now existing therein. A bill providing for the construction of a military railroad from Washington to the Potomac reported. For consideration of the resolution regarding the expulsion of Senators who sympathize with the rebellion, but as the hour had not spoke on the subject.—In the House, the bill to provide for the payment of the Treasury notes, making a full legal tender, was taken up, and passed by a vote of 93 to 42. On consideration of the Army Bill, Mr. Cox, of Ohio, moved to strike out the Whole, Mr. Cox, of Ohio, replied to the remarks of Mr. Gurley upon the conduct of the war, and upon the policy of the Administration in the late General M'Clellan. The House then passed the Army Appropriation bill, and adjourned over until Monday.

On Friday, 31st, in the Senate, the bill relating the issue of Treasury notes was passed. The bill prohibiting American citizens from engaging in the Coolie trade was passed. The report of the Committee on Commerce on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was accepted. The Senate then went into Executive session, appropriating thirty-five thousand dollars for the compensation of certain officials at the London World's Fair. It was discussed, and rejected by a vote of 17 yeas against 18 nays. The consideration of the resolution relative to the expulsion of Senator Bright was then resumed, and Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, addressed the Senate in favor of the resolution. The consideration of the Treasury Note bill was postponed. The Indian and Post-office Appropriation bills were passed.—In the House, the bill Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill passed. The Committee on Commerce reported a bill providing for the appointment of prohibiting the importation of ale unless the Coolie emigration system of China be abolished. It is quite into the expediency of placing contracts for army and navy supplies, during the war, under the civil and not the control of military law, or the rules and articles for the government of the army and navy of the United States, and inflicting penalties upon the violation of the same. The Army bill, Mr. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, delivered a speech complaining of the manner in which the war is conducted.

On Saturday, February 1, in the Senate, a petition was presented from citizens of New York and Pennsylvania, praying for the emancipation of Slaves. The secondal Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States; and Senator Chandler offered a resolution, which was laid over under the rules, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to enter the expediency of immediately notifying Great Britain that the Reciprocity Treaty is not reciprocal, and will be terminated at the earliest possible moment. Senator Chandler presented a petition from the Board of Trustees of Michigan reaffirming loyalty to the Government and to the war, and requesting the Government to "specify and put down the incendiaries"; also favoring the confiscation of the property of the rebels. The resolution, as to slavery is the cause of the war, it be swept from the land. Senator Herring presented a petition from the Legislature of New York asking a modification of the law for raising revenue by duties on imports, so that the duty shall be levied on any mode of taxation except duties on imports; that such duties be abolished, and that the tariff be reduced to the rate of 1846. Senator Collamer called the same attention to his own laws and by its own officers. Referred. The Senate held an executive session, and then adjourned over.—In the House, Mr. Lovejoy offered a resolution directing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to be in order to report concerning the statement that five Illinois regiments had been sent to Kansas to vote at the election. The bill in carrying on the war on the platform of the abolitionists. The Army Appropriation bill was then taken up, and the Senate amendments were agreed to. The amendment of volunteer corps formed Home Guards, gave rise to a long discussion, which was not before finished, and when the amendment was rejected by a vote of 56 against 86. Amendments were then offered to the bill, and then recommitted, and Mr. Valandigham, of Ohio, and Mr. Roger, of Kentucky, made speeches on the subject.

THE LATEST FROM HATTERAS.

The steamer Ariel arrived at Fortress Monroe on Wednesday, 29th, from Hatteras Inlet, bringing the following intelligence: The Burnside expedition left Hampton Roads on the 12th inst., and reached Hatteras Inlet on the 13th. The Stars and Stripes were hoisted at Fort Hatteras at 11 A.M. on the 14th inst., and at 1 P.M. the Burnside fleet was all safely anchored in the harbor. The Burnside fleet was making an attack as to poise, the bombs preceding the fleet. The bombardment was progressing up to Core Sound to reach Fort Macon, at Beaufort, by the Burnside fleet. Core Sound is twelve miles in rear of the troops there. If the theory be correct the Burnside fleet will be now in Core Sound.

FORT PULASKI SURROUNDED.

It appears by dispatches received by the Richmond papers from Savannah, that the naval expedition from Port Royal, under Commodore Dupont and General Sherman, has succeeded in getting to the rear of Fort Pulaski, on Cockspur Island, in the Savannah River, and that all connection between the fort and the city of Savannah. In order to prevent the garrison from escaping, the expedient to have got behind Fort Pulaski, while others state that it is not true, but only got to the north end of Tybee Island, which they shelled in passing. Commodore Tattnall's relief fleet was said to be at Thunderbolt when the Union vessels made their appearance, but they immediately pushed on to Savannah.

By later dispatches from Savannah it appears that a fleet of small vessels laden with provisions, and commanded by the rebel Commodore Tattnall, was on its way to supply Fort Pulaski when our fleet opened fire on them, and after an exchange of forty minutes the rebel vessels were beaten and returned toward Savannah.

MOVEMENTS IN MISSOURI.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the rebels are steadily and resolutely pushing the war footing in Missouri are making some progress in their efforts to reorganize. General Davis is reported to be marching to join General Curtis, having arrived as far as Versailles, Morgan County, on the Missouri River. At Jefferson City, capital, while General Prentiss is also en route for that place. The rebels in Southwest Price remains still in Springfield, but another terrible battle is expected to take place, unless the rebels retreat before the advancing column of the Union Generals reach there.

AFTER THE "SUBTLE."

The Government is actively engaged in forwarding which has just arrived at the port of Charleston, and which has been ordered to the port for protection to Gibraltar. Four steamers and the gunboat Tuscarora, were sent to the Bermudas in search of the rebel cruiser, but returned to the South, New Hampshire, for the same duty. The career of the rebel steamer grows still, therefore, probably be very soon brought to a close.

PRIVATEERSMEN CONSIDERED PRISONERS OF WAR.

In pursuance of the orders of the State Department respecting privateersmen, the United States Marshal has removed Captain Baker and nineteen of the crew of the Savannah Steamer from the City Prison to Fort Lafayette. Under the same order ten of the crews of the privateer Jefferson Davis, who were sent to the Tombs at Smithfield, all, under the recent instructions of the Government, being treated as prisoners of war.

REBEL SUFFERINGS

The Day Book of the 30th contains a long editorial appeal in behalf of the people of Hampton. It says: We are informed that the Rebel Secession rulers are now preparing for want of many essential articles of comfort and luxury, and that they will be unable to keep the families suffering privations which none of them had ever seen before. The Day Book urges the people of Virginia to come forward in this time of need, and supply them with the articles which they now so exceedingly need.

REBEL WAILINGS.

The quartette of traitors, the Cobb brothers, Toombs, and Stephens, who recently published an address to the people of Georgia, in which they enumerate the progress of the rebellion, and the success which has attended them in the slaughter work. They say: "Our enemy has exhausted his resources, while the harvest of our bringing forth abundantly. Our enemy has failed in his efforts, and relied an army which, in numbers and discipline, is superior to his own. Our foreign relations will be made in early spring to crush us with a gigantic force, and all his efforts combined to crush us with a gigantic force." Why is it whatever alacrity our people may rush to arms, and however energetic may our Government be in its resources, we can not expect to cope with our enemy either in the number of troops, or in discipline, or in the means against those odds we must look to desperate courage, unbending resolution, and universal activity. Let the word be command "rapid aggressive action, and make our enemies feel the weight of battle, the horrors of war brought to them themselves. They view their soldiers by calling upon Providence to help, asking them to do it. They admit, at the same time, that the prospect of foreign recognition of the Southern Confederacy is a remote one.

PERSONAL.

General Halleck has seized the Governor Claiborne F. Jackson's hemp plantation in Saline County, Missouri, for military purposes.

EX-Senator Fish and Bishop Ames, the Commissioners appointed by the Rebel rulers to visit the North and the South, have completed their arrangements and have started on their mission.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE REPLY TO SOUTHERN SURRENDER.

LORD RUSSELL has sent a dispatch to Lord Lyons on the subject of the Trent affair.

Her Majesty's Government having carefully taken into their consideration the case of the Trent, and also the delivery of them into your hands, and the explanations to which it has given rise, have arrived, have arrived at the conclusion that they constitute the reparation which her Majesty and her Government have a right to expect.

It is given her Majesty's Government great satisfaction to be enabled by the course at a conclusion to the maintenance of the most friendly relations between the two countries. The law officers of the Crown concur in the opinion expressed in this dispatch. We need say to be derived from the explanations which have been given.

In respect of which, Mr. Seward has relied upon, and by the discussions which Mr. Seward has relied upon the law officers of the Crown concur in the opinion expressed in this dispatch of the 30th of November. I there objected, on the part of her Majesty's Government, to the course which Wilkes had done. Mr. Seward, in his answer, points out that Wilkes was not bound to know that the Trent was not violating the law of nations.

It is on this account that I should here discuss in detail the five questions duly argued by the Secretary of State, which, consequently, are not to be found in her Majesty's Government differ from Mr. Seward in some of the conclusions at which he has arrived, but there is not any better understanding between the two nations on several points of international law which have arisen during the present civil war between the United States of America, than I should state to you, for communication to the Government of the United States, instead of which I have to do so in a few days.

In the mean time it will be desirable that the commanders of the United States cruisers should be instructed to act upon the principles for which Her Majesty's Government have to ask for redress, and which the United States Government can not refuse to admit.

A SPEECH BY MR. GLADSTONE.

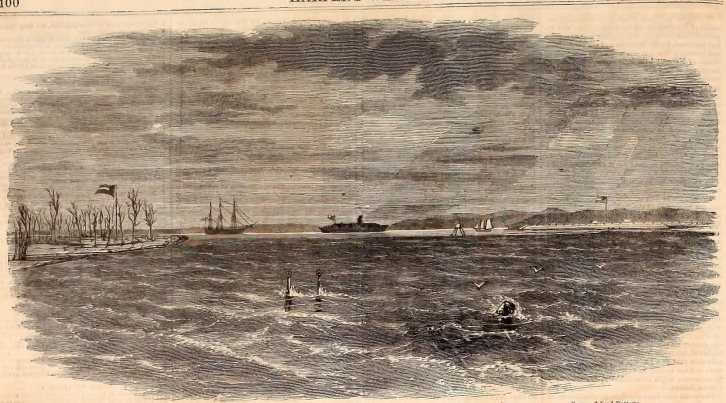
Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has made a speech at Manchester, in which he seems very anxious to allay the war fever which had been so industriously fomented by the press and the speeches of many members of Parliament. He expressed himself very jealous of our commercial progress, and alludes in terms of high praise to the industrial development of the State of Wales when in the country. He also hinted very plainly that the commercial prosperity which has increased by England's war movement toward North America.

MORE MILITARY PREPARATI NS.

England is also preparing with her usual activity for an immense naval and military display in North America. Thirty-three thousand troops are ordered to be shipped at Woolwich, on the 11th inst., for Canada, and a number of transports were to be ready in order to convey them. Steamers were also ordered to be in readiness for conveying a million of Minie rifles and ammunition. Orders were also issued recommended Admiral Sir R. Dacres, as the Prize Agent, to be Admiral Milne at Halifax.

RECEPTION OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

Lengthy articles in the press calling on the people not to accord any public reception to Mason and Slidell, the rebel envoys. The Morning Post was extreme in its views, while the London Herald, the organ of the Opposition, advocated a course of action which would prevent the rebels the success, in order to induce them acceptable to the people of the two countries.



THE IRON-CLAD FRIGATE "MERRIMAC," AND SLOOP OF WAR "GERMANTOWN," OFF CRANEY ISLAND.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

THE "MERRIMAC" COMING OUT.

OUR special correspondent at Fortress Monroe has lately had an opportunity of visiting Craney Island, and has sent us the sketch which we reproduce above. It represents the *Merrimac* and *Germantown*, both vessels stolen from our navy by the rebels, afloat and at anchor off Craney Island, and ready for an excursion toward Fortress Monroe and Newport News. It will be remembered that some weeks since we published a picture of the *Merrimac* in her new appearance, from a sketch drawn by a mechanic on board. It will be seen that her cut and rig are precisely what we depicted. She is understood to be iron-clad, and to be armed with ten ten-inch rifled guns. The *Germantown* carries twenty guns. Great preparations are said to be in progress at Fortress Monroe to sink both of them if they venture out.

We likewise publish below a picture of the BATTERY AT NEWPORT NEWS, which these ships would have to encounter if they try to come out. Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. J. Kruse, Company K, New York First Volunteers. The battery is a powerful one, and reflects credit on the Vermont volunteers who originally commenced its construction.

A letter in the *Herald* says:

The latest intelligence we have from Sewall's, by way of a flag of truce, is that an iron-clad vessel is lying off Craney Island, evidently awaiting an opportunity to slip her cable, and either put to sea or else engage our vessels in the harbor. Great activity is observed by our fleet in the harbor, and should this rebel craft be so intrepid as to undertake so hazardous an expedition, she will find a warm reception. For the information of the rebels I will state that we have upward of two hundred guns on the shipping in the harbor, and about as many more on the parapets and water-battery of Fortress Monroe, which will play an unimportant role in such an engagement. The batteries on Sewall's Point are also worthy of due consideration, and if the rebel craft should even reach this place she will be compelled to come between the Rip Raps and the fort, and then pass four first-class United States war vessels. General Mansfield received notice a day or two ago to be on the qui vive for an attack. The veteran General, of course, had his division in apple-pie order, and was prepared to give the enemy a cordial welcome of grape and canister.

We read in the *Commercial Advertiser*:

The naval officers at this station have trustworthy information that the *Merrimac* is actually ready for service. The sloop-of-war *Plymouth* is at Craney Island, and the rebels are removing obstructions in the Elizabeth River, so that the *Merrimac* to come down and go up to Newport News to engage the *Cumberland* and *Congress*, now stationed there. When the *Merrimac* comes out the Yorktown will come down the James River. It will be a tough engagement. The *Merrimac* mounts ten 100-pounders of the Armstrong pattern. The *Plymouth* mounts fourteen 9-inch navy guns. She will be assisted by a fleet of small boats, each armed with rifled guns.

We are ready for them. The ships here on our side are the *Minnesota*, 44; *Roanoke*, 44; *Jamestown*, 50; *Monticello*, 6; a bark, 6; and several tug-boats, each with rifled guns. At Newport News there are the *Congress*, 50; *Cumberland*, 24; and *Dawn*, 5.



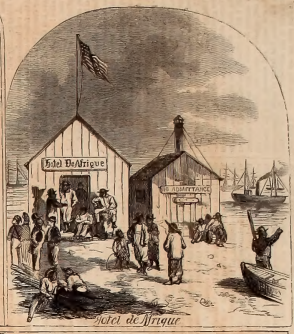
THE UNION BATTERY AT NEWPORT NEWS.—[SKETCHED BY MR. J. KRUSE, COMPANY K, FIRST REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.]



Wreck of the Louisa in Hatteras Inlet



Horses of Rhode Island Artillery disembarking.



Hotel de Afrique



Fort Hatteras. F. Clark in the distance

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION AT HATTERAS INLET.—Sketched by Mr. Angelo Weber.—[See Page 111.]

THE GREEN LIGHT.

"I CAN not say much in favor of the place, but such as it is it is heartily at your service. We never had visitors in America, we air that plentic and spare can tackle to most; and this cauld haa drove bigguns, kept books aboard a Ohio steamer, preached to a congregation in Wisconsin, and sold notions to Canada. But what you won't catch a New Englander doing is one while, is hair keeper of the Cape Hatteras light-house.

"Why so?" I asked, good-humoredly. "The situation is, no doubt, a little dull, and the salary is not high—"

"Six hundred and twenty-five dollars, fifty cents, and a liberal allowance for wood and oil; not so bad, mother, for light mystery," parenthetically remarked the clerk.

"But still," I went on, "there are advantages in the situation. It is not an unhealthy spot. It is cheap and quiet, and as for temptation to expense—"

"Ax for them, mister, Robinson Crusoe was a Broadway lounger compared with what you'll be. Reckon that's a bottom to a tub-gun to a tin-pot world when you come to reckon him with the keeper of that light-house."

I had come to America with high hopes, and those hopes had been lamentably baffled. The fortune I was to have made with brush and pallet, and the fame to overcor than brush and pallet before me like a mocking will-o'-the-wisp. I was actually poorer than when I landed on the shore before, at New York. And this was why, after setting up as a portrait painter in Philadelphia, or a historical painter in Boston, as a gardener of allegory in Cincinnati, I was finally reduced to solicit the place of keeper on a wretched sandy islet off the coast of North Carolina.

I had one special reason for asking and accepting the unpromising berth—a reason which I did not trouble the clerk, and which I had not even imparted to the mariner. My art, or my genius, my inclination, it was toward painting of sea-views and ships; but as yet I had been dissatisfied with the result of my efforts. The calm sea was always in my eyes, at least—and the treatment so conventional. I did not long forget for a favorable opportunity of striking down before the storm, studying every wrinkle and line in Neptune's stormy face, and taking the portrait of the sea in every mood from calm to frenzy. Here was a capital chance. The keeper of a light-house would be alone with Nature; no billiards, no gossip, nothing to call off his attention; and perhaps after a summer's study I might contrive to produce something that would sell well in London. Longer than half a year no sea I never dreamed of retaining the employment.

One fortnight afterward I hired a boat and two duly waited across to my new residence. It had been established, I was to receive stores at quarterly intervals. Two barrels of pickled-pork, with a cask of flour, some bags of biscuit and corn, a keg of whisky, and some groceries, were in my mood from calm to frenzy. Here was a capital chance. The keeper of a light-house would be alone with Nature; no billiards, no gossip, nothing to call off his attention; and perhaps after a summer's study I might contrive to produce something that would sell well in London. Longer than half a year no sea I never dreamed of retaining the employment.

One fortnight afterward I hired a boat and two duly waited across to my new residence. It had been established, I was to receive stores at quarterly intervals. Two barrels of pickled-pork, with a cask of flour, some bags of biscuit and corn, a keg of whisky, and some groceries, were in my boat. With me went also a sturdy black lad, whose gaggle eyes rolled in wonder at the unaccustomed scene behind; and a long, lean negress, the grandmother of the boy, a woman with an excellent character for cooking and scouring. These colored persons were slaves.

There was a light breeze, and, as the boat sails filled pleasantly, we flew along, at a swift pace through the little sparkling waves. The whole bay, from its more angry gales and tempests, lies sers by the natural break-water of the sandy islands, reminded me of the lagoons of Venice, and the blazing blue sky overhead was distinctly Italian.

Recently we got to the little quay, whose slimy and weather-beaten piles were deeply imbedded in the sand, and above which rose the gaunt white tower of the light-house. Here, moreover, having taken a glance at the lantern and filled the lamps with oil, I walked out at the half-open door, and mounted to the beach. The prospect was a wide one, but monotonous. Sea and sand, sea and sand, as far as the eye could range from north to south, from east to west—nothing but sea and sand.

"Hallos, thay! Air yee the new light-house keeper?" I hailed a deep voice among the sand-hills.

I wheeled round. Behind me, on the summit of a mound, stood a very tall, muscular man, young, in a checked frock of Osnaburg cloth, sea-boots, and a battered straw-hat. He had a gun in his hand, and a sea-pouch by his side, and his eyes so nearly full of recently shot birds of the sand-piper class. A red handkerchief was tied rather loosely around the fellow's sunburned neck, and he was altogether dressed in a careless, picturesque fashion that gave him the wild aspect of a buccaneer.

"Rollos. Can't yew answer?" thundered the deep voice.

I replied that I was the light-house keeper; but but just arrived from the main land, and was very much at his service.

"Then I guess we're neighbors?" said the sportsman, as he advanced and extended me his hand of friendship. A strong big hand-shake it was, too, and the squeeze that I received brought tears into my eyes. After this salutation the stranger took me on the stock of his piece and scanned me from head to foot, and back again, very slowly and deliberately. "I heerd there was to be a new man," he observed the giant, "and my father, old Daddy Brown, of Fruit Creek—by-name Jabez—but a real stranger, at your call—Daddy Brown said, if I tumbled across you, and liked the looks of you, why, I were to be a'most welcome to a share at your bidding any day you stroll Fruit Creek way."

After growling out this hospitable message, Asphet Brown stared again, as if to make quite sure that he really did like "the looks of me." For myself, I felt an inward conviction that I did not much admire the looks of my new acquaintance. I did not, somehow, trust his face. It was not that he was rough and uncouth, that his shaggy black hair hung like layers of table fringe under the torn rim of his sou'wester, or that his boots were daubed with tar and fish scales. I had seen sterling good fellows in still rufter guise, and had knocked about the world too long to despite the tattered hand-grasp of an honest man. But Japhet's face expressed at the best but a ferocious good-humor; the features were heavy and lowering, the black eyes were restless and cunning, and the half-carless smile on the mouth had a leering, sinister mingling with its effrontery. I did not like the man, but I took good care to show no collision of sentiments. So I took Japhet Brown into my dwelling, opened my little store of cordials, and regaled him with a glass of genuine old rum—the liquor luxuries which he appreciated the more because of their contrast to drams of raw spirit and sweet tincture. I was Japhet's caterer, for the time at least, and it was with unfeigned heartiness that he clapped me on the shoulder at parting, and gave me a hearty invitation.

"Come when yew please, chap. There's always a bed of sand and a bottle of rum-and-water for yew lappen in at dinner-time on Sabbath yew'll be welcome." My mother she can fix a right clever mess of sand-crabs, and a bit of fish to Raleigh city. The gals—them's my sisters—be right pretty very ones, and a man with them would do yew good, stranger, when you get the lonesomes upon you." So saying, Japhet turned on his heel, and left me to my solitude once again.

Nothing worth mention occurred during the remainder of the afternoon. When dusk came creeping over the low shores, and a deepening shadow upon the inland waters, I went up to the top of the lossy purple of a starling's breast, then to violet. I went up the ladder to light my beacon for the first time. It was not without a certain amount of nervous tremor that I trimmed the wicks, adjusted the reflectors, and lighted the lamps. I had read over my printed instructions once again before I executed my task. I held my breath, and felt tinctured with superstition. Here I was, at the time the great importance of my duties flashed upon me. I was about to perform a solemn act, that had relations the eyes of the storm-tossed mariner, in the direct extremity of his battle with the elements, a merry turn for the sailor's social comfort. What mischief might not be caused by negligence, however arising, and what a post of trust was mine, as the link in a sentinel chain! I was a watchman, watchful for human lives!

Flash! the lamps and the whole forth far to the north. I saw the distant glimmer overwhelling mounds of and and the darkling surges. A white sail! That was not a false alarm. Other lights were posting the sentries, then—the entries against wreck and calamity. I was fairly at work.

The signal. So I lighted up my two lamps. A red light and a green. They had not twinkled for more than five minutes when I fancied I perceived like a blood-red star over the waves to the southward. A red light. The Fruit Creek light-vessel. I remained for some time in the glazed apartment which forms the upper story of all light-houses, gazing and musing, while fold of a command upon the moon of the wind. I did not feel so lonely, somehow, while looking toward those distant gleams, and with each minute I felt a stronger sympathy and good-will toward our race.

My own official work was light. I can well imagine that to an uneducated man the lack of continued occupation would have been maddening. After all, to furnish a brace of lamps regularly, to trim, fill, and kindle two lamps made but scanty demands upon my time. The rest was companionless, sobriety, and punctuality, but no very great industry.

For some time I saw but little of my neighbors, the islanders. Curiosity brought me several visits from Japhet Brown, and from some sojourn, but although I made a point of receiving their calls as urbanely as possible, no particular sympathy could exist between them and myself. They felt that they were rude of speech and boisterous of manners; nor was it hard to found myself the only educated person within miles. Besides, the other aborigines had in their demeanor, for the most part, something of the sullenness of race unencouraged confidence. They seemed sly, with all their uncouthness, and they would now and then exchange a few words in a tongue that I took to be Creek.

I shall never forget the first visit I paid to the Brown family. Fruit Creek was a long and deep though narrow inlet, which terminated in a shelving beach of sand, and was shut out from the sea by whale boats and skiffs rested, like fish out of water. The village was named in consequence of the creek of a West Indian vessel, laden with pines and shaddocks, near the spot where Daddy Brown had established his long island home, and built his earliest hut. There were several huts within sight, but Mr. Brown's was by far the best and largest of the number, its window-panes unbroken, its roof new, and it possessed a tolerable garden, fenced from the sandy waste by a hedge of the prickly Spanish palm. The inside of the house was even more comfortable than the exterior promised. The floor was covered with matting, and a few fine mats that I should not leave them before supper, I had an opportunity of seeing how they fared in general.

Daddy Brown himself was a hale old fellow, tall, with locks as white as the sea-foam, which his thick sooty eyes were as keen as a hawk's, and evinced a spirit and energy that were very extraordinary. He used to like the old man, he talked so well and glibly. He alone of the family group had been a traveller, he had been to Cuba, he had been a mate of a vessel, and had coasted repeatedly along the Atlantic sea-board, from Vera Cruz to Halifax. There were three sons, of whom Japhet was the eldest, and three daughters, all tall and well made, with dark eyes and raven hair. Japhet, like Daddy Brown, on the other hand, was a soft little woman, with rather a timid look in her round blue eyes, and a look of subjection to her husband and children. She was a notable housekeeper, and had the Northern love for the tea-kettle and cleanliness. The floor was exquisitely clean, and the copper and tin upon the kitchen-shelves shone brilliantly. The family received me hospitably enough. The young men eyed my thews and sinews with undisguised scorn, and half-jestingly challenged me to "wrastle a fall" with Seth or Symmachus, observing that Japhet was too big to make the match fair as one.

"Too dark! too dark!" cried old Daddy Brown. "Come to supper, boys and gals. The old woman's past lit up."

The lamps which Mrs. Brown had just "lit up" were those very ugly constructions of tin and metal, the work of some Yankee pewterer, which hold a great deal of oil, and gave a blaze of yellow light. The cloth was laid on the whalebowed table, and on it smoked a profusion of hot viands, flanked by all sorts of bottles and stone jars. The plates were of common delf, but the drinking vessels were most various. Thus, Daddy Brown had a silver tankard; Japhet a tall glass; the girls had cups; and the rest of the party china mugs. I was still more surprised to see that some of the forks were of massive silver, while others were two-pronged steel implements of the cheapest fabric. The bald scarcely sat down before a remarkable incident happened. I chanced, less through inquisitiveness than absence of mind, to be turning round the heavy chair which had been set for me when I descried some half-effaced armorial bearings on the handle. Before I could decipher them, however, Seth Brown, the youngest son, who sat near me, and who had watched me, suddenly thrust out his hand from the table, seized my chair-back, and tossed it across the table, growling out something about "a spy." I was really too much astonished to resent this rudeness, but Daddy Brown most coolly exclaimed in a harsh tone, "For shame, Seth, for shame, boy! Ask the stranger's pardon, or—" Daddy Brown did not finish the sentence, but his brows corrugated into an ugly frown, and he shook his head in a menacing manner. Seth cast back the fork with a very bad grace, muttering, "I meant no harm, I'm sure." The meal was odd, and another trivial circumstance happened soon after. One of the girls who sat near me, in a merry, tuneful voice, began a love-song, with a loud laugh and a nut-brown cheek, were a very pretty brooch, mounted in gold, and delicately executed in enamel. In Louis Philippe's time it happened to praise the beauty of this costly ornament, in the simple expectation that the owner until I hazarded the remark that "the workmanship was probably French. I never saw such a look in an honest face as that girl's.

"That's tellin's!" answered the girl, in a sharp voice.

"Phobe!" exclaimed her mother, in a deprecatory fashion. Her father gave out of his oily laugh. "Don't blame Phœbe," said he, "she's only chaned your town ways, Britisher. The grownup young things at Newbern are mighty close by, you may take your oath of it. And don't you be flustered by a parcel of gunpowder, whether French or Yankee."

I parted from the Browns cordially enough, but the more I thought of them the queerer they seemed. Were they smugglers? I speculated, knowing that of all the nets and money-hooked lines ostentatiously displayed around the premises, not one had a sharp whale-boats no other use than to carry Japhet and Seth to the banks where cod-fish and cat-fish, and salt and fresh water fish abound. The brooch, things to be seen in that house of Mr. Brown's which contrasted curiously with his own homely and clumsy furniture. Silk curtains to the windows, sewed, one or two arm chairs of frayed green, a beautiful Turkey carpet, and a sofa! I said with ivory, and, above all, a small but handsome mirror, whose richly carved and gilded frame I even with the coarsest prints that were hung up in the same wall. Very odd, all this. To be sure, I was no companion of the Browns, and that the Brown's sea-faring days, treasures picked up in the course of his wanderings. And yet—I doubted.

I stood a very little while in my confusion and doubts. An officer arrived suddenly, a lieutenant in the United States navy, who had been charged with the duty of inspecting all the light-houses on the Atlantic coast. He found nothing to blame at Fruit Creek.

"Your lamps and lantern are in perfect order, Mr. Halford," said the officer, "and you keep them splendidly," and your reflectors do you credit. I wish I had always the power to say as much, but there are a few Uncle Sam's light-houses hereabouts along the coast. No accident here in your time, sir?"

"Accident?" said I, rather perplexed.

"Ah, yes, it's best to call them by that name," said the lieutenant, with a look of deep commiseration for their frequency he breakers, especially in rough or foggy weather. Ships often mistake the lights for stars, and run on shore. Last-mail we wrecked people will fasten lanterns to horses, and keep moving about along the beach, to make poor wretches at sea. I see, Mr. Halford, by your face, that you are surprised. Briefly, then, there are wreckers on the coast, and a few years ago a vessel was driven on a few wrecks, on remote parts of the chain of sandy islets, has since been almost occurred in my own neighborhood. Day after day I have seen the boats of the wreckers engaged in salvage, and fighting their way bravely through the angry sea. Night after night my beacon lights answered the friendly blaze to north and south, and along the wave-lashed coast-line the signs of danger were absent, most to see. By this time I was in a comparatively sick of my employment. I had saved a little money. I had made many sketches, and had made myself over to the conviction that I had a fair of study and practice. And as I found my isolation tedious to the verge of madness, I applied to the authorities to inform them of my intention to resign, as soon as my successor should be ready to assume my duties.

On a blustering and dark autumnal day, when the clouds were driving fast across the threatening sky, and the waves rolled in with a hoarse murmur, I suddenly came, in the course of a lonely ramble along the inland shore, upon Japhet. There were standing in a little hollow between two hillocks of loose sand, gazing out earnestly to seaward, the eyes instinctively followed the direction of theirs, and I saw a large ship under double-reefed topsails, with her mizzen-mast gone, foundering along the coast line, with her bows turned southward. The wind was unfavorable to her, and she had much ado to make very slow progress indeed, by dint of incessant tacks. No time was to be lost, unless not striking, as my forebears did anciently, on the rocks, and conveyed in loud, unguarded tones. "There she goes on the larboard tack again. At that rate she'll never weather Cape Hatteras, and never make ten cables' length of way," said the younger and taller of the two.

"She could fetch Ocracoke inlet, with the wind where it is, and like to freshen," observed the other, in an oily, insinuating voice which I recognized as that of Daddy Brown; "I guess her skipper don't know this coast. The fool's sure to hung somewhere, soon or late."

"A good job if she came ashore within our bounds!" continued the younger who was no other than Asphet Brown; "deep laden as she is, there'd be pickings worth a wet jacket. We should had a clutch at them, and no mistake for the—"

"Hush!" silently observed old Brown, who had just turned his head, and caught a glimpse of me: "hush! there's ears about."

Asphet colored, and looked very sullkly as I descended the sand-hill and wished him and his father "good-day." But Mr. Brown was very bland. "Glad to find you here, sir," he said blandly. "Here's been you these two months agone. Dirty weather!"

Our conversation was not a long one, and we soon parted. But, to my great surprise, when I got near home I heard some one panting after me, and up came Asphet at a run, "Mr. Halford," he gasped out, "says yew would do him proud if yew'd look in at Fruit Creek to-night. The gals have got a new dance from the Havannah and string 'em—and there's lots of neighbors comin'. Much more odd to yew than the dances and games, and a supper fit for the President. Will you come?"

Now if I had consulted my own inclinations I should have declined, but I was anxious to give no offense, and I knew that I could not afford gratuitously be attributed to the pride of superior station and acquirements, so I accepted.

"That's right," said Asphet, and Japhet, drawing a long breath: "I hate a fellow to be nasty proud, I do. Ah, yew and we might work well together, and yew'd make a better thing of it than the State salary, if yew only knew which side your treat was buttered."

"What do you mean?"

But Japhet turned on his heel with a horse-laugh, saying, in a loud voice,

"Never yew mind, reckoned yew've promised to come, and that's better at six. Don't be later nor the half past, chap!"

Off he went. I went home, and, as I turned my head in the act of mounting the sand-hill I saw the same ship still within a mile of the shore. The dusk was deepening fast into the obscurity of night, but I could see that she was making but slow progress, while there was every indication of a storm. I went up the hill, lighted and arranged my lamps with my accustomed care, and then sat down to read for a while. At half past five I made such slight alterations in my dress as were necessary, threw my Mackintosh cloak over my shoulders, and after a glance at the ship, which appeared to set out. I had never before left the lamps to burn in my absence.

I had a long and disagreeable walk to Fruit Creek; the wind had begun to moan and shriek, and every time the gusts dragged at my shoulders as if to hold me back, and my feet sank deep and among the sand-hills. It was very dark, and rain and sleet came driving before the wind. Here my weary tramp along the desolate shore, I thought that Daddy Brown's house, with a ruddy radiance streaming from its windows, and its round-cheeked, smart crowded with men, matrons, girls, and strippings, promised a cheerful scene. There was an abundance of fun, laughter, and hearty mirth at this "frolic." An endless country dance was followed by a set of couples, with an adagio accompaniment of stamping and clapping of hands; then came a reel, which was led off by the slipper and blindman-s-buff, were played. At another time I should have watched the scene with keen interest; but my spirits were jaded, and my spirits were low, and my heart was heavy within me. Something like a foreboding weighed me down, in spite of all my efforts to shake off the load of sluggishness. I could not, however, be rude at Daddy Brown received very glad to see me, and as Seth and Symmachus, the younger sons, "Ah, ha! you're late."

"The boys are all right," said Daddy Brown, in answer to my inquiry; "they're out late; been over to the inlet after flocks. We'll have them after supper-time, Britisher."

I declined dancing, and for some time contented myself with the part of a spectator. But the fiddling, laughter, and loud talking jarred on my ears: I became more and more oppressed by the gloom that had clouded my mind, why, I knew not, and at last I could bear it no longer. Watching my opportunity, I slipped out unobserved, and set out on my lonely homeward walk.

About half-way between the light-house two men with their heads depressed, as they pushed their way against the wind and rain, came hurrying rapidly past, and crossed me without seeing me.

They were of much the height and build of Seth Brown and his brother; but what errand could possibly have taken them to the Cape, when their father had accounted so plausibly for their absence?

A vague, formless misgiving came to chill my heart with dread. What errand could have led those two young men to my desolate dwelling on a night of revelry? I set my teeth and strode on faster. Was that lightning, that red flash through the darkness to seaward? No. After a pause came the sullen boom of a cannon. Some ship in distress, no doubt, from some ship in peril. I pressed on. At last I could see the light-house, sending, as usual, its friendly and cheerful radiance far over the roaring sea. As usual? No, for my practiced eye soon detected a change. The new light burned alone; the green lamp was *gone!*

"Great Heaven!" I cried, aloud, "this is some dreadful accident, or else villains have been tampering with the lights,—those ruffians—the ship—the invitation—I see it!" With a groan I set off to run at my utmost speed, hoping to arrive in time to light the extinguished lamp before the doomed ship, whose signal I had heard, should be lured to her fate. For at a glance I had divined the heartless scheme of the wreckers. The red light burning alone would be taken for that on Cape Lookout, and the captain, utterly deceived, would seek an imaginary channel where the fatal sand-bars lay.

Before I got home, however, flash upon flash, boom after boom, told of the urgent danger, which the mariners had perceived when it was too late. Each report was nearer and nearer, and the vessel was driving fast toward the beach. Panting, I hurried to the house. Juba was asleep and snoring in a corner of the kitchen, and his mistress was rocking herself before the fire, crooning out some plantation ditty. Evidently the blacks knew nothing of what had been done. I ran to the glazed chamber, where the lamps stood. Hastily I relighted that which had been extinguished, and then approached the glass and looked out. For a while I saw nothing but the flashes of the minute-guns: but presently a broad and lurid glare arose, and I could see by the light of an enormous fire of tar-barrels and wood, which had been hastily piled upon the beach, that the vessel had already grounded. She had struck bows foremost, her upper spars and rigging had gone overboard, covering her deck with a tangled mass of ruin, the waves breaking furiously over her. Hard by I could see a number of men, their swart figures clearly defined in the blood-red light, bustling up and down the sands. They had lighted the fire—the wreckers. Without pausing to consider the possible consequences to myself, I hurried down the ladder, calling on Juba to follow me; and, rushing toward the beach, hoped that I might be in time to reach a helping hand to some of the poor perishing creatures. When I drew near I heard a great shout. The vessel had parted amidships. The whole sea, crimson with fire-light, was covered all over with floating beams, bales, boxes, fragments of wreck, and struggling human forms. The latter were but few, and their cries for help were disregarded by the greedy wretches on shore, who rushed, with loud shouts, waist-deep into the sea, to secure plunder. Chests, casks, and other prizes were hurriedly grasped, and rolled or dragged above the reach of the waves, while the wreckers encouraged each other in their unhallowed task. It was a hideous scene, but I was little of it, for my eye was suddenly lighted on something like a bundle of clothes, lashed to a bench of light cane-work, which was floating in an eddy hard by. The white bundle stirred as it was swept past, and the long golden hair of a child, and the pale pretty face of a child, were clearly visible in the crimson light. In an instant I was standing in the foaming water, which reached above my waist, and I had a firm grasp on the object that had attracted my notice. The undertow nearly bore me off my feet, and I staggered, but I held the child fast, cut the cord that fastened her to the bench, and bore her in my arms to the beach. A sweet face, innocent and beautiful, the face of a seraph! She was wet and cold, but fear had not benumbed her faculties, for she clung to my shoulder with one tiny hand, while with the other she pointed to the sea, and murmured in a weak voice, "Mamma! Please help! Oh pray, pray save mamma!"

Poor child! I looked on her with pity; no doubt was in my mind that her mother had perished in the disaster. The little girl—she could not have been above seven years old—pointed eagerly to a mass of wreck that turned and twirled in the eddy as it drifted past, and begged and prayed me passionately—"to help dear mamma."

The child was right: there *was* a human figure lashed to those spars, and the long brown hair and the streaming garments showed that the apparently lifeless form was a woman's. I laid the child lightly on the sand-bank, telling her not to be afraid, and throwing off my coat, plunged into the sea, and with great difficulty dragged the floating mass to shore. The little raft, hastily composed of a couple of studding-sail-booms and a hencoop, lashed together, had drifted far out before I reached it, and the strong current nearly sucked me out to sea as I swam back, panting and dripping wet; but I managed to drag the poor lady from the waves. She was quite insensible, her eyes were closed, and but for the very faintest action of the heart I should have thought life was extinct. A pale, delicately-moulded face, with some resemblance to that of the beautiful child, though the complexion and color of the hair were very dissimilar. The little girl put her arms round her mother's neck, and kissed her a hundred times.

I now began very seriously to consider how I should get the sufferer conveyed to safe shelter. To the wreckers I dared not appeal. Fortunately they had been too busy to notice what was going on at a distance of fifty paces, and if they had seen me at all they probably took me for one of the gang. But I dared not call to them for help. They wanted no living witnesses of their misdeeds, no living claimants of the property which they were lawlessly appropriating.

As I swam back with my second prize my face had been toward the wreck, and I had distinctly seen two human heads rise above the broken water, and two eager, gasping human faces, and the outstretched hands of two half-drowned men. Both were barebacked and drenched with salt-water, but by the momentary glimpse I caught of them I should have said that the one was a seaman, the other, who wore a dark mustache, a gentleman. They held out their hands, and cried for aid, but none came. Only a tall man, whose face I did not see, but whose figure was like that of Japhet Brown, rapidised them with a boat-hook he carried, and pushed them back into the deep water, amidst the jeers and yells of the wretches on shore. And so they sank, murdered for the sake of gain. I felt that my own life hung on a thread. If any wrecker espied me, the villains would not hesitate at another crime. But how could I go? I could carry the child with ease, but her poor mother!

Thank God!

Juba, in person! I had quite forgotten that I had ordered the young negro to follow me; I had far outstripped him, but I looked up and saw his black face. He was dreadfully alarmed at the fierce shouts and excited gestures of the wreckers, and was on the point of making off when I caught him by the collar. Between us we contrived to carry the young woman over the dreary sand-hills between us and the light-house, the child being sufficiently recovered to walk. We laid our patient on my bed, and when Aunt Polly had exhausted her first transports of astonishment, she proved an excellent nurse. Thanks to the care and zeal of the kind negress Mrs. Fairfax gradually revived. It was from her own lips that I learned her name and position in life. She was the young wife of a gentleman of good fortune in North Carolina, and nephew to the Governor of that State. But—poor thing!—I could not disguise from her that she was a widow, though I spared her the additional pang of knowing that her husband had been one of those who had been inhumanly thrust back into the sea to perish, although I had little doubt that one of the murdered men had been Captain Fairfax, whose description tallied with that of the poor victim I had beheld.

Leaving the widow weeping over her recent loss, while she clasped her rescued child as if she feared to lose her too, I went to make preparations for leaving the island. Most fortunately I had employed my leisure in repairing a dismasted boat. True, it had no mast, but it was now water-tight, and a pair of the old oars were fit for use. Before I slept I brought the boat from the creek, and moored it to the quay ready for a start. My great fear was that, before we could escape, some of the wreckers might discover that I had been an eye-witness of their crimes, and had saved some of the passengers on board the foundered ship, which I now learned was the *Astarte*, of Boston. On this account, shortly after daybreak I caused mattresses and pillows to be placed in the boat; and Aunt Polly, Juba, and I, carried down Mrs. Fairfax, who was too much exhausted to walk. The child followed, and Aunt Polly arranged the blankets and cloaks around the invalid, while Juba was to take one oar, and I the other. The black lad was not wholly unused to a boat, having rowed on the river near Wilmington. In case of pursuit, which, however, seemed improbable, I had placed the loaded gun in the boat, but hidden one of the cutlasses under my pea-coat, and concealed the other in the sand. We were just ready to push off when I remembered that my sketches and drawings, which I was loth to leave, were still within the light-house. I ran back, put the portfolio under my arm, and was on the threshold of my late dwelling, when the figure of a tall man appeared in the door-way.—Japhet Brown!

His face was swollen and coarse with drink, and his fiery eyes drooped as they met mine.

"Whither away, chap? Yow soon in a plaguy hurry!" he growled, and extended his hand.

"I am going out. I have no time for conversation."

The young villain burst out into oaths and curses.

"Conceited British hound, who be yew, to refuse to shake an honest man's hand?"

"A murderer's hand, you mean!" I cried, indignantly, though I repented the words before they were well out.

Japhet turned livid with passion. "You know too much, my gentleman. I'll stop your jaw pretty smart."

So saying, he threw himself upon me, but I was luckily armed, and I drove him out of the light-house, pursuing him, cutlass in hand, for a short distance. Then I went back to the boat. Juba and I were not first-rate rowers, the boat was heavy, and our progress was slow. Before we were half-way across the sound I descried a swift whale-boat clearing the waters on our track. No doubt the wretch Japhet had given the alarm to his comrades, and had we been overtaken the secret would have been preserved by the sacrifice of all our lives. But a sloop passing within hail picked us up and carried us to the main land. Before nightfall we were able to place Mrs. Fairfax and her little daughter under the safe care of her husband's relations.

I have little more to tell. The gratitude of the Fairfax family pressed upon me a large pecuniary reward. This I declined, but I gladly accepted patronage which enabled me to leave for Europe two years later with—for an artist—a pure reasonably heavy. A states marshal, backed by an armed force, was dispatched to Cape Hatteras with a warrant for the apprehension of the guilty. But some delay had occurred, and the Browns fled to Texas, in which remote region, years afterward, I read of the execution, by lynch law, of Japhet and his father for robbery and murder.

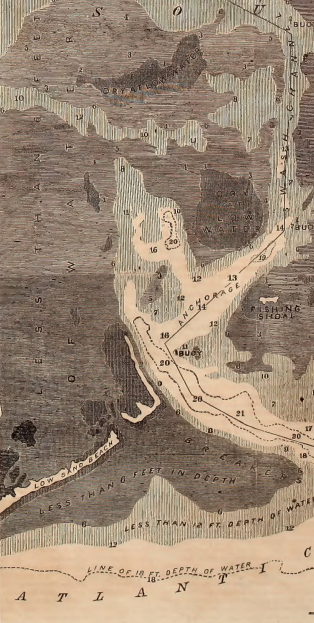
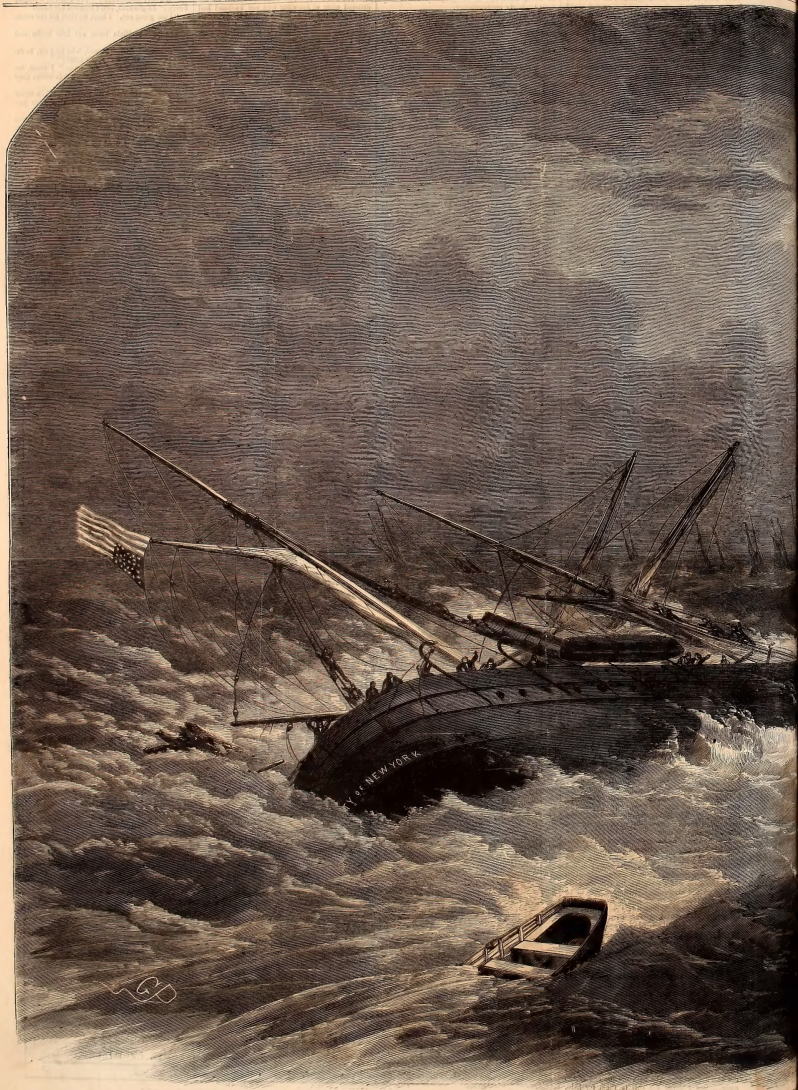


CHART OF HATTERAS INLET, NORTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 111.]



THE WRECK OF THE "CITY OF NEW YORK," OF THE



NSIDE EXPEDITION, OFF HATTERAS INLET.—[See Page 111.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LXXV.

I found Mrs. Ashleigh waiting for me in our usual sitting-room. She was in tears. She had begun to despond of Lilian's recovery, and she infected me with her own alarm. However, I disguised my participation in her fears, soothed and sustained her as I best could, and persuaded her to retire to rest. I saw Faber for a few minutes before I sought my own chamber. He assured me that there was no perceptible change for the worse in Lilian's physical state since he had last seen me, and that her mind, even within the last few hours, had become decidedly more clear. He thought that within the next twenty-four hours the reason would make a strong and successful effort for complete recovery; but he declined to hazard more than a hope that the effort would not exhaust the enfeebled powers of the frame. He himself was so in need of a few hours of rest that I ceased to harass him with questions which he could not answer, and fears which he could not appease. Before leaving him for the night, I told him briefly that there was a traveler in my hut smitten by a disease that seemed to me so grave that I would ask his opinion of the case, if he could accompany me to the hut the next morning.

My own thoughts that night were not such as would suffer me to sleep.

Before Margrave's melancholy state much of my former fear and abhorrence faded away. This being, so exceptional that fancy might well invest him with preternatural attributes, was now reduced by human suffering to human sympathy and comprehension. Yet his utter want of conscience was still as apparent as in his day of joyous animal spirits. With what hideous candor he had related his perfidy and ingratitude to the man to whom, in his belief, he owed an inestimable obligation, and with what insensibility to the signal retribution which in most natures would have awakened remorse!

And by what dark hints and confessions did he seem to confirm the incredible memoir of Sir Philip Derval! He owned that he had borne from the corpse of Haroun the medicament to which he ascribed his recovery from a state yet more hopeless than that under which he now labored! He had alluded rapidly, obscurely, to some knowledge at his command "surer than man's!" And now, even now, the mere wreck of his former existence, by what strange charm did he still control and confuse my reason! And how was it that I felt myself murmuring, again and again, "But what, after all, if his hope be no chimera, and if Nature do hide a secret by which I could save the life of my beloved Lilian?"

And again and again, as that thought would force itself on me, I rose and crept to Lilian's threshold, listening to catch the faintest sound of her breathing. All still, all dark! and Faber doubts whether all his art can turn aside from her couch the stealthy tread of death, while in yon log-hut one whose malady recognized science could not doubt to be mortal has composed himself to sleep confident of life! Recognized science! recognized ignorance! The science of to-day is the ignorance of to-morrow! Every year some bold guess lights up a truth to which but the year before the schoolmen of science were as blinded as moles.

"What then," my lips kept repeating—"what if Nature do hide a secret by which the life of my life can be saved? What do we know of the secrets of Nature? What said Newton himself of his knowledge? 'I am like a child picking up pebbles and shells on the sand, while the great ocean of Truth lies all undiscovered around me!' And did Newton himself, in the ripest growth of his matchless intellect, hold the creed of the alchemists in scorn? Had he not given to the object of their research his days and his nights? Is there proof that he had ever convinced himself that the research was the dream which we, who are not Newtons, call it?* And that other great sage, inferior only to Newton—the calculating doubt-weigher, Descartes—had he not believed in some occult nostrum or process by which human life could attain to the age of the Patriarchs?"†

In thoughts like these the night wore away, the moonbeams that streamed through my window lighting up the spacious solitudes beyond—mead and creek, forest land, mountain top—and the silence without broken by the wild cry of the night-hawk and the sibilant melancholy dirge of the shining chrysococyx;‡ bird that never sings but at night, and obstinately haunts the roofs of the sick and dying, ominous of woe and death.

But up sprang the sun, and, chasing these gloomy sounds, out burst the wonderful chorus of Australian groves, the great kingfisher opening the jocund melodious babble with the glee of his social laugh.

And now I heard Faber's step in Lilian's room—heard, through the door, her soft voice, though I could not distinguish the words. It was not long before I saw the kind physician standing at the threshold of my chamber. He pressed his finger to his lip, and made me a sign to follow him. I obeyed, with noiseless tread and stifled breathing. He waited me in the garden under the flowering acacias, passed his arm in mine, and drew me into the open pasture land.

"Compose yourself," he then said; "I bring you tidings both of gladness and of fear. Your Lilian's mind is restored: even the memories which had been swept away by the fever that followed her return to her home in L—— are returning, though as yet indistinct. She yearns to see you, to bless you for all your noble devotion, your generous, great-hearted love; but I forbid such interview now. If in a few hours she become either decidedly stronger or decidedly more enfeebled, you shall be summoned to her side. Even if you are condemned to a loss for which the sole consolation must be placed in the life hereafter, you shall have at least the last mortal commune of soul with soul. Courage—courage! You are man! Bear as man what you have so often bid other men submit to endure."

I had flung myself on the ground—writhing worm that had no home but on earth! Man, indeed! Man! All at that moment I took from manhood was its acute sensibility to love and to anguish!

But after all such paroxysms of mortal pain there comes a strange lull. Thought itself halts, like the still hush of water between two descending torrents. I rose in a calm, which Faber might well mistake for fortitude.

"Well," I said, quietly, "fulfill your promise. If Lilian is to pass away from me, I shall see her, at least, again; no wall, you tell me, between our minds: mind to mind once more—once more!"

"Allen," said Faber, mournfully and softly, "why do you shun to repeat my words—soul to soul?"

"Ay, ay—I understand. Those words mean that you have resigned all hope that Lilian's life will linger here when her mind comes back in full consciousness. I know well that last lightning flash and the darkness which swallows it up!"

"You exaggerate my fears. I have not resigned the hope that Lilian will survive the struggle through which she is passing; but it would be cruel to deceive you—my hope is weaker than it was."

"Ay, ay—again I understand! Your science is in fault—it desponds. Its last trust is in the wonderful resources of Nature—the vitality stored in the young?"

"You have said: Those resources of Nature *are* wondrous. The vitality of youth is a fountain springing up from the deeps out of sight, when, a moment before, we had measured the drops oozing out from the sands, and thought that the well was exhausted."

"Come with me—come. I told you of another sufferer yonder. I want your opinion of his case. But can you be spared a few minutes from Lilian's side?"

"Yes; I left her asleep. What is the case that perplexes your eye of physician, which is usually keener than mine, despite all the length of my practice?"

"The sufferer is young—his organization rare in its vigor. He has gone through and survived assaults upon life that are commonly fatal. His system has been poisoned by the fangs of a venomous asp, and shattered by the blast of the plague. These alone, I believe, would not suffice to destroy him. But he is one who has a strong dread of death. And while the heart was thus languid and feeble, it has been gnawed by emotions of hope or of fear. I suspect that he is dying, not from the bite of the reptile, not from the taint of the pestilence, but from the hope and the fear that have overtasked the heart's functions. Judge for yourself."

We were now at the door of the hut. I unlocked it: we entered. Margrave had quitted his bed, and was pacing the room slowly. His step was less feeble, his countenance less haggard than on the previous evening.

He submitted himself to Faber's questioning with a quiet indifference, and evidently cared nothing for any opinion which the great physician might found on his replies.

When Faber had learned all he could, he said, with a grave smile, "I see that my advice will have little weight with you; such as it is, at least reflect on it. The conclusions to which your host arrived in his view of your case, and which he confided to me, are, in my humble judgment, correct. I have no doubt that the great organ of the heart is involved in the cause of your sufferings; but the heart is a noble and much-enduring organ. I have known men in whom it has been more severely and unequivocally affected with disease than it is in you, live on for many years, and ultimately die of some other disorder. But then life was held, as yours must be held, upon one condition—repose. I enjoin you to abstain from all violent action; to shun all excitements that cause moral disturbance. You are young: would you live on, you must live as the old. More than this—it is my duty to warn you that your tenure on earth is very precarious; you may attain to many years; you may be suddenly called hence to-morrow. The best mode to regard this uncertainty, with the calm in which is your only chance of long life, is so to arrange all your worldly affairs, and so to discipline all your human anxieties, as to feel always prepared for the summons that may come without warning. For the rest, quit this climate as soon as you can—it is the climate in which the blood courses too quickly for one who should shun all excitement. Seek the most equable atmosphere—choose the most tranquil pursuits—and Fenwick himself, in his magnificent pride of stature and strength, may be nearer the grave than you are."

"Your opinion coincides with that I have just heard?" asked Margrave, turning to me.

"In much—yes."

"It is more favorable than I should have supposed. I am far from disdaining the advice so kindly offered. Permit me, in turn, two or three questions, Dr. Faber. Do you prescribe to me no drugs from your pharmacopœia?"

"Drugs may palliate many sufferings incidental to organic disease, but drugs can not reach organic disease itself."

"Do you believe that, even where disease is plainly organic, Nature herself has no alterative and reparative powers by which the organ assailed may recover itself?"

"A few exceptional instances of such forces in nature are upon record; but we must go by general laws, and not by exceptions."

"Have you never known instances, do you not at this moment know one, in which a patient whose malady baffles the doctor's skill imagines or dreams of a remedy? Call it a whim, if you please, learned Sir; do you not listen to the whim, and, in despair of your own prescriptions, comply with that of the patient?"

Faber changed countenance, and even started. Margrave watched him, and laughed.

"You grant that there are such cases, in which the patient gives the law to the physician. Now apply your experience to my case. Suppose some strange fancy had seized upon my imagination—that is the doctor's cant word for all phenomena that we call exceptional—some strange fancy, that I had thought of a cure for this disease for which you have no drugs; and suppose this fancy of mine to be so strong, so vivid, that to deny me its gratification would produce the very emotion from which you warn me as fatal—storm the heart that you would soothe to repose by the passions of rage and despair—would you, as my trusted physician, concede or deny me my whim?"

"Can you ask? I should grant it at once, if I had no reason to know that the thing which you fancied was harmful."

"Good man and wise doctor. I have no other question to ask. I thank you."

Faber looked hard on the young wan face, over which played a smile of triumph and irony; then turned away with an expression of doubt and trouble on his own noble countenance. I followed him silently into the open air.

"Who and what is this visitor of yours?" he asked, abruptly.

"Who and what! I can not tell you."

Faber remained some moments musing, and muttering slowly to himself, "Tut; but a chance coincidence—a hap-hazard allusion to a fact which he could not have known!"

"Faber," said I, abruptly, "can it be that Lilian is the patient in whose self-suggested remedies you confide more than in the various learning at command of your practiced skill?"

"I can not deny it," replied Faber, reluctantly. "In the intervals of that suspense from waking sense, which in her is not sleep, nor yet altogether catalepsy, she has, for the last few days, stated accurately the precise moment in which the trance—if I may so call it—would pass away, and prescribed for herself the remedies that should be then administered. In every instance the remedies so self-prescribed, though certainly not those which would have occurred to my mind, have proved efficacious. Her rapid progress to reason I ascribe to the treatment she herself ordained in her trance, without remembrance of her own suggestions when she awoke. I had meant to defer communicating these phenomena in the idiosyncrasy of her case until our minds could more calmly inquire into the process by which ideas—not apparently derived as your metaphysical school would derive all ideas, from preconceived experiences—will thus sometimes act like an instinct on the human sufferer, for self-preservation, as the bird is directed to the herb or the berry which heals or assuages its ailments. We know how the mesmerists would account for this phenomenon of hygienic introvision and clairvoyance. But here there is no mesmerizer, unless the patient can be supposed to mesmerize herself. Long, however, before mesmerism was heard of, medical history attests examples in which patients who baffled the skill of the ablest physicians have fixed their fancies on some remedy that physicians would call inoperative for good or for harm, and have recovered by the remedies thus singularly self-suggested. And Hippocrates himself, if I construe his meaning rightly, recognizes the powers for self-cure which the condition of trance will sometimes bestow on the sufferer, 'where' (says the father of our art), 'the sight being closed to the external, the soul more truthfully perceives the affections of the body.' In short—I own it—in this instance, the skill of the physician has been a compliant obedience to the instinct called forth in the patient. And the hopes I have hitherto permitted myself to give you were founded on my experience that her own hopes, conceived in trance, had never been fallacious or exaggerated. The simples that I gathered for her yesterday she had described; they are not in our herbal. But as they are sometimes used by the natives, I had had the curiosity to analyze their chemical properties shortly after I came to the colony, and they seemed to me as innocent as lime-blossoms. They are rare in this part of Australia, but she told me where I should find them—a remote spot which she has certainly never visited. Last night, when you saw me disturbed, dejected, it was because for the first time the docility with which she had hitherto, in her waking state, obeyed her own injunctions in the state of trance forsook me. She could not be induced to taste the decoction I had made from the herbs; and if you found me this morning with weaker hopes than before, this is the real cause—viz., that when I visited her at sunrise, she was not in sleep but in trance, and in that trance she told me that she had nothing more to suggest or reveal; that on the complete restoration of her senses, which was at hand, the abnormal faculties vouchsafed to trance would be withdrawn. 'As for my life,' she said, quietly, as if unconscious of our temporary joy or woe in the term of its tenure here—'as for my life, your aid is now idle; my own vision obscure; on my life a dark and cold shadow is resting. I can not foresee if it will pass away. When I strive to look around, I see but my Allen—'"

"And so," said I, mastering my emotions, "in bidding me hope, you did not rely on your own resources of science, but on the whisper of Nature in the brain of your patient?"

"It is so."

We both remained silent some moments, and then, as he disappeared within my house, I murmured:

"And when she strives to look beyond the shadow she sees only me! Is there some prophet-hint of Nature there also, directing me not to scorn the secret which a wanderer, so suddenly dropped on my solitude, assures me that Nature will sometimes reveal to her seeker? And oh, that dark wanderer; has Nature a marvel more weird than himself!"

CHAPTER LXXVI.

I strayed through the forest till noon, in debate with myself, and strove to shape my wild doubts into purpose before I could nerve and compose myself again to face Margrave alone.

I re-entered the hut. To my surprise Margrave was not in the room in which I had left him, nor in that which adjoined it. I ascended the stairs to the kind of loft in which I had been accustomed to pursue my studies, but in which I had not set foot since my alarm for Lilian had suspended my labors. There I saw Margrave quietly seated before the manuscript of my Ambitious Work, which lay open on the rude table just as I had left it in the midst of its concluding summary.

"I have taken the license of former days, you see," said Margrave, smiling, "and have hit by chance on a passage I can understand without effort. But why such a waste of argument to prove a fact so simple? In man, as in brute, life once lost is lost forever; and that is why life is so precious to man."

I took the book from his hand and flung it aside in wrath. His approval revolted me more with my own theories than all the argumentative rebukes of Faber.

"And now," I said, sternly, "the time has come for the explanation you promised. Before I can aid you in any experiment that may serve to prolong your life, I must know how far that life has been a baleful and destroying influence?"

"I have some faint recollection of having saved your life from an imminent danger, and if gratitude were the attribute of man, as it is of the dog, I should claim your aid to save mine as a right. Ask me what you will. You must have seen enough of me to know that I do not affect either the virtues or vices of others. I regard both with so supreme an indifference that I believe I am vicious or virtuous unawares. I know not if I can explain what seems to have perplexed you, but if I can not explain I have no intention to lie. Speak; I listen? We have time enough now before us."

So saying, he reclined back in the chair, stretching out his limbs wearily. All round this spoiled darling of Material Nature the aids and appliances of Intellectual Science! Books, and telescopes, and crucibles, with the light of day coming through a small circular aperture in the boarded casement as I had constructed the opening for my experimental observation of the prismal rays.

While I write his image is as visible before my remembrance as if before the actual eye—beautiful even in its decay, awful even in its weakness, mysterious as is Nature herself amidst all the mechanism by which our fancied knowledge attempts to measure her laws and analyze her light.

But at that moment no such subtle reflections delayed my inquisitive, eager mind from its immediate purpose—who and what was this creature boasting of a secret through which I might rescue from death the life of her who was my all upon the earth?

I gathered rapidly and succinctly together all that I knew and all that I guessed of Margrave's existence and arts. I commenced from my Vision in that mimic Golgotha of creatures inferior to man, close by the scene of man's most trivial and meaningless pastime. I went on: Derval's murder; the missing contents of the casket; the apparition seen by the maniac assassin guiding him to the horrid deed; the luminous haunting Shadow; the positive charge in the murdered man's memoir connecting Mar-

* Besides the three great subjects of Newton's labors—the fluxional calculus, physical astronomy, and optics—a very large portion of his time, while resident in his college, was devoted to researches of which scarcely a trace remains. Alchemy, which had fascinated so many eager and ambitious minds, seems to have tempted Newton with an overwhelming force. What theories he formed, what experiments he tried, in that laboratory where, it is said, the fire was scarcely extinguished for weeks together, will never be known. It is certain that no success attended his labors; and Newton was not a man—like Kepler—to detail to the world all the hopes and disappointments, all the crude and mystical fancies, which mixed themselves up with his career of philosophy. . . . . Many years later we find Newton in correspondence with Locke, with reference to a mysterious red earth by which Boyle, who was then recently dead, had asserted that he could effect the grand desideratum of multiplying gold. By this time, however, Newton's faith had become somewhat shaken by the unsatisfactory communications which he had himself received from Boyle on the subject of the golden recipe, though he did not abandon the idea of giving the experiment a further trial as soon as the weather should become suitable for furnace experiments."—Quarterly Review, No. 220, p. 125–6.

† See, for Descartes' belief in the prolongation of life, Southey's Doctor, vol. vi. p. 2.

‡ Chrysococyx lucidus—viz., the bird popularly called the shining or bronzed cuckoo. "Its note is an exceedingly melancholy whistle, heard at night, when it is very annoying to any sick or nervous person who may be inclined to sleep. I have known many instances where the bird has been perched on a tree in the vicinity of the room of an invalid uttering its mournful notes, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that it could be dislodged from its position."—Dr. Bennett's Gatherings of a Naturalist in Australasia.

grave with Louis Grayle, and accusing him of the murder of Haroun; the night in the moonlit pavilion at Derval Court; the baneful influence of Lilian; the struggle between me and himself in the house by the sea-shore—The strange, All that is told in this Strange Story.

But warming as I spoke, and in a kind of fierce joy to be enabled thus to free my own heart of the doubts that had tortured and weighed on it, now that I was fairly face to face with the being by whom my reason had been so nearly shaken, my life so tortured, I was restrained by none of the fears that my own fancy deceived me, with which in his absence I had striven to reduce to natural causes the portents of terror and wonder. I stared plainly, literally, in the light of day, upon that which I had never dared even to myself to own without seeking to explain away—and coming at last to a close.

I said: "Such are the evidences that seem to me to justify abhorrence of the life that you and me to call it belonging. Your own tale of last night but confirm them. And why to me—to lengthen the life that has blighted my own? How did you even learn the home in which I sought unwalling refuge? How—as your hint to Faber clearly revealed—were you aware that, in you house, where the sorrow is veiled, where the groan is suppressed, where the foot-tread falls gliding lest there struggles now between life and death my heart's twin, my world's sunshine? Ah! through my terror for her, is a demon that tells you how to bribe my abhorrence into submission, and supple my reason into use in your evil?"

Margrave had listened to me throughout with a fixed attention, at times with a bewildered stare, at times with exclamations of surprise, but not of denial. And when I had done he remained for some moments silent, seemingly stupefied, passing his hand repeatedly over his brow, in the gesture so familiar to him in former days.

At length he said, quietly, without evincing any sign either of resentment or humiliation:

"In much that you tell me I recognize myself; in much I am so lost in amazement as you in wild dread and horror. The truth, Allen, that you say Philip Derval produced on me I have no recollection. Of myself I know only that I said he was my foe, that he came to England intent on schemes to shorten my life or destroy its enjoyments. And my faculties tended to concentration; there they converge as rays in a focus; in that focus they illume and—consume. They tend to destroy my intended destroyer. Did my will enforce itself on the agent to which it was guided? Likely enough. But it is so. Would I accuse me for slaying the tiger or serpent—not by the naked hand, but by weapons that arm it? But what could tiger and serpent do against power me than the man who would rob me of life? He had his arms for assault, I mine for self-defense. If he was to me as the tiger that creeps through the jungle, or the serpent uncoiling his folds for the spring. Death to him who lifts it is destruction to mine, be they serpent, or tiger, or man! Derval perished. But the will by which the assassin had turned the casket over revealed to me—no matter how; the contents of the casket were in my hands. And the moment of possession became I believed that Derval had learned from Haroun of Aleppo the secret by which the elixir of life is prepared. I had supposed that some stores of the essence would be found in his casket. I was deceived; not a drop! Well, there found I knew not how to use or apply, nor did I care to learn. What I sought was not there. You see a handwriting of mine of myself; it haunts, it accosts, it compels you. Of this I know nothing. Of the mental organization of myself that really producing this spectre of myself? or was it the thing of your own imagination—an imagination that had been impressed and subjugated? I know not. At the hours when my shadow, real or supposed, was with you, my senses would have declared me fast in sleep. It is true, however, that I intensely desired to learn from your lips your sister's name, but concealed from his everyday vision, the secret that I believed Philip Derval had carried with him to the tomb; and from your sister or another I can not now of myself alone, as I could years ago, subject those races to my supremacy. I must in that set through or with the mind of another. It is true that I sought to impress upon your sister's thoughts the image of the circle, the powers of the wand, which, in your trance or sleep-walking, made you the involuntary agent of my will. I know by a thousand, by dreams, more or less vivid, are the results of my waking will sometimes overthrown by the will—dead the spell had been broken, the discovery I sought not effected. All my hopes were then transferred from yourself, from the agent of science, to the girl whom I charmed to my thralldom through her love for you, and through reasoner: if reason has ever advanced one step into knowledge except through that imaginative faculty which is strongest in the residents of ignorance, and weakest in the ignorance of the wise. Ponder this, and those events that seem to you will cease to be marvelous. I pass on to the riddle that puzzles you most. By Philip Derval's account I am, in truth, Louis Grayle returned to youth by the elixir, and while yet infirm, decrepit, murdered Haroun—a man of a frame as athletic as yours! By accepting this notion you seem to yourself alone to unravel the mysteries you ascribe to my life and my powers. Oh, wise philosopher! oh, profound logician! you accept that notion, yet hold for belief in the Devil-Vish's tale a chimera: I am Grayle made young by the elixir, and yet the elixir itself is a fable?"

He leaned and laughed, but this time no longer even an echo of its former merriment or playfulness—a sinister and terrible laugh, mocking, threatening, malignant.

He rose as he swept his hand over his brows and resumed:

"Is it not easier to so accomplished a sage as you believe that the idlers of Paris have guessed the true solution of that problem—my place on this earth? My will in the low ear of Louis Grayle? And when Haroun refused the elixir to him, or he found that his frame was too far exhausted by the ravages of time and organic lesions of structure in the worn frame of old age, may he not have indulged the common fate of fathers, and soothed his death pangs with the thought that he should live again in his son? Then found dead—by a new guessed—rumor said strangled. What proof of the truth of that rumor? Might he not have passed away in a fit? What is there in your malady if I have recollections? They are vague—they often perplex myself; but so far from a desire to deceive you, my desire is to relate them so truthfully that you may aid me to reduce them into more definite form."

His face now became very troubled, the tone of his voice very irresolute—the face and the voice of a man who has been startled out of sleep by a dream, and is not yet quite awake, but is still encircling the garden of roses. I see myself with him in the hush of the golden noon, reclining on the grass, and he, with head leaning on his hand, and eyes gazing upon the sky, as if he could read on secret hieroglyphics there. With him, with him in moonlit nights, stealing into the sepulchres of mythical kings, and in a reflected light, explain and gloss the inscriptions, surrounded by awful shapes, which have no likeness among the creatures of the earth. Louis Grayle! Louis Grayle! all my earlier memories go back to Louis Grayle! All my arts and sciences, all that I have learned, all that I have spoken in Europe, of the sciences taught in her schools, I owe to Louis Grayle. But am I Louis Grayle? No. I am but a reflection of his genius, a reflection of his power. Louis Grayle! He stands apart from me, as a rock from the tree that grows out from its side. Louis Grayle! Haroun of Aleppo! Philip his son."

He leaned his face on both hands, rocking himself to and fro. At length, with a sigh, he resumed:

"I remember, too, a long and oppressive illness, attended with racking pains; a dismal journey in a wearisome litter, the light hurting my eyes, and the motion of the mule and so stately, smoothing my pillow or fanning my brows. I remember the sun-burnt face of the driver, and the folds of the litter aside, and the sky—the Aleppo! and the star of thy birth shining over its towers."

"I remember a face inexpressibly solemn and majestic. I remember a voice deep and full, and of its ominous eye sent through my veins—the face of Haroun, the Sage of Aleppo. I remember as he stood by my side, that I felt his breath, and the blessed relief from my pains that a drop from the essence which he distilled from a crystal bottle gave. And then—and then—I remember no more till the night on which Ayesha came to my room in the khan."

"And I rose, leaning on her, supported by her. We went through dim, narrow streets, chiefly lit by the moon, and startled by the cries of the dogs, that slunk from the look of that woman. We passed to a solitary house, small and low, and my nurse said, 'Wait.'

"She opened the door and went in; I seated myself on the step, and my head rested on her knee. I came out from the house, and led me, still leaning on her, into a chamber."

"A man lay there in sleep, on the carpet, and beside him stood another man, whom I recognized as the physician who had attended me. 'Haroun is dead!' said Ayesha. 'Search for that which will give thee new life. Thou hast gain, and will have gain.'"

"And I put my hand on the head of the Haroun after the dead man he—and drew from it the vessel of crystal."

"Having done so, the crown on the marble brow spoiled and fell. I staggered back, and swooned away."

"I came to my senses, recovered and rising, miles afar from the city, the dawn on its distant walls. Ayesha had tended me; she had also had tended Haroun."

"My first thought, when full consciousness came back to me, was of the elixir. I felt as if Haroun for himself as for me; and this woman loved and had tended him as she had tended me. I recollect that I even told me that he was dead, and forbade me henceforth to breathe his name."

"We traveled on—she and I, and the Indian, her servant—my strength still renewed by the wondrous elixir. No longer supported by her, what gazelle ever roved through its pasture with a bound more elastic than mine?"

"We came to a town, and my nurse placed before me a mirror. I did not recognize myself. In that town I remained many days. At the latter there reached me by which I learned that I was the offspring of a child wedded by the sons of a father recently dead. I learned that Louis Grayle was this father?"

"If so, was the woman, Ayesha, your mother?"

"The letter said that 'my mother had died in my infancy.' Nevertheless, the care with which Ayesha had tended me induced a suspicion that made me ask her the very question you put. She wept when I asked her, and said, 'No, only my nurse. And now I needed a nurse no more.' On the day she received the letter which announced an inheritance that allowed me to live free from the cares of life, she took woman bid me, and went back to her tribe."

"Have you never seen her since?"

Margrave was a moment, and then answered, though with seeming reluctance, 'Yes, at Jamestown. Not many days after I was borne to that city by the strangers, who found me half dead on their road, I woke one morning to find her by my side. And she said, 'I joy and in health you did not need me. I am needed now!'"

"Did you then deprive yourself of one so devoted? You have not made this long voyage—"

"To Ayesha no attachment; you, to whom health gave no excuse for privation?"

"The woman was with me, and some chosen attendants. I confided to ourselves the vessel we sailed in."

"Where have you left your companions?"

"By this hour," answered Margrave, "they lie in reach of my summons; and when you and I have settled our business—in the retreat in which we shall share—I will exact no more from you or call. I trust also that for my cure to my nurse and her swarthy attendants. You will me now, as a matter of course; the physician whom you have so needed to guide your own skill enjoins you to obey my wishes—if when you will call it, you will deny it, for on that question rests your own sole hope of happiness—you, who can love—I love nothing but life. Has my frank narrative satisfied you doubts that contradict you and me, in the great meeting-ground of an interest in common?"

"Solved all the doubts! Your wild story but makes some the darker, leaving others unfathomed. The terrible powers of which you boast, and some of which I have witnessed—your very insights into my own household sorrows, into my interest I have for yourself, in the hands of a fault so repugnant to reason—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Margrave, with that slight curve of the lip which is half smile and half sneer, "if, in my account of myself, I assumed what is to your conclusion and not to your conscience: let me first ask how many of the consciousness and powers of which you speak are involuntary and wholly inexplicable? When, for instance, you open your lips and utter a sentence, you have no more idea what the following word will follow another; when you move a muscle can you tell me the thought that prompts to the movement? Is a wholly mutable will on account for your own simple sympathies between impulse and action? Is there not in the instinct of a man upon earth who can read all the riddles in the heart and brain of another? Is it not law that rules the flying of water, one portion of matter, ever really touches another? Between which and matter is there not a gulf of space infinitesimally small. How, then, could the world go on if every man asked another to explain his whereby and why and being at full daylight before he would buy and sell with him? All interchange and alliance rest but in mutual interest in common—you and I have established that interest. All the rest, all you ask me now to explain, I could I answer—no doubt you would raise, still another, and whether should please or revolt you, your reason would be the same to the starting-point. Viz., In one definite proposal have we two an interest in common?"

And again Margrave laughed, not in mirth but in mockery. The laugh and the words that preceded it were like the laugh and the words of the young.

Could it be possible that Louis Grayle had indeed passed into the body and person of Margrave, such might have been his laugh and such his words. The whole mind of Margrave seemed to have undergone change since I last saw him; more rich in idea, more crafty even in candor, more powerful in intellect, I feared. As in our ordinary experience that come infirmity, threatening dissolution, changed into energy, by the concentration of early years, when impressions were vigorously stamped, so I might have thought that, as Margrave neared the end, the memories he had retained from his former existence in a being more highly organized, had certainly developed, propelled back to the brain, and the mind that had lived in Louis Grayle moved the lips of the dying Margrave.

"For the powers and the arts that it equally disclaims your own, and the elixir of life," I resumed my terrible guest, "I will say briefly but this: they come from faculties stored within myself, and developed in me by the most prolonged—faculties more or less, perhaps, given to all men, though dormant in most—vivid and powerful in me, because in me self-preservation has been and yet is the strong master-passion of existence; and because I have had the will, and to use and direct such faculties by profound teachers; some by Louis Grayle, the one teacher now by my own, the singer of chosen songs. But in much that I will to have done I know no desire than your knowledge to agree with me. Enough for me to will what I wished, and sink calmly in slumber, sure that the will would work somehow its way. But when I have willed to know what, when known, should shape my own courses, I could see, neither from your pallid face nor sloping scopes, all objects however afar. What wonder in that? Have you no learned, puzzle-brain metaphysicians who will not trust to sense but an idea, all this palpable universe an idea in the mind, and no more? Why am I an enigma as dark as the Sibyl's, and your metaphysicians as plain as a horn-book?" Again the sardonic laugh. "Enough: let what I have said obscure or enlighten your guesses, we come back to the same point of union, which binds man to man, binds states arise from the same cause, and men embrace as brothers. I need you, and you need me; without your aid my life is doomed; without my secret the breath will have gone from the lips of your Lilian before the sun of to-morrow is red on your hill-top."

"Fiend or juggler!" I cried, in rage, "you shall not so enslave or enthral me by this mystic bargain and jugon! Make your fantastic experiment on yourself, if you will; trust to your own science, but not to my sister's life shall not hang on your fiat. I trust it—love!"

"To what—to man's skill? Hear what the sage of the Aleppo shall tell you. Science! I ask you again for your aid. Do you trust to God's mercy?"

"Ah, of course you believe in your own God? We except a philosopher can reason a Maker away? But that the Maker will alter His course to hear you that whether or not you trust in Him or in your doctor, it will change by a hair-breadth the thing that must be? Science! believe Him, Allen, I trust."

And there sat this reader of hearts! a boy in his aspect, mocking me and the gray-beards of schools.

I could make no more—I turned to the door and fled down the stone stairs, and found in a low chant; feeble and faint, it was still the old barbaric chant by which the serpent is drawn from its hole by the charmer.

THE "NASHVILLE" AND "TUSCARORA" AT SOUTHAMPTON.

We devote page 97 to an illustration of the position of the pirate *Nashville*, and the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, in the harbor of Southampton, England. The correspondent of the London *Times* says:

The new screw sloop of war *Tuscarora*, whose arrival was reported yesterday, is moored at the entrance of the Queen creek, in the Southampton Water. Southampton water, about a mile from the dock mouth. She has her guns housed on deck, her rifle 70 pounder in her after pivot, ready to slip anchor and start at a moment's notice. The *Nashville*, which, it is reported, is expected every hour to take specially under her watchful care and protection, still remains quietly moored in dock, and the crew of gaffing up steam have betrayed themselves, although it was openly stated last night that she would be ready to start at noon yesterday, as to this morning, it would be very difficult to say, as the fires were not lighted, and the pipe with no flame. Probable conjecture is, both vessels will be under steaming at each other till the war is over. The *Tuscarora* is armed with two guns, the *Nashville* with four. The latter is said to have only two guns of somewhat inferior calibre. The former is a beautiful ship, just from Portsmouth dock.

As soon as the *Tuscarora* arrived here yesterday, Captain Craven communicated the intelligence to the flag-ship *Donnellon*, which left off NOTE, expressing the regret he felt at hearing of the death of the late Prince Consort Prince Albert, and asking if there would be any objection to his firing a minute gun. Permission was given to receive Orlock to-day, in respect to his memory. Captain Heath replied that in accordance of the flag-ship having requested that no guns should be fired in the vicinity of Odessa, the compliments, therefore, could not be returned. A number of inquisitive people visited the *Nashville* to-day.

Yesterday evening Captain Britton, the American Consul at this port, came off to pay his respects to Captain Craven, on board the *Tuscarora*, and, it may be presumed, made such arrangements as are usual in a matter of impossibility for the *Nashville* to make her escape.

The same writer says on the 10th:

About ten o'clock this morning, a cause of mustering out from the *Nashville's* funnel clearly betokened that her fires were lighted and steam getting up. At that hour, or shortly after, as stated yesterday, is moored in the stream, immediately and full steam on, which is the signal for the crew to be called up to quarters. A loud bell the latter vessel sheats but a few yards, and the crew of the *Nashville* are at the post of command. Orders are then whisted out and sent to the engine-room, as to the time of departure. Whatever may be the reason of the delay in the departure of the *Nashville*, certain it is that on the morning advanced the smoke gradually disappeared, the attempt was thought to move her from her berth, and at this time six o'clock this morning remain as they were, as regards the steamers. At 10 o'clock this morning Captain Craven still remains on board his ship, and has not yet gone ashore.

The correspondence of the *Post* says:

Captain Craven, the commander of the *Tuscarora*, has been officially informed that he will be allowed to leave with any hostile movement that the hostility of the *Nashville* will be entirely withdrawn. The latter vessel is expected to take her departure this week. She has been undergoing repairs for some time, and is now nearly ready for sea. The *Tuscarora*, Captain Craven, is said, although a screw frigate, the Admiralty agent here, his intentions to abide by those orders of the Government of the port of Southampton have been communicated to Captain Pegram with regard to the *Nashville*, who has the same accommodation. To prevent any attempt on the part of the *Tuscarora* to evade the demands made by the *Nashville*, the Admiralty tug, which lies off Netley Abbey, about three miles lower down the river, has been ordered to remain until supplied. She has orders to keep steam up, and is brought to by a spring cable, ready to cast off at a moment's notice. The agent of the Federal vessels, Mr. Fraser, has received official intimation that the *Tuscarora* has signed the Warrior, which vessel is the property of the Queen, and that the *Nashville* has also been ordered here from Portsmouth. It is not known whether she will be taken from her moorings to the docks by the crew of the *Tuscarora*, or of a combination of the *Tuscarora* with her steam launch now during the last few days.

The *Times* says that the *Tuscarora* is very badly built; that her guns are too large and heavy for a vessel of her size and class, that she is very crank, and is very properly. She is very leaky, and the men are obliged to be kept at the pumps until the fires in the engine-room are lighted; her, compelled to form an opinion, that she will not be able to stand the heavy gales of the Channel as well as the *Nashville*.

The *Sumter* is hourly expected from Cadiz and Gibraltar to call at Queenstown, the Federal cruisers are likewise on the way to the British Channel. The correspondent of the New York *Times* says:

But if the two Confederate steamers should happen to be taken at sea on the voyage, I need not tell you that all England would celebrate the victory. Of course, under these neutrality regulations, the *Tuscarora* can never take the *Nashville*, unless by a chance meeting at sea. There can be no pursuit after twenty-four hours. This rule gave some chance with sailing vessels, but there is none whatever with steamers. Besides, the *Nashville* is too tricky with his friends in Southampton to be caught napping. Such is the Confederate.

Mr. Wood says that the people of Southampton, who have grown rich by trade with the United States, are now almost subject to a mean against us.



BLOODY FIGHT AT OCCOQUAN, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY MR A. R. WAUD.]

FIGHT AT OCCOQUAN, VA.

ABOVE we illustrate the recent FIGHT AT OCCOQUAN, from a sketch by our own correspondent. The *Times* dispatch said:

Rev. Mr. Weston, of Trinity Church, has brought in the particulars of a *fracas* upon a gang of rebels on the Occoquan. He says they were holding a carousal in the house of one Porter, an old man, when they were surrounded by the detail of fifty men, and refusing to surrender, the firing commenced, and was continued until every rebel except two was killed. These two were Porter, who fought desperately to the last, and a young man who had been detained with the party. This latter was a citizen of Washington, and is claimed to be a Union man, but was doubtless a spy, who had taken information from Washington to the rebels. The number killed was ten—nine Texan Rangers and one citizen who was present.

AN INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE AMONG SLAVEHOLDERS.

ON this page we publish an illustration of an INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE used among the slaveholders of Missouri. The correspondent who sends us the sketch writes:

MONTGOMERY CITY, MISSOURI, January 24, 1862.

I send you the sketch of an instrument used by the re-creant slave-masters of Missouri to punish their negroes. Not long since one of these wretched victims came within our lines with an instrument of this description round his neck. It was securely riveted there, and required an *hour's filing* before it could be removed. This proved to be a very painful operation to the poor "contraband." For his neck was so snugly incased by the iron band, and the operation of filing was in a peculiar shape, as to render the operation difficult of accomplishment. The negro stated that he had worn it two months, and that it had never been unriveted by rebels! Using men of the same county. The form of the instrument prevented him from lying down and taking his rest at night; and its weight and *close fit* rendered it very burdensome during the day. It consisted of a heavy iron ring, fitting closely round the neck, from which extended three prongs, each two feet in length, with a ring on the end. I suppose the design of the instrument was that a chain should be attached to it, and thus secure the victim beyond all possible hope of escape; but this negro had been running loose, with the thing round his neck, for two months; and finally, ascertaining that Federal soldiers were near, speedily repaired to them for deliverance from his tormentor. Of course he found the deliverance which he sought, and the instrument of torment is preserved by us as a mournful example of the deep degradation to which the soul, tainted by coercion, may descend. It is needless to say that we did not send the negro back to his master, but so far as we were concerned, left him perfectly free to do his own will.

The person who has thus powerfully described in all humility is Dudley Weeks, of Montgomery County, Missouri, who is now serving his country, according to his capacity, and exciting the punishment due his crime; and if he does not receive it as an earthly tribunal he certainly will at the tribunal of an outraged conscience.

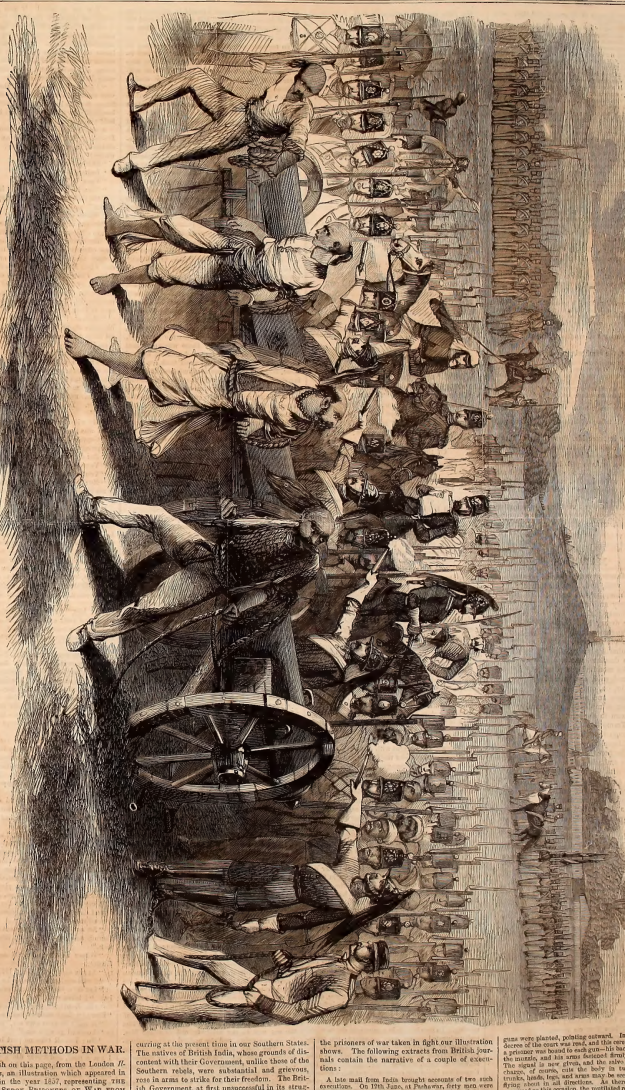
SERGEANT CHARLES O. DEWEY,
Dudley's Battery, 6th Regiment Iowa Volunteers.



WESTON'S CROSS-ROADS, NEAR COLUMBUS, OCCUPIED BY TAYLOR'S CHICAGO ARTILLERY.



INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE USED BY SLAVEHOLDERS.



"BRITISH CIVILIZATION"—HOW THE ENGLISH TREAT PRISONERS OF WAR—BLOWING SEPOYS FROM GUNS IN INDIA, 1857.

THE BRITISH METHODS IN WAR.

We republish on this page, from the London *Illustrated Times*, an illustration which appeared in that journal in the year 1857, representing THE BLOWING OF SEPOY PRISONERS OF WAR FROM THE MOUTH OF CANNON. The circumstances of the case bear some analogy to those which are recurring at the present time in our Southern States. The natives of British India, whose grounds of discontent with their Government, unlike those of the Southern rebels, were substantial and grievous, rose in arms to strike for their freedom. The British Government, at first unsuccessful in its struggles with the rebellion, at length gathered up its energies and put them down. How it dealt with the prisoners of war taken in fight our illustration shows. The following extracts from British journals contain the narrative of a couple of executions:

A late mail from India brought accounts of two such executions. On 19th June, at Peshawur, forty men were tried, convicted, and ordained to be blown from the guns. The execution was a dreadful sight. Three sides of a square were formed by British troops, and in the centre ten guns were planted, pointing outward. In dead silence the decree of the court was read, and the ceremony conducted. A prisoner was bound to each gun—his back placed against the muzzle, and his arms fastened firmly to the wheels. The signal is now given, and the salvo fired. The discharge, of course, cuts the body in two; and human trunks, heads, legs, and arms may be seen for an instant flying about in all directions. As there were only ten guns used on this occasion, the mutilated remains had to be removed four times. All of these forty criminals met their fate with firmness, with the exception of two, who fell down

time, they were dropped to the ground, and their brains blown out by musketry.

Another execution of a similar nature took place on the 13th of June, at Forcoporo. All the available troops and public establishments were convoked to witness the scene. Some of the nutineers were to be hung, and around the gallows, erected during the night previous, the soldiers were drawn up. The nutineers were then brought into the centre, and the proceedings of the general Court-Martial was read. Upon being informed that if they would become General's evidence they would be spared, twelve of the criminals accepted the offer and were marched to the rear. Six more were taken to the gallows. They ascended the ladder with firm steps, and to the last moment believed in a reprieve.

The remaining ten were then led over to the military band, and the order to "fire" came were being struck off! were ordered, "Do not sacrifice the innocent for the guilty." They refused, "Hold your quivering file men and not cowards—you defended your religion, why not now? Do you crave your lives? Sublish! they are not Sublish, they are dogs!" Others then began to upbraid their commanding officer. The wretched beings were quickly fastened to the mandate of not eye, chained with their companions. The commanding officer directed port-fires to be lit. "Ready!" "Fire!" and the drums was played out. An eye-witness says: "The same and silent were overpowering. I felt myself terribly concerned, and could observe that the most nervous native spectators were awe-stricken—that they not only trembled like respon-trees, but shook in every sense of natural bodily weakness. Not a shriek, a groan, or a convulsive movement was the murder of the guns; the consequence was that they were speechless, bereft of blood, and one man in particular received a stunning blow from a shivered sing!"

Another witness, W. H. Russell, LL.D., then an now correspondent of the London *Times*, wrote as follows:

A French General, in a letter to Sir Colin, expressed his regret that certain violences attributed to some of our officers in cold Blood—I presume alluding to Nana Sahib and the Princes of Delhi, and things of that sort—and that the Sepoys had been put to death without the sanction of a rebel. But Nana Sahib received from Abdulmejid his executions were so numerous and indiscriminate, that one of the officers standed to his colours, and in return wrote with him, on the ground that if he depopulated the country he could get no supplies for the men.—*Diary*, vol. i. p. 225.

And again, the same witness said:

The effects on treasonal (*Sasnah*) was exulcive of Nile, and thought he could show equal vigor. In two days forty-two men were hanged on the roadside; and a battle of twelve men were executed because their faces were "turned the wrong way!" There were not wanting those who said the severities could not have been justified by the Cawnpore massacre, because they took place before that dreadful act. An officer remonstrated with Renaud, on the ground that if he persisted in this course he would bring the village and render it impossible to supply the army with provisions.

In another instance Mr. Russell stated that a helpless boy, leading a blind man, sought the protection of an officer of Fusiliers, when the latter drew his revolver, snapped it at the wretched supplicant's head—but it missed fire—cocked and snapped it again and again, until the fourth time, when it went off, and "the boy's life-blood flowed at his feet!"

IN CONNECTION WITH THE "BRITISH PROTESTS AGAINST THE SEPOY BUTCHERS, FOR THE CREDIT OF HUMANITY, THESE REMINISCENCES ARE IRRESPECTIVE.

MARCHES.

MARCH, march, march!
Through road, and alley, and street;
Tramp, tramp, tramp!
With weary and aching feet.
Over the thirsty plain,
Over the dreary hill,
Over the dangerous ford,
Over the prairie chill,
Over the tottering bridge,
Over the desolate marsh,
Through the mountainous pass,
Flinty, and wild, and harsh!
On, on, on!
With weary and aching feet,
From sunset to midnight and dawn,
From dawn to the noontide heat.
Tramp, tramp, tramp!
All through the weary night;
Clamp, clamp, clamp!
Under the storm's light.
Peering for unbathed foes,
Startled with strange alarms,
Exhausted and failing out,
Tottering under their arms;
Hungry, and cold, and damp,
Weary, and sick, and sore,
Pursued, we must tramp or die,
Till the weary march is o'er.
Oh, the sad solemn marches!
Oh, the long and dreadful marches!
Oh, the forced and midnight marches
Of the troops!

March, march, march!
With banners and pennons gay,
With faces happy and bright,
In the light of the early day:
With the burnished muskets gleaming,
And the blazoned banners beaming,
And every brave heart dreaming
A dream of victory.
On, on, on!
No footing over mores slow;
Still fleeter and fleeter move,
We are marching on the foe!
Hurry, and hurry, and run,
More fleetly, we care not how;
We are marching toward the foe,
And the toil is nothing now.
No matter how fast we move,
Our hearts are ahead of our feet;
Our faces are toward the foe—
Hurrah! let our steps be fleet!
With our hearts all on the fight—
For never a thought must roam,
As we march toward the foe,
To the loved ones left at home.
No time for tenderness now,

No time for the dreams of love;
To-day the whole world looks on,
To-day we must heroes prove.
Then march, march, march!
With hearts and footsteps light;
No hardship in the march,
When we march toward the fight.
Oh, the glory of the marches!
Oh, the thrill of forward marches!
Oh, the quick and fast speed the marches
Toward the foe!

March, march, march!
The day is fought and won;
We are following their retreat.
Let us run, run, run!
Fleeter than frightened hares,
Pursue them as they flee,
And deal out slaughter and sing
Wild songs of jubilee;
While every heart keeps time
To the music of victory.
Dash, dash, dash!
Onward and ever on;
Crash, crash, crash!
The foes before us run;
Crash, crash, crash!
They are flying as they run.
Tramp, tramp, tramp!
We can think of our sweet-heart now,
And how proud we shall view
Battle laurels on our brow.
We can think of them all at home,
Reading the victory,
And talking of all the brave,
And giving us all our dues.
And so we march, march, march!
In our hearts but a single pain—
The thought of the brave, brave boys
Who will never march again!
The thought of the ones who fell
Mid the battle's rush and roar,
And who now are marching
With their camp-mates any more.
'Tis this alone that saddens
The grand marching music here!
The glorious forward marches
Of the troops!

HAYDN TYRO.

MRS. D—— AND CAPTAIN L——.

IN the city of Baltimore lives a lady named—No, we will keep back the real name from publication, and give only an assumed initial, calling her Mrs. D——.

Mrs. D—— is the wife of a gentleman engaged in mercantile pursuits, who is by no means rich nor especially ambitious; though, by carefulness and attention to business, he has accumulated some property, and lives in good style for a man of his means.

Mrs. D—— is very much unlike her husband in some respects. Social ambition is one of her weaknesses. In marrying Mr. D——, whose father had been a mechanic, she felt that she was letting herself down; but, as the good nature of an old aristocratic family that was decaying for lack of both moral and material force, she was willing to accept the chance of being ingrafted on a more vigorous stock, even though, in her estimation, the quality were inferior. Of this, however, a fair difference of opinion may exist.

Mrs. D—— had education Mrs. D—— considered herself a "lady." That is, a person of *superior* quality—made of finer stuff—than the great body of the people; and, for this advantage, entitled to deference and service from those who were held to be graded below her. Toward all persons who ranken in the same grade with her husband, Mr. D——, assumed an air of dignified superiority that offended some and imposed upon others. Assumption always carries: weight with a class. Her poverty before marriage—for the family had about exhausted itself by extravagance, indulgence, and want of thrift—had separated her from many early friends; and when, through the love of a mechanic, though a strong, true, and rising man, had caused others to drop an acquaintance which had not for some time been upon a footing of equality.

For several years after her marriage Mrs. D—— whose husband was still at their humble living, found it hard work to maintain her standing with any portion of the proud exclusives with whom it was her ambition to associate. Still she never gave at the gate, gliding in upon all accessible occasions, and holding a place by intrusion if not under acknowledged right. By flattery she got in favor with some, and through them drew to the side of others, whose opulent circumstances made them less sensitive and truly independent mind far in the distance.

Such was Mrs. D——. As her husband's means increased she pressed him closely for a more liberal disposition of them. Some of this he yielded, even beyond his own judgment; but never to an extent that touched his safety. She deemed extravagance; but he saw that her gifts did not exceed a certain sum that could be afforded. Gradually, through elegance of attire and assumed importance, Mrs. D—— widened her sphere among the exclusives, and, in corresponding degree, drew off from certain excellent people, who had been and who had rather tolerated than enjoyed her society.

Thus it stood with Mrs. D—— at this present writing. To sum her up in a sentence, she is vesak, badly educated, proud, vain, unrefined; the representative of a class of women who imagine themselves vastly superior to other people, but who have scarcely a claim to true womanhood—who call themselves *ladies par excellence*, yet have scarcely a lady-like quality. Mr. D——, on the contrary, is a man in the best sense, a gentleman, brave enough to be independent and outspoken in the face even of public opinion, and with sufficient force of character to maintain himself in any right action at home or abroad. His wife has learned not only to respect him, but to stand aside when he asserts his will.

To certain women in Baltimore, belonging to the equivocal class, a new excitement offered itself in the presence of United States soldiers, who did the good work of saving that city from self-destruction, if we save a madman by chains. Treason foiled was splenetic in its impotence. Prudence sealed the lips and regulated the public conduct of those members of men whose hearts beat pulse for pulse with the open enemies of their country, and who, if they could, would have given aid and comfort; but women could venture upon a larger liberty, and to their discredit must it be recorded, that, when fully dressed in "rebs and gay attire," were gold and diamonds, rule in splendid carriages, and in the ballet of the opera or the theatre, stooped to acts of coarseness and vulgarity that would shame a market-woman. Unprovoked insults were offered to soldiers and officers in the street by these women, who even spat upon them in many instances, thus showing the depraved quality of their minds. Foremost in the practice of these indignities was Mrs. D——, who was encouraged by the class among whom she visited.

One day, fired by the almost insane malice of half a dozen free-talking women, with whom she had been in conference, Mrs. D——, in company with a friend, started forth to enjoy the pain of soldiers and officers subjected to wanton insults, which, because offered by women, they could not resent. Passing a soldier, Mrs. D—— purposely dropped her handkerchief. The young officer, under an impulse of politeness—at home in such things—stooped, and, contrasting with a more cultivated society than the lady—stepped forward, and lifting the handkerchief from the pavement, offered it to Mrs. D——. There was an instantaneous flash of contempt on her face, and a strong upward curl of her lip. She drew back for a moment, like one in surprise at a rudeness, then taking the handkerchief between the tips of her thumb and finger, she held it at arm's length, contaminating infected, and, moving to the curb-stone, dropped it in the muddy gutter. Not designing to glance back as the lesbian she swept away with an air of dignified hauteur that, to her mind, was worthy of a princess. A scornful laugh from some quarter behind, lowa added to the soldier's momentary feeling of discomfiture.

Proud of her shame, Mrs. D—— swept down the street. In the next block she encountered an officer. Throwing upon him a look of supreme contempt, Mrs. D—— swerved from the right line of her course, and avoided him by taking a quick circle that brought her crowding up against a merchant's show-window.

"One of your wife women, in gala dress," remarked the officer to a loyal citizen with whom he was walking.

"No; she is the wife of a Baltimore merchant," was replied—"a Mrs. D——."

"Formerly a servant-maid, or woman of the low caste, judging from her manners."

"No; Mrs. D—— is from one of our best families."

"Heaven save the mark!" ejaculated the officer. "If she represents the best, of what style and quality must you be, sir, to be called so?" He thought her a woman of the town, and it was on my lip to address her as Miss Jones's substitute to the lady of rank who ventured a wanton insult:

"In silk and scarlet walks many a harlot—
Good-morning, Madam!"

"I wish you had done so," was replied. "It might have checked the bad reputation she was making for herself in the eyes of all decent people. But is there no remedy for such conduct?"

"I have made up my mind to check them in all instances where they exceed a certain limit."

"Ah! what is the limit?"

"My judgment of the insult, when it occurs, must determine."

"What will you do?"

"Hold the husband, father, or brother, as the case may be, responsible respectively."

"Will the rules of the service permit this?"

"I shall not ask them."

"Suppose the husband, brother, or father will not respond?"

"Then I shall govern myself by the law of circumstances. But of one thing you may rest assured—should I make a beginning in this matter I will not be end at halvards. I do not belong to a quick-blooded race, but the blood once heated cools slowly. Then we put our hands to the plow we never look back."

The officer and the citizen walked, conversing, for half an hour longer, when, being at the upper part of the city, they took a car and rode up Baltimore Street. In passing the store in which the officer bought an extra from a news-boy, and was standing at it when the lady who had swept so haughtily around him not long before entered the same store for dry-goods. Seeing the officer, Mrs. D—— gave a short, contemptuous "Ugh!" and sat down just opposite. From her sneering face the officer dropped his eyes quickly to the paper he had just opened, and began reading. Mrs. D—— at once commenting loudly aloud to her friend, and using the most offensive remarks touching the soldiers and the people of the States from which they had come. When she continued, the apparent unconsciousness of the officer increasing her irritation, and causing her to almost exhaust the vocabulary of low invective. As if she were not present, the officer read on. At last the car was in the neighborhood to which Mrs. D—— was going, and she nodded to the conductor. The check-string was pulled and the bell stopped. Mrs. D—— arose, and, to her shame be it said, so far lost all sense of decency and self-respect as to spit in the officer's face.

Looking up with flashing eyes, and red spots burning on his cheeks, the officer said, as he drew his handkerchief and wiped the venom from his face—speaking with suppressed anger—

"You are no lady! If you were a man you would not leave this car alive!"

An hour later, at Mr. L——'s, sat in his countingroom, a gentleman, with whom he was partially acquainted, came in. There was in the face of the latter an expression that sent a trembling wave across the feelings of Mr. D——. It was threatening and mysterious. He arose, bowing with some distance and formality.

"I come, Mr. D——," said the gentleman, "on very unpleasant business." An officer of the United States Service has received a public insult at the hands of your wife, for which he has determined to call her husband to account."

A sudden paleness overspread the face of Mr. D——. "I am willing to defend my wife," he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise. "How? when? where?"

"She spit in his face."

"Impossible!"

"I saw it."

"You must have grossly insulted her."

"On the contrary, he neither spoke to nor looked at her."

"Where was it?"

"In one of the city cars. He sat reading, and she, in company with a female friend, sat opposite. In conversing aloud they applied to soldiers the most offensive language, but he took no notice of them. Finally, they arose to leave the car, when Mrs. D—— bent forward and spit in his face. He rose, and then was he to be mistaken. The officer is Captain L——, of Massachusetts, a gentleman of wealth, education, and high social position, and he holds you responsible for the conduct of your wife."

Mr. D—— reclaimed the merchant, throwing his arms above his head. "Has the woman lost all sense and decency! What does Captain L—— want?"

"Nothing unreasonable, Sir. But these outrages upon brave soldiers, who are periling and pining the call of their Government and doing duty as it directs, must be made to cease. If the perpetrators are ladies, they must suffer for the conduct of their sex, their next of male-kin must answer in consequences. You must bear the burden of your wife's debt."

"My wife shall apologize," said Mr. D——. His mind was beginning to grow clear.

"Captain L—— can not call upon her to receive an apology."

"But she shall call upon him at his quarters."

"Very well."

"You want a challenge?"

"No; I come to demand satisfaction. If that is not given, then—"

"I must fight."

"Yes, Sir."

"I will not. Here is pen, ink, and paper. Sit down and write a challenge in the name of Captain L——. Make it strong. Confusion take these women! Will they never cease playing the fool?"

The friend of Captain L—— sat down and wrote a very peremptory demand for satisfaction, closing with the sentence, "I am empowered by him, full and complete, or you will be held to the last resort."

In less than thirty minutes from that time Mr. D—— stood, pale, angry, and agitated before his wife.

"At last," he said, passionately, "you have completed your evil work. Warning and remonstrance have been of no avail. Now, and you no more, no self-respect left? What fiend possessed you?"

The color went out of Mrs. D——'s face. Fear and alarm overshadowed it. Never in her life had she seen her husband so moved. Never had she felt in such awe of him. Usually so calm, his violence now almost appalled her, and she felt weak and ungodly guilty before him.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"You spat in a gentleman's face to-day."

Her manner of shame confessed the counternance.

"Disgracing yourself and your husband in the very public eye; and now my life's blood must be the penalty. The officer whom you outraged—a man of wealth and high position—holds me alone me responsible for the insult. There is his challenge!" And he drew the paper from his pocket and held it forth.

Mrs. D—— shuddered and dropped nerveless into a chair. She was a coward at heart, in the way of consequences, than had ever entered her foolish brain.

"What will you?" she sobbed, "what have I done?"

"Disgraced yourself and put your husband's life in jeopardy," was the stern answer. "And now, you must choose one of two things: the humiliation of an apology, or the loss of your husband; and I shall not be the victim of affection demanded, even though I never fred a pistol, and the officer knows his weapon. Of course, I shall kill him."

"Kill!" she burst shivered on the air. "Oh, what have I done! What have I done!" followed in distinctions.

"An act for which atonement is demanded; and there is no escape. It is my life, or your humiliation."

"Where is the officer?" asked Mrs. D——, faintly.

"At the camp on Federal Hill."

"I will apologize," she spoke in constraint.

"I shall not go with you," Mr. D——, coldly. "I leave you free."

She was hurt by his manner

"Can you think such evil of me?"

"It must be your own act," he repeated.

"You will go with me?"

"No; I shall take no part in this humiliation. If Captain L—— demands my life, let him take it. I am a man, and never did a mean or ungentlemanly thing that I should humble myself before another man. If you were brave enough to offer an insult, you must be brave enough to make an apology. The issue lies in your hands."

Mr. D—— was wholly in earnest, and neither the tears nor entreaties of his wife moved him.

Captain L—— was sitting in his tent, in company with two other officers, when a sergeant came to the entrance and said that a lady had called to see him. The two officers moved to retire, but he desired them to remain.

"Conduct her to my tent," said Captain L——, in answer to the sergeant.

In a few moments a handsomely dressed lady, with her veil down, entered. Captain L—— advance recognized her, and stood up with a grave, but not angry countenance.

"Do you remember her?" she asked, partly drawing aside her veil, and showing a very altered face from the one she had seen in happier days.

"Mrs. D——," the Captain answered, bowing. There was a quality of tone and air about the officer that inspired her with a feeling of respect. He merely pronounced her name, and then stood awaiting her further purpose.

"I am here to offer an apology for conduct that has no excuse. Will you accept the apology?"

"On one condition," replied the officer.

"Name it, Sir."

"That you promise, on the word of a lady, never again to insult a soldier or an officer."

"I promise," was the low answer.

"Then the apology is paid, Madam. And now permit me to conduct you from the camp."

And with bearing of a gentleman as he was Captain L—— escorted Mrs. D—— to the carriage in which she had come, and closing the door for her after she had entered, with a low bow, said,

"The lesson is a severe one, Madam; but the fault was grave, and constructed a harsh reaction. We are here as friends, not enemies; as gentlemen, not ruffians. At the call of our country, not to invade and wrong. We come to save, not to destroy. When will you learn to read events aright?"

And turning from her the officer went back to his tent, and the lady rode to the city, an humbler, if not a wiser, woman.

The story, as such stories always will, got out, and was repeated from lip to lip. From that time women of Mr. D——'s style of thinking and feeling conducted themselves with a little more publicity decorum. It is quite certain that Captain L—— was never insulted again.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION AT HATTERAS.

We devote pages 101, 103, 104, and 106 to illustrations of the BURNSIDE EXPEDITION in the gulf of Hatteras, drawn from sketches by our special correspondent with the expedition. The general news paper dispatch said:

The expedition sailed from Hampton Roads on the 11th and 12th of January, and consisted of over one hundred and twenty-five vessels of all descriptions. They arrived at Hatteras between the 13th and 17th instant, having been greatly retarded by the heavy gales and rough sea which prevailed during that time.

After their arrival at Hatteras they experienced a series of storms of such severity that for two days in succession no more than one steamer could be reported as in communication between any two vessels of the fleet.

After the first storm it was discovered that the steamship *Governor*, with eight companies of the Twenty-first regiment on board, had gone ashore on the beach at Hatteras Inlet. The General Burnside had her steam-tug, the *Lancaster*, at hand, and sent her to her assistance. The *Governor* was lying on her beam ends, with her decks nearly awash. No vessel either could pass outside the bar during the thickest fort of water, unless very skillfully piloted, consequently the steamer *New York*, on the inside, was struck on the starboard side of the bar. The *New York* was loaded with a cargo valued at two hundred thousand dollars, consisting of powder, rifles, and bombs, and proved a total loss. The captain and crew, after bravely remaining by the ship for forty hours, were saved. The gun-boat *Zouave* dragged her anchors, had a hole stove in her bottom, and is now like a total loss. Her crew and guns were saved. The steamer *Pembroke* went ashore on the 17th instant, with the light-house, and became a total wreck. Ninety valuable horses belonging to the Rhode Island Battery were on board of her, and were nearly all drowned. Twenty-four, out of a total of five hundred and fifty, were saved. The *Grapeshot*, in tow of the *New Brunswick*, was also driven ashore during the storm, and became saved. An unknown schooner went ashore on the 15th, and another schooner, on the 16th, and six of her crew, were also lost on the beach. The steamer *Louisiana* struck on the bar during the height of the gale. The report of her having been burned is entirely incorrect. She may get off. The *Delaware* and the *Valley-ere* are also ashore. The latter will probably get off.

The water vessels attached to the expedition had not reached their destination when the *Monticello* left, and it is not been for the condensers on board some of the vessels and a vessel ashore, the most terrible privations must have occurred among the troops. As it was the water tanks were composed of wood, and consequently became oil casks.

The steamer was running at the rate of five miles an hour, and the chap soon found General Burnside and Commodore Goldsborough at dinner or communicating with their various vessels. All came running to the side of the *Valley-ere* and were soon on board. During the storm it increased, knocking up an ugly chopping sea, and obliging all the vessels to lie off both entrances and pay out all their chain. Strenuous efforts were made to get the *Advertiser* over, but the attempt proved useless, and about the eight-like another incidental trial was made. It was a fruitless contest with the elements, and the steamer set sounding on the "smash." To-day, affairs in the harbor look as a diplomatic visit. The steamer *Valley-ere* is moored at all communications. Since the storm of the 13th, she has been the only source of water; her coal is exhausted, and no coal means no water. She has about 300 troops (Massachusetts Twenty-fourth) on board, without so many rations as they have had no chance of getting, since down. She is probably in the same condition with ourselves—in want of water. Boats come alongside from the Cossack, covered with the feathery spray. She comes alongside of the *Advertiser*, and immediately General Burnside a message. It is a cry for water. Six hundred troops of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania Regiment on board, and six reporters, and no water—no whisky. The General reads the letter with moistened eyes, and frankly informs the messenger that their only resource is right to the *Swatchel* for it. If the gale continues there will soon be water. Water nowhere, and not a drop to be had. The *Valley-ere* steams away, and soon returns with a hole in her starboard quarter pounding on the hard sand of the midway channel.

Twelve o'clock, and no sign of the gale abating. On the contrary, otherwise. As far as the eye can discern through the driving mist and sleet is one broad sheet of white foam resembling a plain of newly-fallen snow. Dark clouds sweep down from the north, and, with their murky edges, seem almost to touch the vessel's masts as they go careering by, casting their gloomy shadows over the fleet, which sways and staggers under the mighty storm. A single person here and there appears on some vessel's deck, holding on by the rail or rigging, and a few scattering groups are seen peering the bows of the vessels, as shelter from the fury of the blast. The tents of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, which were yesterday pitched upon the beach, have all been swept away, and the poor soldiers must have spent a fearful night, exposed to the pellings of the pitiless storm; and yet no murmur might have been there. Beyond, where their struggling forms are seen standing on the beach, the billows of old ocean break upon the shore, tossing the spray from their snowy crests high into the air. It is a spectacle truly grand. Between the Hatteras and Winfield, as well as the Rhode Island Battery, whose unsheltered horses and men were only yesterday landed on the beach, must have suffered fearfully.

General Burnside, who for the last few mississippi his accustomed cheerfulness and resolution under all this load of responsibility, watches the incoming waves from the deck of the *Arrowrod*, and seems weighed down with their accumulated anxieties. Moreover, on the 20th of this month, the *Monticello* is bound to return to Hampton Roads. "This is terrible!" "When will the storm cease?" "The poor men, what will they do?" No one will realize that such a man is beloved by his men. But he is not the daughter, he is to the city." "Oh, Sir," "Oh, Sir," with power to smile the rock, and bid the waters be gath ered to merge their wants. They must wait on Sir, whose, whose ways are past finding out, and who "doeth all things well." The General may be seen in the companion that some wise purpose will be accomplished by these strange adversities. Such is the spirit of the man in charge of send in the hands of the Almighty. The condition of affairs, however, is grave. Moreover, on the 20th instant, the armor at the siege of Louisburg, soon only fitting perfidis to be his standard. Our soldiers are encamped on the sandy on which he sat out from Annapolis. With such a blame to be encountered, it is hoped that the storm will only overcome—the sun has not gone out.

The accompanying illustrations on page 101 represents Fort Hatteras, with Fort Clarke in the distance. We illustrated the spot very fully at the time General Butler first occupied it, and the view now given is taken from the inlet. At high-water the fort is an island, and the water is deep. One of the gun shown in the fore-ground of our picture on a plank-bridge resting on barrels. The stakes on the left of the picture mark the ground of soldiers. In the building on the right is devoted to the confectionery of water by the old and patent-condenser process. It is Ian Merry, of the First Artillery, is in command of the post.

One of the designs at the top of the page shows us the steamer *George L. Peabody* unshipping the horses of the Rhode Island Artillery at the Hatteras inlet. Another presents a view of the steamer *Zouave* sinking in Hatteras Inlet on 13th January; and also of the steamer *Pembroke* on the bar, with her foremast and smoke-stack gone, and the hulk going to pieces. The third depicts the Head Arrington, a building specially erected by the rebels for the reception of contrabands. There are upward of forty men here. The Gen—— Burnside says is "boss" of the establishment, and obligingly sat to be sketched by our correspondent.

Another picture shows the entrance of General Burnside's expedition to Pamlico Sound will be understood by reference to the map of the Coast Survey Department, drawn by A. Schoepf, now General in the rebel army. Hatteras Inlet, which has been represented on our chart by tints, one showing depths of less than six feet, the other presenting water from six to twelve feet deep. The first tint covers the edge of the tint and the dotted line the water is from twelve to eighteen feet. The steamers keep to the shore into the ocean for more than a mile on each side of the narrow channel through the middle of the inlet, and then turn to the course indicated by the line. After passing the second inner buoy, a steamer turns to the left and passes through the ocean from northwest by west to northeast. After about a mile on this northeast course another buoy is passed, and then the beginning of the shoals of Swash Channel. The course from this point is north a little over a mile, when steamers turn to starts the pilot to a northwest course; and after a mile in this direction is passed two fathoms of water, and another mile and a half is entered through a treacherous Sound is before him. So many shallow points lie about that only by the most accurate knowledge of the channel can vessels enter the Sound through this inlet.

On the west of Fishing Shoal is a limited anchorage for vessels drawing over twelve feet water. This is sometimes called Oliver's Channel, and it is the channel through which the vessels that were the six-score vessels of our fleet toured, careened, and dragged up from Fort Monroe. Swash Channel has not seven feet of water, except immediately after high winds from the northeast, north, and northwest, which drive water from the Sound. The gales which delayed the energetic General Burnside at the inlet brought a greater depth of water into the Swash Channel, which allowed the passage of his iden vessels through the intricate channel and over the shoals. Below will be found a chart indicate the depth of water where they are placed.

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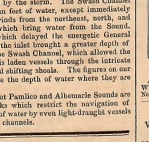
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY.

We illustrate very fully in this number the capture of FORT HENRY, Tennessee, which took place on 6th inst. On this page we give a portrait of COMMODORE FOOTE, and a picture, from a sketch by our correspondent, Mr. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT, of the GUN-DECK OF ONE OF THE MISSISSIPPI GUN-BOATS; on page 120 we give a view of the GUN-BOATS STEAMING UP TO THE ATTACK; and on page 119 a MAP showing the position of Fort Henry, and its geographical relations to Columbus, Bowling Green, and other strategical points.

We take from the Cincinnati *Gazette* the following account of the action:

THE BATTLE.

Yesterday (6th), at half past 10 A.M., the gun-boats *Cincinnati*, *St. Louis*, *Carondelet*, and *Essex*, the *Tyler*, *Conestoga*, and *Lexington* arriving up the river, advanced boldly against the rebel works, going to the right of Panther Creek Island, immediately above, where, on the east shore of the river, stands the fortification, and keeping out of range till at the head of the island, and within a mile of the enemy, passing the island in full view of the rebel guns. We steadily advanced, every man at quarters, every ear strained to catch the flag-officer's signal-gun for the commencement of the action. Our line of battle was on the left of the *St. Louis*, next the *Carondelet*, next the *Cincinnati* (for the time being the flag-ship, having on board Flag-officer Foote), and the next the *Essex*.

We advanced in line, the *Cincinnati* a boat's length ahead, when, at half past 11, the *Cincinnati* opened the ball, and immediately the three accompanying boats followed suit.

The enemy was not backward, and gave an admirable response, and the fight raged furiously for half an hour. We steadily advanced, receiving the concentrated storm of shot and shell, when, getting within three hundred yards of the enemy's works, we came to a stand and poured into him fight and left. In the mean time the *Essex* had been disabled, and drifted away from the scene of action, leaving the *Cincinnati*, *Carondelet*, and *St. Louis* alone engaged.

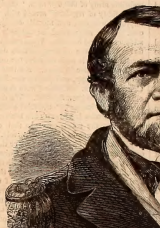
At precisely forty minutes past one o'clock the enemy struck his colors, and such cheering, such wild excitement as seized the throats, arms, or legs of the four or five hundred sailors of the gun-boats, can be imagined.

After the surrender, which was made to Flag-officer Foote by General Lloyd Tilghman, who defended his fort in a most determined manner, we found that the rebel infantry, encamped outside the fort, numbering four or five thousand, had cut and run, leaving the rebel artillery company in command of the fort.

The fort mounted seventeen guns, most of them thirty-two and thirty-four pounders, the being a magnificent ten-inch Columbiad. Our shots dismounted two of their guns, driving the enemy into the embrasures. Our shells burst in the embrasures, and must have done fearful execution among some of their gunners. The rebel channel is here but eleven effective guns, worked by fifty-four men—the number, all told, of our prisoners. They lost five killed, and ten badly wounded.

The infantry left every thing in their flight. A vast deal of plunder has fallen into our hands, including a large and valuable quantity of ordnance stores.

General Tilghman is disheartened. He thinks is one of the most dem-



COMMODORE FOOTE, U.S.N.

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY MR. E. ANTHONY.]

oging blows of the war. In surrendering to Flag-officer Foote, the rebel General remarked, "I am glad to surrender to so gallant an officer." Flag-officer Foote replied, "You do a gallant city right, Sir, in surrendering: but you should have blown my boats out of the water before I would have surrendered to you."

In the engagement the *Cincinnati* was in the lead, and, flying the Flag-officer's pennant, was the chief mark. Flag-officer Foote and Captain Stembel crowded her defiantly into the teeth of the enemy's guns. She got thirty-one shots, some of them going completely through her. The *Essex* was badly crippled when about half through the fight, and crowding steadily against the enemy. A ball went into her side forward port, through her heavy bulkheads, and squarely through one of her boilers, scalding and killing and killing several of the crew. Captain Porter, Lieutenant Buchanan, pilots, and Paymaster Lewis were standing in a direct line of the shot, and narrowly escaped the entire stream of the group. A shot struck Mr. Hutton on the top of his head, scattering his brains in every direction. The coupling steam went into the pilot-house, instantly killing Messrs. Foord and Bridge, pilots. Many of the soldiers at the rack of steam jumped overboard and were drowned.

The *Cincinnati* had one killed and six wounded. The *Essex* had six seamen and two officers killed, seventeen men wounded, and five missing. There were no casualties on the *St. Louis* or *Carondelet*, though the shot and shell fell upon them like rain. The *St. Louis* was commanded by Leonard Paulding, who stood upon the gun-boat and worked the guns to the last.

Not a man flinched, and with cheer upon cheer sent the shot and shell amongst the enemy.

FORT HENRY.

The *Herald* says:

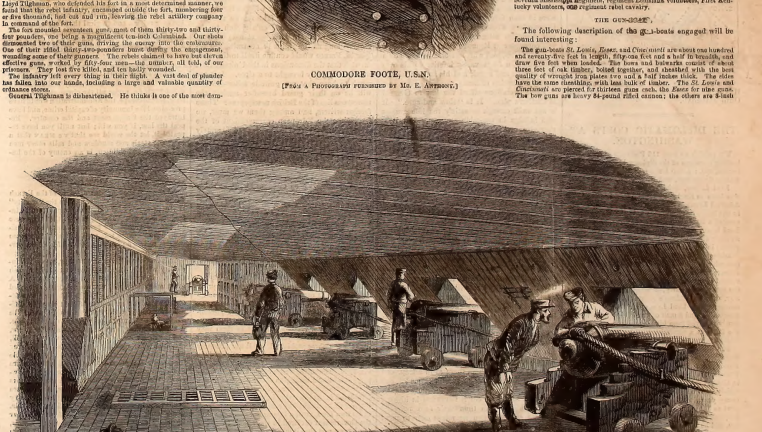
This fort, the only fortification on the Tennessee River of much importance, is situated near the line of Kentucky and Tennessee, on the east bank of the stream. It stands in the bottom, about the high-water mark, just below the bend in the river, and at the head of a straight stretch of about two miles. It therefore commands the river for that distance down stream, and very little else. The land around it is a little higher than the fort, and a portion of it is covered with timber. The armament of the fort consists of eight 32-pounders, four 12-pounders, and two 6-pounders. Of the 32 and 12-pounders are heavy guns, and six 6-pounders light pieces. On the opposite side of the river are three hills, which completely command the fort. Formerly some new fortifications were commenced on these hills, where it was intended to mount some very large guns and three mortars.

The rebel garrison was commanded by Brigadier-General Lloyd Tilghman. The force consisted of the Fourth Mississippi Regiment, Seventh Mississippi Regiment, regiment Louisiana volunteers, First Kentucky volunteers, one regiment rebel cavalry.

THE GUN-BOATS.

The following description of the gun-boats engaged will be found interesting:

The gun-boats *St. Louis*, *Essex*, and *Cincinnati* are about one hundred and seventy-five feet in length, fifty-one feet and a half in breadth, and draw five feet when loaded. The bows and bulwarks consist of about three feet of oak timber, bolted together, and clenched with the best quality of wrought iron plates two and a half inches thick. The sides have the same finishing, with less solid timber. The *St. Louis* and *Cincinnati* are pierced for thirteen guns each, the *Essex* for nine guns. The bow guns are heavy 64-pound rifled cannon; the others are 8-inch



GUN-DECK OF ONE OF THE MISSISSIPPI GUN-BOATS ENGAGED IN THE ATTACK ON FORT HENRY.—[SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

SLOW AND SURE.

WE publish on page 121 an illustration which is a most forcible answer to those critics, domestic and foreign, who complain that we are making no headway in the work of suppressing the rebellion. Both in Virginia and in Kentucky the roads are lakes of liquid mud, into which pedestrians sink nearly to the knees, and through which it would be impossible to move artillery or commissariat wagons. At the house we write, General M'Clellan on the Potomac, General Lane in Kansas, General Sibley, and General Buell on Green River are stuck fast in the mud, and if the lives of every man of their commands depended upon it they could not move. This will not last long, of course. Ten days of dry weather would enable forward movements to be made along the whole line. And in any event, the roads will become practicable in March. But at present no person possessed of ordinary reasoning faculties can blame our generals for not doing that which is physically impossible.

Even as it is the work goes steadily on, and we are witnessing the fruits of M'Clellan's ripe strategy and far-sighted calculations. General Thomas is steadily though slowly making his way into East Tennessee. The battle of Mill Spring is no evidence of the soundness of the plan by which it was brought on from the rebel accounts that, though Generals Crittenden and Zollicoffer were aware of the approach of our army many days before it reached them, they could not muster much more than half as many men as were led by General Thomas; and although they had chosen a strong position, and fortified it, his approach was so well planned that they were forced to come out of their intrenchments to attack him, with half only by reason of success. So in West Tennessee. The rebels had ample notice of our intended attack, and General Beauregard, with 20,000 men, was detached from Manassas to strengthen General Polk. A day or two before the attack on Fort Henry an order of the rebel Government at Richmond announced that "the Confederate" were in full force on the Tennessee River, and that nothing could possibly be added to their superiority. Yet a bombardment of an hour and a half by three or four gun-boats carried the water-side, and the "Confederates," who were in such force, were not to be found when Commodore Foote landed. Similar fortune will doubtless attend General Burnside. He will encounter at Roanoke Island, at Newbern, at Fort Macon, and wherever else he may go on the Sounds, a force vastly inferior to his own both in men and metal, and his success will be merely a question of hours.

The great question and the key to General M'Clellan's plan. It is "slow and sure." It is not swift enough to satisfy the idle gossips who indulge in tea-table criticisms of the very sure, and it takes no step backward. We have no idea that the future will differ from that which is typical by the movements of the campaign. Events will doubtless seem to succeed each other with painful slowness. But every week will witness some decisive blow struck, and no day will be marked by defeat or retreat. Whatever is done will be thoroughly done. Every rebel who can be met, he will fight, but by a superior force to theirs, armed with superior weapons. Wherever a battle takes place the odds will be enormously in favor of the Mill Spring. As soon as the roads enable our armies to move, they will be set in motion; but they will not move blindly, and without nothing will be left to chance. Careful and thorough reconnoissances will precede every operation, and every soldier will be prepared at the hand of duty disposed by our commanders.

Why should it be otherwise? It is possible to render the triumph of the Federal arms domestically certain: why risk anything? Why go and knock our heads against Columbus, if a few strategic movements can compel the garrison to capitulate without firing a shot? Why thrash the rebels at Manassas, if Burnside and Thomas can catch them napping, with a vast force them to scatter or sue for terms of surrender? If we were fighting for glory; if our generals, like some chief recently deposed, had no higher aim than their own personal fame as soldiers, then we might offer to meet the rebels in some fair field, with an equal force to equal force, and fight it out. But glory is the last thing that can be won in this war; and as to General M'Clellan, he is too good a citizen to wish to see bloody and doubtful battlefields when his purposes can be accomplished without them.

That there will be some hard fighting yet in this war there is no reason to doubt. Too many rebels are fighting with halters round their necks to justify hopes of a general bloodless submission. But it must be evident to every careful student of the history of the day, and especially of the rebel accounts of events, that the rebel cause is becoming desperate. That fiery enthusiasm with which the South commenced the struggle, and which induced so many travelers to give the North credit for less spirit than its enemy, is evidently subsiding; disaffiance which has been rife, is said unsuccessfully, in Tennessee—is to become general on 1st March. The men of the twelve-months' rebel regiments decline to re-enlist, and the whole army seems to be falling to pieces. New Orleans declares that if Columbus falls—and how can it help falling?—the whole Confederacy will follow. Savannah editors try to cheer up their readers by assuring them that there is no danger of attack in the city—no one is intended to go there at all after securing Fort Pulaski. The official papers at Richmond solemnly announce that the people are going to work. The cotton loan is an acknowledged failure, and even at Richmond people refuse the shinplasters of the "financial geniuses," whom the rebel lord by the rebel papers that the severing of their lines at Greenville and on the Tennessee River will cut off the supply of their saltpetre, and yet they do not affect to believe that it can be prevented. Howell Cobb and his colleagues warn their countrymen that we are going to sweep down upon the South in the spring with an irresistible army of 600,000 men, "disciplined to the shedding of blood," whom the sea-board and improved weapons, and morally certain of success. They recommend, as the only remedy, self-sacrificing patriotism. Why should we not do? What if the planters do burn down their houses? That is their concern, not ours. We don't want them. All that we want of them is to seize, occupy, and possess our Forts and Cyclopædia. When we have done this our office will have been fulfilled. We can proceed to march six inches into the rebel country, after the rebel armies have been once beaten. As to submitting, the rebels can take no credit for this. It concerns them exclusively. If they would like to be one year, or two, or three without receiving goods from abroad, to have their courts, postal service, intercourse with the world, manufactured goods, and markets for their produce, we shall not object. The law of Congress obliges constituencies to elect members, or citizens to trade with the rest of the country. If the rebels would like to dispense with law, order, and commerce, it will not be in our mouth to complain.

The apprehensions of foreign intervention, to which we referred last week, were revived a day or two since, first by an alarming letter from Mr. Charlow Wood, and possibly by dispatches from the reporter of the Associated Press, asserting that Napoleon was about to interfere not in case the blockade, will be without the assistance of England. Those false reports are having pity set at rest by Napoleon's speech to the Chambers on 22d inst., which he stated positively that, so long as the rights of neutrals were respected, France would confine itself to the earnest wish that the differences in the United States would be speedily brought to a close. Is it too much to hope that our gullible fellow-citizens will be set down their garrulous tongues as monstrous lies of the British newspapers? These foreign writers, and among them we must, we fear, class the Washington correspondent of the New York Associated Press, have deliberately and systematically misrepresented European, and especially French sentiment ever since the war broke out: seeming to labor, if not in reality laboring, in the interest and for the comfort of the Southern rebels. They have been convicted of falsehood as often as Dr. Russell has been convicted of blundering. Yet every fresh *canard* which they fabricate is as much a stultification of the nerves of our people. When shall we begin to understand them?

THE LOUNGER.

GORDON.

THE United States are about giving solemn proof that they are in earnest. When our fathers formed the government which we have all so much reason to, as because men who were founding a government upon equal human rights, the iniquity of the slave-trade. For reasons sufficient to them they tolerated it for twenty years. At the end of that time the trade was prohibited, and it was presently pronounced a capital crime by the national law. The law has been outraged, and the penalty evaded, for it have been open to the charge of inconsistency with our powers to sustain the rights of our flag, prostituted to the meanest of all purposes. Administered in the in direct injustice to human humanity, our Government has consisted at the outrage of its own laws by a late proceeding in office of the Government declared in the national court of the largest penalty. It is not to be supposed that any man would be convicted of that crime, and we assumed that he ought not to be. So utter was the demoralization of the Government.

That demoralization has naturally resulted in the efforts to destroy the Government, when it passed from the control of those who forgot that it was established "to secure justice," and who meant that it should perpetuate injustice. Those into whose hands it had passed by the will of the people were in every way, by the most solemn profound conviction, and the most solemn pledge, held to a vindication of the fundamental principle of that Government by every lawful means. It chanced that the law so long and so ruthlessly violated in a series of crimes of blood and suffering such as the mind hates to contemplate, at length was to be tested by the conviction of a slave trader. He was a young man, but old in this way. It was his fourth voyage. He knew the other law. He knew the penalty. He knew also that its intent had controlled the Government, and that money, influence, and all persuasions would be lavished for him if by chance he were caught and convicted. But he was caught. And in bartering twenty-five of sent, many established his crime beyond question. Nobody, he, nor his counsel, nor his friends seriously denied the fact. "The verdict was speedily rendered. sentence followed.

It was the most strenuous play of every influence to secure a pardon or a commutation. The law was law. It was one of the most important and solemn of all laws. The sea was the most beyond cavil. But it was pleaded that the law had been virtually obsolete, that it had never had ever suffered. In the courts the law may have been obsolete. In the Government its letter was violated and its spirit trampled on. It was a mockery obsolete in the hearts of the American people, and its spirit had been amply vindicated by the national election. The enemies of that law, holding that slavery was true philanthropy, and that all the shocking horrors of the middle passage and the mid-passage were Christian processes, are engaged in a war upon the Government. They have announced to all the world that slavery is their cornerstone. They have declared that the anti-slavery sentiment of the North is a social heresy and a political cry for power. All other nations are at this moment in South America there is really any more love of liberty and human rights in the North than at the South. And if the majesty of the law, which for the moment has not been omnipotence which it never had before, should be brought into contempt—if the first administration of the Government, conformably with the letter and the attitude of resistance to the overwhelming tyranny of slavery, should be that of a pardon for one of the vilest law in regard to its own character and sincerity, the world might justly despise a Government that had no respect for its own solemnities.

If there were the least shadow of doubt of the wisdom of the President—if there were—if there were—if there were any solitary mitigating circumstance—if it were any thing else than a terrible, resolute, and solemn human measure to arrest and defenseless people, and the hopeless enslavement of those who are simply escaped murder—it might be urged that this criminal should be instantly executed. But all the recent murderers executed in the most solemn and unanimous company with this offender. It is and enough to seem to cry for the blood of a fellow-man. It is not that it is only the demand of the law of outraged and Humanity—in the name of the nation quivering with the blows which this criminal has dealt—although in the name of our brothers who stood with their lives a ready sacrifice, that the very foundations of law, of society, and of the nation itself should not be shaken by interfering with the course of Justice, by any power under the political course may be.

If it be right to respite the offender, it is wrong for this Congress to allow the law to remain a day longer upon the statute book. If the law be profoundly just and essential, shall the fact that it has been broken hitherto than the crime it denounces shield an offender in this extreme moment from the penalty which he has consciously and constantly defied? If the law, under all circumstances of the time, should escape, the Administration would have proclaimed the immunity of capital crime, and have destroyed the Government as a terror. Repeal the law, if you will; but until you have repealed it, let it be true that we swear to hang the man who steals and murders and sells other men and women and children, is an enemy of the human race.

CHOOSING YOUR COMPANY.

It appears that the Chamberlain of the French Emperor has had a kind of Dr. Busby "black list" of the persons whom our Minister proposed to invite to dinner at the Tuileries. The style in which all persons eligible for presentation to the Presidency. No response was received; or the response came at so late an hour that only a few of the persons were presented.

This fact, trivial, to many persons, a peculiar incivility at this time upon the part of the French Court. But the explanation is very simple. A great many *foreigner* would be received and into the presentations, and the Emperor was determined to exclude them. It may be difficult to exclude such persons from a levee at the White House—but the Tuileries is a different place. A royal reception is a favor. It is a social honor, and the receiver may confer it upon whom he will, and upon such conditions he chooses. Mr. Marcy said in his famous dispatch that it was advisable the American representatives should not wear lace and other ornaments, but the simple dress of travelers. We could be very democratic in our clothes and manners in the good old times, a few years ago, when we were extremely jealous of every aristocracy in our feelings and actions. To Mr. Marcy's dispatch Count Walewski, then our Secretary at Paris, now our minister at Brussels, who practised its precepts, the Court said: "You are not wanted at a black coat."

It was perfectly clear that if a man wished to go to royal parties he must conform to royal etiquette. If his principles forbade, he could stay at home.

It happens to be imperial etiquette now not to receive what are called "questionable characters" and "improper persons." Yankee Doodle may insist that the Princess Mathilde is a personage of a very distinct notoriety, and that the lady on his arm may be more frank, but is no more "improper" than a great many ladies who lean upon the imperial arm. But the chamberlain will doubtless inform him that the question is one of ceremony, and that such are the orders. Certainly, my dear Yankee Doodle, he might add, granting that a

great many naughty people are inside, it is something to stop somewhere and to keep some out, and your style of impropriety is not so agreeable as some other styles.

We can hardly make a *casus belli* of the Emperor's choosing his company, nor can we criticise it as unkind, or impolite, or strange. Every respectable citizen of the United States he will willingly receive. And what right has a man to try to present in society abroad a person whom he would not introduce into his mother's drawing-room?

QUARRELS IN OUR OWN CAMP.

THE most unpleasant and discouraging sign in Washington is the asperity of feeling and expression among those who should be friends. A quiet spectator of events and persons in the capital finds himself asking whether gentlemen are not much more bent upon their own way of success than upon success itself. A member rises to speak, and he addresses himself to the horizon beyond which dwell his constituents, and where the public opinion is to be affected, which is most essential to himself; but he entirely overlooks the men around him with whom he is to act.

Take the splitting-point of the Congressional debates as an illustration, the treatment of the system of slavery. Upon the abstract question of its character, and upon its precise relation to the origin of the rebellion, Mr. Lovejoy, Mr. Diven, and Mr. Mallory, for instance, will hardly agree. Upon the constitutional question of emancipation they will certainly differ. But assuming them to be in good faith devoted to the permanence of the Government, they can as certainly agree that nothing shall stand between it and absolute victory.

If Mr. Lovejoy frankly and fairly concedes that the liberty of the press may be restricted and the writ of habeas corpus arbitrarily suspended in the hot whirl of civil war, to the end that the liberty of the nation, which is the permanent guarantee of all constitutional rights, may be preserved—certainly Mr. Mallory can not insist that a rebel shall enjoy the service of his slaves, which is a direct practical aid to rebellion, nor can Mr. Diven claim that nothing shall be done to destroy that assistance until after the rebellion, of which it is a vital prop, is suppressed.

The whole question now is, in a sense, military not moral. Mr. Lovejoy may rejoice that by means of lawful military measures slaves shall be freed. Mr. Mallory may regret that the maintenance of the Government requires the rupture of what he considers a desirable relation between slaves and masters. Mr. Diven may be sorry that the question could not be left to be solved under the normal operation of the Government. But they must all, of necessity, defer their private and special views of the question and its solution to the paramount, pressing, imperial exigency of the country.

In like manner Mr. Garrett Davis, who loves his country and desires its salvation as sincerely as a man can, might have spared men who deeply sympathize with him the pain of hearing him call other men who love their country quite as much as he, but who also hate slavery, inhuman monsters. He would think himself hardly used if Mr. Sumner should call him by the same name. And yet Mr. Davis forces upon every intelligent mind a bitter question—if a man is a monster because he hates slavery, what is a man who does not? He may think it a difficult, a complicated question, when it is inwrought in a system of society, in long habit, and profound sophistication. But to defend it abstractly, what shall be said of a Senator who does that when the flag of a bloody rebellion to extend it is almost visible from the Senate chamber?

It would surely be very ungracious and untimely to press such questions now. While a formidable armed insurrection threatens us, have we the time and the force to be struggling among ourselves? cherishing prejudices and fostering misunderstandings. No sane man supposes that slavery can survive the war. Mr. Diven himself declares that it must not stand in the way of our conquest, and that he does not care if nothing of it is left. The practical question, therefore, is not whether slavery is right or wrong, but what shall be done with the negroes freed by the advance of our armies? And that is a question which the Government can not long postpone.

THINGS SETTLING THEMSELVES.

IT is a favorite philosophy of some people that things will take care of themselves; that events are wiser than men; and that Providence is sure to have its way. All this kind of remark is merely the way in which selfishness states the Mohammedan creed of pure fatalism. "I will never consent," said Mr. Webster in 1850, "to re-enact the law of God." "I trust," said Mr. Seward, "that no laws will ever be passed in this chamber that do not re-enact the law of God." And there was all the difference between an old and a new era in the two statements.

What we call "things," when we say that they take care of themselves, is merely the course of human action. The "logic of events" is simply the rational sequence of intelligent action. Did our independence take care of itself? Did Magna Charta take care of itself? Did the Reformation of Luther take care of itself? If Luther had said: "Oh! don't trouble yourself to support me or my doctrines—this thing will take care of itself," he would have uttered both a truism and an absurdity. For clearly, in the world which God governs, nothing happens which He does not will, for Satan can never circumvent him. But, on the other hand, it is a part of the method of His government that men should struggle to establish what they believe. Trust in God and keep your powder dry, are essential parts of the same wise advice. A man who truly trusts in God understands that God works by means, and that powder is sometimes one of them.

Thus it is that nothing is settled except by settling it. A ship comes to no port if she be not steered. Ships do not steer themselves, and winds are not wiser than men. Winds are but means which human wisdom may control, or which, uncontrolled, will be stronger than human folly. No question of this war or of any other will settle itself, any more than the guns will load and fire themselves. Every point has to be seriously met and considered. Would the money question settle itself? Would the question of health and discipline settle itself? Would the Quarter-master's department settle itself? If no food were provided the soldiers would certainly beg, borrow, or steal something to eat. But that is not the settlement intended.

So we have to regard the condition and future of the slaves who fall within our control. The problem is not to be solved by the whim of this General, and the prejudice of that. There can not be thousands, and presently millions of people who have no recognized status, hanging around and within the lines of the army. That is not a question which will settle itself, except most disastrously for all concerned. If the slaves of rebels are to be actually released, it is of the utmost importance that every body know it, and that the Government deal directly and intelligibly with the facts. If they are to be retained as property and restored, equally there is a paramount necessity of knowing that, and of establishing the proper methods. There is plenty of mud in the field, and it would be terrible to have all our ideas, intentions, and methods stuck in the mud. Granting, for instance (which it is ludicrous to suppose, in view of the Declaration of Independence), that proclamations are only waste paper, and that you can do nothing in this matter until our lines advance, now that our lines have advanced, and we have thousands of cases to treat, what is to be the treatment?

"THEY SAY."

THE English papers, under the guidance of Mr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent, are very fond of saying that the United States Government is a Government of newspapers. This is not true as he states it, and as he would have it believed—namely, as a terrorism, or threat of imminent popular violence. But it is true as meaning that in this country, more than in any other, a public man may gather from the papers the temper of public opinion upon any question; and as ours is a Government of public opinion, he will be very apt to give to the voice of the newspapers a grave importance.

Thus, last summer, the cry of "On to Richmond!" was not merely the motto of a paper, it was the cry of a very general popular impatience. And it will hardly be denied that it had influence in the resolution to advance. But obviously a newspaper may insist upon an individual conviction or policy until by mere force of iteration it may seem to be the feeling or desire of others—and so far appear to be public opinion.

And just here lies the great responsibility of a newspaper. For he only is an honorable editor who takes care that all that is said in his columns about persons or things shall be as true or as probable as circumstances allow him to determine. Whims, and whiffs of rumors, which are always defiling the air, he will carefully exclude. For instance, because Mrs. Lincoln is a Kentucky woman, he will not assume that any mere report affecting her loyalty, which might be whispered in Washington or elsewhere, is worthy of repetition. Nor because somebody told somebody who gave somebody the wink that the President daily goes down cellar and lashes fugitive slaves with his own hands, will a fair editor call it "news," and print it. Nor will he afterward, when he is called upon to explain, say that the story came in the same way that other news came, and how can he discriminate? If he can not discriminate, he is not fit to be an editor.

The only way of peace and justice is resolutely to disbelieve injurious reports until they have some better foundation than print.

THE NUTT.

WE have had the Prestidigitateur and the Zampillaeronaut, and now we have simply and concisely the Nutt. At last General Tom Thumb is outgeneraled. He is beaten by a smaller man. The glory rests with the Navy, at Barnum's Museum. And Barnum himself has vindicated his fame as still the greatest showman of the age. It is not a Nutt hard to crack, but it is one well worth seeing. In fact, the Museum is full of interest. There can be no more gratifying gift to any intelligent child than a ticket to the Nutt and the Hippopotamus; and every such child must of course be accompanied by an intelligent elder, who can seize the opportunity to see the wonders of the land and sea, which are collected by Barnum. His Museum is *not* a humbug.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LEARNING FRENCH.—A young lady studying French, and finding that "*belle*" meant "fine," told somebody in a letter that we had a great deal of *belle*-weather lately.

What is the connecting link between *Secessionism* and *ruin?*—DAVIS' STRAITS.

"Oh, pray let me have my own way this time," said a young officer in one of our Irish volunteer regiments about going South, as he attempted to force a kiss from his dear Biddy. "Well, Willie, I suppose I must this once; but you know that after your return and we are married, I shall have a Will of my own."

"Did your fall hurt you?" said one Patlander to another, who had fallen from the top of a two-story house. "Not in the least, honey; 'twas stoppin' so quick that hurt me."

"I am afraid, Sir, you are in a settled melancholy." "No, Madame, my melancholy won't settle; it has too much *grounds*."

Dear old Mrs. Crakker says that if woman had not caused man to commit his first sin in eating, no doubt he would very soon have sinned of his own accord in drinking.

A VERY PARTICULAR YOUNG MAN.—Old Mrs. Harris was never regarded as a paragon of neatness; and if "cleanliness is next to godliness," it is to be feared that the old lady never attained to the latter state. Not only was she any thing but neat herself, but showed a contempt for it in others. Speaking of neat people, one day, she remarked that her son Josiah was one of the most particular men in the world. "Why," said she, "he threw away a whole cup of coffee, the other morning, because it had a black-beetle in it."

The preacher who spends his nights in writing dull sermons stays awake to put his hearers to sleep.

Charles Lamb once said to a brother whist-player, Martin Burney, whose hands were none of the cleanest, "Martin, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you'd have!"

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

A LEGAL FABLE.—Two weasels found an egg. "Let us not fight about it," said the elder weasel, "but enter into partnership." "Very good," said weasel the younger. So taking the egg between them, each sucked the either end. "My children," said Redtapes, the attorney, "though you have but one client between you, make the best of him."

A hen-fancier lately procured a picture of a favorite fowl, which was so natural that it laid on his table for several weeks.

A man of fast habits is a man of lax morals; he plays the game of fast and loose.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, February 4, in the Senate, Senator Sumner, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a bill authorizing the appointment of diplomatic representatives to the republics of Liberia and Hayti. The resolution relative to the command of the Department of Kansas, and calling on the Secretary of War for the orders and directions in regard to supplies for that command, and whether it is to be commanded by General Lane, and whether the orders have been changed since General Lane left, and whether the order of General Hunter is according to the orders of the War Department, was taken up. Senator Pomeroy said the resolution was offered in accordance with a suggestion from the Secretary of War, whereupon it was adopted. The bill providing for the construction of twenty iron-clad steamers for the coast-defense was discussed, and recommitted to the Committee on Naval Affairs. The debate on the resolution relative to the expulsion of Senator Bright was then resumed, Senators Browning, Dixon, Doolittle, Willey, Davis, Sumner, and others participating in the discussion.——In the House, the debate on the Treasury Note bill was continued by Messrs. Morrill, of Vermont, and Roscoe L. Conkling, of New York, in opposition to the clause making the Government paper a legal tender.

On Wednesday, February 5, in the Senate, the West Point Academy Appropriation bill was passed without amendment. A resolution calling on the President for the recent correspondence regarding the presentation of American citizens at the Court of France was adopted. The bill defining the pay and emoluments of officers of the army was taken up, and the amendments of the Military Committee adopted. After some debate by Senator Sherman the bill was laid aside, and the consideration of the resolution relative to the expulsion of Senator Bright was resumed. After debate, and a speech by Senator Bright in his defense, the resolution of expulsion was adopted by a vote of thirty-two to fourteen.——The House was occupied in discussing the Treasury Note bill.

On Thursday, February 6, in the Senate, Senator Harris presented a petition for the abrogation of the Reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States. A bill allowing the Corporation of Washington to issue small notes was introduced and referred. The bill defining the pay and emoluments of army officers was taken up. Senator Sherman offered an amendment reducing all salaries, mileage fees, and contingent expenses, which, after considerable discussion on the questions of taxation, expenditures, and retrenchment, was adopted. Senator Doolittle offered an amendment reducing the mileage of members of Congress fifty per cent., which was agreed to—yeas 29, nays 10. Senator Howe moved to strike out the ninth section, which reduces the pay of the soldiers and sailors. This was defeated, only two Senators voting in the affirmative. Senator Howe then moved to recommit the bill, and pending the question the Senate went into executive session.——In the House, the debate on the Treasury Note bill was resumed and concluded, and the bill, with the legal tender clause retained, was passed by a vote of ninety-three to fifty-four.

On Friday, February 7, in the Senate, the bill appropriating ten millions of dollars for the construction of twenty iron-clad gun-boats was passed. The Treasury Note bill was received from the House, and referred to the Finance Committee. The bill authorizing an additional issue of ten million dollars of demand notes was passed. The Civil Appropriation bill was passed. A report of the Naval Committee, with reference to Mr. Morgan's purchase of vessels for the navy, and censuring the Secretary of the Navy for his action in the matter, was discussed. Senator Wilson moved, as a substitute for the report, the declaration "that the employment of an agent to make purchases for the Government, whose compensation depends upon commissions on purchases, is unwise, inexpedient, and never to be resorted to except in cases of imperious necessity." Pending this motion the subject was laid over. A joint resolution, giving the thanks of Congress to Captain Dupont and his officers and seamen for the victory at Port Royal, was adopted. The Judiciary Committee reported that Senator Starke, the Senator from Oregon, whose loyalty has been questioned, was entitled to take the constitutional oath. A minority report was, however, presented, and the papers were ordered to be printed.——In the House, the Treasury Note bill was, by consent, amended so as to allow the Treasury Department, at its option, to pay the interest on Government bonds in coin or paper. The report of the Committee on Government Contracts was taken up and discussed. At the conclusion of the debate Mr. Holman, of Indiana, offered a resolution censuring Mr. Cameron, the late Secretary of War, and Mr. Welles, the present Secretary of the Navy, for their action in employing Alexander Cummings and George D. Morgan; but without coming to a vote the subject was postponed. The report of the Conference Committee on the bill providing for the completion of the defenses of Washington, and the employment of Home Guards in Missouri and Maryland, was agreed to. Several private bills were passed. Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, February 10, in the Senate, the resolutions of the Legislature of New York in favor of allowing each State to assess and collect its portion of the national tax were presented. The bill to incorporate the Georgetown and Washington Railroad Company was taken up. The bill was amended so as to give three per cent. of the receipts of the road for the support of public schools, and then passed. The report of the Conference Committee authorizing Home Guards in Missouri and Maryland was agreed to, and the bill passed. The resolution directing the Finance Committee to inquire into the expediency of establishing a national savings institution and Government fiscal agency was taken up. Senator Simmons proceeded to explain the objects of the scheme, but gave way for an executive session, during which a number of military and civil appointments were taken up and confirmed.——In the House, the Senate bill authorizing the issue of ten millions of dollars of demand Treasury notes was passed unanimously. Mr. Crittenden, by unanimous consent, presented a petition from Philadelphia, signed by the first men of that city, proposing that on the 22d of February Washington's Farewell Address be read in one of the Houses of Congress, by the President of the Senate or Speaker of the House. An amendment, that the Declaration of Independence, and Secretary Stanton's order to the army after the victory at Mill Springs, be read at the same time, was agreed to, and the resolution adopted. The Senate resolution authorizing the detail of three naval officers to inspect transports in the service of the War Department was adopted.

COMPLETE SUCCESS OF THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

By a flag of truce from Norfolk on 11th we learn the complete success of the Burnside expedition at Roanoke Island.

The island was taken possession of, and Commodore Lynch's fleet completely destroyed.

The first news of the defeat arrived at Norfolk on Sunday afternoon, and caused great excitement. The previous news was very satisfactory, stating that the Yankees had been allowed to advance for the purpose of driving them into a trap.

The rebel force on the island is supposed to have been a little over three thousand efficient fighting men.

General Wise was ill at Nag's Head, and was not present during the engagement. When the situation became dangerous he was removed to Norfolk.

All the gun-boats but one were taken, and that escaped up a creek, and was probably also destroyed.

Elizabeth City was attacked on the 9th. The citizens, finding resistance vain, evacuated the place, but before doing so set fire to the town, and when our informant left it was still in flames.

One report says that only seventy, and another that only twenty-five of the Confederates escaped from the island.

General Huger telegraphed to Richmond that only fifty on the island escaped.

There appears to be no bright side of the story for the rebels.

The following dispatch is taken from a Richmond paper of 11th:

NORFOLK, *February* 10, 1862.

The latest news states that Captain O. Jennings Wise, son of Governor Wise, was shot through the hip and disabled, though his wound was not mortal. Major Lawson and Lieutenant Miller were mortally wounded. About three hundred Confederates were killed. Our wounded numbers over one thousand. The number of Yankees wounded is about the same. Midshipman Cann has had an arm shot off. The other casualties are as yet unreported.

ARREST OF GENERAL STONE.

Brigadier-General Stone was arrested in Washington on Sunday morning, 9th, at 2 o'clock by a posse of the Provost Marshal's force, and sent to Fort Lafayette, where he arrived on 10th. The charges against General Stone appear to be of a very serious character. They are embodied in the following summary: First, for misbehavior at the battle of Ball's Bluff; second, for holding correspondence with the enemy before and since the battle of Ball's Bluff, and receiving visits from rebel officers in his camp; third, for treacherously suffering the enemy to build a fort or strong work since the battle of Ball's Bluff, under his guns without molestation; fourth, for a treacherous design to expose his force to capture and destruction by the enemy, under pretense of orders for a movement from the Commanding General which had not been given.

THE VICTORY AT FORT HENRY.

General Halleck announced the victory at Fort Henry in a brief and graphic dispatch, in these words:

Fort Henry is ours! The flag of the Union is re-established on the soil of Tennessee. It will never be removed.

By command of Major-General HALLECK.

THE MEMPHIS AND OHIO RAILROAD CUT.

The capture of the bridge on the Ohio and Memphis Railroad by our troops, after the surrender of Fort Henry, is announced by a dispatch received at head-quarters from General Halleck, stating that our troops had immediately proceeded up the river in the direction of the bridge, sixteen miles distant from Fort Henry, and demolished all the batteries of the rebels in their route.

INVASION OF EAST TENNESSEE.

It appears that General Thomas is about to invade East Tennessee at three different points simultaneously. General Carter is to go through Cumberland Gap, General Schoepff is to advance by the central route, and General Thomas, with M'Cooke's and Manson's brigades, will cross at Mill Springs, the scene of the late victory. They will immediately march on Knoxville, and, if successful, will take possession of the railroad, thus cutting off communication between the rebel army in the West and the seat of the rebel Government at Richmond.

THE BUTLER EXPEDITION.

Great activity prevailed last week at Boston in getting off the Butler expedition. The vessels, loaded with troops and stores, consist of the ships *Undaunted*, *North American*, *Idaho*, *Ocean Pearl*, *Wilder Farley*, and *Western Empire*; also some steamers. The Maine Fourteenth regiment, First Maine battery, Second Vermont battery, and Fourth Massachusetts battery, of the New England division, were embarked and sailed last week. The entire division will consist of about ten thousand men.

AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI.

Our news from Missouri is most favorable. The rebel General Price, now near Springfield, is said to have harangued his troops, stating that they were surrounded, and should decide either to surrender or fight. They resolved to fight. Our Generals are pressing forward with great rapidity. Siegel and Asboth's divisions have reached Lebanon, while Major Wright's cavalry have advanced thirteen miles west of that point. The brigade of General Davis was reported to be crossing the Osage River on Wednesday, and the advanced-guard was expected to join Generals Siegel and Asboth at Lebanon on the following day. Price may thus feel that his position is a critical one.

OUR ARMY AT CAIRO.

There are now not less than thirty-five thousand troops at Cairo, and preparations are actively going on for the great Mississippi expedition. Some delay has been occasioned by the want of men for the gun-boats; but they have recently been filling up very fast with sailors from Chicago.

REBELS BACKING OUT.

The Virginia correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* says "that out of the Fifth South Carolina Regiment, numbering eight hundred men, whose term of service is about expiring, but one hundred and seventy have signified their willingness to enlist 'for the war.'"

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "NASHVILLE" AND "TUSCARORA."

AT latest dates the *Nashville* was still at Southampton, but it was rumored that she was ordered to quit that port. Commander Craven, of the *Tuscarora*, had been accused of anchoring his vessel off Osborne in "discourtesy" to the Queen. The gallant officer had denied the charge in a public letter.

MASON AND SLIDELL IN ENGLAND.

The *Jura* brings intelligence of the arrival of Mason and Slidell at Southampton. No enthusiasm was manifested on their arrival. Slidell left immediately for Paris.

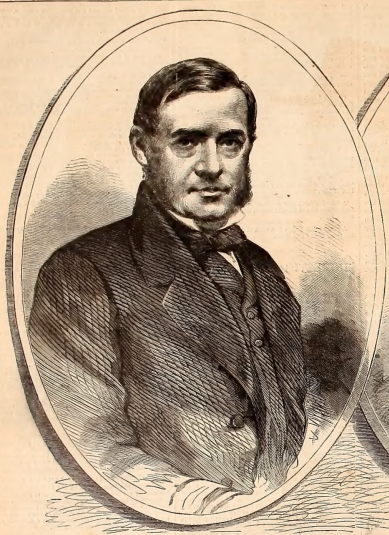
SHORT TIME AT MANCHESTER.

Advices from Manchester state that the shortening of the hours of labor in the factories is gradually extending, and in course of the next week or two the movement promises to become more extensive.

FRANCE.

FRANCE NOT TO INTERFERE.

Louis Napoleon, in his address to the French Corps Legislatif on the 27th, stated that although the civil war in America compromised the commercial interests of France, yet as long as the rights of neutrals were respected, they should confine themselves to the earnest wish that the dissensions in this country would soon be brought to an end.



LORD LYONS, THE BRITISH MINISTER TO WASHINGTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



M. MERCIER, THE FRENCH MINISTER TO WASHINGTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



BARON STOECKEL, RUSSIAN MINISTER TO WASHINGTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



BARON VON GEROLT, PRUSSIAN MINISTER TO WASHINGTON.



THE PRISONS AND JAILERS AT RICHMOND.—FROM SKETCHES BY MR. JAMES GILLETTE (71ST NEW YORK STATE MILITIA), WHO WAS A PRISONER THERE FOR FIVE MONTHS.—[SEE PAGE 119.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LXXVII.

"To those of my readers who may seek with Julius Faber to explore, through intelligible causes, solutions for the marvels I narrate, Margrave's confession may serve to explain how much that my own superstitious beliefs had obscured. To them Margrave is evidently the son of Louis Gravile. The elixir of life is reduced to some simple restorative, owing much of its effect to the faith of a credulous patient; youth is so soon restored to its joy in the sun, with or without an elixir. His arts and his powers are, in small degree, some unusual constitutional gifts on which the disciples of Mesmer rest their creed; in large part, they are the figments of my own heated fancy. He is a crafty impostor, a wonderful reader of men's dominant foibles or passions; all the knowledge that sets mere practical human nature at a glance, and which, in his wealth made not difficult, and observations which his keenness of intellect made subtle and deep. I have this interpretation unassisted. It may have been illusion in me to suppose that of the two conjectures—viz., that which is the least improbable, and that which is the most incredible—the latter was possible. He former not. And putting aside all other reasons for hesitating to believe that Margrave was the son of Louis Gravile—reasons which even my narrative might suggest—was it not strange that Sir Philip Derval, who had instituted inquiries minutest, and reported them in his memoir with such faithful zeal, should not have discovered that a youth, attended by the same woman who had attended Gravile, had disappeared from the town on the precise night as Gravile himself disappeared? But Derval had relented truthfully, according to Margrave's account, on the flight of Allen, and had taken servant, yet not even silhouette to the flight, not even to the existence, of the boy, who must have been at no near distance apart in the suite of Louis Gravile, if he were, indeed, the son whom Gravile had made his constant companion, and confidential his principal heir.

Not many minutes did I give myself up to the cloud of reflections through which these rumours of light forced its way. One thought overmastered all: Margrave had threatened death to my Allen, and warned me of what I should learn, from the lips of Faber, "the sage of the college."

I stood, shuddering, at the door of my home; I did not dare to enter.

"Allen," said a voice, in which my ear detected an unusual emotion suppressed, "he is fine—he calm. I keep my promise. The hour is come in which you may again see the Lilian of old—mind to mind, soul to soul.

Faber's hand took mine, and led me into the house.

"You do, then, fear that this interview will be too much for her strength?" said I, whisperingly.

"I can not say; but she demands the interview, and I dare not refuse it."

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

I KEPT Faber on the stairs, and paused at the door of Lilian's room. The door opened suddenly, noiselessly, and her mother came out with one hand before her face and the other locked in Amy's, who was leading her as a child leads the blind. Mrs. Ashleigh looked up, as I touched her, and, in a warm, almost gay tone, (she was not weeping, as was her womanly wont in every petitier grief, but Amy's) said, "God will have exchanged between us. I rejoice," and closed the door; my eyes turned mechanically to the corner in which was placed the small virgin bed, with its curtains white as a shroud. Lilian was not there. I looked round, and saw her half reclined on a couch near the window. She was dressed, and with care. Was not that her bridal robe?

"Allen—Allen," she murmured. "Again again my Allen—again, again your Lilian!" And, striving in vain to rise, she extended and her arms in the yearning of reunited love. And as I knelt beside her, those arms closed round me for the first time, in the fond, chaste, holy tenderness of a wife's embrace.

"Ah!" she said, in her low voice (her voice like Cordelia's, was ever low), "all has come back to me—all that I owe to your protecting, noble, tender guardian love?"

"Hush! hush! the gratitude rests with me—it is my sweet boon to trust, to love, to cherish my own, my beautiful, still my beautiful! Suffering has not dimmed the light of those dear eyes to me! Put your lips to my own." Our lips met in these words: "I love you, and for your sake I wish to live!"

"For your sake I pray—with my whole weak human heart—I pray to live. Listen. Some days had elapsed, if I am spared, and the purple blossoms of yonder waving trees I shall tell you all, as I see it now. All that could have come between me in my long dream, and before the dream closed around me, like a night in which cloud and star chase each other." Sweet, holy heresies! some quiet, sunlit, happy, happy day. But now all I would say is this: Before that dreadful morning—how it comes back to me!—Allen, Allen! you did not believe that slanderous letter? God bless you! God bless you! Grow hearted, high-souled—God bless you, my darling! my husband! And like a child Amy to him humbly as I do, and He will bless you. She stooped and kissed away my tears, then she resumed, feebly, meekly, sorrowfully:

"Before that morning I was not worthy of such a heart, such a love as yours. No, no; hear me. No thought of love for another ever crossed me! Never, when conscious and reasoning, was I untrue to you—even in fancy. But I was a child—reward to the child who pines for what earth can not give, and covets the moon for a toy. Heaven had been so kind to my lot on earth, and my heart in that earth I was secretly discontented. When I felt that you loved me, and my heart told me that I loved again, I said to myself, 'Do I make myself clear? do you forgive me? You were not untrue to you.' I was untrue to my own duties in life. I believed, in my vain conceit, that a mortal's dim vision of heaven raised us from the earth; I did not feel sufficiently that that earth is a part of the same universe as heaven! Now, perhaps in the awful affliction that darkened my reason, my soul has been made more clear. As it to chastise but to teach me, my soul has been permitted to range the vast and presumptuous desire; it has wandered forth from the trammels of mortal duties and fetters; it has been repelled by the dangers of its own rash and presumptuous escape from the tasks which it should have fulfilled as your wife, my Allen, Allen, I am less unworthy of you now! Perhaps in my darkness one rapid glimpse of light was vouchsafed to me, which I intended to me. If so, how unlike to the visions my childhood indulged in! Now, while I know still more deeply that there is a world for the angels, I know also that the mortal must pass through probation in this life. Ah, Allen, Allen, I am with you—grieving in your griefs, rejoicing in your joys!"

Here the voice failed her. Again the dear arms embraced me, and the dear face, eloquent with love, hid itself on my human breast.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

THAT interview is over! Again I am banished from Lilian's room. The overwhelming effect of that meeting has overstrained her enfeebled nerves. Convulsive tremblings of the whole frame, accompanied by sharp cries of pain, succeeded one brief interchange of sweet and silent thoughts. Faber, in reason, had left me alone, imperiously and sternly warned me that the sole chance yet left of preserving her life was in the merciful repose of the most perfect and entire exercise control. He and Amy resumed their place in her chamber. When her violence had given way to sentence of banishment so Mrs. Ashleigh and I sat facing each other in the room below; over us the lonely anger had fallen, and I heard it but a voice from afar or in a dream, Mrs. Ashleigh's commands.

"She will die—she will die! Her eyes have the same heavenly look as my Gilbert's on the day on which she left us. Remember, Allen, my words are his last words—' Forgive me all my faults to you.' She will die—she will die!"

Hours and hours passed. At last Faber entered the room; he spoke first to Mrs. Ashleigh—motioned her silence. Speak! speak! the lips of all who pass from the chamber of the dying to the presence of mourners, and know that the sentence is pass. "Hope!" I cried, "there is, as yet, to say 'endure.'"

But he had not the power to her own room docile as a worried child led to sleep, staid with her some time, and then returned to me, pressing me to his breast, faltered:

"No hope—no hope!" said I, recoiling from his embrace. Faber was silent. Speak! speak! Let me know the worst."

"I have a hope, yet I scarcely dare to bid you share it. For the sake of one so dear to you as man than my experience as physician. I can not believe that the human mind can be reconciled to earth—so fondly, so earnestly cling to this mortal life—if it were about to be summoned away. No! You have not deserved from the sufferers who have dreaded Death the most become calmly resigned to its coming, when Death visibly reveals himself. In the moment in which its shape has been guessed and not seen. As if the mind knew that the mortal patient has lost all will to live on, so there is hope while the patient, yet young and with no perceptible breath in the system, struggles for life, ever violently their forts may be stormed), has still some faith in existence. Remember, Allen (who can say?) from the whispers conveyed from above to the soul.

"I can say, from myself to think that all the uses for which a reason, always so lovely even in its errors, has been restored, are not fulfilled. It seems to me as if your union, as yet so imperfect, has still for its end that holy life on earth which is needful to mortal beings—needful in order for a sphere of existence to which this is the preparation. Therefore, I say to yourself I have hope yet for her. Gifted with powers which are high in the manifold orders of man—thoughtful, tender, and brave—she has in her the rare and intellect vibrate to every fine touch of humanity —in error itself conscientious, in delusions still eager for truth—in anger, forgiving—in wrong, seeking how to repair—and best of all, strong in a love so deep that it has power to pardon and to defend from the fangs of the slanderer—a love, raising passion itself out of the reach of the senses, more than the senses to the spirit—in all its devotion—with all these noble proofs in yourself of a being not meant to end here, your life has stopped short in its race, your mind itself has been drifted, a bark without rudder or pilot, over seas without shore, under skies without stars. And wherefore? Because the Mind you so haughtily vaunted has refused its companion and teacher in Soul.

"And therefore, through you, I hope that she will be spared yet to live on. She, in whom Faith and Love, in early infancy, have planted the checks and the definite goals which the mind is ordained to reach to in wandering—she, here; the mind taking thoughts from the actual and visible world, and the soul but vague glimpses and hues from the unseen and the intimate heritage. Each of you two seems to me as yet incomplete, and your destinies yet uncertain. Go through the bonds of the heart, through the trials of time, ye have both to consummate your marriage. I do not—believe me—I do not say this in the fanciful wisdom of allegory and type, save that, whenever closely examined, the very gayest rests through all the most commonplace phases of outward and material life. I hope, then, that we may yet be permitted to hope it, not from my skill as physician, but my inward belief as a Christian. To perfect your own soul—to save that of your son and of the world."

I started—the very words that Lilian had uttered in her reverie!

"But," resumed Faber, "how can I presume to trace the numberless links of effects up to the first cause? Allen, Allen, for the sake of reason and of my reason. I leave that to philosophers, who would laugh my weak hope to scorn.

"Possibly, probably, where I, whose calling has been but to save flesh from the worm, deem that the life of the body is at its close—that to relap and train your own convictions of soul, Heaven has but one means more, and that dread mental instruct you far more than her life. I have said: He prepared for either; wisdom through joy—for blessing through grief. Remember that, looking only through the mechanism by which this moral world is impelled and improved, the latter agency is more frequently employed. Even a man, or man's law, is never wise but when it is merciful. Judge not by human conditions; and that which is mercy to the myriads may seem hard to the one."

And from this discourse—of which I now, at calm distance of time, recall every word—my human, fond, loving heart bore away but one thought, but this sentence. "Each has need of the other?" so that I cried out, "Life, life, life! Is there no hope for her? Is there no way to baffle physician? I am physician too; I will see her. I will judge. I will not be banished from my child!"

"Judge then, as physician, and let the responsibility rest with me. At this moment such excitation, all struggle has ceased; the frame is at rest. Look on her, and perhaps only the physician's eye could detect in the wan and lifeless face, life is not sleep, it is not trance, it is not the changing vacuity of death. Look on her, and you shall I call it by the name received in our schools? Is it the catalepsy in which life is suspended, but consciousness not? Look on her bosom, rigid; it is but with a strain of my own sense that I know that she breath still breathes, and the heart still beats. But I am convinced that though she can neither speak nor stir, nor by sign, that she is fully, sensitively conscious of all that passes around her. She is like those who have seen the very coffin carried into their graves, and are unable to cry out. Do they not bury me alive?' Judge then for yourself, with this intense consciousness of the importance to evince it, what might be the effect of your presence—first an agony of despair, and then the complete extinction of all life?"

I have known but one such case. A mother whose daughter, suffering from a similar malady, she had lain for two days and two nights, still, as if in her shroud. All, save myself, said, 'Life has gone,' and laid the body by. They brought in the infant, to try what effect its presence would produce. Then her lips moved, and the hands crossed upon her bosom trembled."

"And the result?" exclaimed Faber, eagerly.

"If the result of experiment can determine a presence, come; the sight of the babe rekindled life!"

"No; extinguished its last spark! I will not enter Lilian's room. I will go away—away from the house itself. She may even hear me move in it. I know it well! She may even hear me move in the room below, hear me speak at this moment. Go back to her, Faber. But if there be in the state which I have known in another, which may be yet more familiar to your science and larger experience, there is no immediate danger of death. The state will last through to-day, through to-night, perhaps for many days—does it to you?"

"I believe that for at least twelve hours there will be no change in her state. I believe also that if the recover from it calm and refreshed, as from a sleep, the danger of death will have passed away."

"And for twelve hours my presence would be hurtful?"

"Rather say fatal, if my diagnosis be right."

"I wrung my hands in the bitterness of woe.

"Oh, to lose her now!—now that her love and her reason had both returned, each more vivid than before! Now, indeed, have the Master-key's boasted secret; but at least in that secret was hope. In recognized science I saw only despair.

And at that thought all dread of this mysterious visitor vanished—all anxiety to question more of his attributes or his history. His life had become dear to me and precious to me. If it should fall me in the steps of the prowess, whatever that was, by which the life of my Lilian was to be saved.

The shades of evening were now closing in. I remembered that I had left Margrave without even food for many hours. I stole round to the back of the house, filled a basket with aliments, more generous than those of the farmer day's extracted fresh drugs from my stores, and, tiptoed, laden, hurried back to the hut. I found Margrave in the room below, seated on his mysterious coffer, leaning his face on his hand. When I entered, he looked up and said:

"You have neglected me. My strength is waning. Give me more of the cordial, for we have work before us to-night, and I need support."

He took for granted my assent to his will exercisent; and he was right.

I administered the cordial. I placed food before him, and this time he did not eat with repugnance. I poured out wine, and he drank it sparingly, but with ready complaisance, saying, "In proper hands the wine of life is a boon, so, now it is like a foretaste of the glorious future."

After he had thus recruited himself he seemed to acquire an energy that startlingly contrasted his languor the day before. The effort of breathing was scarcely perceptible; the color came back to his cheeks; his bended frame rose elastic and erect.

"If I understood you rightly," said I, "the experiment you ask me to aid can be scientific shed in a single night?"

"In a single night—this night!"

"Command me. Try not begin at once? What apparatus or chemical agencies do you need?"

"Ah," said Margrave; "formerly, how I was misled! Formerly, how my conjectures blundered! I thought that I asked you to give a mouth to the experiment I wished to make, that I should require the whole skill of the chemist—that the principle of life was a gas, and that the secret was but in the mode by which the gas might be kept from evaporation. But now all that I need is contained in this coffer, save one very simple material—fuel sufficient for a steady fire for a few hours, or even that is at hand, piled up in your outhouse. And now for the substance itself—to that you must guide me."

"Explain."

"Near this very spot is there not gold—in grains yet undiscovered—in the bed of the parent metal?"

"There is. What then? Do you, with the alchemists, blend in one discovery gold and life?"

"No. But it is only where the chemistry of earth or of man can not reach, that the substance from which the great pabulum of life, extracted by ferment, is found. Possibly, in the elements of which gold is formed, which I think your own great chemist—Sir Humphrey Davy—discovered might be found. I shall be to not worth the cost of the process—possibly, in those attempts, some scanty grains of this substance were found. But the experiment in the crucible, with grains of the metal as niggardly divided by Nature, would be vain. Where there is gold there is gold, and from such grains enough of the essence might, perhaps, have been drawn to add to the life of the patient necessary to some feeble graybeard—granting, what rests on no proof, that some of the alchemists reached so far rarely from the truth. But it is in the miserly crucible, it is in the matrix of Nature herself that we must seek for the pabulum abundant Nature's grand principle—life. As the loadstone is rife with the magnetic virtue, as amber contains its virtue, so in the substances, to which we vest want a name, is found the bright life-giving fluid. The solid mines of Asia and Europe the substance exists, but can rarely be met with. The soil for its nutriment may have be well-nigh exhausted. It is here, where Nature herself is all vital with youth, that the sustenance of such a mouth be sought. Near this spot is gold—guide me to it."

"You can not come with me. The place which I know is dangerous even to me, from its distant; they may ragged. You can not walk to it. It is true I have horses, but—"

"Do you think I have come this distance, and not foreseen and forestalled all that I want for my object? Trouble me not with such conjectures how I can arrive at the place. I have provided the means to arrive at, and leave it by litter and horse are in your stable, and my call. Give me your arm to the rising ground fify yards from your door."

I obeyed mechanically, stifling all surprise. I had made my resolve, and admitted no thought that could shake it.

When we reached the summit of the grassy hillock, which sloped from the back part of the sea-port, Margrave, after pausing to recover breath, lifted up his voice in a key not loud, but built and clear, and commenced the same wild chant, like the night-hawk's. Through that sir so limpid and still, bringing near for objects the sounds, which, heard scarcely its very artificial panning, till wave after wave of the atmosphere bore into remoteness and die.

In a few minutes the call seemed re-echoed, so exactly, so cheerily, that for the moment I thought that he was the very voice of the shy mocking Lyre-Bird, that mimics so merrily all that it hears in the woods. Then, in the whirr of the locust to the howl of the wild dog.

"What king," said the mystic charmer, and as he spoke he placed his hand on my arm and on my shoulder, so that I trembled to feel that that thread ion of Nature, God's soul endless, who had been—and my heart whispered, who still could be—my base and mind-darkener, leaned upon me for support, as the spoiled younger born on his brother—"what king," said this cynical mockery, with the beautiful boyish frame—"what king in your civilized world is the envy of a chief of the East? What link is so strong between mortal and mortal as that between lord and slave? I transport you poor fools from the land of their birth; they preserve here their old

habits—obedience and awe. They would wait till they starved in the solitude—wait to hearken and answer my call. And I, who thus rule them or charm them—I use and despise them. They know that, and yet serve me! Between you and me, my philosopher, there is but one thing worth living for—life for one's self."

It is age, it is youth, that thus shocks all my sense, in my solemn completeness of man? I know not to this hour. But perhaps, in great capitals, young men of philosophy will answer, "It is youth; and we think what he says!" Young friends, I do not believe you.

CHAPTER LXXX.

ALONG the grass track I saw now, under the moon, just visible, a strange procession—never seen before in Australian pastures. It moved on, noiselessly but quickly. We descended the hillock, and met it on the way. A noble litter, borne by four men, in unfamiliar Eastern garments; two other swarthy servitors, more bravely dressed, with yataghans and silver-hilted pistols in their belts, preceding this sombre equipage. Perfume Margrave divined the dashanful thought that passed through my mind, vaguely and half consciously; for he said, with the hollow, bitter laugh that had replaced the lively zeal of his once melodious mirth:

"A little leisure and a little gold, and your new colonist, too, will have the tastes of a pasha."

I made no answer. I had ceased to care who and what was my tempter. To me his whole being was resolved into one problem: Had he a secret by which Death could be turned from Lilian?

But now, as the litter halted, from the long dark shadow which it cast upon the turf, the figure of a woman emerged, and stood before us. The outlines of her shape were lost in the loose folds of a black mantle, and the features of her face were hidden by a black veil, except only the dark, bright, solemn eyes. Her stature was lofty, her bearing majestic, whether in movement or repose.

Margrave accosted her in some language unknown to me. She replied in what seemed to my ear the same tongue. The tones of her voice were sweet, but inexpressibly mournful. The words that they uttered appeared intended to warn, or deprecate, or dissuade, for they called to Margrave's brow a lowering frown, and drew from his lips a hoarse, half-smothered anger. The woman rejoined, in the same melancholy music of voices. And Margrave then, leaning his arm upon her shoulder, as he had leaned it on mine, drew her away from the group into a neighboring copse of the flowering eucalypti—mystic trees, never changing the hues of their pale-green leaves, ever shifting the tints of their sad-grey, shedding bark. For some moments I gazed on the two human forms, dimly seen by the glinting moonlight through the gaps in the foliage. Then, turning away my eyes, I saw, standing close at my side, a man whom I had not noticed before. His footstep, as it stole to me, had fallen on the sward without sound. His dress, though Oriental, differed from that of his companions, both in shape and color; fitting close to the breast, leaving the arms bare to the elbow, and of a uniform, ghastly white, as are the cerements of the grave. His visage was even darker than those of the Syrians or Arabs behind him, and his features were those of a bird of prey—the beak of the eagle, but the eye of the vulture. His cheeks were hollow; the arms, crossed on his breast, were long and lean. Yet in that skeleton form there was a something which conveyed the idea of a serpent's suppleness and strength; and as the hungry, watchful eyes met my own startled gaze, I recoiled impulsively with that inward warning of danger which is conveyed to man, as to inferior animals, in the very aspect of the creatures that sting or devour. At my movement the man inclined his head in the submissive Eastern salutation, and spoke in his foreign tongue, softly, humbly, fawningly, to judge by his tone and his gesture.

I moved yet farther away from him with loathing, and now the human thought flashed upon me: was I in truth exposed to no danger in trusting myself to the mercy of the weird and remorseless master of those lurkings from the East?—seven men in number, two at least of them formidably armed, and docile as blood-hounds to the hunter, who has only to show them their prey. But fear of man like myself is not my weakness: where fear found its way to my heart it was through the doubts or the fancies to which men like myself are exposed in the attributes, dark and unknown, which we give to a fiend or a spectre. And perhaps, if I could have paused to analyze my own sensations, the very presence of this escort—creatures of flesh and blood—lessened the dread of my incomprehensible tempter. Rather, a hundred times, front and defy those seven Eastern slaves —I, haughty son of the Anglo-Saxon who conquers all races because he fears no odds—than have seen again on the walls of my threshold the luminous, human shadow! Besides, Lilian—Lilian! for one chance of saving her life, how ever wild and chimerical that chance might be, I would have shrunk not a foot from the march of an army.

Thus reassured and thus resolved, I advanced, with a smile of disdain, to meet Margrave and his veiled companion, as they now came from the moonlit copse.

"Well," I said to him, with an irony that unconsciously mimicked his own, "have you taken advice with your nurse? I assume that the dark masked form by your side is that of Azeth!"

The woman looked at me from her sable mask, with her steadfast, solemn eyes, and said, in English, though with a foreign accent: "The nurse, born in Asia, is but wise through her love; the pale son of Europe is wise in his art. The nurse says Fortune!' Do you say 'Adventure?'"

"Peace!" exclaimed Margrave, stamping his foot on the ground, "I take no counsel from either; it is for me to resolve, for you to obey, and for him to aid. Night is come, and we waste it; move on."

The woman made no reply, nor did I. He took my arm and walked back to the hut. The barbaric escort followed. When we reached the door of the building Margrave said a few words to the woman and to the litter-bearers. They entered the hut with us. Margrave pointed out to the woman his coffer; to the men, the fuel stowed in the outhouse. Both were borne away and placed within the litter. Meanwhile I took from the table, on which it was carelessly thrown, the light sword that I habitually carried with me in my rambles.

"Do you think that you need that idle weapon?" said Margrave. "Do you fear the good faith of my swarthy attendants?"

"Nay, take the hatchet yourself; its use is to sever the cold flesh on the quarts in which we may find it embedded, or to clear, as this shovel, which I will also be needed, from the slight soil above it the ore that the mine in the mountain flings forth, as the sea casts its waifs on the sands."

"Give me your hand, fellow-laborer!" said Margrave, joyfully. "Ah, there is no faltering there! Surely, surely, I was not mistaken in the Man. What rests but the Place and the Hour? I shall live—I shall live!"

OUR PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

We publish on page 117 several illustrations of OUR PRISONERS AT RICHMOND, with portraits of their jailers, from sketches by Mr. James Gillette.

The testimony of those recently released goes to show that the published accounts of outrages perpetrated upon unarmed prisoners of war by their keepers, and the many sufferings they have undergone, have not been exaggerated, as many have supposed. Perhaps a mistake has been made in ascribing these circumstances to a vindictive spirit on the part of the revolutionary authorities. It is more generally results from their inability to control the passions of the drunken and ignorant hordes that compose the rank and file of their army, and the total absence of material or means necessary for the maintenance of a war prison. The necessities of their own army are avowed excuses for whatever deprivations the prisoners are obliged to submit to.

The condition of our soldiers, crowded in the damp and filthy tobacco factories of the South, is indeed fearful. Covered with vermin, which a want of change of clothing, filth, and improper accommodations have engendered, half-starved and nearly naked as they are, what wonder that so hardened to human suffering as will refuse to advocate measures by which these suffering patriots may be honorably relieved?

The return of MR. JAMES GILLETTE, of the New York 71st Regiment, who has been five weeks a prisoner in Richmond, affords us an opportunity to give our readers accurate representations of the prisons and prison scenes, from sketches made by Mr. G. during the weary hours of his imprisonment.

We publish this week illustrations of Prison No. 2, Atkinson's factory, on four floors of which (size 60 × 60 feet) over four hundred men were confined; also Hospital No. 1, Ross's factory, containing nearly one hundred wounded soldiers, in charge of Dr. Higginbotham, surgeon in the rebel army. These men are suffering from wounds received at the battle of Bull Run. We give other representations of officials and scenes of interest to the many friends of the prisoners.

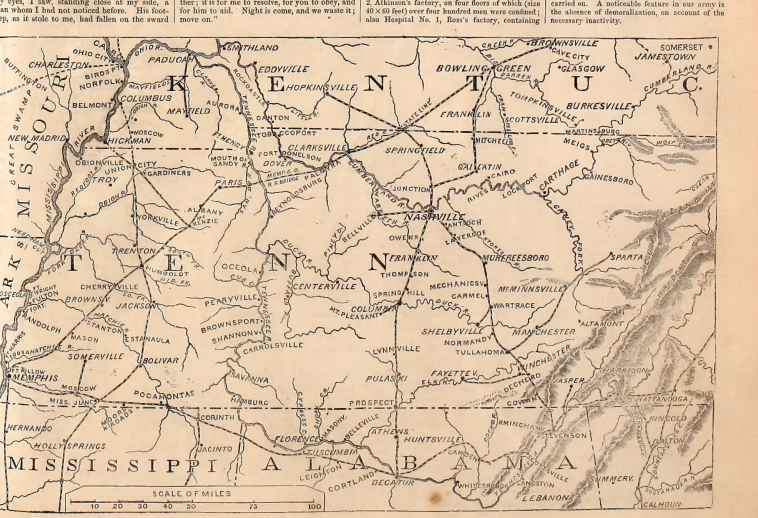
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AND THE MUD.

WHATEVER opportunities the fine weather of last month afforded for a forward movement, it is evidently out of the question to stir now, even if it accorded with General M'Clellan's strategy to do so. The Army of the Potomac is literally stuck in the mud, and no one attempts locomotion unless obliged. Those who think it as much as life is worth to get the feet wetted should see huge little difference it makes to the soldier. When he steps out of his tent at reveille, it is to sink at each step half-way to the knees in liquid mud; and from that time till tattoo is sounded he has to get along as well as he can with wet boots. It does not appear to interfere with the health of the men, the sick-roll showing fewer cases then before in most of the camps. In some places the officers have secured quarters in houses, where they shut themselves up in small close rooms, with a red-hot stove, and the whole is hermetically sealed (the Germans are very fond of this plan).

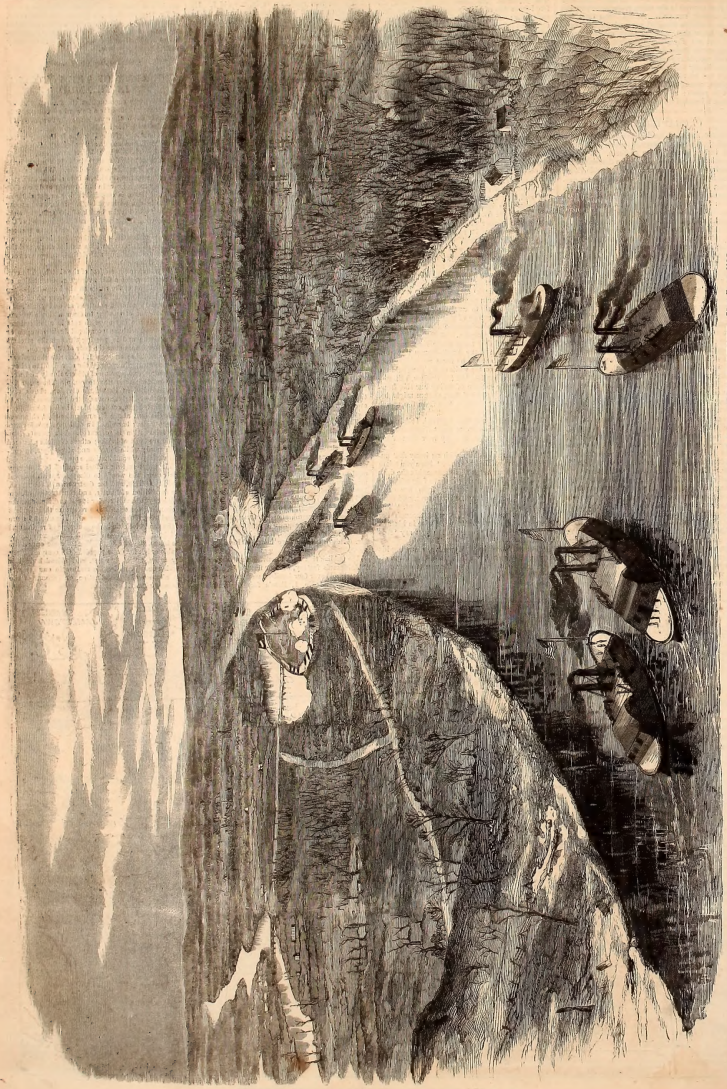
To return to the subject of the sketch. The centre picture gives a fair average representation of the condition of the roads on the line—sickeningly muddy, and abounding in holes, from which it requires the combined efforts of several teams and a vast amount of cursing to draw a single wagon. The fields are cut up with ruts in all directions, ornamented with an occasional broken wagon or dead horse; and in passing through the streams the water comes over the floor of the wagon.

The sketches on page 121 describe themselves. Soldiers struggling through the mired soil to relieve the guards, and a group of officers slowly and wearily wending their way to camp. The scene below, sketched in Franklin's division, shows several of the contrivances adopted by the soldiers to make their tents comfortable: the log foundation, with the tent above it, and make-shift chimneys of empty flour barrels. In chimneys much variety of invention is presented. The more aristocratic are built of bricks; others of sticks plastered with mud; while barrels and stove-pipes, in endless variety of combination, appear.

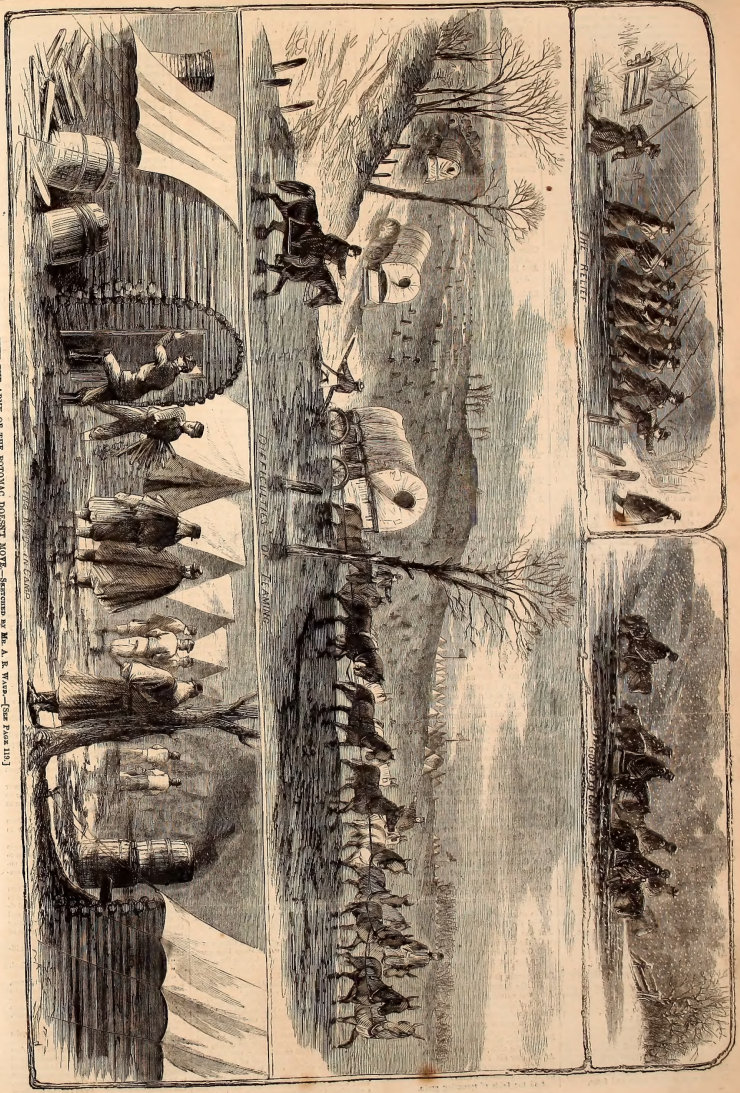
The large amount of fuel required by the army has caused the woods to disappear with magical rapidity. This, and the destruction of the fences, the demolition of houses, and construction of new military roads, will render it rather difficult for the abandoning secessionists to recognize their ancient boundaries, if they ever return. The worst feature of the mud blockade is the stoppage of regimental and brigade drill. Still, with mud nearly up to the knees, the 23d Massachusetts come out on the double quick for dress parade. On comparatively dry spots, target, bayonet, and skirmish drill is carried on. A noticeable feature in our army is the absence of demoralization, on account of the necessary inactivity.



MAP OF THE THEATRE OF THE WAR IN WESTERN TENNESSEE.



THE UNION GUN-BOATS ADVANCING UP THE TENNESSEE RIVER TO THE ATTACK OF FORT HENRY, TENNESSEE.—[See Page 115.]



WHY THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC DOESN'T MOVE.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 125.]

AMY SCUDDER.

NORTHWARD down upon Long Island,
Where the white shores shrink away
Into winding creeks and channels,
Into many a dreamy bay,
Bordered round with hazel copses,
And with birch-trees silver gray—

There lies Farmer Scudder's homestead
Sloping gently to the South,
With a crawling fence of locust
Snugly hedging it around,
And its patch of bloomy apples,
And its patch of meadow ground.

'Tis a pleasant place that homestead
In the long-drawn summer days,
When the pigeons on the gables
Purple in the sunsets' rays,
And upon the swelling upland
Shines the glory of the maize.

Sweet, too, are the solemn pine groves,
Where the snowy pipe-flowers grow
O'er the graves of ancient Indians
Buried many a year ago—
Buried ere the white man's vessels
Flecked the Sound with sails of snow.

Beauteous is the neighboring highland,
Where the mansion of the Squire
Nests among the groves of laurel,
And of tulips all on fire,
Over which, across the distance,
Shines the village church's spire.

Here, where an abundant Nature
Ever on its Maker smiled,
Dwelt the pretty Amy Scudder,
Like a wood-flower blooming wild:
She was not the farmer's daughter,
But a poor adopted child.

Eighteen years ago last winter
To his door a woman came,
Faintly begging food and shelter
For her weak, emaciate frame.
Farmer Scudder, noble-hearted,
Never even asked her name—

Never asked her name or story,
But in mercy took her in,
Gave her food and gave her raiment,
As if she had been of his kin:
For he felt, though child of sorrow,
She was not a child of sin.

Close on spring her child was born,
Nearly eighteen years ago;
Thin the soft-some Amy Scudder
That the village gossips knew—
Then the mother heavenward drifted,
Melting with the melting snow.

Ere she breathed her last, however,
Though she did not tell her name,
She besought the honest farmer
Not to silly wrong her fame,
For she swore her little daughter
Amy was not born of shame.

And he knew, while she was speaking,
That she could not speak a lie,
With a host of white-robed angels
Bending o'er her from the sky:
So he swore to be a father
To her child if she should die.

So at peace with earth and heaven,
She passed up—all to the throne;
And the farmer, true to promise,
Claimed the orphan for his own—
Made her feel upon his bosom
That she was not left alone.

Oh! her lips had music on them
Like the murmurous hum of bees,
Or the singing of the breezes
When they're playing with the trees,
Or the low and mystic harpings
Of the liquid-fingered seas.

And her eyes had beauty in them,
Like the morning drop of dew,
Tinct with azure and with sunshine,
Sleeping in the lotus blue,
And they thrilled with maiden magic
All who met them through and through.

Aye her form was fair to look at,
As the rounding slope of hills
When the magic might of distance
All the rougher details kills,
Till the mystic enrvilinear
Every artist law fulfills;

And the neighbors loved to see her,
With her simply-banded hair,
Sitting in the church of Sundays,
All so virginal and fair,
And her virgin face illumined
With the holiness of prayer.

'Twas not strange when young Hugh Cameron,
Decked with college name and fame,
To his father's stately mansion
In vacation homeward came—
To the house upon the highland,
Where the spreading tulips flame.

'Twas not strange that he should love her
When he saw her in her pew,
So suffused maiden meekness,
Like a white flower bathed in dew—
None who looked could help but love her.
I would love her—so would you.

Well they loved. The same old story—
She in innocence and truth,
He with all the fire and passion
Of the stormy time of youth,
Seeing nothing save the present,
Scoffing at all hints of ruth.

Honest Farmer Scudder knew it,
And his cheeks with pride grew red
When he thought his darling Amy
With the proud Squire's son would wed.
That there could be bar between them
Never entered in his head.

He was honest—earned his living—
Owned those acres broad and free,
Came of good substantial parents,
And to no man bent the knee.
And his child was fit to mate with
Any man, whoe'er he kept aloof?
Ah! let fancy fling the shuttle
For this many-colored woof.

But the haughty Squire relented,
Even in his proud flesh some shame;
And in triumph from his travels
Happily Hugh Cameron came,
And the new-found bride, Countess,
Passed into a dearer name.

But old honest Farmer Scudder,
Though he felt his heart aglow
At the fortune of his darling,
Said, all kindlily you know,
That he thought he loved her better
When she was Amy down below.

PATTY.

I.

SUNDAY morning at Oakmere St. Mary's. The church is some half-mile from the village. The bells have ceased ringing. The last white-robed frock has left the green church-yard, and slouched up the street after it by his assigned pew. The clerk—a spectacled old man, with a head as bald and polished that it quite glitters in the sunlight—appears in the little gallery, and turns the leaves of the organ with solemn slowness. The Rev. Mortar Burford—a little, troublous, bent old man—creeps to the reading-desk, his hands cased in black, and overlarge black gloves, resting here and there on the projections it passes along the side. A low, and yet impressive tones, with perhaps a little of the pomp and singsong of an old school of elocution in his delivery, the pastor feeds his simple flock through the appointed morning service.

Farmer Barford—a sleeping, Roman-nosed gray mare drew a yellow-wheeled chaise through the village. This was Dr. Gregor, the nearest medical man. The mare was going slow for that Sunday. Perhaps his was off to see poor crippled Miss Hemingham, of Hemingham Priory, Chiddle Abbots, or to visit Squire Cudgrove's farm-bailiff, had with the ague at Little Higglington. Any how, he plodded about half way on the road through Oakmere St. Mary's, for he saw a man coming to him across the green.

"So it's you, is it?" said the Doctor, cheerfully. "How are you, Mr. Bryce?"

And he shook hands with a thin old man, with hair so white and closely clipped that it looked like a down skull-cap made to fit very tightly.

"I'm hearty, thank'ee," answered Mr. Bryce.

"Why, I thought it was a much younger man," the Doctor went on, "you were walking at such a pace."

The old man chuckled approvingly.

"Eighty—seven," he said, "come Christmas. Eighty-seven, and all my faculties! all my faculties!"

It was noteworthy, however, that he would put his hand to his ear, after the manner of deaf people, whenever the Doctor spoke.

"Not at church, Mr. Bryce; how's that?"

"I'm getting there now. I've been looking up the skulkers a bit; they try to hide behind the pump, and think I shan't see 'em. But I'm one too many for 'em, I am. I've just sent word to Billy Martin. That boy'd never be at church at all, I do think, if I weren't here to drive him. He's a bad 'un, that boy, if there ever was one."

As he put his hand again to his ear the fact that he had lost two of his fingers became apparent.

"How's Miss Patty?"

"Grown quite a great girl;" and there was a pleased look in the old man's sharp blue eyes. "Takes a class now at the school, under the schoolmistress! Is getting—getting—somewhat of a woman!"

"And is she here?" said the old man; "she'll do, for the matter of that, will my Patty."

That old boy," quoth the Doctor to himself, as he drove along the road to Chiddle Abbots, "if he isn't eighty-seven, must be very near it. As good an old soul and as obstinate an old toad as ever lived. Lost his fingers at Seringapatam, he says; a brave soldier, I've no doubt, just the man to be; but pig-headed to that extent—why, that cough of his was very nearly carrying him of last winter, and all because nothing could induce him to take his mixture. Ah, I remember his poor daughter well; what a sad, pale face she had! The husband, a scoundrel, I believe (though he's been dead long since, I hear); and the tiny baby! I never thought they'd rear it; but it thrived, somehow, get on wonderfully, and now there isn't a prettier girl about these parts than little Patty Dean. I ought to know," and a smile crept over his kind, tanned face, "for I've helped them all into the world—all the children about here for the last five-and-twenty years, and kept my eye on them ever since. I ought to know something about them. Come, old lady, wake up."

For indeed the gray mare, listening attentively to this monologue, her ears twitching about vividly in her interest and excitement, had slackened pace considerably, and there were some miles to go before Hemingham Priory was reached—always supposing that Dr. Gregor was proceeding thither.

Mr. Bryce turned toward the church, the while looking out sharply, however, for "skulkers." He was much curved now by his years, and it was difficult to believe that in his youth he had stood six feet high. The old military bearing was gone of late; it was noticeable that Mr. Bryce's back was very much bent now. But he moved more slowly, that his age was telling upon him—so all the village said. A handsome old man, but that the brow of his features were a little too hard and stern. He wore a very grim look when he was angry; his thick, projecting, white eyebrows came down over his fierce eyes, his nostrils dilated and stiffened, his lips disappeared, and left merely a deep dent or cut in his face to mark where his mouth was to be found ordinarily. There was rather a leonine expression on his face on the whole.

The presence of Mr. Bryce was almost as good or picturesque for stopping mischief in church. His sharp eyes settled steadily upon an offender in this respect, and held him tightly, as it were, for several minutes; the punishment was more than sufficient for the offense.

But during the singing Mr. Bryce's gaze was turned in another direction—away from the organ-loft and toward the chancel—and he looked out severely this time, but with pleasure and admiration. A little maiden, in a coarse straw-hat, with very thick chestnut hair and very blue eyes, soft rosy cheeks, and a charmingly-formed, well-developed mouth, sat there in charge of a detachment of school children, and often endeavored to restrain the exercise by aiding thereto her sweet mellow voice, perfectly in tune, and soft, flexible, and most witching in its tones.

Farmer Barford, the stout man with the hair brought over his forehead, his dress, the cheek-bockcloth, the blue coat, and the very rough hat, were a gloomy look as he came out of church. He had not fancy to interchange salutations with his neighbors, according to custom.

"Tity Jan in church, I thought it," observed Farmer Barford, wiping his forehead with a scented handkerchief kept in his hat, and thoroughly warm in consequence.

"It was, Mr. Barford agrees, and then she continues. "Did you notice stoodent chap in chancel pew?"

"Him as lives over at Todd's? Didn't notice un particler to speak on."

"Looks poorly like," says Mrs. Barford.

"Ah," then town lads I've noticed a most allays has white faces and a sickerly sort of look. Suppose they can't help?"

"Suppose so."

Soon Mr. Bryce and the little maiden in the straw-hat had come up to the Barfords.

"Well, Patty," said the old man, "how are you?"

"Very well, thank you, sir," said Miss Patty, courtesying.

"She do," said the old man, with a grin of pleasure. "Uncommon fine this morning, I thought sir. And then, in a whisper, "Wonderful clever girl! I taught her."

"Never heard you sing much tough yersell, Muster Bryce," quoth Farmer Barford, dryly, undeterred by his wife's nods and signs not to offend the soldier, "less it was 'Jemmy-lean-to-feedle,' or summut of that sort, at harvest supper."

"I taught her," repeated Mr. Bryce, persistently and proudly, and pointedly ignoring the last appellation.

At the gate of the Barfords' farm the two families divide. Farmer Barford plucks a rose, the largest he can find.

"Here, Patty," he says, giving her the flower with a gallantry that makes up in heartiness for its want of polish, "and I shall see such a pooty color as your cheeks, neither, my dear."

Mrs. Barford smiles approbation. Patty Dean blushes and her cheeks look as red as the rose hollow in point of crimson.

"I have some more roses, Patty, if you like," says the farmer. And then, by way of consolation to the old soldier, "There's plenty here, and I've no doubt your roses is somehow backward this season, Muster Bryce."

Patty glanced timidly at her grandfather. From something she saw in his face she seemed to fear to take no more roses. They went on slowly and silently for some minutes to their cottage at the end of the green—the last cottage but one, that being the wheel-wright's. They were soon out of sight of Farmer Barford's.

Mr. Bryce eyed the rose for some time rather illnaturedly.

"Are you very fond of flowers, Patty?" he asked.

"Yes, grandfather."

"You don't care for that one in particler, do you, Patty? I think we've got some in our garden that's pretty fair to look at—pretty fair, only that Barford's given to bragging, and thinks all his things are ever so much better than any body else's—a dull fool!"

"Oh, grandfather!" and Patty stopped quite suddenly, she was so shocked.

"Well, well, my dear, he means well; I dare say he means well. Perhaps one shouldn't call names like—sort of a Sunday name—coming from church and all. But those Barfords always want to be telling the high horse, and making presents, and looking down on one. I won't have it! Throw the flower away, Patty!"

"If you wish it, grandfather," she said, rather mournfully.

"The old man laid a trembling hand upon her shoulder, and said, in a low, moved voice:

"They want you to love them more than me, Patty! They want to take away your love from me, Patty. Don't let them; don't, there's a dear lamb! I'm a very old man, Patty, and troublesome, very likely, and hard to please sometimes; but I'm your grandfather—I'm your poor mother's father—and they're strangers, quite strangers. They're not blood-kin to you in any way, my dear. Don't get to love them more than me—don't, Patty. I want all your love, every bit, my child. You must love no one else—nothing else—only me, Patty!"

She looked into his face in a strange, scared way. For a moment there was the gleam as of tears in her eyes. Then she let fall the rose, and they went on again.

"Who's that coming along behind us, Patty?" asked Mr. Bryce.

Patty turned. She saw a young man following them, who stopped when he came to where she had dropped Farmer Barford's rose. Could she be mistaken? It seemed to her that he picked up the fallen flower, and thrust it into his breast-pocket. Again Patty blushed. She was rather given to blushing; and there was a slight falter in her voice as she said,

"It's the young man lodging at Todd's the wheel-wright's."

"Do you know his name, my dear?"

"I think it's Becket; at least, so Mr. Barford said."

What a splendid color adorned Patty's cheeks! The old man muttered something, It sounded very like "Bother Mr. Barford!" Perhaps it was even a more forcible expression. Probably the army at Seringapatam was accustomed to hear and to use rather strong language. I can find no other excuse for him.

II.

Was it from pure chance only that there came that beautiful glow on Patty's face—that brilliant gleam in Patty's eyes—when she mentioned the name of the young man lodging "over at Todd's the wheel-wright's?"

Mrs. Barford was right. Certainly Mr. Becket—"stoodent chap," as she called him—looked "poorly like;" had "a sickerly sort o' look," according to Mr. Barford. It was a very white face that had appeared over the chancel-pew door every now and then, during the morning ministration of the Rev. Morris Baldersby, for it was occasionally only that the members of his flock were visible to each other, the partitions between them were so high. During the Litany, for instance, the whole congregation were lost to view—secreted at the bottom of their pews—like solitary half-pence in separate money-boxes. But during the singing of the Psalms, pale Mr. Becket could be seen by all. He owned a handsome face, though it was so white. A little too womanly and delicate, perhaps, and wanned by illness apparently—yet certainly handsome, if only from its refinement and expression. Fair hair, a slender figure, and thin, white, nervous hands that matched the clergyman's, only they were without *their* tremor. Mrs. Barford had quick eyes. Did she notice that when Patty's singing from her seat near the communion-table drew Mr. Bryce's approving gaze upon her, that Mr. Becket's eyes also turned in the same direction—with looks of admiration of a very ardent kind indeed! But, perhaps, Mrs. Barford was a woman of discretion. It is as well not to see too much. It is as well to let some events occur without comment.

III.

Who was Mr. Becket? He had come down from London in bad health; he had taken lodgings at Todd's; he was studying law.

Looking from the window at the back of Todd's house, it was not possible not to see ex-Sergeant-Major Bryce's garden; still less was it possible not to see Patty Dean if she happened to be in her grandfather's garden—and she was there very often.

The student sat at his window poring over a thick book—an ugly-looking book—bound in what is known as law calf, with the name on a red label at the back. He leaned his head upon his hand, clutching a handful of his long, light hair, and frowning as he read, curving his back and twisting his legs together after the usual inevitable unwise manner of students. It was very still. The soft-scented air blowing gently in at the open casement, fanning the student's white face—only the noise of the stray jasmine branch, that would tap now and then upon the panes, or the buzzing of the loaded bee bungling at the glass striving to burst his way through and make free with the flowers inside the room; or now and then the glad notes of that intrepid aeronaut, the lark, high up above—a musical rocket—raining down sparks of song upon the world. It would be very pleasant to be atop of the purple hill at the back of the cottage, breathing the air at very first hand, as it were—while it was yet virginal and new—untaxed and unsoiled; or to be on one's back in the shade, watching the little Trill, enjoying its sparkling wrestle with its rushes! So the student thought, perhaps, as he glanced up at the sky—out at the hills—and then turned again to his law calf-bound book, and sighed. And this time thrust *both* hands into his tangled hair.

> "An agreement by a *feme covert*, having separate estate, for the purchase of property, has been enforced against the seller upon the ground that she may contract as if she were a *feme sole* for the purchase of an estate, and that her property will be bound by the contract, although she do not refer to it. But in a case before Sir J. Leach—"

Three times did the student stagger through this interesting paragraph, struggling to take it into his intelligence. But he couldn't. It was not the sky, nor the hill, nor the lark, nor the bee, nor the Trill that hindered him. Somehow he felt—there was as much feeling as seeing in the case—the presence of some one in Sergeant Bryce's garden. The next moment, and he encountered the exquisite blue eyes of Patty Dean! Of course each looked away instantly—he steadily at the sky, she intently on the ground. But the mischief was done. It was as though they were at the ends of a chain which love had electrified all ready for them. They had touched the wire—only with the very tips of their fingers—in the slightest way possible. It was enough.

Is love often so instantaneous as this? I don't know; I am only stating a single case, not laying down a general rule founded upon many facts. Certainly when Patty read in the student's rapt glance, "I love you!" she hung out signals in her eyes that expressed, as plainly as though she had spoken the words, "Thank you; *I* love *you!*"

Could he go on reading after that? Was it possible to chain himself to that ugly law book longer? No! "She may contract as if she were a *feme sole!*" What did the author mean? Would he dare to call that angel in Sergeant Bryce's garden—would he dare to speak of her as a *feme sole?* What an infamy! A *feme sole!* Ha! ha! Why not a *fried sole?* It was just as reasonable, quite as fit, That darling a *feme sole!* Great Heaven! And he kicked the book into a corner.

He strode about the room. There was a smile upon his lips now, and light in his eyes, and color in his cheeks. He looked already a hundred per cent. better. He seemed to grow quite healthy, muscular, and athletic all of a sudden. He gave the book another kick when he came into its neighborhood; he squared pugilistically at an imaginary foe, and hit out at him. Suddenly he stopped.

He looked again from the window, and devoted himself to watching Patty Dean's movements in Sergeant Bryce's garden. Hers was a simple occupation enough. A cord ran from the big apple-tree in the centre of the garden to the lime close to the house. On this cord Patty was engaged in hanging "the things" to dry. It was certainly interesting to the spectator was this employment. There was an element of chance about it. Now she was quite hidden behind a turbulent swelling sheet; when would she emerge? What a time she kept out of sight! There she was! Ah! gone again in a second. It was like a game of peep-bo! and every time their eyes met how they blushed, Patty and the student, and yet they enjoyed their own and each other's diffidence. They were quite children at the game—the game of love, I mean this time, and not peep-bo—but they played at it very creditably indeed for beginners. And the student grew desperately bad. He longed to sally forth and leap the little boundary hedge that sundered the domains of Mr. Bryce and Mr. Todd, and crown Patty with a wreath of apple-blossom; it was the most perfect decoration at hand, and very pretty would the white pink-tinted flowers have looked, starring Patty's clouds of chestnut hair, and setting off to perfection her blue eyes and her red lips, and the beautiful bloom of her cheeks; and then fall at her feet, and do fealty to her as the lawful queen of his heart.

Altogether, perhaps, it was no wonder that he looked at her so earnestly from the chancel-pew, or that she blushed when she saw him pick up and treasure the rose Farmer Barford had given her, and Sergeant Bryce had begged her to discard.

What would grandfather say if he were to know all this? What, indeed! But then he didn't know it. All things considered, it may be that it was quite as well he didn't.

IV.

Sergeant Bryce sat in his garden smoking a long clay pipe. On the rustic table before him rested a handsome wire cage, containing a canary bird with the brightest black eyes and the gayest yellow plumage that ever were seen. Bird and cage had been presented to Patty, some months before, by Miss Ada Morris, the rector's grand-niece, who had been charmed by the way Mr. Bryce's granddaughter had distinguished herself in the school, and by her singing in church. The bird hopped from perch to perch of his cage in the most sprightly manner, and tilted his head to and fro the better to eye old Mr. Bryce and his proceedings. A preliminary note or two, and the bird treated himself to quite a *scena* of song, full of difficulties, admirably executed. The merits of the performance, however, were lost on Mr. Bryce. He simply scowled at the bird; if it had been a little bigger I think he would have liked to have used his rattan to it.

"Little beast!" he muttered, "how I hate that bird! I wish Patty wouldn't bring it out here, parading it about enough to make one sick. She's allays pampering of it, and a-smartening up of its cage, and a-talking to it, and a-singing and a-whistling, and making it peck sugar from 'twixt her lips. I can't think what makes her so fond of it. I can't see nothing in it. Ugly little devil I call it."

And he looked round cautiously to see if he were watched, and then puffed a cloud of tobacco-smoke into the cage. The poor bird looked very dismal indeed under this violent change of atmosphere.

"I wish that girl up at Rectory had kept the bird to herself," the old man went on, regardless of the canary's aspect of astonishment and distress. "Patty thinks of nothing now but this bird, I declare. All day long, from morning till night, there's no comfort in the house now—none. She's *too* fond of it, that's what she is; it isn't right. I hate to see her so fond of it; she used to care a bit for me once; but now—"

Suddenly the old man stopped, and put down his pipe; a strange eager look came into his face; then he scrutinized the cage with great care. He took off his oilskin cap, and wiped his forehead.

"Why, the door isn't fastened," he said; "the slightest touch would open it. It would hardly be my doing, supposing—supposing the door was to open and the bird to hop out—hardly my doing; she ought to have seen that it was secure, of course she ought; it would be her own fault if the bird were to get away—entirely her own fault."

He thought over the matter a little. He took a puff or two at his pipe.

"Why, I believe a breath of wind even would do it. A breath—"

He stooped over the cage and blew in another cloud of smoke from the side of the cage opposite to that he had operated upon before. The door opened a little, a very little only, so he helped it by means of his pipe. The bird, puzzled by the smoke, hopped down to inhale the fresh air coming in at the door, now wide open; hopped on to the frame of the door, peered round cautiously. The sergeant held his breath; the bird was out—on the table—on the ground—away—over the hedge!

The deed was done. Of course he was sorry for it the moment after; shocked at his meanness, ashamed of his jealousy, trembling all over, his hand shook so he could not hold his pipe, and it fell and broke, and he stood pale, cowed, and guilty-looking—before his grandchild!

"Oh, my poor birdie! my dear, darling, little birdie!" and Patty was in agony of sorrow.

"I couldn't help it—indeed I couldn't!" he faltered. "You left the cage open, and the bird got out. I couldn't stop him—indeed I couldn't! You left the cage open."

"Poor, poor dickey!" Patty hid her face in her hands.

"Don't cry," said a voice they had neither of them heard before. Some one jumped over the hedge from the next garden. Patty looked up, and her eyes met the student's.

"It's quite safe," he said; "it flew straight to me, straight to my heart."

And he restored to her the little, warm, throbbing canary. In doing this their hands met for the first time. It seemed to be quite difficult to part them again. It was quite a long business, that passing the bird from his keeping to hers.

"How can I ever thank you enough," said Patty; "my darling! my darling!"

Of course these terms of endearment were intended for the bird; but somehow the student seemed to derive a sort of reflected tenderness from them.

"I am very glad," he said, "that I was able to secure it. But, indeed, I could hardly help it, for it flew straight to my heart."

He seemed to attach importance to that phrase—he dwelt upon it so. He turned to the old man:

"I saw how it escaped," he said, steadily.

The Sergeant-Major of the 140th Regiment quailed before the student.

V.

The hedge once leaped, words interchanged, hands met, and there was not now one wire only bringing Patty and the student *en rapport*, there was a whole electric coil; they were knit together now in quite a tangle of love. Could it be long before the story of the student's passion found its way from his heart to his lips? One delicious moonlight night Patty was in the garden, quite accidentally of course, and in a moment there was the student on his knees before her, telling her what she must have known perfectly well, and which yet she trembled to hear. How her heart beat, and her voice fled from her! No; she couldn't speak. Poor Patty! The tears came into her eyes, and she stooped down and kissed her lover. Perhaps the action was more eloquent than speech, after all. Poor Patty!

A hoarse, harsh shout startled them. It was like a cracked gong breaking in upon a pastoral symphony. Sergeant-Major Bryce, with fury in his face, was sundering the lovers; driving angrily one into his cottage, menacing the other with a feeble fist.

VI.

"I'd never have believed it of you; never, Patty, never! To think you should come to this; tricking, and lying, and cheating your poor old grandfather, as has been so kind to you. No," he screamed, passionately, "crying ain't no use, not a bit; you bad, wicked, heartless girl, you. You've no more feeling than a stone, you know you haven't. I, that has loved you so much, and hoped that you'd love only me—only me—a poor old man of eighty-seven. You might have waited a bit, Patty. I sha'n't be here long to trouble you. You might have waited till they took me to the church-yard, Patty. But you've no heart, no feelin', no thought but for your own wicked, worthless self. You bad girl, you—you," etc., etc.

So the old man rained down words that were blows upon poor Patty's devoted head.

"Don't speak so to me, grandfather, don't; you'll kill me."

And she went to him to kiss him. He thrust her from him rudely, fiercely even.

"Get away; I want no viper's kisses, I don't. You're no grandchild of mine no more. You're not my Patty. You're not—"

But he stopped. Her face was so white that it frightened him, even in his senseless anger.

"Will you give him up, Patty?" he asked.

"Any thing, any thing!" she cried, in a strange, broken voice, "only don't, don't, for God's sake, speak to me like that!" and she fell fainting into his arms.

VII.

"Oh, no; never, never; it can never be!" she said to her lover, at a last stolen interview; "have pity on me. Don't think unkindly of me, Henry. I *do* love you—indeed I do; but we must never meet again. I dare not see you any more; I hardly dare to think of you. My life belongs to *him*. Forgive me, Henry—and yet, no, no, please don't forget me."

What could he do? What but strain her to his heart, press his lips on her white face, swear that he would love her always, murmur "God bless you, Patty!" and then turn his back upon Oakmere St. Mary's. Forever?

VIII.

Months went by. Autumn mists brooded over the village green, almost obscured the pump. The landscape wore a threadbare look, like an old coat. The foliage waned and faded. The trees were losing flesh, as it were, and fast becoming skeletons. The cold winds had commenced already to whistle through their naked branches. The flowers were gone, and with them the roses from Patty's cheeks. She was very pale now, and so thin and weak that any effort seemed to fatigue and pain her. She could sing no more in church now. She had tried, but her voice gave way. She burst into tears, and nearly swooned in front of the chancel pew.

And no news of the student? None. He had gone, and left no trace—save the sorrow in Patty's heart and eyes. One thing to mark his visit: the ugly law book, with the name of "Henry Becket" and a London address written on the fly-leaf—he had left *that* behind him. Todd the wheel-wright—perhaps he could make a guess as to what had happened, he was a kind-hearted man, and very fond of his little neighbor Patty—Todd asked her if she would mind taking charge of the book until his lodger came or sent for it. Poor Patty! how she hugged it to her heart, and kissed it, and cried over it. It was a strange use to put a legal authority to. I don't think the learned author ever contemplated a *feme sole* conducting herself so curiously over his work.

"She'll go jist like her mother did afore her," so the old folks said up the village. "*She* fell sickerly, and got pale and agerish; and Muster Bryce, he ain't the man he were. Can't look after the boys in church as he used. He's agoing fast: and he be that deaf now—"

There were no more boasts about "eighty-seven and all his faculties." He was very feeble and peevish, and his voice was now quite a whine.

IX.

There had been sickness at Farmer Barford's house. Little Amos had been bad with the measles, and Dr. Gregor had been constantly in attendance. The sufferer, however, was convalescent now, and Mrs. Barford was able to talk to the Doctor upon other subjects than her sick child. One morning she had a very long conversation indeed with him. I think she was putting him in possession of the history of Oakmere St. Mary's during the past six months.

"He's a confounded old fool," said the Doctor, when she had finished. "I am going on to Hensingham Priory. I'll call on him as I come back."

Some hours later, and the Doctor returned through Oakmere St. Mary's.

"Is your neighbor in?" he asked of Todd, the wheel-wright. Todd nodded in reply.

"Then I'm going to bully him well," said the Doctor.

"*Tew* can play at that," Todd answered with a grin. (Todd came from Devonshire originally.) And he chuckled to himself. "Bully old Bryce! That's something like a joke. The hardest-mouthed old man about these parts."

The Doctor made his way into Bryce's cottage.

"You're a wicked old man," cried the Doctor.

He paused, expecting a violent outburst in reply. Mr. Bryce shuffled his feet and moved uneasily in his chair.

"I know I am," he said, humbly.

"You've made yourself miserable—"

"I have."

"And you're breaking your grandchild's heart."

"Don't say that," and the old man held up his hands imploringly. The Doctor had expected a fierce battle. But the foe surrendered without striking a blow.

"Don't *you* say she is going like her mother. I've heard them say so up the village. Any thing but that. Don't *you* say it."

"Send for *him* then," said the Doctor.

"I've thought of it often. I've been wrong and foolish, but I'm eighty-seven, you see. I'd have sent for him long ago, but—"

"But what?"

"I never knew his name, not to recollect it, much less his address."

Just then Patty entered with the law calf-bound book. When she pointed to the writing on the fly-leaf there was more color in her face than had been seen there for months.

"There's just half an hour to catch the London post," said the Doctor, looking at his watch.

X.

It was not very long after this that the Rev. Morris Baldersby was busy with the Marriage Service.

"I Henry, take thee, Patty," etc., etc. (She was christened Patty, it appeared.)

Did Mr. Henry Becket's friends speak of a *mésalliance* ever? None who ever knew his wife. Indeed she should have been accounted a good match. Her heart was of gold.

Mrs. Barford provided a superb cake.

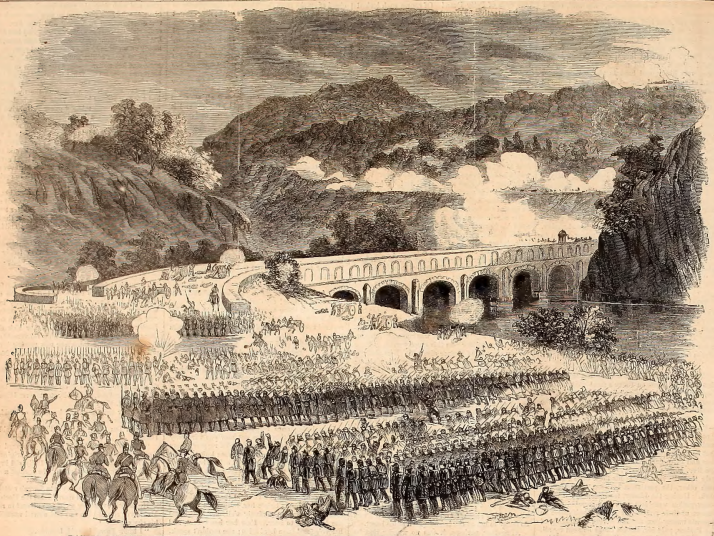
"Will you have it all," whispered the Doctor to Sergeant Bryce, "or will a slice do? A slice? Very good. Eighty-seven, and all your faculties; and, listen: perhaps when you are eighty-eight, or a little better, a *great-grandfather*—think of that! But shall you want all your *great* grandchild's love? Won't a *slice* of it do? Yes, so I should think."

Patty's grandfather was convinced. He shook hands with the Doctor, next with the bridegroom, then with every body else in the room. He was perfectly happy and comfortable. And to demonstrate his possession of his faculties, and especially to delight Farmer Barford, he straightway struck up and sang twice through his favorite song, "Jemmy-linkum-feedle."

FRESHET AT CINCINNATI.

We are indebted to an old correspondent, Mr. George M. Finch, of Cincinnati, for the picture which we reproduce on page 124, illustrating the recent Freshet in the Ohio. Mr. Finch writes:

> Cincinnati, *Jan.* 25, 1862.
>
> Inclosed I send a sketch of the Maysville packet landing during the great freshet in the Ohio River, now at its height. It is taken at the corner of Walnut and Water streets. As floods in the Ohio only occur about once in 15 years—and when they do, cause immense damage, as this one has done, the whole river-front of the city being inundated—I thought it might be of sufficient interest to your readers to publish a sketch.



BATTLE BETWEEN THE MEXICANS AND THE ALLIED INVADERS, AT THE NATIONAL BRIDGE, NEAR VERA CRUZ.—[SEE PAGE 114.]



THE RECENT INUNDATION OF THE OHIO AT CINCINNATI.—SKETCHED BY MR. GEORGE M. FINCH.—[SEE PAGE 123.]



SKATING CARNIVAL IN BROOKLYN, FEBRUARY 15, 1862.

TRAPPED.

I.

"THANK you! I'm quite out of breath, I declare, and don't intend to dance another step this evening!"

"You'll be obliged to repeat that cruel determination so frequently that I know you'll get tired of it and change your mind—in my favor, I hope."

"*Merci, M'sieu!* very prettily said, I'm sure! As a reward, you may sit and talk to me until they get through that odious *schottische*, if you're not afraid to do so."

"The position has its danger, I admit," replied the young man, with a glance which seemed to mark a compliment to the brilliant beauty of the dashingly-dressed woman beside him; "but I'll risk it."

"You won't understand me, sh? then I'll speak plainer. Don't you know that I'm a 'professional?'"

"Well?"

"Well, indeed! the man doesn't soon shocked, I declare, and be an employé of the Government?"

"A lady has a right to be coy thing she pleases, especially when she pleases to be as charming as Mrs. Heyward!"

"On my word, now! Then positively you wouldn't send me off to Fort Lafayette even if I talked treason against Mr. Lincoln?"

"I should be very sorry to deprive Washington of one of its most brilliant and fascinating ornaments. The women might thank me for it, but all the men would hate me."

"Ah, poor Washington I"—and Mrs. Heyward shrugged her bare and beautiful shoulders—"how you are changed!"

"In what respect?"

"In every one that I can think of. The Capitol turned into filthy barracks; the White House not much better, with its mobs of expectant office-seek and tailors, who speak through their noses, say, *haire*" and don't know enough to keep their swords from tripping them up, or their mouths out of a woman's dress when they're dancing—their dandy wives and vulgar relations, who don't pay the patience with every thing! You're not a Yankee, are you?"

"I was born in Maryland," the young man answered, who had listened with a not altogether assenting or pleased countenance to the remarks of his fair companion; "but I have lived for many years my earliest recollection in New York State, some thirteen up the Hudson."

"Ah! I thought you couldn't be a down-Easter —a Yankee proper! Maryland is with us in heart, you know, if not then say what they will, what have you're a Republican?"

"Oh no! I'm only voted for one Presidential election, and then I went for Douglas."

"Indeed! How came you to be in office then, as a constitutional man, too—at least sometimes was telling me you?"

"Mine is, in some respects. I am private secretary to Mr. ——" (naming a gentleman high in office in the present Administration). "He is an old and valued friend of our family—distinguished in relation to it, in fact—and has proved himself to me the most generous of patrons. Our Government, you must admit, is not a proscriptive one; it doesn't look at political antecedents."

"Oh, I dare say it's glad to welcome any body who comes over to its side, and to pay them well, too—don't suppose it's blind to your merits."

The face of the young man had crimsoned at the insinuation; he bowed, and was silent.

"Mr. Morton," the lady continued, modulating her naturally rich and sweet voice until it sounded almost confidential in the ear of the youthful private secretary, "you must forgive my freedom of speech; I am a Virginian, and haven't yet learned to conform myself to the stately usages of things. Besides, I must tell you that you are so like a cousin of mine, that I find myself talking more familiarly than usual."

"I am happy in the resemblance, I'm sure, and in the result. Where is the gentleman cousin?"

"Where I would be if I were a man—in the Southern army. But the tongue is the only weapon a woman can use, and sometimes I shut her up for doing that."

"Are you not a contribution to that assertion?"

"How long should I be so if I *always* spoke my mind as freely as I do now? If Mr. —— heard me"—naming the secretary's patron—"now, he'd think he'd apply for a *lettre de cachet?*"

"I think better of his gallantry," [illegible] me the question—if your opinions are really so severe to us as you allow me to infer, why do you risk personal danger by remaining in Washington?"

"We're not afraid of danger we Virginians, I'm waiting."

"Waiting? what for?"

"The time when I may find myself among friends again, and perhaps be of some service to those who tolerate me now. You'll fall to and very good offices if you ever need them. You have earned them by exhibiting moral courage enough to dance and converse with me as I present."

That is its own reward, and the obligation all on my side. I wish I could lighten it."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Then say you'll put me a pass beyond the lines if I wanted to go to Richmond?"

"That's a service I should be loth to perform, as I fear you would stay there, and then I should think Jeff Davis's capital a more desirable place to be in than Abe Lincoln's."

The words were spoken idly and gallantly, with no more of earnestness than sufficed to convey the impression that the young man was susceptible to the fascinations of his handsome companion. Instead of answering at once, and in the same strain, she fixed her eyes on his—they were dark brown eyes with a wine-gold light in them, marvelously beautiful to one—as if surprised into momentary seriousness, and then, after a little pause, dropped her lashes and replied:

"Don't talk like that. I might take you at your word!"

In his turn Morton looked surprised, and flattered. "I would retract nothing that might commend me to the favor of Mrs. Heyward," he murmured.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing consistent with my honor." He added the latter part of the sentence awkwardly: the significance of her accentuation of the word of two syllables had startled him.

"Ah! I forgive you!" And Mrs. Heyward slightly curled her ripe scarlet upper lip. "Hadn't you better go and dance now?" You have spent enough time upon me, I'm sure."

Morton was piqued at her change of tone. "If you are tired of my company," he said, "I will leave you; but"—and here, as he gazed upon her beauty, animation, vanity, and sudden passion flowering him, he added, "I would much rather by your side than any where else in the world."

"So?" Again she looked with a little wistfulness former fascinating glance, and smiling warmly motioned him to resume his place, for he had drawn withdrawn himself from the effect of her expansive crinoline. And forthwith there began an engrossing conversation between the two, which need not be reported. It ended abruptly in rather a singular manner.

Among the crowd of guests in the brilliantly-lighted hall-room there was a middle-aged man, handsomely dressed as a civilian, whose keen, watchful face, and wiry, relaxed figure suggested a latent perfect familiarity with good society. He had noted a lady, chatted a little, and received a smile here, dropped a word of recognition there, and came in time near to the two persons to whom the reader has been introduced. At first he glanced casually at them, though with a certain observant, attentive look which, as he came to the door, changed presently with a peculiar and growing interest, no more disguised than sufficed to prevent his attracting the notice of those around. Presently he watched the countenance of Basil Morton, who, with a flushed cheek and downcast eyes, was participating to what appeared to be the seductive pleading of the beautiful woman by his side.

The man's face, from any unconscious person the probability is that, before long, your glance will be returned—a certain fact which one might resort to the suspicion of animal magnetism to account for it. Raising his eyes, Morton found himself the object of those searching scrutiny. He colored still more deeply, and exhibited such marks of discomposure that Mrs. Heyward's eyes followed the direction of his own. She, too, recognized and had risen to her feet, asked him impetuously whether he still desired the pass, and received in reply only an answer, whirled the young man off into the thick of the circle of waltzers.

The middle-aged man smiled shrewdly, but directly afterward his keen face looked unfathomably grave. No longer making a show of watching the gaie, he moved on through the company. But throughout the rest of the night he remained in Basil Morton's still covered vicinity to the fair Virginian almost exclusively. When the ball-room and dancing young secretary felt a hand laid upon his shoulder.

"A handsome partner, my boy, but dangerous! Remember Brunton's daughter!"

"What of her?"

"She danced off a man's head, you know! I warn of that widow!"

II.

A MONTH after the date of that warning, Basil Morton sat alone at night in a small chamber, furnished as a prisoner's cell, in the prison of Richmond, engaged in transcribing certain documents of special importance, which the commandant of the place necessitated his unremittent labor until their completion. Seated at a business-looking desk, with an iron safe let into the wall behind him, a dingy lamp affording him light, with the only window of the apartment wide open, he was engaged in transcribing what air was stirring in the sultry July night. The young man wrote on with almost feverish assiduity, only pausing to dash off some rapid phonographic duplicates of each page in a species of hieroglyphic which looked like a modified French letter-paper. This he did in a curious, furtive manner, concealing the book in an inner breastpocket at the completion of each transcript, and reproducing it when another was to be added. All these precautions, and the concentration of his shadow, except the circle of light beneath the lamp-shade, and its smaller reflection on the ceiling. In the first place, he had very hards of the small hood out in strong relief; the countenance thus revealed exhibited signs of anxiety which were more than foreign to its former handsome self-complacency. A spectator would have supposed its owner to be overtasked, or disturbed, at least.

From his frequent glances at his watch which lies on the desk beside him, and his increased speed and straining after each glance, it was clear that he had no desire to complete his double task by some particular time. And, as the hour which approximately reaches the hour of eleven, the writer's fingers seem to emulate the progress of the minute-hand in its time and the flying moments. When the last is done at last, the documents copied, their secret duplicates hastily but accurately destroyed in the notary's breast-pocket, the gas turned off. Wiping his perspiring face and forehead, Basil Morton rose from his hot seat and about to undress himself, has withdrawn the key from its door for the purpose of locking it after him—then, perceiving that reading into the street close below heavily. Muttering an exclamation of impatience and anger, he stands for a few moments irresolute in the darkness, even glances back at the open window, as if with a transitory thought of availing himself of that mode of egress. But the room is on the third story of a tall house, and this involves a more dangerous attempt than the desire to escape by the window will prove a mere temporary hindrance seems to justify. So he waits, hoping the unexpected-ly returned patron will enter one of the lower rooms, leaving the staircase for him to escape unobstructed.

But the footsteps pass above the second story and still ascend. Putting a bold face on the matter, he closes and locks the door of the little apartment with ostentatious noise and goes toward them, distrusting, as they approach, his first impression as to the identity of the new-comer. A moment more confirm the doubt; he nosels, face to face, at a landing-place in a turn of the stairs, not the portly Mr. Lane and gentlemanly Mr. Heyward, but a young man in the uniform of a lieutenant of the United States Army.

"Jim, Frank!" exclaims the Secretary, with a start of surprise; "what in Heaven's name brings you to this place, this hour? I didn't know you were in Washington."

"I came hither to find you." Spoken in a tone indicative of deep agitation, contrasting markedly with the nervous surprise and affected cordiality of Morton.

"I'm in the greatest possible hurry—have to leave something which I've just completed at the post-office, and shall be back directly."

"I'll go with you." And they descended the stairs together, hand clasping normally at the inopportune arrival, and hoping to be soon rid of his companion.

"What did you arrive?" he asked, feeling the necessity of saying something, and walking swiftly onward as they reached the street.

"This evening, at sunset. I have been since then in company with my sister."

"Ellen Morton!" he says passing beneath the deep shadow of the trees bordering the sidewalk, which concealed both their faces, otherwise he had been struck with the self-repressing might have been visible on Morton's.

"Yes; do you know what brought her to Washington?"

Basil contrived to stammer out something about his being a stranger himself, and that he had been so engrossed in business that he had not found leisure to visit Ellen, that he was very glad, and surprised, and curious.

"She came here because she had heard nothing from you, but she affianced husband, for over a month. In spite of her most urgent entreaties. She fancied you might be sick, or that some calamity had befallen you."

Morton expressed thanks, and reiterated his excuses, with secret uneasiness at the tone of his companion.

She had reached Washington, it appeared, before she knew it, and, perhaps of a worse contagion prevalent here; but never supposed you had contracted the latter."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean *treason*—treachery! Never start! Accident to the noble-hearted gentleman whose name you have dragged down to infamy! And the speaker placed himself full in Morton's path, as if to obstruct his further progress.

"Are you mad?" inquired the Secretary, with a pallid cheek and blanched countenance, assuming in his manner. "Stand aside and let me pass directly. Or, I will answer your wild accusation at a better opportunity than the present."

"You will answer it this night, and to others to boot, unless you choose to act on my information you. I know the secret of your haste: you would hurry from the —— office to keep an appointment with the writer to whom you have sold yourself, for whom you have sacrificed every thing honor, reputation, and affection, the man to whom you have been your wife. But do not think to escape—you are trapped!"

"I am?" And Morton, crowding all his rage, mortification, and despair into one action, aimed a blow at his supposed friend and betrayer's brother-in-law. It was dextrously parried, and the striker seized by the collar. Another second and the two men would have been locked in mortal struggle. Very soon Morton found himself borne to the ground by the superior strength and determination of his antagonist, whose hand was at his throat.

"Let me up!" he gasped. "What do you want of me?"

"Yield yourself as my prisoner, subject to whatever disposal shall be made of you?"

"I do."

The conqueror assisted him to rise, drew from his pocket a whistle, and blew it, not too loudly. After an anxious interval of waiting, it was answered by another from the street.

"What is the meaning of all this, Frank Allen?" asked the discomfited Secretary. "Are you a secret detective? If I were as guilty as you insanely allege, by what right do you exercise this violence?"

"My authority has been of very recent origin, I should have used none. You will be more gently treated if you will submit to my escort. All I require is that you shall accompany us."

"Ur?"

"Yes, sir! I act only according to instructions." As he spoke a carriage, the noise of which had been heard approaching, rattled up the spot, and, answer to his hail, drew up near them.

"Enter, if you please." And the door of the vehicle opened, revealing within the figure of a man. It was the keen-faced, middle-aged person who had warned Basil Morton at the ball.

III.

RAPIDLY the carriage was driven through the deserted streets, its occupants preserving a strict silence, for which Morton would have spoken he was told to reserve all observations until they should be called for. So with arms folded and a raging sense of discomfiture and apprehension of coming evil in his heart—with the constant haunting thought of a beautiful woman waiting for him —waiting, unconscious of the ruin impending over the heads of both, he rode onward with his captors, until the vehicle drew up before a handsome private house, and he was requested to alight.

A momentary thought of striking them down right and left, and a desperate attempt at flight, flashed through his brain; immediately afterward he stood in a parlor, fitted up as an office.

The keen-faced man requested him to be seated, glanced at his watch, talked a while with Frank Allen, who then, as if in obedience to some order, left the room, closing the door behind him, when his principal addressed Basil Morton.

"You will hardly dispute my right to receive your arrest, though you may be surprised at the manner of it. Know that its secrecy is partly in tenderness to you. You have been suspected, seized in open day, before all the world, and consigned to the imprisonment due to a craven traitor, but for the attorney of one of the highest honor and friendship you have atrociously abused; thank him, if you retain the capacity for gratitude, that you are not now on your way to Fort Lafayette!"

Morton attempted to answer, but was checked by an imperious gesture.

"Listen, and then add perjury to treason if you dare! I dare say you have transmitted scraps of vital importance to the Government confided to you—and to you alone—in your capacity of private secretary to ——, which you have taken from transmission to the rebels." The speaker unlocked a desk and produced a packet. "These were seized this morning on the banks of the Upper Potomac by Lieutenant Allen, who was dispatched hither with them until such time as he could increase them by one, I do not doubt, by putting your hand into your pocket."

Morton turned pale, but said not a word.

"It was to secure *that* dispatch, in addition to Mr. ——'s confidence, that yourself was sent straight hither to-night. I authorized Lieutenant Allen to precede me, that his personal observation might confirm what he had read in the packet of treason to doubt—your treason! If you had remained for another hour in Mr. ——'s office, the papers would have been arrested there. It seems we were just in time!"

Still no reply from Mertoun; he breathed hard, but said nothing.

"You have been betrayed into this detestable treason by a woman as artful as she is unscrupulous. You expected to fly with her—had even procured passports for that purpose. Your purpose. You suppose she is at this moment impatiently awaiting you. If you would learn how miserably you have been duped—how little you are for any thing beyond effecting her own objects—I may give you the opportunity. Will you accept it?"

"Here!" The exclamation burst from Mertoun's lips in spite of himself.

"Here. But you will not be touch this bell to produce her. Go into this closet and I will do so-steps! give me the documents you have been copying this evening and its duplicates. Do you hesitate? Could I not have you searched if I chose?" Convinced of the truth of this, and in sheer perplexity withholding of one additional evidence of his treason from the already overwhelming mass, Basil Morton handed over the papers, and the closet door was closed upon him.

"Now enter the closet, leave the door ajar, and listen." And the speaker sounded a silver bell that stood on the table.

In response to the audience to the signal, the door opened, and two persons appeared—Lieutenant Allen and Mrs. Heyward. The latter was dressed in walking costume, including her bonnet and veil. She looked as handsome as ever, but defiant and startled. The keen-faced man rose and addressed her to a seat.

"You were desirous of an interview with me, Madam, I believe?" he inquired.

"I came hither three hours ago for that purpose," she said, haughtily, "and was very much vexed I have been detained a prisoner in this house—in your custody, sir! I suppose on my word, Sir, I carry matters with a high hand! I had, as is well known, no favorable opinion of your Black Republican Government, but was prepared to be had dispensed with the formality of even a *lettre de cachet* before depriving people of their liberty! When next, I wonder?"

The person she addressed, smiling shrewdly, and apparently not heeding her words, said that meanwhile made up some of the papers obtained from Mertoun into a packet, which he handed to Allen. "This, Lieutenant," he said, "and see that these are sent off at once. Now, Madam," as the door closed upon the officer, "I am at your service."

In the first place, what am I to understand from the sentiments you have expressed? Could I have been subjected?"

"You should you understand but that, unable to grant Mrs. Heyward an interview at the time of her visit, I was unwilling to deprive myself of that pleasure, and so made sure of it."

The lady looked sharply at him.

"Is that all, Sir?"

"Not exactly. We may detain you longer."

"I am a Southern woman, and in favor of Southern Rights. But I have never plotted against my country, nor entertained treasonable sentiments. Is it for that that I am kidnapped in a manner as atrocious as it is illegal? Am I to consider myself under arrest, Sir?"

"If you please. Hadn't you better sit down and talk the thing over? I am at your service in case of disdain and aversion. "Well, just as you like. From your note, sent to me immediately after your arrival, I supposed you had something to say about your husband."

"My name, Sir!"

"Your cousin! Oh, come, come! don't tell me! I know all about it." And the speaker nodded confidently. "It was prudent, of course, to sink him and become a fascinating widow while squinting in the camp of the enemy. The wife of Captain Heyward, of the Confederate army, might have found it difficult to retain her position in society, not to suggest more invidious reasons. We have known this little secret all along, and, I hope, sanctioned your visit to Washington in the public interest."

The handsome Virginian had eyed her interlocutor closely during the above address, as if desirous

of ascertaining what serious purpose lay hid beneath the tone of raillery he adopted. She now seated herself, abandoned her assumption of pride and indignation, and spoke seriously enough:

"You speak truth, Mr. ——; I acknowledge it. My husband is a prisoner, I hear."

"Yes. He was captured in a skirmish between pickets this morning. You have very correct information."

"I wish to solicit his release."

The person addressed elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders.

"You will have to apply to the Secretary of War," said he, "or to Mr. Lincoln."

"If I had it in my power to do the Government some service adequate to the request I make, might it not avail, first, to free me from the detention you have threatened; second, to procure an early exchange for Captain Hayward with one of the Federal officers now imprisoned at Richmond?"

"Perhaps. Of what nature is the service you speak of?"

"The denunciation of a traitor in the employ of the Government."

"Indeed? I am afraid there are too many of them! Of course I can make no promises."

"The person I allude to has access to documents of vital national importance. He is in secret communication with the Confederates."

"That is important. Are you sure of it?"

"I can prove it."

"If it is a case of which we have no knowledge or suspicion, I might be warranted in promising my influence—nothing more—to secure what you ask, always provided that you can be identified as indicated."

"You are exacting, Sir." And Mrs. Hayward drew herself up imperiously. "I can keep my knowledge to myself."

"To be sure you can; and we can keep both you and the captain where it will be of little service to either of you."

The lady bit her lip, considered a while, and replied, "You may throw me into prison, but that will not help you to discover what I have spoken of. Without me you can not do it!"

"Perhaps so, perhaps yes! It is about young Merman?" Mrs. Hey ward did her best not to look conscious, but her face betrayed her. "Come, I see it is; better tell me all about it."

She needed more persuasion, but feeling that his knowledge and her detention would assuredly end Merman's career in the interest of the rebels, and being desirous of making the test of the case for herself and Ashangi, at length consented. And the concealed listener overheard the detail of his treachery by the tips that had lured him to it. She ended with a proposal to verify the truth of her statement by his arrest, supposing him to be awaiting her arrival at her residence.

"We will not go so far as that," said the keenfaced man, who had rapidly noted down the salient points of the narrative. "Have the goodness to open the door of that closet!"

"Sir?"

But the repetition of the request was needless. Stepping from his hiding-place, the Secretary confronted his tempter and betrayer, with a new assumption of strong nerve, but she rose from her chair, recoiled, flushed scarlet, turned deathly pale, and then stood with compressed lips, clenched hands, and heaving breast, mutely defying him.

* * * * *

Half an hour afterward Mrs. Heyward was removed to the house popularly known in Washington by the sobriquet of Fort Lafayette, where she still remains. In the Army of the Potomac, under a feigned name, is a private soldier suspected of exposing, by a glorious death in the service of his country, the past treason of Basil Merioun.

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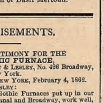
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE SURRENDER OF FORT DONELSON, FEBRUARY 16, 1862.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

We illustrate on this preceding pages a thrilling scene in the attack upon Fort Donelson, which took place on 14th, 15th, and 16th inst., the fort surrendering to General Grant on the morning of 16th. The victory was complete, resulting, as it did, in the capture of 15,000 rebel troops, an immense number of war materials, and the prisoners of Generals A. S. Johnston and Buckner. General Floyd marched off with his brigade of five thousand men on Saturday night. A special dispatch from Fort Donelson says:

The forces were about equal in numbers, but the rebels had all the advantages of position, being well fortified on two business hills, with their new fort on the highest one in place of ground. From the foot of their intrenchments the hills and ground descended quite perpendicularly to the river. Their fortifications on the side back from the river were at the foot of the hills. The river, at this point, is the centre of the fortifications, where it came down in the river, commanded the heavy guns.

The rebels were sure of securing their retreat by land and against reinforcements, as they could easily have held a position on the road to Dover to prevent it.

The fighting began on Thursday morning, the 13th inst., by our gunboats. The engagement lasted all day, and was not very severe, as the rebels kept under cover. Friday morning, at daylight, General Smith, with his brigade, consisting of the Eighth, Thirteenth, Twenty-sixth, Thirty-first, and Thirty-third Illinois regiments; Schwartz's and Dresser's batteries; met was General Wallace's brigade of the Eleventh, Twelfth, Fourth, and Seventh Indiana regiments. These three brigades occupied General M'Clernand's left wing, and lost the brunt of the battle.

It was found that the enemy was concentrating his main force to turn our right flank, which was drawn back by order of ammunition, and in the confusion of getting the reinforcements, wheeling about left to left. Another division, which had stood its ground manfully for three hours, retired, but was stopped and the left wing Generals Smith ordered General Smith to move forward his division to the position from which it had retired.

This movement was executed with great alacrity, and the shouts of our daring soldiery were heard, and the old flag displayed from within the enemy's intrenchments.

General Grant then sent word to General M'Clernand and Commodore Foote that General Smith had carried the enemy's intrenchments, ordering their forces to move forward and storm the works on the right. The gallant Wallace's brigade—the Eleventh Indiana, Eighth Missouri, and Seventh regiments—were pushed forward into position, and company A, of the Chicago Light Artillery, was planted in the road, and in the middle of the enemy we were in retreat, some yelling out of their works into the road, like lunatics, and others in a helter-skelter way, to escape into their ranks, slaughtering scenes of them.

Simultaneously with this the infantry commenced to fire at will, and the rebels went pell-mell back into their works in the greatest confusion. Our troops rushed on to the very edge of the enemy's intrenchments, but could not break in, and so were then thrown forward, and as the shades of night came on we were in a position to rest our troops in a simultaneous attack to be made on Sunday morning.

Some of our best officers and men had fallen in the long hour. Hardly a man that went over the field after the battle but discovered some comrade he knew dead. In fact three lieutenant-colonels, and at least one-quarter of all the other officers were wounded or killed.

During Saturday night a contraction of all our lines was made for a simultaneous assault on the enemy's works, and orders were given by General Grant to take the enemy at the point of the bayonet. Every man was to fall in at the fifty-seventh Illinois on the extreme right.

At daylight the advance was made, not when the full light of day broke forth white flags were hung in many places on the enemy's works.

An officer at a convenient point took down a white flag, and attached it to our arms and immediately sent in the morning.

The following correspondence passed between the commanders:

GENERAL BUCKNER TO GENERAL GRANT.

HEAD-QUARTERS, FORT DONELSON, February 16, 1862.

SIR,—In the present condition of affairs at this station, I propose to the commanding officer of the United States forces the appointment of commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation of the forces at this post; and in order to save time, I would suggest an armistice until two o'clock to-day.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. B. BUCKNER,
Brigadier-General C. S. Army.

To Brigadier-General U. S. Grant, commanding United States forces near Fort Donelson.

GENERAL GRANT'S REPLY TO GENERAL BUCKNER.

HEAD-QUARTERS, CAMP NEAR DONELSON,
FORT DONELSON, February 16, 1862.

To General S. B. Buckner:

SIR,—Your note of this date, proposing an armistice and the appointment of commissioners to settle the terms of capitulation, is just received.

No terms, except unconditional and immediate surrender, can be accepted.

I propose to move immediately on your works.

I am very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General U. S. Army.

GENERAL BUCKNER ACCEPTS THE TERMS AND SURRENDERS.

HEAD-QUARTERS, DONELSON, TENNESSEE, *February 16, 1862.*

Brigadier-General U. S. Grant, U. S. A.:

SIR,—The distribution of the forces under my command, forbids my entertaining the change of commissioners, and the overwhelming force under your command, compels me, notwithstanding the inhumane character of your propositions, to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you offer.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, SIR, your ob't s'v't,

S. B. BUCKNER,
Brigadier-General C. S. A.

Our fleet was soon in the enemy's camp, when the rebel officers gave up their swords.

Immediately on the receipt of the news of the capture of Fort Donelson by the gallant Grant, he was sent the name of General Grant to the President for promotion to a Major-Generalship.

OUR ARMY IN KENTUCKY.

On page 141 we give a couple of illustrations of the progress of the war in Kentucky. One of them, from the pencil of our artist, Mr. H. Mosler, represents GENERAL MITCHELL'S DIVISION crossing GREEN RIVER ON 10TH OCTOBER. The strategic movements of General Buell had already rendered the rebel stronghold at Bowling Green untenable, and General Mitchell has by this time occupied it. General Mitchell is the well-known gentleman-soldier by education, his heart and soul are in the war, and he will do his duty.

Our other illustration represents the CAMP OF THE FOURTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT ON THE CUMBERLAND, lately occupied by the 17th Tennessee under General Zollicoffer. Mr. Oscar D. Kraus, who sends us the sketch, writes: "I send you a sketch of a portion of Zollicoffer's camp, recently occupied by the 17th Tennessee Regiment (rebel), now held by the 4th Kentucky (Union), commanded by Colonel Speed Th. Fry, who killed Zollicoffer at the recent battle. We took possession of this camp on the 20th, the day after the battle, the rebels having fled during the night, leaving every thing behind them."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE capture of Fort Donelson, with 15,000 men, including both the Generals Buckner and Johnston, marks the decisive battle of the culminating point in the struggle between the United States Government and the malcontents. At the same time we record Buell, with 80,000 men, is pressing upon the Cumberland River; while General Grant, with 50,000, and Flag-officer Foote, with a gun-boat and mail-clad fleet, are ascending the same stream from the head at Dover. Rumor states that the remnant of the rebel army from Bowling Green, and that of the Bowling Green army, have taken refuge at Clarksville, and seem disposed to make a stand there. If they do, they will but hasten forward the fate of the army which has just surrendered. The events of the past week have rendered as indispensable as the right reversed, civil South-ern Tennessee rivers, of Nashville and all Northern Tennessee, and of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. Wherever we meet the enemy we shall be three to one, and by far superior to them in equipments, commissariat, clothing, transportation, and arms.

The fate of Columbus, Memphis, and consequently New Orleans, is now sealed. It is hardly probable that the right reversed, civil South-ern Polk will wait to be caught in the trap he has built for himself at Columbus. If he does, he will be caught in the trap, and all he does without firing a gun. If he evacuates his present post, the rebels themselves admit that they are not defend any line this side of the Mississippi. One Union army of enormous strength will advance on Memphis from Nashville, while another will advance on it from the river. Foote will drive Price before them through Arkansas, and both will meet on the Mississippi in time to co-operate with Farragut's fleet in mortar and mortar-fleet. Unless some unforeseen accident occurs the whole Mississippi will be ours, from the Gulf to the Falls of St. Anthony.

Meanwhile, Burnside is cutting off the retreat of the Virginia army through North Carolina, and making for the line of the Weldon road. He was at the mouth of the Roanoke the people of Weldon fled from their houses. Norfolk should be in our possession at the present writing.

Simultaneously, Dupont and Sherman are moving against Savannah, and Commodore Porter's fleet is on the way to Mobile and New Orleans.

Against such a combination of forces working together on such a plan, the rebels are hard set for it.

ABOLITION AND FREE TRADE.

THE latest foreign *canard* about this country is to the effect that the Confederate envoys have offered to purchase the recognition of the South-ern Confederacy by assenting to a permanent free trade for fifty years, and by decreeing the emancipation of every negro born at the South after the ensuing year. British journals gravely discuss the proposal, and many of them declare that it should be accepted. Some of our more malignant foes speculate upon the probability of the proposed scheme of emancipation, and pronounce the rebels in advance of the Government of the United States on the subject of slavery.

We hazard nothing, however, in asserting that no such proposal has been or will be made. It is impossible at the present time to suppose that emancipation is desirable or possible at any future time. Every leader of the rebellion has placed himself or herself on record in favor-ial slavery of the negro race, as their natural and normal condition, and as the only condition upon which the white race can be safe and rich with the black. In the emphatic language of Vice-President Alexander H. Stephens, the revolution of 1861 established the first time in the pacity of white men to govern themselves; the revolution of 1861 is to establish, for all future time, the incapacity of the negro for self-rule, and the inalienable right of the former to the service of the latter. Slavery is, in a word, the chief and vital aim of the present rebellion. It was begun to prevent the restriction of slavery within its present limits. It is carried on to secure, protect, and extend slavery. If it had been successful, it would have consolidated slavery and postponed emancipation for many generations. To believe that any Southern envoys have proposed to surrender slavery for any consideration whatever is to suppose them guilty of unnecessarily giving up the fight, when they are fighting for, and yielding gratuitously the whole point at issue.

Thirty years ago there were consistent and conscientious emancipationists at the South. Charles J. Faulkner, of Virginia, the rebel leader, was one of them. But in those days cotton was an insignificant article of produce, and male adult negroes were not worth over $200 in the market. Slaveholding was unprofitable. Since then the extension of cotton culture, and a foreign demand for slave produce, have risen the value of negroes to gangs of $225,000,000 per annum, have completely crushed out the old sentiment of good South-ern men on the subject of slavery; themselves the commanded the aid of religion and morals, and it is now deemed both impious and disrespectful in good Christian society to question the propriety of slaveholding. If the culture of cotton were abandoned, or its consumption checked, the old sentiment of Washington and Jefferson would revive at the South, and schemes of emancipation would be mooted. But so long as the British manufacturer of the South, and the world is clothed with it, no Southern man of any mark will venture to contemplate the question of slavery, and no political newspapers and statesmen will expend their best efforts in bolstering up the institution with texts from the Bible and news from Africa. The British Government are much more likely to propose to Europe to establish a mercantile Government over the Confederate States in Europe than to do, in-stead, than to admit the possibility of extinguishing slavery at any future period.

The Messrs. Mason, Slidell, Mann, Mason, and Slidell may have talked about free trade in quite likely. But, after all, what have they to offer in this connection? When the Constitution of the Confederate was framed it was proposed that the public revenue would be derived from direct taxation, and the slaveholders were induced voted to accept this form of taxation on condition of paying taxes in proportion. In the course of a few years it was discovered that a 5 per-centum tariff of duties on foreign imports would, with the proceeds of the sale of the public lands, provide revenue enough; and the idea of direct taxation was abandoned. It is not believed till now. The Government under which the Southern States have prospered so wonderfully during the last thirty years has been almost entirely supported by duties on imports levied at three Northern ports—New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. The Southern States would never to have paid any taxes at all.

If, as an independent power, the rebels propose to dispense with customs duties, what revenue now are they to mine revenue? They have already tried one plan—an export duty on cotton. Foreigners will not have that; but they will have the Morrill Tariff. It is literally making foreigners support their government. As to direct taxes, they have never paid yet, and when a direct tax on slaves was hinted at in the South Carolina Convention, the member who made the suggestion was silenced on the spot. In Alabama, about a year ago, a war tax was imposed by the Legislature, but it was found impossible to collect it. It would seem that the foreigners, before committing themselves to the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, would require, some guarantee that its citizens would pay direct taxes to support their Government. Without such a guarantee, a promise to admit foreign goods free of duty for fifty years would de-prive of any revenue to be more honored in the breach than the observance. What guarantee could the rebels offer?

We have never believed that foreigners would interfere in our contest if we performed our part with vigor and promptness. But the British autocracy would like to see this country divided and ruined, because we are a rival to England, and because the ruin of this republic would delay the progress of democracy in England for many years. The class of people who are represented by the *London Times*, the *Morning Post*, and the London *Herald* were evidently disappointed at the pacific solution of the Mason-Slidell affair. But there is a limit to the capacity of these malignant enemies of the Union; and so long as France continues to be guided by the grand principles of right and honor which have always marked her foreign policy, that limit lies this side of war. It is not in the power of the Southern envoys to make any temptation to Europe which can overcome the principles of France, or the fears and the necessities of England.

THE LOUNGER.

WHERE IS BURNSIDE?

One of the weapons of the dark day at Bull Run, is that when M'Dowell came in sight of the enemy's batteries, and saw that bloody work was at hand, he rose in his imperiority and asked, most coolly, "Where is Burnside?" as if instinctively turning toward the man whom he knew to be a skilled soldier.

That day Burnside, with the Rhode Island line, the New York 71st, and the other troops of his command, gave brave account of themselves. The months pass, and the whole country, not a single General, asks earnestly "Where is Burnside?" And from the roar of spoalling wintry surges, from the thick smoke of sharp battle, from the heart of the enemy's country and the rear of his position, comes the quiet voice of the leader, "Here, where I meant to be!"

The men he leads are men in earnest. They went to fight and to conquer. They knew that the terrible chance of battle was for every one of them. But they knew also that they were but the van-guard; that all were soldiers in this war whether they had marched or were only waiting—that the country must be watched closely and from discomforture itself—and the knowledge cheered the eyes that were fixed upon success, and strengthened the hands that were armed to secure the victory of Roanoke.

And now if you ask again "Where is Burnside?" the answer rings from the lips of millions of grateful countrymen, "Fast in our hearts forever!"

FOOTING UP THE REBEL ACCOUNT.

Ber while the South wind brings us the welcome music of victory, the North wind is not less eloquent. The gallant capture of Fort Henry by Foote's brave little boats that "moved to within a hundred yards of the batteries"—the battle or victory that paled the stern resistance—the pressing forward of Buell's army, and the rapid march-ing into Alabama—the welcome of the old flag along the shore, as if summer had come again: the manner Wolf-Burnside and securing the best hearts winter-bound with doubt—the enlistments of men by the half score—all this is rapid foliage: That gun-boat Conestoga pushing into the heart of the rebel section seems like a firm ray of down pierc-ing the thick leaves.

Before these words are read there must be news from Fort Donelson; from Price, perhaps, and from more than one point in the line of great battle at Bowling Green, or at any point, and the Western army be again in motion. Meanwhile the Confederates can hardly help feeling the shock to the very heart of their treason. They must begin to think that Secession is a fearful mistake, if they then remain? Richmond will be directly threatened. The line of the Virginia Central will be cut from the border States; the movements upon the sea-board will clear Virginia; the active rebellion will be shut up in the Gulf States, and the whole loyal-hearted region of Europe will be stayed. Then Victory must be organized. Then we shall have to look practically to the question, How shall we be made permanent?

Meanwhile the nation is beginning to feel its strength, as it has long known its purpose. Conscious strength is itself an inspiration. The army of the nation will be more than ever filled with every victory. It is alive and glowing along the whole line. Pamlico Sound rejoins to the Tennessee:

"And now the answer from mountain to mountain."

Back to the joyous Aye that call to her island!"

—Thus much was written before this Tuesday the 25th of February—when the whole country came pouring in from the West. Let it stand. While the hurry-drops are falling, and the country rings to the type which were to tell of our hopes and anticipations, the telegraph was clicking off the news that they had come true. Abundant news! In Kentucky, Bowling Green abandoned; in Missouri, Price in full retreat, with our forces in hot pursuit; in Tennessee, Nash-ville abandoned evacuated. What a dispatch night tot Grant have sent to Washington! "We have won the battle of Fort Donelson." Four Generals, a score of Colonels, Majors and Captains by the hundred, fifteen thousand men prisoners!" And now, as we write, we hear the shouts of the newsboys announcing the capture of Savannah. We shall not be surprised to-morrow whether the report is true, but our readers will know before these words meet their eyes.

NATIONAL MORALITY.

THE reports of and about the results of the labor of the Secretary of the Treasury, the speeches of the speeches of Mr. Dawes and Mr. Van Wyck, will hardly fail to show the most sanguine man that our problem has not been entirely solved in the question of the despatch attendants and the most threatening commercial crisis. Party heat may prevent or newspapers, will of course turn the facts to party account. They will endeavor to make it appear that the success in the management of our resources belongs peculiarly to the administration of the party that is in power. But the evidence will be partially successful when it is remembered that all those who have profited by the corruption belong to that party—but not to it.

These revelations do not indicate a partisan but a national evil. The difficulty did not begin with the war, but with the long prosperity that so greatly increasing opportunity. The close observer of our social life for the last twenty years must have asked himself constantly the question whether our mental and moral education kept counterpacing pace with the increasing facilities of great prosperity. A commercial nation is always in danger of being overwhelmed unless it is willing to sell them for peace and high profits. Virtue is in the old story and in universal experience the essential property; and the saints come out of the cottages, not the palaces.

The most dangerous symptom in our condition now, as for many years past, is the want of a high moral tone. For the moment a nation which is ruled by the rules will lose faith in principle it is precisely in the condition of a man who does the same thing. The Rule of Three and the law of gravity are governmental compared with the moral laws. Consequently, whenever that nation, whether from ignorance of their value or from long familiarity, or from that sodden spiritual stupidity which springs from incessant devotion to personal advantage, actually disbelieves in the fundamental laws; and, for the ostensible reason that men and parties are equally knavish, but from the real reason that they exclusively regard their immediate individual interest, connives at injustice in the form and at moral sophistication in the matter is "it certainly raised as a liar and a swindler who is at the same time a coward.

In the present case we have, of course, the right to set against the revelations of reports in individual cases the spectacle of the generous and general rising of the people. Moreover, we may justly add to that the universal public conviction that the chief officers of state are eminently men of pure hands. That knaves should swarm upon the chance of contracts is not surprising. The only sadness is that the old suspicion of a very wide demoralization should be revived by the apparent implication of men hitherto beyond a whisper of suspicion. For there is no man and no nation so 'cute that they can be saved without faith.

A QUEER MISTAKE.

A RESOLUTION was lately introduced into our Legislature to invite a clergyman to address the Assembly upon the Great Rebellion. A worthy member objected, saying that he would very gladly listen to a clergyman upon the subject of Christ's Sermon on the Mount; but when clergymen interfered in politics they transcended their duty—or as the report has it, "when they came out of the pulpit to preach politics to the Assembly, they unduly interfered with the members in the discharge of their constitutional duties!"

This is in the reports of the Assembly and not in Rabelais.

But when were the clergymen disfranchised? When did they cease to be American citizens? When did they lose the right to speak upon public affairs which every American, of whatever profession, justly prizes as so characteristic a right of our system?

It was Mr. Stetson who is reported to have made this extraordinary objection. He did not urge that the Assembly had not time—that if it listened to one member's friend it could hardly courteously refuse another's—that the clergyman and his friends could appoint a time and place for his address and invite the members who wished to hear it to come, all of which were obvious remarks upon such a proposition. But he took the ground that the Assembly ought not to invite one of their fellow-citizens to address them upon the state of the country, because his address would be an interference with the discharge of their constitutional duties, and for the reason that he was a clergyman!

But suppose he had been a lawyer, or a doctor, or a merchant, or a shoemaker, or a manufacturer, or a leather dealer, or a salt dealer, or a farmer, or a blacksmith, would his address have been equally impertinent? And if not, why not. Has an American citizen any more interest in the welfare of the country because he is a horse-jockey or a lawyer than he would have if he wer a clergyman? And if a clergyman, although a citizen and as much interested in the nation as anybody ought to stick to his profession, so ought every other citizen, no more and no less And if so, what is Mr. Stetson doing in the Assembly

That gentleman's profession is not announced. But if he be a lawyer, why does he not stay in court or his office, and talk of the statutes at large or the Pandects of Justinian? If he be a shoemaker, why does he not sti k to his last? If a farmer, to his plow? If a carp nter, to his plane? If a merchant, to his ledger? If a mason, to his trowel? If a doctor, to his pills? Because a clergyman preaches sermons and takes the charge of a parish is he to shut his eyes and mouth upon the National welfare, in lu..ng his own and that of each of his parishioners?

Mr. Stetson has made a ludicr us, but a not infrequent mistake. He is selected by his fellow-citizens of all professions, and leaves his own special business to fulfill a duty which is just as incumbent upon every clergyman as it is upon every lawyer or mechanic—the duty of practical interest in public affairs. If he and his associates think they can be assisted by the thoughts of any citizen, whatever his calling, they can not do wrong to hear him. His speech would be no interference, it would be an assistance If the citizen be foolish or dull, that is enough, don't ask him. But to say that the Assembly ought not to hear him because he is a clergyman, is to declare that you have yourself no business to be speaking to them, for you must have some profession, and every man in every other profession is your exact political peer.

MAKING CITIZENS SOLDIERS.

LITTLE Rhode Island was the first State to offer, through her Governor, her aid to the Government last April. She has sent some of the best and bravest soldiers that have marched. Her boys were at Bull Run; they are at Port Royal, and in Pamlico Sound. The blood of Rhode Island has not forgotten that Greene in the Revolution and Perry in 1814 were Rhode Islanders. The heart of Rhode Island will nev r forget the younger he oes who face de. di r foe to-d. y.

The intelligence with which t mall State has regarded he rebellion from the eginning is manifested in n w bill whi h has been introduced into its L gislature abolishing the distinction between enrolled and active militia. Rhode Island now proposes to say, a.l Rhode Islanders capable of bearing arms must be made practically proficient in military knowledge and ready for all events. As went Rhode Island last spring so went the loyal States. As she goes now so will they.

For henceforth we are to be a military republic. Hitherto we have made a curious but a natural mistake. We have thought that our situation and our system enabled us safely to dispense with arms. We are now taught that it is our character and education which allows us to bear them safely. Our situation and our system, united with our condition and education, will secure us a permanent but not a pusillanimous peace. The possession of fire-arms and skill in their use promote war only among a barbarous or semi-civilized or oppressed people. To a nation of peaceful pursuits, of an equally prosperous political condition, and of general intelligence, they are simply a guarantee, not a temptation.

Every State may wisely follow the example of Rhode Island, as every college and school may follow that of the University of Michigan which contemplates a military department. As there is no restriction upon the possession of fire-arms in this country, so the practical knowledge of their use in military combinations should be made universal. Nobody probably expects an immediate peace. Nobody supposes that, when a tempest so long gathering as our civil war at length bursts with a fury that threatens the very existence of the nation, its consequences are to be smoothed away by a surrender. The rebels may be conquered. They may surrender. But hate is not vanquished by bayonets. The whole rebel section must long have military occupation, or be readily commanded by military superiority.

A military nation, also, speaks to foreign powers with significance. Its whispers are a breeze. Its words may be a tempest. We have sometimes congratulated ourselves that we knew nothing of military science and had little military skill. But it is not the loss of any knowledge, it is the subordination and application of all that makes wisdom.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THEM?

"WHAT do you gentlemen who are so clamorous for releasing the slaves of rebels propose to do with them?" is a question constantly asked. "It is very easy to cry emancipate! emancipate! but what is your panacea for those who are emancipated?"

The question, in itself, is fair and timely—although it is often asked contemptuously, and is intended to wither any further remark.

The answer is, first of all, that something must be done. At the present time we have several thousands of persons within our lines who were lately slaves. They can not be returned to rebel masters. They can not be retained as slaves. They can not be left to themselves. The Government is charged with the responsibility of their care. They must be fed, clothed, and educated, and labor must be given them. In fact, the released slaves are the pupils of the Government.

The question is of such scope, and the necessity is so urgent, that Congress should at once provide the means of dealing with the actual facts. Since the advance of our arms upon rebellious soil inevitably releases so many, it is useless to suffer the facts to be winked out of sight. Congress should at once declare that the slaves of rebels are free. That would at once determine a policy. The grave decision would not be left to the whim of a General, and the released slaves would not be forced to believe that any kind of slavery was better than such freedom as leaves them naked and starving.

That being settled, a sub-department of the Interior should be created for the special purpose of carrying into operation all the details necessary for the proper disposition of the slaves thus released. The exportation of a people, if more numerous than the Acadians, is not practicable. Yet if any wished to colonize within our own territory or elsewhere they should be assisted. Centres of operations, under sufficient military protection, should be established, and strict order maintained. Then laws looking to their advance to citizenship, at such graduated times as should be found desirable, should follow. They would be at first like a mass of rude immigrants; but after due lapse of time they would be quite as competent citizens as many other immigrants.

The difficulties of emancipation are always upon the side of the slaveholders, not of the slaves. The impediments in the West Indies were not the incompetence of the slave but the injustice of the master. The friction with us will be in the same place.

The question can not be deferred, for it is here. The slaves already with us must be cared for, and the system that properly cares for thousands should be adapted to hundreds of thousands and millions. It is confessedly the gravest point of the war—so grave that most people wish to shut their eyes upon it, hoping that Providence will settle it.

Providence will settle it, as it settles all things, by our hearts and brains.

A STRANGE STORY.

BULWER has well named his last exciting story, which is now published with the illustrations. It is a strange story. All the weird, mysterious influences that affect the human imagination, and fascinate certain scholars, surrounding daily life with an atmosphere of romance and wonder, a half-miraculous world, are used as the machinery of the tale, and with the skill of a master. It belongs to the same class of romances as his "Zanoni," which is the most highly wrought and passionate of all.

Bulwer is fully aware that great rivals, of a later date than he, are in the field; and he does not hesitate to measure swords with them. The great host of readers that acknowledge the spell of his enchantment will feel with delight the new wave of his wand, and follow with delight the fortunes of a man who seemed to have found the elixir of youth.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LENITY PROPERLY REBUKED.

A TELEGRAM from Naples states that the brigand chief, Chiavone, "has been deprived by the Bourbon Committee at Rome of the command of the brigands, for having disobeyed instructions by shooting prisoners." Telegrams are usually incomplete; but we understand that this merciful manner of murdering the prisoners has given great offense at the Vatican, and that the successor to Chiavone has imperative instructions either to burn his captives, or to put them to death gradually, in the Chinese fashion. As the Pope justly remarks, "these are not times for sentimental mercy to the enemies of the Church."

DIFFERENT VIEWS AT DIFFERENT TIMES.—Much as we may have hated a man before, it is very strange what a very different view we take of him the moment we are going to ask a favor of him!

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO THE POPE.—"Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once."

STYLES OF CONSOLATION.

A MAN'S.—"Well, I'll tell you what you must do."
A WOMAN'S.—"Ah! I told you how it would be."

THE PRUSSIAN CROWN AND CUSHION.—The *Kreuz Zeitung* reports a speech made the other day by the King of Prussia, in which his Majesty said: "My basis will, however, be the same, and will be inviolable. I have received my crown from the altar." What has King William's receipt of his crown from the altar to do with the inviolability of his basis? What relation does his basis bear to his crown? Is not the one the direct opposite to the other? If the King of Prussia puts his crown upon his basis, what, we should like to know, does he put his hat upon?

THE STAMP OF IMPRUDENCE.—The imprudent man carries postage stamps in his pocket-book, the prudent man never does—for he knows well enough that he can always borrow of the man who has them.

It is as uncomfortable to feel like scolding and have nothing to scold about, as it is to be hungry and have nothing to eat.

Good sayings always suffer by repetition; good deeds never do.

An auctioneer while selling a stock of jewelry, describing a pair of jet ear-rings to a very respectable company of ladies, exclaimed, very earnestly, "Indeed, if my wife were a widow, I would positively buy them for her."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ FOR news of the BURNSIDE EXPEDITION see page 135; for news of the CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON see page 130.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, February 11, in the Senate, a resolution of the New York Chamber of Commerce, in favor of the immediate passage of the Treasury Note bill, and pledging the support of the merchants of New York to the Government, was presented; also a petition from the Chamber on the subject of postal reform. A joint resolution was adopted that the two Houses of Congress assemble in the House of Representatives on Washington's birth-day, the 22d of February, and that the President, the members of the Cabinet, the foreign representatives, the officers of the army and navy, and others, be invited to attend, and that Washington's Farewell Address be read. A bill authorizing the banks of the District of Columbia to issue notes of less than five dollars was referred. Senator Sumner offered a series of resolutions declaring that the revolted States have committed *felo de se*, and that their relations as members of the United States no longer exist; that their allegiance has been severed, and the Federal Government owes no obligation to any pretended State Government usurping certain territory; that individuals occupying such territory owe allegiance to the General Government only, and the General Government to the individuals; therefore persons heretofore held as slaves may look henceforth to the General Government for protection as individuals. A motion to lay them on the table was carried by a vote of 21 to 15, Senator Sumner voting aye. The bill making appropriations for completing sea-coast and lake fortifications was then taken up and discussed till, upon coming to a vote upon a motion, it was discovered that there was no quorum present, whereupon the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate's amendments to the bill appropriating ten millions of dollars for the construction of twenty iron-clad steam gun-boats were concurred in, so the bill only requires the President's approval to become a law. Mr. F. A. Conkling offered a preamble and resolution setting forth that the army countersign was known to the rebels on the Potomac on the day the steamer *Pensacola* passed down the river, before it was communicated to the Union forces; that information of Union military and naval movements is frequently communicated in advance to the enemy, under circumstances justifying a suspicion of treachery on the part of persons in the service of the Government; and that the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War investigate these charges and report thereon. The resolution was adopted. A bill establishing a Department of Agriculture was introduced. The case of Mr. Segar, who claimed a seat as representative from the First District of Virginia, was resumed, and upon coming to a vote the House, by a vote of 85 to 40, adopted the report of the Committee on Elections, declaring Mr. Segar not entitled to a seat.

On Wednesday, February 12, in the Senate, the bill providing for punishment, by fine and imprisonment, of persons convicted selling spirituous liquors to Indians, was passed. The bill appropriating nearly seven millions of dollars for the completion of fortifications was also passed. Bills providing for a reorganization of the Navy Department, and for the appointment of a Warden of the District jail, were introduced. The Treasury Note bill was taken up, and speeches made by Senators Fessenden, Collamer, and Howe. The Senate Finance Committee's amendment, restoring the clause making the interest on the public debt payable in coin, was adopted. An amendment, that the Treasury notes issued in July be received in payment of public dues, was adopted. An amendment setting apart the proceeds of the public lands, and confiscated property, and duties on imported goods, as a special fund for the payment of the interest of the debt in bonds and notes of the United States, and for a sinking fund, was adopted. The amendment striking out the provision that the notes be exchanged for bonds bearing seven per cent. interest, was adopted. Several verbal amendments of the Finance Committee were adopted. Senator Fessenden moved to amend the first section, so as to make the bonds for which the notes are funded redeemable at pleasure in five years instead of twenty, and payable in twenty years. Pending the question, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate's amendments to the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill were agreed to, and the bill passed. A preamble and resolution, setting forth that Henry Wikoff had refused to state to the Judiciary Committee from whom he received a portion of the President's annual Message previous to its being laid before Congress, and transmitting the same to the New York *Herald*, and that said Wikoff be brought before the bar of the House to answer for contempt, was adopted. Whereupon Wikoff was brought to the bar of the House. Upon being interrogated formally regarding the matter, he said that, while he hoped he would not be considered as wanting in respect either to the House or the Judiciary Committee, yet the information demanded was received by him under an obligation of secrecy that he felt bound to respect. Mr. Richardson moved a postponement of the subject until Thursday, in order to give the prisoner time for reflection, but the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, Mr. Hickman, pressed a resolution handing Mr. Wikoff over to the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms until he shall purge himself of the alleged contempt, which was adopted, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, February 13, in the Senate, the Treasury Note bill, with the legal tender clause, and the clause providing for the payment of the interest of the public debt in coin, was passed by a vote of thirty to seven. A conference committee was appointed on the amendments to the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill. A bill fixing the number of Representatives under the new apportionment was reported. The bill fixes the number at two hundred and thirty-nine. Senator Davis, of Kentucky, presented a series of resolutions declaratory of the rights of the States and of the United States. The series concludes with the following: "That no State, by any vote of secession, or any other act, can abrogate her rights or obligations, or the obligations of the United States to preserve her people in all their rights, and guarantee to them a State republican government. That there can be no confiscation of any property or the rights of loyal citizens unless for acts declared to be criminal. That it is the duty of the United States to suppress the rebellion, to carry the 'sword' in one hand and the 'olive branch' in the other, and to restore the States as they were before the war."——In the House, a resolution was adopted authorizing the Secretary of War to pay the Hannibal and St. Joseph and Pacific Railroad companies for the transportation of troops, munitions of war, etc., according to the schedules issued by the War Department in July last. The consideration of the Naval Appropriation bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole. A clause requiring that naval officers shall be employed to charter and purchase vessels when necessary, and wherever their services are not available the compensation to other parties for chartering and purchasing vessels shall not exceed five thousand dollars per annum, and at the same rate for a shorter period of service, was agreed to. The Committee then rose and the House adjourned.

On Friday, February 14, in the Senate, an amendment to the Army bill was adopted, giving the bounty allowed to soldiers, in case of death, to the relatives of the deceased. A resolution was also passed authorizing and requesting the President to dismiss from the army or navy such officers as, in his judgment, were unsuited to the service, or when the service would be benefited by such dismissal.——In the House, the Naval Appropriation bill was passed, with an amendment appropriating fifteen million dollars for building additional gun-boats, as also one million for an ordnance foundry at Washington. The Senate's amendment to the bill for the suppression of the coolie trade was concurred in by the House. Mr. Wikoff, who had purged himself of contempt to the House by answering the question propounded by the Committee, was ordered to be discharged from custody. Both bodies then adjourned over until Monday.

On Monday, February 17, the excitement in the Senate incident to the reception of the news of the glorious successes of the Union arms entirely unfitted that body for the transaction of public business. After some routine business, of little importance, they went into executive session, and soon after adjourned.——The House participated in the general jubilee consequent upon the announcement of the news from Tennessee. No business was done beyond the passage of an amendment reducing the salary of the Commissioner of the Agricultural Department, and the bill authorizing the employment of a stenographer by the committee on the conduct of the war. The bill making an appropriation for the signal service of the army was also passed.

BOWLING GREEN EVACUATED, AND BUELL IN PURSUIT.

Bowling Green has been evacuated by the rebels, and our troops, under the direction of General Buell, are availing themselves of its evacuation to press on southward. On learning that the rebels were evacuating that place, General Buell ordered a forced march by General Mitchell, to save, if possible, the railroad and turnpike bridges on Big Barren River. They, however, had all been destroyed when General Mitchell reached the banks of the river. The brigades of General Breckinridge and General Hindman were until Thursday evening at Woodburn station, but subsequently moved on to Russelville, and are probably now near Nashville.

It is believed now that no rebel forces exist in Kentucky east of the direct road from Bowling Green *via* Franklin—a town on the railroad, nine miles south of Woodburn Station—to Nashville. It is reported that General M'Cook and General Thomas left with their divisions, by way of Salt River, for the Cumberland on Saturday; General Buell, it is said, accompanied M'Cook's division, to take command on the Cumberland River in person, where 80,000 of our troops were expected to arrive on 18th. While he presses the enemy on the Cumberland with his tremendous force, their flank and rear are threatened by the heavy divisions under Generals Nelson and Mitchell.

THE ATTACK UPON CLARKSVILLE.

General Cullum, in his dispatch received by General M'Clellan on 18th, states that Commodore Foote, although suffering from the wound he received, will immediately follow with two gun-boats and the mortar-boats which he expects to overtake, and make an attack on Clarksville, another strong post of the rebels on the way to Nashville. Clarksville is distant from Nashville about fifty miles, in a northwesterly direction. It is fortified pretty strongly from the bluffs surrounding it, and is by this time most probably held by a large force of the rebels.

PRICE DRIVEN OUT OF MISSOURI.

An official dispatch was received by General M'Clellan on 14th, from General Halleck, announcing that the rebel General Price, with his whole army, evacuated Springfield on Wednesday night upon the approach of our troops toward Wilson's Creek. Our cavalry pursued them, while the main body of our army took possession of the town and hoisted the "old flag" on the Court-house. A large amount of stores and equipage fell into our hands. On 16th we received intelligence from General Halleck that the rear-guard of Price's army was overtaken, and after a short resistance fled and dispersed, leaving in the hands of our troops more prisoners than they could well take care of, and deserting all their wagons and baggage on the road.

A VICTORY BY GENERAL LANDER.

A dispatch received by General M'Clellan, on 15th, from General Lander, dated Pawpaw, Virginia, at eight o'clock on Friday night, announces the fact that his forces surprised a rebel camp at Blooming Gap, capturing seventeen commissioned officers, some of them of high rank, and a number of others—in all amounting to seventy-five men. Thirteen of the rebels were killed. This affair opens the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad as far as Hancock, and clears General Lander's department of the rebels completely.

THE GREAT SAWYER GUN BURST.

The great Sawyer gun at Newport News burst on Tuesday afternoon, while being fired off, killing two privates of the Massachusetts Twenty-ninth Regiment, and wounding five or six others more or less seriously.

AN AMNESTY TO POLITICAL PRISONERS.

The President has issued an order, through the Secretary of War, releasing all political prisoners now in the custody of the military authorities in every quarter, upon giving their parole to afford no aid to the enemies of the Government—spies alone excepted. The President states that, as the rebellion is now manifestly on the decline, the severe measures resorted to in the beginning are no longer necessary.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

GREAT BRITAIN TO REMAIN NEUTRAL.

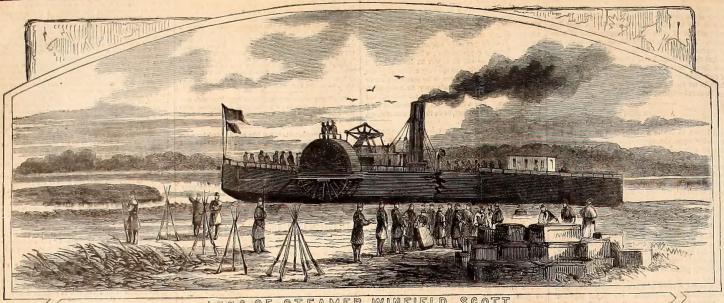
LORD JOHN RUSSELL has addressed an important letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, laying down very stringent rules with regard to American vessels of war or privateers (belligerents) which may enter British ports. No such vessels from the North or South will be permitted to enter any port of the Bahama Islands without special leave of the Lieutenant-Governor; and with reference to all British ports, whether in the United Kingdom or in the colonies, the vessels alluded to will not be allowed to obtain any of the facilities for warlike equipment; and when a ship belonging to one belligerent has sailed, twenty-four hours must elapse before a ship belonging to the other belligerent may also leave the harbor. When under stress of weather, vessels may have coal or supplies to enable them to proceed to the nearest port of America—North or South—where they will find shelter. As the Union war ships require no aid, except in case of casualty, from Great Britain, this order will operate healthfully for the Union cause in undocking the privateers now ensconced in English harbors, as well as effectually breaking up the nests of rebel smugglers and pirates which have been formed at the Bahamas and other parts of the West Indies by the secessionists since the commencement of the rebellion.

THE "NASHVILLE" TO GO.

The *Nashville* has been ordered from Southampton; but her commander sent in a pitiful appeal begging more time, and pointing to the fact that "certain destruction" awaited his vessel from the *Tuscarora* if he went out immediately after her.

THE "SUMTER" LIKEWISE.

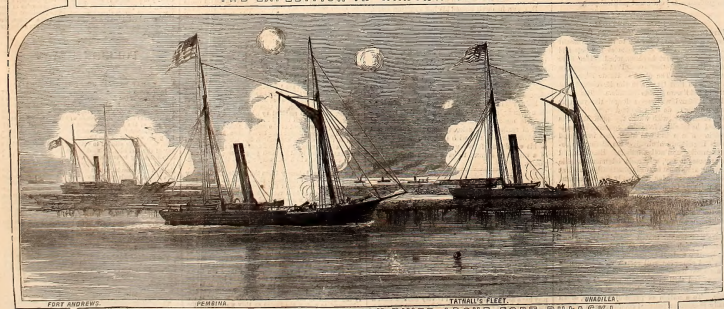
The military commander of Gibraltar has ordered the *Sumter* from that harbor within six hours, notwithstanding that her captain begged time to wait for the arrival of cash wherewith to purchase coal and food supplies. It was said that the *Sumter* would be sold to parties in Genoa.



LOSS OF STEAMER WINFIELD SCOTT.

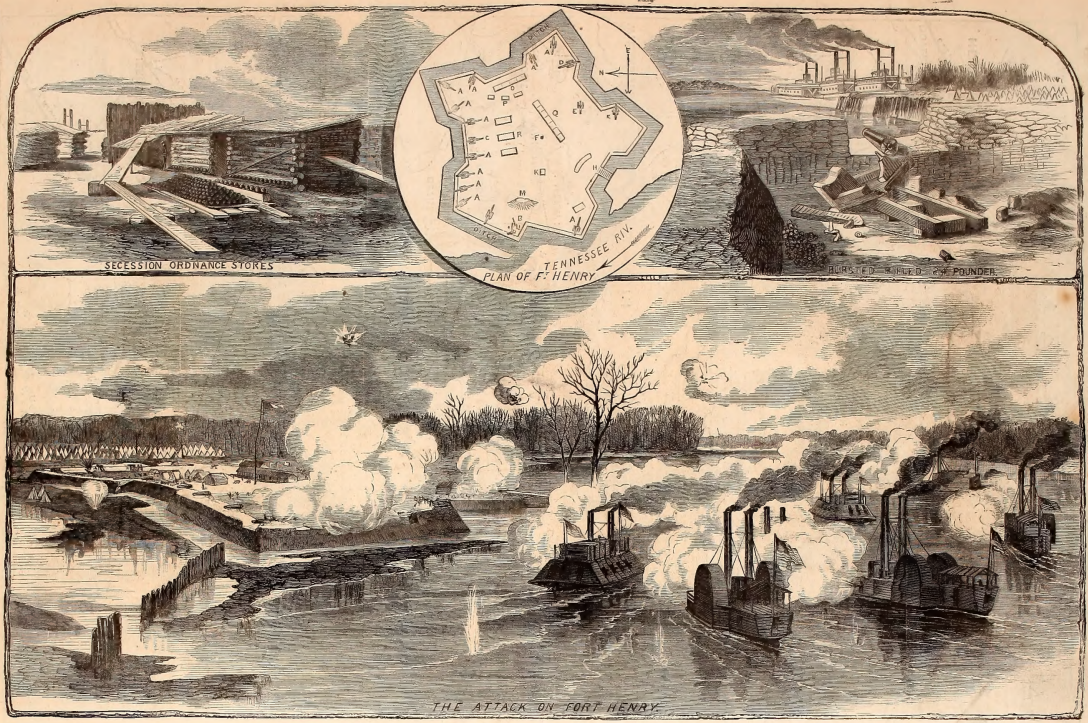


THE EXPEDITION IN WARSAW SOUND.



GUN-BOATS ENTERING SAVANNAH RIVER ABOVE FORT PULASKI.

OUR NAVY IN THE SAVANNAH RIVER.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 185.]



THE CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY, TENNESSEE.—Sketched by Mr. Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 135.]



GENERAL MAP OF ALBEMARLE AND PAMLICO SOUNDS, SHOWING THE THEATRE OF OPERATIONS OF THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



ROANOKE ISLAND, SHOWING POSITION OF REBEL BATTERIES, ETC.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

WE devote a large portion of our space this week to illustrations of the Burnside Expedition. On page 136 we give portraits of the commanders, GENERAL BURNSIDE and FLAG-OFFICER GOLDSBOROUGH; on the same page a picture of the DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL NAVY UNDER COMMODORE LYNCH; on page 137 an illustration of the CHARGE OF HAWKINS'S ZOUAVES upon the rebel batteries; on page 140 a portrait of GENERAL FOSTER, who received the surrender of the rebel troops; on page 134 A CHART OF ALBEMARLE SOUND, showing the field of operations of the expedition: and on this page a MAP OF ROANOKE ISLAND, showing the position of the rebel batteries.

A very neat and comprehensive report of the operations of the combined fleet and army is given in General Burnside's Report, as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA,
ROANOKE ISLAND, *Feb.* 10, 1862.

To Major-General George B. M'Clellan, Commanding United States Army, Washington:

GENERAL,—I have the honor to report that a combined attack upon this island was commenced on the morning of the 7th by the naval and military forces of this expedition, which has resulted in the capture of six forts, forty guns, over two thousand prisoners, and upward of three thousand small arms.

Among the prisoners are Colonel Shaw, commander of the island, and O. Jennings Wise, commander of the Wise Legion. The latter was mortally wounded, and has since died.

The whole work was finished on the afternoon of the 8th inst., after a hard day's fighting, by a brilliant charge in the centre of the island, and a rapid pursuit of the enemy to the north end of the island, resulting in the capture of the prisoners mentioned above.

We have had no time to count them, but the number is estimated at nearly three thousand.

Our men fought bravely, and have endured most manfully the hardships incident to fighting through swamps and dense thickets.

It is impossible to give the details of the engagement, or to mention meritorious officers and men in the short time allowed for writing this report, the naval vessel carrying it starting immediately for Hampton Roads, and the reports of the Brigadier-Generals having not yet been handed in. It is enough to say that the officers and men of both arms of the service have fought gallantly, and the plans agreed upon before leaving Hatteras were carried out.

I will be excused for saying in reference to the action that I owe every thing to Generals Foster, Reno, and Parks, as more full details will show.

I am sorry to report the loss of about thirty-five killed, and about two hundred wounded, ten of these probably mortally. Among the killed are Colonel Russell, of the Tenth Connecticut regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel Victor de Monteil, of the D'Epeneuil Zouaves. Both of them fought most gallantly. I regret exceedingly not being able to send a full report of the killed and wounded, but will send a dispatch in a day or two with full returns.

I beg leave to inclose a copy of a General Order issued by me on the 9th inst.

I am most happy to say that I have just received a message from Commander Goldsborough stating that the expedition of the gun-boats against Elizabeth City and the rebel fleet has been entirely successful. He will, of course, send his returns to his department.

Since then the fleet have occupied Edenton, Hertford, and have made explorations up the Chowan and Roanoke Rivers without meeting any enemy. In all probability the troops have already severed the railway connections at or near Weldon.

CAPTURE OF THE FORTS.

We clip the following account of the Battle at Roanoke Island from the correspondence of the *Tribune*:

By daybreak on 8th, General Foster had his brigade in motion to attack the rebels, followed soon after by the brigades of Generals Reno and Parks. The advance was supported by six howitzers, commanded by Midshipmen Porter and Hammond, and manned in part from the fleet. After fording a creek, General Foster's force came up with the enemy's pickets, who fired their pieces and ran. Striking the main road, the brigade pushed on, and after marching a mile and a half came in sight of the enemy's position. To properly understand its great strength, in addition to what skillful engineering had done, the reader will bear in mind that the island, which is low and sandy, is cut up and dotted with marshes and lagoons. On the right and left of the enemy a morass, deemed impassable, stretched out nearly the entire width of the island.

The upper and lower part of the island being connected by the narrow neck on which the battery was situated, and across which lay the road, the battery of three guns had been located so as to rake every inch of the narrow causeway, which, for some distance, was the only approach to the work. General Foster immediately disposed his forces for attack, by placing the 25th Massachusetts, supported by the 23d Massachusetts, in line, and opened with musketry and cannon. The enemy replied hotly with artillery and infantry. While they were thus engaged, the 27th Massachusetts came up, and were ordered by General Foster to the left to the enemy in the woods, where the rebel sharpshooters were stationed. The 10th Connecticut was placed in support of the 25th Massachusetts.

General Reno now came up with his brigade, consisting of the 21st Massachusetts, 51st New York, 51st Pennsylvania, and 9th New Jersey, and pushing through the swamps and tangled undergrowth, took up a position on the right, with the view of turning the enemy. This was done with the greatest alacrity. Meanwhile the contest raged hotly in front, our men behaving gallantly, not wavering for a moment. The Massachusetts men vied with the men of Connecticut; those of New York and New Jersey courageously supporting their brethren of Pennsylvania. Our troops were gradually overcoming the difficulties which impeded their approach, and though fighting at great disadvantage, and suffering severely, were making a steady advance. Regulars were never more steady. General Burnside was near the place of landing, hurrying up the reserves, receiving reports, and, so far as practicable, giving orders.

General Foster was in active command on the ground. His brave and collected manner, the skillfulness with which he, as well as General Reno and General Parks manœuvred their forces, their example in front of the line, and their conduct in any aspect, inspired the troops to stand where even older soldiers would have wavered. In this they were seconded nobly by officers of every grade. General Parks, who had come up with the 4th Rhode Island, 8th Connecticut, and 9th New York, gave timely and gallant support to the 23d and 27th Massachusetts. The ammunition of our artillery getting short, and our men having suffered severely, a charge was the only method of dislodging the enemy. At this juncture Major Kimball, of Hawkins's Zouaves (New York 9th) offered to lead the charge, and storm the battery with the bayonet. "You are the man, the 9th the regiment, and this the moment! Zouaves! storm the battery! Forward!" was General Foster's reply. They started on the run, yelling like devils, cheered by our forces on every side. Colonel Hawkins, who was leading two companies in the flank movement, joined his regiment on the way. On they went, with fixed bayonets, shouting "Zou! Zou! Zou!" into the battery, cheered more loudly than ever. The rebels, taking fright as the Zouaves started, went out when they went in, leaving pretty much every thing behind them, not even stopping to spike their guns, or take away their dead and wounded that had not been removed.

General Foster immediately reformed his brigade, while General Reno, with the 21st Massachusetts and 9th New York, went in pursuit. Following in quick time, General Foster overtook General Reno, who had halted to make a movement to cut off the retreat of a body of rebels, numbering between 800 and 1000 on the left, near Wier's Point, and not far from the upper battery. Taking a part of his force, General Reno pushed on in that direction. It being understood that there was a two-gun battery near Shellbag Bay, Colonel Hawkins, with his Zouaves, was dispatched in that direction.

General Foster pushed on at double-quick with the 24th Massachusetts, followed by an adequate force, in the tracks of the rebels, who, panic-stricken, were fleeing at the top of their speed, throwing away as they went guns, equipments, every thing, so that the road for miles was strewn with whatever the fugitives could disencumber themselves of. Thus was the pursuit kept up for five or six miles, when General Foster, as he was close on the heels of the enemy, was met by a flag of truce borne by Colonel Pool of the 8th North Carolina, with a message from Colonel Shaw of the North Carolina forces, and now senior in command, asking what terms of capitulation would be granted. General Foster's answer was, "Unconditional surrender." Colonel Pool wanted to know how much time would be granted. "No longer than will enable you to report to your senior." Colonel Pool retired, and, after waiting for what he supposed was sufficient length of time without a reply, General Foster commenced closing on the enemy, when Major Stevenson of the 24th Massachusetts, who had gone with Colonel Pool to receive Colonel Shaw's answer, appeared with a message that General Foster's terms were accepted.

DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL FLEET.

The destruction of the rebel fleet by Commander Rowan is thus described by the same correspondent:

We came in sight of Elizabeth City about eight o'clock, and as we approached we discovered the enemy's steamers—seven in number—in line of battle, in front of the city, ready to receive us. A fort was also discovered on a point which projected out some considerable distance—one-fourth of a mile, perhaps—in front of the rebel line of steamers; and directly opposite of this fort was a schooner, anchored, on which were two heavy rifle guns, the distance between the fort and this schooner being about half a mile. Four large guns were mounted on the fort, and it was thought by the rebels that no fleet of ours could pass this narrow channel; consequently they considered themselves safe, with the assistance of their navy, drawn up between the city and fort.

At the sight of the enemy every thing was in readiness for battle. To describe the wild delight of our brave blue-jackets when they first discovered the enemy is more than the pen can do.

The charge was short and desperate, and, without any exception, is one of the most brilliant ever made by the American Navy. All eyes were on the Commander, Rowan, to see what the first order would be, as we were rapidly approaching the foe.

In due time he ran up the signal to engage the enemy in close action, hand to hand. We were then about two miles from the enemy. This was a signal for a test of speed as well as a signal for a deadly encounter with a desperate foe, whose all was staked upon this final engagement. For a distance of two miles it was a race between our steamers in their eagerness to outstrip each other, and to be first to meet the enemy of the Republic face to face.

The river began to narrow as we approached the city. The point where the fort was situated necessarily brought our steamers nearer together, making them sure marks for the enemy's guns; indeed, it would be a miracle if a shot from one of the enemy's guns did not strike some one of our steamers. Under the circumstances, most any other commander would have thought it advisable to first attack the fort and silence the guns on both sides of that narrow point, and then attack the rebel steamers; but not so with the brave and intrepid Rowan, whose motto is to charge bayonets on the enemy whenever and wherever he may be found. In action the position of the commander's ship is in the centre of the squadron. The *Delaware*, Captain Rowan's flag-ship, was at the head of the advancing column, and led the van. No attention was paid to the fort or armed schooner, as they dashed by them through a perfect torrent of shells and grape, boarded the rebel steamers, and engaged them at the point of the bayonet, as the panic-stricken rebels leaped into the water in every direction. Many were killed by the bayonet and revolver in this hand-to-hand fight, and sank below the water. Their real loss will doubtless never be known to us; the slaughter, however, was fearful, and the struggle short and desperate—not more than fifteen minutes in duration.

The fort and armed schooner were deserted quite as soon as were the rebel steamers, for it was made quite as hot work for those behind the guns as it was for their confederates on the gun-boats. Our loss is two killed and about a dozen wounded—all seamen. The death-struggle was brief. In less time than it would take to write a telegraphic dispatch the victory was ours.

The *Commodore Perry* was in the advance, and made for the rebel steamer *Sea-Bird*, the flag-ship of the rebel navy, on which was Commodore Lynch, and ran her down, cutting her through. The *Ceres* ran straight into the rebel steamer *Ellis*, and run her down in like manner, boarding her at the same time. The *Underwriter* took the *Forrest* in the same style; while the *Delaware* took the *Fanny* in fine shape, she having received ten shots from our squadron, which made daylight through her in as many places. The *Morse*, *Shawsheen*, *Lockwood*, *Hetzell*, *Valley City*, *Putnam*, *Whitehead*, *Blinker*, and *Seymour* also covered themselves with glory. Every officer and man in our entire squadron behaved like a hero, one as brave as the other, all through this desperate charge. The terrified rebels, as they forsook their gun-boats, fired them, and thus all but the *Ellis* were burned, including a new one on the stocks. Four were burned, one captured, and two made their escape—the *Raleigh* and *Beaufort*. They are in the canal which leads to Norfolk, but are not able to go through, on account of the locks having been destroyed; consequently they will be captured before this reaches you, as they can go only some few miles toward Norfolk.

ACTING MAJOR-GENERAL BURNSIDE.

The Commander-in-Chief of the expedition, Brigadier-General Ambrose Everitt Burnside, was born at Liberty, in Union County, Indiana, on the 23d of May, 1824, and is consequently now in his thirty-eighth year. In 1842 he entered the West Point Military Academy, and graduated in 1847, with the rank of Second Lieutenant in the Second United States Artillery. In September of the same year he was transferred to the Third Artillery, and was attached to the rebel General (then Captain) Bragg's company, with which he marched in the division of General Patterson to the city of Mexico, and there remained until the close of hostilities. With this company he also was engaged for three or four years in the Indian border wars of New Mexico, distinguishing himself in an encounter with the Apache tribe in August, 1849, near Los Vegas, where he completely routed them, killing eighteen and taking nine prisoners, besides capturing a number of horses. For his gallantry on this occasion he was brought to the notice of the President and Congress, and in December, 1851, was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant. In the commission appointed to settle the boundary lines between the United States and Mexico after the war between the two countries, General Burnside served as Quarter-master; and in 1851, in the capacity of bearer of dispatches from Colonel Graham to President Fillmore, he traversed a distance of twelve hundred miles across the Plains, from the Gila River through the Indian country, attended by an escort of but three men, in seventeen days. Subsequent to this he was stationed at Fort Adams, in Newport harbor, and retired from service in October, 1853. In the interval to the outbreak of the present troubles he occupied himself in the civil walks of life. Shortly after his retirement from the army he turned his attention to the manufacture of a breech-loading rifle—well known as the "Burnside rifle"—invented by himself, and possessed of peculiar and superior merit. During the Administration of Buchanan it was submitted to Secretary of War Floyd, who gave assurances that it would be adopted. It transpired subsequently, however, that Floyd had made a bargain with another inventor, with whom he was to share the profits, and General Burnside, who had incurred considerable expense in bringing his weapon to perfection on the strength of Floyd's promises, was consequently involved in some pecuniary difficulties, from which an upright and honorable character and persevering industry have since entirely relieved him. He sold the establishment in Bristol, where his rifle was manufactured, to his brother-in-law, who has since carried it on, and furnished a considerable quantity of the arms to the Government. He was, subsequent to this transaction, connected with the Illinois Central Railroad, in company with General M'Clellan. While in Rhode Island he became acquainted with and married a charming and most estimable lady of Providence, named Miss Bishop, with whom he removed to Chicago when appointed to the position in the railroad company. Having been elected treasurer of the company, he removed to New York, where he had been but a short time when summoned by Governor Sprague to take command of the First Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers, with which he took part at the Battle of Bull Run, acting during the engagement as Brigadier-General of the Second Brigade of the Second Division. It may be interesting to mention in this connection that the First Company of his regiment was armed with the "Burnside rifle"—a weapon that did good execution in the battle in avenging the wrongs of the inventor upon the co-rebels of the traitor Floyd. Colonel Burnside's skillful generalship on this occasion brought him to the immediate notice of the authorities at Washington, and on 6th of August last he was promoted to a full Brigadier-General. Personally, General Burnside is a man of fine appearance, with a lofty forehead, expressive of deep penetration. His manners are very winning and pleasing, while at the same time his features denote a firmness and decisiveness of character eminently appropriate to the important position which he occupies. He is, withal, a strict disciplinarian, a most implacable enemy to military irregularity, and yet a most popular man with every one.

FLAG-OFFICER GOLDSBOROUGH.

Flag-Officer Louis M. Goldsborough, commander of the naval part of the Burnside expedition, was born in the District of Columbia. He is a citizen of the State of Maryland, but received his appointment in the United States Navy from the District of Columbia.

His first entrance into the navy bears date June 18, 1812. He has consequently been nearly fifty years in the United States service, over eighteen of which he has passed at sea in the various grades of the naval service. Among others, he commanded the *Marion*, 38 guns, in 1842, at the time she was attached to the squadron of Commodores Ridgely and Morris at Brazil. In 1847 he commanded the *Ohio*, 74 guns, and afterward commanded the *Cumberland*, 44 guns, and the *Levant*, 18 guns, at the time those vessels were attached to the squadron of Commodore Silas H. Stringham in the Mediterranean. The *Cumberland* was the flag-ship while under his command. His time of service on shore is about twelve years, and he has been off active duty about eighteen years.

The date of his present commission is September 14, 1855. He lately commanded the United States frigate *Congress*, from which position he was appointed to command one half of the Atlantic Blockading Squadron, superseding Commodore Stringham, who was formerly in command. His flag-ship was the *Minnesota*, and his station for some time was Fortress Monroe. Although the late act relative to officers in the navy places him nominally on the retired list, having been over forty-five years in the service of his country, yet Commodore Goldsborough, like many other old officers in the navy, is a man of too much experience and energy to be allowed to retire upon his laurels, as his brilliant performance at Roanoke Island abundantly testifies.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FOSTER.

Brigadier-General John G. Foster, commanding the First Brigade, who received the surrender of the rebel troops on Roanoke Island, was born in New Hampshire in 1824, graduated at West Point in 1846, standing number four in his class, and was breveted Second Lieutenant of Engineers in the company of which the rebel General Gustavus W. Smith was then Captain and General M'Clellan First Lieutenant. On the 20th of August, 1847, he was breveted First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco. He was with the storming party engaged at El Molino del Rey, in which engagement he was severely wounded, and for his gallant and meritorious conduct while in this battle he was breveted Captain, his commission bearing date September 8, 1847. He was Assistant Professor of Engineering at the Military Academy during 1854, and in April of that year was made a full First Lieutenant of Engineers. On the 1st of July, 1860, he was made a full Captain, at the same time holding a brevet higher rank. He was also one of the brave few who so long and so gallantly defended Fort Sumter against the rebel soldiery of South Carolina. Since his return from that fort he has been actively engaged in the superintendence of the fortifications at Sandy Hook, and has there shown forth some of his engineering qualifications. In consideration of his military capacity and experience, he was created by the President a Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY.

WE devote page 133 to illustrations of FORT HENRY, whose capture by our gallant Navy, under Flag-officer FOOTE, we recorded in our last number. Our pictures are from sketches by our attentive Western correspondent Mr. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT. We refer to last number for a full account of the affair, and subjoin the following references to the letters on the MAP of the Fort:

A—32-pounder barbette guns......	12
B—24-pounder barbette rifled gun..	1 (bursted gun)
C—10-inch Columbiad..............	1
D—24-pounder siege-gun	1
E—12-pounder siege-guns	2
F—Flag-staff.	17 guns.
H—Drawbridge.	
K—Well.	
M—Magazine.	
O—Ordnance stores.	
Q—Quarters.	
P—Adjutant's quarters.	
R—Officers' quarters.	

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST SAVANNAH.

WE devote page 132 to illustrations of the movements of our EXPEDITION AGAINST SAVANNAH, from sketches by our artist, Mr. Davis. He writes:

THE ENTRANCE OF OUR GUN-BOATS INTO THE SAVANNAH RIVER, ABOVE FORT PULASKI.

On several occasions previous to starting this expedition Captain John Rogers, of the navy, in company with Captain Donohoe and Lieutenant Wilson, of the army, made frequent trips for the purpose of ascertaining the depth of water and facilities for entering the Savannah River above Fort Pulaski. These officers had need to use all caution, and in the dark, foggy nights had some escapes that were exceedingly narrow.

This preface to the expedition being successfully accomplished, General Sherman made, with the swiftly-rowed gig of the *M'Clellan*, under the cover of the guns of the *Pembina*, *Unadilla*, and others, a reconnoissance to ascertain the exact position of affairs. While so engaged the gun-boats of Tatnall's fleet came down, and a brisk cannonade was commenced between our boats and those of Secesh—in which Secesh could not see the point, and ran away. The low stage of the tide prevented our boats, not yet in the Savannah, from pursuing.

The steamer *Winfield Scott*, in conveying the 48th New York Regiment, Colonel Perry, to the scene of action, ran on a mud flat, and upon the receding of the tide cracked entirely open, rendering her, with the exception of her machinery, a total loss. She was at best a mere shell, and it is perhaps fortunate that she was lost in a creek.

THE EXPEDITION TO WARSAW SOUND.

The large steamers *Cosmopolitan*, *Boston*, *Delaware*, and *Belvidere*, with a number of schooners in tow, went down to Warsaw in company with several gun-boats for the purpose of entering the Savannah River by the way of the Wilmington River, and in this way avoid any danger from Fort Pulaski, the steamer *M'Clellan*, with General Sherman and Commodore Dupont on board, following shortly after. The *M'Clellan*, being used as the flag-ship, returned shortly after to Hilton Head.

We have information from Fortress Monroe that severe fighting has been going on near Savannah, and that the city was reported to have been captured by the Union troops, most probably those of General Wright and Captain Davis, who entered the Savannah River by Warsaw Sound.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL BURNSIDE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 135.]

FLAG-OFFICER GOLDSBOROUGH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 135.]



DESTRUCTION OF COMMODORE LYNCH'S FLEET BY THE UNION GUN-BOATS.—[SEE PAGE 135.]



GALLANT CHARGE OF HAWKINS'S ZOUAVES UPON THE REBEL BATTERIES ON ROANOKE ISLAND.—[See Page 136.]

CARE-WORN.

"How pale and care-worn Mr. Emory looks!" remarked a lady to her husband, as the person to whom she referred crossed the room with an elegantly-dressed young lady, his daughter, leaning on his arm.

"No wonder," was replied. "Mr. Emory has enough to make him look pale and care-worn."

"Has any thing happened in his family?" The lady turned curiously toward her husband.

"I believe not."

"What is wrong, then?"

"Much; as witness the troubled look that rests always on his face when it is in repose. A peaceful mind never records itself in such an expression. I am glad to see him among us for a few days. He needs the change and mental recreation—needs them a great deal more than nine out of ten who are here. But he can not stay long enough to receive any permanent benefit. Wife and daughters will remain; he must speed back to the city."

"Why?"

"Business."

"Yes, that is the word with men. They worship business with the blind devotion of idolators. Every thing is sacrificed to business."

"Why?"

The husband's face was serious. His wife did not answer the question.

"I will tell you. It is chiefly because men, in our day, try to do more business than they are able to manage. They are anxious to secure large returns in a brief time."

"Men should be wiser and more prudent," was responded. "Common sense should teach them a better way."

"I grant you this. But there are influences at work with almost every man that too frequently prove stronger than prudence or common sense."

"What are they?"

"Social pride."

"Has that any thing to do with Mr. Emory's care-worn face?"

"Every thing. Mr. Emory possessed a business, ten years ago, which, if rightly managed, would have made him to-day an independent man in the world, instead of one almost harassed to death. It is the old story. His family must occupy a certain position in society. They must go with the fashionable crowd. There must be a fine house and costly furniture; dress and show; costly emulations. All these things require money. It is easy to sink a few thousands of dollars every year in home extravagances, and have nothing very satisfactory to show for it at the end. Two thousand dollars a year for ten years make the handsome sum of twenty thousand dollars; and I'm very sure that, without the abridgment of a single comfort or the removal of a single element of rational enjoyment, at least that large amount of money could have been saved by the family of Mr. Emory during the period mentioned. What then?"

"Mr. Emory would have been just twenty thousand dollars better off than he is to-day," said the lady. "So much richer, but whether any the less a pale, care-worn devotee of business is open to a doubt. This business, it strikes me, is a kind of mental disease."

"Only in a few cases," was replied. "In Mr. Emory's case, as I happen to know, necessity, and not impulse, is the law in force. I saw him ten days ago, and the interview left a painful impression on my mind. We are personally intimate enough to talk freely together. I said to him,

"'Are you going to the sea-shore this year?'

"He shrugged his shoulders and smiled faintly. It was the ghost of a smile, dying almost as soon as born. 'Can't get away, even if I could afford it.'

"'Why can't you get away?' I asked.

"He reached his hand for his bill-book, and opening to the month of August, pointed to half a page of entries, which my practiced eyes very well understood. 'Foots six thousand and upward,' said he, significantly.

"'You have the funds in bank, or to come in during the month,' I remarked.

"'Not five hundred in bank,' he answered, looking painfully concerned, 'nor a thousand beyond on which any certain calculation is to be made. So you see that I shall have to be on hand all the time, just to work and scheme in the direction of money-raising. Heaven only knows how I am to get through! As for business, I might shut my store for a month and not be any the worse off.'

"'I wish, from my heart,' said I, speaking from a kind impulse toward Mr. Emory, who is a true man, 'that you had twenty thousand dollars in bank.'

"'I should be the happiest man alive!' he answered, with a sudden light flashing over his face. How quickly that light receded! How sad the face its fleeting radiance left behind!

"Now two thousand dollars a year for ten years, saved in expenses which have not increased the happiness of his family one iota, would have given to Mr. Emory a large sum of money. With that in possession, I doubt if his face would be so pale and care-worn as you see it to-day. Visions of bankruptcy, of commercial dishonors, and of home desolations the bare thought of which almost drive men to madness, would not haunt his waking reveries and midnight dreams. I see no reasonable hope for a safe deliverance out of his troubles. As his expenses went on eating into the life of his business, and payments became, in consequence, hard to meet, Mr. Emory increased his trade by forced means, not always safe—buying more largely, and selling to a wider range of customers, with less of scruple in regard to their standing, until he found himself in deep waters, and in danger. Since that time I am afraid it is growing worse with him instead of better. There is only one remedy, if its application be not already too late."

"What?"

"It is said that a knowledge of our disease is more than half the cure. This means that in a removal of discovered causes effects must cease. Mr. Emory's only hope lies in a reduction of his home expenses. If these go on, exhausting him more and more, ruin is inevitable."

"It will be a hard thing for his gay daughters to step down from their advance position," said the wife.

"Better for them to step down than to fall down. Down I am sure they will have to come, and that before a very long time. We shall hardly find them here in the next watering season."

A young lady, unobserved by the speakers, had been sitting in a window recess close enough to hear every word. She leaned and listened in an attitude of deep interest, her face flushing and paling by turns.

"Isn't that one of Mr. Emory's daughters?" said the lady to her husband, as the person referred to arose and crossed the long parlor.

"I believe so," was answered.

"It can't be possible that she heard your remarks about her father?"

"They were not meant for her ears; but if they have found their way there, well. I can not say that I regret their utterance."

"I'm sorry," said the lady. "Poor girl! How hurt and mortified she must be."

"All of her pain and mortification will be light in comparison to what her father suffers daily and hourly," was replied. "If she have any true love for him, she will now seek to lighten rather than increase his burdens."

The person of whom they spoke, Mr. Emory's second daughter, after leaving the public parlor, fled up stairs like one escaping from pursuit. On gaining her own room, she shut and locked the door—then sat down with her hands across her breast, pale-cheeked and panting. The aspect of her countenance was that of one oppressed by sudden terror.

Agnes loved her father purely and tenderly. She had not failed to observe the cloud which was gradually settling upon his life, nor the pale, care-worn face that looked in upon their home at the close of each recurring day. As Mr. Emory never referred to his business in the family circle, the true cause of all this remained completely hidden. Not the remotest suspicion thereof had, up to this time, reached her apprehension. Suddenly a veil was drawn aside, and she stood in pain and fear, looking at the undisguised reality of her father's true position.

What could Agnes Emory do? Young, inexperienced, inefficient, through defective education, she felt her weakness, and for a time wept in conscious helplessness.

"Agnes!" It was her mother's voice.

The weeping girl endeavored to stanch her tears, but in vain. Her face was flooded as she opened the door.

"Why, Agnes, my child! what has happened?" said Mrs. Emory, in surprise.

Agnes tried to answer, but sobs came in place of words. At length, as the turbulence of feeling began to abate, she said, with tears still falling over her face,

"Won't you ask father to come here?"

"Yes, dear. But why not tell me about your trouble first?"

"I'll tell you all about it. Oh, ask him to come, mother; and bring Emma and Alice."

In a few minutes Mr. Emory came hurriedly to Agnes's room, followed by his wife and other daughters. Already Agnes had been able to dry her tears; but her face was colorless.

Tenderly, almost pityingly, she looked up at her father, and seizing one of his hands in both of hers, held it tightly against her breast, saying, as she did so,

"Oh, father, if we had only known what was troubling you!"

"Troubling me!" answered Mr. Emory, in astonishment, as he held Agnes a little away from him and gazed at her wonderingly.

"Yes, father, you've been troubled a long time. I've seen it, and we've all seen it. You come home and sit silent all the evening. You have grown pale and thin. You look often so care-worn. And instead of helping you, we have only laid heavier burdens on your shoulders."

"What *does* the girl mean!" exclaimed Mrs. Emory, in a half-reproving voice.

"Come, sit down, dear, we must have all this explained," said the father, leading Agnes to a chair, and taking one beside her. "You say that I've been troubled?"

"Isn't it so, father?" Agnes raised again her brimming eyes to her father's face.

"This is a world of trouble, my child, and all must take a share," he answered, evasively.

"Our share has been very light, and yours very heavy," was the prompt reply; "and now there must be a change. We must take off some of the burdens that weigh down your stooping shoulders. Oh, father! why did you not let us share them long and long ago? Did you doubt our willingness? did you question our love?"

"I am bewildered, my child," said Mr. Emory, his voice growing unsteady. "It is true that I am troubled—that my burdens are heavy; but from what source have you received information in regard to them? Speak out plainly, Agnes."

And she did speak plainly, relating, almost word for word, the conversation we have given.

"Is this all true, Edward?" said Mrs. Emory, as Agnes ceased speaking. Her voice was sad, but not weak. She had drawn near to her husband, and now stood with her hand resting firmly upon him.

"All true," was gloomily answered.

There fell upon the group of father, mother, and daughters a deep silence, in which heart-beatings were nearly audible.

"We have no right to be here," said the oldest daughter, breaking the silence. "Let us go home to-day."

"In the next hour, if a train starts," responded Agnes.

"Why did you let us come? Oh, father, it was so wrong—so wrong!"

And the youngest of the group laid her face down, weeping, on her father's shoulder.

"I meant to have spared you this," said the brave, enduring man, with an irrepressible emotion. "I trusted that all would come out right. I struggled hard to maintain myself, so that no shadow might darken my home. But I fear that all has been in vain. The weight lies too heavily upon me; and if not lightened in some way I must sink."

"You shall not sink, father, if we can bear you up," answered Agnes, bravely. "Let us go home to-day; and when we get home tell us every thing about your business, so that we can understand just what duty requires. I'm sure we will all be of one heart and mind. If we are living too expensively, let us go down lower and take a humbler position. With what I heard just now ringing in my ears, I shall not have a moment's peace of mind until we retire from the public gaze."

"We are of one mind," said all. And with one mind they acted, starting for the city on that very day.

The change that followed was thorough, reaching to every department of their home life. In a brave and self-denying spirit wife and daughters rallied to the rescue. Watches, jewelry, surplus furniture, pictures, and articles of simple ornament, were sold, and the money, which reached the sum of nearly two thousand dollars, returned to the business from which it should never have been taken. Their large and handsome dwelling was exchanged for a cheap and modest home. One servant only was retained—three had been required—and the cost of living, under a system of the most rigid economy, reduced from between three and four thousand dollars a year to a ratio of about twelve hundred.

A new hope sprung to life in the heart of Mr. Emory. The money received for the sale of surplus furniture and articles of mere ornament came to his hand just in time to save him from protest, and carried him over a difficult place where he would inevitably have fallen. He felt that his ship was lightened; that she was answering more steadily to the helm, and bearing up to the wind. "Courage!" he said to himself. "I shall yet come out safely."

If the home to which Mr. Emory returned after each day's hard battle was humbler, the face he brought was not so care-worn. A cheerful light shone oftener in the eyes that were always sad before. He did not sit silent and withdrawn from the home circle as once, brooding over the dark and doubtful future, but read and talked through the evening hours with his wife and children, giving and receiving strength. Had the daughters lost more than was gained by their withdrawal from gay circles, and denial of pride and social ambition? Had duty been all a burden? Not so: duty is never all a burden. If it be sometimes hard and rough, there is always a sweet kernel at the centre. They were, in their seclusion and patient service, happier than before, and growing into a stronger, purer, and truer life. As for Mr. Emory, an almost despairing struggle with fortune had been changed for a hopeful one. Confidence took the place of doubt. He began to feel, under the lighter burdens that rested upon him, a more elastic and vigorous condition of mind. He was clearer-seeing and more sagacious in business. There was a lifting up of the darkness along the black horizon, and a promise of the coming dawn.

"Father is very late to-night," said Agnes, looking up at her mother, who entered the room where she sat with some needle-work in her hands. It was the evening of New-Year's Day.

As she spoke, the father's well-known tread was heard in the passage.

"Oh, there he is now!" And Agnes laid aside her work, moving to meet her father as he ascended the stairs.

"How late you are!" she said, as she bent forward to receive the kiss that now almost always accompanied his return.

"It is late," replied Mr. Emory; "but I could not leave the store until I had completed some calculations I had in hand." His face was cheerful—more cheerful than it had yet been; radiant, in fact, with smiles.

"The work must have been satisfactory," said Mrs. Emory, "judging from the pleasant state of mind in which it has left you."

"It was satisfactory," replied Mr. Emory, with emphasis. "For two or three days we have been taking an account of stock, and to-day has been spent in closing the account and getting at the result. I am happy to say that it is more encouraging than was anticipated. Six months ago bankruptcy stared me in the face, and I saw no means of escape. Now I think the danger past. If I had been left standing alone, I must have fallen; but, wife and children sustaining me, strength came in the hour of exhaustion. All is safe now, I trust; safe for the present, and safe for the future. Our home is not so large nor so luxurious as it was on last New-Year's Day; but then it rested on a sandy foundation, and the storm was gathering, which, had it burst over us, would have left all in ruins. Now, solid earth and rock are beneath our house, and I do not shudder in fear of the rising tempest. Is it not far better with us than then? Are we not happier, though humbler?"

"Happier a thousand-fold!" said Agnes, as she drew an arm fondly around her father. "We speak of it to each other every day, and wonder at our former blindness and folly. To see smiles in the care-worn face of our father again—to hear him speak cheerfully and hopefully—to know that we have helped to lift burdens from his shoulders that were crushing him down—these are our rich reward!"

"And mine in having such children!" replied Mr. Emory, with feeling. "In every home, if rightly ordered, lie all the elements of happiness; and, thank God! we have found them at last. I was at fault in not taking you long ago into my counsels. How much of pain and peril might have been saved! But the night is past, and we bless the morning!"

And so might the morning break in thousands of homes over which shadows rest if wives and daughters were wholly trusted, and made to comprehend the real struggle with fortune in which husbands and fathers are engaged. Thousands of pale, care-worn faces would grow warm and cheerful; and thousands of stooping shoulders, lightened of crushing burdens, grow erect.

Wives and daughters, ponder these things! Husbands and fathers, take them into your counsels!

IN WESTERN MISSOURI.

I.

"I TELL you what it is, John Elliot, you'd better clear out of this, and do it right smart too. I ha'n't goin' to have no dog-gauned Abolitionists sneakin' round after *my* daughter, 'specially when drest in *that* uniform. It war bad enough when you only talked Yankee; now you've got to actin' it right out it's time to quit. I don't want no quarrel with you, for the sake of old acquaintance; but you're bound not to come inside of this yere shanty agin with *my* good-will, let alone who says yes to it. And now you know my mind on the matter."

The speaker, an elderly man of large frame, with an expression of inflexible obstinacy in every lineament of his wrinkled and weather-worn countenance, stood at the threshold of his own farm-house, as if to bar entrance to the person addressed. This was a tall, good-looking young fellow of perhaps three-and-twenty, newly attired in the uniform of a captain of Illinois volunteers, who, with a flush of surprise and deprecation on his sun-burned face, looked wistfully over the old man's shoulder, as if in hope of some interposition in his favor, before replying.

"Why, Squire Jennifer," he said at length, "I'm only going to fight for our country."

"For the white-livered, blue-bellied Abolitionists, you mean, agin the South! Now I war raised in Arkansaw, though I've ben in Missouri most ever since it war a State, and I go for Southern Rights and Southern Institutions agin all the Yankees out of ——! You didn't want to be told that, John Elliot; why come h'yar to have me put it in hard words at you?"

"We always used to be friends—" the young man commenced. The elder interrupted him.

"We did," he said, "as long as you could keep down your onremittin' abolitionism; *that* I always went agin, and always will. But now you've come out flat-footed as a Linc'lnite and a soldier, we've got to part. I don't wish you no harm, an' I hope you'll live to know better and be sorry for what you done; but I shet right straight down upon it now, and so good-by!"

"Hold on!" cried young Elliot—for the farmer was closing the door upon him—"and listen to me. If you suppose for one minute, Squire, that I don't *know* I'm right, and that I shall repent my choice, whatever comes of it, you are mightily mistaken. It's no use talking about that—I'm one of Uncle Sam's fighting-boys, and proud of it. But before I join my regiment—I start by the 6 o'clock cars—I want to see Susie."

"What for?"

"I'll tell *her* that."

"I don't see the good of it. Whatever sparkin' you done (I were always opposed to it) had better end to wonst. You are no match for her, John, and you know it."

"I ain't so rich as Judge Jones, if you mean that; but he'll have to get more than *your* consent to have Suse for his wife."

"That's none of your business. The Judge is a good Southern Rights man, any how, and as sech I respect him. When the fightin' comes *he* won't be found alongside of —— Dutchmen and nigger-stealing Yankees, but right in front of them, and then, if you've any thing agin him, you can jest blaze away—he'll face the music, be sure of it!"

The look of contempt upon the volunteer's face implied doubt of this, and scorn of the person eulogized. However, he did not pursue the subject, returning to that from which he had digressed:

"You won't refuse me a word or two with your daughter, Squire?" he said, amicably; "we've known each other since we were boy and girl together, and I don't like to go without parting with Susie."

"There's no use in it, nohow! besides, she's not to home. She went up to Aunt Sally's this morning to stay a day or two—come in and see for yourself, if you don't believe me. What time did Suse and little Pete go off, Dinah?" This inquiry was addressed to an old negro woman bustling about in the interior.

"Seven o'clock, massa," she responded, turning her wrinkled, good-humored, black visage, surmounted by a gayly-colored, knotted handkerchief, in the direction of her owner—not without a peculiar glance at Captain Elliot, full of recognition and sympathy.

"Ten miles away!" he murmured. "I shouldn't have time to get there and back, let alone stopping. Well, Squire, if you'll tell her I wished to say good-by, I'll be obliged to you. And good-by yourself!" Saying which he offered his hand. Paul Jennifer hesitated a little and then took it.

"For old acquaintance' sake," said he, returning the grasp, though with qualified cordiality. "But I can't wish you as well as I'd like to, for you're dead on the wrong side, and I don't want that to win, nohow. Good-by!"

"Good-by, then!" And so they parted, the volunteer turning his back on the homestead in which he had spent some of the happiest hours of his life by the side of pretty Susie Jennifer. Musing on her many perfections, and chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, he had walked at least a quarter of a mile when he was hailed from behind, and, turning, beheld the old negro woman.

"Bress de Lord! how fas' you *do* walk, Massa John!" she said, panting with the exertion of overtaking him; "didn't you see ole Dinah makin' sign at you all de time you was a talkin' wid the Squire? I'se got something for you from Miss Susie."

"Yes?" And the young volunteer poured forth

his thanks, watching with all the eager impatience of newly-raised expectation the search for a letter amidst the miscellaneous contents of the capacious pocket of Dinah. It was discovered at last and handed to him.

Very short were its contents, and presumably sweet—for their perusal brought an expression of tenderness and gratification into the hardy countenance of John Elliot pleasant to see, while the ebony physiognomy of his humble friend fairly grinned into broader grin from combined triumph and sympathy.

"Miss Susie go to her Aunt Sally's, to be sure," chuckled Dinah, "because ole massa make her. But he say nothing agin her stoppin' in at de town. He do say, at the dress-maker's—and dere you find her sure enough." And the speaker's fat sides shook with delight and merriment.

Hastily reiterating his thanks, and adding to them a piece of money, Captain Elliot was about to hurry onward when the old negress grew grave serious, and she laid her hand upon his arm.

"You gwine to fight for de Stars and Stripes and Massa Linkin, ben't you, Cap'n Elliot?" she demanded, with great earnestness.

"Yes, Aunty! What of it?"

"De good Lord in hebben bress both you and him! dat's all. Nebber doubt you'll do right, and dat He will bress you. And now I mus' jus run back, or de ole massa'll be s'pecting something."

II.

"Here's two Abolitionists at the North, Squire," they such it in at the breast; I've lived among 'em and know it. There's no reasoning with a Northern man on the subject; he don't reason at all; he never gets beyond asking you whether a nigger ain't a human being? They won't fight either, if there's no fight in 'em, and you can't instil 'em into it—you are not going to leave us, Miss Susie?"

"My mother was a Northern woman, Mr. Jones, and I won't stay to hear her memory insulted!"

"No offence, ma'am—none!"

And "Stay, girl, stay!" added Susie Jonniffer's father. But she, not displeased at the chance of escaping from a person and conversation which were disagreeable to her, gathered up her knitting, and palmetto-hat and scarf of her father, and left to greet the more congenial company of old Dinah.

"You've soared her off now," said Paul Jennifer, "and I'm glad of it. I ought to have thought that her mother came from down East—she's mightily techy on any thing' agin the Yankees in consequence."

"I didn't know," apologized Jones. He was a little man, puny, priggish, and self-important, with a sharp nose and a peculiar expression of the left eye—partly will, partly stubborn. A shrewd lawyer of the new, earlier Western stamp, a thorough Missourian in language and habits as well as in political principles, capability of pleasing and love of the favor of Jennifer, while his comparative wealth seemed to recommend him as a desirable son-in-law.

"Gals is skeary things," the old farmer continued, with a laugh; "it's like coons in a tree. If you run up the wrong way of the fur you are like to get scratched. What's the news, Judge, up to the Corners?"

Jones enumerated the current rumors of the time and locality, the stories of border-burning, tearing up of railroad, pillage and shirrishness characterizing the war in Missouri, relating them in the bitterest spirit, accompanied with many caustic objurgations of the Unionists, to all of which Jennifer listened attentively.

"There was some talk of an Illinoy regiment being ordered here, to attack the boys down to——" naming a locality some miles to the south, in which a considerable body of secessionists was known to be encamped; "but I don't make no 'count of it. I reckon they'd find it rough on 'em in this country too hot to hold 'em, and that's a fact," concluded Jones.

"What shall you do if they do come, Judge?"

"Turn out and help whip 'em, by ——!" said the little man, fiercely. "I wanted to have a settlement—me to be captain—I'm good for five hundred dollars toward it, any day—but they've been so backward about it, Squire, up to the Corners —mighty few of 'em like you and me! If there's one thing under heaven that I'm ashamed of in this country too hot to hold 'em, and that's a fact," concluded Jones.

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Jennifer gazed approvingly at him. "You air a right spunky mag, Judge, there's no denyin'!" he answered. "Suppose we take a drink?"

To this proposal his companion (who had never refused an invitation of the kind in his life) at once assented, and took not only one, but two, three, and four successive draughts of the fiery corn-whisky set before him, his descriptions of the state of public and enthusiasm in behalf of the South increasing with his potations. The next half hour's conversation that ensued between him and his host will be very well spared the reader; it was terminated by a sudden clamor of voices without, by the opening of the door, and the irruption of one white and two black faces into the apartment, the first apparently the young Jennifer, the second that of the old Dinah and her grandson, incidentally attended to heretofore as "little Pete." The boy—he might be considered as entitled to that appellation in a Northern as well as a Southern sense, being a bright, well-clothed mulatto-lad about fifteen, rather dwarfish in stature—was plentifully bespattered with Missouri mud, and held a broken whip in his hand, as if he had abruptly dismounted from horseback. His yellow countenance indicated considerable excitement, already mirrored in the faces of those to whom he had imparted his news.

"What's the matter, boy?" demanded old Jennifer, hastily.

"De nigers, massa! de nigers!" was the boy's answer: "dey's comin' here right away!"

"What soldiers?" inquired Jones, rising and finishing the contents of his tumbler.

"De Yankees, Sar! Eldery body say so. I

was down to Atchison's about de ole man', an' de people all scared dar out ob dar wits, 'specin' 'em come right along all de time. Day bin burnin' houses and killing folks at ——. Young Mass' Daniel he tell me ole ooman and tell Massa, if he want to shet up de house and clear out."

"Clear out!" repeated Paul Jennifer, softly. "I shall jes' stay an' take my chances and risk it, I reckon, will the rest of you. Let 'em come as soon as they like; unless they want to shoot folks for their opinions, it'll only make it bad for the boys and hen-roosts. I ha'n't been out agin 'em, though I hate 'em mightily. I think I'll stay. I think my company you was talkin' of had, bein' used—we'll have give them somethin' to remember us by."

"Yes, by ——!" spoiled Jones, though with less alacrity than might have been looked for, considering his recently-manifested enthusiastic inclinations. Turning to the boy, he questioned him minutely as to his recent news, eliciting, however, nothing more definite than that there was related the rumor of the approach of a body of Union soldiers, and of Atchison's family's flight from the apprehension of a neighborhood which, if not openly inimical to the Government, was yet tainted with the political opinions of secession.

"Will you stop with us, Judge?" asked Jennifer. "I reckon you'd better; you are well known, and might meet some of 'em what you'd have nobody to stand by you."

"Thank you, no," Jones replied, hurriedly, walking up and down; "I must start right away for town. I've got information that must be part of each in case the Yankees get there. You understand. Pete! my horse, and be quick about it, sir!" And he turned his shoulder, "because—you won't be angry now?"

"What is it, gal?"

"Look here." Coloring a little, she drew a scrap of paper from her bosom, containing a few lines of writing, and gave it to her father.

"Read it, sir, as I ain't good at sech," he replied.

"It's a protection, certifying that—that the holders of it are—not enemies to the Government; signed by General ——," she faltered.

The old man deliberately took it into pieces and threw them into the fire. "I won't have none of it," said he, "and I'm mighty much obliged to you, if they burn the house down over our heads, or don't leave a stick of it standing—what's that to me? I'm ready to stand or fall with the country past the house of two or three riders, white and black, evidently mounted, for among the boys to which had reached Jennifer's dwelling. He had not time to comment upon it before a fresh clatter of hoofs gave notice of the arrival of the mounted. Judge Jones's saddle, informed him that that ardent secessionist had effected his departure.

"Go your ways, Susie, and get on a half-solitaire," "I don't like to think you're scared, and them young rascals of secession hurrying, and ready for it; but I wish you hadn't gone off at such a Bull Run stampede for all that—it looks bad!" And then, taking down his gun, he, too, hastily loaded and put it by. "For there's no knowing what's going to happen!" he added, lighting his pipe and looking out in the direction in which the Union soldiers were expected to appear.

III.

ANOTHER half-hour brought other stragglers, and with them an unexpected and important emendation in the news received. The approaching troops were not Union and Federal soldiers, but the advancing band of native Missouri rebels, from the encampment to the South previously described. They were, however, without any material incursion, with some reference to the expected Illinois soldiers, and were on the pig-and-pudding of the vicinity. Little Pete had only too faithfully reported one of the errors incidental to the time. The rebels had lingered a long while to hear the correction.

Paul Judge has fairly run away from our own boys!" said he; "let 'em come along! they shall be welcome!" And entering the house he communicated the news to his daughter and to Dinah, neither of whom received it with any particular expression of satisfaction.

The day drew on; the shadows of evening fell over the monotonous prairie landscape; other straggling parties, emerging here and there, gave no sign of an unsatisfactory, not to say startling character.

"The boys," said a keen farmer, seven or eight miles to the south again, as he checked his wagon, at Jennifer's hail and inquiry, affording and observed set fire to it; it was said the landlord was killed. He hoped they wouldn't be coming that way, lantern was hidden or destroyed, and he and his old woman would have the shanty shot up and the stock out of the way. Didn't Squire Jennifer intend doing the same thing?

"Well, no," that person responded, though with some hesitation, answering, "politics is pretty well known, and I don't suppose the boys will harm an Arkansaw man and a straight-out secessionist!"

The keen farmer shook his head dubiously. "It's risky, Squire," said he; "and I wouldn't give 'em no chance if I was you." And starting his tired cattle into as brisk a pace as they could accomplish, he left the keen farm dispositions to their own conducting darkness.

Susie Jennifer's father bestowed certain amount of consideration upon the warning and to Dinah, himself up with the hope that his nativity and political proclivities would secure his household from outrage. His uneasiness increased, however, and amounted to positive alarm when he beheld, in the direction of a neighboring farm-house, at about two miles distance, a ruddy flame, ominously suggestive of a conflagration.

"I can't stand this no longer, Susie," he said, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and looking out into the night. "That's Jess Pate's house a blazing sure, and he as good a Southern Rights man as any in Missouri. I'm goin' to saddle the mare, and ride over to see about it. But I'll come up every thing, and lie low and keep close till I come back."

"I'd rather have you stop, father." The girl put her arms about him, old Dinah's wistful glance fixed upon her countenance.

"Don't go, massa," the negress said, earnestly; "de's all de boys dar, sure; an' dey'll be glad wan any berry wicked work done he always rosin up wid whisky. S'posin' dey kill you, what become of Miss Susie, den?"

The farmer started and shuddered. "I can't think that of 'em," he muttered; "—but—but ought I to risk it? I'll try and keep low out of the old shanty for ten minutes, I know, if they were minded to burn it, and then put fire to it, and it'll look like pine shingles. Pete! hitch up the horses—both of 'em—to the big wagon, and do it right smart, Sir! Dinah, you'll get together that linsey petticoat—I'm goin' to tote the bull of ye down to Hudson's!"

Very few words sufficed to explain his intentions. Conscious of the danger which another hour might bring, Jennifer was quick enough to secure a few of what they supposed would prove a mere temporary change of residence. Paul Jennifer's intention was to drive rapidly and scarcely think within fifteen minutes they were all safely bestowed in the "big wagon"—packages of provisions and clothing collected together with as many lighter and more valuable articles of furniture as could be thrown into the vehicle, and the family, with the exception of Pete's assistance, turned the cattle loose and drove them off (preferring the chance of loss to that of the most certain slaughter by the rebels), mounted to the front of the wagon to begin a night journey of twenty miles to the quiet village of Hudson.

It was at first very dark and silent, for the moon did not rise till late in the night, and then in a faint, gusty sigh of wind swept over the dell, treeless landscape, in harmony with and adding to the melancholy of the time. Those months would convert it into a sea of grass, decked with innumerable flowers of every color, and also into a wide ocean and hum of insects, as variegated in hue and no less delicate in form; but it is at present the barrenest month of the year, and the middle of the February aspect, appears a waste of mud. The wagon-wheels sink into it, the horses' heels plash, and only by certain certain paths well known to the driver is progress rendered possible.

He says but little, and that in a low tone, his own utter thoughts respecting its necessity, engrossing his attention. His daughter, watched by the solicitude of a love of fifteen years, sits beside him. Dinah, leaning against a white and bent dully children by his side, and Pete, perched perhaps five miles, when the wagon-wheels stick in a deeper rut than ordinary, necessitating the descent of himself and the raising of the negro boy to effect their dislodgement. What blankets the old man's check as his eye turns toward the direction from which they are retreating? what provokes a cry of surprise from Pete? Not the distant reflection of the burning house. But an unwonted light has broadened over the plain, a light, bright, light flame is nearer by full six miles. It is Jennifer's farm-house on fire.

The farmer gazes a while with set teeth and a savage brow, helps the vehicle out of the slough; proceeds to his usual pace, and then quietly without a word. Presently his daughter's hand touches his sleeve. She has witnessed the conflagration from the wagon, in company with the sympathizing Dinah.

"We are here, father, she says simply. He bends forward and kisses her on the forehead, and they fall into earnest conversation. The bitter less has involved in finding himself by a few simple and homeless wanderer, from those whose treason he had virtually abetted by his own hospitality. Susie had virtually abetted by his own hospitality. Susie had the soothings of a dearly-loved daughter, to whom affection, combined with the recollection of her dead mother, has already taught loyalty. After an hour's talk Jennifer again kisses his daughter, saying:

"Well, girl, perhaps you are right and I'm wrong, after all. I see hard with John, I grant; and, Susie Gal, you can't stand between a boy and love. Now lie down and try to have a sleep."

She obeys him, or seems to do so, praying, in sorrowful thankfulness, both for him and her absent lover. And in due time the motion of the vehicle, the cracking and straining of the harness, the sensation of being warmly wrapped up within, the consciousness of the raw, dank night without, induces slumber, complete and overpowering.

She slept she knew not how long, to be aroused by her father, who, with a new source of surprise and apprehension in his voice, bids her look forth and tell him what she sees. Dinah, already awake, and incapable, from disuse of vision, of adding to the powers of observation of the party, is watching her master's countenance in agitation and alarm.

"There, gal, what do you see there?" inquires Jennifer, pointing toward the west, where the moon is just rising.

Something dark, indistinct, and distant, upon the road they are traveling; something moving and coming toward them. A body of men, progressing steadily forward. A company of marching soldiers.

"If they turn out as bad as these we've left be-

hind we're in a pretty fix," said Jennifer, bitterly, the last identity of the coming object had been determined upon; "what should sojers do here, I wonder?"

"They may be Union men, father," suggested Susie, with a beating heart.

"I hope they are," returned her father, savagely, "and bound to chop the infernal villains that have burned us out of house and home into mincemeat. However, we'll soon know for certain; we can't avoid meeting 'em." And, half in desperation, half in impatience, he gave the horses a cut with the lash, urging them forward with violent gesticulation.

Some minutes of such dire suspense as those intervening between themselves and the marching soldiers had never before agitated the breasts of the little party. They must soon be upon Susie Jennifer, with a scream of joy, recognizes at their head, as captain, her lover, John Elliot.

A very brief explanation accounts for its appearance and for the sudden difficulty that followed. It was that part of the country, as rumored in the afternoon gossip of Judge Jones, in pursuance of a general plan to attack the secessionist camp allluded to. The reports of the outrages committed by the rebels had induced John Elliot's determination for the safety of the Jennifer household, and stimulated a forced encampment near it, for that reason. That thanks and the mutual felicitations which followed need not be chronicled. Detailing a few men to escort the party to their destination, Captain Elliot had expressed his determination of continuing his march for the purpose of punishing the incendiaries. It was with some difficulty that the injured farmer was dissuaded from accompanying him.

"I'll arrange you, Squire, in spite of it," said the Captain. "They don't expect us, and will be used up with the devil's work they've been after. Mr. Bo-ney, we took a prisoner over the Corners whom I think you're interested in."

"Who's that, sir?"

"Judge Jones. He was hiding in a loft for fear of Unionists; but he mistook our boys for Secesh and—Dinah is not at all—and some rat and bragged of his fondness for 'em, and his devotion to the South. If you had seen how white he turned, and how he tried first to beg and then to bribe himself off when he found himself under arrest, I think you'd have allowed the existence of a courage."

"I have already, John, and some others into the bargain. Whip those ——scoundrels; come back safe and sound; and you shall be my son-in-law just as soon as you can get leave upon it."

The groom of the hand he received in response—the love-light that shone in John Elliot's eyes at parting with the person immediately referred to—was such as to make the bridegroom apprehensions for his sake—were eloquent of hope and thankfulness. He then gave the order for marching—to be taken on the road to the Jennifer farm of the promise. There is now in Western Missouri no braver officer than Colonel Elliot; no more loyal citizen than Paul Jennifer.

DOWN BEYOND THE SAW-MILL.

"WHITHER going, Daisy Allen?
Where away with gipsy hat
Slung across your shoulder free?
Tying down the saucy flat,
Touching lightly faithful Bruno,
Daisy turned her pretty head;
"Going down beyond the saw-mill,"
Thus the little maiden said.

"Gentians pale are always blooming
Just beyond the water-wheel,
And the wild rose scents the water
At the fall begins to reel;
In the brook are snowy pebbles,
And they shine as flakes of silver,
While the whirring of the saw-mill
Seems to haste the water's flow."

* * * * *

"Whither going, Daisy Allen,
Now the sun is in the west,
And his golden light lingers
On the distant mountain's crest?"
Why did Daisy's accents falter,
And her cheeks grow white,
Saying, "Just beyond the saw-mill,"
With an eye so strangely bright?

Ah! no blossom pale the gathers,
No flower wet with falling spray
From the brook so shining pebble
Seeks the wandering girl to-day;
Words so soft and strangely varying,
Making music appear the sight,
Whispered one beyond the saw-mill—
"Father—mother—home—good-night!"

* * * * *

An old man, pale, and wan, and weary,
Walked in sunset's fading light;
If any asked him who he wandered,
Golden tresses wet to brown;
Pale lips that can tell no story,
But their secret to the world.
In the shadow of the saw-mill
Daisy Allen sleepeth well.

Gentians pale are blooming yonder,
And the rose-leaves flutter down—
Down on something white and ghastly,
Golden tresses wet to brown;
Pale lips that can tell no story,
But their secret to the world.
In the shadow of the saw-mill
Daisy Allen sleepeth well.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL FOSTER.—[SEE PAGE 133.]



CAPTAIN W. D. PORTER, OF THE "ESSEX."—[SKETCHED BY MR. BILL D. TRAVIS.]

THE UNION EXPEDITION UP THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

On this page we illustrate the WELCOME of the Union men in Tennessee and Alabama to the gun-boats which ascended the Tennessee River after the fight at Fort Henry. The dispatch to the Associated Press said:

After the capture of Fort Henry, the *Lexington*, Commander, and *Tyler* gave chase to the rebel steamer *Dunbar*, and on reaching the Memphis and Louisville Railroad bridge set fire to a portion of it, and captured some stores, etc. They then passed on in chase of the *Dunbar*, but did not overtake her. It is supposed that she escaped by running up a creek.

Tuesday night the gun-boats went to Florence, Alabama, the head of navigation, and two hundred and fifty miles from Paducah. Every where along the river they were received with astonishing welcome by numerous Union families in Southern Tennessee and Northern Alabama, and at the towns along the river the old flag was looked upon as a redeemer, and hailed with loud shouts of joy. The people of Florence are so delighted at finding the Stars and Stripes once more giving protection to them that they were prepared to give a grand ball to the officers of the gun-boats, but the latter could not remain to accept their courtesies.

Wherever our boats landed, and the people became assured that we did not come to destroy, but to save, they seemed to have no means too extravagant to express their delight and joy.

Old men cried like children at the sight of the Stars and Stripes, and invited the officers and men of the gun-boats to their houses, and told them all they had was at their disposal. Large numbers were anxious to enlist under the old flag, and the *Tyler* brought down two hundred and fifty men to fill up the gun-boats' crews.

The officers were assured that they could walk a few days' distance and no one would be injured, and if the Government would give them arms to defend themselves they could bring Tennessee back into the Union in a few months.

They said that when the secession ordinance was passed armed men stood at the polls, and every thing went as certain politicians said.

At Savannah, Eastport, and Florence the officers and men of our gun-boats were taken without arms, and mingled freely with the people.

The Union men along the river comprise the wealthy and influential of the inhabitants, large numbers of whom have AMERICAN FLAGS.

Not a gun was fired either going or coming.

CAPTAIN PORTER.

We publish herewith, from a sketch by Mr. Bill D. Travis, a portrait of CAPTAIN W. D. PORTER, of the gun-boat *Essex*, who distinguished himself at the battle of Fort Henry, and was scalded by the explosion of a boiler on board the *Essex*.

Captain Porter is a Louisianian by birth. His father was the famous Commodore Porter, of the *Essex*, whose fame shines brightly in our naval annals. In 1823 the son entered the navy as a boy on board the United States ship *Franklin*, under command of Commodore Stewart, and received a fine naval military education, under Commodores Hull, Chauncey, Patterson, and Rodgers. He projected and is the founder of the present light-house system; was through the whole Mexican war, where he did noble service; in 1855 was placed on a retired list by a secret Navy Board; four years after was restored to his rank as commander by President Buchanan; was then appointed to the command of the United States ship *St. Marys*, and did important service in Northern Mexico.

On the outbreak of the rebellion he was ordered home from the Pacific; and though he had property in Virginia, which has been confiscated, and all his family save his youngest daughter were in the rebel cause, still he proved faithful to the no-



UNION SOUTHERN MEN WELCOMING OUR GUN-BOATS IN ALABAMA.

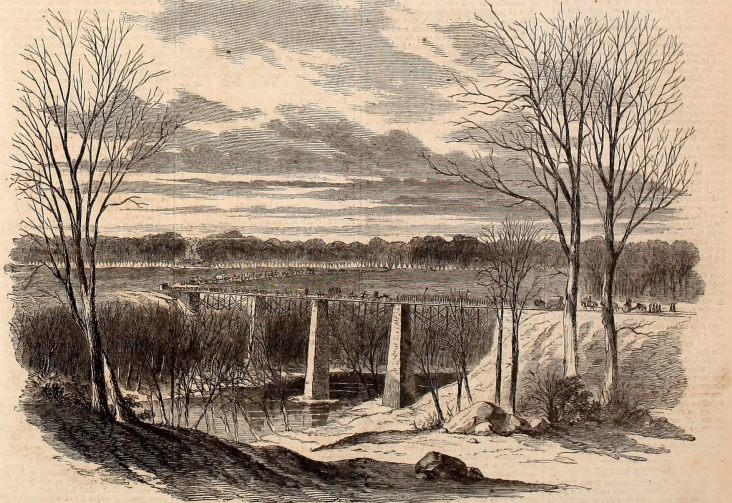


CAMP OF FOURTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT, NEAR SOMERSET, KY., LATELY OCCUPIED BY SEVENTEENTH TENNESSEE REGIMENT (REBEL).—[SKETCHED BY MR. OSCAR D. KREBS.]

ble old Government, in the service of which his father spent his life. Laying aside all personal considerations, he tendered his aid in putting down the rebellion, and was assigned to a boat which has been built chiefly under his superintendence. He christened it, after his father's ship, the *Essex*. At the battle of Fort Henry Captain Porter ran up within one hundred and fifty yards of the fort, and fought with daring and effect until he was recalled by the fatal ball which entered at one of the bow-ports, passing through the boiler. He was blown out of the same port, and would have been lost but for the heroic daring of a seaman, John Walker, who rushed through the scalding steam after him, and caught him just as he was going overboard, and carried him aft along the outer-guard, a space just nine inches in width. Of this act the Captain speaks in the most grateful terms.

The Captain had the presence of mind to close his mouth and eyes, so that his scald is not serious. He is under the very tender and efficient care of Surgeon Thomas Rice, who proved his skill by the manner in which he attended the wounded on board the *Essex* after and during the battle.

It is hoped that the Captain's face will not be disfigured. He says he went into the fight with high colors, and though disabled, the stars and stripes still waved as he floated back.



GENERAL MITCHELL'S DIVISION CROSSING GREEN RIVER, KENTUCKY, OCTOBER 10, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 180.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

MARGRAVE now entered the litter, and the Veiled Woman drew the black curtain round him. I walked on, as the guide, some yards in advance. The air was still, heavy, and perfumed with the breath of the Australasian sirocco.

We passed through the meadow-lands, studded with slumbering flocks; we followed the branch of the creek that wound up to its source in the mountains; we threaded the gloom of stunted, misshapen trees, guarded with the stringy bark which makes one of the signs of the wrath that nourish and, at length the pass, now with all her pomp of light, mid-heaven among her subject stars, gleamed through the flaunts of the cave, on whose floor lay the relics of antediluvian races, and rested in one flood of silvery splendor upon the hollows of the ancient volcano, with tufts of dank herbage and wide spaces of paler sward covering the gold below.—Gold, the almost universal organized Matter's great mystery, storing in itself, according as Mind, the Informer of Matter, can distinguish its uses, evil and good, curse and blessing.

Hitherto the Veiled Woman had remained in the rear, with the white-robed, idolatrous image that had crept to my side unawares, with its noiseless step. Now, in each revolving turn of the difficult path at which the convoy, following behind me, came into sight, I had seen first the two priests bowed armed men, next the black bier-like litter, and last the Black-veiled Woman and the White-robed Skeleton.

But now, as I halted on the table-land, backed by the mountain and fronting the valley, the woman left her companion, passed the litter and the armed men, and paused by my side, at the mouth of the mouldy cavern.

There for a moment the stood, silent, the procession below mounting upward laboriously and slowly, she turned to me, and her veil was withdrawn.

The face on which I gazed was wondrously beautiful, and severely pale. Not, indeed, whether youth nor age—a beauty mature and majestic as that of a marble Demeter!

"Do you believe in that which you seek?" she asked, in her foreign, melodious, melancholy accents.

"I have no belief," was my answer. "True science has none. True science questions all things, takes nothing upon credit. It knows but three states of mind—Denial, Conviction, and that vast unexplored between the two, which is not belief, but suspense of judgment."

The woman let fall her veil, moved from me, and seated herself in a crag above which the between mountain and creek, to which, when I had first discovered the gold with which the land teemed, the rain from the clouds had given the rushing life of the cataract, but which now, in the drought and the bath of the skies, was but a dead pile of stones.

The litter now ascended the height; its bearers behind it. I heard none the curtains aside, and Margrave descended, leaning, this time, not on the black-veiled woman, but on the white robed skeleton.

There, as he stood, the moon shone full on his wasted form; on his face, resolute, cheerful, and proud, despite its hollowed outlines and sickbed hues. He raised his head, spoke to the baggage unknown to me, and the armed men and the litter-bearers grouped round him, bending low, their eyes fixed on the ground. The Veiled Woman rose slowly and came to his side, motioning away with a mute sign the two priests on which he leaned, and passing round him silently instead her own sustaining arm. Margrave again spoke a few sentences, of which I could not even guess the meaning. When he had concluded, the armed men and the litter-bearers came nearer to his feet, knelt down, and kissed his hand. They then rose, and took from the bier-like vehicle the coffer and the urn. This done, they lifted again the litter, and again, preceded by the armed men, the procession descended down the sloping hill-side, down into the valley below.

Margrave now whispered for some moments into the ear of the hideous creature who had made way for the Veiled Woman. The grim skeleton bowed his head submissively, and moved noiselessly away through the long grasses; the slender arms, trampled under the white robe, relifting themselves, as after a passing wind. And thus he too sank out of sight down into the valley below. On the table-land I and the Veiled Woman, and the three—Margrave, myself, and the Veiled Woman.

She had resumed herself apart, on the gray crag above the dried torrent. He stood at the entrance of the cavern, round the sides of which clustered parietal plants, with flowers of all colors, some emitting their sickening pistol odor, exhaling their fragrance only in the hours of night; so that, as his form filled up the jaws of the dark arch, observing the moon-rays that strove to pierce the shadows that slept within, it stood now—wan and blighted—as I had seen it first, radiant and joyous. "literally framed of blooms."

CHAPTER LXXXII.

"SO," said Margrave, turning to me, "under the soil that spreads around us lies the gold, which to you and to me is at this moment of no value, except as a guide to its twin-born—the regenerator of life!"

"You have not yet described to me the nature of this substance which we are to explore," nor of the process by which the virtues you impute to it are to be extracted."

"Let us first find the gold, and instead of describing the life-amber, so let me call it, I will point it out to your own eyes. As to the process, your share in it is so simple, that you will ask me why I seek aid from a chemist. The life-amber, when found, must be first subjected to heat and fermentation for six hours; it will be placed in a small caldron which that coffer contains, over the fire which I will first feed. To give effect to the process, certain alkalis and other ingredients are required, which I have prepared, and mine is the task to commingle them. Of your science as chemist I need ask nothing. Nay, I know that you have read the life of a Man."

"If that be so, why indeed seek me at all? why ask confide in those swarthy attendants who doubtless are slaves to your orders?"

"Confide in them? No! I have task enjoined to them would be to discover, and refrain from purloining, gold. Seven such unscrupulous knaves, and I know them well, have obedience and feeble! Such is not the work that vile manners are suited to pursue. But that is the least of the reasons which exclude them from my choice, and fix my choice of assistant on you. You can forget what I bid you do; danger which the Dervish declared no bribe I could offer could tempt him a second time to serve?"

"I remember now; those words had passed from my mind."

"And because they had passed away from your mind, I chose you for assistant. I need a man by whom danger is scorned."

"But in the process of which you tell me I see no possible danger. Why should ingredients you mix in your caldron have poisonous fumes."

"It is not that. The ingredients I use are not poisons."

"What other danger, except you dread your own Eastern enemies, the Jins, can be added to these solitudes? and if so, why not bid me be armed?"

"The Eastern slaves have, ere now, fulfilled my commands; they wait for my summons where their eyes can not see what we do. Those slaves are a kind on which the boldest son of the East would be more craven perhaps than the dastiest Sybarite of Europe. Fear not them, fear not the panther and laugh at a ghost. In the creed of the Dervish, and of all who adventure deeply in realms of nature which is closed to philosophy and open to magic, there are races in the material world as dreadless as inhabitants of the Moon world of a drop. 'For the tribes of the drop science has its microscope. Of the hosts of you nares Infinite, science knows nothing. Of the Jins, gains, by command, consumed over fluid conductors that are to them as the lightning. Of these races some are wholly indifferent to man, some benign to him, and some dreadly hostile. But all are subjected to conditions unknown to mortal being this magic realm seems as blank and tenantless as your vast sea. Nor does the ken of its, strives to pass over those boundaries at which philosophy says, 'Knowledge ends,' that is like all other travelers it beguiles unknown; he must propitiate or brave the tribes that inhabit the waters, and that by life on the tribes that are friendly. Though your science discredits the alchemist's dogma, your knowledge tells you that all substances were not ignorant impostors; yet those whose discoveries most approach to ours, whose chief allies to your practical knowledge ever hint in their mystical works at the reality of that realm which is open to magic—even they, whose means lesh familiar than furnace and bellows are essential to the alchemist, never name to life. He who once quaffs that elixir obtains in his very veins the bright fluid by which he transmits the will of his will to agencies unknown to nature, to giants unseen in the space. And here, as he passes the boundary which divides his allotted and material universe from the regions and races that magic alone can explore, so here he must learn to be safeguard from the wrath and the tribes that are hostile. It is not ever thus between man and man. Let a race, the most gentle and unarmed, occupy the land on which a river or mountain, and another have home in the waters beneath, and, if it have not the barrier between them, may with each live in peace. But if ambitious adventurers scale the mountain, or cross the river, with designs to subject and enslave the populations they boldly invade, then all the invaded arm in wrath and defiance. Their habits are changed into foes. And, therefore, this process, by which a simple though rare material of nature is made to yield the life-amber, is soon of a life which brings with its glorious resistance to Time desires and faculties to subject to the sovereign that dwells in the soil, the air, and the deep, has ever been one of the most fatal wonders to the human race. Once it crosses the bounds of his nation. By it a key alone you unlock all the cells of the adjacent bee; by this alone you command all the hive, which a chemist's crudest apprentice could destroy. Hence arises the universal belief in the dwarfed children of science. Nature, that stores this priceless boon, seems to shrink from conceding it to man—the invisible tribes that abhor him oppose themselves to the gain that might give them a master. The dullor of these, who were the life-seekers of old, would have told you some chance, the most trivial, unlooked for, foiled their grand hope at the very point of fruition; some doltish mistake, some improvident oversight; a defect in the alembic, a cold overlooked in quicksilver, or a flaw in the bellows, or a pupil, who had but to replenish the fuel, fell asleep by the furnace. The invisible foes seldom vouchsafe to make themselves visible where they can frustrate the bungler, as they need to in his toils from their ambush. But the mightier adventurers, equally foiled in despite of their patience and skill, would have said, 'Not with us rests the fault; we neglected no caution, we failed from no oversight. But out from the rock, from the mountain cave, and the spectre or demons dismayed and baffled us.' Such, then, is the danger which seems so appalling to a con ceit of science. It seemed to a seer in the dark age of Europe. But we can deride all its threats, and say, 'Be it so! I own fearlessly that I have all the safety that the charms and resources of magic bestow. You, for your safety, have the good and disciplined reason which reduces all phantasies to nervous impressions, and I rely on the courage that can laugh to contempt at quailing the Luminous Shadow, and wrested from the hoof of the magician himself the wand which conceals or reveals the Infernal.'

"To this strange and long discourse I listened without interruption, and now quietly answered,

"I do not merit the trust you affect in my courage; but I am now on my guard against the chains of the sophist. And the human eye alone can scarcely bewilder the brain in the open air of this mountain-land. I will not be misled like those which you tell me vicwless in space, as do gases. I believe not in magic; I ask not its aids, and I disdain its fears. I will but rest I am confident of one mournful courage—the courage that comes from despair. And, whatever you may be, whatever it be, as a sufferer whom colleges doom to the grave submits to the quack, when he can only specify some hope I live! My life is naught in itself; my life lives in another. You and I are both brave from despair; you, who had nothing from youthful vitality turn death from one I love more than myself. Both know how little and how vain from the colleges, and both, therefore, turn to the promises most audaciously cheering: Dervish or Magician, alchemist or phantom, I trust you, and I? And if they fail us, what then?' They can not fail us more than the colleges do!"

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

THE gold had been gained with an easy labor. I knew where to seek for it, whether under the soil or in the bed of the creek. With shining eyes, hungrily gazing round every spot from which the ore was disturbed, could not detect one substance of value. Margrave was of more wizard appearance. I had begun to believe that even in the descriptions given by him of the life-amber, he had been credulously duped, and that no such material existed; when coming back from the bed of the water-course, I saw that the yellow gleam amidst the roots of a giant parasitic plant, the leaves and blossoms of which were of the hues of the ore—it was the life-amber. The gleam was the gleam of gold, and an experienced eye would pause at the sight of the plant we came on— No, I will not—I dare not describe it. The gold-digger would cast it from his dreaming eyes, would pause not to look, and did I describe it, and chemistry deign to subject it to analysis, would chemistry alone detect or discover its boasted virtues?

Its particles, indeed, are very minute, not assuming exactly the form of each; each enfolds each in itself of uniform shape and size, spherical as the egg which contains the germ of life, and small as the egg from which the life of an insect may quicken.

But Margrave's keen eye caught sight of the atoms upcast by the light of the moon He exclaimed to me, "Found! I shall live!" And then, as he gathered up the grains with tremulous hands, he called out to the Veiled Woman, who remained motionless where I had left her. At his word she rose and went to the place hard by, where the fuel was piled, busying herself there. He had no leisure to look after her. Intently in search in the soft and yielding soil that time and the decay of vegetable life had accumulated over the Pre-Adamite rock, he dug out the roots of the rare vested its mighty keystones.

When we had collected of these particles about thrice as much as a man might hold in his hand, we seemed to have exhausted their bed. We continued still to find gold, but no more of the delicate substance to which, in our sight, gold was so dross.

"Enough," then said Margrave, reluctantly desisting. "What we have gained already will suffice for a life-time, if the legend attributes to Haroun. I shall live—I shall live through the centuries."

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

WHILE we had thus labored and found, Aysha had placed the fuel where the moonlight fell fullest on the sward of the table-land—a part of it already piled as for a fire, the rest of it heaped carefully close at hand—and by the side of the fuel the coffer and the urn. Since she stood, her arms folded under her mantle, her dark image seeming darker still as the moonlight silvered all the ground from which it rose. Margrave opened his coffer, the Veiled Woman did not aid him, and I watched in silence, while he as silently made his weird and wizard-like preparations.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

ON the ground a wide circle was traced by a small rod, tipped apparently with sponge saturated with some combustible, naphtha-like fluid, so that a pale lambent flame followed the course of the rod as Margrave guided it. Within up the herbage over which it played, and leaving a distinct ring, like that which in our lovely native fable-talk we call the "Fairy Ring," but no more visible, because marked in phosphorescent light. On the ring thus formed Margrave placed twelve small lamps, fed with the fluid from the same vessel and lighted by the same rod. The light emitted from these lamps was more vivid and brilliant than that which circled round the ring.

Within the circumference, and concentric to round-the wood-pile, Margrave traced certain geometrical figures in which, not without a shudder, I observed that he drew at times the effigies of will in murmuring to myself the name of "Lilian," I recognized the intersecting triangles of the talisman, and in the spell enforced on a sleep-walker, had described on the floor of the wizard's parlor. Within these figures he traced, like the circle, in flame, and at the point of each triangle (four in number) was placed a lamp, similar to that of the ring. This, last, was performed, the caldron, based on an iron tripod, was placed on the wood-pile, and then the urn having, before inactive and unheeding, slowly undergazed, knelt by the pile, and lighted it. The fire would crackle and the flame burst bright, licking the rims of the caldron with tongues of fire.

Margrave flung into the caldron the particles he had collected, poured over them first a liquid colorless as water, from the largest of the vessels drawn from the coffer, then, more sparingly, drops from small crystal vials, like the vials I had seen in the hand of Philip Derval.

The mixture simmered over the flames of awe. I watched these proceedings, curious yet distrustful, as one who watches the mummeries of an enchanter on the stage.

"If," thought I, "there are but artful devices to inebriate the sense, and by excitement, my imagination is on its guard, and reason shall not, this time, be the dupe of fancy."

"And now," said Margrave, "I consign to you the easy task by which you are to merit your share of the gold. It is my task to feed and replenish the caldron; it is Ayesha's to heed the fire, which must not for a moment relax in its measured and steady heat. Mine task is the lightest of all; it is but to renew from this vessel the fluid which burns in the lamps on the ring. Observe, the contents of the vessel must be thriftily husbanded; there is enough, but not more than enough, to sustain the lights in the lamps, on the lines traced round the caldron and on the figures within the circle. Three thousand pounds dissolved in this fluid are scarce—only obtainable in the East, and even in the East the quantity that can be procured at one time has increased my supply. I had no months to waste. Replenish than the light only when it begins to flicker or fade. Take heed that no drop from any part of the outer ring—no, not an inch—and no drop of the twelve, that are in circular like stars, fade for one moment in darkness."

I took the crystal vessel from his hand.

"The vessel is small," said I, "and what if yet left of its contents is but scanty; whether you suffer me to replenish the lights I can not guess, even but with your instructions. But more important by far than the light to the lamps and the circle, which Asia or Africa might seem away the wild beasts unknown to this land—more important than light to a lamp is the strength to your flame, with your leave? What will support you through six weary hours of night-watch?"

"Hope!" answered Margrave, with a ray of his old dazzling smile. "Hope! I shall live—I shall live through the centuries!"

CHAPTER LXXXVI

ONE hour passed away; the fagots under the caldron burned clear, but with no glowing air. The materials within began to seethe, and their color, at first dull and brick, changed into a pale rose hue. From time to time the Veiled Woman replenished the fire, after she had done so ceaselessly for about two hours, and then her head bowed over her knees and her face hid under her veil.

The lights in the lamps and along the ring and the triangles now began to pale. I replenished their nourishment. The flame within the caldron started my eye or my ear beyond the rim of the circle. Nothing audible save, at a distance, the musical, whistling cry of the herons, and, further still in the forest, the howl of the wild dogs that never bark. Nothing visible but the trees and the mountain range girding the plains silvered by the moon, and the arch of the cavern, and the dark, still blooms and the pale, dead the gleam of dry bones on its floor where the moonlight shot into the gloom.

The second hour passed like the first. I had taken my stand by the side of Margrave, watching with him the caldron and the lamps, further still in the forest, the howl of the wild dogs that never bark. Nothing visible but the trees and the mountain range girding the plains silvered by the moon, and the arch of the cavern, and the dark, still blooms and the pale, dead the gleam of dry bones on its floor where the moonlight shot into the gloom.

The second hour passed like the first. I had taken my stand by the side of Margrave, watching with him the caldron and the lamps, further still in the forest, the howl of the wild dogs that never bark. Nothing visible but the trees and the mountain range girding the plains silvered by the moon, and the arch of the cavern, and the dark, still blooms and the pale, dead the gleam of dry bones on its floor where the moonlight shot into the gloom.

"I know not, I care not," he answered, impatiently. "The essence is burning the child that confined it. Here are my air and my earth! Trouble me not. Look to the circle—feed the lamps if they fail."

I passed by the Veiled Woman as I walked toward a place in the ring in which the flame was waning dim. And I whispered to her the same question which I had whispered to Margrave. She answered briefly, and somewhat coldly,

"So is it before the Invisible make themselves visible! Did I not bid him forbear?" Her head

again drooped on her breast, and her watch was again fixed on the fire.

I advanced to the circle, and stooped to replenish the light there was it waned. As I did so, on my arm, which stretched somewhat beyond the line of the ring, I felt a shock like that of electricity. The arm fell to my side numbed and nerveless, and from my hand dropped, but within the ring, the vessel that contained the fluid. Recovering my surprise or my stun, hastily with the other hand I caught up the vessel, but some of the scanty liquid was already spilled on the sward; and I saw with a thrill of dismay that contracted, indeed, the natural indifference with which I had first undertaken my charge, how small a supply was now left me.

I went back to Margrave and told him of the shock, and of its consequence in the waste of the liquid.

"Beware," said he, "that not a motion of the arm, not an inch of the foot, passes the verge of the ring; and if the fluid be thus unhappily misted, reserve all that is left for the protecting circle and the twelve outer lamps. See how the grand Work advances! how the hues in the cadron are glowing blood-red through the film on the surface!"

And now four hours of the six were gone; my arm had gradually recovered its strength. Neither the ring nor the lamps had again required replenishing; perhaps their light was exhausted less quickly, as it was no longer at once exposed to the rays of the intense Australian moon. Clouds had gathered over the sky, and though the moon gleamed at times in the gaps that they left in blue air, her beam was more hazy and dulled. The locusts no longer were heard in the grass, nor the howl of the dogs in the forest. Out of the circle the stillness was profound.

And about this time I saw distinctly in the distance a vast Eye! It drew nearer and nearer, seeming to move from the ground at the height of some lofty giant. Its gaze riveted mine; my blood curdled in the veins, and its angry ball; and now as it advanced, larger and larger, other Eyes, as if of giants in its train, grew out from the space in its rear; centred on numbers, like the spear-heads of some Eastern army, soon all by pale worlds of baleful orbs loomed to the dust. My voice long refused an utterance to my awe; at length it burst forth, shrill and loud:

"Look—look! Those terrible Eyes! Legions on legions. And ah! this ring of numberless feet; *they* are not seen, but the hollows of earth echo the sound of their march!"

Margrave, more than ever intent on the cadron, in which, from time to time, he kept dropping powders or essences drawn forth from his coffer, looked up, defyingly, fiercely:

"Ye come," he said, in low mutter, his once mighty voice sounding hollow and hoarse, but fearless and firm—"ye come, not to conquer, vain rebels!—ye, whose dark chief I struck down at my feet in the tomb where my spell had raised up the ghost of your first human master, the Chaldee! Earth and air have the limits ye were fashfol to me, and still I remember the warning that summons them up to confront you! Ayesha—Ayesha! recall the shadows that ye pledged among foes; recall the dread bond by which we united our sway over hosts that yet rein thee as spoken, though not named by me, by my diadem reft from my brow!"

The Voice Woman rose at this adjuration. Her veil now was withdrawn, and the blaze of the fire between Margrave and herself flushed, as with the rich bloom of youth, the pallid beauty of her softened face. It was seen, detached, as it were, from her dark-robed form; seen through the mist of the vapors which rose from the cadron, framing it round like the clouds that are sublimely pierced by the light of the evening star.

Through the haze of the vapor came her voice, more musical, more plaintive than I had heard it before, but far softer, more tender; still in her foreign tongue; the words seemed to me to be yet their sense, perhaps, made intelligible by the low, which has one common language and one common look to all who hear. Never, more unmistakably heard in the loving tone, unmistakably seen in the loving face.

A moment or so more, and she had come round from the opposite side of the fire pile, and, bending over Margrave's upturned face, spoke to him quietly, solemnly; and then her countenance grew fierce, her crest rose erect; it was the lioness protecting her young. She stretched forth her arm from the black mantle, athwart the pale front that now again began to rise in menace; stretched it toward the haunted and hollow-sounding space beyond, in the gesture of one whose right hand has the ear of the Invisible! And then her voice stole on the air in the music of a chant—loud, yet far-reaching, like the flow, so sweet, and yet so solemn, that I could at once comprehend how legend united of old the spell of enchantment with the power of song. All that I recalled of the effects which in the former time Margrave's strange chants had produced on the ear that they ravished and the thoughts they confused was but as the wild bird's imitative carol, repeating the air it has caught, and the art, and the soul of the singer, whose power seemed endowed with a charm to enthrall all the vices of creation, those that are natural, it used for that charm might to them, as to me, be unknown. As the song ceased I heard from behind sounds like those I had heard in the forest before me: the tramp of invisible feet, the whirr of invisible wings, as if armies were marching to aid genuine armies in march to desert.

"Look not in front nor around," said Ayesha. "Look, like him, on the caldron below. The circle and the lamps are yet bright; I will tell thee when their light again fails."

I dropped my eyes on the caldron.

"See," whispered Margrave, "the sparkles at last begin to arise, and the rose-hues to deepen: signs that we near the last transition."

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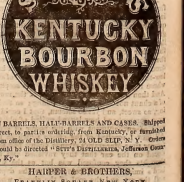
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MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, U.S.A., THE HERO OF FORT DONELSON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

OUR VICTORY.

RING out, O bells! a joyous peal!
  Wave, Freedom's flag, o'er land and sea!
Above the graves of Freedom's slain
Let living voices shout again
  In honor of our victory!

'Tis but a little while ago,
  Since, looking on our list of dead,
We marveled Justice should delay:
Thank God! at last has dawned her day,
  The sky is in a blaze of red!

Deep, fiery clouds surround the sun,
  Thrice welcome now the storm shall be;
'Twill purify our atmosphere,
Once more the pathway shall be clear
  Where walk the sons of liberty.

Ours is no haughty tyrant's glee,
  To chain our brothers at our feet;
Over no nation's wrongs we vaunt,
Columbia saved is all we want;
  For her sake is our triumph sweet.

Then ring, O bells! a joyous peal!
  Wave, Freedom's flag, o'er land and sea!
Above the graves of Freedom's slain
Let living voices shout again
  In honor of our victory!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

THE REBEL INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

ON Saturday, February 22, while the Congress, Judges, and naval and military officers of the United States were assembled in the Capitol, listening to the Farewell Address of Washington, the miserable remnant of the Southern rebels were gathered in the principal square of Richmond, Virginia, listening to Mr. Jefferson Davis's last apology for his crimes.

Toward that square and to that speaker one can well imagine the ruined, heart-broken, panic-stricken, and despairing people of the South turning an eager ear, in search of consolation for the past and hope for the future.

Jefferson Davis gave them neither.

Beginning with a false statement of the causes which led to the rebellion, wholly omitting from view the chief cause, namely, the greed of the slave-owners, and the truculent ambition of the Southern aristocracy; failing likewise, for the best of reasons, to assign one single cause, or enumerate one single event which could justify the plunging of a continent into savage war; misrepresenting the history of the contest with diabolical perversity; confessing, as he could not well help doing, that "the tide of war is against" the rebels, and that the future is pregnant with more "trials and difficulties," this pretended President can find no consolation for the unhappy people whom he and his fellow-conspirators have ruined, except in the hope that the North may not be able to pay its armies much longer, and that eventually the Powers of Europe may be tempted by the proffer of Southern produce and Southern free trade to espouse the cause of the insurgents, and convert the "proud people" of the South into the bastard subjects of some foreign king!

Well may the South pronounce such a programme "a mockery," and such a government "a lamentable failure!"

There must have been many even among the ragged rabble of Richmond gathered round the orator who knew enough to tell him that if the South, in its poverty, can afford to carry on the war, the North, with its wealth, is not likely to fail from want of money; and that if, when the North was helpless and paralyzed, and the South flushed with victory, foreign nations abstained from meddling in the contest, they are not likely to do so now, when the gripe of a mighty government is clutched round the throat of the traitors, and their gurgling death-rattle is already audible.

There was an ominous fitness in the appearance, during the reading of "the inaugural," of that grim messenger who bore the news of the FALL OF NASHVILLE—Nashville, the prosperous city of the rebellion—Nashville, the safe place to which the trembling traitors proposed to fly from Richmond when that city was deemed insecure—Nashville, the centre of the vertebral artery of the rebellion. Did it not occur to Jefferson Davis that so appalling an event happening at such a moment was a warning and a judgment from that just God whose name this arch-rebel so audaciously blasphemes?

OUR GENERALS.

SOME of the leading journals are rendering a very doubtful service to the country by promoting a feeling of mutual jealousy among our generals, and instilling into the public mind distrust of the most distinguished among them. Two prominent newspapers in this city indulge in daily flings at General M'Clellan. Another is very sarcastic upon General Buell. Others have no patience with General Sherman. Others are furious with General Lane. General Halleck has survived the storm of abuse aroused by his famous Order No. 3, and enjoys a temporary respite from newspaper criticism.

Every one who has read history must at once perceive that this sort of thing can hardly fail to do mischief, and can not possibly do any good. Soldiers are naturally apt to be jealous of each other; and in this country especially, where every leading man may fairly be suspected of having his eye upon the Presidency, the danger that our chief generals may be as anxious to kill each other off as to defeat the enemy is obvious enough. Under the circumstances, it is clearly the duty of every honest and patriotic publicist to check rather than encourage envious rivalry among them. If the friends of General Frémont succeed in shaking the confidence of the army in General M'Clellan, they are much more likely to ruin the national cause than to help their patron. It is possible that General Sherman may be as incompetent as his newspaper critics say; but the reiterated publication of the fact can produce no other effect than to encourage the enemy under General Lee. General Buell may have failed in his duty in permitting the peaceful evacuation of Bowling Green. But he is intrusted with the command of the most important operation of the day, and it can not but dispirit his men, and give heart to his enemy, to publish him a fool.

Generals and politicians are only too prone, as we said, to disparage each other, and to suffer their personal spites to override their zeal for the public interest. People have read, not without regret, an order from General Halleck, in which General M'Clellan is quite needlessly excluded from any share of the glory resulting from the capture of Fort Donelson; and a letter from Secretary Stanton to the *Tribune*, making light of the plans formed by General M'Clellan when he assumed command of the army, which are now beginning to be carried out. Generals and Secretaries make a mistake if they suppose that this sort of thing injures the party against whom it is directed. The public see through it at once, and infer simply that General Halleck is envious, and that Secretary Stanton wants to be the hero of the war and President.

The American people have sense enough to understand that it is the interest of the President and the Cabinet to succeed in suppressing the rebellion as soon as possible; that their means of forming an opinion with regard to the generals are much superior to those enjoyed by the public or the newspapers; and that, whatever their wishes may be, they can not, for their own sake, afford to keep in responsible positions men who have proved themselves to be incompetent or untrustworthy.

Of General M'Clellan, against whom the bulk of these newspaper assaults are directed, the American people know nothing except that he has impressed every one who knows him—including President Lincoln and General Scott—with his capacity for the station he fills. He has said himself that he has done nothing yet to warrant the fame he enjoys. To hold him responsible for the slavering adulation which has been heaped upon him by ignorant flatterers is disgracefully unjust. And the least that can be said of the sneers and innuendoes which certain journals delight in printing in connection with his name is that Jefferson Davis could afford to pay handsomely for such effective endeavors to demoralize the army which M'Clellan will shortly lead to battle.

THE LOUNGER.

DAYBREAK.

IN his admirable amnesty proclamation the President assumes that the rebellion has culminated, and will henceforth steadily decline; and undoubtedly the general feeling is that the heart of the difficulty has been pierced, and that nothing now remains for it but to bleed to death. Nor can any reasonable man doubt that such is the fact. It is impossible, and will long be so, to determine exactly in what time the full result will be achieved; but the same force and skill which have prevailed in Kentucky and Tennessee, at Roanoke and Port Royal, must prevail at all other points.

Sir William Napier is reported to have said that a soldier is but a slave of chance. But there is undoubtedly a certain military science and exactly calculable laws of war. A much wiser speech was that attributed to Frederick the Great, that God is on the side of the strongest battalions. The rebel General Braxton Bragg repeated it substantially last spring as applied to our war, that the rebels would beat although the rebel section was numerically smaller, because their system of slavery would enable them to bring more fighting men into the field.

The plan of our campaign evidently contemplates the inevitable overwhelming of the rebellion by superior forces. The delay was equally inevitable, for those forces had to be collected and trained. The old figure of General Scott is recalled to the public memory by the result—that the traitors would be caught and crushed in the folds of the anaconda. The coiling has begun, and with it the end is visible. Victory is logically ours. We must organize it into peace.

But no man ought to be dismayed by one thing which is now equally inevitable; and that is the apparent postponement of certain great results which a few months since, in the dark hour of national peril, we all felt were virtually secured. It was supposed then, that to save the Government certain steps, called by Mr. Lincoln in his Message "extreme measures," would be necessary; but that necessity no longer appears. The war was, and is, waged solely for the maintenance of the Government. No other measures than those essential to that result have been or will be taken. And it is now evident that military force alone will suffice, without the full exercise of all military rights, such as general confiscation and the release of the slaves of rebels.

It must not be forgotten that for the last ten months we have been nationally lifted into the sphere of great principles. We have lived under the influence of pure emotions. But no nation can habitually hold to that height. We have been raised upon the tenth wave of a regenerating public sentiment, and it has made its prophetic mark. It has touched the point which the waters of national conviction will at last permanently and surely reach—and we must not be chagrined if the following waves are lower, knowing, as we now do, that the tide is rising.

The question of slavery will not be directly settled by the military power—and it remains to be seen whether some plan of territorial government, whereby every man upon our soil recovers his original rights as a man, will be adopted by Congress and accepted by the country.

If that also fails, those of us who are and have always been unswerving friends of the Government, because under the peaceful operations of the Constitution every question is soluble, have only to gird ourselves for the political debate which will follow the military, and in which all happy omens point to the calm and speedy triumph of Justice and of actual, not of nominal, Peace.

THE WAY OF PEACE.

To suppress a rebellion is not like settling a war with a foreign power. In the latter case, after a series of decisive blows, there is an appeal for negotiation, an armistice, a consultation, a treaty, and the withdrawal of troops. But in quelling a rebellion the way of victory is not necessarily that of peace. You may drive a riot out of the street—you may restore order—quiet may reign in Warsaw; but is quiet peace?

If we follow our success—if we drive the rebels from Nashville as we have from Bowling Green—if Columbus surrenders as Fort Donelson and Fort Henry have yielded—if Memphis, and Savannah, and New Orleans fall into our hands—if Richmond is evacuated by that ghostly Congress of traitors—if the lines of the rebellion recede before our lines—even then the work is not done.

We are said to hold Kentucky and even Tennessee and Missouri; but so we have held Maryland for several months. Is that a success—is that a secure and permanent peace? If our army should leave Maryland even now, who would feel sure of her position for a month? The secret of the loyalty of Baltimore is Fort M'Henry. No, no; when we have suppressed rebellion we are to organize peace. How is that to be done?

Of course it can be done only by destroying, if possible, the occasion of rebellion. The rule in statecraft is the same as in agriculture. You must not knock off the leaves of the weeds; you must dig up their roots. If this rebellion has a root, it is our business to find it and wrench it up.

Is, then, the root slavery, or the agitation of slavery? Of course it is one of the two. The whole energy of the country must therefore be directed first to discover which it is, then to destroy it. If the difficulty be the agitation, then suppress that if you can. If the slavery, then end that.

But what does the agitation spring from? Simply from our humanity, from the fact that we are men. So long as we are human, so long we shall protest against what seems to us to be wrong. To suppress that protest requires a despotism of the sternest kind. The effectual suppression of the agitation of the question could be accomplished only by the destruction of every principle of our Government and every right of man—in other words, only at the price of an endless and ferocious civil war.

But to put an end to slavery requires only thought, care, the preservation of every principle of the Government, and the vindication of every human right; and it results in permanent peace and an actual, not a nominal, Union of the people.

It is not even necessary to invoke the question of right or wrong. We have only to see that in the nature of things so long as slavery lasts so long the agitation will continue. If, then, you can not destroy that, and since the object is peace, why not destroy the other? So long as the right of free discussion lasts the question will be debated. So long as it is debated we shall be slipping into war, because slavery can have no effective argument but brute force. The way of peace, therefore, is inevitably the final settlement of the question.

It is not an occasion for losing temper, for calling names, and for questioning motives, but for the most resolute and effective action. We have seen and are seeing what comes of the question when left to itself. Is it not nearly time we took it in hand, or shall we wait until the difficulty settles itself and us into another war?

THE WISDOM OF WAITING.

THE great victories which appear to indicate the approaching triumph of the Government, also vindicate the sagacity of the General-in-Chief. For nearly seven months General M'Clellan has been waiting, directly and indirectly attacked for delay, for incompetency, and almost, by insinuation, for disaffection. He has been patiently maturing his plans. He had already said, upon receiving the sword from Philadelphia, that the war would be short and sharp. But he had his army to collect and discipline, he had to take care that every plan was made proof against failure, and when all was ready, the word was given and the advance began.

Unquestionably he has taken a purely military view of the question; but he is a military man, and his political views doubtless remain unchanged. His duty as a general-in-chief is to achieve victories. To secure the permanence of the result is the duty of statesmen.

Nor is it any injury to Foote, to Burnside, to Grant, to Goldsborough, to Buell, to Halleck, to all the brave and accomplished leaders of the actual movements, that General M'Clellan is credited with the plan of the campaign. To execute the plan is a duty of gallantry, skill, and heroism of which the glory is all theirs. In truth, in these early days of the victories all along our line, there is no point of it from the Chesapeake to Kansas that does not challenge our admiration; and one of the singular felicities of the war is that the great advance, crowned with entire success, was made both by the army and the navy, upon the sea-board and at the West; so that every part of the loyal section and each branch of the service divide the honors of the triumph. This was all happily expressed in the congratulatory order of the day addressed to the officers, and soldiers, and sailors at the West and at the East, signed by the President as Commander-in-Chief of the army and the navy, and countersigned by the Secretaries of both Departments.

The result, thus far, in every way vindicates the wisdom of the long delay. Impatience is a national fault, and our cause has been imperiled by it. It was desirable for all reasons that our success should not be too sudden or too easy. Had we been victors at Bull Run, we should hardly have rightly estimated the strength and desperation of the rebellion. But we have learned, and learned well, the lesson of defeat; and the victories of Roanoke, of the Tennessee, and the Cumberland have altogether another significance than a victory at Bull Run could have had.

AN OLD FOE VANQUISHED.

THE year is vindicating not only the strength of our domestic Government, but the justice of our foreign system. Among our most signal victories let us not forget to remember that over Great Britain. For, without a blow struck by us, she has surrendered, and totally renounces her traditional and monstrous system of contempt of neutral rights.

In his final dispatch upon the *Trent* question Earl Russell writes to Lord Lyons: "Your own territory, or ships of your own country, are places of which you are yourself the master. The enemy's territory, or the enemy's ships, are places in which you have the right to exercise acts of hostility. Neutral vessels, guilty of no violation of the laws of neutrality, are places where you have no right to exercise acts of hostility."

Now if forcibly detaining a neutral ship and forcibly removing from her deck persons against whom nothing is alleged, but whom the captain of the compelling ship chooses to call subjects of the power he serves, is not an act of hostility, words have no meaning. Mr. Sumner, indeed, quotes the declaration of George Fourth, of January 9, 1813, that he can not admit such an act to be a hostile measure; but in the face of this last dispatch that declaration falls to the ground. No English statesman would claim that the captain of an English ship could seize in Broadway a person whom he asserted to be a British subject. It would be a most flagrant act of war. But by the terms of the dispatch he makes them equal. "Your own territory, or ships of your own country."

Fifty years ago Great Britain fought us for three years rather than concede this principle. Henceforth she must stand by her bond. The more she concedes to neutral rights the more we shall be satisfied. Mr. Marcy's theory is the only practicable one for the future. Neutral rights must be the same on water as on land. If a neutral is caught directly helping the enemy he does so at his peril. But constructive assistance must be abolished.

"THE DEGRADED MOB."

THE people of the United States, who were represented by Russell and by the London papers as a degraded mob who would force the Government to hold Mason and Slidell at any cost, have shown the essential quality of our system in nothing more than in the results of that affair.

We might have remembered, and yet it was generally forgotten, that the seventy years of our universal popular education would tell in just such an emergency as this. In reasoning upon the rebellion, in its relation to the people of the Free States, we have been naturally, but wrongly, in the habit of considering them as we should consider the people of England, or France, or Germany, forgetting the essential differences of our popular training, and the necessary differences of the results.

If in this country every body who has a right, and who is bound by his duty to take a practical part in public affairs, does not do it, yet there is a universal knowledge of them, and a general sense of responsibility. Hence a clear appeal to that general intelligence will not often fail, if the occasion be truly commanding. And it is this which confirms the faith of every thoughtful American in the practical wisdom of our system.

We have recently had two most signal instances of this flexibility arising from the general intelligence. The first was the surrender of the two traitors. Of course a person like Mr. Russell, who had seen only the working of monarchical or modified feudal systems of society, and who had the traditional prejudices of an Englishman, or, more properly, a Briton, against America, could not understand that a whole people would forego the gratification of their just indignation upon the simple presentation of a principle. It was not surprising that a man who had misunderstood every thing in the country from the moment he landed should prove an utterly false prophet.

For although the public feeling of satisfaction was almost greater at the capture of the men-stealing traitors than at any other event of the war which had then occurred, and although the thinly-masked enmity of Great Britain had alienated ev-

tirely the good feeling that existed in the country toward that Power, and although paper after paper was put forth by able and cautious men to show that England had always done the same thing, and therefore could not complain of our doing it—yet when the nation was reminded, what in its exultation and excitement it had forgotten, that it had a traditional policy founded in natural justice, and that it was bound in honor to abide by that policy, the whole nation willingly released its hold upon the traitors and let them go.

To say that it was only making the best of a bad situation, and that if one of our hands had not been tied we would have welcomed a war with England, is to say that Great Britain was right in 1812, to insult the memory of Perry, and to go backward fifty years from international equity. No, the people of this country know what their principle in the matter is—they know it is right, and they have character and intelligence enough as a people to do the right, when they are reminded of it, even in a moment of deep excitement. It was not the Government against the people, it was the Government quietly reminding the people of their own honor, and justly presuming their loyalty to it. Mr. Russell will not do justice to the fact, of course, for he has a theory to sustain and his own prescience to justify.

The other instance of the strength of our system is the order of the President releasing all political prisoners. It is no longer necessary to hold them, not because the rebellion is suppressed, but because the cause of the people is safe in their own hands. Public opinion can now deal with treasonable sympathy.

It is easy to see that the year which ends on May day will be the brightest in our annals.

PRO AND CON.

As the various party conventions of the States meet and pass resolutions, it would be well for them to avoid the part of Dogberry. The residents of glass-houses are warned by the proverb to be cautious. Democrats are not rebels, and Republicans are not secessionists. Let that be understood at the beginning; and then the Democratic Conventions will not virtually resolve that the Republicans are the authors of the war, nor will the Republican Conventions resolve that the Democrats are secret traitors.

The Democratic meetings lay peculiar stress upon the constitutional guarantees of the rights of States, and of the rights of property, and, in general, of all constitutional rights. They are very excellent things to lay stress upon. We are all fighting as hard as we can for that very Constitution. But why such remarkable zeal of talk, as if somebody or some party, except rebels, had ever called those rights in question?

There are two points of which Republican Conventions should beware: first, of supposing the rebellion to be a Democratic Party movement; and, second, of supposing Bright, Powell, Bayard, Vallandigham, and the Hon. B. Wood to be typical representatives of the Democratic Party.

And there are two points of which Democratic meetings should be equally careful: first, of covertly calling the rebellion a consequence of any unconstitutional Republican action; and second, of supposing that the Democratic party is exclusively national and constitutional. For the enlightened members will not forget that all those who are trying to ruin the nation and destroy the Constitution were politically known as Democrats.

The Democratic and Republican parties have each their theory of the Constitution. If either assumes to be its especial guardian, it will expose itself to great ridicule. Recrimination is as useless as it is endless. For instance, a Democrat taunts a Republican by saying—"If you had not made such a row about Slavery there would have been no rebellion." And the Republican replies—"If you had not openly supported by votes and money the faction which threatens to break up the Government, if it did not succeed, there would have been no rebellion."

When the war is over and the Government restored to its supremacy parties will instantly be formed. But they will be formed under the Constitution; and they will differ upon questions of its meaning and of the policy of administration, not of the existence of the Government itself.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HARD UP.

[Scene—*Jeff Davis in his Counting-room, reading.*]

J. D. reads:

Davis & Co. in Account with Lincoln & Co.

Dr.	
To prisoners, as per bills rendered	2,125
" prisoners at Roanoke	2,500
" prisoners at Fort Donelson	15,000
	19,625
Cr.	
By prisoners, as per bills rendered	2,760
Balance due E. E.	16,865

Above you have statement of account up to February 16. We will accept your notes for balance at 30 days, with adequate security. Otherwise we shall take legal measures for collection.

Lincoln & Co.
Per M'C.

P.S.—The Missouri account is not yet posted up. We think it will show a large balance in our favor, for which we shall demand immediate payment, or satisfactory security.

L. & Co.

"SIMON (BUCKNER) SAYS."

Simon says, *Show your Hand.*—"Nashville, *Tenn.*, *Feb.* 10. A private dispatch says Fort Donelson is safe, and can not be taken."

Simon says, *Up.*—"Nashville, *Feb.* 13. We have repulsed the enemy at every point, and driven off the gun-boats. We have whipped them by land and water."

Simon says, *Wiggle-waggle.*—"Fort Donelson, *Feb.* 13. In consideration of all the circumstances governing the present situation of affairs at this station, I propose to the commanding officer of the Federal forces the appointment of commissioners to argue upon terms of capitulation of the forces at this post under my command. In that view I suggest an armistice until 12 o'clock to-day."

Simon says, *Down.*—"The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms, to accept the *ungenerous* and *unchivalrous* terms which you propose."

The late storms which have prevailed hereabout, and caused such unprecedented delays on the different railroads, have given occasion to some good "sayings" on the part of the impatient but generally good-natured passengers. One of these, and not the worst, is the following, which is said to have occurred on the Hudson River Railroad, whose usual time of five hours from New York to Albany had, through the obstructions caused by the storm, been extended to nearly forty hours. A lady, accompanied by her son—a well-grown lad of about 12 or 14 years of age—was called upon by the conductor for her tickets, as they were approaching the terminus of the route, when she produced a full ticket for herself, and a half-ticket for the boy. Whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

Conductor. "Madam, is not that lad rather large to pass on a half-ticket?"

Lady. "He is large, I confess. I can see he has grown since we left New York."

The conductor passed. Those of the passengers who had the means smiled.

A Sure Cure for Hysterics.—Dr. March says the best cure for hysterics is to discharge the servant-girl. In his opinion, there is nothing like flying "around" to keep the nervous system from becoming unstrung. Some women think they want a physician, he says, when they only need a scrubbing-brush.

Marriage Portions.—At the wedding of the Count d'Artois the city of Paris agreed to distribute marriage portions. A smart girl of sixteen, named Louise Noisin, having presented herself to inscribe her name on the list, was asked who was her lover. "Oh," said she, with great simplicity, "I have no lover; I thought the city was to furnish every thing!" The answer created great mirth, and a husband was soon found for her.

Mrs. Partington wants to know if the Pope sent any of his bulls to the cattle-show?

In a lesson in parsing, the sentence, "Man courting in capacity of bliss," etc., the word *courting* comes to a young miss of fourteen to parse. She commenced hesitatingly, but got along well enough until she was to tell what it agreed with. Here she stopped short. But as the teacher said, "Very well, what does courting agree with?" Ellen blushed, and held down her head. "Ellen, don't you know what courting agrees with?" "Ye-ye-yes, Sir." "Well, Ellen, why don't you parse that word? What does it agree with?" Blushing still more, and stammering, Ellen at last says, "It—agrees with all the girls, Sir."

"How," said a county-court judge to a witness, "do you know the plaintiff was intoxicated on the evening referred to?" "Because I saw him, a few minutes after supper, trying to pull off his trowsers with a bootjack." Verdict for the defendant.

A Welsh editor says, "If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our career, let him send us a new hat and say nothing about it."

"I have millions of money," said a dashing gent to a girl about to run away with him, "but you might as well scrape up all the jewels and spare change you have got."

"Are you not alarmed at the approach of the King of Terrors?" said a clergyman to an invalid. "Oh no!" was the reply; "I have been living six-and-thirty years with the Queen of Terrors: the King can not be much worse!"

"I know well enough," said a youngster, "where fresh fish come from; but where these salt ones are catched, I'll be hanged if I can tell."

A gentleman lately heard a laborer gravely inform two comrades that a 74-pounder is a cannon that sends a pound ball exactly seventy-four miles.

Almost every young lady is public-spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a court-house.

Wordsworth cautions a studious friend against "growing double," but the girls think it is the best thing a nice young man can do.

"Jim, does your mother ever whip you?" "No; but she does a precious sight worse, though." "What is that?" "Why she washes me every morning."

At a wedding the other day, one of the guests, who is often a little absent, observed, gravely, "I have remarked that there have been more women than men married this year."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, February 18, in the Senate, resolutions of the Wisconsin Legislature in favor of furnishing relief to the famine-stricken people of Ireland were presented and referred. The House joint resolution, directing the illumination of the public buildings on Saturday evening, Washington's birthday, in honor of the recent victories, was adopted. The case of Senator Starke, the new member from Oregon, whose loyalty is in question, was then taken up, and a long debate ensued, but, without taking action on the subject, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Treasury Note bill, with the Senate's amendments and some modifications, was reported back by the Ways and Means Committee, and made the special order for Wednesday, at 1 o'clock. The Senate's joint resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Commodore Dupont, and the officers and men under his command, for the decisive victory at Port Royal in November last, and the Senate's resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to the Army and Navy for the series of brilliant victories over the enemy, were both adopted. The Senate's amendment to the Fortification Appropriation bill was concurred in. A joint resolution directing that the public buildings be illuminated on Saturday evening, the anniversary of Washington's birthday, in honor of the recent victories, was unanimously adopted. A resolution, that, as a mark of respect for the memory of the killed, and sympathy for the wounded in the recent battles, and as a testimonial of admiration for the undaunted courage of the soldiers, sailors, and marines engaged, the House do now adjourn, was unanimously adopted, and the House accordingly adjourned.

On Wednesday, February 19, in the Senate, the bill increasing the number of naval cadets, and the resolution of thanks to Captain Wilkes, were indefinitely postponed. A joint resolution, authorizing the Secretary of War to confer the brevet rank of Lieutenant-General for eminent services, was introduced. A joint resolution, authorizing the President to present prizes and medals to enlisted soldiers, marines, and sailors who may have distinguished themselves in the war, was adopted. A petition from citizens of New York was presented, asking that the name of South Carolina be expunged from the list of States, and the territory divided between North Carolina and Georgia.——In the House, Mr. Hickman offered a preamble and resolution, the first embodying a paragraph from a Baltimore paper, which stated in effect that, upon searching the office of a journal called the *South*, in that city, letters were found impugning the loyalty of Senators Bayard and Saulsbury, of Delaware, and Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio; and the second directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the truth of the allegations against Mr. Vallandigham, with power to send for persons and papers, and to make report thereon. Mr. Vallandigham vehemently denied the accusations, asserting that he had not written a syllable to any person south of Mason and Dixon's line since the outbreak of the rebellion. He furthermore stoutly proclaimed his undying loyalty to the Union and the flag of the republic. The discussion which ensued was quite lively. Finally, Mr. Hickman, taking into consideration the fresh protestations of loyalty on the part of Mr. Vallandigham, withdrew the resolution. The House in committee discussed the Treasury Note bill, and considered the Senate's amendments, and reported progress. Pending the question on concurring with the Senate, the House adjourned.

On Thursday, February 20, in the Senate, resolutions in favor of the expulsion of Senator Powell, of Kentucky, who is charged with disloyalty, were referred to the Judiciary Committee. The bill providing for the establishment of a National Armory at Rock Island was discussed, and the Army Appropriation bill passed. The Treasury Note bill was received from the House, and a Committee of Conference appointed on the amendments disagreed to.——In the House, the Treasury Note bill was taken up. Several of the Senate's amendments were rejected, and the bill is now in the hands of a joint committee of conference.

On Friday, February 21, both Houses of Congress adjourned after very short sessions, out of respect to President Lincoln and his family, in their recent affliction. The Homestead bill was briefly considered in the House, and Speaker Grow made a speech in favor of its passage. No further action was taken upon it.

On Saturday, February 22, in the Senate, a little routine business was done, when a message was received from the House that the ceremonies incident to the day were about to commence, and the members proceeded in a body to the Hall of Representatives.——In the House, the galleries set apart for the public were densely crowded. Many persons were unable even to gain admission to the Capitol. After the House was organized, Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, in consideration of the fact that the presentation of flags was not contemplated in the joint resolution providing for the celebration, moved that the ceremony be omitted. This gave rise to a long debate as to the propriety of the proposed presentation, which ended in the adoption of Mr. Crittenden's motion, 70 to 61. At this juncture the members of the Senate, headed by the Vice-President, entered, with the heads of Departments, the Judges of the Supreme Court, and the representatives of foreign Governments—officers of the Army and Navy, including General M'Clellan, coming last. The ceremonies then commenced with a prayer by Rev. Mr. Stockton, after which Colonel Forney read the Farewell Address, which was listened to with profound attention. The House then adjourned.

On Monday, February 24, in the Senate, Senator Wilmot urged speedy action on the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia. The joint resolution respecting compensating railroad companies that have received grants of land for the transportation of troops was taken up.——In the House, Mr. Roscoe L. Conkling, of New York, offered a resolution declaring the thanks of Congress due to Major-Generals Halleck and Grant for "planning" the recent movements of their respective divisions. Messrs. Cox, of Ohio, and Washburne and Kellogg, of Illinois, objected to assaulting the reputation of General M'Clellan, and the resolution was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs. The Post-office Appropriation bill was passed. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriation bill, and Mr. Shellabarger made a speech on the subject of emancipating slaves.

THE FALL OF NASHVILLE.

We are in possession of positive intelligence that Nashville is in our hands. A dispatch from Cairo states that General Buell occupies that city; and if this statement requires any confirmation, we have it in the fact that the Richmond *Enquirer*, in an extra published on Saturday evening, publishes telegrams from Augusta and Savannah announcing the evacuation of Nashville. Colonel Lee, who has just been released from durance at Richmond, also states that he was confidentially informed by an official of the rebel government that Nashville had fallen into the hands of the Union army.

THE SURRENDER OF CLARKSVILLE.

The details of the surrender of Clarksville, Tennessee, by the rebels, are furnished in the official dispatches of Commodore Foote to the Navy Department. It appears that on the approach of our forces two-thirds of the citizens fled in alarm. At the request of the Mayor of the city, and the Hon. Cave Johnson, formerly Postmaster-General of the United States, Commodore Foote issued a proclamation assuring all peaceable citizens that they may pursue their avocations without interruption. Commodore Foote represents that a strong Union sentiment prevails at all the points on the river which he has touched upon. The rebel armed forces retreated from Clarksville to Nashville, and destroyed the fine railroad bridge across the Cumberland River, against the remonstrances of the citizens, whose devotion to the Union is thus more strongly verified. An iron rolling mill, belonging to the Hon. John Bell, was totally destroyed by one of our gun-boats. Commodore Foote announces his intention of proceeding further up the Cumberland River with his gun-boats and six or eight mortar boats.

FALL OF RUSSELLVILLE AND CUMBERLAND GAP.

Dispatches from Louisville announce that Cumberland Gap and Russellville are in possession of our troops. At the former point the rebels at one time hoped to make a formidable stand, but the accumulation of our victories have demolished their expectations in that respect.

BURNSIDE'S OPERATIONS.

The Richmond *Dispatch* of Saturday publishes intelligence of the Burnside and Goldsborough expedition, from Suffolk, Virginia, and Norfolk, to the effect that our gun-boats had ascended the Chowan River, on the 20th ult., as far as Winton, North Carolina, landed the troops there, and reduced the town to ashes.

OUR PROGRESS IN MISSOURI.

General Curtis has driven the flying rebel army from Springfield clear into Arkansas, sixty-five miles south of Springfield, and on Sunday night the Stars and Stripes were fluttering over the soil of Arkansas. General Halleck telegraphed to Washington on 18th that Brigadier-General Price, brother of the rebel chief, and several officers of his staff, were captured.

General Price, whose career has been like that of a fox before the hounds, was again overtaken across the Arkansas border by our troops on 19th, at Sugar Creek, where he made a feeble stand, in combination with Ben M'Culloch's command, and was again put to flight. Several of his men and a large quantity of their arms—thrown away in the confusion—were captured by our troops. General Halleck telegraphs that General Curtis had also taken possession of Bentonville, Arkansas.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN ACROSS THE RIVER.

General M'Clellan rode across the river on 20th, for the first time in a long interval, visiting the head-quarters of the different commanders of divisions and brigades. The camps are represented to be in splendid order, both as regards health and discipline. All that the men now require is a fair chance to relieve the quietude of camp life by the activity of the battle-field.

MEETING OF THE REBEL CONGRESS.

The "permanent" rebel Congress was inaugurated at Richmond on the 18th ult. Vice-President Stephens formally opened the session of the Senate. R. M. T. Hunter was elected President *pro tem.* of that body. In the House, Thomas S. Bocock was elected Speaker. In his speech on entering on the duties of his office he said: "The gaze of the world is fixed upon us. Nations look on, curious to see how this new system of government will move off, and what manner of men have been chosen to guide its earliest movements." In excusing the acts of himself and co-rebels Mr. Bocock alludes to the Federal Government in the following terms: "When ambition and interest seized upon it and destroyed its integrity they were not allowed to appropriate the rule altogether to themselves. Fanaticism came forward and demanded to be received as a participant of power with them, and it claimed not in vain. Beneath the sway of this unholy triumvirate justice was forgotten, intolerance was established, private morals were ruined, and public virtue perished. All feeling of constitutional restraint passed away, and all sense of the obligation of an oath was forever lost. The whole machinery of government degenerated into the absolute rule of a corrupt numerical majority. Already the weaker section was marked out for destruction by the stronger, and then came disruption and overthrow. Since then tyranny the most absolute, and perjury the most vile, have destroyed the last vestige of soundness in the whole system."

DAVIS'S INAUGURATION.

The inauguration of Mr. Davis was not attended with any enthusiasm whatever, according to statements of parties who witnessed it, nor is the installment to office of the "permanent" government received with much favor, if we can judge from such language as the following, from the Richmond *Whig* of the 21st, the day before the ceremony took place. That journal says: "Judging by results so far, it (the government) is the most lamentable failure in history, and suggests to the reflecting mind that the most signal service which that government can now render to the country is the surrender of the helm to abler and better hands. In view of the past, the present, and probable future, the pageant of to-morrow is a bitter mockery and a miserable compensation for the ruin of a free people. A child with a bauble, an old man with a young wife, are partial illustrations of the deplorable folly."

MORE BRIDGES BROKEN IN ALABAMA.

Dispatches from St. Louis inform us that a most important point has been gained by the destruction of the railroad bridges at Decatur, Alabama, and at Bridgeport, seventy miles below, by the Unionists in Northern Alabama, emboldened, no doubt, by the appearance of the Union gun-boats under Lieutenant Phelps, who recently proceeded as far as Florence, Alabama.

REBEL PRISONERS IN INDIANA.

The papers announce the arrival at Indianapolis of 5000 of the rebel prisoners from Fort Donelson. They present a miserable appearance, being dressed in multi-colored rags, and using pieces of carpet for blankets. They state that they have been wretchedly fed and cared for during the last six months, and say that the rebellion is pretty well used up, as far as they can judge. The captive officers do not wear any uniform, and in appearance, it is said, do not seem much superior in social position to the mass of the privates.

THE BRIDGE-BURNERS NOT TO BE HUNG.

General Halleck has issued an order remitting the sentence of death upon the bridge-burners to imprisonment in the military prison at Altona, in consideration of the victories recently won and the increasing demonstrations of loyalty among the citizens of Missouri; but he declares that if the rebel spies shall again attempt to destroy the railroads the original sentences shall be carried out.

GENERAL SCOTT TO GO TO MEXICO.

On Saturday General Scott was nominated to the Senate as Minister Extraordinary to Mexico, with functions such as he exercised in the pacification of the Northwestern Boundary question. A project of a treaty, substantially assuming the Mexican debt due to England, France, and Spain, the interest on which amounts to three millions a year, was also sent to the Senate. The treaty guarantees our payment of it for five years.

A LETTER FROM SECRETARY STANTON.

The following letter is published in the New York *Tribune:*

"Sir,—I can not suffer undue merit to be ascribed to my official action. The glory of our recent victories belongs to the gallant officers and soldiers that fought the battles. No share of it belongs to me.

"Much has recently been said of military combinations and organizing victory. I hear such phrases with apprehension. They commenced in infidel France with the Italian campaign, and resulted in Waterloo. Who can organize victory? Who can combine the elements of success on the battle-field? We owe our recent victories to the Spirit of the Lord, that moved our soldiers to rush into battle, and filled the hearts of our enemies with terror and dismay. The inspiration that conquered in battle was in the hearts of the soldiers and from on high; and wherever there is the same inspiration there will be the same results. Patriotic spirit, with resolute courage in officers and men, is a military combination that never failed.

"We may well rejoice at the recent victories, for they teach us that battles are to be won now and by us in the same and only manner that they were ever won by any people, or in any age, since the days of Joshua, by boldly pursuing and striking the foe. What, under the blessing of Providence, I conceive to be the true organization of victory and military combination to end this war, was declared in a few words by General Grant's message to General Buckner—'*I propose to move immediately on your works!*' Yours truly, Edwin M. Stanton."

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT'S SON.

The President's son, William, ten years of age, was relieved of his painful illness, after a delirium of 90 hours, by death, at five o'clock on 20th ult. Mr. Lincoln feels his loss very deeply.

THE BRITISH SMUGGLERS SENT SOUTH.

The British Consul at Charleston has had the assurance to send the crew of the British steamer *Fingal*, which ran the blockade, to Fortress Monroe, in order that they might come North. General Wool very properly sent them back the way they came.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

The British Parliament met in session on the 6th of February. The Queen's speech was read by royal commission, her Majesty being absent in consequence of the death of Prince Albert. The reference to the American question, in this State paper, must be considered as friendly. Ministers make the Queen say, "That question has been satisfactorily settled by the restoration of the passengers to British protection, and by the disavowal by the United States Government of the act of violence committed by their naval officer. The friendly relations between her Majesty and the President of the United States are therefore unimpaired." The Queen—or rather, her speech—also sets forth that the general condition of Great Britain is "sound," although "some branches of industry" have endured "pressure and privation."

THE STATE PAPERS ON RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES.

The Palmerston Cabinet have submitted to Parliament voluminous State papers on the subject of England's diplomatic course, down to December last, during the American war crisis. Judging from the portions of these documents now printed, we must arrive at the conclusion that the Government had all the time a salutary dread of being involved in war with the United States, in consequence of the commission of some act—underhand or overt—of active sympathy with the Southern rebels, and that the English ministers had determined to wheedle, to prevaricate, and even endeavor to intimidate, Mr. Lincoln from time to time, hoping that eventually the "fortune of arms" would be with the rebels, and then the Queen could and would recognize them. Indeed, Earl Russell used the above very remarkable words in a conversation which he had with Messrs. Yancey, Mann, and Rost on the subject.

MEXICO TO BE MADE A MONARCHY.

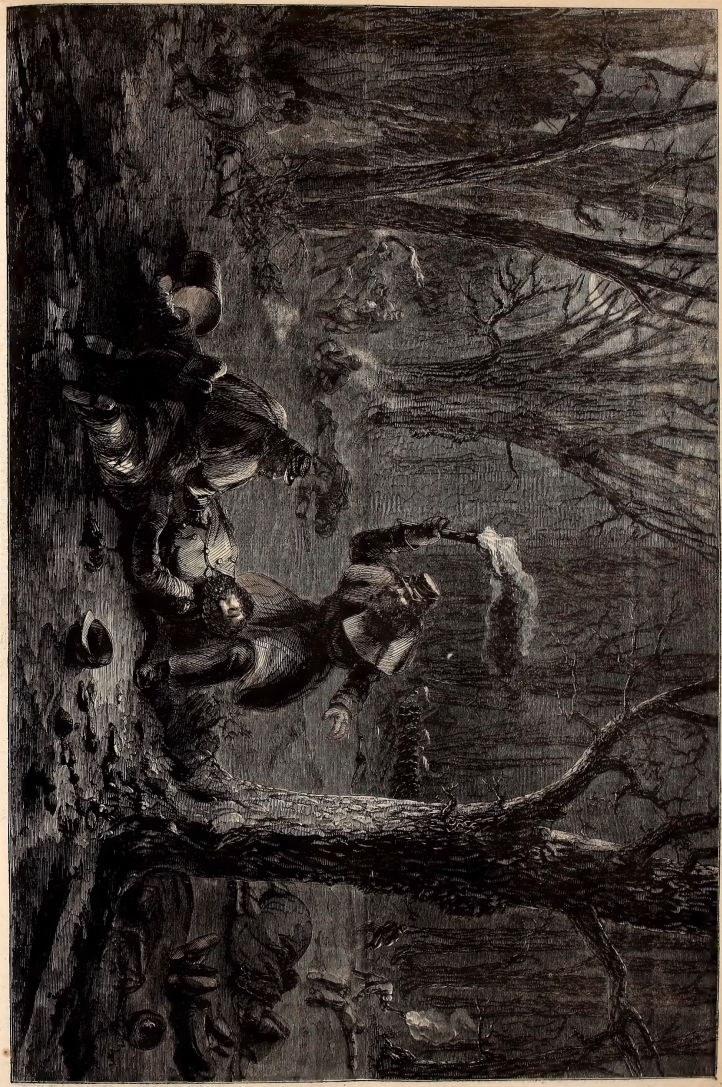
The news relative to the intentions of the allied European governments toward Mexico is very significant. The Archduke Maximilian, of Austria, having accepted the offer of a throne, it was immediately announced in London and Paris that the provisions of the first tripartite treaty—for the collection of debts—do not satisfy the attesting Powers, and the London *Post* proclaims that the armies of France and Spain, with the consent of England, are to immediately march into the city of Mexico, extinguish the republican executive in substance and form, and then present Mexico to the world as a "constitutional monarchy." England is to garrison Vera Cruz and guard the Gulf of Mexico in the mean time.

THE "TUSCARORA" AND THE "NASHVILLE."

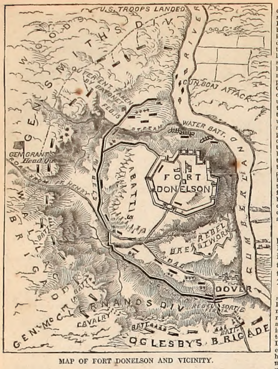
The *Tuscarora* left Cowes on the 6th ultimo, and held to the westward. The *Nashville* had forty hours' start of her. The crew of the *Nashville* made a great many declarations of their determination to resist capture by a Union vessel, even to the extent of blowing up their ship.



THE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT OVER SCHWARTZ'S BATTERY AT FORT DONELSON.—[SEE PAGE 150.]



SEEKING FOR THE WOUNDED, BY TORCH-LIGHT, AFTER THE BATTLE.



MAP OF FORT DONELSON AND VICINITY.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

We publish on page 148 a picture of the Fight over Schwartz's Battery (Union) on the last day of the siege of Fort Donelson. The contest began, as our readers will remember, on Thursday, 13th, and the fort was surrendered on Sunday morning, 16th. On Saturday the enemy made a successful sortie, and succeeded for a time in seizing one or two of our batteries. The event which our artist commemorates is thus described in the correspondence of the *World:*

THE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT.

Early in the morning a large rebel force, admitted to be twelve thousand strong by themselves, which had lain in the trenches all night, were ordered outside of the rifle-pits. The men, it appears, were uncertain whether it was a retreat, and resolved to fight with desperation.

The rebel force was, as nearly as can be ascertained, composed of

First Mississippi, Third Mississippi, Fourth Mississippi, Fourteenth Mississippi, and Twentieth Mississippi, under General Johnson.

Forty-first Tennessee, Forty-first Virginia, Fifteenth Arkansas, Second Texas, and an Alabama regiment, under General J. B. Floyd.

Forrest's Cavalry, 1200 strong.

They had posted their batteries inside of the breast-works, ready to open fire so soon as our troops advanced to meet them. At six o'clock a shot was sent over to the rebel ranks just leaving their lines. In a few minutes the whole column was in motion. Col. Oglesby, who held the position menaced by the enemy, got his troops in line as rapidly as possible, and had Schwartz's Battery of four pieces in readiness to receive them. The announcement had hardly been made that the enemy was upon us than they were fairly engaged with our troops. The position of our troops during the first assault may be expressed as follows:

OGLESBY'S BRIGADE.

Ninth, Eighth, and Thirtieth Illinois. † † † † Schwartz's Battery. Thirty-first Illinois.

ENEMY'S POSITION.

Fourteenth Mississippi.
Second Mississippi.
Twentieth Mississippi.
Third Mississippi
Fifty-first Virginia.
† † † † † † † † †
Batteries in Intrenchments.

In this order was the fight—which proved to be a very severe one—begun. Col. Oglesby, being hardly pressed, sent back for reinforcements. Col. W. H. L. Wallace was sent forward with his brigade, consisting of the Eleventh, Twentieth, Forty-eighth, and Forty-ninth Illinois regiments, who came up to find the Mississippi regiments heavily engaged with the Illinoisians of Col. Oglesby. After several desperate volleys our men were flanked by an overpowering force of the rebels, and were driven back, and for a few minutes overpowered. The timely arrival of Col. Wallace turned the day. One of his regiments was cut off from the rest by the cavalry force and a regiment of rebel infantry. They gallantly cut their way through, and drove the enemy back from the hill.

The firing was excessive and well sustained. The Eighth Illinois sustained the brunt of the charge, as did also the Fourteenth Mississippi. The men on both sides behaved with characteristic intrepidity. The Southerners, rash, impetuous, daring, and soon spent, fought bravely for a short time. The Western men, stubborn, resolute, daring, and full of fortitude, standing almost unmoved amidst the storm of buck and ball which poured from the rifles and muskets of the rebels, only breaking after they had seen their comrades falling by their sides.

A SECOND REPULSE OF THE REBELS.

By dint of rapid firing from the two batteries of Taylor and Schwartz, the enemy was driven back. The regiments of our line which had suffered so much were withdrawn. The enemy had by this time concentrated their broken troops for another attack. General M'Clernand had already prepared for the emergency. Anticipating that an attempt would be made to force a passage through, he ordered a brigade to the rear and extreme right to form behind the regiments then in front.

Possibly an hour had elapsed when the enemy returned in a dense mass to the attack. The battery of Captain Schwartz seemed to be the object of their attack. On they came pell-mell, with deafening volleys of fire. Our batteries, well-nigh exhausted of canister, poured shell into them with all possible dispatch. Ammunition caissons were sent back in haste to get a fresh supply of canister. The Ninth, Eighteenth, Thirtieth, and Forty-first were the next regiments to be brought up. The crest of the hill was contested with variable success for a full hour, when the enemy was finally driven back. The line of battle was so much confused that no connected account of the movements can be detailed. The utmost bravery was displayed on both sides until the struggle degenerated into a larger sort of skirmish, in which a great deal of powder and lead was expended without much effect. The rebels finally retired a third time.

Our men had by this time expended their quantum of ammunition (forty rounds). It was during this lull, and before our men could realize the fact that they had driven the enemy before them, that the fourth and last attempt was made to seize the battery. The horses being shot, the enemy succeeded in gaining possession of the battery of Captain Schwartz, and were on the point of turning them upon our troops, when Captain Willett's Chicago battery, which had just toiled up fresh from Fort Henry, arrived on the ground and poured in a perfect storm of canister just in time to save the day. The rebels fell back in disorder, pulling the guns of Schwartz with them down the hill, and gained entrance to the fort before our troops could overtake them. Our regiments followed them to the embankments, some of them climbing over, and were driven back for want of support.

We publish on this page a Plan of Fort Donelson. The following very good description of the fort is from the correspondent of the *Times:*

The first thing that strikes one upon entering Fort Donelson is its immense strength. Fort Henry was thought to be almost a Gibraltar, but its strength is weakness when compared to that of Donelson. Along Dover the Cumberland River runs nearly north. A half mile or so below it makes a short bend to the west for some hundred yards or so, and then turns again and pursues its natural course due north. Right in this bend, on the left bank of the river, and commanding it to the north, are two water batteries, side by side, and nearly down to the water's edge.

The main battery has nine guns, all looking straight down the river. The left-hand gun is a 10-inch Columbiad—the rest are 32-pounders. The other battery has three guns—the middle one a formidable rifled 64-pound Columbiad—the others 64-pound howitzers. All these guns are protected by breast-works of immense thickness, the tops of which are composed of coffee-sacks filled with earth. Back of these batteries the shore rises with a pretty steep ascent till it forms a hill, whose top is nearly or quite 100 feet above the water. On the top of this hill is Fort Donelson—an irregular work, which incloses about 100 acres. The only guns in the fort are four light siege guns, a 12-pound howitzer, two 24-pound guns, and one 64-pound howitzer. West of the fort, in the direction of the place occupied by General Grant, and south towards General M'Clernand's position, the country is a succession of hills. For several hundred yards around the fort the timber has all been cut down so as to afford a fair sweep for the Confederate guns. Surrounding the whole fort and town, and distant from the former about a mile, is a trench for riflemen, which runs completely around from the river bank above Dover almost to a point near the river some distance below the water batteries. Directly west of the fort, and within the rifle-pit, are formidable abattis, which would render an advance from that direction almost an impossibility.

THE EXECUTION OF GORDON, THE SLAVE-TRADER.

Not the least important among the changes which are taking place in the current of national policy and public opinion is evidenced by the fact that on Friday, 21st February, in this city, Nathaniel Gordon was hung for being engaged in the slave-trade. For forty years the slave-trade has been pronounced piracy by law, and to engage in it has been a capital offense. But the sympathy of the Government and its officials has been so often on the side of the criminal, and it seemed so absurd to hang a man for doing at sea that which, in half the Union, is done daily without censure on land, that no one has ever been punished under the Act. The Administration of Mr. Lincoln has turned over a new leaf in this respect. Henceforth the slave-trade will be abandoned to the British and their friends. The hanging of Gordon is an event in the history of our country.

He was probably the most successful and one of the worst of the individuals engaged in the trade. A native of Maine, he had engaged in the business many years since, and had always eluded justice. The particular voyage which proved fatal to him was undertaken in 1860. The following summary of the case we take from the *Times:*

It was in evidence (given by Lieutenant Henry D. Todd, U.S.N.) that the ship *Erie* was first discovered by the United States steamer *Mohican*, on the morning of the 8th day of August, 1860; that she was then about fifty miles outside of the River Congo, on the West Coast of Africa, standing to the northward, with all sail set; that she was flying the American flag, and that a gun from the *Mohican* brought her to.

It was shown by Lieutenant Todd that he went on board himself about noon, and took command of the prize. He found on board of the *Erie*, which our readers will remember was but 500 tons burden, eight hundred and ninety-seven (897) negroes, men, women, and children, ranging from the age of six months to forty years. They were half children, one-fourth men, and one-fourth women, and so crowded when on the main deck that one could scarcely put his foot down without stepping on them. The stench from the hold was fearful, and the filth and dirt upon their persons indescribably offensive.

At first he of course knew nothing about them, and until Gordon showed him, he was unable to stow them or feed them—finally he learned how, but they were stowed so closely that during the entire voyage they appeared to be in great agony. The details are sickening, but as fair exponents of the result of this close stowing, we will but mention that running sores and cutaneous diseases of the most painful as well as contagious character infected the entire load. Decency was unthought of; privacy was simply impossible—nastiness and wretchedness reigned supreme. From such a state of affairs we are not surprised to learn that, during the passage of fifteen days, twenty-nine of the sufferers died, and were thrown overboard.

It was proved by one of the seamen that he, with others, shipped on the *Erie*, believing her to be bound upon a legitimate voyage, and that, when at sea they suspected, from the nature of the cargo, that all was not right, which suspicion they mentioned to the Captain (Gordon), who satisfied them by saying that he was on a lawful voyage, that they had shipped as sailors, and would do better to return to their duties than to talk to him.

Subsequently they were told that they had shipped on a slaver, and that for every negro safely landed they should receive a dollar.

The negroes were taken on board the ship on the 7th day of August, 1860, and the entire operation of launching and unloading nearly nine hundred negroes, occupied but three quarters of an hour, or less time than a sensible man would require for his dinner. As the poor creatures came over the side Gordon would take them by the arm, and shove them here or there, as the case might be, and if by chance their persons were covered from entire exposure by a strip of rag, he would, with his knife, cut it off, fling it overboard, and send the wretch naked with his fellows.

Several of the crew testified, all agreeing that Gordon acted as Captain; that he engaged them; that he ordered them; that he promised them the $1 *per capita;* that he superintended the bringing on board the negroes; and that he was, in fact, the master-spirit of the entire enterprise.

For this crime Gordon was arrested, tried, and, mainly through the energy of District-Attorney Smith, convicted, and sentenced to death. Immense exertions were made by his friends and the slave-trading interest to procure a pardon, or at least a commutation of his sentence, from President Lincoln, but without avail. He was sentenced to die on 21st. We abridge the following account of his last hours and execution [which we illustrate on page 157] from the *Herald* and *Times:*

THE ATTEMPT TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

Nothing worthy of note occurred until about three o'clock A.M. on Friday morning, when the keepers were alarmed by the prisoner being suddenly seized with convulsions. At first it was supposed that he was trying to strangle himself; but on a close examination it was evident that he was suffering from the effects of poison. Dr. Simmons, the prison physician, was immediately sent for, and stimulants were freely administered for the purpose of producing a reaction. For the first half hour or so the efforts of the physician appeared to have but little effect. The patient became quite rigid under the influence of the poison, his pulse could scarcely be felt, and it was thought that after all the gallows would be cheated of its victim. Drs. James R. Wood and Hodgman, who were also in attendance upon the prisoner, labored hard to resuscitate the dying man, and finally, by means of the stomach-pump and the use of brandy, the patient was sufficiently recovered to be able to articulate. It was not until eight o'clock, however, that the physicians had any hope of saving Gordon's life. From that hour, however, the prisoner gradually recovered, although he was subject to fainting fits for hours afterward. When sensible he begged of the doctors to let him alone, preferring, he said, to die by his own hand rather than suffer the ignominy of a public execution.

It has not been satisfactorily ascertained how or in what manner the unfortunate man procured the poison with which he contemplated self-destruction. The symptoms were evidently those of strychnine, and the only way in which the keepers can account for the presence of the poison is its introduction in the cigars which Gordon had smoked so freely the night before. On Thursday the prisoner was compelled to undergo a rigid search, his clothing was changed entirely, and he was placed in a new cell, so that it would seem impossible almost for him to have procured the poison in any other way than that suggested by his keepers.

A few minutes after eleven o'clock, when it was apparent to Gordon that the execution would certainly take place, notwithstanding his attempt at suicide, he sent for Marshal Murray, and said he had something of a private nature to communicate. The Marshal repaired to the bedside of the culprit and asked if any thing could be done to alleviate his sufferings. Gordon raised himself slowly from his cot, and with much difficulty, said: "Cut a lock of hair from my head and give it to my wife." Then taking a ring from his finger, he requested that that also should be sent to his wife in remembrance of her husband. The request was cheerfully complied with, and the official, quite overcome with emotion, left the unhappy man to his fate.

THE EXECUTION.

At 12 o'clock, Marshal Murray notified Gordon, through Mr. Draper, that the hour had arrived. At this he expressed great surprise, and said he thought he had two hours more in which to live. The clergyman entered the cell and prayed with him, or rather for him. Deputy Marshal Borst aided him in dressing and gave him a large drink of clear whisky, when his arms were tied, the black cap was put carelessly on one side of his head, and he was carried on the deputy's shoulders to a chair in the corridor. The sight was simply shocking.

The man was not sober—that is, so powerful had been the effect of the poison that, in order to keep him alive till the necessary moment, they had been obliged to give him whisky enough to make an ordinary man drunk three times over. He sat lollingly in the chair, gazing listlessly around, while the Marshal, with unaffected emotion, read the former reprieve to him. That done, he was helped to his feet, and held there while the Marshal read to him the death-warrant.

After this he looked around with a senseless smile, asked for some more whisky, which was kindly given him. The procession was then formed, Gordon stalking with a bravadoish air, upheld by the Marshals, toward the scaffold.

To a casual spectator it would appear that, exhausted by mental or physical suffering, Gordon was making a great effort to walk manfully to his fate. As it was, however, he had just sense enough left to endeavor to follow out the suggestion of the well-meaning deputy, who told him to die like a man, and to walk to the rope, so that no one could accuse him of fear. When he reached the scaffold, he said, "Well, a man can't die but once; I'm not afraid." The cap was drawn over the whitened, meaningless features, the noose-knot was carefully adjusted under his ear, and he stood, an unthinking, careless, besotted wretch waiting for he knew not what, when with a jerk he went high in air, and fell to the length of the rope, still senseless, still unfeeling, still regardless of pain or pleasure.

The body swayed hither and thither for a few moments, and all was quiet. No twitchings, no convulsions, no throes, no agonies. His legs opened once, but closed again, and he hung a lump of dishonored clay.

THE BATTLE OF MILL SPRING.

We publish herewith a plan of the Battle of Mill Spring, Kentucky, fought on 19th January, and won by Generals Thomas and Schoepff. The following interesting letter explains the plan:

Head-quarters Tenth Regiment Indiana Foot Volunteers, Mill Spring, *Feb.* 7, 1862.

Dear Sir,—We left Lebanon on the 31st day of December, and marched to Campbellsville; from there we made a forced march to Greensburg, twelve miles, in less than four hours, and returned the next day in about the same time. The expedition turned out to be a goose chase. On or about the 7th we started for Columbia, where we arrived in two days. After resting three or four days we struck tents and started for Zollicoffer's intrenchments. After some six or eight days' hard traveling we arrived at Logan's Cross Roads, where the fun commenced. Friday afternoon we sent out as pickets Company A, Captain Hamilton; at night Company E, Captain Carroll, and Company G, Captain Hogiland. About twelve o'clock that night the enemy's pickets and Company E met and exchanged shots; the regiment was in less than five minutes in line of battle, but as the enemy retreated we retired to bed again. The next morning Company C, Captain Boyl, and Company D, Captain Joseph F. Taylor, were sent out to relieve Companies E and G. During Saturday nothing of importance occurred. At night Company I, Captain Perkins, and Company K, Captain Shortle, relieved Companies C and D. During the night, which was very stormy, every thing was quiet. At six o'clock Sunday morning Captain Perkins came in and reported every thing quiet. Hardly had he got away from the tent when one of Wolford's cavalry rode up and said our pickets were firing. The long roll was instantly beat, and the boys started at double-quick: the regiment took the position marked (2), which they held until the enemy had completely outflanked us. We fought over 3000 for over half an hour. We then retreated to (3). In the mean time the Fourth Kentucky came up. We then pushed forward to (4), with the Fourth Kentucky at our right (8). We fought here for nearly an hour, when finding the enemy's cavalry trying a flanking movement on us, we moved, by General Thomas's orders, to (5), where we fought desperately at least an hour. At this time Colonel Manson saw that the enemy were again trying a flank movement to our right; ordered that M'Cook should bring his men to our relief. The Second Minnesota (9) moved forward and took position at (10), from thence forward to (11), driving the left flank of the enemy in. The Ninth Ohio (12) came up and drove the right flank in. Our regiment then went forward to (6), when Colonel Kise ordered "Charge bayonets!" which was done with a will, and every thing went before us. Our next position was at (7); it was here that the old Tenth did the best execution with the guns they



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF MILL SPRING, KENTUCKY, FOUGHT JANUARY 19, 1862.

received while in your town. At the little house you see marked at the left of (7) Company E, Captain Carroll, killed twenty-one men. We fairly mowed them down in that open field. The Ninth Ohio (13) was carrying on the same kind of business on the other side of the road. The order was again given to charge bayonets, which was done by the Tenth Indiana and Ninth Ohio in splendid style. Secesh was now completely played out, and they all struck for their den. The double-quick we practiced so much at Bardstown was no comparison to theirs; in that respect they are much better drilled than we. We followed them, occasionally giving them a shell to hurry them up a little. At about 4 o'clock we arrived within shelling distance of their intrenchments, and commenced giving them a few; but night coming on we decided to rest. We had started off in the morning before breakfast, and had eaten nothing all day. We received a few *crackers*, and the boys laid themselves down on the damp ground (it having rained all day). In the morning Whitmore's battery was ordered up to shell a steamboat which we saw crossing the river. We shot with two Parrot guns a distance of about two miles. We however had shot but a few times when we noticed the steamer on fire. Our regiment, together with the Tenth Kentucky, Fourteenth Ohio, and Fourth Kentucky (Manson's Brigade), were then ordered by General Thomas to take possession of the intrenchments. The Tenth Kentucky, Colonel Harlan, was the first to enter, the Fourteenth Ohio next, and then came ours. We found every thing left. Horses stood saddled and bridled; teams were hitched up; the horses were standing attached to the cannons; officers' trunks were found strewn on the bank of the river. We took about 2000 head of horses and mules, 250 wagons, 14 cannon, two of which were captured by them at Bull Run, some 4000 or 5000 stand of arms, and any number of flags. Company E, Captain Carroll, captured three silk flags; Company H, Captain Marsh B. Taylor, one silk flag. You have seen it reported in the papers that Colonel Fry and Zollicoffer had some conversation, and that Fry shot Z. This is a great hoax. Zollicoffer was shot three times; the ball that killed him was from an *Enfield rifle*, and entered his heart. The shot was fired by Corporal James Swan, of Company H, who is a dead shot, and the same person who shot the man one night in the shoulder while in your town. I am, Judge, very proud to be in the Tenth Regiment, and also very proud of the officers. They are all very brave. Colonel Kise and Major Miller can't be beat any where. Colonel Manson was the hero of the day, and managed every thing in splendid style. We lost but one officer, Lieutenant M'Adams, who was shot in the forehead and killed instantly. Lieutenant Johnson was wounded in the left arm slightly. Some of the men were wounded, and after having their wounds bound up went into the field again. At one time we were so close to the enemy that we bayoneted them through the fence. The Mississippians were armed with immense knives, which they intended using on us, but our bayonets outreached their knives.

MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT.

WE publish on page 145 a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT, the hero of Fort Donelson. The following sketch of his life we take from the *Herald:*

Major-General Ulysses S. Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Clairmont County, Ohio, April 27, 1822, and entered West Point Military Academy from Ohio in 1839, where he graduated with honors in 1843, and was attached as brevet Second Lieutenant to the Fourth Infantry. He was promoted Second Lieutenant at Corpus Christi, in September, 1845, and served as such through Mexico, under General Taylor, at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey, and under General Scott from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, and was twice promoted for his bravery. He was regimental Quarter-master from April 1, 1847; and when he resigned the service, on the 31st of July, 1854, he was a full captain in the Fourth Infantry of regulars. After his resignation he settled in St. Louis County, Missouri, and moved from there to Galena, Illinois, in 1860. Upon the breaking out of the present war he offered his services to Governor Yates, and was appointed Colonel of the 21st Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, and served with his regiment until promoted a Brigadier-General, with commission and rank from the 17th of May, 1861. He was engaged as Colonel and acting Brigadier-General in several of the contests in Southeastern Missouri; and his course as commander of the southeast district of Missouri has been thoroughly scrutinized, and among his most praiseworthy acts was the occupation of Paducah, and stoppage of communication and supplies to the rebels via the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. The manner in which he conducted the battle of Belmont is still fresh in our readers' minds. The rest of his course as commander there is too well known to be repeated here, and certain it is that this action in every instance has been applauded both by his superior officers and the people. After the capture of Fort Henry a new district was created, under the denomination of the District of West Tennessee, and General Grant was assigned by General Halleck to the command of it.

General Grant's performance at Fort Henry, and especially his correspondence with the rebel General Buckner, are fresh in our readers' memories. He was at once appointed a Major-General by the President, and was unanimously confirmed by Congress.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GARFIELD.

On page 157 we publish a portrait of BRIGADIER-GENERAL GARFIELD, who defeated and scattered Humphrey Marshall's rebel army shortly after New-Year. General Garfield's exploit is thus described in his own official orders:

PAINTVILLE, *Jan.* 8, 1862.

Captain J. B. Fry, Assistant Adjutant-General;

I entered this place yesterday, with the Forty-second Ohio regiment, Fourteenth Kentucky regiment, and three hundred of the Second Virginia cavalry. On hearing of my approach the main rebel force left their strongly intrenched camp and fled. I sent my cavalry to the mouth of Jennis Creek, where they attacked and drove the rebel cavalry, which had been left as a van-guard, a distance of five miles, killing three and wounding a considerable number. Marshall's whole army is now flying in utter confusion. He had abandoned and burned a large quantity of stores. We have taken fifteen prisoners. Our loss was two killed and one wounded. I start in pursuit to-morrow morning.

J. A. GARFIELD, commanding Brigade.

BRIGADE, PRESTONBURG, KY., *Jan.* 11, 1862.

Captain J. B. Fry, Assistant Adjutant-General:

I left Paintville on Thursday noon with 1100 men, and drove in the enemy's pickets two miles below Prestonburg. The men slept on their arms. At four o'clock yesterday morning we moved toward the main body of the enemy, at the forks of Middle Creek, under the command of Marshall. Skirmishing with his outposts began at eight o'clock, and at one o'clock P.M. we engaged his force of 2500, with three cannon posted on the hill. We fought them until dark, having been reinforced by about 700 men from Paintville, and drove the enemy from all his positions. He carried off the majority of his dead and all his wounded. This morning we found twenty-seven of his dead on the field. His killed can not be less than sixty. We have taken twenty-five prisoners, ten horses, and a quantity of stores. The enemy burned most of his stores, and fled precipitately in the night. To-day I have crossed the river, and am now occupying Prestonburg. Our loss is two killed and twenty-five wounded.

J. A. GARFIELD, Colonel commanding Brigade.

All is quiet down the road.

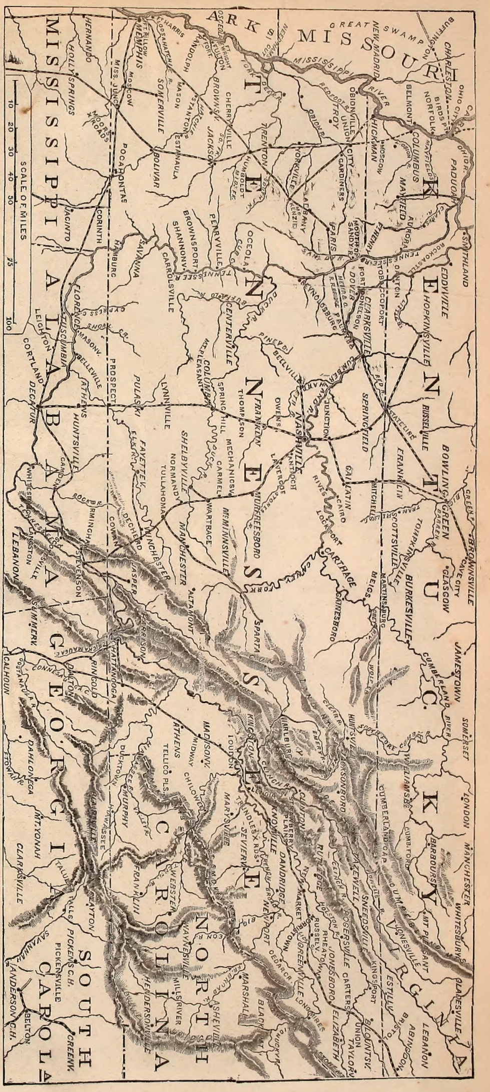
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY AT WASHINGTON.

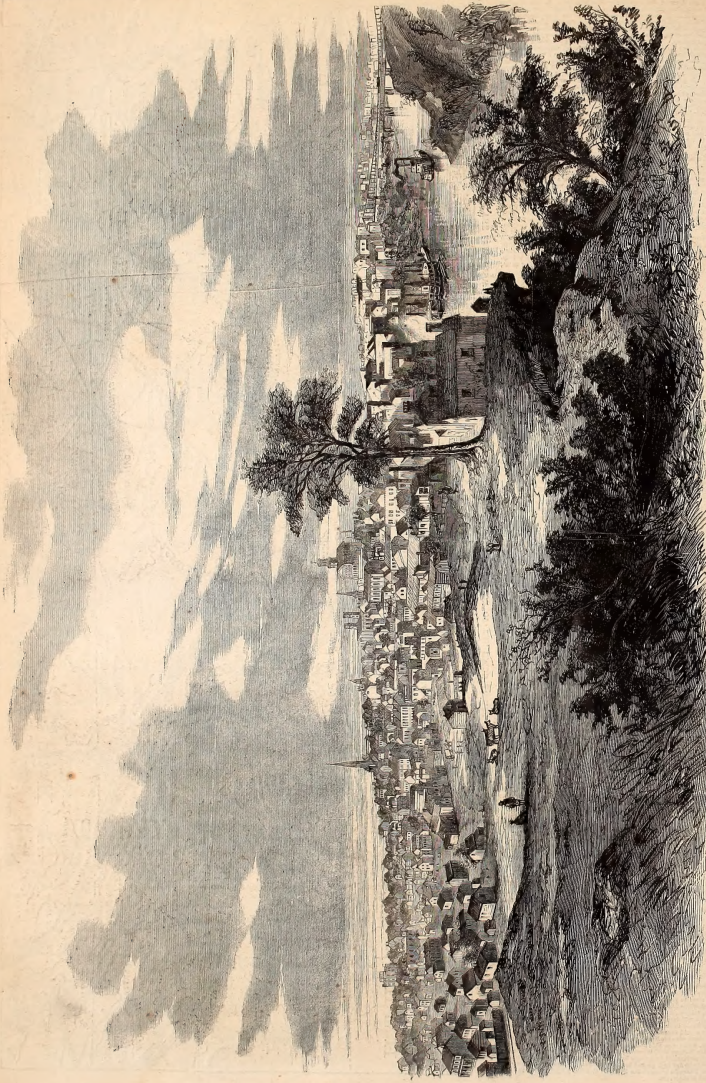
WE illustrate on page 156 the REBEL FLAGS in the old House of Representatives at Washington, on the occasion of the celebration of Washington's Birthday. The Senate had adjourned, and Senators had taken seats in the House, and at one o'clock the Heads of Departments, Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, Foreign Ministers, and the principal Officers of the Army and Navy in full uniform, appeared at the door, and were admitted to the floor of the House. The galleries were densely crowded with well-dressed ladies and men. The ceremonies began with a prayer by Chaplain Stockton, and the Clerk then read Washington's Farewell Address in a clear, loud voice.

The day was celebrated with éclat in all the large cities of the North. The correspondent of the *Evening Post* gives the following account of the gathering in the Hall of Representatives:

Mr. Seward was there, impassible as ever, with a sandy and tough face, on which the sharp contests of a long life of New York a-d national politics would seem to have made no impression. Beside him was the Attorney-General, whose office in these times is somewhat lessened in the light of the maxim, "*leges silent inter arma.*" Mr. Blair, with his tall lithe figure, sharp eye, and intelligent face, sat next Mr. Caleb Smith, whose very countenance would indicate that the toils of the Interior Department are alleviated by a good digestion and a mind at ease. The new Secretary of War was present, with his broad, massive head, and lines that spoke decision on his face, which was pale to-day. And Welles, of the Navy, who, in spite of all the Morgan talk, is esteemed an upright and able man, was there, with his patriarchal long white locks, and a face which seemingly belongs as little to to-day as if he had been the sculptor employed by the kings before the Pharaohs to carve the Sphinx. General M'Clellan was the most observed of observers.

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY, SHOWING THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE UNION ARMIES UNDER GENERALS BUELL AND GRANT.





GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE.

On page 152 we give a view of the CITY OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, from a sketch kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. R. J. Meigs, a loyal citizen of Nashville, now resident in New York. It is, as every body knows, the capital of Tennessee, and is a fine city of about 20,000 inhabitants, situated on the Cumberland River. — Two bridges, a railroad bridge (M'Callum truss), and an iron suspension bridge, span the river opposite to the city. Nashville stands on a bluff on the south side of the river. It is surrounded by hills, which command it, and render its defenses extremely difficult against an army approaching from various points. The large building of which we give a picture herewith is the CAPITOL OF TENNESSEE, a new and handsome structure. Governor Harris lives in a little shanty opposite the Capitol, which was used by the architects during its construction. He is too mean to take lodgings at a hotel.

We likewise append a view of the fine RAILROAD BRIDGE over the Cumberland, which report stated the rebels had destroyed. The following account of Nashville we take from the New York *Herald*:

Nashville is the capital of Tennessee, and seat of justice of Davidson County. It is a city and port of entry, and is situated on the Cumberland River, two hundred miles above its junction with the Ohio. The population of Nashville before the rebellion was about 34,000, but has since much decreased. The city is chiefly built on the south side of the river, on the slope and on the foot of a hill rising about two hundred feet above the water. The Cumberland is navigable for steamboats for fifty miles above the city, and by smaller boats to the falls, five hundred miles from the mouth. There are five railroads radiating from Nashville—viz., the Tennessee and Alabama, Louisville and Nashville, Memphis and Ohio, Hickman and Nashville Branch, Nashville and Chattanooga, and Nashville and Northwestern. The city is generally well built, and there are numerous imposing public and private buildings. One of the finest of the former is the new Capitol, situated on an eminence one hundred and seventy-five feet above the river, and constructed, inside and out, of a beautiful variety of fossiliferous limestone. It is three stories high, including the basement. At either end of the building there is an Ionic portico of eight columns, each four feet and a half in diameter, and over thirty-three feet high, and at the sides there are also porticoes of six columns each. A tower or cupola rises above the centre of the roof to the height of two hundred and six feet from the ground. It has a quadrangular perforated base, forty-two feet high, surmounted by a circular cell, thirty-seven feet high and twenty-six feet in diameter, with eight slender Corinthian columns, designed from the choragic monument of Lysicrates at Athens. The dimensions of the whole building are one hundred and thirty-eight by two hundred and thirty-eight feet, and the construction cost over one million of dollars. It is approached by four avenues, which rise from terrace to terrace by broad marble steps. The edifice is considered the handsomest State Capitol in the Union.

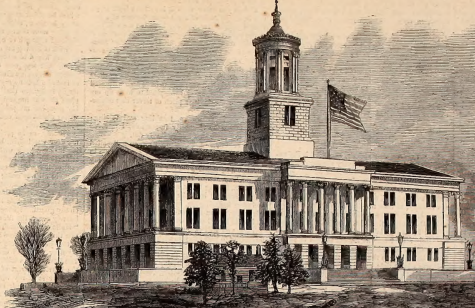
The new Court House is a large building, on the public square, with an eight-columned Corinthian portico at each end, and a four-columned portico at each side. The State Bank is a handsome Doric building. Among the other permanent edifices are the jail, the penitentiary, theatres, Odd Fellows' and Masonic halls, City Hospital, university, and school-houses.

There are two fine bridges over the Cumberland River—one a railroad bridge, of wood, with an immense draw two hundred and eighty feet, and two stationary spans, each one hundred feet. This bridge was finished in 1860, at a cost of $200,000. The other is a wire suspension bridge, of more than seven hundred feet span, and one hundred and ten feet above the water. It was begun in 1850, and cost about $150,000. The city water-works were constructed in 1854, and the total expense up to 1861 has been about $1,000,000. The water is raised from the river to four reservoirs, which have an aggregate capacity of one million six hundred thousand gallons. Gas was introduced into the city in February, 1856.

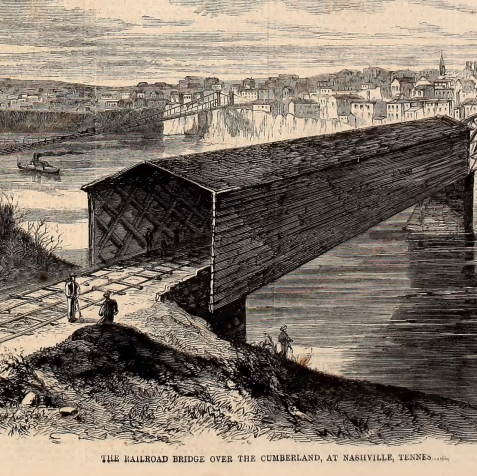
The commerce of Nashville is very large, being carried on by river and railroads, and by numerous roads, to the construction of which the city has devoted a great deal of attention. The value of the trade amounts to about $40,000 per annum; but the Government has not yet erected a Custom-house in the city. The average annual shipments are—50,000 bales of cotton, 8,000 hogsheads of tobacco, 2,000,000 bushels of wheat, 4,000,000 bushels of Indian corn, 10,000 casks of whisky, 10,000 kegs, and 1500 barrels of lard.

The neighborhood of Nashville is a famous stock-raising country, and has a high reputation for blooded horses, Jacksboro mules, cattle, sheep, hogs, and Cashmere goats. The leading business of the city is in dry goods, hardware, drugs, and groceries. Book publishing is carried on more extensively than in any other Western city. Some of the publishing houses of the Southern Methodist Conference is one of the largest book manufactories in the United States. The manufactures are less important than the commercial interests. There are three flouring mills, eight or ten planing mills, and eight or ten cotton factories, employing about 1000 hands. The value of the taxable property here is $18,000,000. Seven miles from the city is the State Lunatic Asylum, and twelve miles east is the Hermitage, the celebrated residence of Andrew Jackson. The municipal government is vested in a mayor, eight aldermen, and sixteen councilmen. The first permanent settlement was made in 1778-79; the town was incorporated in 1784, received its charter in 1806, and was made the State capital in 1817. Nashville is 198 miles northeast of Memphis, 206 miles southwest of Lexington in Kentucky, and 684 miles from Washington city.

At the hour we close this record the telegraph reports that the gun-boats and General Buell reached Nashville late last week, and that the city surrendered.



THE CAPITOL AT NASHVILLE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



THE RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE CUMBERLAND, AT NASHVILLE, TENNES...

WHAT BEFELL ME AT THE ASSIZES.

IT is now about fifteen years since I was compelled to attend the assizes at our county town as the junior member of a highly respectable legal firm. Knowing that there would be several important causes entered on, and two or three cases on the criminal side, which excited much public attention, and that thus the small county town would be overwhelmed with visitors, I took the precaution of writing—the night before my journey—to secure a bed for myself, and, as the principal inn, where I was, of course, well known.

The next day I took my journey, arriving at my destination early in the day.

I found, as I had expected, the town crowded with people; and, on going into the inn, the landlord informed me that he had received my letter, but that to retain a bedroom for me in his house had been absolutely impossible, the hotel being filled to overflowing by other persons who had bespoken rooms before me. He had generously, with a small bedroom in a respectable public-house, which would suit my clerk; but as to myself, if I would confide my sleeping arrangements to his care, he would insure me a handsome apartment and comfortable bedroom out of the house, and would convey me there in one of his carriages.

Being somewhat particular in the matter of furnished apartments, I thought it inadvisable to inquire more particularly where he proposed to send me; but as he was busily engaged at the moment in making further acquaint me that the room intended for my use was in a large, unoccupied house standing rather on the outskirts of the town, and that the owner had been a man of fortune, which he had spent neither well nor wisely, and had left, in consequence, unsettled in his large livelood.

The mansion itself, which had two or three hotel furnished apartments, had been placed by him at the disposal of the landlord of the hotel on this occasion, for the accommodation of such gentlemen as he might find himself unable to receive at his own house. There being no remedy, I was compelled to submit to this arrangement, and in a few minutes the attendance on witnesses, consultations with counsel, and the usual preparations for going into court, put the matter entirely out of my head.

My cause was the third on the list. The first was understood to be a short cause, and was to be soon be disposed of; the second was a case relating to a water-course, which every body knows to be one of the most tedious and lengthy of all the possible cases; this, it was expected, would be arranged out of court, in which case my services would be called on early in the course of the day. Contrary, however, to expectation, neither of these probabilities occurred, and although I continued to stay in court all day my cause remained untried.

About six o'clock, therefore, fatigued and mentally worry, I repaired to the hotel, where, after a good dinner and a consultation with our leading counsel, I found a comfortable fire and a cup of tea to my quarters at about ten o'clock. It is scarcely needful to add that my mind was completely occupied with the coming trial, the result of which, from various circumstances, was of more than ordinary importance to our firm.

It struck me, however, that the fly was longer than I had expected in conveying me to the place of abode for the night, and this circumstance at length roused me from my preoccupation; and, looking out of the window, I perceived that we had left the town, and was proceeding along a dark lane which appeared to have diverged from the main turnpike-road. In a few minutes the carriage stopped at a garden-door, which was opened by the driver, who then proceeded to let me out of the fly, intimating that this was the house where I was to sleep, and that he had brought the key in his pocket.

On getting out of the fly with my small portmanteau, which contained, among other things, a considerable sum of money, I found myself in front of a large old-fashioned house, standing in the midst of a desolate, neglected lawn. In a window on the first-floor a light was burning; that room, the driver informed me, was my bedroom; the door was locked, and he had instructions to deliver the key into my hands, and to assure me that I should find every thing very comfortable; and that in the morning he would bring the fly for me at an early hour to take me to my breakfast at the inn. Bidding the man "good-night," I went toward the mansion, key in hand, prepared to forget all troubles in a sound night's rest.

The night was starlight—there was no moon—and but for the little light shining through the first window, the position of the house and its characteer would have been scarcely traceable from the distance at which I entered by the garden-door. As I advanced it became more defined, and the overgrown wilderness in which it stood gave a decided character of desolation.

Opening the door with my key, and again carefully locking it inside, and securing it with one or two rusty bolts, I went up stairs, the light from a small lamp fixed against the wall in the hall being my only guide.

As I ascended the staircase a monotonous feeling of solitude flashed across me; but my mind was too much preoccupied, and my brain too weary, to allow the feeling to develop itself as it might have done under other circumstances.

At the head of the staircase was a long corridor containing three doors; the middle door was that I tried as I went along, and found both fastened.

The third, which, being open, was of my apartment.

I dwell on these details because, trivial as they may appear, it was precisely these slight observations which, I make no doubt, furnished the link of association by which a strange and old-fashioned story was suddenly drawn forth from oblivion, and to this I probably owe the preservation of my life.

The old neglected house, the dark staircase with its heavy oak balustrade, the lofty corridor with its dark panding, the long passage with its closed-up rooms, suddenly arrayed themselves in my imagination as the actual scene of the childish tale of terror; and, in my absence of all I could do, it clung made me hide my head shudderingly under the bed-clothes, and which had hidden itself, unrecalled, in some unknown recess of the mind for upward of thirty years.

The room prepared for me was a large and comfortable one; two wax-lights were burning on the table, and the materials for a fire had been left beside the grate.

One—only one precaution I took before I got into bed—namely, to look for the pistols, which I carefully glad to lie down to sleep. To *sleep!* did I say, nay, lost in the unsubstantial world of dreams.

The story I have alluded to repeated itself in its most minute details to my quickened memory, and kept me in the most wakeful of all my wakefulness.

This story, with all its puerility, I must now, without further preface, relate:

"Once upon a time"—(this, of course, is the unvarying formula for the commencement of every story ever been introduced from time immemorial)—once upon a time there was a clergyman who was, on the occasion of his marriage, living at a considerable distance from home, through a wild and mountainous country, in the days of the border-laws. A man. He was quite a stranger in the parish to which this duty called him. Besides preaching a sermon, he had to administer the sacrament, immediately after which he set out on foot to return homeward, accompanied only by a guide and one whose house lay in the same direction as his own.

It was winter time, and a snow-storm coming on suddenly, the clergyman and his friends lost their way.

They were weakened from his sleep by what sounded like a fashionable double knock at the house-door. This was opened from within, and, to his considerable amazement, the clergyman found himself of a large party, ascending the broad staircase, and passing along the lofty corridor assembled in the great room, where supper-tables were laid out in splendor and merriment of a boisterous description.

In the midst of all this revelry sat the host, no fear.

Startled and surprised as he had at first been, he was yet more so when he heard the door of the room, from which the sounds proceeded, thrown open and a footstep approach his own.

Stepping aside, he saw that the visitor knocked, and a voice said, "John Armstrong, open the door!"

This was repeated three times, and the startled clergyman not replying, the voice said, "John Armstrong!" Open the door, *else it will be the worse for thee!*"

Now, as it will be recollected that the clergyman was a stranger in the neighborhood, and that his name entirely unknown, the circumstance of the latter fact was the only circumstance which could enabled him at once to determine upon the supernatural character of his visitant.

Hastily throwing open and taking his Bible in his hand, he opened the door, and perceived a tall, stern, and gloomy figure, of appearance most weary, who said he had been desired by his master to invite the Reverend John Armstrong to join the party.

The clergyman, on hearing this invitation, made no low bow in response, nor made, in fact, any way of courtesy or gratitude for the invitation, as to enable him the more accurately to ascertain the peculiar nature of the host. He answered that he said that, on perceiving the cloven feet, which appeared in the place of ordinary feet, he knew that their doubt remained on his mind as to the quarter whence the invitation proceeded: he therefore besought himself of prayer, and retired to the farther ground of ill-health, but the servant urging his request, and threatening the anger of his master if the refusal was persisted in, the clergyman took the alternative but compliance, and followed his guide along the corridor to the apartment where the feast was held, still grasping his Bible.

On entering the room, what was his astonishment at the splendid sight which now greeted him! A vast apartment, superbly lighted up and filled with people attired in the most splendid style, and at a table which was covered with all imaginable dainties!

But the entrance of the clergyman the gentleman at the head of the table rose and came forward to meet him, placing him in the seat of honor at his right hand.

There was one small circumstance, however, at which the master of the feast took no notice, and it was nothing less than the entire uselessness, at such a time, of the little book which the clergyman held in his hand, and with which he resolutely refused to part.

On this Mr. Armstrong, rising with great solemnity, and holding the Bible in his outstretched hand, amidst the cries, imprecations, and threatening gestures of the entire assembly, said: "Lord! I have this day preached in Thy house, and have administered the bread and wine of Thy salvation, and am I come this night to eat with devils?"

While he said these startling words the lights faded away into darkness, and, amidst shrieks and howlings, the walls fell in with a crash, and the clergyman found himself among his friends of the morning congregation, no sign remaining of the feast or of the fiendish assembly.

This was the curious story, which would, in spite of all my efforts, now force itself upon my recollection; and, in my absence of all I could do, it clung to me like Nessus's shirt!

Unless you know what it is to have been a victim in the solitude of night to the horrors of a perturbed imagination, you can have but a slight idea of the suffering I underwent. My position, as it seemed, from all human kind—my perfect ignorance of the locality—and worse than all, the similarity of my sleeping-room and its approaches to the picture which my excited imagination had so vividly drawn of the scene of the story of these diabolical revelries supposed to have been witnessed by John Armstrong, all conspired to fill me with the feelings to the highest pitch of terror and excitement.

And so I lay awake, tumbling and tossing; until, finding sleep totally impossible, I resolved on getting up, and dressing myself.

The act of dressing in a great measure dispelled the nightmare-like feelings which clung to me in bed; but still I felt the necessity of exertion to my couch. The lights were yet burning, as I had instructed they should be, throughout the night; and I sat down, having taken out my writing materials, and determined to shake off the influence which had been laboring on me, by writing down the story which my reason assured me must be mere fiction, and could have had no existence in reality.

This, you will say, was a strange mode of endeavoring to pass away the night pleasantly; but, somehow, I determined to do it, and I could put it on paper, and shut it by in my pet-folio, I should make a clean breast of it, and the harassing spirit in his full-bottomed wig would be banished for ever altogether from my mind.

I had reached the point in my ghostly narrative at which Armstrong is startled by hearing a knock at the outer door, when—imagine my amazement!—I heard the very knock, at the very door, which the guest of the house!—a succession of taps, as it seemed, alleged with the knuckles of a man.

So strongly was my mind imbued with the details of the strange story which I was writing down, that my first impression was that I had unconsciously hear the tramp of the diabolical visitant on his staircase, followed by the three taps at my door, announcing me to a ghastly festival prepared below!

I sat listening, while my blood froze in my veins.

A moment's attention convinced me that there was no footsteps on the stone walk outside the house; and now I heard for the first time, in the dead of the night, that peculiar sound which those who have lived in the country will remember as never forget—the whirling, crackling, crunching sound of a centre-bit, apparently conducted by a tall and skilful hand.

It was curious to feel how instantaneously the mind vanishes from the actual. I was immediately what I should now have to encounter, and my nerves were at once braced to meet the encounter.

Most gratefully did I acknowledge the *Providence* by which I had been *kept awake*, and instead of being in that deep sleep which would have rendered me an easy prey to the burglar now about to attack me.

My first consideration was as to my means of defence, and to that end I laid down the pen for completing them. I remembered with some degree of comfort that there were three heavy fastenings upon the street door, and although I knew too well that each must yield in its turn to the irresistible agency of the centre-bit, I was yet pleased that some minutes must elapse before he could succeed in gaining an entrance.

Suddenly the knocking sound ceased; and for a few seconds there was a dead silence, during which my vivid imagination represented to me, undoubtedly as if I had been an actual spectator, the brawny arm of the burglar stealthily introduced, and the hand in the passage, busily engaged in turning the key. For a moment I thought of imitating a clever and successful experiment said to have been performed by a person similarly attacked, who quietly awaited the introduction of the housebreaker's hand through the door, and then suddenly and violently provided with a powerful cord, in which he had prepared a running noose, slipped it dexterously over the hand, tightened it about at the wrist, and fastened it securely at the other end to the leg of the heavy kitchen table, leaving his visitor secure to enjoy the dawn and early morning air, while he quietly returned to bed to finish securely his night's repose. But a few moments' reflection convinced me that in my best means of resistance were rather passive than active, and that I might more safely rely on them.

In the first place, I quickly ascertained that my arm had very powerful bolts on the heavy lock.

I had contented myself on going to bed with turning the key in the lock, but I had not observed to shoot the upper and lower bolts; these I found very much rusted, but with the aid of a little Macassar oil I succeeded in overcome that resistance.

While I was thus employed the work of the centre-bit was suddenly arrested, and every movement of the housebreaker was again before me.

I now looked round me for some weapon that might serve me in case of need, and found a tolerably heavy poker, which satisfied me that I had something tangible to rely on.

My preparations for attack and defense being now completed, I coolly awaited the next step of the housebreaking gang, standing with the poker in his shell, or like Robinson Crusoe in his lonely citadel. A slight lowering of the flame of the candle from a current of air which rushed up the staircase and beneath my door, showed me that the burglar had effected his entrance: in another moment his footstep was on the broad staircase. He stepped with the caution of one proceeding on tiptoe, with the least possible noise, but having asserted three or four steps, there was an apparent halt.

I knew perfectly well what he was doing, and the measured creak of the staircase thenceforward alone gave notice of his approach with shoeless feet in spite of my precautions, it is impossible to deny that my heart beat violently. I relied however upon this, namely, that the burglar being apparently alone, he would hesitate to attack a man whom he found awake and vigilant, and who, for aught he knew, might be provided with firearms, or prove more than a match for himself in point of personal strength or courage; only upon the supposition that I was unprepared for resistance could he have hoped to succeed in his attack.

The footsteps of the burglar—and could be marked advancing along the passage. They came at last to a halt by my door, and, despite of my internal assurances that I was prepared to stand upon pw was impossible, I found myself irresistibly grasping the poker, and with the first cross which the burglar cautiously made upon the handle of my door.

Finding, as he probably had anticipated, that my door was locked, he lost no time in commencing his operations, with a view of introducing his jemmy into my room. The peculiar noise of the centre-bit recommenced, and the burglar no doubt thought all was going on prosperously for the execution of his nefarious project. I, however, felt that I could stand this no longer, and thought it high time to let him know that I was upon the watch on my guard. Rising from my seat, and stepping heavily across the floor, I shouted, in a gruff voice, "Hallos, you scoundrel! do you wish me to shoot you through the head? Be off! for, by Heaven, if last bolt of this door is drawn, I will come inside my door you shall carry away a bloody stump!" The immediate effect of this was a withdrawing of the hurried retreat of my enemy, satisfied me of the success of my threat; and having heard the house-door closed, I locked and bolted everything through the garden, I betook myself to bed (when, indeed, I had not been before), with the full conviction that I need apprehend no further attempt; and I slept soundly during the few hours still left me.

The hostler came to rouse me in the morning, bringing a fly with him to convey me to the inn.

When he found the entrance door unbolted, and the panels cut through in three places, he expected, I believe, to find me lying dead on the staircase *aquitter*; and was infinitely surprised as well as relieved to see me up and dressed, and in excellent health and spirits. I told him briefly how I had frustrated the burglar's attempt; and as he appeared much interested in the matter, I accompanied him to the front door, where he examined with much attention the marks of the centre-bit with something like a professional admiration a beautiful picture or piece of sculpture.

"Ay, ay, sir," said he at length, speaking to himself, "the man that cut them holes knew'd how to handle the tool."

So strongly did this sentiment of admiration appear to operate upon his mind, that at the conclusion of our inspection, during which I observed that he was driving very abstractedly, getting twice locked with passing carts, and narrowly evading the manners of the fly with the turnpike-gate) he informed me that he had invented two lines of poetry on the occasion, which ran as follows:

"Whosoever handles that there tool
Nobody oughtn't to call he a fool."

He was evidently extremely proud of this effusion, and much gratified at my commendation of it, which I felt a very remarkable piece of poetry.

The court opened at nine A.M., and previous to its opening I had an interview with the witnesses on both sides had come up during the night—these on our own side it was necessary I should see before going into court, in order to consult with our counsel at eight. Altogether my head and hands were full that day, and I had no time to communicate the narrate to him my adventure.

Contrary to all expectation, the Water case could not be disposed of, and was ordered to be heard before mine; but as it might still be settled at any moment, we were kept in attendance. However, one pelled to remain in court in case of such an event occurring, which indeed it did about mid-day, and until eight o'clock in the evening. We very thought absorbed in the conduct and consideration of the cause in which it was engaged and which was now before the court.

At half past eight the court rose, leaving nearly the half of the witnesses unexamined, the result of which was that I should be compelled to spend another night in the town.

Having some misgivings as to passing the night again within the lonely house, I required at once to be taken to the hotel. To this I was refused in him my adventure of the previous night, and expressed my unwillingness to spend the night apart from my brother lawyers.

He had heard the story from the hostler, and repeated almost word for word. The landlord he requested me to venture there again, accompanied by himself and the superintendent of the county police, who had at that time staying at his hotel, who had heard the story, and thought he had a clew to the offender. To this I readily agreed, and in ten minutes the landlord, superintendent, and myself, with a variety of creature comforts supplied from the hotel, were on our way toward the solitary habitation.

As we passed through the streets of the town the superintendent caught sight of a policeman, to whom he beckoned, and who, after a few words had been exchanged with the latter, was admitted to fill the vacancy in our carriage. Arrived at the house, which, with the exception of the superintendent, in company with myself and B 55—who by-the-way, struck me as having an appearance of great sagacity—proceeded to reconnoitre the premises on the ground-floor. We found that the hostler had very judiciously employed a carpenter to repair in a rough way the damaged door.

The landlord, who was well acquainted with the premises, made the shrewd observation that the attempt must have been made by some one perfectly conversant with the interior of the house, other

wrist, instead of effecting an entrance by the front door, he would have tried it at the back, which was of much less substantial material and was more privately situated; the fact being that from long disuse the bolts of the back door were so completely rusted in as to be immovable.

All was quiet within the dwelling, and having made all secure below stairs, we ascended to my bedroom, where we intended to make a night of it.

It was chilly—we lighted a fire; the contents of the basket supplied by the landlord included, as we found, most luxurious means of gastronomic enjoyment, to say nothing of two large sealed bottles, which were apparently much admired by the policemen, who proved to be great adepts at drawing corks.

Our occupation in this way having at length come to an end, discourse began to flag; we sat round the fire in silence, a single remark from time to time alone proving that some of us were awake. As for me, in consequence of my previous night's disturbance and the day's fatigue, I could scarcely keep my eyes open.

Hour after hour of the night thus passed, and it was evident that we had all given up every idea of the attack upon me being renewed. The candles had burned out, but the policeman's lantern gave us sufficient light, added to the slight glimmering in the grate.

Suddenly, and indeed in the midst of a good story of his own—with which he was endeavoring to keep us awake, the policeman stopped, like a hound who has struck a scent, and dropping on his knees, listened with his ear to the keyhole for a few seconds.

The superintendent watched him in silence; I did the same; and it was now that it struck me how strangely I had erred in applying in my own mind the epithet of stupidity to him, as he undoubtedly flashed into his own element, the personification of keenness and intelligence.

"I'll tell you what, Sir," said the policeman, rising from the ground, "our man's in this room, or not far off; I can hear his breathing, and if I don't mistake, he has a dog with him."

Drawing a pistol from an inward pocket, the superintendent very quietly examined the cap, which he took off, and replaced by one which he fished up from his waistcoat pocket. The handcuffs, who was a resolute and powerful man, also drew forth a similar weapon, while I availed myself of my host night's resource, the poker, threw a handful of wood on the fire to create a blaze, and now, wide awake, stood still with much curiosity, and some anxiety, what would follow. The policeman's bludgeon completed our defense.

It must here be observed that the room was papered with a representation of leaves and flowers in a strongly marked pattern. The handcuffs, when in his hand, the policeman proceeded to make a close examination of the wall, which, by the application of his bull's-eye, he immediately manifested to be hollow.

"We have a closet behind this, and must find the door," said he.

A rigid inspection shortly enabled us to do this, although it was concealed with extraordinary neither lock nor handle appearing; and the pattern of leaves and flowers being so contrived as to preclude the idea of any opening existing.

Aided by a knife from the supper-table, the superintendent threw open the door of the closet, which, as far as we could perceive, was untenanted.

A deep, dark, hollow space, however, existed on both sides of the door, in the interior of the wall, and we felt that it was in one of these that we must now look for the object of our search. The superintendent was much excited, and disregarding a warning from B 45, stepped boldly within the door, lifting the lantern high above his head so as to enable him to gaze into the dark interior.

At the same moment a shadow was discharged from the recess, and the superintendent fell heavily to the ground.

I was nearest to him, and rushed to his succor: he was bleeding copiously from a wound in the thigh, and my efforts to bandage it were not observed in dragging him beyond the reach of his assailant, and afterward in endeavoring to stanch the blood by binding a handkerchief tightly round him, that I was unable to take any further part in endeavoring to capture the person who now emerged from the closet, followed by a large white bull-dog. This dog was shot at once by our brave landlord, who, as a powerful, active and truculent-looking fellow, made directly for the door, fighting his way through his enemies with great vigor and determination.

At length B 45, with a blow from his bludgeon, laid him prostrate. He was then secured and handcuffed, and subsequently marched off to the county jail. On searching the premises, Howard and a large clasp-knife were found on his person, and he was recognized as a criminal of a most atrocious character, who had been transported for years before for complicity in a heavy burglary, accompanied with murder, and rendered with circumstances of great cruelty and atrocity.

He was known to have escaped, and suspected to be in the neighborhood, where he had friends and connections; and as he had in his boyhood lived as groom in the very house where we captured him, we were, at once satisfied as to the reason by which he obtained so minute an acquaintance with the premises. A reward was also offered by Government for his apprehension. It was eventually discovered that he had for some time been lurking concealed in one of the cellars of this house, where he had been supplied at night with the necessaries of life by his friends, and that he had been locked out of his lair on my arrival; and he was doubtless the perpetrator of many mysterious robberies, which from time to time had been fatally committed in the vicinity. He would probably have both robbed and murdered me on the previous night, had I been sound asleep, instead of recollecting, *providentially*, as I must always consider it, the school-boy story of Jackson Howard, and his invitation to the diabolical entertainment.

The wounded superintendent happily recovered, and received from Government the reward promised by the Crown for the apprehension of the thief. And as so frequently meet in the course of our professional avocations, we seldom fail to felicitate each other on the fortunate termination of our last acquaintance with the burglar, from whom I had been thus twice strangely and providentially rescued.

TAKING THINGS COOLLY.

SOME MEN are never in a hurry. Nothing seems to flurry them—nothing disturbs their composure or ruffles their composure. Though danger threatens and imminent death is near, they calmly go their course with a degree of tranquil deliberation that almost amounts to sublimity. Whether they are rallying forth to catch the express train, or have not a minute to spare, or are waiting for change for a dollar, or at the Delmonico Hotel, and hear the melodious bell of the Boulogne steamer just beginning to ring—whether they have been privately warned to escape by the secret police, or Joint-stock bank that intends to stop payment in three-quarters of an hour, or have accidentally swallowed an overdose of opium, and are deprived by sympathizing friends to run full speed to the nearest surgeon for the stomach-pump—in all matters not, they are in no way hurried. They take the thing coolly, and encourage every other, as it ways in time. The fact that they are always in time vindicates them from the charge of apathy, of stupidity, even of insensibility to danger, or of dignity which ordinary mortals look up to and admire, but can not imitate. Such men often catch express trains and keep special appointments, and, when stimulated by self-interest, seize time emphatically by the horns. But then, they are amazing hurry they are in! What a bustle they make, and what anxieties they are to long-suffering friends and neighbors!

The attitude and bearing of an average Paterfamilias attending the departure of his wife upon pleasure or business illustrates this slow deliberation. Watch the man as he pays up the cabman, now giving superfluous instructions to a bewildered foot-boy, who is striving with perseverance worthy of a better cause to get the box on to the foot too short for the purpose—now, in a voice of querulous despair, shouting exhortations to "make haste" to the family at home—now kicking a favorite dog or cat into infinite space. Now, with a look of anxious inquiry, he counts the number of some unfortunate tradesman who had been promised payment a month ago, but, having been entirely forgotten, ventured to intrude on the moment of Paterfamilias ere it was too late—now he tumbles bodily over the dog, and, with the agility of an unsuccessful acrobat, and an expression of countenance alarming to witness—and finally he seats himself in the carriage, and, with a red and portmanteaus, like Marius musing over the ruins of Carthage. Such is the usual line of behavior of an average Paterfamilias going a journey. He is in a prodigious hustle—he is in every body's way—he worries his servants, and drives his daughters into a state of temporary frenzy—he runs to and fro in the hall, and in the dining-room table, and all his keys in his dressing-room drawer, and just has time to rush home again and fetch them.

The case of a man always in a hurry, but generally too late—always in a bustle—always just actually coming to grief—always in a whirlwind of haste, but commonly collapsing in an ignominious blunder—is the more distressing when it occurs to a partakes of the ludicrous. The cool, methodical, self-possessed man, who is always ready at the end of the street, tells his servant to wake him when the fusees reach No. 20 (three doors off), and turns round to resume his nap, is a fine object for story. As a contrast, take the anecdote of the fussy nervous gentleman in "Lothair" (Disraeli's novel), who kept a fire-escape—a kind of sack in which he could lower himself from his window in case of fire—always ready. He would awake every night only by the sound, as he thought, of the wheels of a fire-engine, followed by the prompt application of the door, he descended in his sack in great haste, and reached the street just in time to hand his wife, who had been all the while in the room, a shawl.

For business-like coolers, commend us to that wonderful Irishman, Napper Tandy, who was once attacked, admitted his assailants—only a few dozen or so—one by one through the partially opened door, and calmly killed each of them with a kitchen-knife the moment the threshold was passed. Again, there is the well-known anecdote of Sydney Heath. "I have you now, my lord," cries a highwayman, clapping a pistol to his lordship's breast, "either all your bonds or your life, whichever you choose!" "Nor should he now, but for that other fellow peeping over your shoulder," says Mr. highwayman turns, and his lordship blows his brains out. We were always sorry for that highwayman, and are not sure that he would not have been the greater loss to society. But let that pass. Turn now to another contrast on the part of the highwayman. It was one night's evening, hears a tap at the window-shutter, and, exulted by the recollection of a similar adventure, fires away, seizes a pistol, rushes to the front door, opens it wildly, shuts his eyes, fires into the darkness, locks and bolts the door, rushes back to the bosom of his family, little thinking that, instead of frightening a burglar, he has killed his housemaid's sweet-heart. Or take the case of the agitated old bachelor in a retired country residence, who, hearing a noise in the garden, sallies forth, taking one pistol himself, and giving another to the parlor-maid, with these emphatic instructions: "Mary, I go this way, you go that; and mind you shoot the first man you meet!" which man very naturally happens to be Mr. Jackson the bachelor's friend.

An English tourist, taking an evening stroll near Naples, was hastily pulled by a stranger in a narrow path. Robberies were rife, and immediately afterward, on putting his hand to his pocket, he missed his watch. The watch is precious, the stranger an insignificant-looking man, why should he not complain, accept so impudent a robbery? Off he starts, overtakes the supposed thief, knocks him down, shouts "Watch! watch!" in very imperfect Italian, and severely bastinadoes him. The prostrate culprit hurriedly hands out the article demanded, and the Englishman stalks away, rejoicing to have recovered his property, and grasping the pluck he has displayed. On reaching his hotel, however, he finds, and behold, there is his watch in watch quietly ticking on the chimney-piece! He has the Englishman accept so impudent a robbery? Off he starts, overtakes the supposed thief, knocks him down, shouts "Watch! watch!" in very imperfect Italian, and severely bastinadoes him. The prostrate culprit hurriedly hands out the article demanded, and the Englishman stalks away, rejoicing to have recovered his property, and grasping the pluck he has displayed. On reaching his hotel, however, he finds, and behold, there is his watch in watch quietly ticking on the chimney-piece! He has the Englishman, all unconscious, made a flagrant highway robbery, and makes a precipitate flight from Naples to escape the clutches of the police. Some such, in all probability, circumstances exercise passion self-possession curiously blended with utter distraction of mind. This may perhaps be explained by the supposition that the self-possession is mechanical, the mere result of habit, and not an act of the will in the usual sense of the word. Or, a form of fictitious presence of mind may operate though courage be extinguished, and even reason suspended, by the shock of a sudden peril. The following is an authentic instance: A passenger fell overboard from a sailing-boat in deep water with a fresh breeze blowing. The boat was instantly put about, and the man swam toward it. He was nearly within reach of the outstretched hands of the crew when his hat blew off and floated away. The man coolly turned and swam after it, reached it with difficulty, fixed it firmly on his head, and once more breasted the waves in the direction of the boat. In a few minutes he was laid hold of, and safely hoisted on board. No sooner was he on deck than he thrust his hands into his pockets, and flung, first his purse, then his keys, into the sea, and was going to fling his watch when the sailors seized his hands. He was in the momentary irresponsible lunatic, and the calm determination not to lose his hat was probably a mere mechanical instinct.

Women often evince abundance of self-possession in America passengers by railway or steamboat on metal checks, or counters, for each article of luggage, failing to produce which they would on no account be returned to them. An English lady traveling in America with a quantity of luggage, felt that she could not afford to lose a single item. A gentlemanly stranger had seen. We like much the anecdote of the Irishman sketching on the sea-shore. "A monster in human form," to use newspaper phraseology, invaded the locality, and, stripping the lady's person, commenced depositing the whole of the water exactly in front of the rock where they were sitting. The gentleman never screamed nor ran away, but tranquilly put up their drawing materials, and as soon as the intruder had swum out a sufficient distance, seized the "monster's" clothing apparel, and carrying it off, left it at a farmhouse two miles distant from the shore. But perhaps a good an instance of *presence mind* as could be wished is that of the late Mrs. Burdock, being for murdering an old lady at Bristol for the sake of her money. Mrs. Burdock, followed by the usual procession of clergyman, sheriff, and officials, was slowly proceeding to the place of execution outside the jail where she had been imprisoned. Suddenly the procession came to a full stop. What is the matter? A slight drizzling rain is falling, and Mrs. Burdock declines to move an inch without an umbrella. There is no help for it; clergyman and officials, hangman and mob, must wait while the prisoner waits out of the carpety lustres to the governor's house to borrow the required article, and shield Mrs. Burdock from the rain on the brief remainder of her existence. We remember an aborative case of presence of mind which, however provoked amusement, was a fearful lady of strong mind, living in a picturesque but lonely cottage over on the outskirts of the New Forest, and in her horror three shipwrecked sailors, with the usual paraphernalia of rags, ghastly countenances, and formidable bludgeons, gesticulatively through her drawing-room window. "John —William—James!" exclaims the strong-minded lady, raising the bell violently, and addressing the sonorous argument of able-bodied butlers and footmen. "Ah, you needn't trouble yourself," interrupted the spokesman of the agreeable little party on the lawn—"we've been round to the back, and found the door open, so a thing as a man to help us. It would be unjust not to add that the visitors proceeded to refreshment with a half-crown and a basketful of broken victuals.

"The more haste the worse speed." "Slow and sure wins the race." These are proverbs containing valuable truth—the wisdom of many and the will of one—former more than the latter. But after all, however, much depends on the physical temperament. Of two men, one shall be cool and self-collected, the other a prey to nervous flurry—the other in a hopeless state of fluster. Yet for the latter there is perhaps no remedy but the will of the pilgrim with boiled pease to scoff at the limping gait of his less fortunate companion. The two are unequally matched. It is often a mere affair of the pulse. So many beats, more or less, make a man a fidgety ne'er-do-well or a tranquil hero. No doubt the mental power and the earnest will are not to be ignored. They come distinctly into play, and modify or override man's natural tendencies and infirmities. No one is justified in resigning himself to a fussy temperament without a struggle. Self-respect and a due regard for the comfort of society should stimulate resistance and invite perseverance. Much can be done by foreseeing and preparation—by carefully realizing what you have undertaken to do, or what is likely to happen to you under given circumstances, and by laboring to acquire a habit of reasonable abstraction from matters unconnected with the business in hand. Yet the man who has not naturally a cool head, stolid nerves, and a pulse beating with the dogged equanimity of a kitchen clock, is heavily weighted for the race of life, and may claim generous consideration from the world at large. More especially may he claim it from those to whom kind nature has imparted the useful faculty of taking things coolly, in cloud or sunshine, in tempest or in calm.

ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

"MOVE my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunshine bright and strong,
For this world is fading, Pompey—
Massa wish to sing a song;
And I fain would hear the south wind
Bring once more the sound to me,
Of the wavelets softly breaking
On the shores of Tennessee.

"Mournful though the ripples murmur,
As they still the story tell,
How no vessels float the banner
That I've borne so true and well.
I shall listen to their music,
Dreaming that again I see
Stars and Stripes forever floating
Sailing up the Tennessee.

"And, Pompey, while old Massa's waiting
For Death's last dispatch to come,
It that exiled starry banner
Should come proudly floating home,
You shall greet it, slave no longer—
Voice and hand shall both be free
That shout and sing Union colors
On the waves of Tennessee."

"Massa's berry kind to Pompey;
But ole darkey's happy here,
Where he's tended corn and cotton
For dese many, many year.
Yonder Missis' sleeping—
No one tends her grave like me:
Massa, he would miss the flowers
Dis same hand is here to see.

"Years like she was watching Massa—
If Pompey should beside him stay,
Mebbe she'd remember better
How he loved him used to pray.
Telling him that way up yonder
White as snow his soul would be,
If he served the Lord of Heaven
While he lived in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor old dusky face,
As he stepped behind his master,
In his long-accustomed place.
Then a silence fell around them,
As they gazed on rock and tree
Pictured in the placid waters
Of the rolling Tennessee.

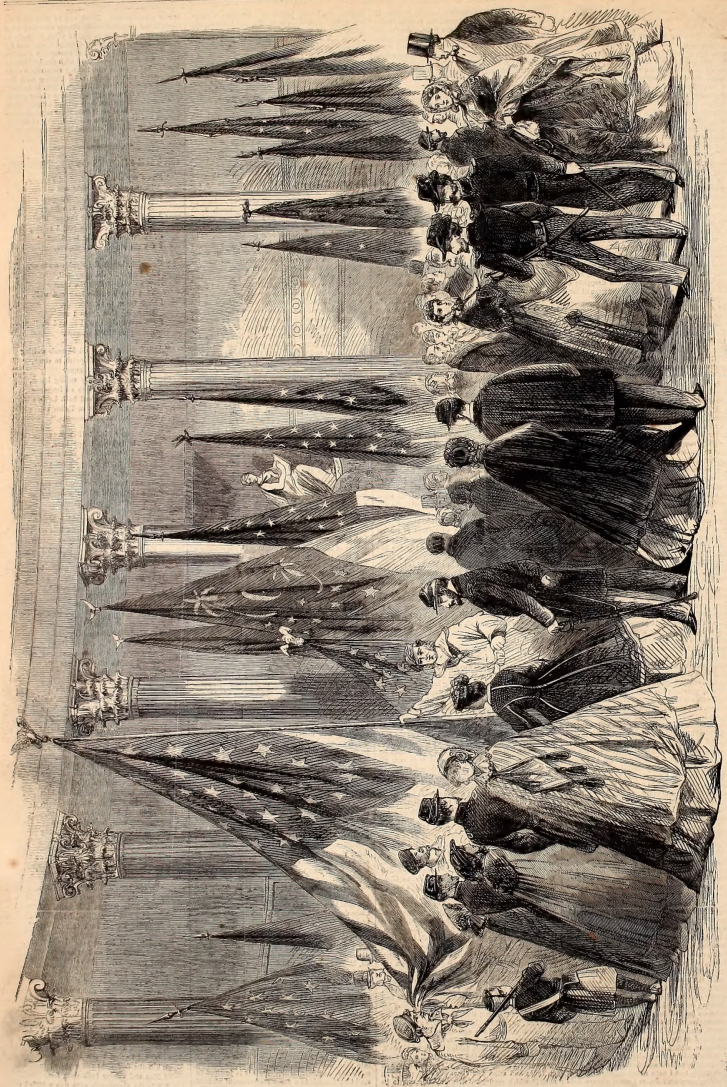
Master, dreaming of the battle
Where he fought by Marion's side,
When he bid the haughty Tarleton
Stoop his lordly crest of pride.
Man, remembering how the sapper
Once he held upon his knee,
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
Ralph Vervair, of Kentucky.

Still the south wind fondly lingers
'Mid the veteran's silver hair;
Still the bondman close beside him
Stands behind the old arm-chair.
With his dark head bowed in reverence
Shading eyes, he bends to see
Where the woodland boldly jutting
Turns aside the Tennessee.

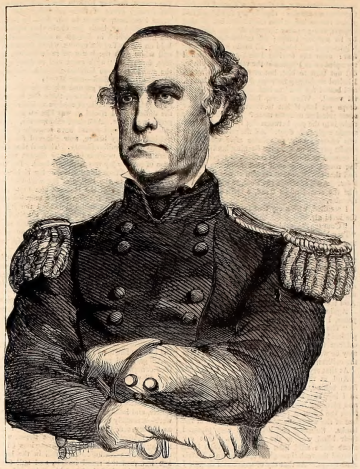
Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
Glide from tree to mountain-crest,
Softly creeping, aye and ever
To the river's yielding breast.
Ha! above the lofty summit,
Something flutters wild and free!
"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
The flag comes back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin door.
Here's the paper signed that frees you,
Give a freeman's shout with me—
'God and Union!' be our watchword
Evermore in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
And the limbs refused to stand;
One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier
Glided to that better land.
When the flag went down the river
Man and master both were free,
While the ring-dove's note was mingled
With the rippling Tennessee.



REBEL FLAGS IN THE OLD HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGTON.—[See Page 165.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL CURTIS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL GARFIELD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY RISER, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

GENERAL CURTIS.

WE publish herewith a portrait of BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL R. CURTIS, of Iowa, who has just defeated Price and M'Culloch on the ARKANSAS border.

General Curtis was born February 3, 1807, in Ohio; his family were from Connecticut. He was educated at West Point, and graduated there in 1831, entering the infantry. In 1832 he resigned his commission, studied law, and practiced for a while. In the course of a year or two he turned his attention to engineering, and became chief engineer of the Muskingum Works. At the outbreak of the Mexican War he volunteered, and accompanied General Taylor on his campaign, with the rank of Colonel. He was for a time Governor of Monterey, and of other places occupied by our troops, and developed in this rank remarkable administrative ability. On his return home he again divided his time between law and engineering, and took an active part in the construction of the railroads which have aided so prodigiously in the development of our Western States. He settled at Keokuk, Iowa, and was elected from thence to Congress in 1858, and again in 1860. He resigned his seat in the House to enter the army, and has for some time commanded a column in Missouri, under the orders of Gen. Halleck. He is now in chase of General Price's band of rebels, whom we learn he defeated on 19th ult. at Sugar Creek, on the Arkansas border.



EXECUTION OF GORDON THE SLAVE-TRADER, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 21, 1862.—[SEE PAGE 150.]

ENGLISH PATRIOTISM.

I have thought Johnny Bull a clever old soul,
Sensible, jolly, good-natured, and kind,
Quite crusty at times, but urbane on the whole,
In a word a hall-fellow much to my mind;
And I've thought, when I looked on his ponderous chest,
"My eyes! what a heart to fill out such a breast!"

But my notions of John are now sadly changed;
That pledge of love is eaten he's forgotten;
In my heart how I've fed him! I fed him encouraged,
His vast, I perceive, is but puddid with cotton!
His fine-looking home has, like a wisp in the straw,
And sunk in his heart in the depths of his pocket!

He still remains grumpy, and pastor of his rights,
Of privileges to his commerce and trade;
That the civilized world never witnessed such slights
As that humbling of ours—we call a blockade.
Aha! he is artfully playing his part,
But I know that colossus is almost his heart.

With him, to a nation of dollars and cents,
Allurements of trade have upset his reason;
Yet he may gather more pounds than half-pence
In wasting the blows intended for treason.
The venture in which he's so dizzily whirling,
May cost him far more than four millions sterling.

A SOUTH SIDE COLLOQUY.

DICK.

Count, ole Julo, if dis nigger was to die,
He sabe saw de like how de women folks do cry!
When de cotton's all done pick'd,
An' de corn in all done pack'd,
Dere's a power o' bitter tears in your eye,
An' for why?

JULO.

Go 'way, Dick, you is silver picking fun,
De very hardest nigger 'way 'mong de common run;
An' ye hasn't no more sense
Than to come down de fence
When dis tressed done ole Soul is so proud,
Lor' be breed!

DICK.

Ha-ha, Julo! 'tis de glory's comin' on,
An' de lickins for massa Linkum is all done gone;
An' de sincerse'll cry,
An' de massi'll wipe 'is eye,
But ole Dick'll be a limbing, ne'e see,
Dat 'ere free!

JULO.

Shut up, Dick! Yare, what heape de niggers know,
What spec'late to perwade or de pryin' hate to go;
Where de Yankees is de talk,
How de makes de brack folks walk,
An' de cells 'em to de Bahia de ole,
Dat kills me!

DICK.

Lor' sakes, Julo! can comprehen' dat ere,
How de white brethren makes in dere stockings wid de fear
But in right little time
Dose niggers da will climb
Right up de tree o' freedom dat's so thick,
De'll all stick

Come now, Julo, bring de banjo to my han',
His nigger fee'l so sher'ful like 'en was a man;
For de calaboose shall fall,
An' hell not get up at all,
An' de children, Julo, an' you an' me
Shall be free!

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

[Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."]

CHAPTER LXXVII.

The fifth hour had passed away, when Ayesha said to me, "Lo! the circle is fading; the lamps grow dim. Let us watch together until the space beyond; the eyes that appalled thee are again lost in air, as lightnings that fleet back into cloud."

I looked up, and the specters had vanished. The skies were tinged with lightsomer hues, red and the black intermixed. I replenished the lamps and the ring in front, thriftily, heedfully; but what I saw was to the circle lamp, not a drop in the vessel that fed them was left. In a vague distance I more beheld than the half of the wide circle in rear of the two bended figures intent on the cadron. All along that disk the light was already broader, here and there flickering up, here and there dying down; the six lamps in that part of the circle still twinkled, but faintly, as stars shrinking fast from the noon of day. But it was not the fading shine in that half of the magical ring which attracted my eye and quickened with terror the pulse of my heart; the Bush-land beyond was on fire. From the back-ground of the forest rose the dusky red of smoke; the smoke there still half-smothering the flame. But along the width of those grasses and herbage, between the verge of the forest and the bed of the water creek just below the raised platform from which I beheld the mystic constellation, the fire was advancing; wave upon wave, clear and red against the volume of vapor behind, as the ruth of a flood through the mists of some ill-ey crossed with lightnings.

Roused from my awe at the first sight of a danger not foreseen by the mind I had steeled against that rarer portent—the unseen, I turned more for the lamps and the circle. Hurrying back to Ayesha, I exclaimed, "The phantoms have gone from the spaces in front; but what incantation or spell can arrest the red march of the fire spreading on in the rear? While we gazed on the Caldron of Life, behind us, unheeded, beheld the Destroyer!"

Ayesha looked and made no reply, but, as by involuntary instinct, bowed her majestic head, then reared it erect, placed herself yet more immediately before the watered form of the young magician (he still bending over the caldron, and hearing me not in the absorption and hope of his watch); placed herself before him, as the first whose first care is her fledgeling.

As we two there stood, fronting the deluge of fire, we heard Margrave behind us, murmuring low, "See the bubbles of light, how they sparkle and dance—I shall live, I shall live!" And his young serenity died on our ears before, crash upon crash, came the fall of the age-long trees in the forest; and nearer, all near us, through the blazing grasses, the fire flew with the wind, the scream of the birds, and the bellow and tramp of the herds, plunging wild through the hillow red of their pastures.

Ayesha now wound her arms around Margrave, and wrenched him, reluctant and struggling, from his watch over the seething caldron. In rebuke of his angry entreaty she then pointed to the march of the fire, spoke in sorrowful tones a few words in her own language, and then, appealing to me, said plaintively,

"I tell him that here the Spirits who oppose us have summoned a foe that is deaf to my voice and—"

"And," exclaimed Margrave, no longer with grasp and effort, but with the swell of a voice which drowned all the discords of terror and of agony sent forth from the Phlegethon burning below—"and I, which, when I have lived, a lifevile sheve and impotent, more desiring my death than my life, do think that I am born to be the scorn and forsake her, that in death I should die in her arms! Sorceress, avaunt! Art thou useless and powerless to save? Then shall thou most? Go! Let the world be one funereal pyre! What is it to the wrath of life's pride? My world is my life. Thou knowest that my last hope is here, that all the strength left me this night shall be given, by the charm in the circle, unless the elixir restore it. Bold friend, drive that sorceress away! Let her own time flames can assail us! A few minutes more, and life to your Lilian shall me!"

Thus having spoken, Margrave turned from us and cast into the caldron the last essence yet left to the bed of the creek.

Ayesha silently drew her black veil over her face, and turned, with the being she loved, from the terror he saw still, of which the hope that he cherished.

Then left alone, with my reason dissevered and disenchanted, I surveyed more calmly the extent of the actual peril with which we were threatened, and the means within our reach to survive it.

It is true all the Bush-land behind, almost up to the bed of the creek, was on fire; but the grasses through which, against the wind, it so rapidly ceased at the opposite margin of the creek. Watery pools still, at short distances, in the bed of the creek, shining tremulous, like waves of fire, in the glare reflected from the burning land; and even where the water failed, the steep course of the exhausted rivulet was a barrier against the march of the conflagration. Then, unless the wind, now still, should rise, and waft some sparks to the parched combustible herbage immediately around us, we were safe from the fire, and our work might yet be achieved.

I whispered to Ayesha the conclusion to which I came.

"Thinkest thou," she answered, without raising her mournful head, "that the agencies of Nature are the movements of chance. The Spirits I invoked to his aid are leagued with the hosts that assail. A Mightier than I am has doomed him!"

Scarcely had she uttered these words before Margrave exclaimed, "Behold how the Rose of the alchemist's dream enlarges its bloom from the folds of the caldron! I shall live! I shall live!"

I looked, and the liquid which glowed in the caldron had taken a splendid hue from blended all comparisons borrowed from the tints of gems. In its prevalent color it had, indeed, the lustre and flush of the ruby; but from the mass of the molten red broke coruscations of all primal hues, spangling the whole. The play that made the vessels themselves seem living things, sensible of their joy. No longer was there scum or film upon the surface; over and above a light rosy vapor floating up, and quick lost in the hanging, like a transparent veil, with the conflagration, rushing toward us from behind. And these coruscations formed on the surface of the molten ruby literally the shape of a rose, as its leaves made distinct in their outlines by sparks of emerald, sapphire, and sapphire.

Even while gazing on this amazing liquid fire—a buoyant delight seemed infused into my senses; all fear, all memory, even of the past, annulled; the phantoms, whose armies had filled the wide spaces in front, were forgotten; the crash of the forest behind was unheard. In the reflection of that glory Margrave's was cheek seemed already to gain radiance and bloom, when I saw it first in the frame-work of bloom.

As I gazed, thus enchanted, a cold hand touched my own.

"Hush!" whispered Ayesha, from the black veil, against which the last rays of the bride's diadem fell blunt, and absorbed into dark. "Behold us the light of the circle is extinct, but there we are guarded from the fire by the brand and soulless destroyers. But before!—but before!—see! see!" and she pointed toward the one blank of the gap in the ring! Guard that breach—before the demons will enter!"

"Not a drop is there left in the vessel by which to replenish the lamps on the ring."

"Advance; then; thou hast still the light of the soul, and the demons may recoil before a soul that is dauntless and guiltless. If not, There are lost!—as it is, One is doomed."

Thus adjured, silently, involuntarily, I passed from the Veiled Woman's side into the same lines on the turf which had been traced by the triangles of light long since extinguished, and toward the gap in the ring. As I advanced, overhead rushed a dark cloud of wings, bird dislodged from the forest on fire, and screaming, in dissonant terror, as they flew toward the furthermost mountains: close by my feet fluted and glided the snakes, driven forth from their blazing covers, and glancing through the ring, uncaured by its waning lamps; all undulating by me, bright-eyed and hissing; all made innocuous by fear: even the terrible Death-adder, which I trampled on as I halted at the verge of the circle, did not turn to bite, but crept harmless away. In the blazing grasses, the fire-fly sported gayly, and bowed my head to look again into the crystal vessel. There, indeed, the fiery coruscations drops yet left, if but to recruit the lamps for some priceless minutes more? As I thus stood, with but a single step between the two dead lamps, strode a gigantic Foot. All the rest of the form was invisible; only, as volume after volume of smoke poured on from the burning land behind, it seemed as if one great column of vapor, eddying round and round in itself, gave birth to that Foot, and that out from that column strode the giant Foot. And, as strode the Foot, so with it came, like the wind, a hand, a wild hand, a shattered thunder.

It recoiled, with a cry that rang loud through the lurid air.

"Courage!" said the voice of Ayesha. "Thinking soul, yield not an inch to the demon!"

And the charm, the wonderful charm, in the tone of the Veiled Woman's voice, my will seemed to take a force more sublime than its own. I felt the pressure on my temples, and knew as if rooted upon the spot, confronting the colossus of smoke and the stride of the giant Foot. And the Foot halted, mute.

Again, in the momentary hush of that suspense, I heard the voice of Margrave—

"The last hour expires—the work is accomplished! I drink the Nectar—and now I pour the caldron from the fire—and, quick! or a drop may be wasted in vapor, the Elixir of Life, from the caldron!"

At that cry I receded, and the Foot advanced.

And at that moment, suddenly, unawares, from behind, I was stricken down. Over me, as I lay, swept a whirlwind of trampling hoofs and glancing horns. The herds, in their flight from the burning pastures, had rushed over the bed of the water-course—scaled the slopes of the banks. Those, following, had swept from their blind way to the mountains. One cry alone rose—the cry from their own savage blare pierced the reek through which the Brute Hurricane swept. At that cry of wrath and despair I began dimly to rise, upon dashed to the earth by the hoofs and the horns. But was it the dreamlike dread of my own agonies, or did I see that the giant Foot stride past through the close-serried ranks of the maddening herds? Did I hear, distinct, above the roar, the bellow, the neigh, the terror, the roll of low thunder which followed the stride of that Foot?

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

When my senses had recovered its shock, and my eyes had dimly round, the charge of the beasts had swept by—and all the wild terror which had invaded the magical circle, the only lingerer was Ayesha's Death-adder, which lay close by the spot where my head had rested. Beside the extinguished lamps which the hoofs had confounded and dimmed, the fire, arrested by the water-course, had consumed the grasses that fed it, and there the flames formed a black arch desert as the Phlegraan fields of the Foet's Hell. But the fire still raged in the forest beyond—and the flames, driven by from the ranks of the tallest trees, and forming, through the sullen dark of the smoke-cloud, innumerable pillars of fire, like the halls in the City of Fiends.

Gathering myself up, I turned my eyes from the confusion of the lurid forest, and looked fearfully down on the hoof-trampled sward for my two companions.

I saw the dark image of Ayesha still seated, still bending, as I had seen it, over the caldron; but the veil was torn from the rim of that vessel, or drop, which, lay, hurled down from its tripod by the rush of the herds, yards away from the dim fading embers of the scattered lamps. And I saw the faint writhings of a frail, wasted frame, of a face which the Veiled Woman was bending to, saw, as I moved with bruised limbs to the place, close by the lips of the dying magician, the flash of the ruby-like liquor spilled on the sward, and, meteor-like, sparkling up from the torn folds of Ayesha's robe.

I now reached his side, bending over him, too, as the Veiled Woman bent; and as I sought with my hand to raise him, I was turned face, faltering out, "Touch me not, rob me not. You share with me—" Then, suddenly, the convulsive drops are all mine! Die all else! I will live—I will live!" Writhing himself from my pitying arms, he flung from him the empty cup of crystal and, meteor-like, sparkling up from the torn folds of Ayesha's robe.

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Then Ayesha tenderly, silently drew the young head to her breast, and it vanished from my sight behind her black veil.

I knelt beside her, murmuring some trite words of consolation which reached me not, rocking herself to and fro as the mother who cradles a child to sleep. Soon the fast flickering sparkles of the lost elixir died out on the grass, and with their last sportive diamond-like tremble of light, up, in all the suddenness of Australian day, rose the sun, lifting itself royally above the mountain-tops, and fronting the insane blaze of the forest as it now fronted its lurid glare. And as there, where the bush fires had ravaged, all was a desert, so there, where their feet had not spread, all was a garden. Afar, at the foot of the mountains, the fugitive herds were grazing; the cranes, flocking back to the pools, renewed their strange grace of their quadrille; and the great kingfisher, whose laugh, half in mirth, half in mockery, leads the choir that welcome the morn—which in Europe is night—alighted bold on the roof of the cavern, whose floors were still white with the bones of rarer extinct beings, formed to "walk erect and to gaze upon the stars," rose—so helpless through instinct, so powerful through reason! Lord of the Earth.

But there, on the ground where the dazzling elixir had wasted its virtue, lay the being already had a freshness of verdure which, amidst the duller sward round it, was like an oasis of green in a desert. And there still flowed, where shiid hass the eye would have scarcely distinguished it, that fair herbe, now glistened in blooms of unfamiliar beauty. Toward that spot were attracted myriads of happy insects, whose hum of festive joy was musical as bees. Was the form of the life-seeking sorcerer lay rigid and stark; that form to the sheets of the emptied caldron, and the fire still had not reached the verge of the ring of the moon. The armed men with crimson and golden lace, their weapons gayly gleaming with holiday silver. After them, with Black Lance at their head, came my place. Ayesha, not raising her head, spoke to them in their own language in tones low and solemn. The armed men bounded forward, and the bearers left the litter.

All gathered round the dead form with the face concealed under the black veil; all knelt, and all wept. Far in the distance, at the foot of the blue mountains, a crowd of the savage natives had risen up as if from the earth; they stood motionless, with their long bills and spears, and looking toward the spot on which we were—strangely thus brought into the landscape, as if they too had dwelled on the verge which Humanity guards from the Brute, were among the monsters for ever excluded. Child of mysterious Nature! And still in the herbage hummed the small insects, and still from tree to tree laughed the kingfisher. Last I said to Ayesha, "Farewell, your love mourns the dead, but your duty is to the living. All that are now with your own people; they may console you; say if I can assist."

"There is no consolation for me! What mourner can be consoled if the dead die forever? Nothing for him is left but a grave; that grave shall be in the land where he was born. Ayesha first lulled him to sleep! Thou assist me? Impossible! Nor was there in the past one ask assistance. What road wilt thou take to thy home?"

"There is but one road known to me through the maze of the solitude—that which we took to the upland."

"On that road Death lurks and awaits thee! Blind dupe, couldst thou think that if the grand secret of life be attainable, the wise would rests on my lap would have yielded thee one petty drop from the crystal vessel which held the last store of life but a moment? Me, who so loved and so cherished him—me, he would have doomed to the lifeless cord of mummy! Strangler, if my death could have lengthened a hairbreadth the span of his being. But what matters to me the crime or the madness? I loved him—I loved him!"

She bowed her veiled head lower and lower; perhaps, under the veil, her lips kissed the lips of the dead. Then she said, whisperingly,

"Stranger, Stranger, forgive! Ayesha was fatal ed to his master, whose prey never slipped from its tenure, would not step on the path of my home! but thy death can not now profit the dead, the beloved. And thou hast had pity for him who took but blow and no deadly destruction. His life is lost, thine is saved!"

She spoke now in the language that I could interpret. She spoke, in the language unknown, a few murmured words to her swarthy attendants; then she rose, still veiled, still weeping, and made a dumb sign to me to go with them. Understood by the sign that Ayesha had told them to guard me on my way; but she gave no reply to my parting thanks.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

I descended into the valley; the armed men followed. The path, on that side of the watershed, was not steep, but winding, through meadows still green, or amidst groves still unscathed. As I turning in the way brought to view of my sight where I had left behind, I beheld the bluish litter creeping down the declivities of the mountain close, and the Veiled Woman walking by its side. But soon the funereal procession was lost to my eyes, and the mountain-tops themselves sunken from the waves in man's brain are like those of the sea, rushing on, rushing over and over, and the vessels that rode on their surface to sink, after storm, in their deeps. One thought cast forth into the future now mastered all in the past. "War Lilian living still?" Absorbed in the gloom of that thought, harried on by the goad that my heart, in its tortured impatience, gave to my footstep, I outstripped the slow stride of the armed men, and, reaching the plain below, I had left and the horse which I sped to, came, in the place of my guards, with the bucked in which the bushmen had carried me up the mountains.

on the night that Lilian had watched for my coming. The earth on my feet was rife with creeping plants and many-colored flowers, the sky overhead was half hid by motionless pines. Suddenly, whether crawling out from the herbage or dropping down from the trees, by my side stood the white-robed and skeleton form—Ayesha's attendant, the Stranger.

I sprang from him in shuddering, then halted and faced him. The hideous creature crept toward me, cringing and fawning, making signs of humble good-will and servile obeisance. Again I shuddered—truthfully, for I could see that my face hoomered and fled on. I thought I had baffled his chase, when, just as I reached the thicket, he dropped from a bough in my path close behind me. Before I could turn, some dark mufflike substance fell between my sight and the sun, and I felt a fierce strain at my throat. Then the words of Ayesha's warning came on; with one rapid hand I seized the noose before it could tighten too closely, with the other I tore the bandage away from my eyes, and, wheeling round on the dastardly foe, struck him down with one sperm of my foot. His hand, as he fell, involved his hold on the noose; I freed my throat from the knot, and sprang from the cope into the broad sunlight. I was free to move of the armed men or the Stranger. Panting and breathless I paused at last before the fence, fragrant with blossoms, and divided my home from the solitude.

The windows of Lilian's room were darkened all within the house seemed still.

Darkened and silenced Home! with the light and sounds of the genial life all around it. Was there yet Hope in the Universe for me? All to which I had turned for Hope had shrunk down; the anchors I had forged for her hold in the beds of the ocean, her stay from the drifts of the storm. She had snapped like a reed the reliance she had taken on the bare of their points and candles in the starlight of my affection. No hope in the baffled resources of recognized knowledge! No hope in the daring adventures of Mind into regions unknown! Hope in the calm love of the practised physician and the magical arts of the Soul Enchantress! No hope from the commonplace teachings of Nature to explore in her Shadow-land marvels at variance with reason. Made Nature a deceiver? Nay, were I had opposed without quailing the stride of the Demon, and my hope, when fruition seemed wrested, had been realized into the very hoofs of the beast! And yet, all the while I had scorned, as a dream more wild than the word of a sorcerer, the hope that the soul man and child, the wise and the ignorant, took from their souls as inborn! Man and fiend had failed a Mind not ignoble, not skilless, not abjectly craven; alike failed a heart unselfish and selfish, not dead to the hero's devotion, willing to shed every drop of its blood for a something more dear than an animal's life for itself! What remained—what remained for man's hope? —man's mind and man's heart had been tried to their all within no other result but despair? What remained but the mystery of mysteries, so clear to the genius of childhood, so impenetrable, so only dimmed by the clouds which collect round the noon of our manhood? Where yet was Hope found? In the soul: in the soul which impels to supplicate comfort and light, from the lover of soul, wherever the heart is stricken the mind is obscured.

Then the words of Ayesha rushed over me: "What mourner can be consoled if the Dead die forever?" Through every pulse of my frame throbbed that dread question. My lips were around seemed to murmur it. And suddenly, as by a flash from Heaven, the ground truth in Faber's grand reasoning broke on me, and lighted up all within and without. Man alone, of all earthly creatures, asks: "Can the Dead die forever?" and the instinct that urges the question itself is God's answer to man! No instinct is given in vain.

And born with the instinct of soul is the instinct that leads the soul from earth to the unseen, from time to eternity, from the torrent that foams toward the Ocean of Death to the source of a stream, far fled from the Ocean of Life.

"Know thyself," said the Pythian of old, "That precept descended from Heaven." Know thyself! is that maxim wise? If so, know thy soul. But never yet did man come to the thorough conviction of self but he was impelled to feel the sovereign necessity of prayer. In my woe, in my rapture, all my thoughts seemed enlarged and illumined, and the whole mystery of my soul seemed one prayer. All my past, with its pride and presumption and self-will, was distinct as the form of a penitent kneeling for pardon before seeting forth on the pilgrimage vowed as a shrine. And never yet, in the deepest of soul first revealed to myself, that the Dead do not die forever, my prayer was uttered beyond its brief trial of terror and sorrow. During not to ask from Heaven's wisdom that Lilian, for my sake, might not yet pass away from the earth. I prayed that my soul might be fitted to bear with submission whatever my Maker might ordain. And, if surviving her, without whom no beam from you material sun could ever warm into joy my life's long, but my soul's short To-Morrow, to guide my steps that they might rejoin her at last, and, in rejoicing, regain forever!

As I raised my face from my clasped hands my eyes fell full upon a form standing in the open door-way. There, where on the night in which Lilian's long struggle for reason and life had begun, the Luminous Shadow had been beheld in the doubtful light of a dying moon and a hazy dawn—there, on the threshold, gathering round her bright locks the glories of the glorious sun, stood Ayesha, the blessed child! And as I gazed, drawing nearer and nearer with the silenced house, and that Image of Peace on its threshold, I felt that Hope met me at the door—Hope in the child's steadfast eyes—Hope in the child's welcoming smile!

"I was at watch for you," whispered Amy. "All is well!"

"She lives still—she lives! Thank God—thank God!"

"She lives—she will recover!" said another voice, as my head sunk on Faber's shoulder. "For some hours in the night her sleep was disturbed—convulsed. I then left the ward. Suddenly, just before the dawn, she called out aloud, still in sleep.

"I saw the dark shadow has passed away from me and from Allen—passed away from us both forever!"

"And from that moment the fever left her; the breathing became soft, the pulse steady, and the color stole gradually back to her cheek. The crisis is past. Nature's benign Dispeser has permitted Nature to work. Sleep, gentle partner, heart to heart, mind to mind—"

"And soul to soul!" I cried, in my solemn joy. "Above us below, and around us. There, at a sign from Faber, the Child took me by the hand and led me up the stairs into Lilian's room.

Again those dear arms closed round me in wife-like and holy love, and those true lips kissed away my tears—even as now, at the distance of years from that happy morn, while I write the last words of this Strange Story, the same faithful arms close around my, the same tender lips kiss away my tears.

THE END.

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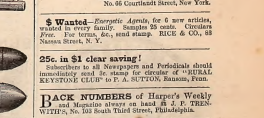
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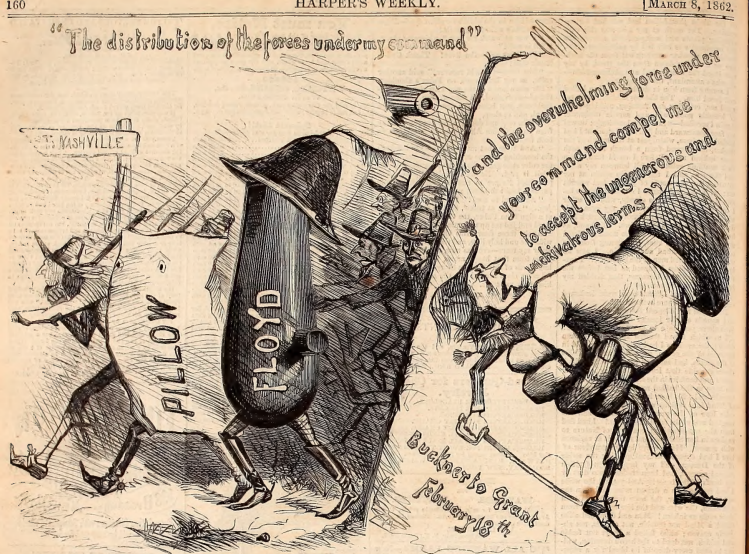
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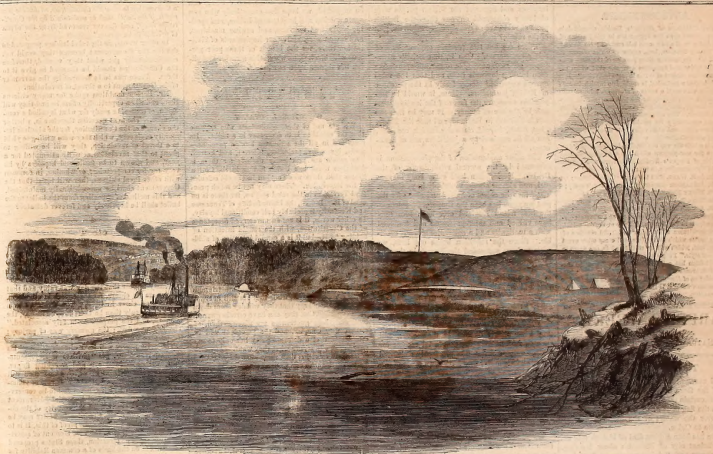
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VI.—No. 272.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3 00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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GENERAL VIEW OF FORT DONELSON.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. L. RAWSON.—[SEE PAGE 166.]



THE ATTACK OF THE SECOND IOWA REGIMENT ON THE REBEL BATTERIES AT FORT DONELSON.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 166.]

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

We devote page 168 to illustration of MEMPHIS, Tennessee, from sketches taken before the war by our famous artist, Porte Crayon, of Virginia, now an officer in the army of the Union.

Memphis is now the only large city in Tennessee which is not in the hands of Union troops. It stands on an elevated bluff on the left bank of the Mississippi, at the head of ship navigation, 726 miles by the river from New Orleans, and 240 from Cairo. It is the termination of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and is a place of considerable business activity, being the distributing point for the produce of West Tennessee. The population has probably ruined it. The following extract from a Cairo letter gives an idea of the state of affairs there at present:

The Memphis papers report the old catch-words about fighting till every man, woman, and child is killed, and the impossibility of subjugating the South; but abroad in the streets the people show their fellowship, and inquire to fly to some. They denounce with great bitterness this sense of Memphis, and refer to it as "cowardly Memphis," and at the same time paying a premium of 25 per cent. for "Lincoln Treasury notes," and one Treasury note = Wm. Wirt three men to make their peace with their Creator, for this city will never be stormed with bullets in it! Even a year of the reign of terror has not produced "assassinity" in Memphis.

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The crisis which the war has reached imports from interest to the WAR-QUESTION which are appearing in every number of *Harper's Weekly*. We keep our correspondents at the seat of war.

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Mrs. HENRY MORFORD, with Gen. BANKS' army;

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE evacuation of Columbus, and the rout of the force lately gathered in Tennessee, render it certain that before the month of March expires the flag of the Union will float triumphantly over the waters of the Mississippi from the Delta to Cairo.

There has been a great deal of blatant talk at the turbulent city of Memphis about burning down houses and "laying on great wires;" but when it comes to stern reality it turns out that each man wants to burn somebody else's house and to leave his own standing; and as the only parties who want to die, they are always the first to run away. There may be another fight at Memphis, and perhaps another skirmish in the river side; but the best and burden of the Mississippi campaign are over, and nothing can prevent our gun-boats descending the stream to the sea mouth whenever they are prepared for the voyage.

Government has already granted permits to trade along the Cumberland and the Tennessee. A similar relaxation of the rule of war will doubtless shortly be granted in reference to the banks of the Mississippi. A few cargoes of produce and goods will very quickly convince the rebels of the folly of further pernicious disloyalty.

THE BRITISH AND THEIR PRESS.

THE published correspondence between the Government of Great Britain and that of the United States, and the speeches of the Prime Minister of England in Parliament, leave nothing to be desired by the people of this country. With the single exception of the precipitate recognition of the rebels as belligerents on the evening before Mr. Adams arrived in London, the British Government stands upon record nothing and to have said nothing to which loyal Britons can object or deem in this country. It would, perhaps, have been more consistent, as well as more politic, for the British to have pronounced at the outset of the contest against the recognition of a power based on the corner-stone of human slavery, and the essential principle of whose system was perpetual and indiscriminate disintegration. But we have no right to complain of this. We had no more right to expect England to denounce our rebels than she had to expect us to denounce the Irish insurgents of 1848. She has passed from the start a policy, which, however impolitic in our opinion, has been strictly fair toward the United States according to the law of nations.

How comes it, this being the case, that the tone of the British press has been so uniformly hostile toward this country, and so grossly unjust and malignant?

We must conclude, in the first place, that British journals are not as well informed as journals of this country usually suppose. It is evident that neither the *Times*, nor the *Post*, nor the *Globe*, nor the *Herald* have been in the secret of the party in power in Great Britain. They have falsified the purposes and intentions of their own Government as grossly as they have done ours. The most elaborate effort, the statement of a recent British writer, who says that, in England, newspapers are despised by the ruling class, and are only read by persons unqualified to gather the crumbs which fall from great men's tables, but are never permitted to take notice, or to have the slightest influence of their own.

How came it that, while the British Government was disposed to act fairly by us, and the interests and heart of the British people were obviously concerned on our side, the British press should have so unanimously taken the part of the rebels?

There are but two possible explanations of this phenomenon. One is, that British newspapers are managed upon the old Tory principles than leading journals here, and that the rebel envoys expended money freely in the purchase of British journalists. If there is any truth in possible to secure the favor of the leading journals by the use of money. It may be that the rebels in dividing the spoils of the *Times*, *Post*, *Globe*, *Herald*, *Saturday Review*, etc., etc., can all be retained by a judicious use of bank-notes.

The other explanation of the phenomenon is suggested by the normal misanthropy of the British. Englishmen, as a body in general, and almost always somebody in particular. Their favorite object of hatred and abuse for the past ten years has been the Emperor Napoleon the best friend England ever had: him they have vilified and misrepresented and traduced with a malignity and a malice scarcely credible. Since the rebellion broke out here, we have been suspended in Europe between the favor of the British, and it is possible that the English papers have abused us merely in order to render the national taste for vilifying something, and so maintaining the national habit.

Whatever be the secret of the wicked language used by the London journals in reference to this country for the past six or eight months, they have certainly achieved two results: first, they have utterly discredited themselves, and emancipated us from the prepossessions of the British opinion which was previously cherished here; and secondly, they have sown seeds of discord which will render it extremely difficult for the leading statesmen of this country to settle the next dispute with England without a war.

THE PORT ROYAL FACT.

On Monday last the steamer *Atlantic* sailed from New York for Port Royal with a cargo of clergymen, schoolmasters, and schoolmistresses, Bibles, school-books, agricultural tools, sewing machines, etc. The cargo was destined for the use of some 10,000 persons with black skins, male and female, who are now tenants of the inhabitants engaged in the United States on the coast of South Carolina and Georgia.

The use of it was chiefly borne by a charitable institution founded by citizens of Boston, with branches at New York, etc.; which, we believe, has ever yet been thousand persons with black skins, who are living under the protection of the United States flag, and whom we are trying to educate—the males to work and manage wood-island plantations of cotton on eccentric principles; the females to sew and comport themselves in a manner which, by rural, write, cipher, and attain moral and religious obligations. In a short time this colony of ten thousand persons with black skins will be twenty thousand, and by-and-by it will be two hundred thousand. Now it inhabits two or three extremely fertile and lovely islands; presently it will monopolize all the surrounding islands, and extensively encroach on the main land itself. For facts of this kind are of their nature progressive. Civilization and Christianity know no retrogression.

It strikes us that if some of our leading men would be so good as to forget for a while their own importance, and the necessity of keeping themselves constantly before the apple of the American eye, this Port Royal fact would, without their aid, achieve, quietly and noiselessly, without bloodshed, and without rapine or violence, some of the extremely desirable results for which they are so fatiguingly clamorous, and which it is the business of this great war to achieve. If we contribute a small share of our substance to impart to those unfortunate persons with black skins, who are thrown by the rebellion upon our tender mercy, some portion of the educational and moral advantages which our enlightened laws secure for the meanest of our own people, Providence will probably render them the instruments of effecting a revolution which will change the face of American destiny.

It has been proposed by some well-intentioned but weak-minded people to deport these persons with black skins to various islands or continents very far away indeed. And it has also been proposed by some evil-intentioned but strongminded people to deport—but the process was black skins, but other persons with white skins who are in arms against us, and have cost us already more than a thousand dear lives, to other continents or islands still further away. It is impossible to say to what straits this Government of ours may be hard put by-and-by. It may go into the transportation business for a living. When it does, these rival proposals will probably be fairly considered. Meanwhile, the GREAT FACT at Port Royal stares us in the face, and until some better thing can be suggested, we hope that every body who can spare a dollar will help to send Bibles, and spelling-books, and teachers, and sewing machines, and cotton gins, and other implements of civilization there, for the benefit of these poor persons with black skins whom this atrocious rebellion has thrown upon our hands.

THE LOUNGER.

CONDITIONAL LOYALTY.

We are sad of those enthusiasts who suppose that the rebellion will disappear in a night. Its roots are in all the strongest human passions—pride, ignorance, prejudice, and self-interest. The rebels are practically united; for there is doubtless much less Union feeling in the Cotton States than there was Tory opinion in the old colonies at the Revolution. There may not be much practical loyalty even in the rebel section, for there is no need of it. Indeed, the Union feeling of Tennessee and Kentucky is probably half conditional loyalty. In other words, it is not an unreserved acceptance of the Constitution, with the candid intention of abiding by it and of sustaining the Administration of abiding by it if it works agreeably to their wishes.

Now one thing is clearly essential to the final settlement of the war—that is, that the just principle of armed rebellion against the result of a state election must be most utterly annihilated. Any thing less than that is the absolute triumph of the revolution. If, while they are still in arms, the rebels should say that they will lay down their arms upon condition that they can have certain guarantees, and those guarantees are given—then, of course, they succeed, and the precedent will be established that a defeated party has only to appear in arms to secure what they want. Any offer or terms to rebellion than those offered by General Foster at Roanoke and General Grant at Fort Donelson—"unconditional and unlimited surrender"—are a betrayal of the Government and the end of civil liberty.

If when that surrender is made, and the leaders of the bloody and causeless revolt have been dealt with as the law directs, and the people have had an ordinary, peaceful operations of life are resumed, a convention should be constitutionally called, and changes in the fundamental law should be constitutionally made, there might be regret, but there could be no complaint. But if the changes should be made, and the convention dissolving, the people should acquiesce in the result, it would be clear that peace had been actually secured.

To say to the rebels that if they will lay down their arms there will be a convention, and to add that at that convention certain results shall be achieved, is to show to all mankind that our Government is not the people, and our organic law of country a lie. Such an act would be national suicide. The Government of a country, if he understands himself, is the worst of traitors; if he does not understand himself, he is a zany.

Conditional loyalty is a "pretty good" egg.

A REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

THE fact that the Secretary of War was reported by telegraph to have said something which he did not say, and which was evidently reported, and therefore misunderstood, to serve a purpose, naturally excited public concern. The same telegraph presently sent the name of Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, of New York, as the author of the report. Mr. Barlow denied it impudicitiy; and being accused by the friends of secret treasonable sympathies, he published a card in vindication of his loyalty. In that card he quotes from his correspondence with some of the rebel leaders and their advisers, during the winter of 1860-'61, and in that correspondence there is one most remarkable passage.

Mr. Barlow is known in the city as an active politician of the Douglas and Southern sympathy. He is known beyond the city as one of the few gentlemen who, at the time of the John Brown excitement, hastened to the more party and think knowledge, to implicate the great body of their political opponents in the direct responsibility for John Brown's enterprise. They sought especially to implicate Mr. Gerrit Smith in the matter, but upon his prompt summons to them to establish their charge in court they made an ample apology.

Mr. Barlow is further known as one of the gentlemen who, before the last Presidential election, and when the men who are now the rebel leaders openly and habitually warned the country that they would try to destroy the Government if they did not succeed at the polls, still supported those leaders in every way, and endeavored to carry the election without a threat of secession.

Mr. Barlow is also known as one of the gentlemen who entertained Mr. W. H. Russell, LL.D., upon his arrival in this country last winter, and who supplied him with that view of the public sentiment which he digested in his first letters to the London *Times*.

Upon the other hand, when it became clear to Mr. Barlow that his political friends at the South were about to do what they had frankly declared they meant to do—that what they had constantly never have attempted but for the position of open sympathy and support in their threats which Mr. Barlow and his friends recognized, and to express by the extracts of his correspondence now published, his timidity seems to have been his shame. He wrote to the South that armed resistance to the Government would result in a united North. The South would not be satisfied by that.

But the remarkable passage in this correspondence which has been suggested these remarks is as follows: In a letter of the 27th of November, 1860—three weeks after the election—Mr. Barlow wrote to a prominent Senator in the Senate, begging to be believed, great weight with the Southern leaders: "What will be agreed to in my judgment is this: a Convention *to alter the Constitution, so that the just rights of the South shall be maintained by the Constitution itself*, and forever removed from the arena of politics in Congress."

In other words, as the rebel leaders said, they desire the Government because they could not constitutionally get what they wanted, therefore the Constitution should be changed to give it to them. Peace was to be secured by the surrender of the Government to a threat of revolution.

Mr. Barlow now professes regret for his citizen then, and when opportunity offers he and they will again, of course, be found forever ready to make promise. The next question therefore is, whether the change of the Constitution, for the absolute immunity of slavery, which they were willing to yield to a threat of revolution, would be conceded for a year, and shown to be futile and hopeless by its very cry for compromise; or whether, in common with the great body of citizens, they believe that the Government shall be unconditionally maintained, and that the method of appealing from the ballot to the rifle shall be hopelessly and finally defeated?

GLOOM.

THE weakness, and sadness, and dispirited quarrelsomeness of Seward's congenial cronies will have struck every reader. By the side of the calm impudence and cool falsehood of Mr. Speaker Bocock the language of Mr. Seward is weak. It was not necessary to hear that the day was rainy and that there were no cheers, for the speech is all gloom, and has no sort of cheerful ring. "Cheerful man spoke more truly than he thought—" The day, the memory, and the purpose were fully overclouded." The day was dark; the memory was of perjury; the purpose was injustice.

The bold sayers will have already followed his poor equivocations, his spiritless misrepresentations, with scorching and scorching laughter. But there is one point at which every man will smile. It is he remark, that "This rule of voluntary association will not fail to be observed universally, by securing just and impartial government and by affording a faithful and the security of the obligations by which the Confederate States will be bound to foreign nations. In proof of this, it is to be remembered that at the first moment of asserting their right of secession, these States proposed a settlement on the basis of a common liability for the obligations of the General Government."

But if every State secedes from the confederacy, who pays the debts of the confederacy? And if being purely voluntary, you can not coerce a State to fulfill its joint obligations, what security has the creditor?

This ghastly delusion of secession at last stands in its naked deformity. It is simply a leap of assertion the right of every man to do as he chooses. There is no reason why the people of Berkshire County, beyond the Connecticut and among the hills, should not secede from Eastern Massachusetts because of high taxes, or for any other reason they choose to allege; and no reason why every town should not secede from every other, as fast as the humor takes it. Anarchy could be seriously entertained. It is the end of civil society, and the lapse into barbarism.

Let us not suppose ourselves to be less a dangerous disease than scarlet fever in the human system. Like that, it will linger and linger, but the patient will be slowly eradicated, and the patient will perish long and sadly. Because our arms are at length beginning to win the victory of which we have always been sure—because the anaconda begins now to contract its folds—we are not to suppose that all is over, and that peace will return with summer. When the sea has been heaved by a storm so fierce as this, the waters will long roar and roar. We have shown and are showing our patriotism by our valor; we have to show it also by our patience. To trust the enemy of our national peace finally and thoroughly, the nation has yet to wait longer than the army on the Potomac has waited.

HOPELESSNESS.

In his inaugural address, the saddest speech of the times, Jefferson Davis, with more circumlocution than Stephens, declares that the rebellion was undertaken to save slavery. Stephens says frankly its object is a system of government and society of which slavery shall be the corner-stone. Davis, more mealy-mouthed, says

"The people of the States now confederated * * * believed that to remain longer in the Union would subject them to the continuance of a disparaging discrimination, submission to which would

inconsistent with their welfare and intolerable to a proud people."

And again:

"To save ourselves from a revolution which, in its silent but rapid progress was about to place us under the despotism of numbers, and to preserve in spirit, as well as in form, a system of government we believed to be peculiarly fitted to our condition, and full of promise for mankind, we determined to make a new association, composed of States homogeneous in interest, in policy, and in feeling."

Now what tyro in knowledge of human nature and of history does not see that, as a mere matter of self-defense, such an "association" could never be allowed by a neighboring nation separated by no natural boundaries? If the old Monroe doctrine is true, that the peace and security of this nation were threatened by the presence of any European power upon our borders, what is to be said of a huge slave-breeding and slave-working empire divided from us by invisible lines? The constant tendency of that empire would be to a gradual occupation by the servile race, and consequent barbarism.

Common sense and the instinct of self-preservation settle the question of "a new association of States" for the increase of the slave population.

"GENTLE WOMEN."

It is a curious inquiry whether Mrs. Greenhow, and the other utterly treacherous women who have done all they can to bring blood and ruin upon their countrymen—who have been the most faithful and zealous spies, working to betray the lives of loyal citizens and the liberties of all of us to the bald and remorseless tyranny of the rebellion—are "the gentle women incarcerated for opinion's sake," of which Davis speaks in his melancholy inaugural.

WHO IS WHO?

In reading the dreary debates of the spectral Congress at Richmond the eye occasionally falls upon a familiar name, which suggests instructive reflections.

During the Presidential campaign there was a gentleman from Tennessee who, not to speak it irreverently, was "hawked" about the Northern States as an orator, upon no other ground than that he was grandson, or grand-nephew, to the great Virginia orator of the revolution—or that at any rate his name was Henry. This gentleman was taken to public meetings to tell the people of the Northern States two things: one was, that his great ancestor talked nonsense when he spoke against the patriarchial system of living by the labor of other people whom you did not pay; and second, that we must all cling to the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws.

Now, as our minds were and had been for some years quite made up on the business of making people work without wages, and selling their children to pay our debts, it seemed unnecessary to enlarge upon that point. But he had his say, and departed when he was ready by rail indeed, but not exactly in the way that Northern orators, had they made corresponding speeches in his part of the country, would have left by rail. Then, in the second place, as no serious talk was heard and no threat uttered against the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws above the line of Mason and Dixon, it was impossible not to feel that the gentleman had brought his coals to Newcastle.

Of course the orator is now a secessionist, as John Bell is; and in the proceedings of the Richmond Congress you shall read the name of Mr. Henry, of Tennessee, as a Senator—the same gentleman, as we are informed, who came to harangue us upon our duty to the Union and the enforcement of the laws.

The moral is plain. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord! Lord!" It is not enough to cry aloud your own virtue. It is not enough to use the words that express devotion. There is many a man now who bawls, suspiciously loud, "Union, Union, and the enforcement of the laws!" Study him attentively when you hear him. You see what Henry meant. Wait and see what he means.

AN ENGLISH CRITIC.

The paper in *Fraser* upon the American question, by John Stuart Mill, is one of the ablest statements which our troubles have occasioned. Mr. Mill is well known to every scholar and reading man as one of the chief English thinkers of the time; and his clear perception of the causes and consequences of the struggle, with his curiously-accurate appreciation of all the delicate distinctions of our system, and the essential differences of our parties, show his peculiar fitness as a teacher of the English nation at this moment.

A cardinal value of his paper is the clearness with which he shows that the existence of this Government is the security of all the reforms for which patient and humane men wait. He says that while it is not a war for emancipation, its end is, inevitably, the end of slavery. But whether that end will be suddenly effected by the military hand, or left to the development of peaceful debate, he thinks, and thinks justly, is a question to be determined by the rapidity with which our arms advance. Should the war last a year longer, he says that in the sheerest self-defense the nation will strike frankly at its cause. But so long as the army is constantly successful, public opinion will not justify the "extreme measure."

The wisdom of the paper is the more remarkable from its exact agreement with the views of the wisest men among ourselves. That a fatal blow at the root of the rebellion is the true method of peace—that the right way is the best and the shortest way, no man who is free from party rancor doubts for a moment. But such men are few; and such men are also wise enough to see that great measures in this country must be the result of popular conviction. To be permanent and peaceful, all great changes must be justified by public sentiment. The ferocious party-spirit that seven years ago repealed the Missouri Compromise was too blind to see this. That was a trick sprung upon the nation, and the unanimous vote of the Free States for Mr. Lincoln was the logical and inevitable consequence.

Party leaders in this country are not despots. They lead only so long as they understand the general tendency of the party to which they belong. The force of drill and organization will of course carry any party beyond its convictions. But the change will have already commenced. Thus the old Democratic Party was really smitten with death in 1848; but it wore the semblance of a crown for twelve years afterward. And all the young men in the country who, led by the desire of political success rather than by true patriotism, have within that period allied themselves to that party, can now see plainly enough that it was not the vigor of life but the spasm of death that gave it an air of energy.

For if the democratic principle be indeed trustworthy, the constant tendency of an educated people like ours must be toward greater Justice and surer Liberty, and not toward Despotism and Slavery. Consequently, if democracy were true, the Democratic Party was doomed. Every faithful follower of the party cry must have constantly and wonderingly asked himself, "How is it that I am a Democrat, or friend of human rights, and yet am constantly and by party command voting for and with men who openly scorn those rights?" Such a man would very soon ask himself whether vinegar is sweet because it happens to be labeled molasses.

The lessons of many years and of human nature will not be lost upon us at a time when we are at once peculiarly honest and sagacious. Mr. Mill sees it clearly. All loyal Americans feel it. The statesman is the man who sees in what way, and how far, that which is desirable may be made practicable. The article will appear in *Harper's Magazine* for April.

"NO NAME."

The new novel of Wilkie Collins begins in this day's paper, illustrated by John M'Lenan, whose characteristic and admirable illustrations of "The Woman in White," especially that of Count Fosco, were themselves creations. Mr. M'Lenan has a peculiar appreciation of the genius of Mr. Collins, who has taken his place among the most popular and powerful of living English novelists. None of them has written a tale of more singular, absorbing, and powerful interest than his "Woman in White," and the opening of the present story has the same clear, calm, startling detail of narration. It has a Tenier's fidelity and healthy color. The picture of the country home and the quiet family circle is curiously distinct. Nor does the opening number end without plunging the reader full into the necessary mystery. Thus the beginning is like the commencement of a trial, in which we know that the developments will be both strange and fascinating. The power of the author has been proved by "The Woman in White," and all the readers of that story will want no exhortation to begin with the beginning of "No Name."

It is one of the remarkable illustrations of the opportunity of influence offered to a popular author at this day that if we allow seven readers to each copy of the issue of the present number of the *Weekly*, the opening chapters of Mr. Collins's story will be read by more than nine hundred thousand readers.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

If a disagreeable fellow insists on sharing your house with you, take the inside for your share, and give him the outside.

The geological character of the rock on which drunkards split is said to be *quartz*.

A doctor's wife attempted to move him by her tears. "Ah!" said he, "tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium, and water."

When a pickpocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

A hint to ladies with gray hair. Never say "dye."

The least objectionable soup for cannibals—a breth of a boy.

"Is Mr. Brown a man of means?" inquired a lady visitor of Aunt Betsy. "Yes, I should think he was," replied Aunt Betsy, "as every body says he's the meanest man in town."

Why do our soldiers need no barbers? Because they are regularly shaved by the Government contractors.

We are never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless we have it from her own lips.

Man's happiness is said to hang upon a thread. This must be the thread that is never at hand to sew on the shirt-button that is *always* off.

Mrs. Chibbles has great ideas of her husband's military powers. "For two years," says she, "he was a lieutenant in the horse-marines, after which he was promoted to the captaincy of a regular squad of sapheads and minors."

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. "I mind my own business," was the reply.

"Pa," said a lad to his father, "I often read of people poor but honest; why don't they sometimes say rich but honest?" "Tut, my son," said his father, "nobody would believe them."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, February 25, in the Senate, the bill providing for the occupation and cultivation of cotton lands in possession of the United States was reported back by the Committee on Territories, and an amendment limiting the appropriation to twenty thousand dollars adopted. The bill providing for the confiscation of the property of rebels was then taken up, discussed, and finally postponed. The bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue certificates of acknowledgment of debt to public creditors was passed.——In the House, the Senate bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue certificates of indebtedness to public creditors was passed. A bill amendatory of the Articles of War, so as to provide that all officers in the military service are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of restoring fugitives from service or labor, escaping from those who claim such service or labor to be due to them; and any officer found guilty, by court-martial, of violating this article shall be dismissed from service, was reported from the Military Committee, and passed by a vote of 83 to 42. The Senate bill reorganizing the cavalry service was amended by reducing the number of regiments to fifty instead of forty, as provided by the Senate, and then passed. The bill authorizing the Postmaster-General to establish a postal money order system was also passed, and likewise a bill designed to allow the transportation of light articles through the mails, for the accommodation of soldiers, at the rates of book postage—one cent per ounce. A bill to tax the salaries of public officers was referred to the Ways and Means Committee. A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of levying a tax of three per cent. per pound on cotton, and making such a lien thereon; persons and corporations to be prohibited from carrying or transporting the same until the tax is paid.

On Wednesday, February 26, in the Senate, petitions in favor of a general bankrupt law, and for the emancipation of slaves, were presented and referred. A bill establishing a railroad and telegraph line from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean was reported from the Special Committee on that subject. The bill providing for the occupation and cultivation of certain cotton lands in the possession of the United States was taken up and discussed. The consideration of the question of admitting the new Senator from Oregon, Mr. Starke, whose loyalty is questioned, to a seat in the Senate, was then resumed, and Senators Sumner, Cowan, Davis, Wilmot, Carlile, and Sherman participated in the debate, but no definite action was taken on the subject. The bill fixing the number of members of the House of Representatives under the new apportionment was amended so as to make the number 249, and then passed.——In the House, Mr. Voorhies, of Indiana, asked leave to offer a resolution commending the sentiments and policy of General Halleck, as announced in his General Order of the 23d instant, already published, as eminently wise and patriotic, and in strict conformity with the Constitution, and that the war should be conducted in accordance with the same, and that the thanks of Congress are tendered to General Halleck for said order, and for his military achievement as commander of the Department of Missouri. Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, objected, and the resolution was consequently ruled out. Mr. Van Wyck announced his retirement from the chairmanship of the Government Contract and Revolutionary Pension Committees. The case of Mr. Upton, who claims a seat as representative from the Fairfax district of Virginia, was taken up, and discussed till the adjournment. The House concurred in the Senate bill fixing the number of Representatives, under the new apportionment, at 249.

On Thursday, February 27, in the Senate, Senator Davis introduced a substitute for the Confiscation bill, which was ordered to be printed. The bill to increase the efficiency of the medical department of the army was taken up and passed with amendments. The case of Senator Starke was resumed, and the resolution of the committee on the subject, declaring Senator Starke entitled to a seat, was adopted by a vote of 26 to 19. He thereupon was qualified and took his seat. The Confiscation bill was taken up, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the case of Mr. Upton, who claims to represent the Fairfax district of Virginia, was again discussed, and the claimant declared not entitled to a seat by a vote of seventy-three to fifty.

On Friday, February 28, in the Senate, a bill was reported to carry into effect the treaty with Hanover for the abolition of the Stadt dues. Senator Starke, the new member from Oregon, offered a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to investigate the charges of disloyalty that have been alleged against him. A debate ensued, which was continued till the expiration of the morning hour. The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill was taken up, and passed with amendments. A bill to encourage enlistments in the regular army was introduced.——In the House, the special committee on the establishment of a national armory reported a resolution, which was referred to the Committee of the Whole, providing for the appointment of a commission by the President to locate a national foundry east of the Alleghanies, and a foundry, armory, and manufacturing arsenal west of the Alleghanies, said commission to report within sixty days from their appointment to the Secretary of War, and the Secretary to report to Congress, with the necessary estimates of expense. The bill granting homesteads to actual settlers, and providing bounty for soldiers in lieu of lands, was amended so as to take effect on the 1st of January, 1863, and then passed—105 against 16. Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, March 3, in the Senate, Senator Wright, the successor of Mr. Bright, of Indiana, was sworn, and entered upon his duties. The House bill requiring shipmasters trading to foreign ports to take an oath of allegiance was passed. A joint resolution authorizing the President to appoint as many staff officers as the service requires was adopted. The Confiscation bill was taken up, and Senator M'Dougall, of California, spoke in opposition to it. Before he had concluded the Senate went into executive session.——In the House the tax bill was ordered to be printed, and made the special order for the 11th instant. The Senate joint resolution, declaratory of the intention of the act of July, indemnifying the loyal States for expenses incurred in raising troops, so as not only to apply to debts contracted before, but since the passage of the act, was adopted; also the Senate joint resolution providing for the payment of the awards of the commission for claims growing out of military movements in the Department of the West. Mr. Holman offered a resolution declaring that the war should not be prosecuted for any other purpose than the restoration of the authority of the Constitution and the welfare of the whole people of the United States, who are permanently involved in the preservation of our present form of government, without modification or change. Mr. Lovejoy moved to lay it on the table, and the motion was adopted—60 to 58. A resolution, calling on the President for information relative to the present condition of Mexico, and the design of the European Powers to establish a monarchy there, was adopted. The Committee on Foreign Affairs presented an important joint resolution on the subject of maritime rights, thanking the Emperor of the French for his kindly offices touching the *Trent* affair, and declaring the present a favorable time for adjusting the question of maritime rights on the basis proposed by Mr. Marcy in 1856. The resolutions were recommitted and ordered to be printed. A resolution was adopted directing the Secretary of the Treasury to communicate to the House the amount of the subscriptions to the National Loan, authorized by the act of the 17th of July, 1861, the amounts of money paid on such subscriptions, and the purposes to which they have been appropriated.

THE "NASHVILLE" AT HOME AGAIN.

The rebel steamer *Nashville*, which has been lying up so long in English ports, and was so keenly watched by the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, has succeeded in getting safe across the Atlantic, and, as we learn from Norfolk, arrived at Wilmington, North Carolina, on Saturday, having run the blockade at that place.

EVACUATION OF COLUMBUS.

Columbus is evacuated. An official dispatch from Commodore Foote, dated Cairo, March 1, leaves no doubt that the rebels are flying from their Western Sebastopol. Lieutenant-Commanding Phelps, who was sent on Saturday with a flag of truce to Columbus, returned reporting that he saw the rebels burning their winter-quarters, and removing their heavy guns on the bluffs. But the guns in the water batteries remained intact. He also saw a large force of cavalry drawn up ostentatiously on the bluffs, but no infantry was to be seen, as heretofore. The encampment seen in the armed reconnoissance a few days since had been removed. Large fires were visible in the town of Columbus and upon the river banks below, indicating the destruction of the town, military stores, and equipments.

GENERAL BANKS ACROSS THE POTOMAC.

The right wing of the grand army, in General Banks's division, on the Upper Potomac, has made an advance. Crossing the river from Sandy Hook on Monday night to Harper's Ferry, the advance-guard, consisting of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment, took possession of the town. Strong reinforcements went over on Tuesday and occupied the towns of Bolivar and Charlestown, and a considerable portion of the country on both banks of the Shenandoah. The rebels, with the exception of a few who were captured, retired on the approach of our army. The sentiment among the people is strongly in favor of the Union. General Banks has established his head-quarters on the road from Harper's Ferry to Bolivar. The rebels shelled the trains near Berlin, on their way to Baltimore, but the firing was so bad that they did no damage.

GENERAL CURTIS IN ARKANSAS.

General Halleck telegraphs to Washington that General Curtis has taken Fayetteville, Arkansas, with numerous prisoners and great quantities of stores, ammunition, baggage, and the like. The enemy retreated in disorderly haste over the Boston Mountains. The Union troops in that section are perfectly enraged at a dastardly, savage trick of the rebels: forty-two officers and men of the 5th Missouri Regiment were poisoned at Mudtown by eating of provisions left behind by the enemy, who had prepared the food for the purpose of causing a general murder.

TENNESSEE RETURNING TO THE UNION.

The War Department has received such encouraging intelligence of the restoration of Tennessee to the Union that it is contemplated to appoint Senator Andrew Johnson Military Governor of the State until the civil government can be reorganized. With this view the President has nominated him as Brigadier-General, and placed in his hands the pleasant duty of restoring his old State to its original position.

The rebels have retreated from Murfreesboro, and are falling back on the Tennessee River and Chattanooga.

TROOPS TO BE RAISED FOR THE UNION IN TENNESSEE.

The War Department has authorized the raising of volunteer troops in Tennessee, and it is decided to put the loyal citizens of the Southwest generally in a position to resist the rebels whenever any attempt is made to coerce the Union people back again into the thralls of rebellion.

ANOTHER VOYAGE UP THE TENNESSEE.

Official dispatches from Commodore Foote, relative to affairs on the Tennessee River, which were received at the Navy Department on 1st, give most satisfactory accounts of the Union feeling in Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, in which latter State Lieutenant Gwin had penetrated in the gun-boat *Taylor* as far as Eastport. The victories at Forts Henry and Donelson have impressed the Unionists with great faith in our army, and have given them courage to avow their sentiments more freely. Lieutenant Gwin says that upon learning that a large quantity of wheat and flour, intended for shipment to the South, was stored at Clifton, Tennessee, he landed there and took on board about one thousand sacks and one hundred barrels of flour, and some six thousand bushels of wheat, to prevent its being seized by the rebels or disposed of in the rebel country.

ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM JEFF DAVIS.

The Message of Jeff Davis to the new rebel Congress, like his recent inaugural, betrays great distress of mind as to the future fortunes of the Confederacy, and displays, at the same time, no little deviation from the strict line of truth in reference to the resources of the South and the conduct of our Government and our army. He admits that events have proved that the rebel Government attempted more than it could achieve; that the Southern people had no idea of the continuance of the war beyond a brief period, nor of the overwhelming force which has been brought against them. To this fact he attributes the unwillingness of the people to enlist for a long term; but he hopes that this "fruitful cause of disaster," short enlistments, will not again occur. In referring to the defeats at Roanoke Island and Fort Donelson, he speaks of the former as humiliating; and of the fall of Donelson he says that, in the absence of official information, he can form no judgment, but can not believe that an army of "our people" could have surrendered without an effort to cut their way through the enemy. The strength of the rebel army he puts down, somewhat indefinitely, at four hundred regiments of infantry, with proportionate cavalry and artillery. He relies greatly upon the new enlistments to make up the force of the army, and expresses a confident opinion that the war is going to last for several years to come.

DESPAIR OF THE REBELS.

A meeting of cotton and tobacco planters was held on Wednesday evening, at the City Hall, Richmond, to discuss the question of destroying the cotton and tobacco crops in the State; but the discussion, after a variety of speeches were delivered pro and con, resulted in transferring the matter to a committee for report at an adjourned meeting the next night, the business of which has not yet reached us. A resolution was offered in the rebel Congress on the same day providing for compensation by the government for all tobacco and cotton so burned to avoid its falling into the hands of the United States Government. The tone of the Southern press continues to be most doleful and despairing.

THEY ARE AT LOGGERHEADS.

The discussions in the rebel Congress at Richmond show a growing discontent with the Cabinet of Mr. Davis. Upon the proposal to admit the members of the Cabinet to defend their course on the floor of the House, Mr. Foote, of Tennessee, said that if the Cabinet, after a fair discussion upon a vital question, should be voted down, they should resign, after the manner of the British Ministry, and give place to others. A refusal so to do, he declared, would justify a civil revolution—a rebellion within a rebellion—and if Mr. Davis persisted in retaining the Cabinet after such an expression of popular sentiment, he would deserve to be brought to impeachment, and, if needs be, "to the block."

PERSONAL.

The rebel General Simon Bolivar Buckner, captured at Fort Donelson, is now on his way to Fort Warren, or is probably by this time safely ensconced within its walls.

The *Indépendance Belge* asserts positively that the Archduke Maximilian of Austria has accepted a throne in the distracted republic.

By an order from the War Department, we learn that Major-General Dix and the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, have been appointed Commissioners to examine the cases of the men still remaining in confinement in the custody of the United States, and to decide whether they should be released, retained, or turned over to the civil authority.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS IN PARLIAMENT.

The American question is being debated in the English Parliament. Earl Russell made an important declaration in the House of Lords, on the 10th instant, when he admitted that the peculiar circumstances of the United States justified "urgent measures"—such as arbitrary arrests—by the Government, and that even British subjects may be seized by order of the President, if "he believed that the parties were engaged in treasonable conspiracies." Parliament had given the same power to the British executive in times of difficulty, and it had been frequently exercised without the persons being brought to trial. The cases of the English subjects lately arrested in the United States would, however, be "earnestly watched" by the Cabinet.

On a subsequent day, Earl Russell, in reply to Lord Stanhope, stated that Government had protested against the permanent destruction of any harbors by the stone blockade, and the American Government had denied any such intention.

THE VALUE OF THE ELEPHANT.

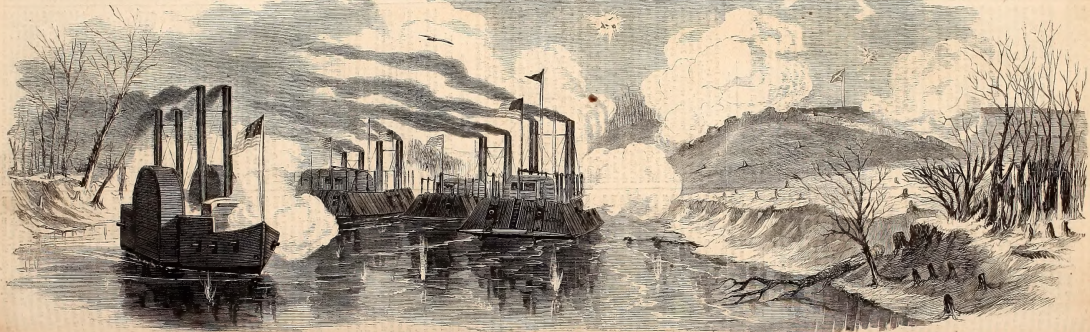
The expense to England of the Mason and Slidell affair is understood to be £364,000 ($1,820,000).

THE "TUSCARORA."

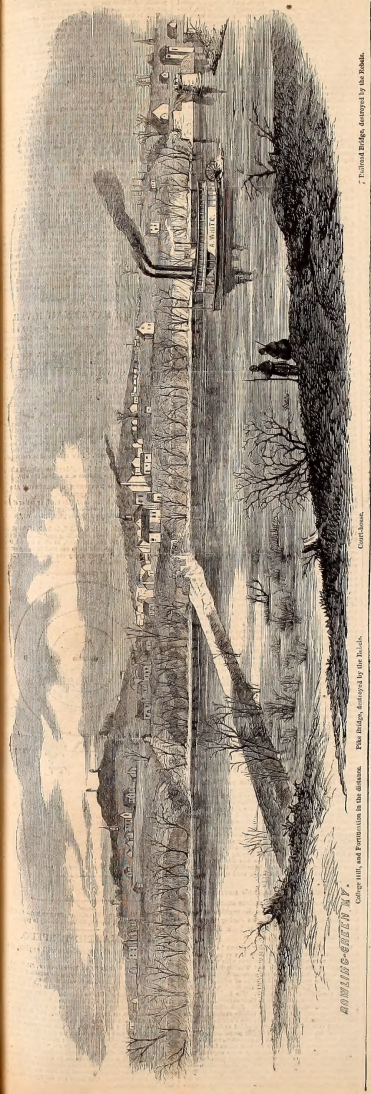
The United States gun-boat *Tuscarora* is reported to be at Gibraltar watching the privateer *Sumter*, which still remains there without coal.



POSITION OF TAYLOR'S AND M'ALLISTER'S BATTERIES DURING THE BATTLE AT FORT DONELSON.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 166.]



THE GUN-BOAT ATTACK ON THE WATER BATTERIES AT FORT DONELSON.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 166.]



"Railroad Bridge, destroyed by the Rebels.



THE LATE GENERAL F. W. LANDER.—(PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.)

THE LATE GENERAL LANDER.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN has issued the following Order:

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, WASHINGTON, February 3, 1862.

"The Major-General Commanding, with deep regret, announces to the Army of the Potomac the loss of Brigadier-General Frederick W. Lander, the commander of one of its divisions, who died at Camp Chase, on the Upper Potomac, on the afternoon of the 1st instant, from the effects of a wound received in the affair with the rebels at Edwards' Ferry, on the 22d of October, 1861. The public services of the deceased, then known as Colonel Lander, in connection with the overland route to the Pacific, had made his name familiar to the American people.

At the commencement of that unhappy rebellion he was among the first who volunteered to support with his life the Constitution and laws of his country. From the beginning of military operations which have restored Western Virginia to the Union, he was actively employed upon Philippi, where his qualities as a leader of troops were strikingly displayed to the complete expulsion of the rebels from his department, in which he exhausted his fading energies; his conduct has elicited the admiration of his countrymen. His invaluable services at Bath Mountain were recognized by the Government in his appointment as a Brigadier-General, and his last efforts were rewarded by the official approval and thanks of the President.

Tall of stature, and of great strength and activity, with a countenance expressive of intelligence, courage, and sensibility, General Lander's presence was commanding and attractive. As a military leader, he combined a spirit of the most daring enterprise with clearness of judgment in the adaptation of means to results. As a man, his devotion to his country, his loyalty to affection and friendship, his sympathy with suffering, and his indignation at cruelty and wrong, constituted him a representative of true chivalry. He has died in the flower of his manly years, and in the full bloom of his heroic virtues; but he leaves a personal as well as record of his life and character, and of his death, which will be a source of pride, to his country, a nature to noble, and a career so gallant. While paying this public tribute of respect, the General Commanding feels most deeply that, in the death of this brave and distinguished soldier, he has personally lost one of the truest and ardent of friends.

The late BRIGADIER-GENERAL FREDERICK W. LANDER, above referred to, served, in 1859, as Mr. Potter's second in the duel with Pryor; and when the latter refused to fight with bowie-knives he took up the quarrel for his principal, and offered to fight Pryor with any weapon he chose. The chivalrous Virginian declined the invitation.

In March, 1860, he had an affray with one Maguire, who drew a revolver on him in the streets



THE LATE CAPTAIN HENDILL, KILLED AT FORT DONELSON.—(SEE PAGE 168.)

of Washington, and called on him to draw his weapon. Lander replied that he had too much respect for the laws of his State—Massachusetts—to carry concealed weapons, but he would fight Magraw without them. He denounced him as a liar and coward, and kicked him, revolver and all, down the street.

On the outbreak of the rebellion Lander was appointed Brigadier-General, and served under M'Clellan in Western Virginia. At the celebrated battle of Rich Mountain he distinguished himself by the most daring achievements and the most imperturbable coolness. One of the officers engaged on that day stated in his report that Lander was to be seen on horseback gallantly plunging up the side of a hill, and "leading the leaders." He is also reported to have ridden fifteen feet ahead of our forces, and, notwithstanding that a shower of bullets greeted his presence as soon as discovered by the enemy, he did not seem to be in the least alarmed, but stubbornly defied the dangers that surrounded him, while he cheered on his comrades to victory. It is unnecessary to say that he was idolized by the soldiers.

The deceased was also in the unfortunate engagement of Edward's Ferry or Ball's Bluff, where the gallant Baker met a soldier's death at the head of his column. In that disastrous affair Lander behaved with characteristic coolness and valor, receiving a wound in the calf of one of his legs, which at the time was not considered of a dangerous character.

But the most important feat performed by General Lander was his late opening of the railroad and telegraph to Hancock, Virginia, which he accomplished with two thousand men in two columns, marching thirty-two miles in a space of time never, perhaps, exceeded.

The services of the deceased, on this occasion, were so highly prized by the Government as to elicit the following exceedingly flattering and honorable letter from the Secretary of War:

WAR BULLETIN—THANKS TO GENERAL LANDER.

War Department, Washington, *Feb.* 17, 1862.

To Brigadier-General F. W. Lander:

The President directs me to say that he has observed with pleasure the activity and enterprise manifested by yourself and the officers and soldiers of your command. You have shown how much may be done, in the worst weather and worst roads, by a spirited officer at the head of a small force of brave men, unwilling to waste life in camp when the enemies of their country are within reach. Your brilliant success is a happy presage of what may be expected when the Army of the Potomac shall be led to the field by their gallant general.

Edwin M. Stanton, *Secretary of War.*

CAPTAIN MENDILL.

Captain Noah E. Mendill, Company I, Seventh Regiment Illinois Volunteers, whose portrait will be found on page 165, was the first man of note, and one among the best men, who fell on the bloody field of Donelson.

A day or two before the attack on Fort Donelson, while encamped near Fort Henry, our young hero was severely hurt by a tree falling in the night on his tent. It struck him across the loins, injuring his kidneys to such an extent that he was unable to walk. He was carried to the hospital, where he was still confined when the order was given, "Forward to Fort Donelson!" He expressed a desire to go, but the surgeon forbade, alleging—as was the case—that he was unfit for service. Not to be balked by any thing, however, he evaded the notice of the surgeon, and by the aid of a crutch marched at the head of his company to the field of action. On the night preceding the battle, while encamped within a few miles of the enemy's lines, he requested his sergeant to awaken him several times during the night, that he might bathe and rub his back, so that he would be able to go into action the next morning unencumbered with a crutch. Morning came, and the troops were all early in motion—young Mendill at the head of his company, cheering his men by word and by action, until, by the time they had reached the field, he had become warmed up and excited so that he felt his inability no longer; and at the order to storm a position of the enemy's lines he led his company off at a "double-quick," declaring that he felt like going at that pace all day. They soon came to a sort of ravine, where they would be exposed to the fire of the enemy. Here was a slight hesitation on the part of the men (it being their first experience in facing bullets); but the gallant Captain led bravely and fearlessly through, gaining an eminence on the point of a hill beyond the ravine, and some fifteen or twenty paces in advance of his column, when he drew his sword (which, from his hurt in the loins, he had swung about his neck), and, with a smile of triumph on his countenance, called out, "Come on, my boys! we'll—" and with the sentence unfinished on his lips, a grape-shot from a masked battery only some seventy-five yards in advance of him, that till then was unknown of, entered his head, just beneath the right ear, coming out immediately through the centre of his left. His death was instantaneous, falling with his sword still elevated above his head, with his face still lighted up with the smile of triumph—a glorious death! and the death that all brave and patriotic spirits like his would wish to die—face to face with the enemies of his country!

Captain Mendill was born in Blairsville, Pennsylvania, November 9, 1837; killed at Fort Donelson, Tennessee, February 13, 1862, and was consequently in his twenty-fifth year. He was an unmarried man. Removed with his father, in the year 1858, to Springfield, Illinois, which has since been his home. He was the youngest and only living brother of Captain G. H. Mendill, of the United States Topographical Engineers, Professor at West Point. When the call was made for three months' volunteers, he was among the first to offer his services, together with a majority of Captain John Cook's (State Militia) Company of Springfield Zouave Grays, of which he was long a respected member (and which is now Company I, Seventh Regiment Illinois Volunteers). Upon Captain Cook's promotion to Colonel, Mendill rose to Second Lieutenant, in which capacity he faithfully served during the campaign, at the close of which he was unanimously chosen Captain for the three years' service. His remains were brought home and interred, with military honors, at Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Illinois, on February 21, 1862. He leaves a loving father, brother, and sister, as well as an extended circle of admiring friends, to mourn his early death. Peace be to the ashes of the brave!

BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY.

On page 165 we illustrate Bowling Green, the evacuated stronghold of the rebels in Southern Kentucky, from a sketch by our correspondent, Mr. Henry Mosler. The following graphic account of the occupation of the place by General Mitchell, and its present appearance, is from the correspondence of the *Herald*:

On the evening of the 12th General Mitchell learned that the rebels were preparing to evacuate Bowling Green, and had already shipped their artillery to Nashville. He immediately determined to march upon them, and at an early hour on the morning of Friday, the 14th, he started—his men in fine spirits, and eager to avail themselves of the opportunity for which they had so long waited to show their mettle. The distance to be marched was twenty-nine miles, six of which were over such a road as only Kentucky can boast. But the march was easily made in nine hours, and at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of Friday General Mitchell appeared before the city, and met the flag of truce which the rebels had the impertinence to send him, requesting six hours in which to evacuate the place. General Mitchell replied that he would not give them six minutes; and, planting a rifled piece on the slope of Baker Hill, he threw a shell or two among the thousand rebels about embarking on the cars for Nashville. They hastily scrambled aboard the train, which was as hastily put in motion, and disappeared, Hardee and Hindman being left behind, and afterward escaping on horseback. Persons here assert that these generals were afraid to join their men aboard the cars, they having loudly declared their intention to have their revenge upon them for their harsh treatment. Many of Hindman's men have often before been heard to declare their intention to kill him at the first opportunity.

At the time of the shelling of the few troops remaining at the dépôt in Bowling Green the buildings of the railroad company were fired, and are now a mass of ruins. The dépôt and round house or machine-shop at this place were extensive and splendid buildings. The intention was doubtless to destroy the whole town; but the appearance of General Mitchell prevented this. The bridges across Barren River had been destroyed the day previous to the appearance of General Mitchell. He was compelled to wait until the day following, when he crossed and took possession of the city. The flag was raised over the Court-house of a deserted city. I use the term in its literal sense. The rebels had for months been the only inhabitants. Many still find a home within the city limits. The pits where they lie are seen on every hill-side. It is estimated by the inhabitants here that not less than five thousand rebel soldiers have died of disease during the six months of occupation.

Bowling Green is described by the gazetteers as a pleasant and beautiful city, lying in the valley of numerous hills which rise above its loftiest buildings. But the gazetteers are not of late dates. Let those of the future write it down as one whose beauty has departed. The houses look dingy and dirty, and the streets like those of a country village during the muddy season. It looks as if the shadow had settled upon it, never to be removed. From the hills around it in every direction the fortifications are frowning, and, as it were, withering with a frown. Once splendid residences graced Mount Airy and Underwood's Hill, a vineyard lay on the side of Baker's Hill, and the green wheat and yellow corn were once seen in the valley at the foot of Price's and Webb's. But Mount Airy has been despoiled of the handsome building that graced its brow, and in its place a lunette fort frowns upon the river that glides silently by. The vineyard has been trampled under foot, and the yellow corn has been gathered, and the wheat dares not spring up. It seems as if the rebel presence had blighted the country and the city. Inhabitants have fled and left their dwellings to be transformed into hospitals or stables. Ruin and devastation have had their full sway.

THE FIGHT AT FORT DONELSON.

We devote pages 161 and 164 to illustrations of the memorable Fight at Fort Donelson, the bloodiest and probably the most decisive battle ever fought on this continent.

On page 161 we reproduce a sketch of Fort Donelson, kindly sent us by Mr. A. L. Rawson, of Chicago; and on the same page a sketch, by our artist, Mr. Alexander Simplot, representing the Advance of the Second Iowa Regiment on the Enemy's Breast-works. The Second Iowa left St. Louis under a sort of cloud, in consequence of some theft having been committed at a building in that city while under their charge. They have since nobly redeemed their escutcheon. The following, from the St. Louis *Democrat*, will explain our picture:

THE SECOND IOWA.

By this time it was noon. General Grant had just returned from the landing, where he had a conference with Commodore Foote. That officer had informed the General that it was impossible for him to put his gun-boats in a condition to make another attack for several days at least. Notwithstanding this, upon being informed of the severe repulse our troops had met with in the morning, he saw that some immediate action on our part was necessary to retrieve the day.

He immediately gave order to his Generals of divisions to prepare for an immediate and general attack along the entire lines. The regiments which had suffered most severely in the morning were withdrawn. General Lew. Wallace was given a division composed of two regiments of his own brigade (the Eighth Missouri and Eleventh Indiana), and several other regiments whose loss in the action of the morning had been but slight, and was given the job of clearing the ground we had lost in the morning, while General Smith, commanding the left, received orders to storm the works under which his division was lying.

General Smith is, emphatically, a fighting man, and, as may be imagined, the events of the morning had tended to decrease in no measure his pugnacity. When he received his long-desired orders for an assault of the enemy's works, his eyes glistened with a fire which, could it have been seen by his maligners, would have left them in no doubt as to his private feelings in regard to the present contest. All the arrangements were complete by three o'clock, and his column was put in motion soon after. The force under his command was as follows:

Colonel Cook's Brigade—Seventh Illinois, Fifteenth Illinois, Twelfth Iowa, Thirteenth Missouri, Fifty-second Indiana.

Colonel Lauman's Brigade—Second Iowa, Seventh Iowa, Fourteenth Iowa, Twenty-fifth Indiana, Fifty-sixth Indiana.

Under cover of Captain Stone's Missouri battery this force began the assault. It was a formidable undertaking, which, under a less brave and skillful commander than General Smith, might have proved a disastrous failure.

The hills at this point are among the most precipitous of those upon which the enemy were posted. Selecting the Second and Seventh Iowa, and the Fifty-second Indiana for the storming party, General Smith deflected the main portion of his division to the right, and having succeeded in engaging the attention of the enemy at this point, himself headed the storming party, and advanced upon the works from his extreme left. It was a most magnificent sight. Unappalled by the perfect storm of bullets which rained about him, the General on horseback, and with his hat on the point of his sword, preceded his troops, and inspired them with a furore there was no withstanding.

Steadily, with unbroken line, the gallant Hawkeyes and Indianians advanced. The enemy's grape and canister came plowing through their ranks, but not a shot was fired in return. Closing up the ranks as one after another of the brave fellows dropped to the earth, and animated by the fearless example of their undaunted leader, they pressed steadily on. The works gained, one tremendous volley was poured into the astonished enemy, and, with fixed bayonets, a charge was made into their ranks which there was no withstanding. They fled in confusion over the hills, and at last we had penetrated the rebel Sebastopol, and the misfortunes of the morning were retrieved. Captain Stone's battery, which in the mean time had been doing tremendous execution in the rebel ranks, was promptly advanced to the position gained, and instantly, supported by the remainder of his division, the point was secured against any force the enemy could bring to bear against it.

THE GUN-BOAT ATTACK.

On page 164 we give a picture, from a sketch by Mr. Alexander Simplot, of the Gun-boat Attack on Fort Donelson. This was described as follows in the correspondence of a Cincinnati paper:

At two P.M. precisely the signal was given from the flag-ship to get under way, and in a few moments we were slowly steaming up the river. We had proceeded perhaps the fourth of a mile when a single report, emanating from the upper battery of the fort, greeted us, and notified us that the rebels were awaiting us in savage expectation. On we went, however, not a sound escaping from our crafts, except the slow puffing of the escape pipes and the cheery plashing of the paddle-wheels, while the enemy were busy awaking the dormant echoes with their cannonading, and agitating the swollen waters with their shot and shell, scattered in promiscuous profusion all around us. When we had sailed up to within a mile of the fort, the Flag-Officer let go his starboard bow rifle, and we followed him with ours, then the *Pittsburg* and *Carondelet* followed suit, and the ball was really opened in earnest. Our first shots fell short; but a little more elevation of the guns remedied the failing, and the next rounds saw our balls and shells dropped into uncomfortably close proximity to their batteries. From this time to the end of the action there was not a lull in the steady and constant firing from our boats, nor was there a moment when the whole of the enemy's front was not a steady stream of fire. In order to get the best view of the action, I stationed myself upon the upper deck, and just as near in the wake of the pilot-house as possible, taking my chances at getting a sight of what was going on in front by abbreviated peeps and squints around the corners, and hurried stares through the look-out holes which the considerate carpenter had left for the optical accommodation of the pilots. The flag-ship *St. Louis* took the advance, and was hugging the western shore; then came our own (the *Louisville*), then the *Pittsburg* and *Carondelet*, in order, as near side by side as was possible in a river scarcely wide enough for two boats to pass each other. In this order we formed a straight battery of twelve guns in front, while the two gun-boats, *Conestoga* and *Lexington*, followed in our wake, pouring in their quota of missiles from their bow Columbiads at a safe distance. We could see nearly every one of our shots take effect within or near the rebel batteries, the more deadly and certain as we slowly steamed up toward them.

Thus we proceeded side by side, our fire never slackening or our determination faltering until we arrived within three hundred yards of the lower battery. At this time the firing on both sides was truly terrific. The enemy's shot and shells were screaming through the air or ravaging our sides and decks without cessation, while ours were divesting them of their more exposed batteries, plowing up their hill-sides and decimating their camps in terrible haste. I saw one large shell from the *Louisville* fall and explode directly under one of their guns, sending a score of rebel soldiers to their long homes, demolishing the battery and scattering those not killed or wounded in indecent haste to the nearest covers. When we had attained the last-named position, viz., within three hundred yards of their works, we stopped our headway, and when the boats were motionless we poured in our last and most destructive fire. It really seemed at this time that the quintessence of destruction was contained in those twelve great iron thunderers. With each discharge a rebel gun was silenced, at each broadside a host of frightened rebels would scud up the hill to a place of safety behind the upper earth-works, and all but two of the lower guns had ceased to deal us their destruction. Now a new battery of 120-pound guns opened upon us from the left and rear of the first works. We were within point-blank range, and the destruction to our fleet was really terrible. One huge solid shot struck our boat just at the angle of the upper deck and pilot-house, perforated the iron plating, passed through the heavy timbers and buried itself in a pile of hammocks just in front and in a direct line with the boilers. Another, a shell, raked us from bow to stern, passed through the wheel-house, emerged, dropped and exploded in the river just at our stern. Then a 10-inch solid shot entered our starboard bow port, demolished a gun carriage, killed three men and wounded four others, traversed the entire length of the boat, and sunk into the river in our wake. Then a shell came shrieking through the air, striking fair into our forward starboard port, killing another man and wounding two more, passed aft, sundering our rudder chains, and rendering the boat unmanageable. Now we were compelled to drop astern, and leave the scene of action; but our gunners sent their respects to the rebels as long as their fire could be the least effective; and, so far as we were concerned, the battle was over.

This last battery was the one that put the finishing stroke to the fleet. One of the enemy's shells entered and exploded directly in the pilot-house of the *St. Louis*, killing the pilot and wounding Flag-Officer Foote severely in the leg. Two of the shots entered the *Pittsburg* below the guards, causing her to leak badly, and it is probable that she will sink before morning. Another entered the *Carondelet*, killing four men and injuring eight others. By this time three of the boats were disabled, and then the signal was given to back out and return to our anchorage. The enemy's lower battery was silenced, however, and only the two 120-pounders on the hill were playing upon us, and it is universally conceded that if we had had ten minutes' more time Fort Donelson would have fared the fate of Fort Henry, and the Cumberland River been opened and divested of its rebel embargo.

TAYLOR'S AND M'ALLISTER'S BATTERIES.

On the same page we reproduce another sketch by Mr. Simplot, which shows the position of Taylor's and M'Allister's Batteries during the fight. The correspondent of the New York *Times* thus described their performance:

Early on the morning of Friday—almost before it was fairly light—the enemy poured forth in a mass of not less than 3000 men, and hurled themselves with tremendous force against the Forty-fifth and Twelfth Illinois regiments, that were nearly on the extreme right. Accompanying them were twelve batteries of artillery. The Forty-fifth and Twelfth sustained the shock manfully for a short time, and then withdrew. The Eighteenth and Ninth Illinois soon after came to their support, and for a short time held the enemy in check. Soon after the Thirtieth, Thirty-first, and Eleventh Illinois regiments; the Eighth Missouri, Fifty-eighth Ohio, and Twenty-fifth Kentucky, and Willard's Battery were added to the National forces, and the fight became of terrific proportions. M'Allister's battery took position on an eminence, and for four hours their heavy 24-pounders were not silent for a single instant. During all this time they were exposed to a heavy fire from the rebels, who had erected batteries so as to command M'Allister's position from three points—two directly in front, and one on his right. Taylor's Battery stood a little to the rear of the other, and somewhat to the left; the other National batteries were distributed at various points along the line, as the nature of the ground would permit. All kept the air incessantly filled with their music, and with showers of grape and shell.

This is but an outline of the position of the National forces, for there can be strictly no correct sketch given, as at no time during the fight were the regiments stationary. Now they pushed forward, again fell back, withdrew, and were replaced by others. The fight itself was prolonged and desperate. Now it rolled over a hill, anon poured along a ravine, always in the woods, and always marking its track in characters of blood. The conflict was not conducted according to any particular military plan—men stationed themselves behind trees, logs, rocks, any thing that would afford shelter, and blazed away whenever a hostile head appeared.

The Twenty-fifth Kentucky Regiment was on the extreme right, and was attacked by a swarm of the enemy with such vigor that they broke and fled in disorder. At another part of the National line the attack was conducted by such overwhelming numbers that the line was broken through, and the battle seemed well-nigh likely to become a total rout on the part of the National forces. It was at this last gap broken through the National line that M'Allister's Battery was stationed, and where for a time it fell into the hands of the rebels. The battery had only 150 rounds of ammunition, and at about 10 o'clock these were all fired away—not a single shot was left. Captain M'Allister in vain endeavored to obtain a supply from the rear; a shot from the enemy passed through three of his horses, another tore off the trail from one of the guns, a third smashed the wheel of a second gun. Just at this time a heavy force of the enemy obtained a cover near him, and opened fire at about two hundred yards with musketry. Hitching six horses to the only undamaged gun, he endeavored to haul it off, but the weight was so great, and the road in such a muddy condition, that it was found impossible to get along with it, and after dragging it a half mile it became mired, and he was reluctantly obliged to leave it. The horses were driven off, dragging the limbers and empty caissons, and the guns were left to their fate. In the course of the day a tremendous charge on the part of our troops reoccupied the lost ground, closed up the gap, and recovered the pieces. They were found where they were left, their great weight—being 24-pound siege guns—probably preventing the enemy from taking them away.

IN THE SAVANNAH RIVER.

We continue in this number, on page 169, our series of sketches of the operations of the Combined Expedition under Commodore Dupont and General Sherman in the Savannah River. Our artist, Mr. Davis, thus describes his pictures:

THE COMMUNICATION BETWEEN FORT PULASKI AND SAVANNAH CUT OFF.

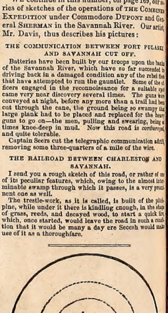
Batteries have been built by our troops upon the banks of the Savannah River, which have so far succeeded in driving back in a damaged condition any of the rebel fleet that have attempted to run the gauntlet. Some of the officers engaged in the reconnoissance for a suitable spot came very near discovery several times. The guns were conveyed at night, before any more than a trail had been cut through the cane, the ground being so swampy that a large plank had to be placed and replaced for the heavy guns to go on—the men, pulling and swearing, being at times knee-deep in mud. Now this road is corduroyed, and quite tolerable.

Captain Seers cut the telegraphic communication adrift, removing some three-quarters of a mile of the wire.

THE RAILROAD BETWEEN CHARLESTON AND SAVANNAH.

I send you a rough sketch of this road, or rather of one of its peculiar features, which, owing to the almost interminable swamp through which it passes, is a very prominent one as well.

The trestle-work, as it is called, is built of the pitch-pine, while under it there is kindling enough, in the shape of grass, reeds, and decayed wood, to start a quick fire, which, once started, would leave the road in such a condition that it would be many a day ere Secesh would make use of it as a thoroughfare.



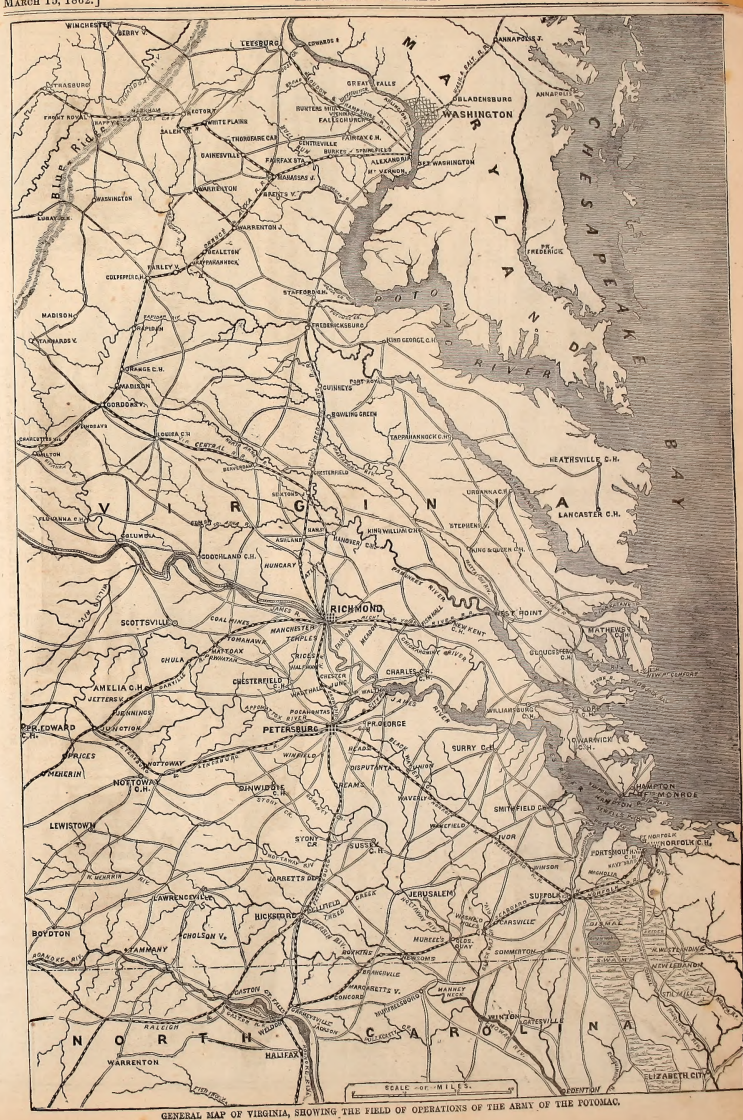
A, Powder Magazine.—B, Outside air-chamber.—C, Friction primer.—D, Wire spiral.—E, String to primer.

A SUBMARINE TORPEDO.

The following correspondence will explain the above drawing:

U. S. Gun-boat, Wright River, Thursday Eve., *Feb.* 13, 1862.

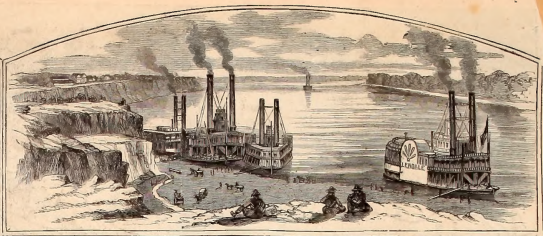
Yesterday our boats were surveying the mouth of Wright River for a channel into the Savannah River, when they discovered something they supposed to be some infernal machine. Not being able to examine it fully yesterday, they to-day went down and discovered five of them, and succeeded in getting one, a diagram of which I inclose. They brought it on board of this vessel, and it is providential that it did not explode on board, as they handled it very carelessly; but finally, by the precaution of our Captain, it was sent ashore, when we fired into it with a rifle, when it immediately exploded; and a fearful explosion it was, enough to blow a ship out of the water. I suppose these are what they meant when they said we would meet with a warm reception in coming to Savannah. I have no doubt they have plenty more laid for us; but now, that we have discovered the plot, we shall be on the *qui vive* for them. Our boats are out again to-night after the other four.



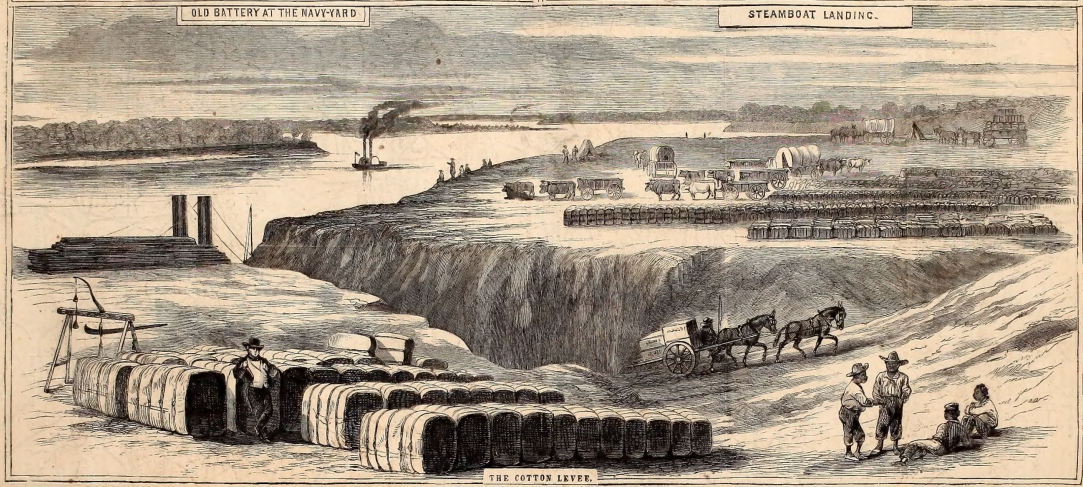
GENERAL MAP OF VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.



OLD BATTERY AT THE NAVY-YARD.



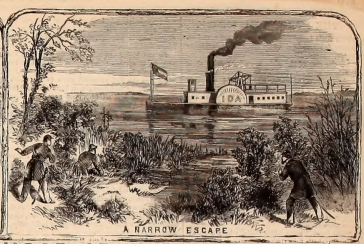
STEAMBOAT LANDING.



THE COTTON LEVEE.

MEMPHIS (TENNESSEE) BEFORE THE WAR.—SKETCHED BY PORTE CRAYON.—[SEE PAGE 162.]





VIEWS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF SAVANNAH GA.



ROAD TO FORT VULCAN.



CUTTING THE TELEGRAPH.



NIGHT WORK.



CHARLESTON & SAVANNAH R.R. THROUGH THE SWAMPS.

THE MAJOR'S MITTENS.

The little ivory hook flew round and round on its narrow circuit, guided by Hope Bayne's slender fingers.

All the rest of the girls were busy with their four long shining needles, in the old orthodox employment of knitting, and the old orthodox "mixed" yarn streamed from the needles; and they laughed at and quizzed Hope Bayne for her daintier work—a mitten of brown zephyr wool, gauntleted with "Magenta." But Hope Bayne, through all this laughing and quizzing, kept on with her *crocheting*, plying deftly the ivory hook until the last mitten was nearly finished.

While she works at this, the party increases by ones, and twos, and threes—young officers camping out just beyond the city awaiting orders.

Ones and twos and threes.

Hope Bayne glances up as they enter, dropping a nod here and there, and sometimes a smile with it.

At last she drops a stitch with one of her nods, and somebody, stepping on the slender thread of zephyr, it snaps in twain and out ravels two or three more stitches.

"Goodness!" cries Kitty Mills, whom nothing escapes, "that's four times your worsted has broken, Hope. Three times a quarrel, and the fourth a death, do you remember?"

Miss Bayne's lip curved disdainfully, which, Kitty Mills perceiving, she went on in a break-neck style, quite in her way when provoked. "It's sure, Hope—never knew it fail. You spilled the salt at dinner too—I saw you. A dog howled under your window all last night besides; and this morning Margaret broke your hand-mirror in dusting, and flung the pieces into the street. I caught her at it."

Almost every body has a pet superstition. This of the breaking of mirrors happened to be Hope Bayne's. That tantalizing midge of a cousin, Kitty Mills, knew it; so in consequence she knew where to send her shaft.

If it did her any good she had her revenge; for on Hope Bayne's face, usually so masked with *reticence*, a look of uneasiness sat.

This only stimulated curiosity. Kitty Mills argued to herself thus:

"If Hope cares for this, it's on account of those mittens. That's the connection. I'll hold fast to that string."

Which she accordingly did, giving it little experimental pulls now and then. This by-the-way.

"And it all runs on that thread of wool, Hope; all the train of omens. Be careful where you bestow those mittens. He'll be sure to be killed whoever wears them."

The breaker of the thread stood, throughout this talk, quite silent and looking down into Miss Bayne's face. For him she dropped the nod, the smile, and the stitch with it, which has raveled on to such an extent.

Hope Bayne, lifting her eyes, catches the look, and then he says, rather low of tone,

"Do not mind the omen, Miss Hope; the wearer will not, I assure you."

Kitty Mills had discovered what she had been longing to discover. There happening a lull in the hum of voices just then, all the other girls, who had been quizzing Hope Bayne for the past two days on this very subject, discovered what Kitty had discovered.

A smile went round the group. So the mittens of brown zephyr, with Magenta gauntlets, were for Major Thornly. The nut was cracked for them.

Hope Bayne sat there, cold as a statue outwardly, but with a fire raging inwardly. Proud and reserved in all her actions, she had no power to "turn off" things of this nature. She felt her delicacy invaded, and hated, for that time, the invaders. Always on guard with the world, she could not comprehend the unguarded speech of Major Thornly; so for that time, too, she hated him.

But no sign of this betrayed itself on the cool, calm face at which Major Thornly looked, quite unconscious as he gazed that he was observed.

While he gazed the others gazed too, now and then, and wondered what she would say. She disappointed them by saying nothing, but went on with her crocheting, which was at its last stitches.

Presently the little ivory hook pulled through the final thread. Her work was done.

She put them together carelessly, then turning, handed them to Major Thornly, saying clearly, with no trace of embarrassment,

"I hope they may do you much service, Major Thornly. Colonel Grey writes that he finds the worsted ones like these much warmer than those of knit yarn."

Frank Thornly could not have told what had hurt him; but a vague sense of pain and loss stole over him. A moment ago the world was so bright and pleasant, now it was so dead and cold. A moment ago he had forgotten the room had any occupants but Hope Bayne and himself; now half a dozen people stood between them, though she sat before him.

But Hope Bayne had succeeded in her object. She had checkmated the invaders of her castle of pride; so what matter if a knight was overthrown?

Kitty Mills stood listening by, with her head on one side, plotting mischief.

Kitty Mills had such an innocent way nobody believed her malicious, yet her innocent way dealt sharp wounds sometimes.

"Oh, but Kitty don't mean any thing—Kitty is blunt, has no tact, you know, but good-hearted." That was the cry. So Kitty went on dealing her blows right and left, and they were most of them left-handed blows.

This once she overshot the mark.

"Four times the thread has broken. I wouldn't take 'em, Major Thornly. They'll bring bane to the wearer;" and she glanced up into his face with her childish expression of serious superstition.

"I'd wear them though they brought my death warrant, so that they brought *one bane* to the wearer," he returned, catching at her unmeant pun with a manner half earnest, half playful. A faint color dyed the cool cheek of the fair "Bayne" herself; and Charley Hayes and the rest of the boys clapped their hands, and "bravo" at the gallant Major's adroitness.

So the Major got his mittens. "I hope they may be of service to you," she had said to him. The words were kind, but the manner froze. A week ago she had promised them to him with a smile, and, he had thought, a little blush. How delightful it had all been, and now the pleasure was gone! What was the matter?

He would know before they separated that night; and with this determination he turned away from Kitty Mills, who had been chattering unheard for the last five minutes to him, and looked for the object of his thoughts.

He frowned as he looked. Hayes and the two lieutenants surrounded her chair completely. He was not going to play a fourth there; so he went back to little Kitty Mills, whose pretty wicked eyes sparkled brightly at this result. But leaning over her chair, and looking down upon such a pretty fairy even as she was, both eyes and thoughts kept wandering to the other side of the room, where Hope Bayne's silvery treble rang out brilliantly in repartee and jest.

It was easier for Hope Bayne to evince levity than deep emotion. Thus she often belied herself, and got the reputation of a woman whose nature was transparently fine, but colder than the Arctic seas.

Little Kitty now—nestling there amidst the cushions and prattling away to the gentleman overlooking her; in her queer, childish manner saying such free things so naturally that they sound prettier than any thing else—*she* has the reputation of a good heart: "quite a tender little thing, indeed," some people would tell you, "and tyrannized over completely by that haughty cousin, Miss Bayne." So while this "tender little thing" prattles on two hearts ache in a dumb passion which hers can never understand.

It was a bright, clear night, and the little knitting party had decided that walking home would be much pleasanter than riding; so Frank Thornly consoled himself with the determination to accompany Miss Bayne on this walk, and find out what the matter was.

But when a girl made of "spirit, fire, and dew," like Hope Bayne, decides a thing for herself, even the determination of so brave a fellow as Major Thornly is quite impotent against it. He found it so.

But what possessed the girl? What madness came over her in that hour?

As they emerged from the ante-room, cloaked and hooded, she approached him holding out her hand, saying in pleasant tones, but oh! so carelessly indifferent:

"I will bid you good-by, Major Thornly; I am going out of town to-morrow morning, and your regiment may leave before I return."

This was a precious bit of acting! She had no more idea of staying twenty-four hours out of town than she had of making a journey to the moon. But under all that cool exterior a fiery vein of thought was running. "He thinks I like him, and he proclaims it to the public. Let the public see how cool I am!"

So in this madness they parted—she sending forth her brilliancy in a strain of restless excitement which quite overcame Lieutenant Wilmer; he stunned and silent, and too careless of the world to heed its observation.

So they parted—she thought to meet again within the week. That night when he arrived at his hotel there was a dispatch awaiting him, ordering him to move forward without delay. Eagerly he prepared to obey it. Only last week what tender regrets would have saddened this news! Now it was all that was left him. "Glory should be his mistress in future! Women were false and fickle!" Thus reasoning, he marched on at the head of his troops in the early dawn of that morning.

In restless, broken slumber, Hope Bayne hears the winding bugle sound, and, half adream, marvels what it means. And while she dreams they march on and away, to "battle and sudden death."

It was late when she came down that morning. "Too late to drive to Maywood and back; we will put it off until to-morrow, Kitty!" Kitty had been up betimes, and read the newspaper; so she handed the sheet to her cousin with her cup of coffee.

There it was, in large type, the whole startling information of the late dispatch, and the hurried departure at dawn.

No exclamation escaped the reader's lips. The pure, pale coloring of her face might have whitened, but it was scarcely perceptible. Not a tremor of the mouth, not a flutter of the eyelids; yet she felt herself turning stone cold in that moment.

If Kitty Mills, sitting there opposite her, thought to discover the state of her feeling she was doomed to disappointment. Too deep for tears, or sighs, or lamentations; too deep for conscious coloring or fluttering pulses was the regret, the remorse that instantly awoke to life. When beyond recall she realized what she had lost, and how. She saw with a shiver her mad and selfish folly, her insane pride. A thousand acts of tenderness and manliness returned upon her to prove how he had forgotten the world for love of her, while she had made it her tyrant. In this retrospect her soul came down from its haughty citadel and sat in sackcloth and ashes.

All this while she mechanically drank her coffee and went through the form of a breakfast. All this while Kitty Mills sat opposite, watching her curiously. Kitty Mills could little understand that, in the solemn vigil of this stricken soul, she was utterly forgotten; and when her cousin's calm face turned away, she said to herself, "Ice is not colder and harder than Hope Bayne's heart!"

* * * * * *

Major Thornly sat writing in his tent until a late hour the night before the reconnoissance at Leesburg. He who was usually cheerful, almost gay, under the most depressing or the most hazardous of undertakings, felt strangely oppressed on this night. Memory after memory crowded upon him, and life seemed to wear new glories in the shadow of death which haunted him. He thought of Ellsworth—his clear presentiment—the fall which followed it. And though he smiled at his thought and its suggestions, and strove to attribute it to the hour and his imagination, yet he found it impossible to shake off the solemn forebodings that filled his soul.

At length he yielded to the mood sufficiently to indite several letters, to be delivered in case he should never return from the field of the morrow. Tender letters of farewell, brave and simple and manly like the writer.

In the midst of this occupation he opens a box for a needed envelope: beneath the package lies the parting gift of Hope Bayne—the brown mittens, with their bright "Magenta" gauntlets, untouched by soil or use. Back it all comes—the dreary evening—her cold words and colder manner, and the careless parting speech. Back it all comes, but with it comes a clearer sense, perhaps, of her proud, inscrutable heart. Time and absence have softened the rough edge of these memories, and he remembers hours when she was gentle and sympathetic—when she gave him many a hope, by blush, and smile, and action. "It must have been my fault," he thinks to himself; "I was a blundering fellow always, and she was kind before. But I love you, Hope—I love you!" and on the bright Magenta colors a tear dropped suddenly from eyes as brave as ever wept.

Hesitating a moment he obeyed the impulse which quickly came, and in a few earnest sentences wrote to her of his love and faith, touching lightly upon their last meeting; but in that brief mention divesting her of the shadow of unkindness by an almost playful acknowledgment of his own failings and demerits. This done, he turned to seek the repose he needed for the coming day. As he did so his eye again fell upon her gift. He took them up hastily, and thrust them into his bosom, saying aloud, "They shall go with me as a talisman."

What was it? The sound of his own voice, or the unburdening of his heart, that suddenly broke the spell? for at the action and the words a feeling of instant relief came over him. It was as if the smoke of battle had uplifted, and showed him a sure vision of safety and success. He passed his hand over his brow, as if to clear his brain, or assure himself that he was awake. "I am the sport of idle fancy," he murmured; "not ten minutes since I felt almost as if the messenger of death had claimed me, and here I am in another moment breathing free, as if just released from some near danger; and all at the touch of a pair of mittens—Hope's mittens," he utters softly. "Perhaps, perhaps they are to be a talisman, as I said;" and with a half smile at his "idle fancies" he flings himself down to rest and sleep.

* * * * * * *

"Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode, and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,"

rode on those brave leaders with their brave troops that day. Every one knows the fearful tragedy that followed—the repulse, the flight, the loss. Every one knows, too, of the heroisms that made it not all a defeat.

In the hottest of the fight Major Thornly was urging on his men—cool, collected, and cheerful under the most disastrous circumstances. Shot and shell hurtled past him, but still he rode unharmed. He seemed to bear a charmed life in the midst of the dead and dying.

A column just beyond loses its leader; confusion and dismay run along the line. The next moment the panic would have spread, when Major Thornly dashed on to the rescue. The sight of his inspiring face as he assumed command, his dauntless air as he marshaled them together, gave them both ardor and confidence; and again they press forward through

"—— flame and smoke,
And shout and groan and sabre stroke."

Again they press forward; but the gallant leader, where is he? In a charge from the enemy that swept down many a brave fellow he had fallen. Was his presentiment of death realized? Had the messenger claimed him in that hour?

* * * * * * *

Kitty Mills at the window, making a pretty show of her blue-yarn knitting in her white glancing hands, nods and smiles to passing acquaintances. Hope Bayne, at the piano, plays melancholy nocturns with a tense passion of meaning which Kitty Mills never understands. The October sun shines in at the window, a cheery little wood-fire crackles on the hearth, the great gray cat purs contentedly in its rays, and every thing presents a smiling scene of peace, which only the passionate player there, with her drooping head, contradicts. A look at her woeful face, and the image of peace melts away into dreams of desolation as mournful as the dreary nocturn.

The door opens. Kitty glances up with a disappointed face. "Oh, it's only you, Will!"

The lad perks his saucy lips into mockery. "Yes, only 'you, Will,'" he returns. *He* knows Miss Kitty Mills's peculiarities.

Then his face changes, and he goes on:

"More news—all the details of the engagement," drawing the paper from his pocket. The player turns from the piano at this. Over the paper her eager eyes wander rapidly. Then, with a sigh of relief, she passes it on to her cousin. *He* is not mentioned. She may yet have hope. Kitty, giving the columns a hasty survey, yawns, drops her knitting, thinks the city "dreadfully stupid since the camp broke up," and then goes sauntering out of the room, tossing her blue-yarn ball to the cat upon the hearth.

This proceeding seems to give Master William undisguised satisfaction; for as the door closes the saucy lips curl with an unmistakable air of boyish triumph, and he approaches his sister with a letter.

"I waited till Kitty went; she's so curious," the lad volunteered.

Why do her cheeks pale and flush? why do her hands tremble at the seal of this letter? Ask him, who,

"At midnight, in his guarded tent,"

wrote those tender sentences of farewell. Ask *him*—ay, ask him!

But the flushing of the cheeks, the trembling of the hands, had something of expectant joy in their signs. She only thought he had written to her! But when? She knew when a moment after; and Willie, standing there, even with his untaught boy's heart, knew what that voiceless calm meant far better than Kitty Mills would have known. And as the woeful eyes uplift he realizes something more of life's stern passion than his fifteen years had ever comprehended before.

He understands so delicately and wisely, that, as Kitty enters an opposite door, he sends her away to the cupola by some hint of tents newly pitched, and rumors of a newly forming camp. And while Miss Kitty forgets her indolence in the charming prospect of a fresh court of suitors, and flies off to greet the welcome sight of their floating flags, her cousin, Hope, escapes to her room with a burden of death upon her soul. All night with this heavy burden she keeps a tearless watch. All night she goes over that bitter, bitter parting, when her cruel words belied her heart. And all night she is haunted by the

"Never, never, whispered by the phantom years."

When Will came down to breakfast the next morning his sister was not there, and Kitty poured his coffee for him in her default; for Hope had been both mother and sister to Will five years that very month. Though her absence was by no means so unusual, Will was uneasy on this morning. He hadn't forgotten the odd effect of that letter; so he evinced his uneasiness by kicking the table-legs and quarreling with Kitty—two accomplishments in which he excelled.

At dinner the same cause of uneasiness existed, and the same consequence ensued; he kicked the table-legs and quarreled with Kitty. (Query: do all boys have a natural propensity to kick table-legs?—the narrator never saw one that didn't.) At tea, again he missed the familiar face; and this time forgot to quarrel with his cousin, even if he unconsciously performed the other accomplishment.

To his inquiries Kitty answered carelessly, "Hope had a headache."

Going up to bed he loitered by her door—not a sound. Then he ventured to call softly, "Hope!" No answer. Then he opened the door and entered.

Hope was lying where she had flung herself the night before, and dressed as he had seen her when she read her letter. But the white face of woeful passion was greatly changed. Fever burned upon the cheeks and parched the lips, and in the fitful slumber into which she had fallen she moaned restlessly. Unused to such signs of illness, yet the boy was well aware it was no light matter.

He turned to call for Kitty; then back he went, with a grim look of determination on his face, and deliberately turned the key upon his sister's writing-desk and transferred it to his pocket, muttering at the time,

"You don't get into that, Miss Kitty, while *I'm* round!"

When Kitty came she was shocked and sorry enough. "She did not know, she was sure, it was any thing serious, for Hope often had headaches."

Will growled at her, and jumped down three steps at a time as he ran for the doctor. For ten days Hope Bayne hovered between life and death; on the twelfth she awoke to sensibility and suffering. By her bedside she found watching a fresh young face, whom she had often, kindly enough, but selfishly, overlooked and half-forgotten in the past. She found it had been her most faithful watcher these ten days. It looked anxious and worn now, and her heart smote her as she realized what a fount of love she had neglected. Here was something to live for, after all; and the pang of her awakened memory softened. "Dear Will!" And the face she turned to his had resumed its calm, but the old expression of proud and lonely bitterness had departed.

A fortnight after they were *en route* for Washington to join her father, resident for the winter there, in his attendance upon several law cases.

Hope, still pale and thin from her recent illness, had ample excuse in remaining at home, while Kitty participated in the gayeties of the season.

Left thus alone with Will one evening—he was almost her constant companion now—she asks him the question which has possessed her mind for weeks:

"Will, you were with me much during those delirious days—did I mention any names?"

The lad looked away from her as he replied, "Once, Hope."

"Was Kitty present?"

"Not she!" and he shook his head in triumph.

"What did I say, Will?"

"You just called Frank, that was all."

At this point Miss Kitty's laughing tones are heard, and that young lady enters full of elation and success.

"Such a splendid time—so many strangers! That young Frenchman, D'Effenuil, and a Hungarian Count! And oh, Hope, an old flame of yours! He looks dreadfully thin and pale—wounded, you know, at Leesburg—hasn't been out but a little while." Hope was listening to her indifferently, until she said, "He seems as *épris* of you as ever; and I did think you liked him, Hope, until that night. It's my opinion, *ma belle cousine*, that *you* will never be in love with any body."

That night! what night? She turned to Kitty, asking, quite shortly,

"Who are you talking about, Kitty?"

"Well, you needn't be so snappish, Hope! I was talking of your *preux chevalier*, Major Thornly."

Hope Bayne had never fainted in her life; but she came so near it now that Kitty Mills was fright-

ened. When she recovered herself somewhat, Kitty began her talk.

' What was the matter, Hope? Was the room too warm?" Slowly Hope met her eyes, and bravely answered,

"I thought he was dead, Kitty. That was why your sudden information overcame me." Kitty Mills was more amazed than she cared to own. She could understand evasion, bnt this simple courage of acknowledgment was quite beyond her.

But Hope loses all thought but one. He is living: he loves her: the long agony is forgotten.

Early the next morning, at a very unfashionable hour, Major Thornly, in obedience to the brief summons he has received, enters Miss Bayne's presence.

As he bends over her hand, reverent yet ardent, warm lips brush his cheek. It is a welcome he had not dared to dream of. He turns her face to his.

"Hope, is it so—do you love me?"

She tells him all the sad, sad story; never sparing herself from first to last. In it the wealth of her heart is clearly apparent. He no longer questions her love. His generous soul only regretted her suffering.

"I was afraid you had received that letter," he said; "but I was not sure, for Lieutenant Hayes, who had charge of my papers, immediately left for the North, and I have never seen him since the engagement. He supposed, undoubtedly, not hearing of me at once, that I was dead; and indeed, Hope, I thought I was very near death myself when I fell with my horse in that last charge. But I was only stunned and wounded, and managed to escape in spite of it. But, Hope, the most marvelous part of the story is yet untold." He drew from his breast a pair of mittens—brown mittens, with Magenta gauntlets. How well she remembered them, and shuddered as she remembered!

"Nay, do not tremble, Hope; these mittens saved my life." He unfolded them, and showed a pressure, round and even, with the threads broken and worn in its centre. "The ball which made this glanced off and lodged in my belt. If it had entered where it struck I should not be here, for it was just against my heart. The actual wound which I received was in my left shoulder, and was neither deep nor dangerous."

Briefly he went over his thoughts and emotions on the eve of the battle. The tears flowed down her cheeks as he added,

"God's providence guided me, Hope, I earnestly believe. He could have chosen no dearer instrument than you."

If Kitty Mills was amazed at this *dénouement*, she kept it carefully to herself; but Will wickedly declares that she is outwitted for once; and his sly allusions, as they sit over their cups at breakfast, produce the inevitable result—he kicks the table-legs and quarrels with Kitty.

TWO NIGHTS IN THE CATACOMBS.

It is rather difficult to obtain access to the catacombs of Paris, simply, I believe, because the Government consider that it is morbid and valueless curiosity which induces people to desire to visit such a spot; but there is an impression, more or less prevalent in the French provinces, that the reason why so many difficulties are thrown in the way of paying a visit to these gigantic galleries is owing to the fact that there is an entry into this underground world from the palace of the Tuileries. The provincials reverently believe that the reigning potentate, whether king or emperor, is afraid of assassins being able to penetrate into the palace by this entry if the catacombs become publicly known, and their intricacies made comprehensible. Say to any one of these provincials that the case would be met by blocking up this palatial entrance to the vaults, and you will get in return a violent shake of the head. "No, no," your countryman will answer; "if majesty is afraid of assassins entering *from* the catacombs, remember the catacombs would give a means of escaping if assassins, in the shape of rebels, entered at the open gate. No, no—*they'll* not block up the palace entrance to the catacombs. No, no!"

Let this be as it may, it is certain that I and a party of four, exclusive of the guide, obtained permission to visit underground Paris. And it is worthy of remark, as illustrating upon what small hinges serious events turn, that if I had not said the following words to the cabman who took me to the entrance, I should never have had to endure what I am about to describe. These words were: "If I do not return in half an hour, drive off." So saying, I paid the man in advance for waiting, and followed my party to the entrance-door, which was of heavy wood.

My reason for retaining the cabman was this: I had been waiting some days for the official permission to visit the catacombs, and on the very morning when it arrived I was preparing to start for London upon business of moment. Now the train started at twelve, and the written permit arrived at ten. I was undesirous of losing the opportunity for my underground exploration, and I was desirous of starting by the twelve o'clock train. I therefore came to the conclusion that if half an hour in the catacombs (from eleven to half past) would satisfy me, I could then catch the train by twelve if I had a cab ready: whereas if I found the exploration sufficiently attractive to occupy more time, I would then defer my departure until the evening.

I found the catacombs extraordinary, but monotonous. Every body knows that they were originally the stone mines which supplied the building material of Paris; in fact, it has been aptly said that Paris has been built of her own entrails. Let there be the least volcanic shock below Paris—she lies in a volcanic line—and her stupendous palaces, her whole being, would be swallowed in the tomb she herself has excavated.

At the beginning of this century Napoleon decreed extra-mural interment, and all the grave-yards within the walls of Paris were broken up and built over. The bones of centuries were moved into the catacombs. Millions of the bones of dead French were carried thither, and fantastically arranged. The visitor passes between two walls of skulls, which all seem to stare at him with a ghastly blind stare.

Ten minutes were quite enough to satisfy my curiosity; but our guide, true to his trade, kept on making the widest promises of coming wonders, and, as a couple of my party were ladies, I need not add that the party's curiosity was stimulated by the assertions of our leader.

We each carried a little lamp, and we looked an odd group.

"Well," said I, at last, "I really think I will leave you to your promenade. I can find my way back, I feel sure, and I have yet time to catch the train."

The guide laughed at the idea of my finding my way back to the entrance. I looked at my watch. It wanted ten minutes to the half hour; if I did not go back at once, the cab would be gone.

We had passed many transverse passages in our way; indeed, the catacombs, as I saw them, seemed a wide street, intersected at regular intervals by smaller streets, and courts, and alleys. I was the last of my party, and perhaps, reluctant as I felt to go on, I lagged behind. At all events, I was looking about me from one side to the other, when, as the lamp of my companions crossed one of the transverse cuttings, I noticed, a few steps along this passage, an immense skull, in which all the teeth were singularly perfect, white, and gleaming. I turned into the passage, meaning to inspect this skull more narrowly, when, as I moved my head toward it, a horrible rat, frightened at my presence, leaped, in its fright, against my cheek. I fell as though I had been shot. We all have antipathies, more or less, and my antipathy is rats. I abhor them. I am almost ashamed to say it, but the shock of the sudden appearance and touch of that rat caused me to faint. I must have lost my senses for many minutes.

When I knew myself again I was utterly in the dark. The blackness seemed absolutely to hit me. I heard not a sound at first; then a rumbling; it was a passing carriage rolling above my horrible tomb. For a few moments, I think, I lost my consciousness once more. I am not sure, however, on this point. Having again recovered it, I endeavored to grasp the full truth of my position.

My friends were not near me, that was certain.

Now, had they left the catacombs, or were they searching for me? That they discovered they had lost me, almost immediately after I had fainted, seemed to me certain. Then how was it they had left the spot near which they had last seen me? It was certain that, in looking for me, they would take the line we had traversed. Then why had they not found me? Suddenly the awful truth flashed upon me. They had thought, after calling to me many times and receiving no answer, that I *had* tried to make my way to the entrance. When they reached it the half hour was ended, and, the driver being gone, they had believed him to have taken me away, and so supposed me on my road to England.

It was a terrible knowledge to gain, but I did not utterly despair. I felt sure that the alarm would be taken before I had been long enough in my living tomb to die of starvation. But to pass even four or five days underground, without food or water, in a darkness which was positively maddening—

I could not remain inactive; I *must* do something. What could I do?

My first question was, should I remain where I lay? In the first place, such inaction would kill me; in the second, it was needless; for, as when the alarm should be taken, every inch of this subterranean world would be searched till I should be found, it mattered not whither I might have wandered—I should be equally safe any where.

I got up, stretched my hand, and touched the wall of skulls. I shrank to the ground again. A few moments, and I conquered my cowardice. I declare to you that within a few moments, and purely by dint of gravely and kindly reasoning with myself, I was able to touch the dead about me with absolute calmness; nay, I could run my hand over the shape of the skull with a kind of curiosity.

My lamp was shivered into a thousand pieces. I can not tell to this day how it was my companions did not hear the crash. I can only suppose that a carriage was rumbling along the road overhead when I fell.

Suddenly I thought of the rat. If the horrible thing came toward me, what should I do? The thought was parent to the belief that the execrable thing was there. I struck out instinctively, and, my hand coming upon some of the broken glass of the lamp, it was cut, and I felt blood flowing from the wounds. I bound my handkerchief, my gloves, my cravat, round and round the wounds, rather than a drop of my life's blood should fall, to become food for the horrible creature that had brought me to this pass.

But I felt I must move—I must seek to free myself while help was coming. Which way should I turn?

I remembered that I had entered the passage on my right, and that the skull was on the left; then, to leave it, in order to reach the road by which we had come, I must let it be on my right hand, and when I had reached the road I must turn to the left. I soon discovered the inordinately large skull, left it on my right, and groped my way the few steps to the roadway. I knew when I reached it by the angle of bones. Immediately my highly-pitched senses perceived a change. My right cheek experienced an increase of temperature. Mind—my *right* cheek.

I asked myself to what this change could be attributable? I soon answered myself. It was a current of air from the outer world. Now, thought I, this current of air—for current it was, though I could detect no movement in the atmosphere—must come from an opening; that opening must be at or near a door; then, if I follow up against this current, I shall ultimately reach the spot at which it enters.

Next moment I know I must have turned pale, for when I turned full face toward the current I could detect no difference of temperature. It required a contrast between the two cheeks, as it were, to ascertain the difference. I have since been told by a scientific friend that this can be accounted for. The nerves of the face, when I stood sideways, were struck by the current laterally, and therefore not so naturally as when the face was set toward it; because, as all the provisions of nature exhibit preservation of forces, the nerves of the face, in meeting the wind, naturally—that is, when the man is walking—are so placed in relation to the wind as to offer the least possible amount of nervous surface to its influence.

As suddenly as I had been struck with the cause of the current I obtained another means of ascertaining my way. I turned to the wall of skulls which flanked the main road, and against which my right hand still was. Now I thought that side of each skull which receives the warm current, precisely as my face received it, will, from its action, be drier than the other side, which has been infinitely less open to the influence of the comparatively drying influence of this external atmosphere.

It was as I thought. The right side of the skull—that is, the side which was right when I stood with my back to the wall—was smoother than the left; so it was with twenty other skulls. I was not in error, and my heart beat wildly. It was clear, let me follow this clew, and sooner or later it must lead me to the entrance.

But there was a fault!

I knew that we had come along the road which lay to my left; the current blew from the right. One of two causes accounted for this. Either I had become confused in my memory of the locality, and the right was my road, or there was more than one entrance to these vaults. I decided to move to the right. I never learned afterward how many miles I really did travel; to me it seemed hundreds. I went on and on—sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly, but always surely. I knew that sooner or later I must come to a door. When I came to one of the transverse cuttings, of course I had to make several steps at random. The duration of those steps seemed years. My fingers trembled with agony until they touched once more the reassuring line of skulls. Sometimes I missed the clew both of the drier side of the skull and the test of heat on my face by turning it sideways, but I soon regained it by continuing on. I suppose that at those times I was skirting curves. How many hours I spent in that wondrous walk, that logical deduction, if so I may call it, I only knew when I was once more in the open air. If I had sat down and *waited* for help I should either have gone mad or idiotic, or have killed myself. Depend on it, reader, no matter how bad your condition, in whatever fix you may be placed, there is no help like your own.

I used to hear—I am speaking of my incarceration as though it lasted months—I used to hear the rumbling of the carriages overhead more or less distinctly, according to the depth of the stone above me. Yet it was company. That was the only noise which broke my silence.

Reverting to that current once more, it was astonishing how easily I learned its growing force, for I concentrated my whole mind upon the lesson. Ultimately, I could almost calculate the increase in its motion and temperature which so many hundred steps would yield. At last, suddenly, without any warning, the line of skulls ceased, and I touched wood!

It was a door of open lattice-work.

All looked dark beyond! But I knew I was at the exit. I had known that for many thousands of steps—many; and yet, when I touched the door, how I started!

What a celestial glory the day had as it broke upon my eyes, streaming in exquisite blue rays through the chinks of the outer door, which was beyond the lattice-work! I have no occasion to tell how I broke that lattice-work, how I hammered at the outer door, how I was at last released in the presence of half a dozen gens d'armes (who had drawn their swords), and of a score of wondering workmen.

This was not the gate by which I had entered. If I had been immured forty-two hours (as they told me), I had passed *two nights* in the catacombs, and all that time I had never once sat down.

I found my friends in a great fright. They had only just learned, by telegraph, that I had not reached England, and that nobody in London knew any thing about me. I was ill for some time, of course; but I recovered to claim the distinction of having touched more skulls than any other man living.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

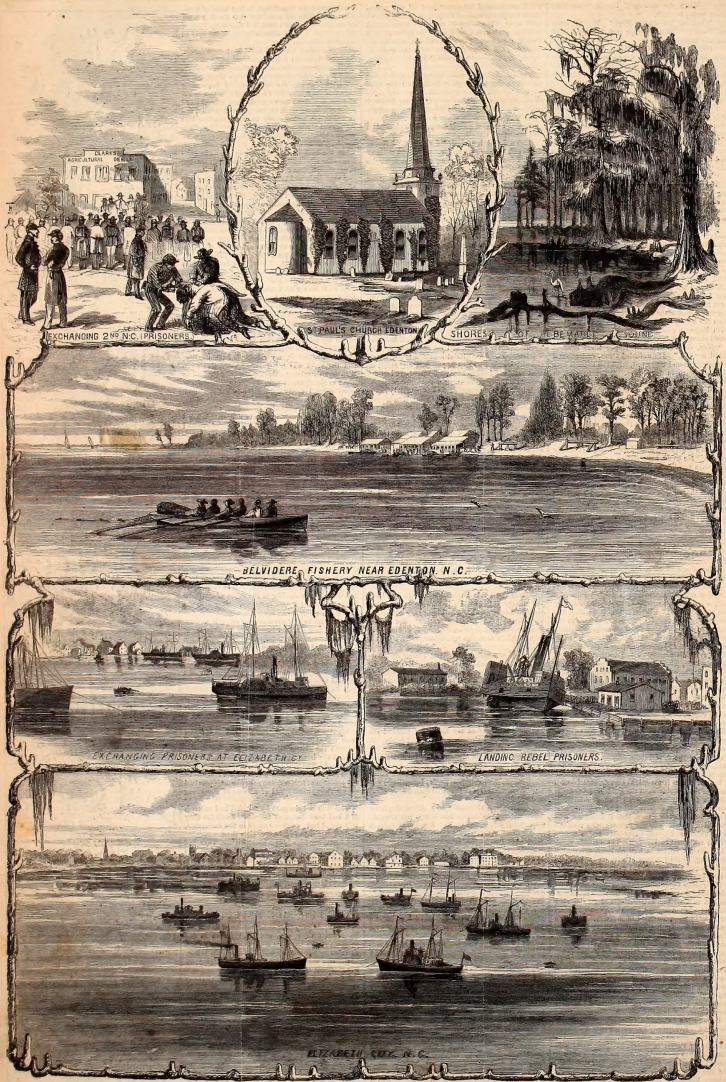
We devote page 172 to illustrations of Edenton, Elizabeth City, etc., and other scenes in the progress of the Burnside Expedition, chiefly from sketches by our correspondent, Mr. Angelo Wiser.

Edenton was occupied by Lieutenant Maury, of our gun-boat service, on 12th ult.

Elizabeth City, where General Burnside has exchanged prisoners with the rebels, is the capital of Pasquotank County, North Carolina, on the right bank of the Pasquotank River, about 20 miles from its mouth. It is 225 miles from Raleigh, and 50 south of Norfolk, Virginia. It is one of the most considerable towns in the northeastern part of the State. The population was about 3000, and it contained two banks, two or three printing-offices, and several churches. There was a large amount of Government stores in the place, which were destroyed by the rebels on the appearance of our gunboats. It was at Elizabeth City that Commander Rowan met and destroyed the enemy's fleet in Albemarle Sound.



MISSISSIPPI RIVER FROM CAIRO TO MEMPHIS.



THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—SKETCHED BY MR. A. WIRER AND OTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

THE FIRST SCENE.

COMBE-RAVEN, SOMERSETSHIRE.



CHAPTER I.

The hands on the hall clock pointed to half past six in the morning. The house was a country residence in West Somersetshire, called Combe-Raven. The day was the 4th of March, and the year was eighteen hundred and forty-six.

No sounds but the steady ticking of the clock, and the lumpish snoring of a large dog stretched on a mat outside the dining-room door, disturbed the mysterious morning stillness of hall and staircase. Who were the sleepers hidden in the upper regions? Let the house reveal its own secrets, and one by one, as they descend the stairs from their beds, let the sleepers disclose themselves.

As the clock pointed to a quarter to seven the dog woke and shook himself. After waiting in vain for the footman, who was accustomed to let him out, the animal wandered restlessly from one closed door to another on the ground-floor; and, returning to his mat in great perplexity, appealed to the sleeping family with a long and melancholy howl.

Before the last notes of the dog's remonstrance had died away the oaken stairs in the higher regions of the house creaked under slowly-descending footsteps. In a minute more the first of the female servants made her appearance, with a dingy woolen shawl over her shoulders—for the March morning was bleak, and rheumatism and the cook were old acquaintances.

Receiving the dog's first cordial advances with the worst possible grace, the cook slowly opened the hall door and let the animal out. It was a wild morning. Over a spacious lawn, and behind a black plantation of firs, the rising sun rent its way upward through piles of ragged gray cloud; heavy drops of rain fell few and far between; the March wind shuddered round the corners of the house, and the wet trees swayed wearily.

Seven o'clock struck, and the signs of domestic life began to show themselves in more rapid succession.

The house-maid came down—tall and slim, with the state of the spring temperature written redly on her nose. The lady's-maid followed—young, smart, plump, and sleepy. The kitchen-maid came next—afflicted with the face-ache, and making no secret of her sufferings. Last of all the footman appeared, yawning disconsolately—the living picture of a man who felt that he had been defrauded of his fair night's rest.

The conversation of the servants when they assembled before the slowly-lighting kitchen fire referred to a recent family event, and turned at starting on this question: Had Thomas, the footman, seen any thing of the concert at Clifton, at which his master and the two young ladies had been present on the previous night? Yes, Thomas had heard the concert; he had been paid for to go in at the back; it was a loud concert; it was a hot concert; it was described at the top of the bills as Grand; whether it was worth traveling sixteen miles to hear by railway, with the additional hardship of going back nineteen miles by road at half past one in the morning, was a question which he would leave his master and the young ladies to decide; his own opinion, in the mean time, being unhesitatingly No. Further inquiries on the part of all the female servants in succession elicited no additional information of any sort. Thomas could hum none of the songs, and could describe none of the ladies' dresses. His audience accordingly gave him up in despair; and the kitchen small-talk flowed back into its ordinary channels, until the clock struck eight, and startled the assembled servants into separating for their morning's work.

A quarter past eight, and nothing happened. Half past—and more signs of life appeared from the bedroom regions. The next member of the family who came down stairs was Mr. Andrew Vanstone, the master of the house.

Tall, stout, and upright—with bright blue eyes, and healthy, florid complexion—his brown plush shooting-jacket carelessly buttoned awry; his vixenish little Scotch terrier barking unrebuked at his heels; one hand thrust into his waistcoat pocket, and the other smacking the balusters cheerfully as he came down stairs humming a tune—Mr. Vanstone showed his character on the surface of him freely to all men. An easy, hearty, handsome, good-humored gentleman, who walked on the sunny side of the way of life, and who asked nothing better than to meet all his fellow-passengers in this world on the sunny side too. Estimating him by years, he had turned fifty. Judging him by lightness of heart, strength of constitution, and capacity for enjoyment, he was no older than most men who have only turned thirty.

"Thomas!" cried Mr. Vanstone, taking up his old felt hat and his thick walking-stick from the hall-table. "Breakfast this morning at ten. The young ladies are not likely to be down earlier after the concert last night. By-the-by, how did you like the concert yourself, eh? You thought it was Grand? Quite right; so it was. Nothing but Crash-Bang, varied now and then by Bang-Crash; all the women dressed within an inch of their lives; smothering heat, blazing gas, and no room for any body—yes, yes, Thomas: Grand's the word for it, and Comfortable isn't." With that expression of opinion Mr. Vanstone whistled to his vixenish terrier, flourished his stick at the hall-door in cheerful defiance of the rain, and set off through wind and weather for his morning walk.

The hands, stealing their steady way round the dial of the clock, pointed to ten minutes to nine. Another member of the family appeared on the stairs—Miss Garth, the governess.

No observant eyes could have surveyed Miss Garth without seeing at once that she was a north-countrywoman. Her hard-featured face; her masculine readiness and decision of movement; her obstinate honesty of look and manner, all proclaimed her border birth and border training. Though little more than forty years of age, her hair was quite gray; and she wore over it the plain cap of an old woman. Neither hair nor head-dress was out of harmony with her face—it looked older than her years; the hard handwriting of trouble had scored it heavily at some past time. The self-possession of her progress down the stairs, and the air of habitual authority with which she looked about her, spoke well for her position in Mr. Vanstone's family. This was evidently not one of the forlorn, persecuted, pitiably dependent order of governesses. Here was a woman who lived on ascertained and honorable terms with her employers—a woman who looked capable of sending any parents in England to the right about if they failed to rate her at her proper value.

"Breakfast at ten?" repeated Miss Garth, when the footman had answered the bell, and had mentioned his master's orders. "Ha! I thought what would come of that concert last night. When people who live in the country patronize public amusements, public amusements return the compliment by upsetting the family afterward for days together. *You're* upset, Thomas, I can see—your eyes are as red as a ferret's, and your cravat looks as if you had slept in it. Bring the kettle at a quarter to ten; and if you don't get better in the course of the day, come to me and I'll give you a dose of physic. That's a well-meaning lad, if you only let him alone," continued Miss Garth, in soliloquy, when Thomas had retired; "but he's not strong enough for concerts twenty miles off. They wanted *me* to go with them last night. Yes: catch me!"

Nine o'clock struck; and the minute-hand stole on to twenty minutes past the hour before any more footsteps were heard on the stairs. At the end of that time two ladies appeared, descending to the breakfast-room together—Mrs. Vanstone and her eldest daughter.

If the personal attractions of Mrs. Vanstone, at an earlier period of life, had depended solely on her native English charms of complexion and freshness, she must have long since lost the last relics of her fairer self. But her beauty, as a young woman, had passed beyond the average national limits, and she still preserved the advantage of her more exceptional personal gifts. Although she was now in her forty-fourth year, although she had been tried, in by-gone times, by the premature loss of more than one of her children, and by long attacks of illness which had followed those bereavements of former years, she still preserved the fair proportion and subtle delicacy of feature once associated with the all-adorning brightness and freshness of beauty, which had left her never to return. Her eldest child, now descending the stairs by her side, was the mirror in which she could look back and see again the reflection of her own youth. There, folded thick on the daughter's head, lay the massive dark hair which, on the mother's, was fast turning gray. There, in the daughter's cheek, glowed the lovely dusky red which had faded from the mother's, to bloom again no more. Miss Vanstone had already reached the first maturity of womanhood: she had completed her six-and-twentieth year. Inheriting the dark, majestic character of her mother's beauty, she had yet hardly inherited all its charms. Though the shape of her face was the same, the features were scarcely so delicate, their proportion was scarcely so true. She was not so tall. She had the dark brown eyes of her mother—full and soft, with the steady lustre in them which Mrs. Vanstone's eyes had lost—and yet there was less interest, less refinement and depth of feeling in her expression: it was gentle and feminine, but clouded by a certain quiet reserve, from which her mother's face was free. If we dare to look closely enough, may we not observe that the moral force of character and the higher intellectual capacities in parents seem often to wear out mysteriously in the course of transmission to children? In these days of insidious nervous exhaustion and subtly-spreading nervous malady, is it not possible that the same rule may apply, less rarely than we are willing to admit, to the bodily gifts as well?

The mother and daughter slowly descended the stairs together—the first dressed in dark brown, with an Indian shawl thrown over her shoulders; the second more simply attired in black, with a plain collar and cuffs, and a dark orange-colored ribbon over the bosom of her dress. As they crossed the hall and entered the breakfast-room Miss Vanstone was full of the all-absorbing subject of the last night's concert.

"I am so sorry, mamma, you were not with us," she said. "You have been so strong and so well ever since last summer—you have felt so many years younger, as you said yourself—that I am sure the exertion would not have been too much for you."

"Perhaps not, my love; but it was as well to keep on the safe side."

"Quite as well," remarked Miss Garth, appearing at the breakfast-room door. "Look at Norah (good-morning, my dear)—look, I say, at Norah. A perfect wreck; a living proof of your wisdom and mine in staying at home. The vile gas, the foul air, the late hours—what can you expect? She's not made of iron, and she suffers accordingly. No, my dear, you needn't deny it. I see you've got a headache."

Norah's dark, handsome face brightened into a smile, then lightly clouded again with its accustomed quiet reserve.

"A very little headache; not half enough to make me regret the concert," she said, and walked away by herself to the window.

On the far side of a garden and paddock the view overlooked a stream, some farm-buildings which lay beyond, and the opening of a wooded rocky pass (called, in Somersetshire, a Combe), which here cleft its way through the hills that closed the prospect. A winding strip of road was visible, at no great distance, amidst the undulations of the open ground; and along this strip the stalwart figure of Mr. Vanstone was now easily recognizable, returning to the house from his morning walk. He flourished his stick gayly as he observed his eldest daughter at the window. She nodded and waved her hand in return, very gracefully and prettily, but with something of old-fashioned formality in her manner, which looked strangely in so young a woman, and which seemed out of harmony with a salutation addressed to her father.

The hall clock struck the adjourned breakfast-hour. When the minute-hand had recorded the lapse of five minutes more, a door banged in the bedroom regions—a clear young voice was heard singing blithely—light, rapid footsteps pattered on the upper stairs, descended with a jump to the landing, and pattered again, faster than ever, down the lower flight. In another moment the youngest of Mr. Vanstone's two daughters (and two only surviving children) dashed into view on the dingy old oaken stairs with the suddenness of a flash of light, and clearing the last three steps into the hall at a jump, presented herself breathless in the breakfast-room, to make the family circle complete.

By one of those strange caprices of Nature, which science leaves still unexplained, the youngest of Mr. Vanstone's children presented no recognizable resemblance to either of her parents. How had she come by her hair? how had she come by her eyes? Even her father and mother had asked themselves those questions as she grew up to girlhood, and had been sorely perplexed to answer them. Her hair was of that purely light-brown hue—unmixed with flaxen, or yellow, or red—which is oftener seen on the plumage of a bird than on the head of a human being. It was soft and plentiful, and waved downward from her low forehead in regular folds; but, to some tastes, it was dull and dead, in its absolute want of glossiness, in its monotonous purity of plain light color. Her eyebrows and eyelashes were just a shade darker than her hair, and seemed made expressly for those violet-blue eyes, which assert their most irresistible charm when associated with a fair complexion. But it was here exactly that the promise of her face failed of performance in the most startling manner. The eyes, which should have been dark, were incomprehensibly and discordantly light: they were of that nearly colorless gray which, though little attractive in itself, possesses the rare compensating merit of interpreting the finest gradations of thought, the gentlest changes of feeling, the deepest trouble of passion, with a subtle transparency of expression which no darker eyes can rival. Thus quaintly self-contradictory in the upper part of her face, she was hardly less at variance with established ideas of harmony in the lower. Her lips had the true feminine delicacy of form, her cheeks the lovely roundness and smoothness of youth; but the mouth was too large and firm, the chin too square and massive for her sex and age. Her complexion partook of the pure monotony of tint which characterized her hair—it was of the same soft, warm, creamy fairness all over, without a tinge of color in the cheeks, except on occasions of unusual bodily exertion, or sudden mental disturbance. The whole countenance—so remarkable in its strongly-opposed characteristics—was rendered additionally striking by its extraordinary mobility. The large, electric, light-gray eyes were hardly ever in repose; all varieties of expression followed each other over the plastic, ever-changing face, with a giddy rapidity which left sober analysis far behind in the race. The girl's exuberant vitality asserted itself all over her, from head to foot. Her figure—taller than her sister's, taller than the average of woman's height; instinct with such a seductive, serpentine suppleness, so lightly and playfully graceful that its movements suggested, not unnaturally, the movements of a young cat—her figure was so perfectly developed already that no one who saw her could have supposed that she was only eighteen. She bloomed in the full physical maturity of twenty years or more—bloomed naturally and irresistibly, in right of her matchless health and strength. Here, in fact, lay the mainspring of this strangely-constituted organization. Her headlong course down the house-stairs; the brisk activity of all her movements; the incessant sparkle of expression in her face; the enticing gayety which took the hearts of the quietest people by storm—even the reckless delight in bright colors, which showed itself in her brilliantly-striped morning-dress, in her fluttering ribbons, in the large scarlet rosettes on her smart little shoes—all sprang alike from the same source; from the overflowing physical health which strengthened every muscle, braced every nerve, and set the warm young blood tingling



CAPTAIN WRAGGE. POST-OFFICE, BRISTOL.

through her veins like the blood of a growing child.

On her entry into the breakfast-room she was saluted with the customary remonstrance which her flighty disregard of all punctuality habitually provoked from the long-suffering household authorities. In Miss Garth's favorite phrase, "Magdalen was born with all the senses—except a sense of order."

Magdalen! It was a strange name to have given her? Strange indeed; and yet chosen under no extraordinary circumstances. The name had been borne by one of Mr. Vanstone's sisters, who had died in early youth; and in affectionate remembrance of her, it had descended his second daughter by it—just as he had called his eldest daughter Norah for the sake of his dead wife. Perhaps the grand old Bible name —suggestive of a sad and sombre dignity; reflecting, in its first association, the sentiment of penitence and seclusion—had been here, as events had turned out, inappropriately bestowed! Surely this self-contradictory girl had perversely accomplished one contradiction more by developing into a character which was out of all harmony with her own Christian name!

"Late again!" said Mrs. Vanstone, as Magdalen breathed kisses behind her.

"Late again!" chimed in Miss Garth, when Magdalen came round to her chair. "Well! I'm not out, taking the girl's chin familiarly in her hand, with a half-satirical, half-fond attention which betrayed at once the youngest and the oldest all her faults, was the governess's favorite—"Well! and what has the matter been about now? What form of suffering has dissipation inflicted on your system this morning?"

"Suffering!" repeated Magdalen, recovering her breath, and the use of her tongue with it. "I don't know the meaning of the word, and if there's any thing the matter with me, I'm too well. Suffering! I'm ready for another concert to-night, and I'll undertake to dance all day after. Oh, cried Magdalen, dropping into a chair, and crossing her hands rapturously on the table, "I'm in high spirits—I'm in pleasure!"

"Come! that's explicit, at any rate," said Miss Garth. "And I think I can guess what it's all you in his mind when he wrote his famous lines:

"'Men some to business, some to pleasure take,
But every woman is at heart a rake.'

"The deuce she is!" cried Mr. Vanstone, entering the room in time to hear the last line making its quotation, with the dregs at his heels. "Well; live and learn. If you're all rakes, Miss Garth, the sense of your privileges will be a new experience, and the men will have nothing left for it but to open the door and darn the stockings.—Let's have some breakfast."

"How-d'ye-do, papa?" said Magdalen, taking Mr. Vanstone's unbuttered cup of coffee to the urn if he belonged to some larger order of Newfoundland dog, and was unable to be trusted at it his daughter's convenience. "I'm the rake Miss Garth means; and I want to go to another concert—as if you hadn't given me leave to prefer it—or any thing else in the way of amusement that puts me into a new dress, and plunges me into a crowd of people, and intoxicates me with plenty of light, and sets me in a tingle of excitement all over, from head to foot. I'm willing will do, as long as it doesn't send us to bed at eleven o'clock."

Mr. Vanstone sat down composedly under his daughter's flow of language, like a man who was well used to the tumultuous rain of a thunderstorm.

"If I am to be allowed my choice of amusements next time," said the worthy gentleman, "I think a play will suit me better than a concert. The plots enjoyed themselves amazingly, my dear," he continued, addressing his wife, "the last time I did, I must say. It was altogether above my mark. They played one piece of music which lasted four hours. It appeared to me a mistake in the way; and we all thought it was done each time, and dropped our hands in our laps in front of it. But on it went again, to our great surprise and mortification, till we gave it up in despair, and all wished ourselves at Jericho. Ah, ah, my dear, when we had Crash-Bang for forty minutes, with three stoppages by the way, had all they call it!"

"A Symphony, papa," replied Norah.

"Yes, yes; nothing odd. Can't a man sympathy be the great Beethoven?" added Magdalen. "How can you say you were not amused? Have you forgotten the swollen-looking German woman, with the unpronounceable name? Don't you remember the fierce she made when she sang? and the way she contrasted and contested, till she cheated the foolish people into crying encore? Look here, mamma—look here, Miss Garth!"

She snatched up an empty plate from the table to represent a sheet of music, held it before her as the established concert-room position, and produced an imitation of the unfortunate singer's grimaces and contortions so completely and exquisitly true to the original, that her father roared with laughter; and even the footman (who came in at that moment with the post-bag) rushed out of the room again, and committed the indecorum of echoing the laughter from over the other side of the door.

"Letters, papa. I want the key," said Magdalen, passing from the imitation at the breakfast-table to the post-bag on the sideboard with the easy alternation which characterized all her actions.

Mr. Vanstone searched his pockets and shook his head. Though his youngest daughter might resemble him in nothing else, it was easy to see where Magdalen's unmethodical habits came from.

"I dare say I have left it in the library, along with my other keys," said Mr. Vanstone. "Go and look for it, my dear."

"You really should check Magdalen," pleaded Mrs. Vanstone, addressing her husband, when her daughter had left the room. "Those habits of mimicry are growing on her, and she speaks to you with a levity which is positively shocking to hear."

"Except what I have said myself, till I am tired of repeating it," remarked Miss Garth. "She treats Mr. Vanstone as if he was a kind of younger brother of hers."

"You are kind to us in every thing else, papa; and you have had allowances for Magdalen's high spirits—don't you?" said the quiet Norah, taking her father's part and her sister's, with an indirect show of motivation on the surface, that few observers would have been sharp enough to detect the genuine substance beneath it.

"Thank you, my dear," said good-natured Mr. Vanstone. "Thank you, for a very pretty speech. As for Magdalen, I'm sentenced, addressing his wife and Miss Garth, "she's an unbroken filly. Let her caper and kick in the paddock to her heart's content. Time enough to break her to harness when she gets a little older."

The door opened, and Magdalen returned with the key. She unlocked the post-bag as the sideboard and proceeded to empty it on the table. Sorting them gayly in less than a minute, she appropriated and distributed the letters with both hands, and delivered the letters all round with the business-like rapidity of a London postman.

"Two for Norah—both addressed, apparently, with her sister. "Three for Miss Garth. None for mamma. One for me. One for father—of course. You lazy old darling, you hate answering letters, don't you?" pursued Magdalen, with a mischievous look at her father, and assuming the daughter's. "How you will grumble and fidget in the study when you open it, and wish there were no such things as letters in the world! and how red your nice old bald head will get as the sheet of paper is turned, back and forwards! and how many of the answers you will leave until to-morrow, after all! *The Bristol Mercury's* gone, as it happened, this time; suddenly in her father's ear; "I saw it in the newspaper when I was in the library to get the key. Let's go to-morrow night!"

While his daughter was chattering Mr. Vanstone was mechanically opening his letters. He turned over the first four in succession, and looked round to Magdalen, smiling. "This has come to the fifth, his attention, which had hitherto wandered toward Magdalen, suddenly become fixed and concentrated on the letter.

Stooping over him, with her head on his shoulder, Magdalen could see the black mark as plainly as her father could—NEW ORLEANS.

"An American letter, papa!" she said. "Who do you know in New Orleans?"

Mrs. Vanstone started, and looked eagerly at her husband the moment Magdalen spoke those words.

Mr. Vanstone said nothing. He quietly removed his head from his daughter's neck, as if he wished to be free from all interruption. She returned accordingly to her place at the breakfast-table. Mr. Vanstone, as the letter in his hand, waited a little before he opened it; her daughter looking, as he did so, at the envelope. expectant attention, which attracted Miss Garth's notice and Norah's as well as Magdalen's.

After a moment more Mr. Vanstone did.

His face changed the instant he read the first lines; his cheeks fading to a dull, yellow-brown hue, which would have been ashy paleness in a darker man. His head unconsciously becoming saddened and overclouded in a moment. Norah and Magdalen, watching anxiously, saw the change but the others were unaware of their father. Miss Garth alone observed the effect which that change produced on the attentive mistress of the house.

It was not the effect which she, or any one, would have anticipated. Mrs. Vanstone looked excited rather than alarmed. A faint flush rose on her cheeks as she hastily swallowed the rest of the tea round and round in her cup in a restless, impatient manner which was not natural to her.

Magdalen, in her capacity as favorite child, was, as usual, the first to break the silence.

"What is it, papa?" she asked.

"Nothing," said Mr. Vanstone, sharply, without looking up at her.

"Mamma! there must be something," persisted Magdalen. "I'm sure there is bad news, papa, from your face. Is it bad news?"

"There is nothing in the letter that concerns you," said Mr. Vanstone.

It was the first harsh retbuff that Magdalen had ever received from her father. She looked at him with an incredulous surprise, which would have been remarkable under almost any possible circumstances.

Nothing more was said. For the first time, perhaps, in their lives, the family sat round the breakfast-table in painful silence. Mr. Vanstone's hand moving nervously, as he read the morning spirits, was gone. He absently broke off some morsels of toast from the slice on his plate, absently finished his first cup of tea, then asked for a second, which he left before him untouched.

"Norah," he said, after an interval, "you had better take me, Magdalen, my dear, you can go when you like."

His daughters rose immediately, and Miss Garth considerately followed their example. When an easy-tempered man does assert himself in his family, the rarity of the demonstration invariably has its effect; and the will of that easy-tempered man is Law.

"What can have happened?" whispered Norah, as they closed the breakfast-room door and crossed the hall.

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"What do you mean by being cross with Mr.?" exclaimed Magdalen, chafing under a sense of her own injury.

"May I ask what right you had to pry into your father's private affairs?" retorted Miss Garth.

"Right?" repeated Magdalen. "I have no secrets from papa—what business has papa to have secrets from me? I consider myself insulted."

"If you considered yourself properly reproved for not minding your own business," said the plain-spoken Miss Garth, "you would be a trifle nearer the truth. Ah! you're like all the rest of the girls in the present. Not one in a hundred of you knows which end of her's upermost."

The three ladies entered the morning-room; and Magdalen acknowledged Miss Garth's reproof by bursting into tears.

Half an hour passed, and neither Mr. Vanstone nor his wife left the breakfast-room. The servant, ignorant of what had happened, went in to clear the table—found his master and mistress seated close together in deep conversation—and immediately went out again. Another quarter of an hour elapsed before the breakfast-room door was opened, and the private conference of the husband and wife came to an end.

"I hear mamma in the hall," said Norah. "Perhaps she is coming to tell us something."

Mrs. Vanstone entered the morning-room in her daughter's absence. The color was deeper on her cheeks, and the brightness of half-dried tears glistened in her eyes: her step was more hasty; all her movements were quicker than usual.

"I bring news, my dears, which will surprise you," she said. "Good news, I hope and trust. Your father and I are going to London to-morrow."

Magdalen caught her mother by the arm in speechless astonishment. Miss Garth dropped her work on her lap; even the sedate Norah seemed to be taken by surprise. Mrs. Vanstone went on, "Going to London to-morrow, my dears, on business which your father has to settle with the lawyers. Only a few days, I dare say—only a few days. Even Magdalen will have to do without her dancing to-day—many things to set in order before to-morrow. There, there, my love, let me go."

She drew herself away; hastily kissed her youngest daughter on the forehead; and at once left the room. Even Magdalen saw that her mother was not to be coaxed into hearing or answering any more questions.

The morning passed on, and nothing was seen of Mr. Vanstone. With the reckless curiosity of her age and station, Magdalen broke the rule of Miss Garth's prohibition and her sister's remonstrances, determined to go to the study, and look for her father. When she tried the door it was locked on the inside. She said, "It's only me, papa;" and waited for the answer, "Go away," that was the only one she got.

Mrs. Vanstone, in another way, equally inaccessible. She remained in her own room, with the female servants about her, immersed in endless preparations for a approaching journey. The servants, little used in that family to sudden resolutions, were in a state of confusion, ever awkward and confused in obeying directions. They ran from room to room unnecessarily, and lost time and temper in the jostling each other on the stairs. If a stranger had entered the house that day, he would have supposed that an unexpected disaster had happened in it, instead of an unexpected necessity for a journey to London. Nothing proceeded in its ordinary routine. Magdalen, who was accustomed to pass the morning at the piano, wandered restlessly about the staircases and passages, and in and out of doors when there were glimpses of fine weather. Norah, whose favorite occupation was to withdraw into a family proverb, took up book after book from table and shelf, and laid them down again, in despair of fixing her attention. Even Miss Garth felt the all-pervading influence of the household disorganization, and sat alone by the morning-room fire, with her head shaking ominously and her work laid aside.

Family affairs! thought Miss Garth, pondering over Mrs. Vanstone's vague explanatory words. Of all the troublesome words in Christendom, Family affairs! Mrs. Vanstone, Norah, and these are the first family affairs which have got between the parents and the children in the whole experience. What does it mean? Change? I suppose I'm getting old. I don't like change."

CHAPTER II.

At ten o'clock the next morning Norah and Magdalen were seated in the hall at Combe-Raven watching the departure of the carriage which took their father and mother to the London train.

Up to the last moment both the sisters had hoped for some explanation of that mysterious family journey among them. Mr. Vanstone had so briefly alluded on the previous day. No such explanation had been offered. Even the agitation of the leave-taking, under circumstances entirely new in the home experience of the parents and children, had not taken the resolved discretion of Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone. They had gone—with the customary affectionate solicitude with farewell embraces fervently reiterated again and again—but without dropping one word, from first to last, on the nature of their errand.

As the grating sound of the carriage-wheels ceased suddenly at a turn in the road, the sisters looked one another in the face; each feeling, and each betraying in her own way, the dreary sense that she was openly excluded, for the first time, from the confidence of her parents. Norah's customary reserve strengthened into sullen silence—she sat down in one of the hall chairs and looked out frowningly through the open hall door. Magdalen, as usual when her own temper was ruffled, expressed her dissatisfaction in the plainest terms. "I don't care who knows it—I think the conduct of us absurdly ill-used!" With those words, the young lady followed her sister's example by seating herself on a hall chair, and looking aimlessly out through the open house-door.

Almost at the same moment Miss Garth entered the hall from the morning-room. Her quick observation showed her the necessity for interfering to some practical purpose, and her ready good sense at once pointed the way.

"Look up, both of you, if you please, and listen to me," said Miss Garth. "If you are all three to be comfortable and happy together, now we are alone, we must stick to our regular hours and go on in our regular way. There is the state of things in plain words. Accept the situation, my dears, as the best that I can find you the example. I have just ordered an excellent dinner at the customary hour, and am going to the medicine-chest next to physic the kitchenmaid—an unwholesome girl, whose face-ache is the result, in the most obvious form, of her own gluttony. Norah, my dear, you will find your work and your books, as usual, in the library. Magdalen, suppose you leave off tying your handkerchief into knots, and use your fingers on the keys of the piano instead? Well! that's over, and take the dogs out afterward. Be as brisk and cheerful, both of you, as I am. Come! rouse up directly! I don't like a gloomy face on a holiday, or sure as my name's Garth I'll give your mother written warning to send us all home by friends by the mixed train at twelve-forty.

Concluding her address of exhortation in these terms, Miss Garth led Norah to the library door, pushed Magdalen into the morning-room, and returned in good way sternly to the regions of the medicine-chest.

In this half-jesting, half-earnest manner she was accustomed to maintain a kind of friendly authority over Mr. Vanstone's daughters after her proper functions as governess had become really come to an end. Norah, it was needless to say, had long since ceased to be her pupil, and Magdalen had left by this time entirely out of education. But Miss Garth had lived too long and too intimately under Mr. Vanstone's roof to be parted with for any purely formal considerations; and the first hint at going away which she had thrown out in the drop was dismissed with such affectionate warmth of protest that she never repeated it again except in jest. The unexpected event of the first morning was, from that time forth, left in her hands; and to those duties alone was free to which the considerable assistance she could render to Norah's reading, and what friendly superintendence she could still exercise over Magdalen's needle. Such were the terms on which Miss Garth was now a resident in Mr. Vanstone's family.

Toward the afternoon the weather improved. A half part of the day's exercise was a necessity; and the ladies left the house, accompanied by the dogs, to set forth on their walk.

The direction of the stream, ascended by the little rocky pass to the hills beyond; then diverged to the left, and returned to the house, who looked attentively first at Magdalen, then at Norah. They immediately saw that he was aware that he was dressed in black, and that he was a total stranger to them, and continued their homeward walk, without thinking more about the lingering foot-passenger whom they had met on their way back.

After they had left the village and had entered the road which led straight to the house, Magdalen supposed Miss Garth to be considering that the stranger in black had turned after they had passed him, and was now following them. "It's a pity," she said, "that he's a side of the road, mischievously. "I'm not the attraction—don't flatter me."

Whether the man was really following them or not made little difference, for they were now close to the house. The moment though the lodge-gates Miss Garth looked round, and saw that the stranger was undoubtedly behind her, apparently with the purpose of entering into conversation. Seeing this, she at once directed the young ladies to go on to the house and the dogs, while she herself waited for events at the gate.

There was no need to suggest this discreet arrangement before the stranger reached the lodge. He took off his hat to Miss Garth politely as she turned toward him, and then took like on the face of him? He looked like a clergyman in difficulties.

Taking his certain from top to toe the picture of him began with a tall hat, broadly encircled by a mourning band of crape. Below the hat was a lean, long, sallow face, deeply pitted with the small-pox, and characterized, moreover, by eyes of the most singular colors —one bilious green, one bilious brown, both sharply observant. His hair was iron-gray, carefully brushed round at the temples. His cheeks and chin were in the bluest bloom of close shaving. His neck was without flannel; his lips long, thin, and supple, curled up at the corners with a mildly affectionate smile. His white cravat was high, stiff, and dingy; the collar, higher, stiffer, and dingier, projected in rigid angles on either side beyond the chin. Lower down, the little little figure of the man was arrayed throughout in sober-shabby black. His frock-coat was buttoned tight round the waist, and left to bulge open majestically at the chest. His hands were covered with black cotton gloves nearly darned at the fingers; his umbrella, worn down at the ferule to the last quarter of an inch, was carefully preserved, nevertheless, in an oil-skin case. The front view of him was the best view in which to study the interesting lean face to face he might have been cut-

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

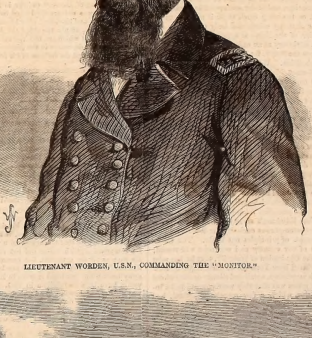
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LIEUTENANT WORDEN, U.S.N.

We are delighted to be able to present our readers on this page with a portrait of LIEUTENANT WORDEN, U.S.N., the hero of the great NAVAL BATTLE at Hampton Roads.

Lieutenant John Lorimer Worden is a native and citizen of New York, from which State he was appointed to the Navy. His original entry as a midshipman into the service bears date from the 10th of January, 1834, and he obtained his present commission on the 30th of November, 1846. His sea service under his present commission to the end of 1860 had been eight years and nine months, his total sea service being to that date nearly seventeen years. His shore or other duty amounted at that time to nearly seven years, and he was over three years unemployed. His total length of service up to the present time exceeds twenty-eight years. He was last at sea in November, 1860, on board the sloop *Savannah*, twenty-two guns, on the blockading squadron, and was granted a short leave of absence on his return; after which he was sent as a special messenger to Fort Pickens, with dispatches to Captain Adams, of the *Sabine*, commanding the fleet off Pensacola, with notice that the fort would be reinforced by two companies of artillery, and instructions to Captain Adams and Colonel Brown as to their conduct in case of an attack by rebels upon the fleet and fort. He went by the land route, and on the way he destroyed his dispatches. As he anticipated, he was arrested at Montgomery, and as no papers were found on his person he was allowed to pass. On his arrival at Pensacola he obtained a pass from the rebel General Bragg, permitting him to carry a verbal message from Secretary Cameron to Captain Adams. He went to him and repeated from memory his dispatches. The fort was reinforced, and as he was returning he was arrested by the rebel General Bragg, under the false pretense of having broken his parole; but the main object was to obtain his dispatches to the Government, if he should have had any in his possession. He was sent to Montgomery, where he was kept for some time as a prisoner of war. There was an intense excitement against him, as the rebel General Bragg had collected a force of 1000 men and intended to attack Fort Pickens the very night it was reinforced. Lieutenant Worden was kept in confinement until the middle of November last, when he was exchanged and went to Fortress Monroe, where he joined the *Minnesota*. He was afterward detached from that vessel and appointed to the command of the *Monitor*.



LIEUTENANT WORDEN, U.S.N., COMMANDING THE "MONITOR."

His gallant performance at the battle at Hampton Roads is recorded in another part of this paper. Under Providence he saved our navy. The correspondent of the Associated Press well says:

"The *Monitor* was handled with unsurpassed skill, decision, and coolness, for which all praise should be given her officers. She has come up to the expectations that were formed of her, and has proved herself impregnable to the heaviest shot at close quarters.

"Lieutenant Worden, who handled the *Monitor* so skillfully, is in Washington, in the hands of a surgeon. He was in the pilot-house of the *Monitor* when the *Merrimac* directed a whole broadside at it, and received his injuries from the minute fragments of powder which were driven through the look-out holes. Lieutenant Worden was stunned by the concussion, and was carried away. On recovering he asked, 'Have I saved the *Minnesota*?' The reply was, 'Yes, and whipped the *Merrimac*.' To which he answered, 'Then I don't care what becomes of me.'

"The injuries of Lieutenant Worden are not supposed to be dangerous."

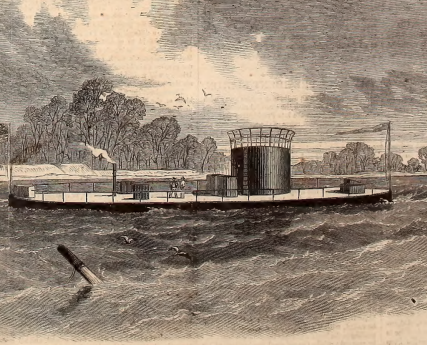
The rebels are, of course, jubilant over the affair. The dispatch says:

The *Merrimac*, or, as it is called by them, the Virginia, had received damage, but nothing that was serious.

They admit the loss of four killed and several wounded on board. Captain Buchanan, who commanded her, was seriously wounded on Saturday, and the command devolved upon his First Lieutenant. The officers say little or nothing about the Sunday's fight.

The commander of the *Cumberland* is spoken of as fighting his ship with a gallantry worthy a better cause. The total rebel loss is said to be nine killed and twelve wounded. Twenty-three prisoners arrived at Norfolk on Saturday night from the *Congress*; one died on the passage.

The *Monitor* is said to have been seriously injured by the *Virginia*.



THE ERICSSON STEEL-CLAD BATTERY "MONITOR."—[SEE PAGE 183.]

LANDER.

When a hero goes
Unto his last repose,
When earth's trump of fame shall waken him no more;
When in the heavenly land
Another soul doth stand
Who perished for a nation ere he reached the shore;
Whose eyes should sorrow dim?
Say, who should mourn for him?

Mourn for the traitor—mourn
When honor is forsworn,
When the base wretch who sells his land for gold
Stands up unblushingly
And boasts his perfidy,
Then, then, O patriots! let your grief be told!
But when God's soldier yieldeth up his breath,
Oh, mourn ye not for him! It is *not* death!

Where is the flag he bore?
Where is the sword he wore?
Lay one upon his breast, the other spread
Around his wasted form,
That perished in the storm,
And name him reverently whom ye call dead.
Name him not silently—
Shout all, exultingly!

"Lander! Lander! awake!
Thy heavenly armor take,
And gird upon thy thigh again thy sword!
Beside the great white throne,
Where sits the Blessed One,
Stand thou forth in the army of the Lord!
Soldier of Christ, arise!
And join Him in the skies!"

ADVERTISEMENT.

☞ The Publishers of *Harper's Weekly* congratulate their readers upon the appearance in last Number of the first part of a new serial tale entitled "No Name," by Wilkie Collins, Esq., author of "The Woman in White." Its opening gives promise of the same wonderful power and matchless dramatic skill which entranced the readers of "The Woman in White." It is seldom that a periodical is enabled to furnish its subscribers with such a series of attractive tales as have appeared consecutively for the past two years in *Harper's Weekly*, from the pens of Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and Bulwer. The commencement of this Tale affords a good opportunity for parties residing in the country to form clubs, and obtain *Harper's Weekly* at the reduced price of subscription.

The crisis which the war has reached imparts fresh interest to the war-pictures which are appearing in every number of *Harper's Weekly*. We have now regular Artist Correspondents, to wit:

Mr. A. R. Waud, with the army of the Potomac;
Mr. Alexander Simplot, with Gen. Grant's army;
Mr. Henry Mosler, with Gen. Buell's army;
Mr. Theo. R. Davis, with Gen. Sherman's army;
Mr. Angelo Wiser, with Gen. Burnside's army;

besides a large number of occasional and volunteer correspondents in the Army and Navy at various points. These gentlemen will furnish us faithful sketches of every battle which takes place, and every other event of interest, which will be reproduced in our pages in the best style. People who do not see *Harper's Weekly* will have but a limited comprehension of the momentous events which are occurring.

The circulation of *Harper's Weekly* being now over 120,000 copies each week, it is the best advertising medium in the country.

In reply to numerous inquiries we would say, that, as *Harper's Weekly* is electrotyped, we can at any time supply the Numbers for the past year, or from the commencement of the paper (January 3, 1857), if desired.

Persons wishing to complete their files can have the missing Numbers furnished by remitting direct to the Publishers.

To Postmasters and others getting up clubs of ten subscribers we will send an extra copy gratis. To those who prefer them we will send the Numbers of the past year as premium for the club, instead of those for the current Volume.

See Terms, on page 191.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 22, 1862.

THE PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

At last events are moving with breathless rapidity. The fall of Leesburg is followed by the fall of Winchester, the abandonment of the rebel batteries on the Potomac is no sooner announced than we hear of the capture of Brunswick and Fernandina; the evacuation of Columbus is succeeded by the evacuation of Manassas, now held by Union troops. One by one every rebel strong-hold is forced or turned.

From the far West, where our gallant Curtis is driving the tatterdemalions of M'Intosh and Price before him, to the shore of the Atlantic, whose bosom now reflects the stars and stripes, and no other flag, from North Edisto to Key West, the soldiers and sailors of the Union are pressing onward with steady tread, and crushing rebellion as they go. There is not a point in the line of three thousand miles at which the rebels can make a stand.

Last week we announced the commencement of the work of reconstruction in Tennessee by the appointment of Andrew Johnson as Military Governor. As we write, men are discussing whether John Minor Botts should not be Governor of Virginia under the President. In a week or two Governor Harris of Tennessee and Governor Letcher of Virginia will be as thoroughly wiped out as Governor Claib. Jackson of Missouri and the rebel Governor of Kentucky, whose name we have forgotten. Before the anniversary of the bombardment of Fort Sumter we may hear of "reconstruction" in Louisiana, Arkansas, and North Carolina. And what is done is done well. M'Clellan's motto is—No Step Backward!

The night was very dark and very gloomy; but the dawn is bright indeed, and surpassingly glorious.

ABOLITION IN HIGH PLACES.

The President last week sent in to Congress a Message recommending the passage of the following or a similar resolution:

Resolved, That the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State in its discretion to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system.

This Message has been applauded with equal fervor by the opponents and by the supporters of slavery. It is equally approved by the *Herald* and by the *Tribune*, by the *Evening Post* and by the *Journal of Commerce*.

The old friends of slavery commend it because it recognizes the right of the Southern slave-owners to their slave property, and the exclusive right of the slave States to regulate or abolish the institution within their limits.

The friends of freedom rejoice at it because it places the United States Government squarely on the record as preferring freedom to slavery, in the abstract, and as looking forward, in some future time, and in some yet undetermined way, to the abolition of slavery, and the emancipation of the negro race.

In fact, the difference between the two great parties in the North has been narrowed down by the Message to an almost imperceptible line. So far as can be judged by the public press, there is no party in the North which sets its face positively against the abolition of slavery, at some future time, and under some possible conditions: and, on the other hand, there is no evidence to show that any substantial body of men in any section of the North is opposed to the recognition of slavery as an existing and lawful institution at the South, for the purpose of compassing its abolition. We are all brought by this common-sense Message upon the same platform. The cannon-shot against Fort Sumter effaced three-fourths of our political lines: the President's Message has wiped out the remaining fourth.

It is very instructive to read articles in the *Herald* recommending the Border States to abolish slavery, and articles in the *Journal of Commerce* commending the abstract righteousness of emancipation, and admitting that the writers only differ with Garrison and Wendell Phillips in respect of way, time, and detail. Such indications are cheering proofs that even in our time the world moves. Lord Cockburn, in his charming Memorials, tells us that in his youth a man who professed Whig principles was a pariah in that Edinburgh society which now regards with contemptuous curiosity the few remaining adherents of principles not Whig. The Cockburn of our country and our time will record, for the admiration of posterity, that he has seen infuriated New York mobs, encouraged by New York merchants, assail and silence orators whose only crime was that they were opposed to an institution which, a few months afterward, had not a single supporter left in New York.

The Message has achieved another useful result. It has placed the North on a platform of square antagonism to the rebels. Henceforth, no compromise will be possible which obliges the North to recognize the abstract justice or policy of slavery, or to forego the desire that it may some day be abolished. Henceforth, the Northern people may be considered a unit against slavery in principle, and only differing among themselves with regard to the time and way of abolition. When we remember Mr. Adams's proposition of last winter, and how narrowly it escaped being accepted by the rebels, we can measure the stride which the civilization of the North has made during the past twelve months.

THE LATE PRESIDENT FELTON.

It is seldom that a public man passes away with such strong claims upon the grateful remembrance of the community as the late President of Harvard College. In the best sense of the term, he was peculiarly a man of the people. Born of a quiet New England family, whose modest industry was their only title to distinction, he was early inured to habits of self-reliance and active effort. He was never dandled on the lap of luxury into the pride of exclusive privileges. His native love of learning prompted him to seek a liberal education; but the golden prize did not drop into his hands spontaneously; it was the fruit only of strenuous toil and self-denial on his part. From the first he was obliged to contribute to his own support while pursuing the usual studies of his class. But in spite of every drawback he attained a high position as a scholar, which he never lost. Not content with the prescribed range of college study, he was ambitious of higher attainments, and marked out a path for himself which few could follow. While yet an undergraduate he became familiar with the principles of physical science, and commenced the study of many languages, in which he subsequently became a master. From the day of leaving college his course was onward and upward. He devoted himself to the drudgery of teaching, if it must so be called, with a peculiar zest; his success in appealing to the best faculties of the young was strongly marked; while the original productions of his pen evinced at once the brilliancy of his intellect and the soundness of his cultivation. At the age of twenty-two he was appointed tutor in Harvard College; in three years more he became Professor of Greek; and before he was twenty-seven years old he succeeded to the important chair of Greek literature, which had been made famous by the splendid erudition of Mr. Edward Everett, and the classical enthusiasm of Professor Popkin, whose towering figure seemed irradiated by the spirit of Homer and Sophocles. Following such eminent examples, Professor Felton gave a powerful impulse to the study of Greek letters, and became himself certainly one of the best, if not the very best scholar in that department of whom the country can boast. But he never yielded to the indulgences of a recluse student. He had nothing of the arrogance or the exclusiveness of literature. His interest in public affairs was constant and vivid. He was not, indeed, an active politician, but no man watched more closely the course of our statesmen, or was more ardent in the support of the principles which he deemed essential to the national welfare. Without being a partisan, he was the strenuous advocate of a conservative policy, and conscientiously avoided the extremes to which he might have been tempted by private friendship or personal relations with their champions. The cause of general education commanded his warmest sympathies. He never made his position an excuse for declining an active part in popular instruction. As an earnest friend of common schools, as a public lecturer, and a literary counselor, he exerted a wide influence, and invariably challenged the confidence of the community by his wisdom and zeal. He possessed an uncommonly genial temperament; entirely unknown to him were the formality and reserve of the scholar. He had the keenest sense of the ludicrous aspects of social life; and his presence was often indicated by his hearty ringing laugh before you fairly recognized the sunshine of his benignant face. On the resignation of Dr. Walker as President of Harvard College in 1860, Professor Felton was universally looked to as his fittest successor; and his career, after his accession to that high office, amply rewarded the hopes that were formed, but which are now forever quenched by his lamented departure in the glorious ripeness of his manhood and the fullness of his fame.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

A year ago there were a great many men who said, and a great many more who felt, "Oh for an Andrew Jackson!" It was thought that he would have laid a heavy hand upon the rebellion, and have ended it by a vigorous blow. That thought was the natural result of impatience and ignorance. Alexander the Great, Hannibal, and Napoleon, all combined in one great military genius, could not have done the work which it was supposed Jackson would have done. The world could be easily moved at any time if you could only get a place to stand upon.

Besides, while all praise that is his due will be gladly granted to Andrew Jackson, it is a great mistake to suppose that he suppressed a rebellion. He compromised with it—he did not conquer it. He suppressed the symptom, but encouraged the disease. If Jackson had finally and absolutely shot away treason and punished traitors in 1833, there would have been no rebellion in 1861. Jackson was neither a philosopher nor a statesman; he was a soldier. But to destroy this rebellion requires more than military skill. Shot and shell may subdue the form of the symptom, but what will annihilate the disease?

It is fortunate for the country and for the world that at this moment it is a wise and calm civilian, and not a soldier, who is our Chief Magistrate. And it is a peculiar satisfaction that, throughout the astonishing events of the last year, this journal has not faltered in its faith in the ability of the President, or in its support of the patriotic policy of his Administration. The country rocked with civil war. Every citizen and editor had his special nostrum for peace. No man was ever called to a task so difficult as the President's. When he left Springfield to undertake it, he said that no President since Washington had a work so weighty. But Washington's work as Chief Magistrate was not greater than Lincoln's. And thus far, at least, History will record that it has been wrought with similar wisdom.

Throughout the wild uproar of the year the President of the United States has held upon his way undisturbed. Openly slandered by his political enemies before the inauguration, he has been stealthily slandered by many of his political friends since. Because he and the Secretary of State, although known to be friendly to a peaceful annihilation of the political supremacy of the slaveholding interest in the Government, did not upon their accession to power advocate an immediate emancipation, they have been pursued with a bitter suspicion of moral cowardice, or pricked with the sharp taunt of treachery to their cause, or insulted by the imputation of incapacity.

Meanwhile the policy of the President slowly vindicates itself. The end and the method proposed by him were clearly stated in two sentences of his December Message. First, "The Union must be preserved, and hence all indispensable means must be employed;" and, second, the sentence that immediately follows it: "We should not be in haste to determine that radical and extreme measures, which may reach the loyal as well as the disloyal, are indispensable." To these he now adds a third in his Message of March 6: "A practical reacknowledgment of the National authority would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease. If, however, resistance continues, the war must also continue, and it is impossible to foresee all the incidents which may attend, and all the ruin that may follow it. Such as may seem indispensable, or may obviously promise great efficiency toward ending the struggle, must and will come."

These words are in perfect harmony with every serious word of Mr. Lincoln's political life. His convictions, evidently, are as profound as ever. Certainly no man who said, as he did, on the 17th June, 1858, "I believe this Government can not endure permanently half slave and half free," has found any reason in the events of the last four years to change his opinion. But Mr. Lincoln and his friends have never desired that the disease should be removed by the sword. He and they do not desire it now. But he and they and all good patriots are resolved that the disease shall not conquer. If the sword must end slavery, it will end it. And it is for the rebellion to decide.

JOHN BRIGHT *VERSUS* JOHN BULL.

It is not surprising that the name of John Bright, whenever it was mentioned at the great meeting at the Cooper Institute on Washington's birthday, was hailed with a tumult of applause. Throughout our difficulties of the last year John Bright has been one of the few men in England who truly saw and frankly stated the scope of this rebellion. When Great Britain flamed into rage at the *Trent* affair, John Bright laid his finger upon the arm of John Bull, and begged that testy and foolish old person not to make himself ridiculous by losing his temper in advance of the occasion, but to wait and hear whether an insult was intended, or whether it was an accident. An accident it proved to be, and the reparation was made which mutual honor demanded; and it is surprising that when Mr. Bright called the affair an accident, and was oh, oh'd from the benches of the Government party in Parliament, he had not covered Lord Palmerston with confusion by stating the notorious fact that at the very time when, as Palmerston had just said, the British Government had every reason to fear war with America, that Government knew officially that war would not spring out of the difficulty.

John Bright is the present representative of that strong common sense and intelligence which has always saved John Bull against the encroachment of privilege. He stands as the Barons stood against King John. It is his spirit, and the nerve, and eloquence, and sagacity of men like him, that perpetually wrests Magna Charta from the itching fingers of despotic power. A representative of the great middle class, the industrial interest of the kingdom, he stands for the peaceful development of popular liberty under law, on the one hand against the aristocracy and on the other against the mob which is at once the consequence and the tool of an aristocracy. In a country so Hindoo-bound with caste as England, of course such a man stands much alone, for even those who theoretically and politically sympathize with him, may be otherwise alienated by inexorable social prejudice.

During this war of ours his have been the only speeches in England which show a truly comprehensive and sagacious statesmanship. Lord John's, or the Earl Russell's, speeches have been quibbles and subterfuges. Lord Palmerston's have been the bland plausibilities which he always palms off upon the British public as practical common-sense views. Politically, the Earl Russell figures as the artful Dodger, and the spruce, complaisant Palmerston as Charley Bates. Unquestionably the conviction which John Bright so amply and pointedly expresses in his speeches, whether acknowledged by the Government or not, is the conviction which has withheld that Government from blundering into war with this country. The Earls Russell and Palmerston have "forborne" in Parliament: the London *Times* and the other journals, with a very few noble exceptions, have "forborne" in their daily leaders: private British correspondence and conversation have "forborne," and all in the same way, by torturing the language for insult and invective, by an absurdly haughty assumption of the destruction of this Government as already accomplished, and by an affected impartiality of belligerent concessions.

John Bright sums it all up in one ringing sentence: "The course taken by the Government, not in the demand, not in the dispatch, not in the courteous way in which Lord Lyons managed every thing he had to do with regard to it [hear, hear], but in the instantaneous and alarming menaces of war, followed and accompanied every day by incessant and offensive charges from the press supposed directly to represent the Government—I say that that tends to leave on the minds of even the most moderate men in America the feeling that England in the hour of her trial has not treated them in the magnanimous and friendly manner which they had a right to expect from us."

There is a moral in the position of John Bright which we shall all do well to take to heart. We respect and love him to-day more than any Englishman, and yet we feel that every drop of his blood and particle of his flesh is British. But he dares to expose and criticise the faults of England. Justice, he knows, like charity begins at home. He has not the least respect for venerable error, and crime, although hoary with dignity and respectable with law, is simply criminal in his eyes.

How such a member of the Imperial Parliament would astonish some Republican Senators of the United States!

CONSERVATISM.

The text is Conservatism, of which, brethren, there are two kinds. Let us suppose the case.

A rattlesnake is in your nursery, and trying to dart at your children.

Conservatism number one rushes at the reptile; seizes it; if it has lost a fang, puts it back in its place; if it has dropped any venom, restores it for future emergencies; then shuts the rattlesnake into the closet, saying, "Go, and sting no more."

Conservatism number two rushes at the snake, grinds its head beneath its iron heel, and flings it dead from the window.

Here are two kinds of conservatism. Number one conserves rattlesnakes; number two conserves

the human race. It is easy, and apparently generous, to say, "Go, and sting no more." But, unluckily, it is the nature of rattlesnakes to sting. Yet a rattlesnake, you think, has a right to the life nature gave it. Yes; but so have your children. And when snakes and children are in the same nursery, you must decide promptly which has the better right.

If a man should say, "Don't hurt that rattlesnake; your business is simply to prevent his stinging your child," would you call that man a knave or a fool? Would you think he had much regard for the life of your child? Having flung the dead snake from the window, wouldn't you feel very much like throwing that man after it? And wouldn't you always afterward believe that, if rattlesnakes could become men, they would become just such men as he?

—Or you, dear Madame, discovering mould upon your apple-pies, what would you do if you were, like your respected husband, conservative in all your views and acts? Would you put your pastry into a damp corner, or would you scrape the mould off?

There is a conservatism which preserves and propagates mould, and another conservatism which scrapes it away—just as the one reasons with rattlesnakes and the other punches their heads. Monseigneur, of the old French *régime*, was a conservative of the first class; George Washington of the second.

—An illustration is not an argument, you think? Yes; but some things need no argument, but only an illustration.

A NEW REIGN OF TERROR.

THE article in the Richmond *Examiner* of March 3, which has been generally copied into our papers, can not be read without the same emotion which is excited by the history of the French Revolution in 1793–'94. The rebellion is becoming a domestic reign of terror. Nor can any man be surprised at the result. The inexorable logic of facts explains it. In a society which has assumed that to question the most atrocious injustice is so dangerous to social existence that the questioner may be properly lynched, what can be expected when it feels itself in danger from any cause? A man who carries concealed weapons will draw them upon every occasion of danger, real or fancied. A society which is founded upon injustice is necessarily barbarous.

Southern society is composed of the aristocracy who own the laborers, and the great middle class, more ignorant than any corresponding class in the world at the present day. Wealth and distinction are in the hands of the aristocracy. The middle class are poor and wretched; but they feel their wretchedness compensated by the fact that there is a servile race beneath them, and that by virtue of color they are the peers of the aristocracy. Hence, although not rich enough to own slaves, they support slavery, and they are the ready tools of the slave lords. Passionate, ignorant, prejudiced, ferocious—bred in a society where the unbridled will of rich proprietors is practically the sole law of a subject race—here are the elements of the most remorseless mob.

And to the reign of this mob the article in the *Examiner*, and similar articles in papers of the Southwest plainly point. No honorable and loyal citizen of the United States but must shudder as he contemplates the present position of men who have been faithful to their country, but who are at last exposed to the pitiless crowd which has been made sullen by the defeat of its armies, and has been inflamed by the appeals of leaders anxious to divert to the heads of the innocent the punishment of their own crimes. The editors of the Richmond *Examiner* would rather see John M. Botts hung to a lamp-post than their own office gutted and themselves swung from its windows.

The reign of terror that has long existed in the rebellious section now openly appears. As in the blackest hour of the mob despotism in Paris, men are in danger of losing their lives upon suspicion of being suspected. "Now that the Government," says the *Examiner*, "appears really in earnest in the suppression of treason, it becomes every citizen who knows a man or set of men inimical to our country and cause to point them out."

This is the very tone of the French terrorism. "The more the social body perspires," said Collot d'Herbois, "the healthier it becomes."

Here again is the Richmond *Examiner*: "The universal Yankee sympathizers dangling from as many lamp-posts would have a most wholesome and salutary effect.

It is but the echo of the French terrorist Barrère: "There are none but the dead who do not return."

Our faithful fellow-citizens now in the power of the rebels, in whom desperation breeds ferocity, are exposed to these frightful perils. Their situation is but another stern appeal for the exercise of every power that can most speedily end the rebellion and secure actual peace. Already the bad bold men of the South are drifting into the terrible necessities of their stupendous crimes against human society. And how accurately does the French historian Mignet, describing the terrorists of '93 and '94, describe the chiefs of the rebels of to-day in Richmond and the Southwest:

"Sprung from contention, they wish to support themselves by it. With one hand they fight to defend their domination, with the other they lay the foundation of their system. They kill in the name of their principles. Virtue, humanity, the welfare of the people, all that is most sacred upon earth, they employ to sanction their executions, to protect their dictatorship, until they are worn out and fall."

"SOLID MEN OF BOSTON."

MR. SENATOR DAVIS, of Kentucky, presented a petition from citizens of Boston, the other day, asking Congress to drop discussing the negro, and to take order for suppressing the rebellion.

These worthy citizens of Boston, who must have at least three relatives in Gotham, ought to send a petition to Commodore Foote to drop considering how many guns and gun-boats he must have for Memphis, and to take measures to defeat the enemy. They ought long ago to have sent word to General M'Clellan to stop bothering with fortifications at Washington, and attend to subduing the conspiracy. They ought to have telegraphed to Grant at Fort Donelson and Burnside at Roanoke not to be firing guns and charging bayonets, but to hurry up victory.

Those Generals would smile and hold their tongues—as they have done before. But some young aid might whisper to these citizens of credit and renown in famous Boston town that, in calculating forces, and building fortifications, and killing rebels with mortars and rifled guns, these Generals were doing the very thing required. They were forcing the enemy, by the relentless eloquence of injury to person and property and social peace, to submit.

Doubtless Congress will make no reply to these worthy citizens of Boston. But if they listen they will hear that Congress is doing what the Generals are—considering how to force the enemy to submit, and how to destroy the tap-root of treason.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

I ONCE HAD A TAILOR.

(SONG OF A WALL-FLOWER.)

AIR—"*My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.*"

I ONCE had a Tailor; 'tis some time ago:
  More years than I care to confess.
But then I delighted in personal show,
  And paid some attention to dress.

My dress suit has lasted from that time to this;
  For service it only hath seen
On occasions like visits of envoys from Bliss,
  Not many, and distant between.

Its nap is as yet but a little effaced,
  And that you want daylight to see;
But the coat of my youth is too small in the waist,
  So the trowsers and vest are, for me.

Costumes oft have changed since this old one was new;
  But its style may revive in our day:
So I yet may appear in the fashion like you,
  Once again, ere I cast it away.

Which is the most deceitful part of a lady's walking-costume?—The false hood on her cloak.

MATHEMATICAL.—If a house has three stories, how many tales has it?

BODY-SNATCHER'S MOTTO.—*De mortuis nil nisi* bone'em.

THE CLAIMS OF KINDRED.—The greatest rarities in the world are kind relatives. Truly kind relatives will never oppose your inclinations, but, on the contrary, encourage you to follow them, and will take all unpleasant consequences of your doing so on themselves. They will lend you money to speculate with, and as often as you fail they will allow you to fall back upon them, and lend you more, and so on until they have no more to lend, and then they will lend you their names and their credit, and apologize to you for having done so little for you.—NEERDOWEEL *On Goodness.*

PROVERBS *A LA* DUNDREARY,

And dedicated, with every respect for that nobleman's stupendous stupidity, to Mr. Sothern, T. R. H.

There are as many early birds as were ever caught in the sea.

Too many broths spoil the child.

Cut your mutton according to your dinner-cloth.

When Love flies out of the window, it's useless shutting the stable door.

Nine tailors make a man look alive, I believe you.

Spare the rod, and you'll have no fish for dinner.

When things won't mend, it's best to wash your dirty linen at home.

Fine feathers butter no parsnips.

Adversity makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, but it's absurd kicking against them.

There's a silver lining to every cloud—no, no (*stuttering, hesitating, correcting himself, and attempting all the while to sneeze*), it isn't that—it's a coat—of course it is?—there's a silver lining to every coat, to be sure—that's it! How foolish to suppose it was a cloud! Who ever saw a cloud with a silver lining? Ha! ha! By Jove, it might as well have gold facings, a velvet collar, and a star on its breast.

One man may steal a hedge, while another mustn't even as much as look a gift-horse in the mouth!

Which is the most enduring trade?—A cobbler's, because it is ever-lasting, and the sole is at the bottom of it all.

Why is weeping in solitude like the Confederate ship *Sumter*?—Because it's a private tear.

When do trees resemble besieged garrisons?—When they are releaved.

JUDICIOUS AND TENDER REPROOF.

INGENIOUS CHILD (*crying*). "Oh! papa, I've hurt my 'ead."

CLEVER PAPA. "I see you have, my dear; you've knocked an *h* off it."

The greatest *feat* of the day—*Foote*-ing it up the Cumberland.

A young lady who has the misfortune to know little of music, and yet who is vain of her singing, was recently entertaining a party of friends with a somewhat difficult song, in a shrill voice, when an old bachelor lodging in the same house rushed out of his room to the head of the stairs, and shouted, "What are you hurting that pig for? Turn him into the yard!"

The battle of *Bull* Run (LL.D. Russell) showed many *Man*-asses.

"What ails your eye, Joe?" "I told a man he lied," replied Joe.

Breakers on the Southern sea-coast: Columbiads, Dahlgrens, and Paixhans.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ FOR an account of the Battle in Hampton Roads, see page 183.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, March 4, in the Senate, a memorial from merchants and others, of New York, doing business on the Pacific coast, asking Congress to provide immediately for the transportation of the mails between New York and San Francisco, *via* Aspinwall and Panama, was presented and referred. The bill providing for the safe keeping and maintenance of United States prisoners was passed. The bill authorizing the President to appoint a Commissioner to confer with British and French Commissioners, to take measures for the preservation of the Atlantic fisheries, was passed. A bill providing for the codification and revision of the laws of the District of Columbia was reported. The Confiscation bill was taken up, and Senator M'Dougall, of California, concluded his speech in opposition to it. Senator Cowan, of Pennsylvania, also spoke against the bill. The Conference Committee on the bill relative to paying certain Western railroads for transporting troops made a report, which was agreed to. The Senate then went into executive session, and afterward adjourned.——In the House, the Pennsylvania contested election case was taken up, and Mr. Verree, the sitting member, declared entitled to his seat. The Senate's amendments to the bill providing additional clerks to the New York Assistant Treasurer's office, and for the appointment of a Deputy Assistant Treasurer, were agreed to.

On Wednesday, March 5, in the Senate, petitions in favor of a general bankrupt law, and asking for the transmission of the California mails *via* Panama, were presented and referred. A bill granting pay, pensions, and bounty to the Kentucky Home Guard was introduced by Senator Davis. Senator Morrill, of Maine, then made a speech in favor of the Confiscation bill, and the further consideration of the subject was postponed. A joint resolution authorizing equitable settlements with contractors who have failed to construct machinery by the day stipulated in their contracts, was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill for the codification and revision of the laws of the District of Columbia was passed. The bill defining the pay and emoluments of certain army officers was taken up, and several unimportant amendments adopted. The pay of all chaplains was fixed at $1200 per annum, and the bill then laid aside. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill increasing the number of cadets at the West Point Academy was introduced. A bill appropriating $60,353 to carry out the treaty for the abolition of the Stadt dues was passed. A bill to discontinue pensions to the children of officers and soldiers of the Revolution was passed. A joint resolution authorizing the sale of all unsuitable army supplies was adopted. The Committee on Military Affairs reported a bill to define the pay and emoluments of army officers, and also a bill to compensate loyal citizens for property destroyed, and to prevent the same being used by the enemy.

On Thursday, March 6, in the Senate, the Post-office Appropriation bill and the Postal Money Order bill were reported respectively by the Committees on Finance and Postal Affairs. A joint resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Commodore Goldsborough and his officers and seamen for their gallant conduct at Roanoke Island, was adopted unanimously. The bill relative to the pay of Congressmen was taken up, and an amendment allowing twenty cents per mile for mileage was adopted. Further debate on the bill was cut off by a motion to go into executive session, which was agreed to.——In the House, a Message from the President was received, suggesting the adoption of a joint resolution providing for co-operation with any State for the abolition of slavery with pecuniary consideration. The President, in proposing this initiatory step, predicts important practical results therefrom. On motion of Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, the Message was referred to the Committee of the Whole. The report of the Conference Committee on the resolution providing for the payment of Western war claims was accepted, and the resolution adopted. The bill providing for the organization of the division staffs of the army was passed. The Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill to provide for the purchase of coin and for other financial purposes, which was laid over. A long defense of Alexander Cummings, a contractor for army supplies, was read, and several speeches on the slavery and war questions were delivered in Committee of the Whole, and the House adjourned.

On Friday, March 7, in the Senate, the President's Message on the subject of emancipating slaves was read and referred to the Judiciary Committee. Memorials asking immediate action on the subject of the transmission of the California mails *via* Panama, and compensation for the loss of the steamer *Governor*, were presented. The bill to provide for the occupation and cultivation of cotton lands was, after a brief discussion, passed by a vote of 26 to 14. The Senate then went into executive session.——In the House, the Secretary of War was directed to communicate all the facts regarding the number, age, condition, amount of service performed, and the pay, cost of maintenance, etc., of the Africans at Fortress Monroe. A bill was introduced granting bounty and pensions to pilots, engineers, seamen, and crews of gun-boats. The bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase coin and for other purposes, was passed, without amendment. In Committee of the Whole, Mr. Blair, of Missouri, criticised General Frémont's military campaign in the West, and Mr. Colfax delivered a long speech warmly defending the General's conduct.

On Monday, March 10, in the Senate, a joint resolution, requiring higher qualifications for commanders of military divisions, was introduced and referred to the Military Committee. Objection was made to the introduction of a joint resolution coinciding with the proposition in the President's late special Message for aid to States desiring to emancipate their slaves. The bill to encourage enlistments in the army was taken up, and after considerable discussion amendments were adopted reducing the number of volunteer cavalry regiments to thirty, and striking out the provision giving bounty for enlistments from the volunteer into the regular service, when the bill was passed. The Confiscation bill was taken up, and Senator Browning, of Illinois, addressed the Senate. A vote of thanks to Commodore Foote was passed. The bill making a new Article of War, to the effect that no officer of the army shall return fugitive slaves, was taken up, debated, and finally passed, by 29 yeas to 9 nays, when the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate bill to regulate the sutler department in the volunteer service was taken up, and, after a long debate, and being amended, was passed. It requires schedules of articles permitted to be sold to be prominently posted in the camps, and prohibits sutlers from farming out their offices or selling to soldiers to an amount exceeding one-fourth their monthly pay. It also stops the sutler's lien on soldiers' pay. A resolution to forward the proposition of the President's special Message relative to aiding States which desire to abolish slavery was introduced, and a long debate on it took place, consuming the greater portion of the day; but the House adjourned without taking final action on it.

GENERAL BANKS'S ADVANCE.

Leesburg, one of the rebel strong-holds on the Upper Potomac, fell into our hands last week. On Friday night Colonel Geary left Lovettsville with his whole force for Leesburg. He marched triumphantly through Wheatland and Waterford, scattering the rebel forces before him. He took possession of Fort Johnson, one of the strongest defenses of the town, at sunrise on 8th, and entered Leesburg with fixed bayonets and flags flying, driving the rebel General Hill with all his command from the town and the surrounding forts, in full retreat toward Middleburg.

THE REBELS FALLING BACK ALONG THE WHOLE LINE.

The rebels are falling back from the lines of the Potomac in every direction. They have evacuated Winchester, on the left wing of their lines, before the advancing troops of General Banks's division. Centreville, in the centre of their position, is also abandoned; the whole line of the Lower Potomac, with all its formidable batteries, is evacuated, and we learn, as we close this record, that the rebels have withdrawn from their almost impregnable position at Manassas, which is now held by our troops.

CAPTURE OF BRUNSWICK AND FERNANDINA.

The naval expedition of Commodore Dupont has accomplished a splendid feat on the Southern coast by the capture of Brunswick, Georgia, and Fernandina, Florida, which gives the Government command of the whole coast of Georgia, from South Carolina to Florida. On the approach of our fleet at Brunswick the rebels fled, abandoning their works, which were taken possession of by our troops. The fleet then proceeded twenty miles further South, and entered Cumberland Sound, the entrance to Fernandina, and drove the rebels from Fort Clinch, which was immediately occupied and the Union flag hoisted. The mission of the expedition was accomplished on the 4th of March. The troops of General Wright took possession of the fort and the town of Fernandina.

ANOTHER VICTORY IN ARKANSAS.

An official dispatch was received by General M'Clellan on 10th from General Halleck announcing the complete rout and defeat of the combined rebel armies of Generals Price, M'Culloch, Van Dorn, and M'Intosh, at Sugar Creek, near Boston Mountains, in Arkansas, by the Union army under General Curtis. The victory was a brilliant one, and disposes of the rebel forces in that quarter. The fight lasted three days. Our loss is said to be 1000 killed and wounded, and that of the rebels is considerably more. A large quantity of stores, flags, guns, and ammunition were captured by General Curtis. Our cavalry was in rapid pursuit of the flying rebels. The energy of General Curtis is worthy of all praise.

REIGN OF TERROR AT RICHMOND.

The Union sentiment in Richmond appears to be growing too strong for the comfort of the rebel chiefs. It will be remembered that Jeff Davis proclaimed martial law in Norfolk and Portsmouth a few days ago, and on Saturday last a proclamation put Richmond also under military rule. John Minor Botts and twenty other leading citizens have been arrested and imprisoned on charges of being connected with a Union conspiracy. The streets of Richmond are placarded with calls upon the Union men to watch and wait, that the day is dawning, and proclaiming "The Union forever!" The Richmond *Dispatch* advocates the execution of the conspirators. A great panic prevails in the city, consequent upon the late defeats of the rebel arms.

The Richmond papers of Friday last contain an announcement of the arrest of a number of Union men, principally Germans. The discovery by a detective officer, in the room of the Turners, of two National flags, and a painting of the Goddess of Liberty, with other Union symbols, led to the arrests.

THE REBELS BESIEGED AT NEW MADRID.

New Madrid, where the rebels have made a stand, with a force of nearly 10,000 men, with four gun-boats at anchor off the town, is completely invested by the army of General Pope. Some skirmishes had taken place there, in which several of our troops were killed by shells thrown from the rebel gun-boats. New Madrid is a flourishing little town on the Mississippi river, 280 miles southeast of Jefferson City. It is the capital of Madrid County, has a population of 2000 inhabitants, and enjoys a large business in shipping corn, lumber, and cattle for the Southern market. The officers of General Pope's command are confident that as soon as the gun-boats are silenced the town will fall easily into our hands.

OUR ARMY IN TENNESSEE.

Nashville remains perfectly tranquil under the gentle rule of General Buell, whose head-quarters are at Edgefield, across the river. The people are agreeably surprised at the moderation of our troops. The Mayor had formally surrendered the city to General Buell, and issued a proclamation to the citizens requesting that business be resumed, assuring them of the protection of General Buell, announcing that the elections will take place on the regular day, and inviting the country people to bring in their produce as usual. An agent of the Post-office Department had arrived from Washington, and will open the Nashville Post-office soon. He has had forty applications for clerkships already.

JOHNSTON FLYING AGAIN.

A rebel dispatch from Atlanta, Georgia, confirms the report that Murfreesborough, Tennessee, has been occupied by our troops, and gives the additional information that the rebel general, A. S. Johnston, had retreated to Decatur, Alabama, a station on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. This indicates that the rebels, instead of concentrating at Chattanooga, as anticipated, are tending toward Memphis, where the great stand is to be made to dispute the possession of the Mississippi Valley.

MORE UNION FEELING ON THE TENNESSEE.

A dispatch from Lieutenant Gwin, of the gun-boat *Tyler*, who made a landing at Pittsburg under a flag of truce, says that the cry of the people is to "send us arms and sufficient forces to protect us in organizing ourselves, and we will drive the rebels out of Tennessee ourselves." The utmost joy was exhibited at Nashville on the Stars and Stripes being displayed there, and the familiar tunes of "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," played by our bands, were welcomed with enthusiasm.

THE TENNESSEE LEGISLATURE.

The Tennessee Legislature is having a hard time at Memphis. Another meeting was held on the 27th ultimo, when each house resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole for the purpose of counting noses, and the following was the result:

	Present.	Absent.
Senate	10	15
House	22	50

THE LATEST FROM THE GULF.

Our news from Ship Island is of an interesting character. The health of the men is good, although the weather is very hot, the thermometer marking ninety-five degrees in the shade. The details of the capture of the rebel steamer *Magnolia*, with 1150 bales of cotton, by the *South Carolina*, while attempting to run out of Mobile, are published. She threw overboard about two hundred and fifty bales, her entire cargo consisting of 1400 bales of the valuable staple. She was bound for Havana. The capture of a dozen or more oyster boats, on their way to New Orleans, will considerably diminish the supply and increase the price of this delicious article in the Crescent City of rebeldom.

PERSONAL.

Governor Andrew Johnson, with his staff, accompanied by Messrs. Etheridge and Maynard, left Washington on Saturday evening for Nashville, to enter upon their charge of the new Government of Tennessee.

The rebels give as a reason for not exchanging Colonel Corcoran, as expected, that maps and drawings were found concealed upon his person.

The Grand Army of the Potomac has been divided by General M'Clellan into five *corps d'armee*, respectively commanded by Generals Heintzelman, M'Dowell, Sumner, Keyes, and Banks.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS IN PARLIAMENT.

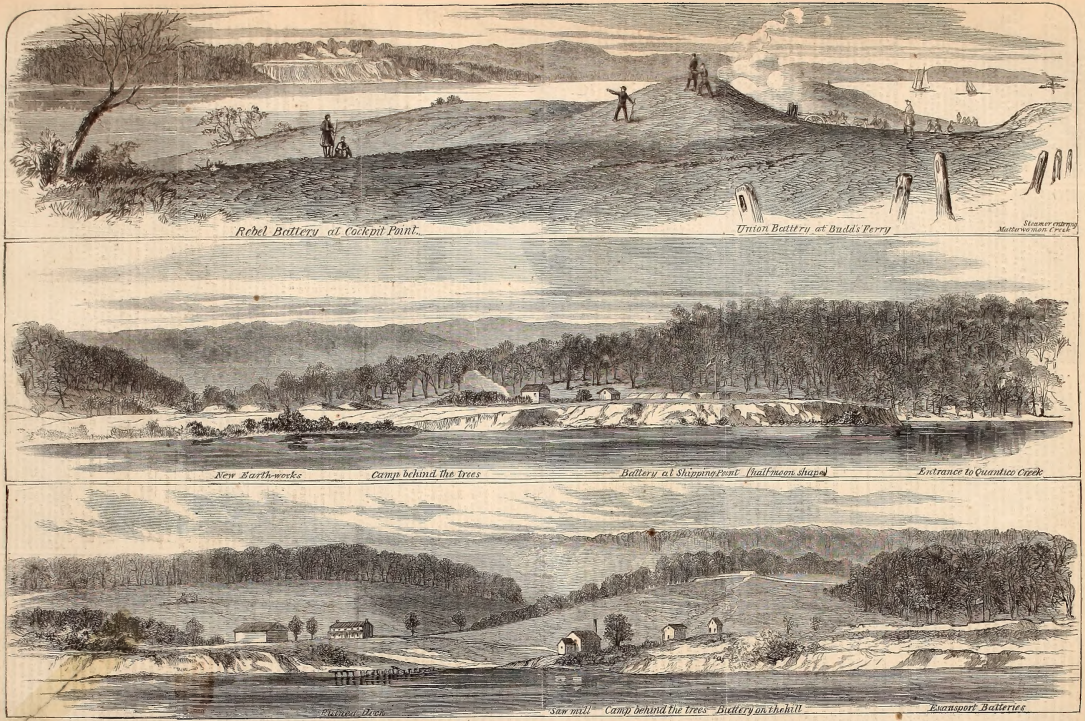
OUR affairs continue to be discussed in Parliament. Mr. Bright has made an energetic speech in condemnation of the outlay, added to the naval estimates, incurred by the policy which terminated in the surrender of Mason and Slidell. Mr. Bright evidently thinks, as a commercial liberal, that the game was not worth the cost charged to the British people. Lord Palmerston defended the course pursued by his Cabinet.

Earl Russell acknowledges himself satisfied with the operation of the Union Government in sinking the stone fleet off Charleston harbor. He says the measure was merely an aid to the blockade and was not intended to be permanent. Indeed he says that Charleston harbor could not be obliterated by artificial means, as the water will force an opening in another channel, and that Napoleon agrees with him in the opinion.

Lord Palmerston had stated in the House of Commons that the negotiations relative to the San Juan affair had been suspended, in consequence of the civil war in America, but a joint provisional occupation of the island had been arranged by both Governments. The British Government, in response to a request from The O'Donoghue, had refused to afford any information relative to British vessels running the blockade.

ARREST OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE "SUMTER."

The commander of the privateer *Sumter* has been arrested by the Moorish authorities at Tangier, but we are not informed as to the cause. The Liverpool *Courier* of the 26th ultimo says: "The ground upon which the arrest was made is not explained, but from the fact that it was made at the request of the North American Consul, we may surmise that it was on the allegation that Captain Semmes is a common marauder and pirate." The Dublin *Freeman* of the 27th ultimo remarks: "The arrest was made at the instance of the Federal Consul at Gibraltar and of the Captain of the Federal steamer *Tuscarora*, who proceeded to Tangier in order to influence the Moorish authorities, and who seem to have found the Moors more complaisant than Christian nations, and more ready to regard the laws of nations as binding them to aid the Northerners against the Southerners.



THE REBEL BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC NOW IN POSSESSION OF OUR TROOPS.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 187.]



NEWPORT NEWS BATTERY BEFORE THE FIGHT.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL MANSFIELD AND STAFF AT NEWPORT NEWS DURING THE ENGAGEMENT.

THE GOOD OLD FLAG.

Look to your Banner, Boys!
Proudly it waves!
Traitors who trampled it
Cold in their graves.
Far over land and sea
Swells the glad cry,
"Union and Victory!
Praise God on high!"

Look on its gorgeous folds
Sprinkled with light,
Gleaming 'midst battle-wreaths
Sable as night—
Bright as the stars that glow
Through the dark storm,
Bright as through murky clouds
Struggles the morn.

Look on its emblems bright—
Emblems we love;
Fondly we clustered them,
Nailed them above:
Red for our Fathers' blood,
White for their fame,
Blue for our Nation's troth:
Pure be its name!

North winds are fondling it
Gently above;
South winds are greeting it
With hope and love.
Waft it from East to West,
Softly each breeze;
Shout for its gallant deeds,
Rivers and seas!

Look o'er its crimson fields,
Furrowed by death!
Trampled the bleeding sods,
Where the hot breath,
Scorching our very souls,
Treason exhaled,
Wrought in us hero's might
Never we failed.

List to its words of peace,
Pure as the song
Heaven is whispering
All the night long!
"Break not the golden cord,
Brotherly love;
Mar not this foretaste of
Union above!"

Swear then to guard it, Boys,
Ever from stain!
Let of suspicion's breath
No taint remain.
Ever in Freedom's van
Onward it bear;
Ever for equal laws
All things to dare.

When in death's giant grasp
Nations shall fall,
Spread out our Starry Flag
Then as their pall;
God of the true and brave,
Then let it rise,
Symbol of Liberty,
Home to the skies!

Nazareth, Pa., *March*, 1862.

CAPTAIN HARRY'S VALENTINE.

February 14, 1861. Does any body remember what sort of a day it was? Whether it shone with sunshine, or lowered with gray skies? Whether it pelted cold wintry rain, or sent down shrouds of snow? Whether it hardened its hoary heart in walls of icy adamant, or ran out meltingly in rippling rivers and flowing tides? Does any body remember? I remember. It was such a day as sometimes dawns in mid-winter to delude us with spring fancies of budding trees and springing grass. The sky was blue, the air was soft, and birds piped in the warm rays of the sun. Under this blue sky, in this soft air, and genial sunshine of this day of February 14, 1861, Captain Harry, of the United States service, and commander of the vessel lying at anchor in the harbor of ——: Captain Harry, whose rarely mentioned surname shall not betray him here, paced up and down the long, narrow deck of his vessel with no less a personage than Commodore Carey's daughter, Miss Josephine Carey, who in company with her father and perhaps a dozen others, visits the ship on this visiting day.

"Pooh! Commodore Carey indeed! Whoever heard of Commodore Carey?"

Of course you never did. Who said that you had? Did you expect I was going to give you real names with my real people and facts?

Josephine Carey was a pretty little girl. She looked like a child as she walked there beside Captain Harry, with his big shoulders and martial aspect. Very like a child she seemed too. A half-shy glance out of her eye, and a hovering smile flitting about her lips—lips of velvet crimson; and prettiest of all such an enchanting blush, rising and rising, falling and falling, just as tides rise and fall. But young, and shy, and tender as she appeared, it was said that the girl fairly wound Commodore Carey round her little finger. That she carried a high hand in the old house on —— Street, where she was sole and only mistress, in default of a mother who died at her birth. That she coaxed and wheedled her father even while she ruled him, to such a degree that he invariably ended his remonstrances with a "God bless the child!" And all the household seemed to partake of this spirit indeed; for while that young middy, who called her cousin, Dick Carey, would tell with a rueful face how she fairly outwitted him on more than one occasion, he would as invariably end with a remark as emphatic, though certainly not as reverent as the Commodore's,

"Ah, but she's a jolly girl, Sir!"

It is clearly proven then, that Captain Harry had a dangerous companion as he walked the deck that day.

As the waves murmured and sparkled before him, so this little Loreley murmured and sparkled at his side.

Would she wind him round her finger as easily as she had the Commodore? We shall see.

Leaning over the gunwale he asks,

"Do you know, Miss Josephine, what day this is?"

"What day? let me think," counting, "one, two, three," on three little fingers. "Yes, it is Thursday. Why?" looking up expectantly.

"I do not mean what day of the week, what day of the month?"

She counted again, and Captain Harry watched the pretty fingers at their pretty work.

"It is the 14th of February."

"And the 14th of February is St. Valentine's day. Do you remember, Josephine?"

"Remember what, Captain Harry?"

Captain Harry bit his lip at the reproof administered in her address. In his earnestness remembering what she acknowledged forgotten, he had called her "Josephine."

The cool little lady brought him to his senses with two words, "Captain Harry."

For a moment he was indignant, not at her reproof, though it hurt, but the forgetfulness or pretense of it. Another moment and looking down at her he got over his indignation. The shy, soft eyes were giving him a sidelong glance, and the faintest color was rising on her cheek.

She *did* remember! But still she shook her head. "Remember what, Captain Harry?"

Five seconds agone Captain Harry would have sworn that he would never have answered that question. Five seconds agone Captain Harry had felt himself rebuffed and aggrieved by it. Now, on its repetition, his heart was softened to such a degree that he eagerly made answer. And all for a pair of brown eyes meeting his shyly, and a pink color coming on a face that defied suspicion by its innocence. That was the spell.

He made answer, and there was the least tinge of reproach in his tone.

"You have *not* forgotten, Miss Josephine, what you said to me one week ago to-night?"

"Said? Ah, one says so many things, how can I recall all that I may have said a week ago? A week is an age."

He groaned inwardly; but the pretty fair face kept on its shy, appealing look, and again hope rose within his heart.

"Perhaps—perhaps it's a girl's way," he thought. So he went on: "One week ago to-night Miss Josephine Carey declined answering a question that I proposed to her. On this day she promised a reply."

Very low was his voice, very quiet was his mien; but Captain Harry was getting sorely impatient under this girl's way.

"A week ago—a week ago," she murmured, at length, as if in a dream. "I know the horns and harps were playing, the 'hundred lights were blazing,' and I walked with Captain Harry in the grand hall. He was very kind, he was very courteous, and I liked him well. He asked me a question, but he would not take an answer then; and I told him he should have it for a valentine on the 14th of February. But there are other 14ths of February to come, I trust, for both Captain Harry and myself."

"Josephine! Josephine! you can not mean to put me off in this way? But no, I shall never—"

What was he about to say? Why did he not say it? Why? Because something dropped upon his hand with a light touch that thrilled his very soul. A little pink palm, soft and warm.

He turned, flushed and expectant. She was *not* trifling with him! She would give him his answer—and she liked him well.

She began with the very words again.

"Captain Harry, I like you well, but I do not think I love you yet."

Then with a tinge of impatience, "Why did you disturb our pleasant relations? You men spoil every thing by haste. Well, I will give you your answer now if you wish, but I warn you—"

He stayed her with a word. Then, half in disdain at his own weakness, he asks,

"You have known me a year, Miss Josephine. How long must you know me to find out if you love me?"

"A year! And you want me to spend a lifetime with you. Truly your sex are consistent. Give me another year, and on this very day twelvemonths I promise you my answer."

"On this very day twelvemonths our country may be plunged in civil war, and in her service I may be out of the reach of your answer."

She smiled. This gloomy suggestion, in her estimation, was only brought forward for the occasion. She replied,

"I promise you, nevertheless, that on this very day twelvemonths you shall have it."

"I may be dead; what then?" he said, bitterly.

"Then you will not need it."

He reddened, bit his lip, and exclaimed, "Miss Josephine Carey, you are harder hearted than a stone, and I am a fool to drift round at your will!"

"You need not."

"No, I need not. That is very true; but I do it. My fate be on my own head. So I wait—still wait."

Suddenly he faced her.

"Josephine, you *are* not trifling with me?"

She was perfectly in earnest now; perhaps she had been all along.

"Why should you think I trifle when I say I like you well, but do not love you yet. Do I not here admit much—enough surely for now? I am young—just twenty. Next week I go to Europe. Let me see more of the world. At the end of the year, if I can say 'Yes,' it will be safer for you and for me. Perhaps at the end of the year you will not care for 'Yes' or 'No.' Then, of course, it will have been much safer."

"Then I shall be beyond all care. I shall not change if you do."

She laughed a little, half scornfully.

"Bah, the world is full of change."

"And you, where did you learn that bitter lesson so young?" he questioned.

"By the change about me. Half the married people I know are *ennuyé*. They have verified the proverb of hasty marrying. I do not mean to make the mistake. And I ask you to wait a year before I give myself to you for all the years of my life."

"Ah," and he shook his head ruefully, "if I only knew that at the end of the year you would give yourself to me for all the years of your life!"

She threw him a rapid glance, in which lurked depths of meaning; then dropping two or three pebbles into the water, she said quickly, "'*Ce qui est différé n'est pas perdu.*'"

"Jo!" called the Commodore from the gangway.

She turned, but her companion had taken her hand at this last sentence.

"Then I may hope for the best?" he eagerly says.

"No, no, hope nothing; how perverse you are!"

"Jo!" again called the paternal voice.

"And you will give me nothing before we part?" urged the suitor. "No *gage d'amitie* even: I shall not see you again; we sail to-morrow, you know."

She slipped her hand out of its little white mitten, leaving the latter only in his possession. A mischievous smile, a blush, and murmuring softly, "*Gage d'amitie*," she sped away to her father, who for the fourth time called her name.

Holding his *gage d'amitie*, Captain Harry stood a moment the picture of puzzled annoyance.

"She has given me the mitten after all. I had a great mind to throw it overboard. Bah, what a fool that girl makes of me!"

He shook it savagely, and out tinkled a ring—"a ring of amethyst." He had seen her wear it often. Did she mean this too for a "*gage d'amitie*," or was it accident? He chose to believe the former; and cheered not a little by the double *gage*, which so deftly turned the *gage d'amitie* to *gage d'amour*, he returned to his duties with a lighter heart.

Long before the next year came, the civil war he had prophesied was here.

In Paris with her aunt, Mrs. Carey—that boy Dick's mother—Josephine heard the news. A letter from her father summoned her home. The trunks were packed, the passports *visaed*, the passage secured, when a sudden and violent illness attacking Mrs. Carey, obliged them to remain behind. This delay was a sore trial to Josephine. She loved her father, as her father loved her, with little less than idolatry. Any day might see him offering up his life for a sacrifice to his country. Did she think as well of another? Did she remember a day in February when the sky was blue, the air was soft, and the sun shone kindly? Did she remember her promise of that day, and the gloomy prophecy whereat she had laughed?

It was spring now, months might elapse before she would again see her native land. In that time what might not happen? What dire disaster on sea and shore? what

"——shout and groan and sabre stroke?"

Ah, it was fearful!

All her talk was of "papa, dear papa;" but did her thoughts never recur to him who said, "I may be out of the reach of your answer then!" It is possible; but in Paris—that splendid Paris which was so full of enchantments, so full of allurements—she had found a companion who had given a keener charm to all that was charming; who had sung when she sung, and danced when she danced, and now did not fail to grieve when she grieved.

A year ago Miss Josephine Carey would have laughed in your face, if you had told her that Livingston Raynal would have proved such a companion to her. But a year ago they were in America; now they were in Paris. It made a vast difference. A year ago she had met him in company with spirits of a different order. Men whose lives were moved by the springs of "to-day." Earnest in the present work. Eager for advancement. Interested in all practical schemes of action and endeavor.

In this company Livingston Raynal was out of joint. His smooth cultivation lacked the edge of earnestness, his tastes looked effeminate, his idleness selfish by contrast. But the scene changes. Instead of this atmosphere of the New World, there is the gracious gayety, the careless ease of the fascinating *Parisien salons*. There is no hurry here. The stream flows evenly and brilliantly, and Life is set to dance-music, while the sun shines and the fountains play. And here has Livingston Raynal his true orbit, where he swings, a star. And here Josephine Carey and the star find each other. Pleasant finding it is, as I have said, but do you suppose that Miss Josephine has surrendered her whole heart to this pleasure? You shall see.

One, two, three months went by, and Aunt Catherine's illness had settled into a slow disease which admitted of no removal. She had been a mother to Josephine, and she was her sole relative in Paris. Could she leave her?

One two, three months, and all her talk was of "papa," until a night in August she sat in their *salon* reading aloud to her one auditor—Mr. Raynal—a letter just received from her father. It was full of vivid description and suggestion. It told of past conflict and defeat, of present preparation on sea and shore, the gathering battalions and the armed fleet.

As the girl read her color came and went, her eyes darkened and glowed, her lips quivered and smiled.

Her listener watched her, with his fastidious sense of charm fully awakened; and Josephine thought, as she met the gaze, that his heart was stirred—as hers was stirred—with patriotic ardor.

Stopping at last, she fell from her high flight of glory into the sad dreams of a woman who can only watch and wait. Doubly sad to her it seemed then, waiting there, miles and miles away. And as she thought, something rose in her throat. She struggled with herself, but rebellious nature would have its way, and a brief passion of tears relieved the passion of regret.

Mr. Raynal was all alert in an instant. He was very, very sorry.

"What was it—no bad news, surely?"

The eyes wept on uncomforted. The lips refused to answer.

Mr. Raynal grew more solicitous.

What *was* the matter with dear Miss Josephine?

"Dear Miss Josephine" suddenly glanced upon him from behind her handkerchief with a vehemence that startled and amazed him, answering, quite sharply, that it was matter enough, she should think, to be removed at such a distance from her father in times like these.

Mr. Raynal had made a mistake. Perhaps, if he had been a Frenchman, he would have shrugged his shoulders at it, and in endeavoring to make it better would have made it worse. But Mr. Raynal did not shrug his shoulders, and in endeavoring to remedy his blunder he met with signal success. Asking her pardon like a gentleman, but like a gentleman who was hurt, gravely and with dignity. Whereat Miss Josephine, who had been used to torment better men all her days, actually drew in her little sharp horns, and felt much as if she had made herself ridiculous. So much for Mr. Raynal's power. How far would it extend?

Then the gentleman essaying consolation, patched his blunder up with earnest words of sympathy.

He was sure that before many weeks her aunt would be able to sail. Nothing would be done until then. The movements of the army were slow.

Listening, the tears stopped, and the sun shone in her smile. Listening, she fell a-dreaming—pleasant dreams, for the smile deepened, the eyes beamed. Out of this dream she says, "I *must* be there on the 14th."

"On the 14th—what then, Miss Josephine?"

She laughed lowly, recalled to herself.

"On the 14th—on the 14th—ah, Monsieur Raynal, on the 14th the die must be cast."

He regarded her with a puzzled air. A moment ago a tender, sorrowful thing, all tears and regrets; now a smiling sprite, dealing in riddles.

What did she mean? he smilingly asked.

"Only that the 14th—the 14th of February, Monsieur, is St. Valentine's day, and I must be home to keep a promise—a St. Valentine promise;" and she laughed again her little low laugh, out of the folds of her lace shawl, into which she had dropped her face.

Livingston Raynal was possessed of keen perceptions. Though almost out of date now—except for boys and girls, or for some merry jest—he knew well enough what the day signified, and quickly guessed the nature of her promise. Going deeper still, he read the "Yes" and "No" swinging in the balance. "Yes" and "No"—which should it be? If he asked himself this question, he answered it as speedily, and it would seem satisfactorily; for a new look of animation came into his face in a moment.

In this Paris life, if the girl before him had learned to know him better, so, too, had his knowledge of her deepened. He saw her here fond of splendor and fashion and show; fond of flattery and power and position. It would be hard to give them up. Could she be willing to go back to the old life—and, further yet, end it all by becoming the wife of a captain in the navy, with little more than his pay for an income?

Perhaps Mr. Raynal asked himself these questions also, for he was no stranger to the poor naval captain who had "hung round" Miss Josephine Carey for the past two years. And perhaps, if he asks them, he feels very confident that "flattery and power and position," and Livingston Raynal, may carry the day.

But do not be too hasty in your conclusions, Monsieur Raynal. Underneath all this love of "flattery and power and position" may lie something of different texture—something akin to the nature of that stanch old republican, Commodore Carey.

Ah! no; there is no need of haste. Monsieur Raynal has plenty of time. His country's call is not for him. The clubs, the balls, the galleries of art, the play, and all the grand procession of Paris pleasures, which occupy him, yet leave him time to pursue still another object. Plenty of time.

Yet he does not delay unnecessarily. He who can be so agreeable infuses on this evening a more vivid charm into speech and manner.

Graceful, handsome, and brilliant, he became the essence of grace and beauty and brilliance; and the fair little Josephine, sitting opposite, looks and listens and admires! And listening, she occupies her fingers in some pretty feminine work which is half play—weaving in and out a lacy mass of fine-spun cotton, for some useless use of toilet or tray.

Keeping the thread of the brilliant talk, she at last drops the thread of cotton from its slender chain of connection. A half-unconscious exclamation, and she goes winding out the blunder into skeins again. Her companion bends forward and offers his services; and contrary to the usual custom, in this coquetish co-operation Monsieur imprisons the hands of Mademoiselle with the countless threads of snow-white cotton.

Round and round he winds the raveled thread—round and round, meshing the little hands in the soft skeins, meshing the little heart into subtler skeins of soft-voiced eloquence. Round and round, until the thread catches against the fretted setting of a jet ring—a jet ring, diamond-sparkling, on her finger. He leans forward to disentangle, a smile upon his lips.

"Mademoiselle has established a picket-guard."

"Whereon King Cotton is held in durance vile," she returns.

A blush rises to her cheek in the pause that follows, as the larger hand delays against the lesser in the process of disentanglement.

"Well," she exclaims at length, a little quickly, "how long is this imprisonment to last? When will the commodity be at liberty?"

"When victory is proclaimed, dear Miss Josephine!"

She laughs, and then, "What a provoking snarl, and all for a little jet ring!"

"Yes, all for a little jet ring—all this delay and ruin perhaps to the whole fabric, for this contraband—a jet ring, truly!"

The sudden bitterness of his tone gave added weight to his words. She understood something of his meaning, not wholly yet. She understood the play, the jesting correspondences of figure and fact. And she says,

"So you think the war rests there?"

"Yes, I think the war rests there. I think it rests at the door of abolition agitation. And I think we shall never know peace or union until that senseless meddling cry shall cease. Let slavery alone, and it will take care of itself, and work out its own salvation by some natural laws."

Snap went the slender thread—lost all the labor of the night. The smooth, soft skein was a snarl again. A snarl that even the skillful patience of Livingston Raynal would fail to untangle.

Drawing back, dropping off the cotton from her hands, she says quickly, "Which natural laws, I suppose you to mean, are servile insurrections."

For a moment her listener was struck dumb with amaze. This fair little Josephine, the gay belle of ball and fête. This fairy in countless flounces and fluttering ribbons to have an opinion beyond her own gay world! The something akin to that stanch old republican, Commodore Carey, was rising now to the surface. "Flattery and power and position" were sinking out of sight.

And while he wonders, she goes on:

"How can you say the war rests there—how can you put this selfish rebellion on that ground—when, as early as 1776, John Adams wrote to his friend Gates—'All our misfortunes arise from a single source—the resistance of the Southern colonies to a Republican Government.' No, it is not abolitionism; it is slavery that has brought it on. You might as well say that the protecting law of a Christian land, which dooms the murderer to death, is the sole cause of his fate. And so you put up this subterfuge when it is the old vantage-ground of baron and serf, noble and slave. And if we keep a base silence we may have peace, you say. Peace! do not talk of peace on such a servile silence as this!"

Stopping a moment, all flushed and eager, she leaned forward, and from a table took a volume of Mrs. Browning—the Casa Guidi. With gathering color and ardent voice she read—

"I love no peace which is not fellowship,
And which includes not mercy. I would have
Rather the raking of the guns across
The world, and shricks against Heaven's architrave,
Rather the struggle in the slippery fosse,
Of dying men and horses, and the wave
Blood-bubbling.... Enough said!—By Christ's own cross,
And by the faint heart of my womanhood,
Such things are better than a Peace which sits
Beside the hearth in self-commended mood,
And takes no thought how wind and rain by fits
Are howling out of doors against the good
Of the poor wanderer. What! your peace admits
Of outside anguish while it sits at home?
I loathe to take its name upon my tongue—
It is no peace. 'Tis treason, stiff with doom—
'Tis gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong.
* * * * * *
O Lord of Peace, who art Lord of Righteousness,
Constrain the anguished worlds from sin and grief,
Pierce them with conscience, purge them with redress,
And give us peace which is no counterfeit!"

Well might her listener be amazed. He little suspected this underlying of will and strength—this outburst, which showed clear sympathy for a cause, and clear knowledge of its points.

They had been treading on flowers until now—a sudden step, the flowers are scattered; and on heroic battle ground he is challenged and charged by one who, a moment since, smiled under Flora's most peaceful garland.

Challenged and charged! Does he accept the challenge? Does he charge back again with quivering lance?

No; a few light words of evasion, a polite air of tolerance because it was a woman who spoke, an attempt at good-humored amusement; but no answer. He could not answer!

Twice that night he had blundered. The first found remedy. The second? Did he know it was beyond all remedy? Did he know, as he bent over her hand at parting, and talked, smiling, of their "little tilt," as he was pleased to term it, that the "little tilt" had swung the balance of the "Yes" and "No?"

One, two, three months again, and Josephine Carey is on her way back to America. It is in November; and as she walks the deck, and notes the stars and stripes fling fluttering out from the flag-staff, she checks the absent tune upon her lips, and murmurs with a kind of exultant archness, "I shall be in time—I shall be in time!"

In time for what, Miss Josephine? But Miss Josephine Carey is impregnable when she chooses. She chooses now. The tune goes on as absently as before, the face puts up its mask of silence, and away she walks wrapped in her tweed Capuchin cloak, and catching the salt spray on her floating curls. Just the fair lovely thing of last year; no change but of beauty. The deep violet eyes still droop their shy glances, the cheek's color comes and goes; but the soul looking out of those eyes is conscious of itself, the swift-coming color pulsates to serener changes.

She has seen the world, and she is better for it. She has tried its splendor and its fashion, and is yet glad to return to simpler things.

If, miles and miles away, her soul thrilled with the tidings of her country's struggle, she was not likely to grow cooler in the very midst of it. No, nearness could not cool nor use harden this ardent spirit. Once roused to life's deeper meanings, hers was not the nature to turn back. "In the very midst," with the booming of cannon, and the fluttering of flags comes February, the month of victory. Does she remember a day in February when the sky was blue, the air was soft, and the sun shone kindly? Does she remember her promise of that day?

On the 14th of February, 1862, the sky was overcast, the air was chill and wintry, and the sun refused to shine. It was a bright day nevertheless, for it was preceded by splendid successes, and charged with prophecies of future ones. To none brighter than to the heroes of Roanoke. One of these heroes, sitting in his state-room on that day, is surprised by a brightness which is not of war's successes. For him the sky is blue, the air is soft, and the sun shines kindly as he bends over the letter, which says:

"I wanted to see the world, and I have seen it. I wanted to test its power, and I have tested it. I wanted to know my own heart, and I now have that knowledge. If last year I liked Captain Harry well, this year I like him better. The answer I could not give him then I freely give him now; and my 'Yes,' God willing, shall reach him to redeem my promise of twelve months agone."

The promise was redeemed. On that day of February 14, 1862, Captain Harry received his Valentine.

FORT DONELSON.

We continue in this number our series of pictures of Fort Donelson, from sketches by our correspondent, Mr. Alexander Simplot. The picture which represents the Interior of the Work will show how formidable a place it was, and how large a garrison it was calculated to accommodate. The Water Battery gives a good idea of the terrible obstacles our brave troops had to overcome, and the fearful fire which crippled our gun-boats.

THE NAVAL COMBAT IN THE CHESAPEAKE.

We devote much of our space this week to illustrations of the naval combat which took place in the Chesapeake on 8th and 9th March between the rebel vessels *Merrimac*, *Jamestown*, and *Yorktown*, and our iron-clad *Monitor*, *Cumberland*, *Congress*, and *Minnesota*.

On page 177 we give a picture of the *Monitor*. The following account of the vessel we take from the *World:*

THE ERICSSON STEAMER "MONITOR."

The *Monitor* was built and launched at Greenpoint, Long Island, by Captain Ericsson on January 30, having been built in one hundred days. She is constructed on an entirely original plan, invented by Captain Ericsson with the specific view of attaining absolute invulnerability. There are, in effect, two hulls to the vessel, the upper one being the defensive portion, and the lower one, which is entirely protected by the upper, being built light of three-eighth inch iron, with an average thickness of three-quarters of an inch. The upper hull is 174 feet long, 41 feet 4 inches wide, and 5 feet deep; the lower hull 124 feet long, 34 feet wide at the top where it connects with the upper hull, so that the upper hull extends over the lower 25 feet over each end and 3 feet 7 inches over the side. The sides of the upper hull are perpendicular, and are built of a bulwark of white oak, 30 inches thick, upon which is placed an armor of solid plate iron, 6 inches thick, extending from bottom to top of the straight side of 5 feet depth, and all around the vessel. The vessel draws hardly 10 feet, and her sides are only 18 inches out of water. The propeller, rudder, anchor, and engines are all protected under the upper hull. The deck is shell-proof. The inclination of the lower hull is such that a ball can not strike it without passing through 25 feet of water, and then striking at an acute angle of about 10 degrees. Upon the deck is a cylindrical turret, which is to contain and protect the guns and gunners. It is 9 feet high and 20 feet internal diameter, having two port-holes on the same side for the guns, and being built to revolve fifteen times a minute, if necessary, by machinery connected with the engine. By this revolution the guns are brought to bear at any point of the compass. The turret is of iron plates, standing lengthwise, riveted, and making in all a thickness on every side of 9 inches of iron. On the side in which the port-holes are bored, which will be the most exposed to fire, will be an additional shield of 2 inches of iron, making the whole thickness 11 inches. It has a perforated shell-proof top. The armament inside the turret consists of two 11-inch Columbiads, which have been furnished with 400 wrought-iron shot, each ball costing $47, and weighing 184 pounds, made on purpose for smashing in the sides of such rebel floating batteries as the *Merrimac*, where cast-iron shot would break to pieces. The vessel has no unprotected part. If a ball strikes the turret, it meets a resistance of 9 or (if on the fighting side) of 11 inches of iron; if it strikes the sides, a resistance of 6 inches of iron and a bulwark of 30 inches of white oak; and to strike the light portion, as we have said, it must pass through 25 feet of water. The stem and stern of the iron-clad part are pointed at an angle of 80 degrees. The plate being straight on the two sides toward the end, and the sides sharp, the battery is considered by the inventor as one of the most powerful steam-rams ever built, bringing the whole immense weight of the upper hull and deck, a weight of about 550 tons, to operate in one direction.

THE "MERRIMAC."

The following account of the *Monitor's* antagonist, the rebel iron-plated ship, is from the *Herald* correspondent:

The *Merrimac*, the iron-plated steamer, was formerly the United States frigate of the same name, which was scuttled and sunk at the Norfolk Navy-yard, at the commencement of the rebellion, by the officers of the Union Government, in preference to her falling into the hands of the rebels. She was built at Charlestown in 1855, and was pierced for forty guns. Her last service had been in the Pacific squadron. After the rebels took possession of the yard she was raised and converted into a man-of-war for their own use. Her hull was cut down to within three feet of her water-mark, and a bomb-proof house built on her gun-deck. She was also iron-plated, and her bow and stern steel-clad, within a projecting angle of iron for the purpose of piercing a vessel. She has no masts, and there is nothing to be seen over her gun-deck with the exception of her pilot-house and smoke-stack. Her bomb-proof is three inches thick, and is made of wrought-iron. Her armament consists of four eleven-inch navy guns on each side, and two one-hundred pounder Armstrong guns at the bow and stern. Last November she made a trial trip from Norfolk, running down so close to Fortress Monroe as to be seen by the naked eye, but ventured no nearer. Although she was looked upon by the rebels as a very tough customer for a vessel or vessels not protected as she is, she remained inactive, anchored off Norfolk, until her present engagement.

THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHT.

On pages 184 and 185 we give views of the Two Fights—that of the 8th and that of the 9th. The former was thus described by the correspondent of the Associated Press:

The dullness of Old Point was startled to-day by the announcement that a suspicious-looking vessel, supposed to be the *Merrimac*, looking like a submerged house with the roof only above water, was moving down from Norfolk by the channel in front of the Sewall's Point batteries. Signal-guns were also fired by the *Cumberland* and *Congress*, to notify the *Minnesota*, *St. Lawrence*, and *Roanoke* of the approaching danger, and all was excitement in and about Fortress Monroe.

There was nothing protruding above the water but a flag-staff flying the rebel flag, and a short smoke-stack. She moved along slowly, and turned into the channel leading to Newport News, and steamed direct for the frigates *Cumberland* and *Congress*, which were lying at the mouth of James River.

As soon as she came within range of the *Cumberland*, the latter opened on her with her heavy guns, but the balls struck and glanced off, having no more effect than pease from a pop-gun. Her ports were all closed, and she moved on in silence, but with a full head of steam. In the mean time, as the *Merrimac* was approaching the two frigates on one side, the rebel iron-clad steamers *Yorktown* and *Jamestown* came down the James River and engaged our frigates on the other side. The batteries at Newport News also opened on the *Yorktown* and *Jamestown*, and did all in their power to assist the *Cumberland* and *Congress*, which, being sailing vessels, were at the mercy of the approaching steamers. The *Merrimac*, in the mean time, kept steadily on her course, and slowly approached the *Cumberland*, when she and the *Congress*, at the distance of 100 yards, rained full broadsides on the iron-clad monster, that took no effect, glancing upward and flying off, having only the effect of checking her progress for a moment.

After receiving the first broadside of the two frigates, she ran on to the *Cumberland*, striking her about midships, and literally laying open her sides. She then drew off and fired a broadside into the disabled ship, and again dashed against her with her iron-clad prow, and, knocking in her side, left her to sink, while she engaged the *Congress*, which lay about a quarter of a mile distant. The *Congress* had in the mean time kept up a sharp engagement with the *Yorktown* and *Jamestown*, and having no regular crew on board of her, seeing the hopelessness of resisting the iron-clad steamer, at once struck her colors. Her crew had been discharged several days since, and three companies of the Naval Brigade had been put on board temporarily until she could be relieved by the *St. Lawrence*, which was to have gone up on Monday to take her position as one of the blockading vessels of the James River.

On the *Congress* striking her colors, the *Jamestown* approached and took from on board of her all her officers as prisoners, but allowed the crew to escape in boats. The vessel being thus cleared, was fired by the rebels, when the *Merrimac* and her two iron-clad companions opened with shell and shot on the Newport News batteries. The firing was briskly returned. Various reports have been received, principally from frightened sutlers' clerks. Some of them represent that the garrison had been compelled to retreat from the batteries to the woods. Another was that the two smaller rebel steamers had been compelled to retreat from their guns.

In the mean time the steam frigate *Minnesota*, having partly got up steam, was being towed up to the relief of the two frigates, but did not get up until it was too late to assist them. She was also followed up by the frigate *St. Lawrence*, which was taken in tow by several of the small harbor steamers. It is, however, rumored that neither of these vessels had pilots on board them, and after a short engagement both of them seemed to be, in the opinion of the pilots on the Point, aground. The *Minnesota*, either intentionally or from necessity, engaged the three steamers at about a mile distance with only her two bow guns. The *St. Lawrence* also poured in shot from all the guns she could bring to bear, and it was the impression of the most experienced naval officers on the Point that both had been considerably damaged. These statements, it must be borne in mind, are all based on what could be seen by a glass at a distance of nearly eight miles, and a few panic-stricken non-combatants, who fled at almost the first gun from Newport News.

In the mean time darkness approached, though the moon shone out brightly, and nothing but the occasional flashing of guns could be seen. The *Merrimac* was also believed to be aground, as she remained stationary at a distance of a mile from the *Minnesota*, making no attempt to attack or molest her.

THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHT.

The *Herald* correspondent writes:

This day (Sunday) the day broke fair. As the sun broke on the horizon a slight haze was visible on the water, which prevented an extended vision. At half past six o'clock A.M. this haze cleared away. Looking toward Sewall's Point there appeared the *Merrimac* and the rebel steamers *Yorktown* and *Patrick Henry*. They were stationary—the *Merrimac* to the right of the others, blowing off steam. Their appearance was the cause for a second alarm. The rebel craft seemed deliberating what to do—whether to move on to attempt the destruction of the *Minnesota*, which was yet aground, or move on to the Union fleet anchored near the Rip Raps. The appearance of the *Merrimac* on this second visit caused great precipitation in the removal of our transport fleet to a safe harbor a mile or two up the Chesapeake Bay. At seven A.M. a plan seemed to have been adopted, and the *Merrimac* steamed in the direction of the *Minnesota*, which was still aground. The *Yorktown* and *Jamestown* were crowded with troops, and steamed slowly after the *Merrimac*. The plan of the latter seemed to be to destroy the *Minnesota*, and then proceed to shell out the Union camp at Newport News, and land and take possession of the Union camp with their own troops.

The *Merrimac* steamed along with boldness until she was within three miles of the *Minnesota*, when the *Monitor* essayed from behind the latter, and proceeded toward the *Merrimac*. At first the rebel craft seemed nonplused, and hesitated, no doubt in wonderment at the queer-looking machine approaching her. The *Merrimac* then closed the distance between her and the *Monitor* until they were within a mile of each other. Both batteries stopped. The *Merrimac* fired a shot at the *Minnesota*, to which no reply was made. The rebel craft then fired at the *Monitor*; the latter replied, hitting the *Merrimac* near the water-line. The *Merrimac* then commenced firing very rapidly, first from her stern gun at the *Monitor*, and then her broadside guns, occasionally firing a shot at the *Minnesota*. The fight went on in this way for an hour or two, both vessels exchanging shots pretty freely. Sometimes the *Merrimac* would retire followed by the *Ericsson*, and *vice versa*.

While the fight between the batteries was going on one hundred solid 9-inch shot were sent up from Fortress Monroe on the steamer *Rancocas* to the *Minnesota*. At a quarter past ten o'clock the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* had come into pretty close quarters, the former giving the latter two broadsides in succession. It was promptly replied to by the *Monitor*. The firing was so rapid that both craft were obscured in columns of white smoke for a moment or more. The ramparts of the fort, the rigging of the vessels in port, the houses, and the bend, were all crowded with sailors, soldiers, and civilians. When the rapid firing alluded to took place, these spectators were singularly silent, as if doubtful as to the result. Their impatience was soon removed by the full figure of the *Monitor*, with the Stars and Stripes flying at her stern, steaming around the *Merrimac*, moving with the ease of a duck on the water. The distance between the vessels was forty feet. In this circuit the *Monitor's* guns were not idle, as she fired shot after shot into her antagonist, two of which, it is alleged, penetrated the *Merrimac's* sides.

At eleven A.M. the *Minnesota* opened fire, and assisted the *Monitor* in engaging the *Merrimac*. She fired nine-inch solid shot with good accuracy, but with apparently little effect. The *Merrimac* returned the fire, firing shell, one of which struck and exploded the boiler of the gun-boat *Dragon*, which was alongside the *Minnesota* endeavoring to get her off. By this unfortunate affair Jos. M'Donald, sailor, was seriously scalded. For the next hour the battle raged fiercely between the *Merrimac* on the rebel side and the Union vessels, the *Monitor*, *Minnesota*, and *Whitehall*, but with no particular result. The *Minnesota* being the best mark for the *Merrimac*, the latter fired at her frequently, alternately giving the *Monitor* a shot. The *Merrimac* made several attempts to run at full speed past the *Monitor* to attack and run down the *Minnesota*. All these attempts were parried, as it were, by the *Monitor*. In one of these attempts by the *Merrimac* she ran her plow or ram with full force against the side of the *Monitor*; but it only had the effect of careening the latter vessel in the slightest degree. The rebel boats *Yorktown* and *Patrick Henry* kept at a safe distance from the *Monitor*. The former vessel, at the beginning of the fight, had the temerity to come within respectable range of the *Monitor*. The latter fired one shot at her, entering her pilot-house, carrying it away, and, no doubt, killing a number of rebels. She retired out of range.

The fight raged hotly on both sides, the opposing batteries moving around each other with the skill, ease, and dexterity of expert pugilists. The *Merrimac*, though the strongest, did not move with the dexterity of her antagonist; hence the *Monitor* had the advantage of taking choice of position. At a quarter before twelve o'clock, noon, Lieutenant Hepburn, the signal-officer on the ramparts at Fortress Monroe, reported to General Wool that the *Monitor* had pierced the sides of the *Merrimac*, and in a few minutes the latter was in full retreat, heading for Sewall's Point, and chased for a few minutes by the *Monitor*. The *Merrimac* had evidently suffered to some extent, and it was thought at one time that she was sinking. After she got safely under the guns of the rebel battery at Sewall's Point, she stopped and signaled for help from her consorts, who were beating a retreat. Subsequently two tug-boats, or gun-boats, went alongside and took her in tow, and proceeded to Norfolk. This ended the engagement.

BRUNSWICK AND FERNANDINA.

We publish on this page and on page 186 charts of the harbors of Brunswick, Georgia, and Fernandina, Florida, which have just been seized by our forces under Commodore Dupont. We take the following descriptions from the *Herald:*

Brunswick is a port of entry, and is also the capital of Glynn County, Georgia. It is situated on the Turtle River, at a distance of eighty miles to the southwest of Savannah. The place itself is pleasantly situated on a sandy bluff, about ten feet above high-water mark, and the harbor in the neighborhood is both spacious and secure; the soundings give a depth of water to the port varying from three to eight fathoms, so that any vessel drawing not over fourteen feet of water can enter the harbor at almost any time. Over the bar there are fourteen feet of water at low tide. The spring tides rise eight and a half feet, and neap tides six feet. High water, at the full and change, at half past seven. St. Simon's light is on the south point of St. Simon's Island. This light, previous to the rebellion, was a fixed light, and stood eighty feet above the sea. Brunswick is the eastern terminus of the Brunswick and Florida Railroad. The shipping of the district, on the 30th of June, 1852, was 306 tons registered, and 853 tons enrolled and licensed. During that year there were three foreign arrivals, and six vessels cleared for foreign ports. Of course the smallness of the number arose from the close proximity to the harbor of Savannah.

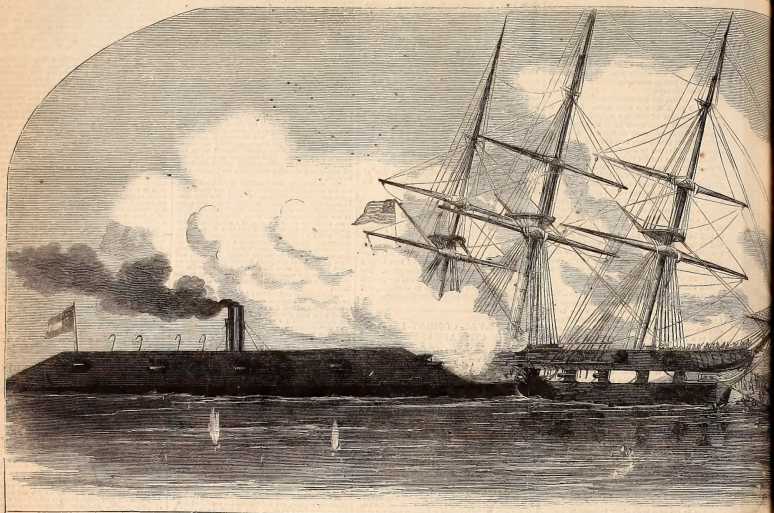
Fernandina is a small village of Nassau County, Florida, and is situated on the northern part of Amelia Island. It is located at a distance of one hundred and eight-five miles east by north of Tallahassee, the capital of the State. It is said to be the best harbor south of Chesapeake Bay. Vessels can anchor in the harbor in forty feet of water, sheltered from all winds.

The Florida Railroad runs to Jacksonville, where the Atlantic and Gulf Central Railroad joins it, and which runs seventy-eight miles in a westerly direction, *via* Lake City, to Houston. Lake City is sixty miles from Jacksonville, and about double that distance from Fernandina. At Houston the road is connected with the Pensacola and Georgia railroad, which extends the line sixty miles farther to Tallahassee. It then takes a southerly direction to the sea-coast at St. Marks, a farther distance of twenty-two miles.



BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA, NOW OCCUPIED BY THE UNION FORCES.

THE REBEL STEAMER "MERRIMAC" RUNNING DOW

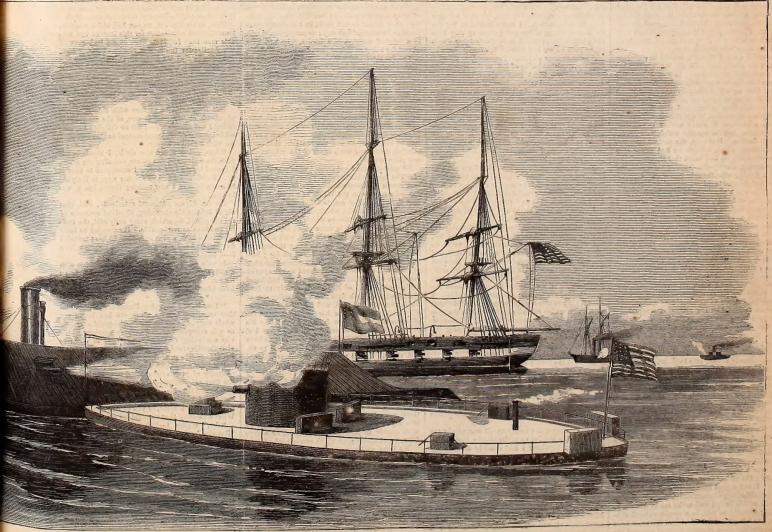




THE ERICSSON BATTERY "MONITOR" DRIV

E FRIGATE "CUMBERLAND" OFF NEWPORT NEWS.





G OFF THE "MERRIMAC."—[See Page 183.]



FERNANDINA, FLORIDA, JUST OCCUPIED BY THE UNION FORCES.

A DREADFUL GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"SUCH a dreadful ghost!—oh, such a dreadful ghost!"

My wife, who was luckily sitting by me, was at first as much frightened as I was, but gradually she succeeded in quieting both me and herself, which indeed she has a wonderful faculty for doing.

When she had drawn from me the cause of my terrified exclamations, we discussed the whole matter—in which we differed considerably; and on this subject we invariably and affectionately do so. She is a perfectly matter-in-fact, unimaginative, and unsuperstitious individual: quite satisfied that in the invisible, as in the visible world, two and two must make four, and can not by any possibility make five. Only being, with all her gentleness, a little pig-headed, she does not see that there are in her otherwise very sensible argument, namely, the taking for granted that we finite creatures, who are so liable to error even in material things, can in things immaterial decide absolutely upon what is two and what is four.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half your creeds.

And it is just possible that when the Devil tempted our forefather to eat of the tree of knowledge, he was laughing at him as he often laughs now, to think what a self-conceited fool a man must be ever to suppose that he can know every thing.

When I preach this to my husband he is the humblest and sweetest of women—she replies, is perhaps the most wise; and I am ready to go to argument, with a smile; as she did, when, having talked over and viewed on all sides my Dreadful Ghost, she advised me to make it quite for the good of the community: in which we agreed, though differing. She wondered it would grieve me greatly if silly it is to believe in ghosts at all. I considered—but my story will explain this.

She and I, two only, thinned, invited to a strange house, with which, and with the family, we were only acquainted by hearsay. Not that I, for one, of those "invitations on business," such as literary persons like myself continually get; and which give little pleasure, as we are perfectly aware from what motives they spring; and that if we could push on our reputation in a permanence, and our head in a hat-box, it would answer exactly the same purpose, and be equally satisfactory to the inviting person. However, the present case was an exception; since, though we had never seen our entertainers, we had heard that they were, not a show-loving, literary-lion-hunting household, but really a *family*, affectionately united among themselves, and devoted to the memory of the lately-lost head. He was a physician, widely esteemed, and also a man of letters, whose death had created a great blank, both in his own circle and in the literary world at large. Now, after a year's interval, his widow and three daughters were beginning to reappear in society; and at the British Association meeting, held at Aberdeen, to which I need not particularize, had opened the doors of their long-hospitable house to my wife and me.

Being strangers, we thought it right to arrive as I would advise all stranger-guests to do, at the tail-end of the day; when candle-light and fire-light cast a kindly mystery over all things, and the few brief hours of awkwardness and unfamiliarity are followed by the nocturnal separation, when each party has time to think over and talk over the other—meeting next morning with the kindly feeling of those who have passed a night under the same friendly roof.

As my wife and I stepped from our cab the dull day was already closing into twilight, and the first only half-illumined the room into which we were shown. It was an old-fashioned, quiet, grown-up apartment—half study, half sitting-room; one end being fitted as a library, while at the other were pleasant thoughtfulness, which already warmed our hearts toward our unseen hosts!—was spread out that best of all meals for a weary traveler, tea-dinner. So hungry were we, that this welcome, well-supplied board engrossed us for a time; why we noticed about the room, except one other thing, which hung close above the tea-table, on the paneled wall.

It was a large full-length portrait, very well painted; the sort of portrait of which one says at once, "What a good likeness that must be!" It had individuality, character—the soul of the man as well as his body; and as far as it is right, looking directly at you, in a simple, natural attitude, you felt what a beautiful kind man must have been: one that even at sixty years of age—for the portrait seemed thus old—would have shed a brightness over any household, and over any society where the person moved.

"I suppose that must be the poor Doctor," said my wife, in her eyes and mine both met upon the canvas, the kindly gloom veiled in the fire-light with the most lifelike aspect, the gentle, benevolent face of the man seeming to follow one about, to every room, as the eyes of most well-painted full-face portraits do. "You never saw him, Charles?"

"No; but this is evidently a picture of man he must have been."

Without our conviction on the matter was so strong that when the door in we abstained *from* asking the question, lest we strangers might touch painfully on a sacredly-kept sorrow.

She was a very sweet-looking little woman: pale, fragile, and rather silent than otherwise; but merely performed the duties of the tea-table, while the conversation was carried on with spirit and intelligence by her three daughters—evidently highly accomplished women. They were no longer young girls, particularly handsome, but in every feature to have inherited the inexpressible charm of manner which, I had heard, characterized their late father; and they had, by wide traveling and a still greater attraction in her eyes—(she had, dear soul, two little daughters of her own growing up)—which was the exceeding deference they paid to their mother, who was not by any means the head of the house.

Perhaps I, who had not married a woman for her fortune, obtained the most correct view of the Doctor's widow, with her large, soft, sorrowful eyes, where the tears seemed to have dried up, or been frozen up by a ghastly quietude, and with the best evidence of what an excellent man he must have been: how deeply beloved, how sternly mourned.

She never spoke of her husband, nor the daughters of their father. This silence—common in many families consider it almost a religious duty to preserve regarding their dead—we, of course, as complete strangers, had not noticed; but I noticed, therefore, it happened that we were still in the dark as to the cause of the terrified exclamation—to which minute by minute took a stronger hold on my imagination; my wife's, too—or that quality of universal tolerance, which is the highest moral duty for imagination. I never looked at her but she was watching either our hostess or the portrait; and, when she supposed to be the features which to the poor widow had been so deservedly dear.

A most strange picture. It was not by any wonderfully true simulation of life, to sit, almost like an unobserved guest, among the social meals and conversational table. Many times during the evening I started, as if with the sense of a seventh person in the room—the very room where he had been—hearing every thing, observing every thing, but saying nothing. Nor was I alone in this feeling, for I noticed that my wife, when looking up, was directly opposite to the portrait, fidgeted in her chair, and finally moved her position to one where she could escape from those steady, kindly, overpowering, painted eyes.

Now I ask nobody to believe what I am going to relate: I must distinctly state that I do not believe it myself; but I tell it because it is a matter of fact and moral, which the reader can apply if he chooses. All I can say is, that so far as it purports to go—and when you come to the end you will find that out—this is really a true story.

The family party broke upward, sat excepting before the portrait, till she changed places with me, and went a little way down the oblong table, on the same side as myself, so that I could see her and the other a slightly foreshortened view. Between me and it was a candle, the only one which stood on a lamp—one of those reading-lamps which throw a bright circle of light below them, and leave the upper half of the room in comparative gloom. I thought it was this shadow, or some fanciful flicker of the fire, which caused a peculiarity in the eyes of the portrait. They seemed actually alive—moving from right to left in their orbits, opening and closing their lids, and, as I said, to take in every one of the family circle with a variable expression, as if conscious of all that was going on around.

And yet the family took no notice, but went on in their talk with us: choosing the common topics which, between persons new to them, lead on one another's minds and characters: yet never once reverting to this peculiar phenomenon—which my wife, I saw, had also observed, and longed to speak with me more than one uneasy glance in the pauses of conversation.

The evening was wearing on—it was nearly ten o'clock—when, looking up at the picture, from which for the last half-hour I had scarcely taken my gaze, I was startled by a still more marvelous fact concerning it.

Formerly the eyes alone had appeared alive: now the whole face was rounded. It grew up out of the flat canvas as if in bas-relief, or like one of those terribly painful casts after death—except that there was nothing painful or terrible about it. As I have said, the face was a beautiful face—a noble face: such an one as, under any circumstances, you would have been attracted by. And it had the coloring and form of life—no corpse-like rigidity or marble whiteness. The gray hair seemed gradually to rise, look by look, out of the level surface—and the figure, clothed in ordinary modern evening-dress, to become shapely and natural—statuesque, yet still preserving the tints of a picture. Even the chair which it sat upon—which I now perceived to be the exact copy of one that stood empty on the other side of the fire—grew a curious reality to the whole.

By-and-by my wife and I both held our breaths for—from an ordinary oil-painting, the likeness had undoubtedly become a lifelike figure, or statue, sitting in an arm-chair, the form of which was made by the frame of the picture.

And yet the family took no notice, but appeared to be conscious that they were conscious of the remarkable thing that was happening, it did not disturb them in the least: was nothing at all alarming or peculiar, or out of the tenor of their daily life.

So, not even when, on returning with a book that I had gone to fetch from the shelves at the further end of the room, my poor little wife caught my hand in speechless awe—are rather than fear—and pointed to the hitherto empty chair by the fireside.

It was empty no longer. There, sitting in the self-same attitude as the portrait—identical with it in shape, countenance, and dress—was a figure. That it was a human figure I dare not say, and yet it looked like one. There was nothing ghastly or corpse-like about it, though it was motionless, pas sionless: endowed as it were with that divine calm which I have always ascribed to Protesilaus:

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

Yet there was an air tenderly, pathetically human in the fixed head, the hands on the knees, as a man does when he comes and sits down by his own fireside. The whole attitude, and in the eyes that followed, one after the other, each of this family, who now quietly put away their several occupations, was full of welcome.

But none of them showed any terror—not the slightest. Perhaps the sweetness of the smile invariably quite familiar—awaking no shudder of repulsion, no outburst of renewed grief. The eldest daughter, who had been at the moment as if she were only apologizing to us heterodox or indifferent strangers for some domestic essential, some peculiar form of family prayer, for instance,

"I am sure our guests will excuse us if we continue, just as if we were alone, our usual evening duties. Which of us is to speak to papa to-night?"

It was his then: summoned back, how or why, or in what mysterious manner we experienced, I know not, and they gave no explanation. They evidently brought some one, invoked; that the whole succeeding was as natural as a man coming home at evening to his own hearth, and being received by his wife and children with affectionate gladness.

The widow and the youngest daughter placed themselves on each side of the arm-chair in the chair. They did not embrace it or touch it, but regarded it with tender reverence, in which was mingled a certain awe; but that was all. The children they began to talk to it, in a perfectly common and natural manner, as people would talk to a beloved member of a family, who had been absent for a day or longer from the home circle.

The daughter to whom she had been reading in town: how she had bought a shawl and a bonnet for her mother, but papa need to like;" the books she had brought home from the library; papa's opinion of them; the people she had met in the street, and the things she had seen and heard in the day: in short, all the pleasant little chit-chat that a daughter would naturally pour out to an affectionate parent, interspersed with those questions which, to us unnatural, so contemptibly small, such a mixture of the human and the heroic, the divine and common sense, and one's sense of the solemn unseen alike recluded.

Gradually it became: apparently none was expected. The figure maintained its place, never altering its attitude, but preserving one of the many things Samuel's rebuke to the Witch of Endor—"Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?" or of Hamlet's reproach to his father's ghost, "Why wilt thou look upon this fair thing which so shivered at the eyes of the figure moved and rested on us?) the look of various old letters of his, which vividly revived the happy married days; how Saturday one of the former patients died, and to-day a professor-ship, which he meant to have tried for, had been given to a gentleman of favorite pupils. All the old friends, Mr. A——— and Sir B. C——— had been quarrelled, and were again; and it would never have happened had the Doctor been alive—and so on, and so on. To all of which the figure listened with its immovable, its settled, changeless countenance.

My wife and I uttered not a word. We sat apart, spell-bound, fascinated, neither attempting to interfere, nor question, nor rebuke. The whole circumstance was so far removed from the pale of mortal cause and effect that it seemed to throw us into a perfect passive condition, in which we were unable to judge, or investigate, in which we *felt*, the circumstances which surrounded us.

The figure was—absolutely nothing except the very little that Revelation hints at, rather than directly teaches, of the world beyond the grave. But any one of us who has ever seen a fellow-creature die, has watched the exact instant when the awful change takes place which converts the body with a soul to the corpse without a soul, must feel certain—certain by an intuition which is stronger than all reasoning—that if the soul is good, to which that soul departs, by any thing, or any where, it must be a very different life from this; with nobler aspirations, higher duties, purer affections. The common phrase breathed over so many a peaceful dead face, "I would not have him back again if I could," has a significance, instructive as true; truer than all misty, philosophical speculations, tenderer than all the vagaries of fond spiritualists, with big hearts and no heads worth mentioning. If ever I had doubted this, my doubts would have been removed by sight which I here depict—of this good, amiable, deeply-beloved husband and father—returning in visible form to his wife and his family, so ghastly, but an apparition full of mildness and beauty, yet communicating a sense of nothing unnatural, utterly unsanctity, and ridiculous, degrading contrast between mortal and immortal, spirit in the flesh, and spirit out of the flesh, which even I can attempt to describe.

That the dead man's family did not feel this, having become so familiar with their nightly nocturnal that its gentleness never struck them, and its influence profanity never jarred upon their intellect or affections, only made the fact more horrible.

For a time, long or short I can not tell, my wife and I sat witnessing, like people bound in a nightmare dream, this most mockery of mockeries, the attempt at restoring the sweet familiar relations of the living with the living, between the living and the dead. How many years or months it had lasted, or what result was expected from it, we never inquired; nor did we attempt to join in it: we merely looked on.

"Will papa ever speak?" intreated one of the daughters; but there was no reply. The figure sat passive in its chair—unable or unwilling to break the barrier which divides the two worlds, maintaining still that benign and tender smile, but keeping its mystery unbroken, its problem unsolved.

And now my wife, whose dear little face was, I am sure, growing white and convulsed minute by minute, whispered to me:

"Charles, I can bear this no longer. Make some excuse to get us home—we will keep their feelings. Don't let them think we are frightened, or disgusted, as I'm like; but we must go—I shall go mad if I do not."

And the half-insane look which I have seen in some than one of the poorest creatures in the present day—people who, twenty years ago, would have been sent to Bedlam, but now are only set down "imbecile" or "nervous," and left among their sensible syes, which have warmed and calmed my restless heart and unquiet brain for more than fifteen years.

I took advantage of the next pause in the "communication," which whatever they called them, to suggest that my wife and I were very weary, and anxious to retire to rest.

"Certainly," politely said the eldest daughter. "Papa, Mr. and Mrs. ———" naming our names, "have had a long railway journey, and must be up us all good-night."

The appointed best upon us—my wife and us—its most benevolent, gentle aspect, apparently acquiescing in our retiring; and slowly rose as if in kind good-night. Like any other guest-host.

Now, in his lifetime, no one had had a warmer, more devoted admiration for this learned and lovable man than I. More than once I had traveled many miles for the merest chance of seeing him, and when he had by myriad people's request known him personally, never having even beheld his face, was mingled with the grief which I, in common with all his countrymen, felt at losing from us suddenly, with his fame at its zenith, his labors approximately still unfinished.

But here, set face to face with this image or phantasm, or whatever it was, of the man whom during I had so loved—I felt no fear. Only, the cold clearness of that gaze seemed to shoot through me with a chill of horror.

When, going round the circle, I shook hands with the widow and daughters, one after the other, I passed before the chair: I could not help it: by. Resolutely I looked another way, as if trying to make believe I saw nothing there; but it was in vain.

For the figure advanced noiselessly, with that air of irresistibly-charming, old-world courtesy of the old school, for which, every body said, the Doctor had been so remarkable. It extended its hand to me—a hand which a year ago, I myself had received two hundred miles to grasp. Now I shrank from it. I loathed it.

In vain. It came nearer. It touched mine with a soft, cold, unearthly touch. I could endure no longer. I exclaimed out; and my wife was from me from what was, thank Heaven, only a dream.

Was it?

"Yes, it was indeed a Dreadful Ghost," said that excellent woman, when she had heard my whole story, and we had spent several miserable as sole occupants of the railway carriage which was carrying us through the dead of night to visit that identical family whom I had been dreaming about—whom, as stated, we had never seen.

"Let us be thankful," she said, "that it was a mere phantasy of your over-excited imagination—that the dear old Doctor sleeps peacefully in his quiet grave; and that his affectionate family have never summoned him, soul or body, to sit of nights by their unsuspecting friends, as your morbid fancy did. What a blessing that such things can not be!"

"Ay," replied I—though, as Imlac says in Rasselas, "Those that doubt can do little"—"I only have been in the body, I must be a still greater fool than I am of it."

"And, Charles," said the little woman, creeping

up to me with tears in her eyes, "if I must lose you—dearer as I have you—I would rather bury you under the disicles and in my heart; bury you, and never see you again till we meet in the world to come, than I would have you revisiting your old fireside after the fashion of this Dreadful Ghost."

MOTHER, CAN I GO?

A CONNECTICUT lad, employed in this city, wrote home for his mother's permission to enlist. He is now with the Connecticut Regiment:

I am writing to you, mother, knowing well what you will say;
But I'm filled with tearful fondness all I write to you to-day.
Knowing well the flame of ardor on a loyal mother's part,
That will battle with each impulse, with each throbbing of your heart.

Here's my country calling for her sons that still are free;
I have loved that country, mother, only next to God and you;
And my soul is springing forward to resist her bitter foe:
Can I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, can I go?

From the battered walls of Sumter, from the wild waves of the sea,
I have heard her cry for succor, as the voice of God to me;
Is prosperity? I know it well here—in her days of dark distress,
When your spirit is an traitor, mother, could I love that country less?

Here I pierced her heart with treason, they have pierced mine since I left her;
I have loved that country, mother, only next to God and you;
And my soul is springing forward to resist her bitter foe:
Can I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, can I go?

Here's a country worthy of her standard, and she calls me in her woe:
Can I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, can I go?

Oh young and slender, mother—they would call me such yet a boy,
But I love the land I live in, and the blessings I enjoy;
I am old enough, my mother, to be loyal, proud, and true
To the faithful name of liberty, and to the starry blue;
I am most computer this restriction! let the doubting heart be still:
I am most computer it, or perish. We must conquer, and we will!
Are the faithful most and bitter, and shall I be counted by?
Let me go, my dearest mother! tell me, mother, can I go?

In who let the chosen people, in their effort to be free
From the tyranny of Egypt, will be merciful to me.
Will protect me by His power when the battle-storm shall rattle?
Will return me home in safety, dearest mother, for your sake,
Or should this my bleeding country need a victim such as I,
I am nothing more than others who have perished to be free.
Can he bosom let me slumber, on her altar let me lie;
I am not afraid, my mother, to be counted by; then let me go!

There will come a day of gladness, when the people of the Lord
Shall look proudly on their banner, which His mercy has restored;
Then the stars in perfect number, on their azure field to blend,
Will be hailed in a Union, then and ever firm and true.
I may live to see it, mother, when the patriot's work is done,
And your heart, so full of kindness, will beat proudly for your son;
Or through tears your eyes may see it with a sadly thoughtful look,
And may love it still more dearly for the cost it won from you.

I have written to you, mother, with a consciousness of right—
I am thinking of you fondly, with a loyal heart to-night:
When I have your noble bidding, which shall tell me to press on,
I will rouse and see you, mother—come and kiss you, then be gone.
In the sacred cause of freedom! I have written this to you:
In the sight of God and Justice, I have written this to you:
In anger, anxious, longing to resist my country's foe:
Shall I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, shall I go?

February, 1862.

IN A WATER STREET DANCE-HOUSE.

WELL, I never thought they'd done it, Sir, and I say it was a ——— shame! There's a many big lugs and cribs, respectable like, down in the New York—folks as keep their own kerridges and have pews at fash'nable churches, and go to watering-places, and spend their money free as air —why, they'd ha' raised a million o' dollars to ha' saved the Captain—one million, Sir! Why, I've spent your life they would! And yet he one hung arter all!

Do I think the slave-trade right, then? Well no; not exactly. It's a bad business—most on it not to bear a purse—but then they've got reasons for it, white man's a white man, and a nigger's a nigger, there's no gettin' over that. You ain't no abolitionist, are you, Sir? I never knowed one as had any sense.

To see a seaman's life is the hardest out; Jack gets monkey's allowance, more kicks than ha'pence, all the world over. And it pays better than any thing else, Sir, that trade. I've sailed in many lines and you've done first-rate for owners, shipper, and crew, and nary expense but fittin' outward bym by in run ashore as truck for the provisions. So it's a great temptation. I never knowed a Merican as liked it exactly, but I've known it many as has ben in it. Spaniards mostly thinks nothin' on it; them fellers has no sort o' conscience or humanity.

Maybe I've seen a little of it myself? That's tellin' me! Perhaps I have and perhaps I don't. How you don't catch this child goin' back on himself, no how! *You only inquired out o' curiosity?* Well, I suppose so. I guess you don't get a many gallant comes to such' places as this, except on a spree to see the ward. Not much of a show here to-night, unless is bad for the landlords. You should go to the "Flag" some evenin' when a hull crew's ben paid off—see 'em raise ——— there sometimes.

Well, I don't mind! your health, Sir. I've drunk worse and seen worse, and better. I write stories for the magazines and newspapers? I guess I could tell you a thing or two as you might work up into somethin'—about what was a talkin' on, too. *Why won't I?* Well, most folks is pretty shy of owning up to knowing such as me in Ebony Trade, though I don't see how it could hurt a poor devil of a common sailor like me, as nobody expects to have any kind of a character or keer for one. We lives hard, works hard, and dies hard, and can't be expected to be very perticular. I don't want to blame for what I done either. So here goes. Put up that pencil; I don't like the notion of having a man's words took down; the kinder knocks me. I guess you'll remember well enough.

Also I don't mind telling you as I've a recklect time good—when I came ashore arter a two-year whalin' cruise in the Pacific Ocean, and, like a fool, went to live with my mother, as had a respectable rent that I had in the world. It ended in my getting shanghaied and sold into a slaver. *What shanghaiing?* Why, Lord love you! don't you know *that?* and you writes for the newspapers! It's me arter I'd ben—well, I was all sorts—a-drunk and with laudanum. The landlord drawn his first month's pay for me, and put me into a train-an-hand aboard, and the first thing poor Jack knows about it is when he's roused by the mate or skipper with some kicks, and finds as he's on board, aloose or hit over the head with a ring-bolt, or any thing as shall answer best, and a-sailing out to sea again about, Sir—in this yere port of New York, too—that they've jumped overboard—live or six o' 'em, one arter t'other—when we was a-lookin' out for a pilot.

That's often the meanin' of bodies bein' found about the piers, as you reads on in the newspapers.

However, I was one as stuck to the ship, and, to, mainly, were half a dozen others as had had the same luck, and we was all o' us mates and, others turned to and made the best of it, all of us being pretty much cleaned out and obliged to ship somewhere. We was a rare mixed crew, though strong: Yankees, Irish, English, Dutch, Spaniards, and one Indian—a Portugee, and the cries and groans and Irish than any thing else. Things looked uncommon ship-shape aboard, and we were told we was bound in the Mediterranean for Smyrna, or Palermo.

Our ship was just as pretty a clipper-built one as was ever turned out of a New York dock-yard; most new, I guess, and in first-rate order, from the time that we was hauled out into the stream, with one of them inforest, high, spear-looking jerry topmasts—and a full suit of sails—and stores fore and aft on the mizen, bark fashion, you know. She could spank along under a ten-knot breeze with most any thing afloat, Sir. Her captain, he never mind about him!—he was a 'Merican and a good seaman, and a man as knowed his business. Yes.

Our real business soon got whispered about before the mast; as for me I suspicioned it from the first, from the many warnin's we had about the three tons of rice and physic aboard. The mates, too—both on 'em New Orleans, and one, the second mate, most piratical-looking villain enbuag, I do believe, laughed and talked kinder curious-like with some of the hands—and they was all hands—about any thing as was. So, when the Captain had us all forred on the third day out, and made a bit of a speech, telling us that we was bound for Africa—not a dollar a head on every nigger landed safe in Cuba—much—it has as it never was before, and I'll tell you as any. Some liked the notion of makin' a big pile easy—some didn't care—and all concluded to go—"specials" as they called 'em, to get over it.

We made a fetch run to the African coast, nearly down to the line, and then we split among ourselves, though there was a knife or two drawn, and the first mate turned out a devil incarnate. He was a weed of a man, but he'd a heart as black as blow first often. He'd hit a man for any thing—knock him down, I mean—and he'd many well. I guess I can put my pretty free when I'm mad, and I've sailed under them as could cuss some, but what feller head at, Sir, for a bit, and then, and his French, and his furrin' English, and the niggerlasher he'd learnt in the Brazils, and his own bad hair of your head right on end in no time; it 'most made your flesh creep to hear him. If that——— feller had had his head cut off, it would ha' ben a fair fit for us; but the Cap'n was different, and we thought better of him. You'll see what he done though before I come to the end of the story.

He was a good seaman, I said, and worked the ship handsome. We was off the coast of the Congo River, the best place to get what we wanted, for the niggers inland there are allus at war with the another—they do say on purpose to get prisoners to sell to the traders. They has barracoons as we covered right down to the beach, where mighty quick up country for 'em to tote along the coffles when the right kind o' vessel comes up the river. It's big and broad and deep enough, and most like fair weather in that latitude; so one can go up a good ways. There's a many islands in the river as the Captain had bargained for a full cargo of prime hands—a thousand men, women, and children. He told her in plain words what he meant to do with 'em.

The gentle o' 'em aboard and stowed em between decks—two tiers, one above the other, a platform between 'em—was done in double-quick time arter they had been passed as sound and likely and trunkfast. It didn't take long, Sir, for the ship to be ready as they came over the side, and he'd just have 'em along like so many sheep—some ripped off their o' rag some on 'em wore around their middles and heavin' 'em overboard. The night arter them were a-got aboard the ship was under way and all consarned, "specials" white men, good as drunk as so many devils. All bein' ready we up anchor and away for Cuba.

Our Captain had laid his plans smart, and knew the ropes well enough on the coast. It's the custom for ships of the squadron—the African squadron I mean, which is allus on the look-out for slavers—to take each a port and kinder blockade it, mevin' on from one to another at regular dates, accordin' to the orders of the Commodore on the station. We'd slipped in safe enough, knowin' our time, and had got aboard the right day of the week. We done it too, though we run a right smart chance of being nabbed by a blamed Yankee ship, per, as you'll bear more on in good time. I'll tell you how *that* happened, as I learnt it arterward about their movements.

He was the only Northern captain on the station, and the others—all Southerners—had sorter leant him to Coventry for a snub as really meant business, and wouldn't make things pleasant for a consideration. (They have a fellow-feeling, you know, for they owns niggers themselves when they're to home, and buys and sells 'em too.) So he got mad and determined to play possum. He had rendezvoused away from the Congo River to a station farther north to meet the provision vessel, as per our Captain knew well enough—I ain't going to say who told him. Then he pretends to damage his machinery (as he for three days, and then comes right back expectin' to fetch us, and making for the river.

We knew nothin' of all this, then; but as luck would have it, we seen the smoke of his funnel at long break, when we was well under way with a fair wind astern. Our Captain always kept the cupboard of arms locked, and the key in his own pocket when at sea, so the crowds all sail and given the stranger a wide berth. She followed, I believe, but we knowed that a many pair of heels that time, and by night bells we'd lost all sight of her. So there was no sort of danger for the present. We would ha' ben better, arter all, if we had ha' ben captured by her then and there, as you'll soon hear.

Of course the steam-ship was all in a stew as soon as we got out into blue water, and a dreadful moanin' and groanin' arose from the many ignorant savages made. You could hear it right through the main deck and up in the shrouds, even when a lawyer was a-talkin' and above the racket of the wind. We'd fixed 'em in the regular way, stark naked, in a sitting position, jammed into one another's laps as they could hardly move any thing but their heads, for with such a crowd there warn't no inch of room anywhere, and the cries and groans and smell was horrid. When I turned in that night, I was pretty well used up, what with bein' on my arm and the streak o' lightning and a growl o' thunder to the sou'west—if I didn't dream I was in hell among the devils—I almost joined the Dutchman!

It blew hard all the next day, and the next to that, so we couldn't tend to 'em much, or have any of 'em up on deck. Once the sea broke over us, and we had to battle down the hatches. You may fancy what it was like 'tween decks then! What with the gale had overblown itself and we were below somebody's feet in a jiffy, and one man turned sick and fainted dead away with the smell—there was forty odd crammed in a space not much more'n a Dutchman!

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The Captain cured some at the loss, which, however, made a good deal more room for the rest of the mis'able devils. We hauled 'em on deck in squads —some on 'em was so cramped and stiff they couldn't stand—some on 'em, and, and 'em in the sun to dry, and served 'em out an allowance of water—a pint a piece, I think—but we should ha' seen them niggers drink! the eattin was bad enough, bollin' the grub like starvin' wolves, but the drinkin' was awful. They actually fit and struggled over the first inchetaful so that every drop of the water was spilled, and then lapped it up off the deck like dogs! If the mafics hadn't used handspikes pretty free we couldn't ha' got 'em to behave themselves.

Well, we did what we could for 'em in cleanin' and physickin', and managed to deliver again. Always and always the trip was had up, by turns, on deck and never put in irons except when mutinous. The decks was washed out once, and, sprinkled with somethin' o' lime—I misremember the name—to prevent sickness. It answered, and the 'tween decks generally thinks as slavers hasn't got any humanity. If it's warn't again the law that they say's vouchin' for, I'd be crowned up, by Jickie! so many; that's what makes it unpleasant.

There was one thing, however—and I'm free to confess it—as I couldn't stand. To see the bigger and stronger ones got to fightin' and struggling for more room, as we thought, a-sittin' jammed up in a heap like that. In consequence the weaker crowd, the women and picaninnies, suffered. So we made 'em take turns, and then some fetched a case of tacks—little nails, you know—and sprinkles 'em across among the boards. The more they was used arter that the more the tacks run into their sore bodies, and though it hurt bad it didn't keep 'em from fightin'. So the mild hand aboard told me this was the regular thing before it was thought they got used to it and warn't particular hard.

Was you ever at sea, Sir? Because, if so, you'll know that if there's one thing a sailor hates it's worse than a cockroach is a rat. It's more than a storm by a long sight. To have the sails a flapping, the yards a-creakin', every thin' comfortable a-rockin' and wearin' itself and no rottin'—the blue water all around as smooth as a pond—and then to have a nigger—why, it's enough to set a saint swearin' at his grandmother! Well, just suppose you've got a lot of 'em aboard, and a pitch-hot overhead, and us with nigh a thousand niggers on board!

I tell you it was awful; hardly a breath of air stirring on deck, and just like the black hole of Calcutta below. The sun blazed, the pitch-heads blazed, and bribed, and moaned, and yelled by turns and altogether, as if they'd known of the sharks as were a-swimmin' alongside a-waitin' for 'em. They say the dumed varmints will nose out a fever and follow a ship for days. I don't know about that, and I believe it, for, sartain, two stuck pretty close to us from the third day out. They weren't mistaken either. A fever broke out among the niggers, and they began to die off like rotten sheep; we had to throw nigh two hundred overboard in three days. That, with the ones as had gone before, made a loss of a fourth of the cargo, and a awful dipper in an ugly temper. One of the hands took the fever and died, too, spite of the Captain's doctorin'. I was by his hook when he shipped his wind, and I wouldn't like to tell what he said about the slave-trade then—it warn't comfortable, I can tell you, to lead a life of that. We all began to think luck was agin us in that voyage, and so it proved. The only man as didn't seem to care was the first mate; he feared neither God or devil. He cursed and swore ten times worse than ever, and knocked the niggers around just as if it was *their* fault, poor devils! for havin' the fever and dyin'.

We were seven days out, standing to the sou'west with all sails set, a fulrish wind and hazy weather, when we espied a vessel under the lee, nearer than our Captain liked. At first we thought little of it, supposin' her to be bound for the West Indies, for the chance of any thing else seldom troubles you when you've got clear of the coast of Cuba or a hundred miles or so; you have to look out for then is inquisitive Yankee captains; you can laugh at the Britishers by hoisting the Merican flag and hailin' 'em high! in the French yes, though they does it sometimes—their inspectors is first promoters, and has fuller cause for't, and seems to be followin' of us. Soon there's no doubt about it, and the Captain makes her out to be a steamer with two stars and stripes flyin'. So she tries to get off by virtues of wind and canvas, and there's a proper lark as ever you had with us one for over two hours. Slavers don't fight, you know; they allus runs, and is afeard of nothin' but steamers.

Of course there was other ones as made out we should have gi'n in, on'y the haze thickened a bit and we began to see we might double on her. She stood of that it cleared up some and the wind began to slacken; so the Captain, arter consultin' with the first mate, resolved to fight it through. About fifty of the niggers was fetched on deck, by twos and threes at a time, and was handed up the arter us, stayin' for nothin', so the Captain determined to drown every nigger on board, that they might not be recaptured by us.

He had cut our heaviest chain-cable, fed a hundred-and-odd shot to it, and was in the act to commit it I shall never forget that, Sir. Some cried and jabbered in their gibberish for mercy, some howled, some cursed, some stupefied with fear, but what was goin' to be done to 'em, and some fought with fists and teeth, and died fightin'. The first mate he warn't sorry to see it—nearly had his thumb bit off by one of 'em. When they went over the side they was all alive as swallies—leastways we ever heard tell on in all your born days—a sort of dreadful yell as went right through your head and left it a-singin' for a week after horrid—horrid; I seen men turn white as death when they heard it. The splash of the last nigger plump down to bottom, a great streak of bubbles rising up arter them.

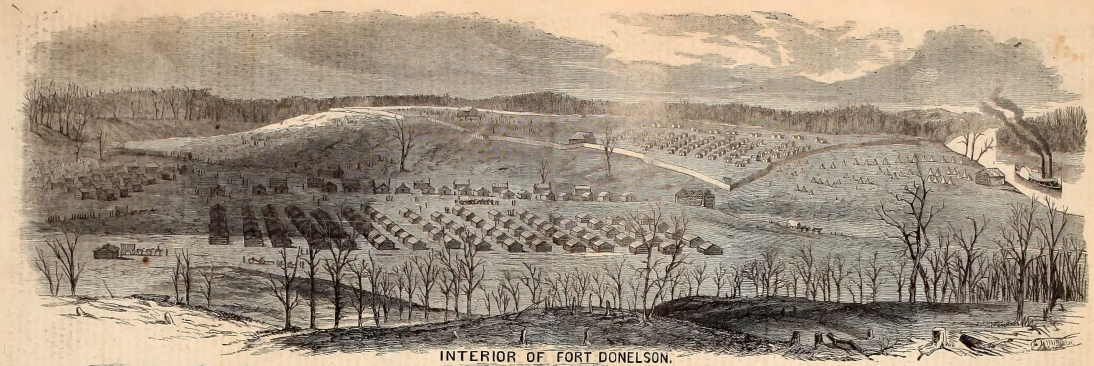
The Captain would have never ha' ben rest the same arter that, for he was had enough of it and stood right stark-still—almost muttering in spite of his self-control—when the lookout sung out from aloft on 'em would have come to mischief if they'd touched any body. We knew that the game was up then, and that the jig was for the present over was a-goin' on as fast. In less than twenty minutes she was a-going across our stern firing on to, and sent a boat alongside to take possession of us as a prize. And then—what do you think? if you'll believe me, Sir, she warn't a Yankee after all—as we'd given the go-by to off the Congo River, I'm—! at luck would have it, for they done us up as nice as nicked. Hardly a hundred o' 'em lived to see Africa again; and I learnt in after days they had sores all over their bodies, and died off like rotten sheep.

We was headed for New York, and pretty well treated, for the Yankee sailors we had aboard, without any particular knowledge of the craft, or ben put aboard in the way I tolled you of at the beginnin', was willin' enough to work the ship, and many on two in prison, others not; and they was right, for they knowed that they'd be cleared out by the 'cept landin' as without a red cent of pay. The Captain and mates warn't afraid, bless you! they had plenty of friends, and we warn't them under a ——— Black Republican Government. And so it happened. They was tried once or twice and let off, and I see the Captain, with my own eyes, six months arter, ridin' up Broadway in a carriage, with a couple of ladies lolling just as you please.

You'd like to know who he was, Sir? Dare say! Well, I'll tell you—I was just about his size of the Tombs last Friday.

THE REBEL BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC.

On page 180 we publish a series of views, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. A. R. Ward, illustrating the REBEL BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC: which have just been taken by our troops. For several months the Potomac has been blockaded by these batteries, and they have annoyed vessels going up to Washington very seriously. On 9th the rebels began to fire their tents at Cockpit Point; they burned the *Page*, and retired. At the same time the batteries were down the river at Evansport and Aquia Creek, and General Hooker occupied them, missing a number of valuable guns.



INTERIOR OF FORT DONELSON.



INTERIOR OF THE LOWER WATER BATTERY AT FORT DONELSON.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 183.]

WILKIE COLLINS, ESQ.

In connection with the commencement of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS'S new Tale, "NO NAME," we publish herewith a portrait of this distinguished man.

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS was born in London in 1824. His father was a painter, who went to Italy shortly after his son's birth, and remained there till the latter had reached manhood. Mr. Wilkie Collins's first work, "ANTONINA," which was published in 1850, revealed his remarkable genius; but the subject was ill chosen, and the book did not meet with great success. His later Novels, and especially the "WOMAN IN WHITE," published in *Harper's Weekly*, have placed him in the first rank of contemporaneous Novelists.

Mr. Collins is allied to the family of Mr. Charles Dickens.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF THE "WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MCLENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and Early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER III.

When she returned to the house, Miss Garth made no attempt to conceal her unfavorable opinion of the stranger in black. His object was, no doubt, to obtain pecuniary assistance from Mrs. Vanstone. What the nature of his claim on her might be seemed less intelligible—unless it was the claim of a poor relation. Had Mrs. Vanstone ever mentioned, in the presence of her daughters, the name of Captain Wragge? Neither of them recollected to have heard it before. Had Mrs. Vanstone ever referred to any poor relations who were dependent on her? On the contrary, she had mentioned of late years that she doubted having any relations at all who were still living. And yet Captain Wragge had plainly declared that the name on his card would recall "a family matter" to Mrs. Vanstone's memory. What did it mean? A false statement, on the stranger's part, without any intelligible reason for making it? Or a second mystery, following close on the heels of the mysterious journey to London?

All the probabilities seemed to point to some hidden connection between the "family affairs" which had taken Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone so suddenly from home, and the "family matter" associated with the name of Captain Wragge. Miss Garth's doubts of the day before thronged back on her mind as she sealed her letter to Mrs. Vanstone, with the captain's card added by way of inclosure.

By return of post the answer arrived.

Always the earliest riser among the ladies of the house, Miss Garth was alone in the breakfast-room when the letter was brought in. Her first glance at its contents convinced her of the necessity of reading it carefully through in retirement before any embarrassing questions could be put to her. Leaving a message with the servant requesting Norah to make the tea that morning, she went up stairs at once to the solitude and security of her own room.

Mrs. Vanstone's letter extended to some length. The first part of it referred to Captain Wragge, and entered unreservedly into all necessary explanations relating to the man himself and to the motive which had brought him to Combe-Raven.

It appeared from Mrs. Vanstone's statement that her mother had been twice married. Her mother's first husband had been a certain Doctor Wragge—a widower with young children; and one of those children was now the unmilitary-looking captain, whose address was "Post-office, Bristol." Mrs. Wragge had left no family by her first husband; and had afterward married Mrs. Vanstone's father. Of that second marriage Mrs. Vanstone herself was the only issue. She had lost both her parents while she was still a young woman; and, in course of years, her mother's family connections (who were then her nearest surviving relatives) had been one after another removed by death. She was left, at the present writing, without a relation in the world—excepting perhaps certain cousins whom she had never seen, and of whose existence even, at the present moment, she possessed no positive knowledge.

Under these circumstances, what family claim had Captain Wragge on Mrs. Vanstone?

None whatever. As the son of her mother's first husband, by that husband's first wife, not even the widest stretch of courtesy could have included him at any time in the list of Mrs. Vanstone's most distant relations. Well knowing this (she later proceeded to say), he had nevertheless persisted in forcing himself upon her as a species of family connection; and she had weakly sanctioned the intrusion, solely from the dread that he would otherwise introduce himself to Mr. Vanstone's notice, and take unblushing advantage of Mr. Vanstone's generosity. Shrinking, naturally, from allowing her husband to be annoyed, and probably cheated as well, by any person who claimed, however preposterously, a family connection with herself, it had been her practice, for many years past, to assist the captain from her own purse, on the condition that he should never come near the house, and that he should not presume to make any application whatever to Mr. Vanstone.

Readily admitting the imprudence of this course, Mrs. Vanstone further explained that she had perhaps been the more inclined to adopt it, through having been always accustomed, in her early days, to see the captain living now upon one member and now upon another of her mother's family. Possessed of abilities which might have raised him to distinction in almost any career that he could have chosen, he had nevertheless, from his youth upward, been a disgrace to all his relatives. He had been expelled the militia regiment in which he once held a commission. He had tried one employment after another, and had discreditably failed in all. He had lived on his wits in the lowest and basest meaning of the phrase. He had married a poor ignorant woman, who had served as a waitress at some low eating-house, who had unexpectedly come into a little money, and whose small inheritance he had mercilessly squandered to the last farthing. In plain terms, he was an incorrigible scoundrel; and he had now added one more to the list of his many misdemeanors, by impudently breaking the conditions on which Mrs. Vanstone had hitherto assisted him. She had written at once to the address indicated on his card, in such terms and to such purpose as would prevent him, she hoped and believed, from ever venturing near the house again. Such were the terms in which Mrs. Vanstone concluded that first part of her letter which referred exclusively to Captain Wragge.

Although the statement thus presented implied a weakness in Mrs. Vanstone's character which Miss Garth, after many years of intimate experience, had never detected, she accepted the explanation as a matter of course; receiving it all the more readily inasmuch as it might, without impropriety, be communicated in substance to appease the irritated curiosity of the two young ladies. For this reason especially, she perused the first half of the letter with an agreeable sense of relief. Far different was the impression produced on her when she advanced to the second half, and when she had read it to the end.

The second part of the letter was devoted to the subject of the journey to London.

Mrs. Vanstone began by referring to the long and intimate friendship which had existed between Miss







"COME, FRANK!"

Garth and herself. She now felt it due to that friendship to explain confidentially the motive which had induced her to leave home with her husband. Miss Garth had delicately refrained from showing it, but she must naturally have felt, and must still be feeling, great surprise at the mystery in which their departure had been involved; and she must doubtless have asked herself why Mrs. Vanstone should have been associated with family affairs which (in her independent position as to relatives) must necessarily concern Mr. Vanstone alone.

Without touching on those affairs, which it was neither desirable nor necessary to do, Mrs. Vanstone then proceeded to say that she would at once set all Miss Garth's doubts at rest, so far as they related to herself, by one plain acknowledgment. Her object in accompanying her husband to London was to see a certain celebrated physician, and to consult him privately upon a very delicate and anxious matter connected with the state of her health. In plainer terms still, this anxious matter meant nothing less than the possibility that she might again become a mother.

When the doubt had first suggested itself she had treated it as a mere delusion. The long interval that had elapsed since the birth of her last child; the serious illness which had afflicted her after the death of that child in infancy; the time of life at which she had now arrived—all inclined her to dismiss the idea as soon as it arose in her mind. It had returned again and again in spite of her. She had felt the necessity of consulting the highest medical authority; and had shrunk, at the same time, from alarming her daughters by summoning a London physician to the house. The medical opinion, sought under the circumstances already mentioned, had now been obtained. Her doubt was confirmed as a certainty; and the result, which might be expected to take place toward the end of summer, was, at her age and with her constitutional peculiarities, a subject for serious future anxiety, to say the least of it. The physician had done his best to encourage her; but she had understood the drift of his questions more clearly than he supposed, and she knew that he looked to the future with more than ordinary doubt.

Having disclosed these particulars, Mrs. Vanstone requested that they might be kept a secret between her correspondent and herself. She had felt unwilling to mention her suspicions to Miss Garth until those suspicions had been confirmed—and she now recoiled, with even greater reluctance, from allowing her daughters to be in any way alarmed about her. It would be best to dismiss the subject for the present, and to wait hopefully till the summer came. In the mean time they would all, she trusted, be happily reunited on the twenty-third of the month, which Mr. Vanstone had fixed on as the day for their return. With this intimation, and with the customary messages, the letter abruptly and confusedly came to an end.

For the first few minutes a natural sympathy for Mrs. Vanstone was the only feeling of which Miss Garth was conscious after she had laid the letter down. Ere long, however, there rose obscurely on her mind a doubt which perplexed and distressed her. Was the explanation which she had just read really as satisfactory and as complete as it professed to be? Testing it plainly by facts, surely not.

On the morning of her departure Mrs. Vanstone had unquestionably left the house in good spirits. At her age, and in her state of health, were good spirits compatible with such an errand to a physician as the errand on which she was bent? Then, again, had that letter from New Orleans, which had necessitated Mr. Vanstone's departure, no share in occasioning his wife's departure as well? Why otherwise had she looked up so eagerly the moment her daughter mentioned the post-mark? Granting the avowed motive for her journey—did not her manner, on the morning when the letter was opened, and again on the morning of departure, suggest the existence of some other motive which her letter kept concealed?

If it was so, the conclusion that followed was a very distressing one. Mrs. Vanstone, feeling what was due to her long friendship with Miss Garth, had apparently placed the fullest confidence in her, on one subject, by way of unsuspiciously maintaining the strictest reserve toward her on another. Naturally frank and straightforward in all her own dealings, Miss Garth shrank from plainly pursuing her doubts to this result: a want of loyalty toward her tried and valued friend seemed implied in the mere dawning of it on her mind.

She locked up the letter in her desk; roused herself resolutely to attend to the passing interests of the day; and went down stairs again to the breakfast-room. Amidst many uncertainties, this at least was clear: Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone were coming back on the twenty-third of the month. Who could say what new revelations might not come back with them?

CHAPTER IV.

No new revelations came back with them—no anticipations associated with their return were realized. On the one forbidden subject of their errand in London there was no moving either the master or the mistress of the house. Whatever their object might have been, they had to all appearance successfully accomplished it—for they both returned in perfect possession of their everyday looks and manners. Mrs. Vanstone's spirits had subsided to their natural quiet level; Mr. Vanstone's imperturbable cheerfulness sat as easily and indolently on him as usual. This was the one noticeable result of their journey—this, and no more. Had the household revolution run its course already? Was the secret, thus far hidden impenetrably, hidden forever?

Nothing in this world is hidden forever. The gold, which has lain for centuries unsuspected in the ground, reveals itself one day on the surface. Sand turns traitor, and betrays the footstep that has passed over it; water gives back to the telltale surface the body that has been drowned. Fire itself leaves the confession, in ashes, of the substance consumed in it. Hate breaks its prison-secrecy in the thoughts, through the doorway of the eyes; and Love finds the Judas who betrays it by a kiss. Look where we will, the inevitable law of revelation is one of the laws of nature: the lasting preservation of a secret is a miracle which the world has never yet seen.

How was the secret now hidden in the household at Combe-Raven doomed to disclose itself? Through what coming event in the daily lives of the father, the mother, and the daughters was the law of revelation destined to break the fatal way to discovery? The way opened (unseen by the parents, and unsuspected by the children) through the first event that happened after Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone's return—an event which presented, on the surface of it, no interest of greater importance than the trivial social ceremony of a morning call.

Three days after the master and mistress of Combe-Raven had come back the female members of the family happened to be assembled together in the morning-room. The view from the windows looked over the flower-garden and shrubbery; this last being protected at its outward extremity by a fence, and approached from the lane beyond by a wicket-gate. During an interval in the conversation the attention of the ladies was suddenly attracted to this gate by the sharp sound of the iron latch falling in its socket. Some one had entered the shrubbery from the lane; and Magdalen at once placed herself at the window to catch the first sight of the visitor through the trees.

After a few minutes the figure of a gentleman became visible at the point where the shrubbery path joined the winding garden-walk which led to the house. Magdalen looked at him attentively, without appearing, at first, to know who he was. As he came nearer, however, she started in astonishment, and, turning quickly to her mother and sister, proclaimed the gentleman in the garden to be no other than "Mr. Francis Clare."

The visitor thus announced was the son of Mr. Vanstone's oldest associate and nearest neighbor.

Mr. Clare the elder inhabited an unpretending little cottage situated just outside the shrubbery-fence which marked the limit of the Combe-Raven grounds. Belonging to the younger branch of a family of great antiquity, the one inheritance of importance that he had derived from his ancestors was the possession of a magnificent library, which not only filled all the rooms in his modest little dwelling but lined the staircases and passages as well. Mr. Clare's books represented the one important interest of Mr. Clare's life. He had been a widower for many years past, and made no secret of his philosophical resignation to the loss of his wife. As a father, he regarded his family of three sons in the light of a necessary domestic evil, which perpetually threatened the sanctity of his study and the safety of his books. When the boys went to school, Mr. Clare said "good-by" to them, and "thank God" to himself. As for his small income, and his still smaller domestic establishment, he looked at them both from the same satirically indifferent point of view. He called himself a pauper with a pedigree. He abandoned the entire direction of his household to the slatternly old woman who was his only servant, on the condition that she was never to venture near his books, with a duster in her hand, from one year's end to the other. His favorite poets were Horace and Pope; his chosen philosophers, Hobbs and Voltaire. He took his exercise and his fresh air under protest; and always walked the same distance to a yard, on the ugliest high-road in the neighborhood. He was crooked of back, and quick of temper. He could digest radishes, and sleep after green tea. His views of human nature were the views of Diogenes, tempered by Rochefoucault; his personal habits were slovenly in the last degree; and his favorite boast was, that he had outlived all human prejudices.

Such was this singular man in his more superficial aspects. What nobler qualities he might possess below the surface, no one had ever discovered. Mr. Vanstone, it is true, stoutly asserted that "Mr. Clare's worst side was his outside;" but in this expression of opinion he stood alone among his neighbors. The association between these two widely-dissimilar men had lasted for many years, and was almost close enough to be called a friendship. They had acquired a habit of meeting to smoke together on certain evenings in the week in the cynic-philosopher's study, and of there disputing on every imaginable subject—Mr. Vanstone flourishing the stout cudgels of assertion, and Mr. Clare meeting him with the keen-edged tools of sophistry. They generally quarreled at night, and met on the neutral ground of the shrubbery to be reconciled together the next morning. The bond of intercourse thus curiously established between them was strengthened on Mr. Vanstone's side by a hearty interest in his neighbor's three sons—an interest by which those sons benefited all the more importantly, seeing that one of the prejudices which their father had outlived was a prejudice in favor of his own children.

"I look at those boys," the philosopher was accustomed to say, "with a perfectly impartial eye; I dismiss the unimportant accident of their birth from all consideration, and I find them below the average in every respect. The only excuse which a poor gentleman has for presuming to exist in the nineteenth century is the excuse of extraordinary ability. My boys have been addle-headed from infancy. If I had any capital to give them, I should make Frank a butcher, Cecil a baker, and Arthur a grocer—those being the only human vocations I know of which are certain to be always in request. As it is, I have no money to help them with, and they have no brains to help themselves. They appear to me to be three human superfluities in dirty jackets and noisy boots; and, unless they clear themselves off the community by running away, I don't myself profess to see what is to be done with them."

Fortunately for the boys, Mr. Vanstone's views were still fast imprisoned in the ordinary prejudices. At his intercession, and through his influence, Frank, Cecil, and Arthur were received on the foundation of a well-reputed grammar-school. In holiday-time they were mercifully allowed the run of Mr. Vanstone's paddock, and were humanized and refined by association indoors with Mrs. Vanstone and her daughters. On these occasions Mr. Clare used sometimes to walk across from his cottage (in his dressing-gown and slippers), and look at the boys disparagingly, through the window or over the fence, as if they were three wild animals whom his neighbor was attempting to tame. "You and your wife are excellent people," he used to say to Mr. Vanstone. "I respect your honest prejudices in favor of these boys of mine with all my heart. But you are *so* wrong about them—you are indeed! I wish to give no offense; I speak quite impartially; but mark my words, Vanstone: they'll all three turn out ill, in spite of every thing you can do for them."

In later years, when Frank had reached the age of seventeen, the same curious shifting of the relative positions of parent and friend between the two neighbors was exemplified more absurdly than ever. A civil engineer in the north of England, who owed certain obligations to Mr. Vanstone, expressed his willingness to take Frank under superintendence on terms of the most favorable kind. When this proposal was received, Mr. Clare, as usual, first shifted his own character as Frank's father on Mr. Vanstone's shoulders—and then moderated his neighbor's parental enthusiasm from the point of view of an impartial spectator.

"It's the finest chance for Frank that could possibly have happened!" cried Mr. Vanstone, in a glow of fatherly enthusiasm.

"My good fellow, he won't take it," retorted Mr. Clare, with the icy composure of a disinterested friend.

"But he *shall* take it," persisted Mr. Vanstone.

"Say he shall have a mathematical head," rejoined Mr. Clare; "say he shall possess industry, ambition, and firmness of purpose. Pooh! pooh! you don't look at him with my impartial eyes. I say, No mathematics, no industry, no ambition, no firmness of purpose. Frank is a compound of negatives—and there they are."

"Hang your negatives!" shouted Mr. Vanstone. "I don't care a rush for negatives, or affirmatives either. Frank shall have this splendid chance; and I'll lay you any wager you like he makes the best of it."

"I am not rich enough to lay wagers usually," replied Mr. Clare; "but I think I have got a guinea about the house somewhere; and I'll lay you that guinea Frank comes back on our hands like a bad shilling."

"Done!" said Mr. Vanstone. "No: stop a minute! I won't do the lad's character the injustice of backing it at even money. I'll lay you five to one Frank turns up trumps in this business! You ought to be ashamed of yourself for talking of him as you do. What sort of hocus-pocus you bring it about by I don't pretend to know; but you always end in making me take his part, as if I was his father instead of you. Ah, yes! give you time, and you'll defend yourself. I won't give you time; I won't have any of your special-pleading. Black's white, according to you. I don't care: it's black for all that. You may talk nineteen to the dozen—I shall write to my friend, and say Yes, in Frank's interests, by to-day's post."

Such were the circumstances under which Mr. Francis Clare departed for the north of England, at the age of seventeen, to start in life as a civil engineer.

From time to time Mr. Vanstone's friend communicated with him on the subject of the new pupil. Frank was praised as a quiet, gentlemanlike, interesting lad—but he was also reported to be rather slow at acquiring the rudiments of engineering science. Other letters, later in date, described him as a little too ready to despond about himself; as having been sent away, on that account, to some new railway works, to see if change of scene would rouse him; and as having benefited in every respect by the experiment—except perhaps in regard to his professional studies, which still advanced but slowly. Subsequent communications announced his departure, under care of a trust-worthy foreman, for some public works in Belgium; touched on the general benefit he appeared to derive from this new change; praised his excellent manners and address, which were of great assistance in facilitating business communications with the foreigners—and passed over in ominous silence the main question of his actual progress in the acquirement of knowledge. These reports, and many others which resembled them, were all conscientiously presented by Frank's friend to the attention of Frank's father. On each occasion Mr. Clare exulted over Mr. Vanstone, and Mr. Vanstone quarreled with Mr. Clare. "One of these days you'll wish you hadn't laid that wager," said the cynic philosopher. "One of these days I shall have the blessed satisfaction of pocketing your guinea," cried the sanguine friend. Two years had then passed since Frank's departure. In one year more results asserted themselves, and settled the question.

Two days after Mr. Vanstone's return from London he was called away from the breakfast table before he had found time enough to look over his letters, delivered by the morning's post. Thrusting them into one of the pockets of his shooting-jacket, he took the letters out again, at one grasp, to read them when occasion served later in the day. The grasp included the whole correspondence, with one exception—that exception being a final report from the civil engineer, which notified the termination of the connection between his pupil and himself, and the immediate return of Frank to his father's house.

While this important announcement lay unsuspected in Mr. Vanstone's pocket, the object of it was traveling home as fast as railways could take him. At half past ten at night, while Mr. Clare was sitting in studious solitude over his books and his green tea, with his favorite black cat to keep him company, he heard footsteps in the passage—the door opened—and Frank stood before him.

Ordinary men would have been astonished. But the philosopher's composure was not to be shaken by any such trifle as the unexpected return of his eldest son. He could not have looked up more calmly from his learned volume if Frank had been absent for three minutes instead of three years.

"Exactly what I predicted," said Mr. Clare. "Don't interrupt me by making explanations; and don't frighten the cat. If there is any thing to eat in the kitchen, get it and go to bed. You can walk over to Combe-Raven to-morrow, and give this message from me to Mr. Vanstone: 'Father's compliments, Sir, and I have come back on your hands like a bad shilling, as he always said I should. He keeps his own guinea, and takes your five; and he hopes you'll mind what he says to you another time.' That is the message. Shut the door after you. Good-night."

Under these unfavorable auspices Mr. Francis Clare made his appearance the next morning in the grounds at Combe-Raven; and, something doubtful of the reception that might await him, slowly approached the precincts of the house.

It was not wonderful that Magdalen should have failed to recognize him when he first appeared in view. He had gone away a backward lad of seventeen; he returned a young man of twenty. His slim figure had now acquired strength and grace, and had increased in stature to the medium height. The small, regular features, which he was supposed to have inherited from his mother, were rounded and filled out, without having lost their remarkable delicacy of form. His beard was still in its infancy, and nascent lines of whisker traced their modest way sparely down his cheeks. His gentle, wandering brown eyes would have looked to better advantage in a woman's face—they wanted spirit and firmness to fit them for the face of a man. His hands had the same wandering habit as his eyes; they were constantly changing from one position to another, constantly twisting and turning any little stray thing they could pick up. He was undeniably handsome, graceful, well-bred; but no close observer could look at him without suspecting that the stout old family stock had begun to wear out in the later generations, and that Mr. Francis Clare had more in him of the shadow of his ancestors than of the substance.

When the astonishment caused by his appearance had partially subsided a search was instituted for the missing report. It was found in the remotest recesses of Mr. Vanstone's capacious pocket, and was read by that gentleman on the spot.

The plain facts, as stated by the engineer, were briefly these. Frank was not possessed of the necessary abilities to fit him for his new calling, and it was useless to waste time by keeping him any longer in an employment for which he had no vocation. This, after three years' trial, being the conviction on both sides, the master had thought it the most straightforward course for the pupil to go home, and candidly place results before his father and his friends. In some other pursuit, for which he was more fit and in which he could feel an interest, he would no doubt display the industry and perseverance which he had been too much discouraged to practice in the profession that he had now abandoned. Personally, he was liked by all who knew him; and his future prosperity was heartily desired by the many friends whom he had made in the north. Such was the substance of the report, and so it came to an end.

Many men would have thought the engineer's statement rather too carefully worded; and, suspecting him of trying to make the best of a bad case, would have entertained serious doubts on the subject of Frank's future. Mr. Vanstone was too easy-tempered and sanguine—and too anxious as well, not to yield his old antagonist an inch more ground than he could help—to look at the letter from any such unfavorable point of view. Was it Frank's fault if he had not got the stuff in him that engineers were made of? Did no other young men ever begin life with a false start? Plenty began in that way, and got over it, and did wonders afterward. With these commentaries on the letter the kind-hearted gentleman patted Frank on the shoulder. "Cheer up, my lad!" said Mr. Vanstone. "We will be even with your father one of these days, though he *has* won the wager this time!"

The example thus set by the master of the house was followed at once by the family—with the solitary exception of Norah, whose incurable formality and reserve expressed themselves, not too graciously, in her distant manner toward the the visitor. The rest, led by Magdalen (who

had been Frank's favorite play-fellow in past times), glided back into their old easy habits with him without an effort. He was "Frank" with all of them but Norah, who persisted in addressing him as "Mr. Clare." Even the account he was now encouraged to give of the reception accorded to him by his father on the previous night, failed to disturb Norah's gravity. She sat with her dark handsome face steadily bent over her eyes cast down, and the rich color in her cheeks warmer and deeper than usual. All the rest, Miss Garth included, found old Mr. Clare's speech of welcome to his son quite irresistible. The noise and merriment were at their height when the servant announced to them the whole party dumb by the announcement of visitors in the drawing-room, Mr. Marrable, Mrs. Marrable, and Miss Marrable, of Marrable Lodge, Clifton."

Norah rose, as readily as if the new arrivals had been a relief to her mind. Mrs. Vanstone was the next to leave her chair. These two went away first to receive the visitors. Magdalen, who preferred the society of her father and Frank, pleaded hard to be left behind; but Miss Garth, after granting five minutes' grace, took her into custody and marched her out of the room. Frank rose to take leave.

"No, no," said Mr. Vanstone, detaining him. "Don't go. These people won't stop long. Mr. Marrable's a merchant at Bristol. I have no influence or trace when the girls forced me to take them to see Clifton. Mere commonplaces—nothing more. Come and smoke a cigar in the green-house. Hang all visitors—they worry one's life out. I'll register at the door to-morrow with an apology; and you shall follow me at a safe distance, and be a proof that I was really engaged."

Proposing this ingenious stratagem, in a confidential whisper, Mr. Vanstone took Frank's arm and led him round the house by the back way. The first ten minutes of seclusion in the conservatory passed without any sense of time. At the end of that time a flying figure in bright garments flashed upon the two gentlemen through the glass—the door was flung open—flower-pots fell in homage to passing petticoats—and Mr. Vanstone's only daughter ran up to him in a heap, a heaving bosom, with every external appearance of having suddenly taken leave of her senses.

"Papa! the dream of my whole life is realized," she said, as soon as she could speak. "I shall fly through the roof of the house, papa, if somebody doesn't hold me down. The Marrables were here with an invitation, and—you darling—guess what they're going to give at Evergreen Lodge!"

"A ball, my dear," Mr. Vanstone, without a moment's hesitation.

"Private Theatricals!!!" cried Magdalen, her clear young voice ringing through the conservatory like a bell; her loose sleeves falling back, and showing her round white arms as far as the elbows as she clapped her hands ecstatically in the air. "The Rivals is the play, papa—the Rivals by the famous what-his-name—and you must see to it! The one thing in the whole universe that I long to do most. It all rests with you. Mamma shakes her head; and Miss Garth looks daggers; and Norah's as sulky as usual—but if you say Yes, they must all bow one way and let me do as I like. Say yes," she pleaded, nestling shyly up to her father and pressing her lips with a fond gentleness to his ear, as she whispered the next words. "Say Yes—and I'll be a good girl for the rest of my life."

"A good girl?" repeated Mr. Vanstone—"A mad girl I think you must mean. Hang these people and their theatricals! I shall have to go indoors and see about this matter. Frank, you throw away your cigar, Frank. You're well out of the business, and you can stop here."

"No, no," said Magdalen. "He's in the business too."

Mr. Francis Clare had hitherto remained modestly in the back-ground. He now came forward, with a face expressive of speechless amazement.

"Yes," continued Magdalen, answering his blank look of inquiry with perfect composure. "You are to act. Miss Marrable and I have a turn for business, and we settled it all in five minutes. There are two parts in the play to be filled. One is Lucy, the waiting-maid, which is the character I have undertaken—with papa's permission," she added, slyly squeezing her father's arm; and he won't say No, will he? First, because he's a darling—and then because I love him and he loves me; thirdly, because there is never any difference of opinion between us (is there?); fourthly, because I'm a fool—a kiss, which naturally stops his mouth and settles the whole question. Dear me, how I'm running on. Where was I just now? Oh yes! explaining myself to Frank—"

"I beg your pardon," began Frank, attempting, at this point, to enter his protest.

"The second character in the piece," pursued Magdalen, without taking the smallest notice of the protest, "is Faikland—a jealous lover, with a fine flow of language. Miss Marrable and I discussed Faikland privately on the window-seat while the rest were talking. She is a delightful girl—so impulsive, so sensible, so entirely unaffected. She confided in me. She said, 'One of our misfortunes is that we can't find a gentleman who will grapple with the hideous difficulties of Faikland.' Of course I soothed her. Of course I said, 'I've got the gentleman, and he shall grapple immediately.'—Oh, Heavens! who is he?'—Mr. Francis Clare.'—And where is he?' —In the house at this moment.'—'Will you be so very charming, Miss Vanstone, as to fetch him?'—'I'll fetch him, dear, directly.' That is the greatest pleasure.' I left the window-seat—I flashed into the morning-room—and found Clare—I followed the smell—and here I am."

"It's a compliment, I know, to be asked to act," said Frank, in great embarrassment. "But I hope you and Miss Marrable will excuse me—"

"Certainly not. Miss Marrable and I are both remarkable for the firmness of our characters. When we say Mr. So-and-So is positively to act the part of Faikland, we positively mean it. Come in, and be introduced."

"But I never tried to act. "I don't know how."

"Not of the slightest consequence. If you don't know how, come to me, and I'll teach you."

"You?" exclaimed Mr. Vanstone. "What do you know about acting?"

"Pray, papa, be serious! I have the strongest internal conviction that I could act every single character in the piece. Frank, you shall let me have to speak a second time, Frank. Come and be introduced."

She took her father's arm, and moved with him to the door of the green-house. At the door she stopped, and looked round to see if Frank was following her. It was only the action of a moment; but in that moment her natural confidence in her own fascinations strengthened itself with the influence of her beauty—communicated—and conquered. She knew lovely: the flush was tenderly bright in her cheeks; the radiant pleasure shone and sparkled in her eyes; the gesture of her figure turned suddenly from the waist upward, disclosed its delicate strength in the supple firmness, and gave it irresistible seductive grace. "Come!" she said, with a coquettish beckoning action of her head. "Come, Frank."

Few men of forty would have resisted her at that moment. Frank was twenty last birthday. In other words, he threw away his cigar, and followed her out of the green-house.

Mr. Vanstone, and others of his class—in the estimation of the world—are the last persons to be consulted with the private theatricals in which their children delight. Accordingly, he stopped again; plucked a twig from a plant near him; threw it away in his hand; looked about him uneasily, on this side and on that. The path to the left led back to his father's cottage. The path to the right led to—Norah.

While he still hesitated Mr. Vanstone and his daughter reached the top of the steps. Once more Magdalen looked round; looked with her most brilliant smile—and—all-conquering—spoke. She beckoned again; and again he followed her up the steps, and over the threshold. The door closed on them.

So, with a trifling gesture of invitation on one side, with a trifling act of compliance on the other, the interview which was to change his life, no thought in hers, of the secret still hidden under the journey to London—they took the way which leads to the discovery, through many a darker winding that was yet to come.

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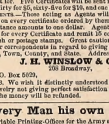
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A THRILLING SCENE IN EAST TENNESSEE—COLONEL FRY AND THE UNION MEN SWEARING BY THE FLAG.—[See Page 193.]

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SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862.

PROGRESS OF VICTORY.

ISLAND No. 10 is ours! It couldn't stand Commodore Foote's mortar-shelling, and seems to have surrendered after only a single firing, abandoning to us quantities of stores, guns, ammunition, etc., which the rebels can not replace. And the garrison escaped, if they did escape, remains to be ascertained. Thus falls the second rebel strong-hold on the Mississippi.

The next is Randolph, which Commodore Foote will probably have assailed before this paper reaches the public eye. But meanwhile we have authentic intelligence that General Smith and M'Clernand are at Savannah, Tennessee, in the rear of Memphis and below Randolph, with the victorious army from Fort Donelson, probably 30,000 strong. Thus Randolph is flanked as Columbus was, and if the garrison fight successfully there, their only line of flight will be off. Will they not deem it wise to anticipate the inevitable event by another evacuation? And if they do, will not Memphis follow the example of Nashville before another week elapses?

At the hour we write, Commodore Foster, with a powerful battery of mortar and gun boats, is thundering at the gates of New Orleans. What resistance he will meet no one can tell. One account states that every gun-boat but the Mississippi is under arms, drilling daily under the traitor Mansfield Lovell, late of New York. Another says that there are not fifteen left to man the Baton Rouge. It is stated that the rebels have one or two iron-clad rams there, which may, perhaps, if they are ready, contest the passage of three of the gun-boats. But of the final result of the attack there can be no reasonable doubt. New Orleans, like Nashville and Memphis, will object to be shelled, and early in April, if not late in March, Foster and Porter will make himself under the glorious old flag in the Lower Mississippi.

Of movements nearer home it is not quite safe to speak. General Joe Johnston has fallen back upon a new defensive line along the Rappahannock and Rapidan, and is waiting to be attacked. GENERAL M'CLELLAN is not pleased with an army which must be fully double that of Johnston, and is choosing his point of attack. Where that point will be, a few days will decide. The public may rest assured that it will not be where the rebels expect it.

A leading foreign critic, describing the position of the hostile armies three months ago, PRONOUNCED THE LINE FROM NORFOLK, THROUGH MANASSAS AND BOWLING GREEN TO COLUMBUS PERFECTLY IMPREGNABLE, and predicted that every attack made by GENERAL M'CLELLAN upon that line would fail. He also declared that stronger than the famous Italian Quadrilateral. If any one had told him that within three months from that time MANASSAS, BOWLING GREEN, and Columbus would be abandoned by the rebels without firing a gun, and that the garrisons would be scattering in dismay, without arms and without stores, throughout the South, he would probably have been less surprised than he will be to hear that the General-in-chief's genius has contrived these results is being savagely and brutally abused for his incompetency by the *New York Tribune*.

M'CLELLAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

THE following is an extract from an Order of the Day issued by General M'Clellan from Fairfax Court House on 14th instant:

SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC!

For a long time I have kept you inactive, but not without a purpose. You were to be disciplined, armed, and instructed. The formidable artillery you now have had to be created. A new base of operations was to be secured, certain results. I have told you back that you might give this daily labor to the rebellion that has distracted our once happy country.

The patience you have shown, and your confidence in your General, are worth a dozen victories. Those preliminary results are now accomplished. I feel that the patient labors of many months have produced their fruit. The Army of the Potomac is now a real army, magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction, and excellently equipped and armed. Your commanders are all that I could wish. The moment for action has arrived, and I know that I can trust in you to save our country. As I ride through your ranks I see in your faces the unconquerable spirit of victory and the determination to conquer or die. The period of inaction has passed. I will bring you now face to face with the rebels, and only prove that God may defend the right!

These words will thrill the heart of every soldier on the Potomac. GENERAL M'CLELLAN, Jeon, is a believer in the efficacy of military eloquence: his addresses to his soldiers, from his first march into Western Virginia, are the true lyrics of the war. If you wish to ascertain wherein true eloquence consists, compare his addresses with the speeches and proclamations of Joe Johnson the rebel, "General" Howell Cobb, and the other military propagandists of slavery.

Last year the soldiers of the army of the Potomac should be so weak of heart and mind as to be misled from the path of duty by the shamefully mad atrocious attacks upon General M'Clellan which have garnished one or two despicable newspapers published in this city, the Major-General Commanding could not have done it.

In whatever direction you may move, however strange my actions may appear to you, ever bear in mind that my first duty is to the army, and then to the flag. Any thing where I know you wish to be—on the decisive battle-field. It is my business to place you there.

I shall demand of you great, heroic exertion, rapid and long marches, desperate combats, privations perhaps. We will share them together, and when this vital war is over we will all return to our homes, and feel that we can ask the highest honor that the grateful countrymens that we belonged to the Army of the Potomac.

These brief, manly sentences fulfill the highest requirements of military eloquence. A single manswarable argument disposes of the cavaliers who have assailed M'Clellan with the weapon of their own ignorance; the closing appeal will rouse whatever is manly and noble and truly heroic in the breast of his troops.

None of Napoleon's proclamations formed "Orders" reveals a higher order of genius, or promises better results than this Address of General M'Clellan's.

If he can fight as well as he writes, the Army of the Potomac will win imperishable glory.

THE KEY TO RUSSELL.

THE following letter is worth perusal:

WASHINGTON, March 16, 1862.

YOUR NEW YORK paper of to-day's issue had on Russell, of the *London Times*, for his mistakes about this country and the contest now raging, which has attended his predictions. Yet I venture to say that the Doctor has been more sinned against than sinning. He is a genial, whole-souled Irishman, fond of good company, good liquor, and racy fun; as a writer, possessed of considerable descriptive power and a thorough mastery of British newspaper slang; withal, not much given to do his own thinking, and a good judge of whom he can get imbued with the faculty of omitting the acts of facts and notions, or finding the reasons for the events he witnesses. He is by trade a reporter, and a very good one. His misfortune has been that when he has been sent out to look at the elephant he has never known what to report, and has been the victim of any one who chose to impose upon him. He has been the victim of JEFF DAVIS and his rebel foreign bunkers, New York club men, and that exquisite circle of semi-civilized Washington celebrities are so notorious, and who have no more understanding of or influence over the American mind than the Hottentots of Africa. The fact is, that they undoubtedly believed—that the Union war game, and that the North would not fight. And he, poor man, wrote the whole to the *Times* to appear side by side with the accounts of the Great Exhibition.

On his return from the South, warned by previous experience, he refused to be interviewed by copolic, and established his head-quarters here. Through the influence of Lord Lyons and some of the foreign ministers, he was introduced into some of our "best society," and from that time to this we have rarely been able to inspect the London *Times*, and many whole sentences in his recent letters he has picked up in conversation here.

You must consider that the institution is almost as Southern a city as Charleston. Though the number of slaves actually held here is small, the influence of that institution, socially, is as great as if resided here, wholly or in part, for the past ten or fifteen years. There is no doubt in the minds of all of the Union is the slavery interest stronger, in good society, than in the Federal Capital. It is disreputable, in our leading circles, to object to that institution. In the estimation of our good families in Southern society a gentleman is decidedly unmannerly who does not treat his principles, decidedly in favor of the South in the present contest. One of the most respectable negroes admirably with those of the leading families, is Mr. Secretary SEWARD, and no better friends any where than M. Mercier, who represents France, and M. Stoeckel, who represents Russia. These gentlemen have had the best illumination of the rebels, and in their contemptuous pity for the deluded North. They were certain, before the affair at Fort Donelson, that the North could win no victory, and wrote as much to their courts. So did other foreign ministers. The whole feeling of the diplomatic corps has been so emphatically hostile to the United States that a man who was invited to a diplomatic dinner came away convinced that it was all up with the country, and that Europe was going to recognize the rebels early next morning.

Here you have the key to poor Bombastes' nonsense. He has merely repeated what he has heard any time these six or eight months in diplomatic and fashionable circles in this city.

It was in the power of General M'Clellan and the President to set him right; but they had other fish to fry. I suppose they are very sorry for him. Seward is, I'm sure!

THE LOUNGER.

AGITATION.

"It is very easy to say that slavery caused the rebellion. But why didn't you let slavery alone? Why were you always agitating? Why were you forever roaring and raving about slavery, which was none of your business?"

Such is the secret question of many honest minds. But if they were as intelligent as they are honest they would ask it. *For slavery would always have been let alone by the country if it had let the country alone.* It had been content with its own proposition, that it was a local and a State institution, the country, confident that the Slave States would gradually be compelled to provide for its peaceful extinction, would have pitied and defended, but it would not have divided politically upon the question.

But when slavery, claiming, on one side, for immunity, that it was a State affair, and on the other, for aggression, that it was established and protected by the National Constitution—in pursuance of that claim precipitated upon the side of New York the law of New York forbidding it—sought to corrupt the Territories, and to force upon a reluctant free white labor—and picked a quarrel with Mexico, and tried to pick another with Spain to get more slave and more slave-territory, with consequent preferred slave-representation in Congress—to wield the most enormous political power in the Supreme Court decisive, without any case to decide, that slavery was lawful wherever the Constitution touched it, the country said: "We must conquer slavery, or slavery will conquer us.

The laboring men—who are the great mass of the people—knowing that by their superior numbers they and their children must look for homes to the fertile fields of the Western Territories, saw that slavery disputed the ground; that the great slave-holders would engross vast estates to be cultured with slave labor, and that their land ind hand upon their bread-and-butter. The common sense of the laboring men in the country saw that the slave-holders meant to fill their places in the new States with slaves. Consequently the slavery politicians of the North and the South vainly labelled themselves hoarse about State Rights, that the Territories, like negroes, and their fitness to be slaves, and the workingmen and abolitionists who wanted to bring slaves to the North to fill up the free States, and that for the mass of the people instinctively answered, "If it is a State affair, let it stay at home in the States: if the negroes are inferior, and born to be slaves, poor devils! we are sorry for them, but it's none of our business; if the South will secede for the wicked abolitionists, why, is it any wickeder to fill our places with black men in the old States than in the new? It was trying to get hold of our future houses, and to disgrace the labor by which we live." And in every case the people, by overwhelming tremendous majorities, the transparent trick of slavery.

And so because slavery would not let the country alone, but was forever agitating it by frantic efforts to engross the United States limits, that the nation could not let it alone. When you have a wolf alone that is smelling about your child's cradle—when you have a disease alone that is creeping the springs of your life—then you may look to see a free people letting slavery alone when it is trying to take to itself one out of three States, as well as to deprive them of political rights. For the will obeys the strongest motive, and that supports the universal despotism of slavery, and its right to go wherever it chooses, is the same party which tries to destroy the right of property of the condition of the slave to that of the free black at the North, of a free laborer in England, in order to establish its logical premise that capital ought to own labor.

Let the fairly understood, then, that if slavery had not agitated there would have been no agitation. The whole question of black men and the justice of the system in any State of the Union would have been tolerated by the people of the other States, so long as the slaves were not imported, and so long as their rights were not threatened, as polygamy is tolerated in Turkey, or cannibalism in the Feejee Islands. But when the country saw that the rights, at the labor, at the very existence of free citizens were within the limits of those States, it did just what they would do if the Turks should go to every house and seize as concubines, or the Feejee savages to eat their children for dessert. Slavery had stealthily struck at the country for years. It boldly struck at it openly. In 1860 it put its heel upon it. In 1870 slavery will be a dried relic.

TO A FRIEND IN BALTIMORE.

THE preceding remarks will be accepted by a courteous friend who writes to the Lounger, and signs himself "A Loyal Union man, but conservative," as partly a reply to his letter. The letter is candid and calm. The writer will understand that it is not possible to publish communications in this column, but will doubtless concede that the following is a fair summary of his points:

The letter is suggested by an article of the Lounger in No. 271, March 8, to the effect that henceforth either slavery or its agitation must be suppressed; and that, as the latter is impossible, the former must go to the wall.

The writer says that he holds no slaves, and means to own none; yet he is sure that an effort suddenly to abolish slavery in the most moderate and gradual manner, would lead to civil war, making both races in these States.

He would be glad to see some reasonable plan of gradual abolition in his own State. He says: "If slavery is to be removed there is no way for it, consistent with humanity and justice, but by first providing that all slaves born after that day shall be free on arriving at 21 or 25 years, for if males, at 21, if females. By this gradual mode, alone could there be preserved to the blacks the habit of labor. As one or more States became free, the slaves from him, yet in servitude, his relatives and friends, and would be induced by their example to continue to work. If slavery is ever removed, the moral must begin in the most Northern of the Slave States, and its mode must be gradual; but no interference from without will ever bring it to pass. On the contrary, we know that the abolitionists, however well-meaning they may be, are practically the slave's worst enemies. As an objection to the proposed amendment, it may be said by the immediate abolitionist that, so soon as gradual emancipation was determined upon, many of the slaves would run away, and thus deprived of all advantage from the measure; but this difficulty would, of course, be provided against by the law of emancipation."

He then protests most earnestly against agitation outside of the Slave States, as likely to delay the result.

He complains of the Lounger's statement that Fort M'Henry is the secret of the quiet of Baltimore as harsh, unmerited, untrue, and impolitic. The writer cannot be accused of any disloyal intent in her present position the writer does deny."

In reply, the Lounger will say that if this impending and inevitable discussion could be conducted in the spirit of this letter, we should all be content.

The writer and the Lounger are evidently agreed as to the general question.

As to the method of achieving the result, the writer will observe that the Lounger has not said that immediate and unconditional emancipation is desirable.

And as to agitation, the writer of the letter will find its answer in the preceding article.

The people of the free States, intelligent and obedient to law and good precedent, when they saw the tendency and efforts of slavery, as a political power and industrial system, sought to arrest them by every peaceful means of legislation, by maintaining the Government, they intended, by preventing its perversion, to establish liberty and not slavery as the national policy. The most peaceful, lawful process—according to the spirit and letter of the Constitution—to the ballot-box, discussion, and to progressive civilization. The constitutional majority of the country intended nothing unlawful, nothing unconstitutional, nothing by force or party. They believed that the Constitution was a charter of liberty, and not of slavery and despotism, and that the fair operation of the Government secured every right. With the system of slavery in the States they had no desire to interfere legally. Although slavery had been tearing the country to pieces in the vain effort to establish its supremacy. This perfectly lawful, peaceful policy of the great honest mass of the people, was entirely understood by the abettors of the Rebellion when they began their supervised bond upon the institution, and therefore the Southern attack at Sumter, and that the Democratic party at the North would be more partisan than patriotic. When the smoke of Sumter cannon cleared away they saw that they had failed. Henceforward their doom was only a question of time.

Now a nation that has been roused to political action by the aggression of slavery—that has voted out of power every party that has been formed by the military rebellion of slavery to lead itself with a stupendous force, and to overthrow and bolster of its loyal citizens across a continent, will be eager submit to the dictation and domination of slavery, not will it have any fear that slavery will gain money for nothing. Henceforth the agitation which the Lounger has spoken of for its extension and domination must cease, and henceforth the nation will certainly secure that result, or it will yield to the rebellion.

The Border States will decide as their wisdom suggests. They will encounter no unfair, no unreasonable, no unconstitutional opposition. Thousands of men in those States have been faithful, and true to the end, even if they have accepted the numerical majority, the working minority has been able to vest Tennessee temporarily from the Union, and to blood-stain border States with fire and blood, and that those States have been held in the Union, not by their own efforts, but by United States volunteers. The people of those States will see that slavery, whether right or wrong, generates rebellion, and that so long as they retain slavery, so long they will be the battle-field. If, then, they wish to be at the cause of trouble, their nation offers to help them. If they prefer that their field shall still be battle-fields, they will so decide. If, with Mr. Secretary, of Kentucky, they should favor the rebellion rather than to listen to any emancipation even upon their own terms, the struggle will be prolonged and embittered, but the event must be the same.

If our able Lounger's courteous and candid correspondent in Baltimore will do all that he can to repress the efforts of slavery to convulse the country by seeking to extend itself, and within his own State will vigorously agitate for some wise system of emancipation, he will be doing a patriotic duty. But manifestly, while slavery continues to threaten the people of the Free States politically, industrially, and with arms, those people must defend themselves in every possible way; and a most agitated agitation is inevitable until peace is not only conquered but secured.

CORRECTION WANTED.

The other evening there was a large meeting at the Cooper Institute, and the name of Mr. Bancroft, the historian, was published the next morning as one of the Vice-Presidents. The following day the papers published Mr. Bancroft's disclaimer. He was neither at the meeting, nor had he allowed the use of his name.

This is an abuse which needs correction. Half of the public meetings in this city derive their weight and influence from the names of their officers. They are printed conspicuously and read every where, and stand as sponsors of the sentiments and action of the meeting.

Now when the meeting is intended to support a decided policy or to express strong convictions, nothing can be unfairer toward an individual, or more futile for the purpose of the meeting, than to use a man's name without his consent. For if the affair be of the least importance he will publicly resent the unhandsome familiarity by disclaiming all connection with the meeting. Whereupon the conclusion is inevitable that other names may have been used in the same manner, although the persons do not choose to expose the matter, and an air of doubt and weakness is thrown over the whole thing.

Mr. Bancroft does not live in any inaccessible quarter of the city; and if his name be desirable to give dignity to a meeting why not ask his consent? Even if he would give his name, if you asked him, he might very properly resent the use of it otherwise, because he knows as well as you that his name is thought useful or it would not be taken—and he, like every other man, is to decide when it shall be used.

A famous clergyman once saw his name upon a poster as a speaker at some meeting, and he went to the Committee and told them to take it off. They apologized—and left it on. The meeting was large—and all the larger from the hope of hearing the clergyman. By-and-by the President rose and said that he was very sorry to announce that, although they had expected the reverend brother, he was unfortunately unable to be present. "Not at all," cried a loud voice from the rear of the church, and the audience rose and turned in amazement, while the voice continued: "I am the reverend brother in question, and I am here; but I told the Committee that I could not speak, and that they must take off my name. Now I *am* going to speak, and I say that the use of my name under the circumstances is a swindle." The reverend brother said more, but that is enough.

The simple rule is that, if you want a man's name to help you or your cause, go and ask him if you may have it.

DON'T FORGET THE NUMBER.

In a great city, while every body is sure that every thing can be found, the great difficulty is to find it. Even those who live in it are perplexed; but the case seems hopeless for those who live away from town in the country. This hardship is felt as much in the matter of books as in any other. Valuable books are constantly published upon every subject. But very few of them are known to any one who is not in the habit of reading book advertisements, and of these the number that any one has the time or chance to read is very small. Then the valuable books are often issued in small editions. They go out of print. They cease to appear in advertisements or in the book shops, and are laid away in those fascinating catacombs, "old book" shops. There they may be found in comely form, in various bindings, and if a really ancient book, in the several editions.

Now all over the country, in quiet and remote places, where such a paper as this finds its way, there are plenty of persons who suddenly begin some special study. They do not even know what books they want, nor where they can be found. They only know that it is somewhere in the city. But how shall they find out what the book is, where it is, how much it costs, and what other books may be had upon the subject?

Or another man wants a new volume of history, or a certain late novel, or book of travels. How is he to find out all about it? How is he to get it and pay for it?

This is precisely the question that Mr. Walter Low, at the Publishers' Circular Office, No. 39 Walker Street, New York, proposes to answer. He will send any book wanted by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States under 3000 miles, if you will only send the price in coin, United States stamps, or Eastern bills. And if you do not happen to know the price, he will send you any information about any book if you will send a stamp for the reply.

This he will do, and do willingly and well; and this Lounger informs the great lounging, reading, and studying fraternity all over the land, that he says it with full knowledge. Mr. Low's education has been among books. It is his business to know *about* them, as well as to know them; and when he says that he will send the book or the information you want, you may be sure that he will do what he says.

QUARRELING.

We have taken no part in the quarrel about General M'Clellan. The bitter dispute about General Frémont last autumn—the furious letters—the slanderous reports—the silly stories—all served to convince any candid man that to assert any decided conviction upon such kind of testimony was the height of folly.

What was true of Frémont is no less true of M'Clellan. As we said then that General Frémont had yet to show that he was a great military leader, so we say now of General M'Clellan. But as we said then, there was no proof that Frémont was not equal to his task, so we say now of the Potomac General.

With the vehement party denunciation of M'Clellan no honest [illegible] sympathy. This Lounger has certainly very positive opinions about the cause and cure of this rebellion. But it would be rather a violent inference for him to make, that a man who did not agree with his view was therefore a poor military chief; and it would surely be very unfair for him to explain every military movement that he could not comprehend by the hypothesis of incapacity or treachery. The justice that it was only fair to demand for Frémont shall certainly be accorded to M'Clellan in this column.

One thing of course is clear: if the rebels stole away from Manassas unknown to M'Clellan, the retreat outgeneraled him; because, even if he contemplated a retreat upon their part, to save his military skill he must consciously compel them to it. On the other hand, if he knew that they must retreat, the question is naturally asked why he did not fall upon them in the act.

Yet no one of us is in a condition to answer these questions, simply because we do not know the facts. We may assume a certain state of things, and it may prove to be correct; but it is rather hard to make a man's good name suffer until we know that it is so. For instance, the question is constantly asked, Why was not the rebel army of the Potomac attacked in December? Now this question is asked by those who can not possibly know, but who assume a certain condition of affairs. We can easily enough rebut one speculation by another.

On the 1st of August M'Clellan assumed command of the army. It appears by the President's War Order that he had a supervision of the whole line. The army was to collect, drill, and organize; it was to be equipped in every way; arms were to be made, every thing was to be done, and every thing was subordinated to one condition, namely, that the rebellion must be virtually suppressed by May or June of this year. Is it not, then, perfectly conceivable that under all these circumstances the plan of campaign adopted was to prepare the whole line, then to strike at every point, and push straight forward to final victory? And is it not clear that it was incompatible with this plan to strike prematurely, even if successfully, in any single part? Suppose we had dispersed them at Manassas, and they had sent their army round to the West, to carry the war into Indiana and Illinois?

M'Clellan may be an incompetent General—but did not Frémont seem so to those who did not know the facts when Lyon fell and Lexington surrendered? They have each a genius for silence. Frémont has survived his slanderers—let us hope that M'Clellan will survive his.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"There are people," says Mrs. Partington, "who can bathe with perfect impurity in water as cold as Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strands; but, as for me, I prefer to bathe in water that's a leetle torpid."

Professor Drycuss, of California, was sitting with his wife in the observatory at San Francisco the other day, when Madam Professor stumped him by remarking:

"My dear, do you know that some of these nasty Chinamen put me more in mind of calves than human beings?"

"Eh! what?" said the Professor, pricking up his ears, as he first looked at the group of traveling Chinamen, and then at his best beloved; "what do you mean, Madam? Chinese like calves! pooh—pooh!"

"Not all, Professor," replied Mrs. D., "only those that come from Macao" (pronounced "Macow"); and the little woman looked up quizzically in his face.

"Martha," rejoined the Professor, as he looked smilingly down upon his better half, "that was a horrible 'bull!'"

A gentleman having lately been called on to subscribe to a course of lectures, declined, "because," said he, "my wife gives me a lecture every night for nothing."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, March 11, in the Senate, Senator Sumner asked to be discharged from further consideration of proposed relief to Ireland and matters connected with the *Trent* affair. Notice was given of a bill to allow foreign vessels to carry the California mails. A resolution was introduced instructing the Naval Committee to inquire into the circumstances connected with the recent naval engagement at Fortress Monroe. The bill providing for the confiscation of the property of persons resisting the laws and authority of the republic was taken up, when Senator Carlile, of Virginia, addressed the Senate at length in opposition to it. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, offered an amendment to the Confiscation bill, which was ordered to be printed, when the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a resolution was introduced, and referred to the Committee of the Whole House, providing for the establishment of foundries at Chicago, Illinois; Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and Poughkeepsie, New York; for an armory and arsenal at Columbus, Ohio; for a saltpetre and powder dépôt at Indianapolis, Indiana, and for powder-mills at Trenton, New Jersey. A bill was introduced for the establishment of navy-yards at our Northern lake-ports. The regular order, the resolution in favor of assisting States in the emancipation of slaves, in accordance with the recommendation of the President's late special Message, was taken up. Amendments were offered by different members, and a long and very interesting debate took place. A vote was finally taken, and the resolution was adopted by eighty-eight yeas to thirty-one nays.

On Wednesday, March 12, in the Senate, petitions were presented from citizens of Kentucky in opposition to emancipation. The resolution for the expulsion of Senator Powell, of Kentucky, was reported back from the Judiciary Committee, with the recommendation that it should not be adopted. A joint resolution of thanks to Lieutenant Worden, commander of the *Monitor* in the recent naval engagement near Fortress Monroe, and the sailors under his command, was introduced and laid over. A bill was also introduced to repeal all laws preventing foreign vessels carrying the mails between New York and Aspinwall. The House resolution of co-operation with the President's Special Message, in favor of aiding States which desire to emancipate their slaves, was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The bill to authorize the Secretary of War to accept financial aid from State Governments was passed. The bill defining the pay of the army was taken up, discussed at length, and finally passed. The bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was debated, and several amendments to it were adopted, but the Senate adjourned without reaching a vote on the subject.——In the House, a resolution of thanks to Mr. Ericsson, the builder of the mail-clad battery *Monitor*, Lieutenant Worden, her commander, and her officers and crew, was introduced and referred to the Naval Committee. The District of Columbia Committee reported a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District, which was sent back to that committee by the House. The Territorial Committee reported a bill providing for Territorial governments for the rebellious States, which caused some debate, and was finally laid on the table. A bill providing a temporary government for Arizona was reported to the House. The Tax bill was then taken up in the Committee of the Whole House, when an extended and animated debate took place, which was participated in principally by Messrs. Bingham, of Ohio, and Wadsworth, of Kentucky, the discussion being made to bear principally on the slavery question. Without coming to a decision the committee rose and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, March 13, in the Senate, the Naval Committee were instructed to prepare some fitting notice of the bravery of seaman John Davis, whose conduct was recently alluded to in terms of praise by Commodore Dupont in his official report. A resolution of inquiry of the Secretary of the Navy, with regard to the removal of the Naval Academy from Annapolis, Maryland, to Newport, Rhode Island, was offered by Senator Kennedy. The Senate voted thanks to Commodore Foote, of the Western flotilla, and Lieutenant Worden, of the mail-clad steamer *Monitor*, and the officers and men under them, for their recent brilliant exploits. The resolution for the expulsion of Senator Powell, of Kentucky, was taken up, and Senator Davis, of Kentucky, spoke at length in favor of it. He was interrupted by Senator Powell; but, without deciding the question, the Senate went into executive session, and subsequently adjourned.——In the House, the thanks of the republic were voted to General Curtis and his officers and men for gallant conduct in their recent engagement with the rebels, and sympathy for the friends and relatives of the loyal slain was expressed. The National Tax bill was then taken up, in Committee of the Whole House, and a long debate ensued, consuming the greater portion of the day's session and being participated in by various members. An amendment, to allow each State to assume its quota of the tax, was one of the subjects of discussion in connection with the bill, which proposition was finally withdrawn, and, without taking definite action, the committee rose.

On Friday, March 14, in the Senate, the resolution reported by the Committee on Naval Affairs, giving power to the Secretary of the Navy to settle the accounts of contractors who have failed to fulfill their engagements, was passed. A resolution was proposed, but objected to, to give the President additional power in the control of military affairs, and a bill to provide for the construction of additional iron-clad gun-boats, and for the completion of the Stevens battery, was introduced and referred. A bill favoring the confiscation of the property of rebels was also introduced and referred. Bills were introduced and referred giving the President control of the gun-boat appropriations, and for the regulation of the army corps, and then the resolution in favor of expelling Senator Powell was taken up, when Senator Powell addressed the Senate at length in his own defense, replying to the remarks made by his colleague, Senator Davis, on the preceding day. A long debate ensued, and the resolution was defeated by eleven yeas to twenty-eight nays, when the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate resolution of thanks to Commodore Foote and his command was passed by a unanimous vote. The resolution of thanks to Lieutenant Worden, of the *Monitor*, was referred to the Naval Committee. The Pacific Railroad bill was reported to the House, and made the special order for Tuesday next. The Tax bill was taken up, and an amendment permitting States to assume their separate quotas was rejected; but no final action was reached, and the House adjourned. Both Houses adjourned over to Monday.

On Monday, March 17, in the Senate, the Military Committee reported a bill for the organization of the army corps staffs. A resolution that the Naval Committee report on the expediency of an appropriation for testing iron-cladding for vessels of war was adopted. The joint resolution giving the President power to assign officers to military commands without regard to seniority was discussed and sent back to the Military Committee. The Post-office Appropriation bill was considered, and amendments agreed to authorizing a more frequent than semi-monthly mail between San Francisco and Crescent City; that all American vessels shall carry to foreign ports such mails as the Postmaster-General may deliver on board, and that vessels coming from foreign ports shall receive any mail matter from consuls, the compensation for which service not to be more than the usual postage. The bill was then passed. The proposition for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was taken up, but postponed. The Senate then held an executive session and adjourned.——In the House, the Senate joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of War to receive moneys appropriated by States for the payment of the volunteers of such States was adopted. A resolution of inquiry of the Secretary of War as to recent charters of vessels, and the compensation allowed for the same, was adopted. The Military Committee were instructed to report some plan for securing to the sick and wounded soldiers better medical treatment. The District of Columbia Committee were instructed to inquire into the circumstances connected with the recent arrest in the District, and transfer to and imprisonment in Baltimore, of two persons, in alleged violation of the Constitution. The House then, in Committee of the Whole, took up the Tax bill, when a debate ensued, after which the House adjourned.

THE NEW MILITARY DEPARTMENTS.

Executive Mansion, Washington, *March* 11, 1862.

Major-General M'Clellan, having personally taken the field at the head of the Army of the Potomac, until otherwise ordered, is relieved from the command of the other military departments, he retaining command of the Department of the Potomac.

Ordered, further, That the two departments now under the respective commands of Generals Halleck and Hunter, together with so much of that under General Buell as lies west of a north and south line, indefinitely drawn through Knoxville, Tennessee, be consolidated and designated the Department of the Mississippi, and that, until otherwise ordered, Major-General Halleck have command of said department.

Ordered, also, That the country west of the Department of the Potomac and east of the Department of the Mississippi be a military department, to be called the Mountain Department, and that the same be commanded by Major-General Frémont.

That all the commanders of departments, after the receipt of this order by them respectively, report severally and directly to the Secretary of War, and that prompt, full, and frequent reports will be expected of all and each of them.

Abraham Lincoln.

WINCHESTER OCCUPIED.

The important town of Winchester, Virginia, is in our possession. A portion of General Banks's division, under General Gorman, occupied the town of Berryville, Virginia, on 11th. There were five hundred of the rebel cavalry in the place; but upon the Third New York Cavalry, properly supported by artillery and infantry, charging them, they fled in confusion toward Winchester. During the night the pickets of General Gorman came in contact with portions of Colonel Ashby's rebel cavalry, and were compelled to fall back; but the General made a reconnoissance in force to within two miles of Winchester, and charging upon the rebels, dispersed them, taking several prisoners, and killing or wounding four of the rebels. This reconnoissance sealed the fate of Winchester. The enemy were blinded and misled by the movement of our troops, and they commenced the evacuation of the place on the afternoon of 11th. General Hamilton advanced from Bunker Hill, the Michigan Cavalry heading the column. The rebel cavalry, one thousand two hundred strong, and supported by a section of artillery, gave battle at five o'clock in the afternoon. Our cavalry were supported by the First Maryland Infantry and a battery of artillery. The fight was a short one. The rebels fled, leaving their guns behind them, and at daylight on 12th our troops entered the city as the rear-guard of the enemy was flying out of it.

EVACUATION OF NEW MADRID.

The rebels abandoned New Madrid on Thursday evening, 13th, leaving a quantity of guns and stores behind them. Some fighting took place between the rebel gun-boats, under Captain Hollins, and our siege batteries, in which we lost twenty killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy is not known, as they carried off all their dead and wounded with them.

CAPTURE OF ISLAND NO. 10.

At 5.30 a.m. on 16th, the Mississippi flotilla got under way, and dropped down slowly until about seven o'clock, when the flag-ship, being about twenty miles ahead and six miles above the island, discovered a stern-wheel steamer run out from the shelter of a point on the Kentucky shore, and steam down the river. Four shells were thrown after her, but the distance was too great for the shots to take effect. At nine o'clock the fleet rounded to about three miles above Island No. 10. The Commodore then ordered three of the mortar boats into position.

A dispatch from the Associated Press reporter says: Eight mortars shelled the battery above the island to-day. The enemy left it several times, but returned. They only fired with two guns. Our shells reached the island easily. General Pope has sent dispatches to Commodore Foote, saying that his heavy guns command the river, so that neither steamboat nor gun-boat of the enemy can pass. The mortar fleet threw two hundred and forty shells, and the *Benton* forty-one. In response to a serenade at St. Louis, on 17th, General Halleck announced from the balcony of the Planters' House that Island No. 10 is ours, with all the ammunition and transports the enemy had there. He said also that another victory had been won in Arkansas, in which three rebel Colonels were captured.

CAPTURE OF NEWBERN.

General Burnside, who left Roanoke Island with the bulk of his force a few days since, has attacked and taken Newbern, North Carolina. The resistance was stout; we lost 90 killed and 100 wounded. We took a large quantity of ammunition and guns.

OUR TROOPS IN SOUTHERN TENNESSEE.

The forces of Generals Smith, M'Clernand, Sherman, Wallace, and Hurlbut, have arrived at Savannah, Tennessee. The force of the rebels in the vicinity was variously stated at from 30,000 to 100,000 men. The division of General Lewis Wallace advanced on Saturday to Purdy, in M'Nairy County, and burned the bridge and tore up the track of the railroad leading from Humboldt to Corinth, Mississippi, cutting off a train laden with rebel troops.

MEMPHIS IN ANARCHY.

Memphis is reported in a state of anarchy. The citizens are flying from there, and cotton, molasses, sugar, and other merchandise were being shipped South. Such was the insubordination of the citizens that martial law was proclaimed in Memphis on 10th, in order to compel the people to turn out and fight.

Norfolk and Richmond are also under martial law.

THE BATTLE OF PARIS.

At the late battle at Paris, Tennessee, our forces defeated the rebels, six hundred strong, and took possession of the town on the morning of the 12th inst. General Halleck's official report of the battle puts down the loss of the enemy at one hundred killed, wounded, and prisoners.

THE BATTLE AT FORT CRAIG.

A desperate fight took place in the vicinity of Fort Craig, New Mexico, on the 21st of February. It appears that skirmishing, resulting in the daily discomfiture of the rebel Texans, had been going on from the 17th. On the morning of the 21st, at about nine o'clock, a serious battle commenced; and the conflict raged throughout the day. The enemy made desperate charges on one howitzer battery, which was under Captain M'Rae's command, but were repulsed with loss. At last 600 of the Texans, armed with carbines, revolvers, long seven-pound bowie-knives, made their last and desperate charge; the shock was terrible; the battery poured upon them its fearful storm; Captain Plimpton, with a company of United States infantry, was defending M'Rae's guns; his men stood up against this mighty charge like a wall of granite, till half their number were dead; then they retreated; Captain M'Rae, left alone, sat down on one of his guns, with his revolver in his hand, refusing to fly; he died like a hero, the last man at his post. Lieutenants Michler and Stone, and other officers, were slain or wounded. Our loss was about 200. In spite of this success, the day may be said to have been won by the Union troops.

OUR WOUNDED AND DEAD SCALPED AND MANGLED.

The following copy of correspondence has been sent from the commander of the army in Arkansas to the commander of the department at St. Louis, and by him published:

Head-quarters, Trans-Mississippi District, *March* 9, 1862.

To the Commanding Officer of the United States Forces on Sugar Creek, Arkansas:

Sir,—In accordance with the usages of war, I have the honor to request that you will permit the burial party whom I send from this army, with a flag of truce, to attend to the duty of collecting and interring the bodies of the officers and men who fell during the engagement of the 7th and 8th instant. Very respectfully your obedient servant,

Earl Van Dorn,
Major-General Commanding Army.

Head-quarters Army of the Southwest, Pea Ridge, *March* 9, 1862.

Earl Van Dorn, Commanding Confederate Forces:

Sir,—The General Commanding is in receipt of yours of the 9th, saying that in accordance with the usages of war you send a party to collect and bury the dead. I am directed to say all possible facilities will be given for burying the dead, many of which have already been interred. Quite a number of your surgeons have fallen into our hands, and are permitted to act under parole, and under a General Order from Major-General Halleck further liberty will be allowed them, if such accommodations be reciprocated by you. The General regrets that we find on the battle-field, contrary to civilized warfare, many of the Federal dead who were tomahawked, scalped, and their bodies shamefully mangled, and expressed a hope that this important struggle may not degenerate to a savage warfare. By order of

S. R. Curtis, Brigadier-General.
T. J. M'Kinney, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

IRON-CLAD VESSELS.

The Senate appears to be awake to the necessity of providing iron-clad war steamers for the navy. A bill was introduced by Senator Hale, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, on 13th, providing for the construction, under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy, of an iron-clad steam vessel of not less than five or six thousand tons burden, and of great speed and strength, to be used only as a ram, for which purpose $1,000,000 are to be appropriated; also, $13,000,000 for the construction of iron-clad gun-boats, $783,000 for the completion of Stevens's battery, and $500,000 for extending the facilities of the Washington Navy-yard, so as to roll and forge plates for the armored ships.

CONTRACT COMMISSIONERS.

Hon. Joseph Holt and Robert Dale Owen have been appointed Special Commissioners to audit and adjust contracts, orders, and claims on the War Department in respect to arms, ammunition, and stores. They will proceed at once to an investigation and examination.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MEXICO.

THE FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

The preliminary treaty of Soledad, agreed upon between the Mexican and Allied commissioners, has been assented to by President Juarez. By this treaty the Allies are permitted to occupy three inland cities, and Vera Cruz was to revert to the Mexican authorities; but it is stated that at latest advices, and when the Allied troops had commenced to occupy the three towns named in the treaty, and when the Mexican flag had been again hoisted in Vera Cruz, and the Mexican officials were returning to resume control there, the English officials became dissatisfied, and it is said that the English forces will be entirely withdrawn. Trouble had also occurred between the French and Spanish, and General Prim was to be superseded by a French commander, and the affairs generally of the Allies seemed to be in great confusion. Two battalions of the Spanish forces had been withdrawn and had arrived at Havana. Accounts from the interior of Mexico report a battle between the insurrectionists and the forces of Juarez, in which the latter were defeated. Mr. Allen, bearer of dispatches to the United States Minister at the city of Mexico, Mr. Corwin, had been murdered between Vera Cruz and the city [illegible]



THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE, ARKANSAS—THE FINAL ADVANCE OF OUR TROOPS, MARCH 8, 1862.—[SEE PAGE 202.]



REBEL TORPEDOES, WITH THEIR WEIGHTS & ANCHORS LEFT ON THE LEVEE.



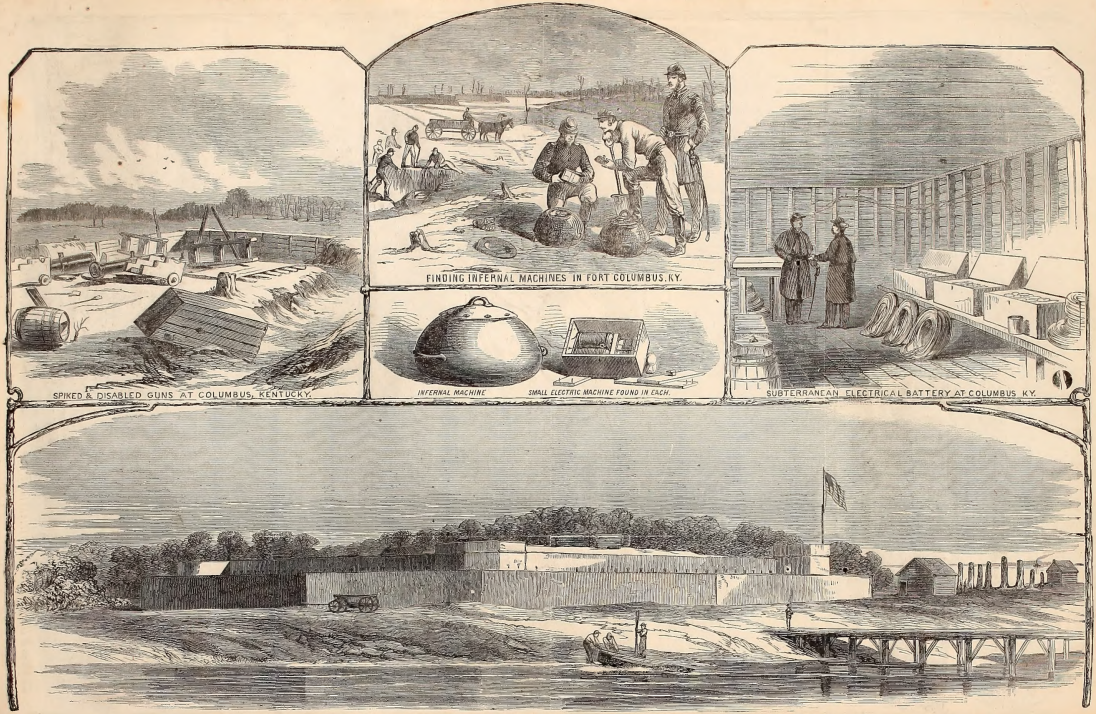
WATER BATTERIES FROM THE BLUFF



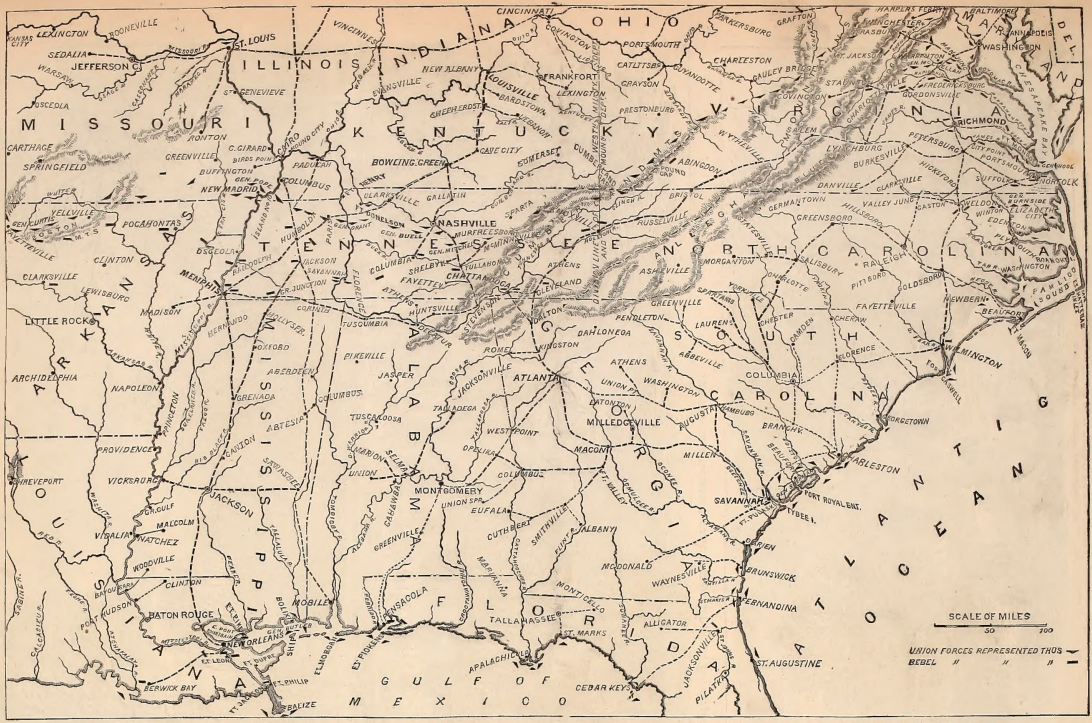
COLUMBUS FROM THE FORTIFICATIONS.

COLUMBUS, KENTUCKY, AFTER THE REBEL EVACUATION.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 207.]

REBEL INFERNAL MACHINES (MEMBERS OF THE PEACE SOCIETY) FOUND AT COLUMBUS, KENTUCKY.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 202.]



FORT CLINCH, FERNANDINA, FLORIDA, NOW OCCUPIED BY GENERAL WRIGHT'S UNION FORCES.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 203.]



MAP OF THE SOUTHERN STATES, SHOWING THE STRATEGIC POINTS AND THEIR RAILROAD CONNECTIONS, THE PRINCIPAL RIVERS, AND THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE UNION AND REBEL FORCES.



MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN, MAJOR-GENERAL M'DOWELL, AND STAFFS, ESCORTED BY



BRIDGE OVER BULL RUN, NEAR BLACKBURN'S FORD, BURNED BY THE REBELS.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WARD.]



E FIFTH CAVALRY, CROSSING BULL RUN AT BLACKBURN'S FORD.—[Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.]



EVACUATION AND FIRING OF MANASSAS JUNCTION BY THE REBELS.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 203.]

THE TENNESSEE BLACKSMITH.

NEAR the cross-roads, not far from the Cumberland Mountains, stood the village forge. The smith was a sturdy man of fifty. He was respected, wherever known, for his stern integrity. He served God, and did not fear man—and it might be safely added, nor devil either. His courage was proverbial in the neighborhood; and it was a common remark, when wishing to pay any person a high compliment, to say, "He is as brave as Old Bradley." One night, toward the close of September, as he stood alone by the anvil plying his labors, his countenance evinced a peculiar satisfaction as he brought his hammer down with a vigorous stroke on the heated iron. While blowing the bellows he would occasionally pause and shake his head, as if communing with himself. He was evidently meditating upon something of a serious nature. It was during one of these pauses that the door was thrown open, and a pale, trembling figure staggered into the shop, and, sinking at the smith's feet, faintly ejaculated,

"In the name of Jesus, protect me!"

As Bradley stooped to raise the prostrate form three men entered, the foremost one exclaiming,

"We've treed him at last! There he is! seize him!" and as he spoke he pointed at the crouching figure.

The others advanced to obey the order; but Bradley suddenly arose, seized the sledge-hammer, and brandishing it about his head as if it were a sword, exclaimed,

"Back! Touch him not; or, by the grace of God, I'll brain ye!"

They hesitated, and stepped backward, not wishing to encounter the sturdy smith, for his countenance plainly told them that he meant what he said.

"Do you give shelter to an abolitionist?" fiercely shouted the leader.

"I give shelter to a weak, defenseless man," replied the smith.

"He is an enemy!" vociferated the leader.

"Of the devil!" ejaculated Bradley.

"He is a spy! an abolition hound!" exclaimed the leader, with increased vehemence; "and we must have him. So I tell you, Bradley, you had better not interfere. You know that you are already suspected, and if you insist upon sheltering him it will confirm it."

"*Sus-pect-ed!* Suspected of what?" exclaimed the smith, in a firm tone, riveting his gaze upon the speaker.

"Why, of adhering to the North," was the reply.

"Adhering to the North!" ejaculated Bradley, as he cast his defiant glances at the speaker. "I adhere to no North!" he continued; "I adhere to my country—my whole country—and will, so help me God! as long as I have breath," he added, as he brought the sledge-hammer to the ground with great force.

"You had better let us have him, Bradley, without farther trouble. You are only risking your own neck by your interference."

"Not as long as I have life to defend him," was the answer. Then pointing toward the door, he continued, "Leave my shop!" and as he spoke he again raised the sledge-hammer.

They hesitated a moment, but the firm demeanor of the smith awed them into compliance with the order.

"You'll regret this in the morning, Bradley," said the leader, as he retreated.

"Go!" was the reply of the smith, as he pointed toward the door.

Bradley followed them menacingly to the entrance of the shop, and watched them until they disappeared from sight down the road. When he turned to go back in the shop he was met by the fugitive, who, grasping his hand, exclaimed,

"Oh! how shall I ever be able to thank you, Mr. Bradley?"

"This is no time for thanks, Mr. Peters, unless it is to the Lord; you must fly the country, and that at once!"

"But my wife and children?"

"Mattie and I will attend to them. But you must go to-night."

"To-night!"

"Yes. In the morning, if not sooner, they will return with a large force and carry you off, and probably hang you on the first tree. You must leave to-night."

"But how?"

"Mattie will conduct you to the rendezvous of our friends. There is a party made up who intend to cross the mountains and join the Union forces in Kentucky. They were to start to-night. They have provisions for the journey, and will gladly share with you."

At this moment a young girl entered the shop, and hurriedly said,

"Father, what is the trouble to-night?" Her eye resting upon the fugitive, she approached him, and, in a sympathizing tone, continued, "Ah, Mr. Peters, has your turn come so soon?"

This was Mattie. She was a fine rosy girl, just passed her eighteenth birthday, and the sole daughter of Bradley's house and heart. She was his all—his wife had been dead five years. He turned toward her, and, in a mild but firm tone, said,

"Mattie, you must conduct Mr. Peters to the rendezvous immediately; then return, and we will call at the parsonage to cheer his family. Quick! No time is to be lost. The blood-hounds are upon the track. They have scented their prey, and will not rest until they have secured him. They may return much sooner than we expect. So haste, daughter, and God bless ye!"

This was not the first time that Mattie had been called upon to perform such an office. She had safely conducted several Union men, who had been hunted from their homes and sought shelter with her father, to the place designated, from whence they made their escape across the mountains into Kentucky. Turning to the fugitive, she said,

"Come, Mr. Peters, do not stand upon ceremony, but follow me."

She left the shop and proceeded but a short distance up the road, and then turned off in a by-path through a strip of woods, closely followed by the fugitive. A brisk walk of half an hour brought them to a small house that stood alone in a secluded spot. Here Mattie was received with a warm welcome by several men, some of whom were engaged in running bullets, while others were cleaning their rifles and fowling-pieces. The lady of the house, a hale woman of forty, was busy stuffing the wallets of the men with biscuits. She greeted Mattie very kindly. The fugitive, who was known to two or three of the party, was received in a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by all, saying that they would make him chaplain of the Tennessee Union regiment when they got to Kentucky.

When Mattie was about to return home two of the party prepared to accompany her; but she protested, warning them of the danger, as the enemy were doubtless abroad in search of the minister. But, notwithstanding, they insisted, and accompanied her until she reached the road a short distance above her father's shop. Mattie hurried on, but was somewhat surprised upon reaching the shop to find it vacant. She hastened into the house, but her father was not there. As she returned to go into the shop she thought she could hear the noise of horses' hoofs clattering down the road. She listened, but the sound soon died away. Going into the shop she blew the fire into a blaze; then beheld that the things were in great confusion, and that spots of blood were upon the ground. She was now convinced that her father had been seized and carried off, but not without a desperate struggle on his part.

As Mattie stood gazing at the pools of blood a wagon containing two persons drove up, one of whom, an athletic young man of five-and-twenty years, got out and entered the shop.

"Good-evening, Mattie! Where is your father?" he said. Then observing the strange demeanor of the girl, he continued, "Why, Mattie, what ails you? What has happened?"

The young girl's heart was too full for her tongue to give utterance, and throwing herself upon the shoulder of the young man, she sobbingly exclaimed:

"*They* have carried him off! Don't you see the blood?"

"Have they dared to lay hands upon your father? The infernal wretches!"

Mattie recovered herself sufficiently to narrate the events of the evening. When she had finished, he exclaimed:

"Oh that I should have lived to see the day that old Tennessee was to be thus disgraced! Here, Joe!"

At this the other person in the wagon alighted and entered the shop. He was a stalwart negro.

"Joe," continued the young man, "you would like your freedom?"

"Well, Massa John, I wouldn't like much to leabe you, but den I'se like to be a free man."

"Joe, the white race have maintained their liberty by their valor. Are you willing to fight for yours? Ay! fight to the death?"

"I'se fight for yous any time, Massa John."

"I believe you, Joe. But I have desperate work on hand to-night, and I do not want you to engage in it without a prospect of reward. If I succeed I will make you a free man. It is a matter of life and death—will you go?"

"I will, Massa."

"Then kneel down and swear before the ever-living God, that, if you falter or shrink the danger, you may hereafter be consigned to everlasting fire!"

"I swear, Massa," said the negro, kneeling. "An' I hope that Gor Almighty may strike me dead if I don't go wid you through fire and water and ebery ting!"

"I am satisfied, Joe," said his master; then turning to the young girl, who had been a mute spectator of this singular scene, he continued, "Now, Mattie, you get in the wagon and I'll drive down to the parsonage, and you remain there with Mrs. Peters and the children until I bring you some intelligence of your father."

While the sturdy old blacksmith was awaiting the return of his daughter the party that he had repulsed returned with increased numbers and demanded the minister. A fierce quarrel ensued, which resulted in their seizing the smith and carrying him off. They conveyed him to a tavern half a mile distant from the shop, and there he was arraigned before what was termed a vigilance committee. The committee met in a long room on the ground-floor, dimly lighted by a lamp which stood upon a small table in front of the chairman. In about half an hour after Bradley's arrival he was placed before the chairman for examination. The old man's arms were pinioned, but nevertheless he cast a defiant look upon those around him.

"Bradley, this is a grave charge against you. What have you to say?" said the chairman.

"What authority have you to ask?" demanded the smith, fiercely eying his interrogator.

"The authority of the people of Tennessee," was the reply.

"I deny it."

"Your denials amount to nothing. You are accused of harboring an abolitionist, and the penalty of that act you know is death. What have you to say to the charge?"

"I say that it is a lie, and that he who utters such charges against me is a scoundrel."

"Simpson," said the chairman to the leader of the band that had captured Bradley, and who now appeared with a large bandage about his head, to bind up a wound which was the result of a blow from the fist of Bradley. "Simpson," continued the chairman, "what have you to say?"

The leader then stated that he had tracked the preacher to the blacksmith shop, and that Bradley had resisted his arrest, and that upon their return he could not be found, and that the prisoner refused to give any information concerning him.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Bradley?" said the chairman.

"I do. What of it?" was the reply.

"Is it true?"

"Yes."

"Where is the preacher?"

"That is none of your business."

"Mr. Bradley, this tribunal is not to be insulted with impunity. I again demand to know where Mr. Peters is. Will you tell?"

"No."

"Mr. Bradley, it is well known that you are not only a member but an exhorter in Mr. Peters's church, and therefore some little excuse is to be made for your zeal in defending him. He is from the North, and has long been suspected, and is now accused of being an abolitionist and a dangerous man. You do not deny sheltering him, and refusing to give him up. If you persist in this you must take the consequences. I ask you for the last time if you will inform us of his whereabouts?"

"And again I answer no!"

"Mr. Bradley, there is also another serious charge against you, and your conduct in this instance confirms it. You are accused of giving comfort to the enemies of your country. What have you to say to that?"

"I say it is false, and that he who makes it is a villain."

"I accuse him with being a traitor, aiding the cause of the Union," said Simpson.

"If my adherence to the Union merits for me the name of traitor, then I am proud of it. I have been for the Union—I am still for the Union—and will be for the Union as long as life lasts!"

At these words the chairman clutched a pistol that lay upon the table before him, and the bright blade of Simpson's bowie-knife glittered near Bradley's breast; but before he could make the fatal plunge a swift-winged messenger of death laid him dead at the feet of his intended victim; while at the same instant another plunged into the heart of the chairman, and he fell forward over the table, extinguishing the light and leaving all in darkness. Confusion reigned. The inmates of the room were panic-stricken. In the midst of the consternation a firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder; his bonds were severed, and he hurried out of the open window. He was again a free man, but was hastened forward into the woods at the back of the tavern, and through them to a road a quarter of a mile distant, then into a wagon and driven rapidly off. In half an hour the smith made one of the party at the rendezvous that was to start at midnight across the mountains.

"John," said the smith as he grasped the hand of his rescuer, while his eyes glistened and a tear coursed down his furrowed cheek, "I should like to see Mattie before I go."

"You shall," was the reply.

In another hour the blacksmith clasped his daughter to his bosom.

It was an affecting scene—there, in that lone house in the wilderness, surrounded by men who had been driven from their homes for their attachment to the principles for which the patriot fathers fought and bled—the sturdy old smith, a type of the heroes of other days, pressing his daughter to his breast, while the tear coursed down his furrowed cheek. He felt that perhaps it was to be his last embrace; for his resolute heart had resolved to sacrifice his all upon the altar of his country, and he could no longer watch over the safety of his only child. Was she to be left to the mercy of the parricidal wretches who were attempting to destroy the country that had given them birth, nursed their infancy, and opened a wide field for them to display the abilities with which nature had endowed them?

"Mr. Bradley," said his rescuer, after a short pause, "as you leave the State it will be necessary, in these troublous times, for Mattie to have a protector, and I have thought that our marriage had better take place to-night."

"Well, John," he said, as he relinquished his embrace and gazed with a fond look at her who was so dear to him, "I shall not object if Mattie is willing."

"Oh! we arranged that as we came along," replied the young man.

Mattie blushed, but said nothing.

In a short time the hunted-down minister was called upon to perform a marriage service in that lone house. It was an impressive scene. Yet no diamonds glittered upon the neck of the bride; no pearls looped up her tresses; but a pure love glowed within her heart as she gave utterance to a vow which was registered in heaven.

Bradley, soon after the ceremony, bade his daughter and her husband an affectionate farewell, and set out with his friends to join others who had been driven from their homes, and were now rallying under the old flag to fight for the Union, and, as they said, "Redeem old Tennessee!"

THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.

WE devote page 196 to an illustration of the great battle won by General Curtis at PEA RIDGE, ARKANSAS, on 6th, 7th, and 8th March. The official report of General Curtis is as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE SOUTHWEST,
PEA RIDGE, ARKANSAS, *March* 9, 1862.

GENERAL,—On Thursday, the 6th inst., the enemy commenced an attack on my right wing, assailing and following the rear-guard of a detachment under General Siegel to my main lines on Sugar Creek Hollow, but ceased firing when he met my reinforcements about four P.M.

During the night I became convinced that he had moved on so as to attack my right or rear, therefore early on the 7th I ordered a change of front to the right, my right, which thus became my left, still resting on Sugar Creek Hollow. This brought my line across Pea Ridge, with my new right resting on Head Cross Timber Hollow, which is the head of Big Sugar Creek. I also ordered an immediate advance of the cavalry and light artillery, under Colonel Osterhaus, with orders to attack and break what I supposed would be the reinforced line of the enemy. This movement was in progress when the enemy, at eleven A.M., commenced an attack on my right. The fight continued mainly at these points during the day, the enemy having gained the point held by the command of Colonel Carr, at Cross Timber Hollow, but was entirely repulsed, with the fall of the commander, M'Culloch, in the centre, by the forces under Colonel Davis. The plan of attack on the centre was gallantly carried forward by Colonel Osterhaus, who was immediately sustained and supported by Colonel Davis's entire division, supported also by General Siegel's command, which had remained till near the close of the day on the left. Colonel Carr's division held the right under a galling, continuous fire all day.

In the evening, firing having entirely ceased in the centre, and the right being now on the left, I reinforced the right by a portion of the Second Division, under General Asboth. Before the day closed I was convinced that the enemy had concentrated his main force on the right. I commenced another change of front forward, so as to face the enemy where he had deployed on my right flank in a strong position. The change had only been partially effected, but was in full progress when, at sunrise on the 8th, my right and centre renewed the firing, which was immediately answered by the enemy with renewed energy along the whole extent of his line. My left, under General Siegel, moved close to the hills occupied by the enemy, driving him from the heights, and advancing steadily toward the head of the hollows. I immediately ordered the centre and right wing forward, the right turning the left of the enemy, and cross-firing on his centre. This final position of the enemy was in the arc of a circle. *A charge of infantry, extending throughout the whole line, completely routed the whole rebel force,* which retired in great confusion, but rather safely, through the deep, impassable defiles of cross-timber.

Our loss is heavy. The enemy's can never be ascertained, for their dead are scattered over a large field. Their wounded, too, may many of them be lost and perish. The force is scattered in all directions, but I think his main force has returned to Boston Mountains.

General Siegel follows him toward Keithsville, while my cavalry is pursuing him toward the mountains, scouring the country, bringing in prisoners, and trying to find the rebel Major-General Van Dorn, who had command of the entire force at this, the battle of Pea Ridge.

I have not as yet statements of the dead and wounded, so as to justify a report, but I will refer you to a dispatch which I will forward very soon.

Officers and soldiers have displayed such unusual gallantry that I hardly dare to make distinction. I must, however, name the commanders of division. General Siegel gallantly commanded the right, and drove back the left wing of the enemy; General Asboth, who is wounded in the arm, in his gallant effort to reinforce the right; Colonel and Acting Brigadier-General Davis, who commanded the centre, where M'Culloch fell on the 7th, and pressed forward the centre on the 8th. Colonel and Acting Brigadier-General Carr is also wounded in the arm, and was under the continuous fire of the enemy during the two hardest days of the struggle.

Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Ohio, and Missouri may proudly share the honor of victory which their gallant heroes won over the combined forces of Van Dorn, Price, and M'Culloch at Pea Ridge, in the mountains of Arkansas.

The rebels, it is said, had thirty-five thousand men in the field, among whom were twenty-two hundred Indians, under Albert Pike. The rebels acknowledge a loss of eleven hundred killed, and nearly three thousand wounded. Our loss was six hundred killed and from eight hundred to one thousand wounded. We took sixteen hundred prisoners and thirteen pieces of cannon.

COLUMBUS, KENTUCKY.

WE publish on page 197 illustrations of COLUMBUS, Kentucky, from sketches by Mr. Alexander Simplot. The *Herald* correspondent thus described the place after the evacuation:

The river batteries have been almost entirely demolished—three tiers of them—their guns dismounted and thrown into the river, the gun-carriages mutilated and magazines demolished, leaving nothing to mark their former presence save ruined breast-works and huge piles of cannon-balls and shells. Just below the upper river battery, a huge chain, which has been christened "Pillow's Folly," emerges from the water, extends up the almost perpendicular bank a hundred feet or more, and disappears under the soil, where it extends to—the Lord only knows where. This is the Kentucky end of the chain which the valiant inside-ditch-digger had stretched across the river to obstruct the passage of our gun-boats. A few feet above the chain and below the battery I counted five sixty-four pound guns which had been thrown over the breast-works, with the intention of sinking them in the river; but they had lodged in the yielding earth and become immovable. Two others lay a few rods below, which had been taken from the batteries on the bluff.

Within the breast-works on the hill there was nothing to be seen but the wildest desolation. Burning piles of rubbish, smouldering heaps of grain—the remnants of burned warehouses—charred timbers of what were once quarters for the troops, broken gun-carriages and disabled ordnance, completed the picture.

Leaving the lower town and ascending the hill in the rear, we get the most comprehensive view of the rebel works. From one point near the top of the hill my guide pointed out to me the locality of no less than eight different batteries, besides the positions of forty-five or fifty isolated pieces of heavy artillery. In all, I computed that a month ago there could not have been less than one hundred and thirty pieces of artillery, of the calibre of twenty-four pounders and upward, added to which there were over seventy pieces of light field artillery. Most of these heavy guns are now in the river, or disabled upon the works, easily fished up when the floods go down, or repaired by skillful workmen. I saw in the north fort, upon the brow of the bluff, the ruins of the celebrated one-hundred-and-twenty pounder, Lady Polk, which burst in November last, coming so near causing the Very Reverend Bishop General to "pass in his cheeks." My guide was one of the gunners upon that occasion, and it was really amusing to hear his rendition of the affair:.

"You see," said he, pointing to the breech of the piece, which lay precisely where it fell when the accident occurred, "dat is de butt of Lady Boke what busted. You see I vas standin' shoost here mit der sponge. Shendrel Boke shtood right dere on horsepach, und dem fellers mit der gold lace on der arms, und all over, was shtandin' all 'round; den der Shendrel say, 'Poys, look out; ven Lady Boke speaks I always sthop mine ears up.' Den he rides oop and dakes der lanyard and sherk him, and, mein Cott, you oughter see how Lady Boke she flies in leetle bieces. Her preech flies pack und shlaps ter Shendrel mit der pread pasket und makes him double up like mine shack knife. Der Shendrel vas hurted purty pad, und his horse vas killed; but he shumps up and say, 'Never mind me, poys; dake care of dem odder fellers.' Den I look 'round, und dere was eight mens killed and more as a dozen wounded."

TORPEDOES AT COLUMBUS.

WE illustrate on page 198, from sketches by our correspondent, Mr. Alexander Simplot, the TORPEDOES AND INFERNAL MACHINES which have been discovered by our troops at Columbus. The correspondent of the Chicago *Times* thus describes them:

After two days' exploration for infernal machines, and to discover where the bluff had been mined, as was reported to have been done, Captain W. A. Schmitt and company, of the Twenty-seventh Regiment, discovered ridges of new earth, similar to ridges which are formed by covering up gas or water pipes in a city, and traced them to a cavern. Effecting an entrance he found a strong, rude, wooden frame, covered by earth to attract no attention. Inside this, with the assistance of a light, he found implements similar to those used in a telegraph office, with wires running in a dozen different directions. Following the raised rows of earth he soon came to a spot where something had evidently been buried. Digging down some five feet, he came to a large iron cask, about three

foot high, and a foot and a half through, in shape so near as can be described by a well-formed log with an iron cap fastened by eight screws. Folding at the muzzle, by which they are kept right-point-blank, surrounded by about two bushels of coarse gravel. On the bottom of the cylinder was a wooden box containing several batteries, with hollow wires attached to two larger wires, covered with a substance impervious to water, connecting with the cartridges spoken of. A dozen of these iron pots or casks were thus united with each cavern. Half a dozen of these caverns have been found, and possibly 75 or 100 of these infernal machines are thus buried in the earth, some distance from the enemy's works. The moment the word is pleaded would be when our infantry had driven them inside their works, when it would be easy to ascertain about the extent a signal, and he would send the electric spark through all the wires, and decimate, if not annihilate, the imagined. Whether engineers could thus be blown up did not seem to be thought of. Perhaps they would be the first victims, as far as mere human agency is concerned, in the petitions of their works. Probably other parts of the works are constructed upon the principle that these infernal engines were discovered in time, and no damage has been done to our soldiers, who are constantly on the look for discoveries, and might by accident have set off the train.

Another class of infernal machines, called torpedoes, have been discovered wherever found in the river. They are round, about four feet long and a foot thick at the largest part, with one end tapering off to a point. The river is very high, and the number now found is small, as all the steamers fire down to see what are in the bottom of the river. The very high stage of water has prevented any damage to either gun-boat or transport.

A THRILLING SCENE IN TENNESSEE.

We illustrate on page 199 a thrilling scene which took place in Eastern Tennessee in connection with the recent uprising of Union men in that region of country. The scene is taken from a sketch sent from the KNOXVILLE *Register* of February 8.

The facts connected with the scene are that Zick Crick Bridge, as there appeared in the testimony elicited by the Court-martial, lies over the ear piercing creek on the road to Unionist house, and are as follows:

A man by the name of David Fry, in connection with William R. Carter, both citizens of East Tennessee, but who had lately deserted the land of their birth and fled to Kentucky, and connected themselves with the enemies of their country, entered the Union Encampment at the mouth of General Zollicoffer's command at Rockcastle Hill, for the purpose of exciting disaffection and treachery among this side, which would result in the entire destruction of the railroad facilities here, and thus cut off the supplies and cut off communication between Virginia and the remaining States of the Confederacy, thereby cut off reinforcements of troops, provisions, and munitions of war to the support of the rebellion against the invasion of our State. Their free use of money is supposed, and the means of which they came by, and their concealed at the home of a Union man, went, at one of the numerous boats, for the purchase, Carter, of Sevier, who made the attempt upon Strawberry Plains Bridge, but who, with the attempt upon Zick Crick Bridge by Keelan single-handed and alone, Pickens himself failing has curiously worked.

It is known that Fry and Carter passed on into Boone County, and passed at Rockford, in Kentucky, on the night of Carter, as no evidence has yet appeared of his whereabouts after that time. Fry, however, returned to his journey up the country, passing through Loudon (no doubt making every arrangement for the destruction of that bridge), then passing through Blount County, and finally reaching Unionist's house on the night of the burning of Lick Creek Bridge.

Unionist left his house at night, and lying by in daylight, standing and traversing the mountains, and the trainers' house to another, his movements could not be traced until arrested, on the night of the 8th inst., the 8th of November, at the house of Anderson Walker, in Greene County. Here he remained from the 8th to the Thursday, the 7th, when he proceeded to Martin Walker's, arriving about eight or nine o'clock at night. Here he met he met his wife, and remained until two o'clock in the morning of the 8th, starting for the house of the spy on the way to Knoxboy, but wished to see a friend near Mobley Lick Creek Bridge, and asking if Jones, the spy, knew of a good a Union man as ever. As appeared from the testimony, Fry made to no residence, but that of the spy, but not starting, as he did, at two o'clock, and not being finished in the house of Jones, but at the house of Unionist.

Unionist, leaving Walker, Fry stopped at the house of Daniel Smith, a violent Union man, living on the road to Zick Crick bridge, arriving there about one hour before daylight. Immediately Fry had his plow horse brought out, and began to act as a messenger from Fry to Jacob Harmon to communicate to Harmon that he (Fry) had come from Kentucky that he had come to destroy the railroad, and that he wanted to see Harmon at Smith's house that morning. The message was communicated by Smith to Jacob Harmon, about eight o'clock on the morning of the 9th of November; and accordingly Harmon, who was a leading Union spirit in the neighborhood, went to Smith's house, where the plans were unfolded, and the plot and programme agreed upon. Harmon, on his return home, made the fact throughout the neighborhood that Fry was at Smith's house, and that he would be his house on that night, when Fry would proceed to Smith's residence, and from then repair to Harmon's house to consummate the conspiracy.

Harmon did his share of the work well, for as early as nine o'clock at night between thirty and forty men assembled and met at his house, ready to be led by their chief on his arrival, and eager for the destruction of the property. At that hour Fry sighted from his horse and bounded into the yard, exclaiming: "Friends, I am Colonel Fry, and I am come to share with you." The party immediately assembled in the house, when Fry commenced addressing the crowd by reviewing his plans, and urging them on to deeds of derision, and the crowd were at once responsive to their expressions of approbation, and were ready and determined that the bridge should be destroyed. Fry then stood by their leader, and that they would do their duty faithfully and well.

Fry drew forth a United States flag, and spreading it upon a table in the centre of the room, called upon his followers to surround their leader, and to swear fealty with him the oath of allegiance. This was late in the night; and after the whole had been fully understood, each of the spirators surrounded the table in groups, and, by direction of the leader, placed their left hands upon the folds of the flag, raising aloft their right hands, and swearing to support the Constitution of the United States, and abide by their expressed determination, and with the exception of one man, who was not present, but who, on being informed of the fact, gave his assent and joined in the oath.

Around than the leader plan of action and revenge, the chief of the conspirators immediately led the way to the bridge, and was followed in eager haste by the whole crowd. The Confederate guard, consisting of five soldiers, watching the bridge, were immediately surrounded by the infuriated mob, and were held in close confinement, while Fry, still leading the way and still followed by the leader of his clan, hastened to the wooden structure, applied the fire, and which was consumed and burned to the ground in an hour.

FORT CLINCH, FLORIDA.

Our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, has sent us sketches from the recent expedition under Commodore Dupont, one of which, representing FORT CLINCH, Florida, the last of the forts reposessed by the United States forces, we reproduce on page 196.

Commodore Dupont reported to the Navy Department regarding Fernandina and its defences:

The towns of St. Marys and Fernandina are uninjured. I visited the town, Fort Clinch, and the earth-works on the sea face of the island. The latter I found to be of ample preparations for vigorous defence without being scarped at all. The guns would have been voluntarily destroyed. Batteries on the north and southeast shores are so complete as art can make them. Six are well concealed and protected by sand hills in front, covering the whole inner shelter for the men, and are so small that thoroughly every shot by the enemy will be buried in the sand, and the sand, that to strike them from the water would be the same result if they were in open air. Their heavy, large, and affording therefore a better mark, is equally well protected. Magazines, bomb-proof batteries, and the heavy guns mounted on Fort Clinch, command all the approaches to the river, and would be fatal to the attacking enemy. Besides them there was another battery of four guns, commanding the channel, and another battery on the end of which would cross the channel inside the bar. The difficulties arising from the indirectness of the channel, and from the narrowness of the bar would have added to the defenses by keeping the approaching vessels a long time exposed to the most gross direct shootings; and when the ships of an enemy had passed all these defenses, they would be in encounter a well-protected and naturally masked battery at the town, which commands the access to the inner anchorage. The position of Fort Clinch I recommend the place perfectly defensible. We are not provided with that, if we choose, to occupy it. Dupont, but Fernandina and Fort Clinch have been given to us.

THE ADVANCE OF THE GRAND ARMY INTO VIRGINIA.

We devote pages 200, 201, and 204 to illustrations of the ADVANCE OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, UNDER GENERAL MCCLELLAN, INTO THE SOUTH. EXCEPT. Our artist, Mr. Waud, sends us from sketches by Mr. A. R. Waud, who accompanies the army. One of the sketches on page 200 represents the BRIDGE OVER BULL RUN, near Blackburn's Ford, where some hard fighting took place on July 18, 1861. It will be well remembered by the three months' troops. The large picture above shows the ADVANCE OF GENERAL M'DOWELL CROSSING BLACKBURN'S FORD with an escort of two thousand cavalry. The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* thus describes the crossing of Blackburn's Ford:

About noon General M'Clellan and M'Dowell, with their staffs, and two thousand cavalry in an escort, came up and took the road to Manassas. We fell in with them and followed close on their heels. All along the hill side the road was one continuous string of hots, tents, and fires, and angry men and mules being of mixed nature to themselves—not a sound save the clutter of the horses' hoofs and the rattle of the wheels as the long column of the cavalry moved on.

At Blackburn's Ford we see the old battle-field of July 18. The fatal bridge, which was between the two fires, and had been riddled with shot and shell, has been repaired, and it was hastily crossed—a rickety, and under such a narrow ensign at the time. The tree tops bear the evidences of the war and shell are there around. Large limbs were cut off, and tree tops twisted in a hundred directions, as though struck by lightning. Here it was which the New York Twelfth, the First and Second Michigan, and the Second Fifth were driven back with a heavy cost away, and we can now see where the rebels had their battery, upon the crest of the hill, which was composed of logs and dirt.

The Wisconsin Artillery of New Orleans and three South Carolina regiments have been encamped near the battle-ground, and have left their marks in the shape of huts. The artillery is squarely at Manassas, etc. Now and then we come across a deserted house, and the occupants had gone home to recruit and re-enlist, but had not yet returned.

The Plains of Manassas are really what their name indicates. The time when they were the objects which obstructed the range of vision, but they are all gone now, and the whole country is an extensive view. On the hills around are the camps still left, and a column of smoke every now and then ascends from the camp fires. Our cavalry had gone there during Monday night, and found the rear of the rebels' force; but they only bring the remaining property. A captain, by whose side I was riding, told me that he had seen a rebel cavalry officer, galloping ahead of the rest, waving his sword, and the rebel infantry could be portrayed; the large machine guns, the rifled cannon, and immense commissary quartermaster store-house, all in ashes. On the track stood the wreck of a locomotive, and not far down the remains of four freight cars which had been burned; to the right, five miles distant, the spires of Manassas could be seen, and the red barrels of vinegar and molasses had been allowed to run together in one chemical combination. Some fifty barrels of pork and beef had been scattered around in the mud, and a few unopened barrels gave them the track is done of smoke was arising from the remains of a factory, which had been used for rendering up fat and burning bones. About a thousand good hides were stretched in a field, and the tanneries and remains undisposed.

On the same page a small picture illustrates the EVACUATION OF SANDY JUNCTION BY THE REBELS, and is thus described:

Sandy Junction consists of two huts—a dreary, dismal scene. All the correspondent's curiosity in saying that it was not intensified. Every thing the rebels could not readily carry away they destroyed, burning houses, clothes, and stores of all kinds, and rendering the place a perfect wilderness.

On page 204 we illustrate the INTERSECTION OF THE ORANGE AND ALEXANDRIA RAILROAD WITH THE MANASSAS GAP RAILROAD, by the "Junction" which has given its name to the spot, and which imparted to the place so much military importance. The possession of the Junction gives us command of both roads.

The same page contains a general view of CENTREVILLE, showing the rebel Winter Quarters there, mostly in flames and ashes. On one side will be seen a fort which formed the key of their works. In the distance is the Bull Run battle-field; and further yet may be seen the Blue Ridge, with the fires which mark burning bridges and homesteads in flames. Desolation on every side.

It appears that every thing which the rebels could destroy in their retreat was consumed. The store-houses at Manassas, with a large quantity of flour, were burned, and the Warrenton Junction together with the hotel and five or six dwellings. The bridge over Cedar Creek, two miles north of Warrenton, was burned down, and a freight train of fifty-two cars, loaded with commissary stores burned with it. Not content with this wholesale destruction, twelve miles from Manassas, on the road to Winchester, but were rescued from destruction by our troops before the fire had reached the steamers.

Mr. Waud will continue to accompany the army under General McClellan, and will furnish us regularly with the hotel and five or six dwellings. The bridge over Cedar Creek, two miles north of Warrenton, was burned down, and a freight train of fifty-two cars, loaded with commissary stores burned with it. Not content with this wholesale destruction, twelve miles from Manassas, on the road to Winchester, but were rescued from destruction by our troops before the fire had reached the steamers.

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MAP OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

In order to enable our readers to understand the oft-repeated operations and of the "Anaconda" tightening its folds round the rebels, we publish a general MAP OF THE SEAT OF THE rebellion on page 193, showing the relative position of the rebel and the Union forces. Sixty days ago those positions were very different. Then the rebels held the Mississippi nearly half of Kentucky, and Eastern Virginia in force. Their present shifting line is seen on the Map, whose author writes as follows concerning it:

The Map on page 193 represents the region of Secession, with all its railroad communications and principal rivers, and the present position of the Union and Rebel forces. By reference to the Map it will be seen that some millions of the great magazines in concentrating rebel military forces to oppose the progress of the Union armies, and in facilitating the movements of the troops assisting to their retreats from merited chastisement. The railroad through Western Tennessee, Dalton, Atlanta, Augusta, Georgia; Goldsborough, North Carolina; Lynchburg and Richmond, Virginia, may be noted as of great importance, connecting all the centres of the Southern points in the railroad communications of Union forces is represented, it will be observed how the Mississippi River is commanded by the different divisions of our armies in motion.

The victorious army under General Curtis having reached Pea Ridge, in Northwestern Arkansas, the Rebels had command by this time of the navigable rivers of Arkansas. Using the Arkansas River, nature will carry her army to the rear of Memphis, or to augmented Vicksburg, Natchez, and the Lower Mississippi at the proper time. The victorious General Pope, by the same law of gravitation, can now command Memphis from the south, as the late General Grant and his heroic troops move up the Tennessee River, and, reinforcing Sherman, will command northward to Memphis. General Buell and his powerful army have their front toward Nashville, Abdemarle, and the mountains of Georgia. General Fremont is preparing to put the army under his command in motion, and as soon as the weather will permit directed regions of action. General Halleck, with his splendid and disciplined army, is in motion after the retiring army of rebels which expected to have passed the winter in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and by the time this Map is out the final intention had not been allowed to the accidental victors of Bull Run, they may not speculate on where they will spend the spring and summer, and what pay they will get. General Burnside is at work in the rear of North, Weldon, and Goldsboro.

General Sherman is occupying a strong force of the rebels between Savannah and Charleston, Port Royal, Georgia, Fernandina, and Cedar Keys, Florida, Fort Pickens, and Pensacola, and can operate in both directions; and probably before the next issue of our rebellion will be over, and the time ship Island, which will make a report to be heard throughout the country, and a thick which will be felt so far north as Richmond.

CAPTAIN ERICSSON.

On page 205 we give a portrait of CAPTAIN ERICSSON, the inventor and builder of the *Monitor*, of which we give below some diagrams. The following is a sketch of his life:

John Ericsson was born in 1803, in the province of Vermeland, among the iron mountains of Sweden. His father was a mining proprietor, so that in his youth he had ample opportunities to watch the operations of the various engines and machinery connected with the mines. In 1814 he attracted the attention of the celebrated Count Platen, who had heard of his bright efforts, and received an interview with him. After carefully examining the various plans and drawings which the youth exhibited in his sketch-book, the Count handed him a gold medal, simply observing, in an impressive manner, "Continue as you have commenced, and you will be a great man—nevertheless extraordinary." There few words of kind encouragement from so distinguished a personage had a deep effect upon the mind of the young mechanician, and confirmed him in the course he had chosen. Before he was fifteen years of age he was appointed a cadet in the military corps on the mechanical engineer; and after six months' tuition, at the age of fifteen years, was appointed assistant of the Grand Ship Canal of Sweden, which connects the North Sea with the Baltic, through Great Finlen. He remained there for year 1816, he was required to set out the work for more than a hundred men, and at fifteen years of age, was not enough to look through the leveling instrument, and to ring it by an assistant, and count the points to which his attendants for that purpose. As the discipline in the Swedish corps of engineers, the cadets should always endeavor his head in speaking to his superior, grey-headed men rants, and to be uncovered in the presence of superiors. His mere desk. There are now many important works in Sweden which were designed by him when he was a mere boy. At the age of fifteen he was in possession of accurate plans of the whole work, drawn by his own hand, which, when the military corps on the mechanical lead given him a tendency for military life, and at the age of seventeen he entered the Swedish army as an ensign. About this time the Government had ordered the northern part of the canal to be surveyed, and Mr. Ericsson in the army should be employed at this service. Ericsson, not willing to remain "active" in the Northern Brigade, was appointed on the survey. There are yet in the archives of the Government the notes and plans which Ericsson miles made by his hand.

While thus employed, only seventeen years of age, he was the house of his School, Ericsson at once commenced the study of mathematics, in which so many young men become confounding flame. On the 10th of May, 1826, he obtained the permission from the King to visit England. In the fall of 1829 the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company offered a prize for the best locomotive engine that should go on the small portion of the railway then completed. Ericsson, not willing to be outdone by any other engineer, immediately set to work, planned the engine, executed the drawings, made the calculations, and constructed the boiler, and the whole machine was completed within seven weeks. The day of trial arrived. Thousands of spectators were on the ground, and the novelty of the race had attracted an immense concourse of people. The little engine performed for more than a mile per hour, even with this enormous load. It could be no surprise to the admiration of the spectators when Ericsson's engine, called by the inventor, Ericsson, notched by John Braithwaite, and darted along the line at the rate of 29 miles per hour. Mr. Ericsson was the first to apply to marine engines contrivances, not willing to be outdone in this country he left without saying anything. In the year 1831 he applied such machinery, worked by a regulator, to the propeller of the steam-packet *Corunna*, of 116-horse power, plying between Liverpool and Preston.

Mr. Ericsson emigrated to the country in 1839, then between the United States. His first work in this country was his invention of the steam-fire engine, which he first exhibited in the streets of New York. This engine was the first that was ever constructed. Many of the worst fires in the city were extinguished by it. Ericsson has been employed in the construction of no other than the construction of another new idea of his, so illustrated to satisfy the new safety steam-battery *Monitor*. He signed the contract for her construction on the 5th day of October, and launched her on the 31st of December—being a period of two months and eight days—her steam, machinery, and armor were put into operation, and on the same hundred and first working day she was launched. This is a celerity which has never been equalled in this country or in England.

THE "MONITOR."

To the views which we have before given of the *Monitor* we add three plans. They give a more perfect idea of her construction than any thing which has been published. Figure 1 represents her as launched and ready for action; Figure 2 is a plan of her deck; and Figure 3 is a cross section cut down through the turret. The following is a sketch of a plan of the water-line shows precisely how much of her body appears above the water.


Fig. 1.


Fig. 2.


Fig. 3.

A, Revolving Turret.—B. B. Smoke-pipe.—C, Pilot-house.—D, Anchor Well.—E, Hatches.—F, Propeller.—G, Iron Armor.—H, Recess for Deck Beams.—K, Rudder.—L, Water-line.—I, Pulpit Rail.—J, Observation.

REBEL WINTER-QUARTERS AT CENTREVILLE, VIRGINIA, WITH BULL RUN IN THE DISTANCE.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 203.]



INTERSECTION OF THE ORANGE AND ALEXANDRIA RAILROAD WITH THE MANASSAS GAP RAILROAD AT MANASSAS JUNCTION.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 203.]

CAPTAIN JOHN ERICSON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTY & CO.—(SEE PAGE 203.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

IP Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER V.

MR. VANSTONE'S inquiries into the proposed theatrical entertainment at Evergreen Lodge were answered by a narrative of dramatic disasters, of which Miss Marrable impersonated the innocent cause, and in which her father and mother played the parts of chief victims.

Miss Marrable was that hardest of all born tyrants—an only child. She had never granted a constitutional privilege to her oppressed father and mother since the time when she cut her first tooth. Her seventeenth birthday was now near at hand; she had decided on celebrating it by acting a play, had issued her orders accordingly, and had been obeyed by her docile parents as implicitly as usual. Mr. Marrable gave up the drawing-room to be laid waste for a stage and a theatre. Mr. Marrable secured the services of a respectable professional person to drill the young ladies and gentlemen, and to accept all the other responsibilities incidental to creating a dramatic world out of a domestic chaos. Having further accustomed themselves to the breaking of furniture and the staining of walls—to thumping, hallooing, hammering, and screaming; to doors always banging, and to footsteps perpetually running up and down stairs—the nominal master and mistress of the house fondly believed that their chief troubles were over. Innocent and fatal delusion! It is one thing, in private society, to set up the stage and choose the play—it is another thing altogether to find the actors. Hitherto, only the small preliminary annoyances proper to the occasion had shown themselves at Evergreen Lodge. The small and serious troubles were all to come.

"The Rivals" having been chosen as the play, Miss Marrable, as a matter of course, appropriated to herself the part of "Lydia Languish." One of her bosom friends never secured "Captain Absolute," and another laid violent hands on "Sir Lucius O'Trigger." These two were followed by an accommodating appetite-refiner, who accepted the heavy dramatic responsibility of "Mrs. Malaprop"—and there the theatrical proceedings came to a pause. Nine more speaking characters were left to be fitted with representatives; and with that unavoidable necessity the serious troubles began.

All the friends of the family suddenly became unreliable people, for the first time in their lives. After encouraging the idea of the play, they declined the personal sacrifice of acting in it—as they accepted characters, and then broke down in the effort to study them—or they volunteered to take the parts which they knew were already engaged, and declined the parts which were waiting to be acted—or they were afflicted with weak constitutions, and mischievously fell ill when they were wanted at rehearsal—or they had Parisian relatives in the back-ground, and, after slipping into their parts cheerfully at the week's beginning, oozed out of them penitently, under serious family pressure, at the week's end. Meanwhile the carpenters hammered and the scenes rose. Miss Marrable, whose temperament was sensitive, became hysterical under the strain of perpetual anxiety; the family doctor declined to answer for the nervous consequences if something was not done. Renewed efforts were made in every direction. Actors and actresses were sought with a desperate disregard of all considerations of personal fitness. Necessity, which knows no law, either in the drama or out of it, accepted a lad of eighteen as the representative of "Sir Antony Absolute," the stage-manager undertaking to supply the necessary wrinkles from the illimitable resources of theatrical art. A lady whose age was unknown, and whose personal appearance was stout—but whose heart was in the right place—volunteered to act the part of the sentimental "Julia," and brought with her the dramatic qualification of habitually wearing a wig in private life. Thanks to those vigorous measures, the play was at last supplied with representatives—always excepting the two unmanageable characters of "Lucy," the waiting-maid, and "Falkland," Julia's jealous lover. Gentlemen came; saw Julia at rehearsal; observed her stoutness and her wig; omitted to notice that her heart was in the right place; quailed at the prospect, apologized, and retired. Ladies read the part of "Lucy;" remarked that she appeared to great advantage in the first half of the play, and faded out of it altogether in the latter half; objected to pass from the notice of the audience in that manner, when all the rest had a chance of distinguishing themselves to the end; shut the book, apologized, and retired. In eight days more the night of performance would arrive; a phalanx of social martyrs two hundred strong had been converted to witness it; three full rehearsals were absolutely necessary; and two characters in the play were not filled yet. With this lamentable story, and with the humblest apologies for presuming on a slight acquaintance, the Marrables appeared at Combe-Raven to speak to the young ladies for a "Lucy," and to the universe for a "Falkland," with the mendicant pertinacity of a family in despair."

This statement of circumstances—addressed to an audience which included a father of Mr. Vanstone's disposition, and a daughter of Magdalen's temperament—produced the result which might have been anticipated from the first.

Either misinterpreting or disregarding the ominous silence presented by his wife and Miss Garth, Mr. Vanstone not only gave Magdalen permission to assist the forlorn dramatic company, but accepted an invitation to witness the performance for Norah and himself. Mrs. Vanstone declined accompanying them on account of her health; and Miss Garth only engaged to make one among the audience, conditionally on not being wanted at home. The "parts" of "Lucy" and "Falkland" (which the distressed family carried about with them every where, like incidental matters) were handed to their representatives on the spot. Frank's faint remonstrances were rejected without a hearing; the days and hours of rehearsal were carefully noted down on the covers of the parts; and the Marrables took their leave, with a perfect explosion of thanks—father, mother, and daughter sowing their expressions of gratitude broadcast, from the drawing-room door to the garden gate.

As soon as the carriage had driven away, Magdalen presented herself to the general observation under an entirely new aspect.

"If any more visitors call to-day," she said, with the profound gravity of look and manner, "I am not at home. This is a far more serious matter than any of you suppose. Go somewhere by yourself Frank, and read over your part, and don't let your attention wander if you can possibly help it. I shall not be accessible before the evening. If you will come here—with papa's permission—after tea, my views on the subject of Falkland will be at your disposal. Thomas! whatever else the gardener does, he is not to make my horticultural noises under my window. For the rest of the afternoon I shall be immersed in study—and the sooner the rest of the house follows my example the better!"

With that Garth's battery of reproof could open fire, before the first outburst of Mr. Vanstone's hearty laughter could escape his lips, she threw on the head of Falkland all the gravity she could muster, and left the room.

Frank's departure left the family by themselves, and was the signal accordingly for an attack on Mr. Vanstone's inveterate carelessness in the exercise of his paternal authority.

"What could you possibly be thinking of, Andrew, when you gave your consent?" said Mrs. Vanstone. "Surely my silence was a sufficient warning to you to say No?"

"A mistake, Mr. Vanstone," chimed in Miss Garth. "Made with the best intentions—but a mistake for all that."

"It may be a mistake," said Norah, taking her father's part as usual. "But I really don't see how papa, or any one else, could have declined, under the circumstances."

"Quite right, my dear," observed Mr. Vanstone. "The circumstances, as you say, were dead against me. Here were these unfortunate people in a scrape on one side—and Magdalen, on the other, mad to act. I couldn't say I had methodical objections—I couldn't invent methodistical about me. What other excuse could I make? The Marrables are respectable people, and keep the best company in Clifton. What harm can she get in their house? If you come to juice and juice, and that sort of thing—why shouldn't Magdalen do what Miss Marrable does? There! there! let the poor things act, and amuse themselves. We were fleet age once—and it's no use making a fuss—and that's all I've got to say about it."

With that characteristic defense of his own conduct Mr. Vanstone sauntered back to the green-house to smoke another cigar.

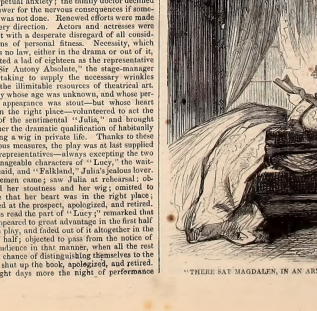
"I didn't say so to papa," said Norah, taking her mother's arm on the way back to the house; "but the bad result of the acting, in my opinion, will be the familiarity it is sure to encourage between Magdalen and Francis Clare."

"You are prejudiced against Frank, my love," said Mrs. Vanstone.

Norah's soft, secret, hazel eyes sank to the ground; she said no more. Her opinions were unchangeable—but she never disputed with any body. She had the great failing of a reserved nature—the failing of obstinacy; and the great merit—the merit of silence. "What is your head running on now?" thought Miss Garth, casting a sharp look at Norah's dark, downcast face. "You're one of the impenetrable sort. Give me Magdalen, with all her perversities; I can see through through her. You're as dark as night."

The hours of the afternoon passed away, and still Magdalen remained shut up in her own room. No restless footsteps pattered on the upper floor; no amiable temper was heard chattering here, there, and everywhere, from the garret to the kitchen—the house seemed lonely like itself, with the one ever-disturbing element in the family serenity suddenly withdrawn from it. Anxious to witness, with her own eyes, the reality of a transformation in which past experience still inclined her to disbelieve, Miss Garth ascended to Magdalen's room, knocked twice at the door, received no answer, opened it, and looked in.

There sat Magdalen, in an arm-chair before the long looking-glass, with all her hair let down over her shoulders, absorbed in the study of her part, and comfortably arrayed in her morning wrapper, until it was time to dress for dinner. At a short distance behind her the lady's-maid, slowly combing out the long, heavy locks of her young mistress's hair, with the sleepy resignation of a woman who had been engaged in that employment for some hours past. The sun was shining, and the green shutters outside the window were closed. The dim light fell tenderly on the two quiet seated figures; on the little white bed, with its pure lining of white enamel; on the toilet-table with its sparkling caskets, its crystal bottles, its silver bell with Cupid for a handle, its litter of little luxuries that adorn the shrine of a woman's bedchamber. The luxurious tranquillity of the scene; the cool fragrance of flowers and perfume in the atmosphere; the rapt attitude of Magdalen, absorbed over her reading; the monotonous regularity of movement in the maid's hand and arm, as she drew the comb smoothly through and through her mistress's



"THERE SAT MAGDALEN, IN AN ARM-CHAIR BEFORE THE LONG LOOKING-GLASS," ETC.

hair—all conveyed the same soothing impression of drowsy, delicious quiet. On one side of the door were the broad daylight, and the familiar realities of life. On the other was the dream-land of Elysian serenity, the sanctuary of unruffled repose.

Miss Garth paused on the threshold, and looked into the room in silence.

Magdalen's curious fancy for having her hair combed at all times and seasons was among the peculiarities of her character which were notorious to every body in the house. It was one of her father's favorite jokes, that she reminded him, on such occasions, of a cat having her back stroked, and that he always expected, if the combing were only continued long enough, to hear her *pur.* Extravagant as it may seem, the comparison was not altogether inappropriate. The girl's fervid temperament intensified the essentially feminine pleasure that most women feel in the passage of the comb through their hair to a luxury of sensation which absorbed her in enjoyment, so serenely self-demonstrative, so drowsily deep, that it did irresistibly suggest a pet cat's enjoyment under a caressing hand. Intimately as Miss Garth was acquainted with this peculiarity in her pupil, she now saw it asserting itself for the first time in association with mental exertion of any kind on Magdalen's part. Feeling, therefore, some curiosity to know how long the combing and the studying had gone on together, she ventured on putting the question, first, to the mistress, and (receiving no answer in that quarter), secondly, to the maid.

"All the afternoon, Miss, off and on," was the weary answer. "Miss Magdalen says it soothes her feelings and clears her mind."

Knowing by experience that interference would be hopeless, under these circumstances, Miss Garth turned sharply and left the room. She smiled when she was outside on the landing. The female mind does occasionally, though not often, project itself into the future. Miss Garth was prophetically pitying Magdalen's unfortunate husband.

Dinner-time presented the fair student to the family eye in the same mentally absorbed aspect. On all ordinary occasions Magdalen's appetite would have terrified those feeble sentimentalists who affect to ignore the all-important influence which female feeding exerts in the production of female beauty. On this occasion she refused one dish after another with a resolution which implied the rarest of all modern martyrdoms—gastric martyrdom. "I have conceived the part of Lucy," she observed, with the demurest gravity. "The next difficulty is to make Frank conceive the part of Falkland. I see nothing to laugh at—you would all be serious enough if you had my responsibilities. No, papa—no wine to-day, thank you. I must keep my intelligence clear. Water, Thomas—and a little more jelly, I think, before you take it away."

When Frank presented himself in the evening, ignorant of the first elements of his part, she took him in hand, as a middle-aged schoolmistress might have taken in hand a backward little boy. The few attempts he made to vary the sternly practical nature of the evening's occupation by slipping in compliments sidelong she put away from her with the contemptuous self-possession of a woman of twice her age. She literally forced him into his part. Her father fell asleep in his chair. Mrs. Vanstone and Miss Garth lost their interest in the proceedings, retired to the farther end of the room, and spoke together in whispers. It grew later and later; and still Magdalen never flinched from her task—still, with equal perseverance, Norah, who had been on the watch all through the evening, kept on the watch to the end. The distrust darkened and darkened on her face as she looked at her sister and Frank; as she saw how close they sat together, devoted to the same interest and working to the same end. The clock on the mantlepiece pointed to half past eleven before Lucy the resolute permitted Falkland the helpless to shut up his task-book for the night. "She's wonderfully clever, isn't she?" said Frank, taking leave of Mr. Vanstone at the hall-door. "I'm to come to-morrow and hear more of her views—if you have no objection. I shall never do it; don't tell her I said so. As fast as she teaches me one speech, the other goes out of my head. Discouraging, isn't it? Good-night."

The next day but one was the day of the first full rehearsal. On the previous evening Mrs. Vanstone's spirits had been sadly depressed. At a private interview with Miss Garth she had referred again, of her own accord, to the subject of her letter from London—had spoken self-reproachfully of her weakness in admitting Captain Wragge's impudent claim to a family connection with her—and had then reverted to the state of her health, and to the doubtful prospect that awaited her in the coming summer, in a tone of despondency which it was very distressing to hear. Anxious to cheer her spirits, Miss Garth had changed the conversation as soon as possible—had referred to the approaching theatrical performance—and had relieved Mrs. Vanstone's mind of all anxiety in that direction, by announcing her intention of accompany Magdalen to each rehearsal, and of not losing sight of her until she was safely back again in her father's house. Accordingly, when Frank presented himself at Combe-Raven on the eventful morning, there stood Miss Garth prepared—in the interpolated character of Argus—to accompany Lucy and Falkland to the scene of trial. The railway conveyed the three, in excellent time, to Evergreen Lodge; and at one o'clock the rehearsal began.

CHAPTER VI.

"I hope Miss Vanstone knows her part?" whispered Mrs. Marrable, anxiously addressing herself to Miss Garth, in a corner of the theatre. "If airs and graces make an actress, ma'am, Magdalen's performance will astonish us all." With that reply Miss Garth took out her work and seated herself, on guard, in the centre of the pit.

The manager perched himself, book in hand, on a stool close in front of the stage. He was an active little man, of a sweet and cheerful temper; and he gave the signal to begin with as patient an interest in the proceedings as if they had caused him no trouble in the past, and promised him no difficulty in the future. The two characters which open the comedy of The Rivals, "Fag" and the "Coachman," appeared on the scene—looked many sizes too tall for their canvas back-ground, which represented a "Street in Bath"—exhibited the customary inability to manage their own arms, legs, and voices—went out severally at the wrong exits—and expressed their perfect approval of results, so far, by laughing heartily behind the scenes. "Silence, gentlemen, if you please," remonstrated the cheerful manager. "As loud as you like *on* the stage, but the audience mustn't hear you *off* it. Miss Marrable ready? Miss Vanstone ready? Easy there with the 'Street in Bath;' it's going up crooked! Face this way, Miss Marrable; full face, if you please. Miss Vanstone—" He checked himself suddenly. "Curious," he said, under his breath—"she fronts the audience of her own accord!" Lucy opened the scene in these words: "Indeed, ma'am, I traversed half the town in search of it: I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I haven't been at." The manager started in his chair. "My heart alive! she speaks out without telling!" The dialogue went on. Lucy produced the novels for Miss Lydia Languish's private reading from under her cloak. The manager rose excitably to his feet. Marvelous! No hurry with the books; no dropping them. She looked at the titles before she announced them to her mistress; she set down "Humphry Clinker" on "The Tears of Sensibility" with a smart little smack which pointed the antithesis. One moment—and she announced Julia's visit; another—and she dropped the brisk waiting-maid's courtesy; a third—and she was off the stage instantly, on the side set down for her in the book. The manager wheeled round in his chair, and looked hard at Miss Garth. "I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said. "Miss Marrable told me, before we began, that this was the young lady's first attempt. It can't be, surely?"

"It is," replied Miss Garth, reflecting the manager's look of amazement in her own face. Was it possible that Magdalen's unintelligible industry in the study of her part really sprang from a serious interest in her occupation—an interest which implied a natural fitness for it?

The rehearsal went on. The stout lady with the wig (and the excellent heart) personated the sentimental Julia from an inveterately tragic point of view, and used her handkerchief distractedly in the first scene. The spinster-relative felt Mrs. Malaprop's mistakes in language so seriously, and took such extraordinary pains with her blunders, that they sounded more like exercises in elocution than any thing else. The unhappy lad who led the forlorn hope of the company, in the person of "Sir Antony Absolute," expressed the age and irascibility of his character by tottering incessantly at the knees, and thumping the stage perpetually with his stick. Slowly and clumsily, with constant interruptions and interminable mistakes, the first act dragged on, until Lucy appeared again to end it in soliloquy, with the confession of her assumed simplicity and the praise of her own cunning.

Here the stage artifice of the situation presented difficulties which Magdalen had not encountered in the first scene; and here her total want of experience led her into more than one palpable mistake. The stage-manager, with an eagerness which he had not shown in the case of any other member of the company, interfered immediately, and set her right. At one point she was to pause, and take a turn on the stage—she did it. At another she was to stop, toss her head, and look pertly at the audience—she did it. When she took out the paper to read the list of the presents she had received, could she give it a tap with her finger (Yes)? And lead off with a little laugh (Yes—after twice trying)? Could she read the different items with a sly look at the end of each sentence, straight at the pit (Yes, straight at the pit, and as sly as you please)? The manager's cheerful face beamed with approval. He tucked the play under his arm, and clapped his hands gayly; the gentlemen, clustered together behind the scenes, followed his example; the ladies looked at each other with dawning doubts whether they had not better have left the new recruit in the retirement of private life. Too deeply absorbed in the business of the stage to heed any of them, Magdalen asked leave to repeat the soliloquy, and make quite sure of her own improvement. She went all through it again, without a mistake this time, from beginning to end; the manager celebrating her attention to his directions by an outburst of professional approbation, which escaped him in spite of himself. "She can take a hint!" cried the little man, with a hearty smack of his hand on the prompt-book. "She's a born actress, if ever there was one yet!"

"I hope not," said Miss Garth to herself, taking up the work which had dropped into her lap, and looking down at it in some perplexity. Her worst apprehension of results in connection with the theatrical enterprise had foreboded levity of conduct with some of the gentlemen—she had not bargained for this. Magdalen, in the capacity of a thoughtless girl, was comparatively easy to deal with. Magdalen, in the character of a born actress, threatened serious future difficulties.

The rehearsal proceeded. Lucy returned to the stage for her scenes in the second act (the last in which she appears) with Sir Lucius and Fag. Here again Magdalen's inexperience betrayed itself—and here once more her resolution in attacking and conquering her own mistakes astonished every body. "Bravo!" cried the gentlemen behind the scenes, as she steadily trampled down one blunder after another. "Ridiculous!" said the ladies, "with such a small part as hers." "Heaven forgive me!" thought Miss Garth, coming round unwillingly to the general opinion. "I almost wish we were Papists, and had a convent to put her in to-morrow." One of Mr. Marrable's servants entered the theatre as that desperate aspiration escaped the governess. She instantly sent the man behind the scenes with a message: "Miss Vanstone has done her part in the rehearsal: request her to come here and sit by me." The servant returned with a polite apology: "Miss Vanstone's kind love, and she begs to be excused—she's prompting Mr. Clare." She prompted him to such purpose that he actually got through his part. The performances of the other gentlemen were obtrusively imbecile. Frank was just one degree better—he was modestly incapable; and he gained by comparison. "Thanks to Miss Vanstone," observed the manager, who had heard the prompting. "She pulled him through. We shall be flat enough at night, when the drop falls on the second act, and the audience have seen the last of her. It's a thousand pities she hasn't got a better part!"

"It's a thousand mercies she's no more to do than she has," muttered Miss Garth, overhearing him. "As things are, the people can't well turn her head with applause. She's out of the play in the second act—that's one comfort!"

No well-regulated mind ever draws its inferences in a hurry; Miss Garth's mind was well-regulated; therefore, logically speaking, Miss Garth ought to have been superior to the weakness of rushing at conclusions. She had committed that error, nevertheless, under present circumstances. In plainer terms, the consoling reflection which had just occurred to her assumed that the play had by this time survived all its disasters, and entered on its long-deferred career of success. The play had done nothing of the sort. Misfortune and the Marrable family had not parted company yet.

When the rehearsal was over, nobody observed that the stout lady with the wig privately withdrew herself from the company; and when she was afterward missed from the table of refreshments, which Mr. Marrable's hospitality kept ready spread in a room near the theatre, nobody imagined that there was any serious reason for her absence. It was not till the ladies and gentlemen assembled for the next rehearsal that the true state of the case was impressed on the minds of the company. At the appointed hour no Julia appeared. In her stead Mrs. Marrable portentously approached the stage with an open letter in her hand. She was naturally a lady of the mildest good-breeding; she was mistress of every bland conventionality in the English language—but disasters and dramatic influences combined threw even this harmless matron off her balance at last. For the first time in her life Mrs. Marrable indulged in vehement gesture and used strong language. She handed the letter sternly, at arm's-length, to her daughter. "My dear," she said, with an aspect of awful composure, "we are under a Curse." Before the amazed dramatic company could petition for an explanation she turned and left the room. The manager's professional eye followed her out respectfully—he looked as if he approved of the exit, from a theatrical point of view.

What new misfortune had befallen the play? The last and worst of all misfortunes had assailed it. The stout lady had resigned her part.

Not maliciously. Her heart, which had been in the right place throughout, remained inflexibly in the right place still. Her explanation of the circumstances proved this, if nothing else did. The letter began with a statement: She had overheard at the last rehearsal (quite unintentionally) personal remarks of which she was the subject. They might, or might not, have had reference to her—Hair, and her—Figure. She would not distress Mrs. Marrable by repeating them. Neither would she mention names, because it was foreign to her nature to make bad worse. The only course at all consistent with her own self-respect was to resign her part. She inclosed it accordingly to Mrs. Marrable, with many apologies for her presumption in undertaking a youthful character at—what a gentleman was pleased to term—her Age; and with what two ladies were rude enough to characterize as her disadvantages of—Hair, and—Figure. A younger and more attractive representative of Julia would no doubt be easily found. In the mean time all persons concerned had her full forgiveness; to which she would only beg leave to add her best and kindest wishes for the success of the play.

In four nights more the play was to be performed. If ever any human enterprise stood in need of good wishes to help it, that enterprise was unquestionably the theatrical entertainment at Evergreen Lodge!

One arm-chair was allowed on the stage; and into that arm-chair Miss Marrable sank, preparatory to a fit of hysterics. Magdalen stepped forward at the first convulsion, snatched the letter from Miss Marrable's hand, and stopped the threatened catastrophe.

"She's an ugly, bald-headed, malicious, middle-aged wretch," said Magdalen, tearing the letter into fragments, and tossing them over the heads of the company. "But I can tell her one thing—she sha'n't spoil the play. I'll act Julia."

"Bravo!" cried the chorus of gentlemen—the anonymous gentleman who had helped to do the mischief (otherwise Mr. Francis Clare) loudest of all.

"If you want the truth I don't shrink from owning it," continued Magdalen. "I'm one of the ladies she means. I said she had a head like a mop and a waist like a bolster. So she has."

"I am the other lady," added the spinster-relative. "But *I* only said she was too stout for the part."

"I am the gentleman," chimed in Frank, stimulated by the force of example. "I said nothing—I only agreed with the ladies."

Here Miss Garth seized her opportunity, and addressed the stage loudly from the pit.

"Stop! stop!" she said. "You can't settle the difficulty in that way. If Magdalen plays Julia, who is to play Lucy?"

Miss Marrable sank back in the arm-chair and gave way to the second convulsion.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Magdalen, "the thing's simple enough. I'll act Julia and Lucy both together."

The manager was consulted on the spot. Suppressing Lucy's first entrance, and turning the short dialogue about the novels into a soliloquy for Lydia Languish, appeared to be the only changes of importance necessary to the accomplishment of Magdalen's project. Lucy's two telling scenes, at the end of the first and second acts, were sufficiently removed from the scenes in which Julia appeared to give time for the necessary transformations in dress. Even Miss Garth, though she tried hard to find them, could put no fresh obstacles in the way. The question was settled in five minutes, and the rehearsal went on; Magdalen learning Julia's stage situations with the book in her hand, and announcing afterward, on the journey home, that she proposed sitting up all night to study the new part. Frank thereupon expressed his fears that she would have no time left to help him through his theatrical difficulties. She tapped him on the shoulder coquettishly with her part. "You foolish fellow, how am I to do without you? You're Julia's jealous lover; you're always making Julia cry. Come to-night, and make me cry at tea-time. You haven't got a venomous old woman in a wig to act with now. It's *my* heart you're to break—and of course I shall teach you how to do it."

The four days' interval passed busily in perpetual rehearsals, public and private. The night of performance arrived; the guests assembled; the great dramatic experiment stood on its trial. Magdalen had made the most of her opportunities; she had learned all that the manager could teach her in the time. Miss Garth left her when the overture began, sitting apart in a corner behind the scenes, serious and silent, with her smelling-bottle in one hand and her book in the other, resolutely training herself for the coming ordeal to the very last.

The play began, with all the proper accompaniments of a theatrical performance in private life; with a crowded audience, an African temperature, a bursting of heated lamp-glasses, and a difficulty in drawing up the curtain. "Fag" and "the Coachman," who opened the scene, took leave of their memories as soon as they stepped on the stage; left half their dialogue unspoken; came to a dead pause; were audibly entreated by the invisible manager to "come off;" and went off accordingly, in every respect sadder and wiser men than when they went on. The next scene disclosed Miss Marrable as "Lydia Languish," gracefully seated, very pretty, beautifully dressed, accurately mistress of the smallest words in her part; possessed, in short, of every personal resource—except her voice. The ladies admired, the gentlemen applauded. Nobody heard any thing but the words "Speak up, Miss," whispered by the same voice which had already entreated Fag and the Coachman to "come off." A responsive titter rose among the younger spectators, checked immediately by magnanimous applause. The temperature of the audience was rising to Blood Heat—but the national sense of fair play was not boiled out of them yet.

In the midst of the demonstration Magdalen quietly made her first entrance, as "Julia." She was dressed very plainly in dark colors, and wore her own hair; all stage adjuncts and alterations (excepting the slightest possible touch of rouge on her cheeks) having been kept in reserve, to disguise her the more effectually in her second part. The grace and simplicity of her costume, the steady self-possession with which she looked out over the eager rows of faces before her, raised a low hum of approval and expectation. She spoke—after suppressing a momentary tremor—with a quiet distinctness of utterance which reached all ears, and which at once confirmed the favorable impression that her appearance had produced. The one member of the audience who looked at her and listened to her coldly was her elder sister. Before the actress of the evening had been five minutes on the stage, Norah detected, to her own indescribable astonishment, that Magdalen had audaciously individualized the feeble amiability of "Julia's" character by seizing no less a person than herself as the model to act it by. She saw all her own little formal peculiarities of manner and movement unblushingly reproduced—and even the very tone of her voice so accurately mimicked from time to time that the accents startled her as if she was speaking herself, with an echo on the stage. The effect of this cool appropriation of Norah's identity to theatrical purposes on the audience—who only saw results—asserted itself in a storm of applause on Magdalen's exit. She had won two incontestible triumphs in her first scene. By a dextrous piece of mimicry she had made a living reality of one of the most insipid characters in the English drama, and she had roused to enthusiasm an audience of two hundred exiles from the [illegible] of ventilation, all simmering together

in their own animal heat. Under the circumstances, where is the screen by profession who could have done much more?

But the event of the evening was still to come. Magdalen's disguised reappearance at the end of the act, in the character of "Lucy"—with false hair and false eyebrows, with a bright-red complexion and patches on her cheeks, with the gayest colors flaunting in her dress, and the shrillest vivacity of voice and manner—fairly staggered the audience. They looked down at their programmes, to see if the announcement had been altered under an assumed name; looked up again at the stage; penetrated the disguise; and vented their astonishment in another round of applause, louder and heartier even than the last. Norah herself could not deny this time that the tribute of approbation had been well deserved. There, forcing its way steadily through all the fields of inexperience—the timidity peculiar to the dullest of the spectators, was the rare faculty of dramatic impersonation, expressing itself in every look and action of this girl of eighteen, who now stood on a stage for the first time in her life. Falling in the natural sequence of the double task which she had undertaken, she succeeded in the one important necessity of saying the main distinctions of her character thoroughly apart. Every body felt that the difficulty lay here—every body saw how difficulty conquered—every body echoed the manager's enthusiasm at rehearsal, which had hailed her as a born actress.

When the drop-scene descended for the first time Magdalen had encountered the ordeal of the whole interest and attraction of the play. The audience politely applauded Miss Marbella, as became the guests assembled in her father's house; and good-humouredly encouraged the remainder of the company, to help them through a task for which they were all, more or less palpably unfit. But as the play proceeded nothing caused them to any genuine expression of interest when Magdalen was absent from the scene. There was no disguising it: Miss Marbella and her bosom friends had not half-hospitably cast in the shade by the new recruit whom they had summoned to assist them in the hypocrisy of forlorn hope. And this on Miss Marbella's own birthday! and this in her father's house! and this after the unanimous exercises of six weeks past! Of all the domestic disasters which the thankless theatrical career had inflicted on the Marbelle family, the crowning misfortune was now consummated by Magdalen's success.

Leaving Mr. Vanstone and Norah, on the conclusion of the play, among the guests in the supper-room, Miss Garth was behind the scenes ostensibly anxious to see if she could be of any use; really bent on assuring herself that Magdalen's head had been turned by the triumphs of the evening. It would not have surprised Miss Garth if she had found Magdalen in full tide of making terms with the manager for her forthcoming appearance in a theatre. Such events really turned out she found Magdalen on the stage, receiving with gracious smiles a visit which the manager presented to pay with a professional bow. Noticing Miss Garth's mute look of inquiry, the civil little man hastened to explain that the card was his own, and that he was merely taking the favor of Miss Vanstone's recommendation for any future engagement.

"This is not the last time the young lady will be concerned in private theatricals, I'll answer for it," said the manager. "And if a regular retreat is wanted on the next occasion, she has fairly promised to say a good word for me. I am always to be heard of, Miss, at that address." Saying those words, he bowed again, and disappeared.

Vague suspicions beset the mind of Miss Garth, and seemed to insist on taking shape in her cord. No more harmless morsel of pasteboard was ever passed from one hand to another. The card containing but the name of Captain Treverton, and, under it, the name and address of a theatrical agent in London.

"It is not worth the trouble of keeping," said Miss Garth.

Magdalen caught her hand before she could throw the card away—possessed herself of it the next instant—and put it in her pocket.

"I promised to recommend him," she said—"and that's one reason for keeping his card. But if does nothing else, it will answer for the happiest evening of my life—and that's another. Come!" she cried, throwing her arms round Miss Garth's neck in feverish gayety—"congratulate me on my success!"

"I will congratulate you when you have got over it," said Miss Garth.

It half an hour more Magdalen had changed her dress, and joined the guests, and had stepped into an atmosphere of congratulation high above the reach of any unpleasant reminiscences that Miss Garth could exercise. Frank, dilatory in all his proceedings, was the last of the dramatic company who left the precincts of the stage. He made no attempt to join Magdalen in the supper-room—but he was ready in the hall with her cloak, when the carriages were called and the party broke up.

"Oh, Frank!" she said, looking round at him, as he put the cloak on her shoulders, "I am so sorry it's all over. Come to-morrow morning and let's talk about it by ourselves."

"In the shrubbery at ten?" asked Frank, in a whisper.

She drew up the hood of her cloak and nodded to him gayly. Miss Garth, standing near, noticed the looks that passed between them, though the disturbance made by the parting guests prevented her from hearing the words. There was a soft, underlying tenderness in Magdalen's assumed gayety of manner—there was a sudden thoughtfulness in her face, a confidential fondness in her hand, as she took Frank's arm and went out to the carriage. What did it mean? Had the passing interest in him, as her stage-pupil, treacherously sown the seeds of any deeper interest in him as a man? Had the idle theatrical scheme, now that it was all over, graver results to answer for than a mischievous waste of time?

The lines on Miss Garth's face deepened and hardened; she stood long after the fluttering crowd around her. Norah's warning words, addressed to Mrs. Vanstone in the garden, returned to her memory—and now, for the first time, the idea dawned on her that Norah had seen consequences in their true light.

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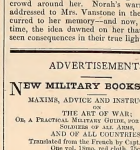
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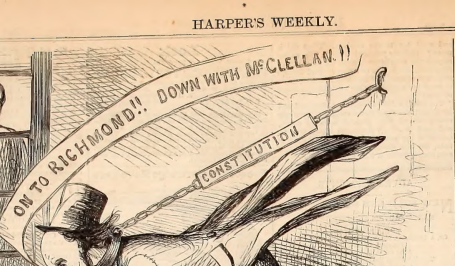
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THE REBEL STEAMER "NASHVILLE" RUNNING THE BLOCKADE AT BEAUFORT, NORTH CAROLINA.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

CAPTURE OF BEAUFORT AND THE ESCAPE OF THE REBEL STEAM-SHIP "NASHVILLE."

We devote the preceding page to an illustration of the escape of the rebel steamer *Nashville*, Beaufort, North Carolina.

Immediately upon the capture of Newbern General Burnside started an expedition to Beaufort. The expedition left Newbern on Thursday, 20th, in steamers, and went partially down the River, and on landing struck the railroad, and took up the march for Beaufort, with hand-cars from Newbern loaded with ammunition and baggage. A few days before the gun-boat *Stars and Stripes* went outside and assisted the blockade, but the *Nashville* might try to escape to sea when the troops come Inland.

Upon the arrival of the expedition the first report stated that they found the city evacuated by the rebels, Fort Macon blown up by the retreating enemy, and the rebel steamer *Nashville* burning to prevent her falling into our hands. Later accounts, direct from the blockading squadron, however, say that the *Nashville* ran the blockade successfully.

General Burnside then sent a force with several gun-boats to Washington. No opposition was made to landing. Our troops occupied the town, and the Union flag is flying at the Court-House.

Our picketa extend about eight miles from Newbern toward Goldsborough. The inhabitants of Newbern are gradually returning to their homes, and taking the oath of allegiance.

We subjoin a CHART of the Harbor of Beaufort, North Carolina.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1862.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT ON THE BLOCKADE.

THE American public have read with lively satisfaction the candid and honest speeches of Earl Russell, Mr. W. E. Forster, and the Solicitor-General of England on the subject of the blockade of the Southern ports. The tone of the leading British presses has been so uniformly unjust to the United States, and so notoriously under the control of secessionist emissaries, that there were many here who feared that Great Britain would be as false to her traditions and her laws on the subject of blockades as her people had been on the subject of slavery. These apprehensions have not been fulfilled. Members of the British Government have declared in the most positive terms—what we all knew here long ago—that the blockade of the Southern ports is as perfect as any blockade ever was, and that no foreign power can disturb it without trying in the face of the fundamental principles of international law.

The pleasure with which we record these evidences of official candor in England would have been greater if they had not been followed, in almost every instance, by the expression of opinions unfavorable to the success of the North. It is natural that British statesmen should cling to their cherished hope of seeing this country divided and weakened. But is it wise, is it friendly, to proclaim the wish so constantly to the world? What would be said of a tradesman who was constantly predicting about the bankruptcy of his rival over the way? Would he not be set down as a dirty, mean fellow? Would it not have been better for Earl Russell to have left this sort of thing to Gregory and Ferguson, and other blackguards and boobies?

WHAT TO DO WITH THE NEGROES.

SENATOR DOOLITTLE made substantial progress in the Senate last week with his bill. The other day, that he would never vote for emancipation without colonization, though the Senate, by the casting vote of the Vice-President, has decided in the opposite sense. With the exception of the crazy people down South who are being whipped into fighting by the armies of the Union, every body now agrees that, sooner or later, in one way or another, slavery ought to be abolished on American soil. But the main question thus decided, it is high time that the people began to think of and discuss the questions yet undetermined of the how and the when.

We have two historical precedents—that of Great Britain and that of France. In the year 1834 the British Parliament passed a law emancipating the slaves in the British West India Islands, with compensation ($100,000,000) to the owners; the act was only to take effect in 1838. In 1848 the revolutionary Government of France with a stroke of the pen freed all the slaves in the French Islands: no compensation was granted to the owners, and the act took effect immediately.

These two plans of emancipation were carried under the most diametrically opposite circumstances. Emancipation in the British colonies had been brought before Parliament every year for twenty years, and only succeeded at last through the support of London bankers, creditors of the slave-owners in Jamaica and Barbados, who saw in a parliamentary grant their only chance of collecting the debts due them. The measure was adopted after full deliberation, and five years were granted to the slaves and their owners to prepare for the change. In France emancipation was decreed from the impulse of the moment, without outside pressure from any quarter, and without preliminary notice of any kind to the parties principally concerned.

So far as practical results show, the French scheme succeeded better than the English. The British colonies began to decay after emancipation, relapsed almost into a desert condition, and have only begun to recover very recently. The French colonies have undergone but little change.

It would, however, be rash hence to infer, that immediate and unconditional emancipation works better than the gradual and conditional abolition of slavery. The French planters, deeply in the British colonists mainly in consequence of the lessened and insufficient culture of the white slave-owners. With such resources they refused to accommodate themselves to the new condition of things; haughtily declined to pay wages to the colored people who had been their slaves, and sank into ruin with their estates for want of common sense. Slavery had rotted their hearts and minds out, as it has those of the whites of several of our Southern States; and the British emancipation, for nearly a quarter of a century, was due to their example. The slave-holders of the French islands, on the contrary, with their national activity, adapted themselves at once to the new order of things, paid wages cheerfully to the emancipated slaves, and went on growing tropical products as before.

In neither case was it proposed to expatriate the slaves after emancipation, and both British and French colonies, since the abolition of slavery, so far from seeking to get rid of the negro, have complained loudly of the want of labor. The Jamaica government has actually tried to import free negroes from the United States.

In studying these precedents it must be remembered that the slaves in our Southern States are at least ten times as numerous as the slaves in either the British or the French colonies. They now exceed four millions in number, and soon now living will, in all probability, see the colored race on this continent more numerous than the entire population of the country at the present time.

It is pretty well understood that President Lincoln agrees with Senator Doolittle in advocating colonization of the blacks. This is the Western plan. Illinois has always refused citizens of free color in the State, and the movement generally object as much to free negroes as to slavery. Those who have read "Sewell's Cotton and Free Labor in the Slave States" will understand this prejudice. In Jamaica and Barbados the mulattoes are steadily gaining power and influence, and the end can not be mistaken. The white race must eventually go to the wall. To avoid this result, Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Doolittle, Mr. Blair, and those who agree with them, propose to colonize the negroes of our Southern States—to send them to Hayti, or Central America, or somewhere else.

To be effectual this remedy must be thorough. The entire four millions must be exported.

Let us assume that the National Legislature adopts the colonization scheme, and decides to carry it into effect. To carry the 4,000,000 slaves now in the Slave States to a foreign port would require at least 8000 vessels of 1000 tons burden—in other words, all the large sailing vessels in the world for a couple of years. The cost of transportation alone, assuming that the place of destination were in the West Indies or Central America, could not fall short of $100,000,000. It would likewise be necessary to support the 4,000,000 slaves for one year at least one year in their new abode, which could not well cost less than $100,000,000 more. The moment the slaves were sent away the United States would raise the very article has been raised by the British West Indies ever since emancipation—for many years. Cotton, sugar, and rice plantations would go to ruin for want of labor. Prosperous regions would relapse into wilderness, and what is worse, as the new dominant nations of Europe have been driven, into adopting systems of coolie and negro immigration. In the mean time, under the fostering influence of a tropical sun, a negro empire would be rearing at its head menacingly somewhere on our Southern border. This empire would number 10,000,000 souls in 1875, and 30,000,000 in 1900. Would not such a neighbor be more dangerous than any of the wars which we have tried to ward off by adopting the Monroe doctrine?

We have said nothing of the probability that the negroes would object to be exiled, and of the monstrous difficulty of exporting 4,000,000 human beings against their will. This is an obstacle which could be surmounted, and which overcome it would involve much expenditure of money, time, and energy.

We offer no theories on this vital question, and are content to throw out a few facts by the wayside for the consideration of the people. Soon enough it will devolve upon us to decide upon a policy in regard to these negroes. Let us be prepared to act with a full knowledge of past history, present circumstances, and future prospects. It will not do to be led by passion or prejudice in the matter. Our action will determine the weal or woe of many generations of white people on this continent. On the face of it, the problem appears to be one of unparalleled difficulty—one in which the issues to true beings are so constantly obscured by the fanatic teachings of partisans of naked material interest on the one side, and of abstract moral principle on the other. But we shall have to solve it some day.

THE LOUNGER.

HOW WILL YOU DO IT?

It is certainly tiresome to keep on exposing absurdities and errors; but if we were to be satisfied with a simple denial and exposure of untruth, then —not to put too fine a point upon it—the devil would have his own way easily. All the rebellion wants is to be let alone. It is all that treason wants—that any crime wants.

The present error that cries aloud for reiterated correction is the querulous complaint—"What is the use?" "Here we are, tied to a tree-how they make a stand. Don't you see they all run away?" "Is the blockade effective?" "Look at the Virginia Valley—at Newbern—they all go off with the negroes except the old people and the slaves. Come, now, you may look, but you can not conquer. They may hold out, but they can not secure their independence. They can not do it as it is long. Sooner or later you've got to compromise."

Compromise what? What is there to compromise? Here is a crew of rebels, armed, equipped, drilled, intrenched, resolute, who defy the Government of the nation. Either they must succeed in bringing the Government to terms, or the Government must reduce them. If they can compel the Government to agree that they shall enjoy *certain conditions*, then they are successful, and the Government is overthrown. Suppose that South Carolina agrees to cease active hostility upon condition that she shall have the forts in her harbor, and that the United States will allow her to keep the garland tartlf? Or suppose that Jeff Davis says that he will do what he can to disband the rebel armies, on condition that the Administration will agree that a slaveholder may take and hold his slave anywhere within the Union? In that case Jeff Davis merely dictates terms to a conquered enemy. If you will do this, he says, I will lay down my arms; if not, I will fight.

Besides, practically, Jeff Davis is but a single rebel. He can not lay his own arms; but how can he bind any other rebel? And the administration of our Government may accept terms which the United Administration may repudiate. The war is our only supposed; and only suspended because neither side has conquered.

There can be no compromise, because there are no grounds for a compromise. A compromise belongs to peaceful times. It is a friendly gateway to each other, If you will favor me in this, I will favor you in that. That is a compromise. But if two contending men sit down to a meal, and one says to the other, "If you will give me your arms and go home I will not fire," and the other assents, that is not a compromise, it is a surrender, a bloodless victory. Or suppose, in the midst of the fight in Hampton Roads, the *Merrimac* had said to the *Monitor*, "Let us each turn about and go home;" that would be a compromise. But what would be settled by it? Each would only have waited for the other to come out again.

In our war we have to beat absolutely, or to be absolutely beaten.

THE RHODE ISLAND LINE.

"WHEN the charge of the Fourth Rhode Island had been made, and the colors were carried along the whole length of the main battery, General Burnside asked some one what regiment that was. On being told the Fourth Rhode Island, he said, 'I knew it. It was no more than I expected. Thank God, the day is ours!'"

It is just about a year since the election in Rhode Island made William Sprague for the second time Governor of that State. He was a young manthe son of a great cotton manufacturer, from whom he had inherited a large fortune, and from his father also the control of a large political party. He had returned a year or two before from Europe, where, during the Kossuth excitement, and exciting the country, and had been selected as a meritorious and unconsumted candidate for Governor by a convention of democratic members of the Legislature of the State. He was elected; and during the Presidential contest he was among the few of Lincoln men of the palest possible hue. So very little heeded, that when, last spring, he was elected again, over a very able opponent, the result was not at first regarded as a half-Southern triumph, and was so hailed, we believe, by George Sanders, an eminent Democratic doctor of the school which holds Southrich men ought to own poor ones.

Mr. Sprague had military ardor—he was commander of a mounted company in Providence before he was Governor—and when the rebellion immasked itself at Sumter, Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, was the first to telegraph to the President that he had "sixty men and horses, and a thousand men at a moment's warning." Thus he telegraphed himself into a national reputation; and when his words were proved by deeds, he was First and Second regiments of the State, under Colonels Burnside and Bourn—Bourn, who had fought for Rhode Island youth—passed fully equipped to Washington, and stood steadily through the dark day at Bull Run, side by side with the New York regiments, while Governor Sprague dashed about the field among his brave, insensible to fear, and the calm, sagacious, heroic Burnside directed the brigade, then the name of the young Governor became fairly known, and his personal place was secured by all men.

The year has passed and the patriotic resolutions of the little State, symbolized by the prompt dispatch of her Governor at the beginning, has been always at work in the field—for the Fourth Rhode Island youth—passed fully equipped to Washington, and stood steadily through the dark day at Bull Run, side by side with the New York regiments, while Governor Sprague dashed about the field among his brave, insensible to fear, and the calm, sagacious, heroic Burnside directed the brigade, then the name of the young Governor became fairly known, and his personal place was secured by all men.

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And you, brave boys, who have marched and shall return no more—you, passing in a moment from heroic life to heroic death—you shall be the inspiration and the strength of those who remain to complete the victory you helped to win. Scorn shall your names be, and your sweet memory. And many a wandering brother of yours, when heart is half lost with the sickness of home, as in the dear old native State, reads with tears of pride and sympathy the story of your valor, and thanks God that he too is a Rhode Islander.

A TERRIBLE SCHOOLMASTER.

IF the last week's news from Europe indicates the condition of the public mind at the South, it is profoundly gloomy. A loud cry of peril rings through every quarter. Governors, Governor Pettus, of Mississippi, invites volunteers, and announces that the authority shall. Governor Moore, of Louisiana, declares that "an insolent and powerful foe is at the cattle gate." S. Cloppid, the "surgeon general of the Confederate staff"—pretentous name—cries, in an appeal to the soldiers of New Orleans, "Your country is dismayed at seeing us in the field." General Beauregard himself telegraphs that he "will accept all good equipped troops." The Secretary of War, Benjamin, informs volunteer companies of that State when they may report to Governor Charleston *Mercury* complains that "a large submission document was developed" at Nashville when General Bell arrived. The Governor of North Carolina establishes Police Courts upon the sea-board to have charge of criminals and slaves; to inflict such punishments and to arrest such persons as they may think that the public safety requires.

In Savannah a draft has been made; while the question is asked, in correspondence from Richmond, "Shall the cause fail because Mr. Davis is incompetent?" The Governor of Tuskaloosa must answer this plain question at once, or they will have. Memphis is extremely nervous in response from the army. "The death-like torpor which hangs like a spell over our beleagured country will speedily succumb to the Yankee dynasty," replied at once and forever. * * Will no one speak and break the spell ere we are bound by gyves?" then a conscription will be made to meet the balance of the requisition. The Fayetteville *Observer*, newspaper in some Mississippi village—declares that "It is now to do, and do at once, or our cause is dead, and we are hopelessly lost." Governor Moore advises the faithful to "imitate the Carthaginian women, who cut off their hair to make ropes for their vessels."

The cry of danger is universal. The rebellion has evidently a sickening sense of incompetency somewhere. The Yankee mudsills whom "Southern gentlemen" were to mow down by the hundreds and who were to turn and run like sheep before the "chivalry" brief of pen and bad whisky, are suddenly found to be men conscious of their cause and of their power. The contempt of Northerners on the part of the "gentlemen" of Mississippi which

tians, and of the "chivalry" that whipped women, was dubbed sincere. These "gentlemen" and this "chivalry" were composed of the most ignorant, prejudiced, and brutal people upon the continent. They honestly despised those whom they supposed to be unwilling peddlers, who would sell their souls for a copper. They are now, and forever, undeceived. Henceforth they will understand that men are not cowards even though they do not whip bowie-knife ruffians; nor servility mean even though they do not force other people to work for them without wages.

This war, in a very grim and ghastly way, but very effectually, is destroying the ignorance of the real character of the Northern people which the mass of Southerners have wallowed, and is making many of all parts of the country acquainted with each other. If the Southern "poor whites" learn that to be idle is not to be a gentlem n, and that real worth of every kind comes from real work, their grandsons will not seriously neglect the schooling of this war.

A FACT.

A FIRM in England, which cogs a great deal of property in this city, wrote to its agent very minute details of the disposition he was to make of the property during the time that he should hold the city. The amused agent answered by the next mail that the city was never more quiet, and that the mob was a mere fiction. Upon which Messrs. John Bull & Co. answered with great dignity and indignation, that considering him their agent, calling his attention to the previous instructions, to which he would instantly conform, and adding, that they were and could not be afraid that but he was to sweep away by the sophistries of Northern demagogues as he would be to perform what the mob raised in New York, and that the late Government of the country merely prolonged the appearance of existence by a reign of terror.

The French, according to Hood's traveling John Bull, are a feeble people, who call their masters names, and all their daughters fillies. But there is no absurdity of fiction which English humorists can invent that John Bull does not eclipse by his actual absurdities.

A WORD WITH PENDENNIS.

IN a recent "Roundabout Paper" Mr. Thackeray has his say about us. He is a personal friend of many in this country, and is the author of many thousands who have never seen him, but who have read and who read every word he writes, and thank him for his racy, simple, manly way of talking. About the song that so sadly beset us all, Like Dickens, Thackeray has never quite decided by say, half such hard things about other nations as he says of his own. No blue-book, no report, no statistics of any kind, have ever appalled us by story of the misery and want and despair of the slums of London and Paris like the "Roundabout Paper" on and dishearten a human being more than his tragical revelations of the heartlessness and criminal frivolity of the idlers. These are the most tragic comedies in literature. When the future historian of this age writes, as he must, to have the very form and pressure of the time, do you think he will be coy less aghast than we are now at the entire elimination of this?

In his talk about us, he says what he feels, doubtless, that whoever has been in America "knows what good people are to be found there; how polished, how generous, how gentle, how courteous;" and then he speaks of the pitiful spectacle of the opening year in England when war with the United States was imminent—"a hundred thousand and better in England unlulled by the thought of the coming calamity."

This is fair and friendly. There were plenty of saddened hearts and homes this side the sea by reason of the same prospect. Let us not recriminate here, but pass on.

The author of the "Roundabout Paper," No. 10, devotes the remainder of that paper to the threat of confiscation of British property in this country in case of war. The British nation is threatened, he says, that if we take up arms against us in behalf of their big property in the United States shall be forfeited! He goes on to say that not one British gentleman has been influenced for a moment by the publication of this threat.

Softly, my dear Sir, softly. You are rushing on in the rarest vein of your sarcasm, asserting that we have always had the right to confiscate debts, and have had to pay a great deal more for our loans for that reason; that the "stone ship business is a matter of law;" that we are "pilloried because John Bull preferred to stand off—and a brother of other stuff of the same kind, and, I say, and before you sing out so loudly, and cry foul on that, let us see if you are hurt. *If* the British nation threatened with confiscation the property held here in case of war? *Is* it a rod held in terrorem over those brave Britons who never, never, never will be slaves—no, no, no, no, no, as often graphically and gayly shown us, lick the very dust from the shoes of any mortal who happens to be called my lord?

Not at all; nothing of the kind. It is a simple suggestion of a single newspaper—a suggestion not echoed any where—not in the least regarded—suggestion futile and foolish and wicked, because we all perfectly well know, that if there is any thing for which an Englishman will willingly give his money as well as life it is for the sake of his flag. My dear author of the "Roundabout," you have been tying your heaviest gun-cat a man of straw. They make a great noise, for your guns are Columbiads, but really there's nothing there. A mosquito hummed by your ears, perhaps; but a shrieking horde of savages, brandishing the tomahawk, and lead upon your scalp—! Why, you droll Roundabout! put your feet on hot water, and take some cooling drink.

Meanwhile, as you call us that naughty name of swindler, have you ever reflected who especially gave us that reputation? It was no other than Mr. Jefferson Davis, whose efforts upon a larger scale of repudiation were so sensitive. He still owes pay, bounty, and pensions to soldiers of the Western Department was paused. A bill to provide for the public defense, and accepting loans for that object from States, was passed by the House unanimously. A resolution was reported from the Naval Committee authorizing the President to place in active service such vessels as he may deem proper. A bill was reported from the Committee of Ways and Means and passed. The bill for the addition of slavery in the District of Columbia was taken up, and Senator Doolittle proceeded to speak on the subject. The Senate held an executive session, and then adjourned.—In the Senate the entire day's session was taken up in considering the Tax bill. All the previous amendments to the measure were acted upon, but no important amendments were made. Numerous amendments were brought above from motion, and on this a short debate sprung up as to the question of order. Mr. Wilson, of Mass., spoke at length in opposition to it. At the conclusion of his remarks the Senate held an executive session, and then adjourned.—In the House the report on the gross enrcenings was made, the consideration of which was postponed until to-morrow. The Senate bill to provide for the payment of the claims of loyal citizens for stores and supplies furnished to the army of the United States during the present rebellion, was taken up, which occasioned some discussion, and was finally passed. The bill for the organization of the Territory of Nevada was taken up, and passed. The bill for the organization of the Territory of Dakota was taken up, but the session from the Senate branched off from the debate ended for the day on the bill under consideration. Mr. Colfax, Speaker of the House, announced the committees.

Both Houses adjourned over till Monday.

In the Senate, on the 24th, a petition was presented from the Philadelphia Board of Trade, urging a continuance of the present system of commercial relations with the British Provinces, and against a reduction of the duties on tobacco. Bills were referred. The joint resolution in relation to the appointment of Brigadier-Generals of volunteers was taken up, and agreed by Senator Sherbrooke, Senator Wilkinson, Senator Grimes, Senator Collamer, and others, debating slavery to be exclusively within the jurisdiction of the States, and the power of the General Government to emancipate its slaves, the Federal Government having no sovereignty except for the Union and the end of redressing them. The subject was then laid on the table. The bill for the relief of the District of Columbia was taken up. The question was taken on the amendment to extend the relief to persons who have united in a tax vote. The Vice-President voted in the negative, and the amendment was lost. Other amendments were also lost, when the bill was reported to the Senate. Senator Sherman moved that the amendments adopted by the Committee of the Whole be concurred in. Senator Trumbull moved that no further exchanges of prisoners of war be made until the 4th of March next. The latter motion was lost over. A bill providing for the payment of the public debt was introduced, and, after having been debated, was referred to Senator Morrill, the commander of the Confederate forces in connection with the Mississippi Squadron, Commodore Rowan, and the officers and men under his command. Resolutions in accordance with the instructions of General McClellan, were referred. A bill to provide for the temporary government of Dakota Territory was reported by the Committee on Territories, and, after having been debated, was laid on the table by a vote of 26 to 21. The bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole, and several amendments were adopted.

A VICTORY NEAR WINCHESTER.

General Shields had a conflict with the rebels, commanded by Generals Jackson, Ewell, and Johnston, six miles below Winchester, on 23d, concerning nearly three hours, resulting in a complete victory, owing to the large quantity of small-arms thrown over in the flight. The rebels were pursued for several miles by the Federals. It appears that General Jackson was under the impression that General Banks had left Winchester, and was advancing on the road from Strasburg, and was therefore surprised to find the Federal forces in Winchester on the 22d. Several batteries of artillery were captured. The General Shields was wounded in the arm by the bursting of a shell. The enemy immediately commenced a retreat. He was followed up by the main body of General Shield's army, and on the afternoon of the 24th a skirmish took place on the morning of 25th, and ending in the entire defeat of the rebels. On the 26th, 27th, and 28th, pursuit was in the field, while the force of General Shields was in the rear, and on the 28th, 29th, and 30th were heavy—that of the rebels, however, nearly doubling that of the Federals.

ANOTHER IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.

A battle was fought on 30th ult. between the Confederate Mountaineer, about 40 miles from Piketon, or Pikeville. Five companies of the Confederates, under Colonel Garfield, with a comparatively small force, in twenty minutes. The force of the Confederates, General Crittenden, field passed the night in the hostile camp, and then escaped the next day, carried off the stores. The rebels set seven killed: we lost none.

BATTLE IN ARKANSAS.

Our troops have had another brisk fight, and obtained another victory, in Arkansas. Colonel Weer, with a large number of infantry and two steel six-pounders, made an attack on Pocahontas, in Arkansas, on March 7, and was met with a vastly superior force of the rebels under Colonel Greene, Colonel Hardy, M'Culloch, and others. He defeated, killing a hundred, including Colonel M'culloch, and put the rest to flight, pursuing them. Colonel Weer's loss was only twenty-five killed and wounded.

FLORIDA REPOSSESSED.

The whole State of Florida is restored to the Union. The capture of St. Augustine, with its defenses, as set forth in the following official letter from General Sherman, fixes back Florida under the folds of the Stars and Stripes. The place was occupied by the rebels on the 11th, and in the copy of St. Augustine the authorities of the place raised the Union flag on the Town Hall with their own hands. The official report of Commodore Dupont, detailing the whole affair, says: "The American flag is flying once more over the old city, raised by the hands of its own people, who resisted the appeals, threats, and falsehoods of their leaders, and remained steadfast to the last under the repression in the ranks of the flying enemy. This gives us possession of the whole coast from Fernandina to Jupiter Inlet. The Commodore gives full credit to the officers and men of his command for the faithful performance of their duty.

On Wednesday, March 19, in the Senate, petitions in favor of emancipation were presented. The bill concerning pay, bounty, and pensions to soldiers of the Western Department was passed. A bill to provide for the public defense, and accepting loans for that object from States, was passed by the House unanimously. A resolution was reported from the Naval Committee authorizing the President to place in active service such vessels as he may deem proper. The bill concerning the organization of army corps was debated and passed. The bill for the addition of slavery in the District of Columbia was taken up, and Senator Doolittle proceeded to speak on the subject. The Senate held an executive session, and then adjourned.—In the House the entire day's session was taken up in considering the Tax bill. All the previous amendments to the measure were acted upon, but no important amendments were made. Numerous amendments were brought above from motion, and on this a short debate sprung up as to the question of order. Mr. Wilson, of Mass., spoke at length in opposition to it. At the conclusion of his remarks the Senate held an executive session, and then adjourned.—In the House the report on the gross enrcenings was made, the consideration of which was postponed until to-morrow. The Senate bill to provide for the payment of the claims of loyal citizens for stores and supplies furnished to the army of the United States during the present rebellion, was taken up, which occasioned some discussion, and was finally passed. The bill for the organization of the Territory of Nevada was taken up, and passed. The bill for the organization of the Territory of Dakota was taken up, but the session from the Senate branched off from the debate ended for the day on the bill under consideration. Mr. Colfax, Speaker of the House, announced the committees.

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OUR DEFEAT AT FORT CRAIG.

Advices from Fort Craig to the 15th of March recent unfavorable news concerning the battle of Fort Craig, on the 21st ult. The Union loss was 63 killed and 159 wounded. Colonel Canby's command was concentrated at Fort Craig. Since the 28th ult., nothing has been heard from them, communication being cut off. As it was supposed that the rebels, after their victory at Fort Craig, would push on to Santa Fe and Fort Union, all the available property of the department and the whole available forces were to be removed to the latter place. The fort is in command of Major Brown, and contains the public property. The rebel forces are going from Mesilla south, and we shall have more definite news next time.

OUR ARMY IN SOUTHERN TENNESSEE.

There is nothing new to report from Savannah, Tennessee. Our troops are now scouring the country, and carrying off small scouting parties of the enemy, and occasionally encountering the rebel cavalry in considerable force. We have three gun-boats and 100 mun-pors. The Army of Occupation is said to be in fine health, with an army.

UNION SENTIMENT IN TENNESSEE.

The Union sentiment in Tennessee is manifesting itself in a very decided fashion since the rebel forces have convinced the inhabitants of that State that the United States Government has at last fitted and means to hold ground. A large body of the citizens of Gallatin is now engaged in organizing a regiment for the service of the rebellion, and adopted a platform for the establishment of a State Government. The people of Nashville have also resolved to hold a meeting, and invite the people of Tennessee. The papers publish an honest and manly address of Andrew Johnson to his fellow-citizens of Tennessee, as Governor of the State, to his fellow-citizens of Tennessee.

TWO MORE MILITARY DEPARTMENTS.

Two new military departments have been constituted by the President, the first to be called the Department of the Ohio, to include Kentucky and Tennessee, and to be under the command of General Buell; the second to be the State as may be occupied by the forces under Major-General Halleck, Tennessee, United States Volunteers. Commanders for the present will be movable, wherever the President may direct. The first will be under the control of the Department of the South, comprising the States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, with Hilton Head and forces now under Brigadier-General T. W. Sherman, to be the commander-in-chief of the Department.

GLORY TO WHOM GLORY.

General Burnside, in his official report of the Roanoke victory, says: "I feel that the general commanding-in-chief should be informed that the conduct of the commissariat instructions given me by him before leaving Annapolis, as well as my subsequent intercourse and relations with his subalternes, I only hope that we may in future have the same success in a more important theater of campaign. The only thing I have to regret is the delay caused by the delay of steamers."

HOW THE REBELS PLUD AFTER FRA RIDGE.

As an evidence of the demoralized condition of the rebel army, we have the fact that after the battle on Lookout Mountain, the rebels, retreated with his regiment and baggage, and the rest of the general commanding was in the wagon and train and return to the house, he being the last man to leave the mountain. Some of the rebel regiments threw away all their baggage before fighting, flying from the fidelity with which they carried out his orders, as well as of his quickness of perception. Some of the troops carefully stacked and unguarded in a narrow ravine.

MORE "MONITORS."

On 31st March there were at Cotswold, Winslow, & Co., capitalists, whose funds built the *Monitor*, received a telegram from their agent in Cincinnati that a thousand iron-coated, swords, on the same plan as governed them in the construction of the *Monitor*. The new vessels are to be each thirty-five feet longer than the present *Monitor*, and are to carry two 15-inch guns. The largest proportion of the iron casing will be done at Troy.

JEFF DAVIS.

Jeff Davis, according to reports from the South, is on his way to "Richmond." The Southern papers announce the fact through the medium of a dispatch from Richmond, which says that he will be there on the 1st inst.

The Secretary of the Navy has returned thanks to Lieutenant Commander Rodgers and the survivors of the *Essex* for their bravery in action with the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads.

FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND

OUR BLOCKADE IN PARLIAMENT.

The question of the effectiveness and legality of the Union blockade of the Southern ports has been demand in the British Parliament. A Committee of the House of Lords for the production of the correspondence of the Cabinet on the subject.

The speech of the Solicitor-General of England, in the House of Commons on the subject, was a masterly argument of the efficiency of that measure by the Cabinet, as well as of its equity and legality; and Judge Bramwell quite disapproved at home of any interference with the proper exercise of the rights of belligerents. The bill was quite closed. He stated that the present blockade was more effective than any that had ever been established, and that the number of vessels which had attempted to enter or went to sea in the face of it, and that it was more effective than that established by the United States in 1793.

Mr. Gregory's motion was negatived without a division.

IN THE LORDS.

In the House of Lords, on the 19th inst., Lord Stradbroke called the attention of the House to the present state of affairs of the Confederate States, and moved an address for a copy of any correspondence on the subject between the papers presented to the House. He brought forward this motion in order to ascertain the opinion of the Government as to the present position of affairs, England had remained neutral during the question of the blockade.

Lord Russell answered the question that the policy pursued by the Government had obtained the approval of the country, and said that the first the blockade of the Southern ports had occupied the attention o ministers, who had been exceedingly anxious to ascertain the proclamation of a blockade had been made by sufficient authority; and, secondly, whether the blockade had been sufficient to blockade to large an extent of coast. In regard to the first point, the proclamation had been issued, as laid down by Lord Stowell, by the sovereign authority of the State, and was binding on all the subjects, and in respect to the second point, England had recognized the existence of a coast not much inferior in extent to that of Europe. The blockade of these ports had existed the blockading squadrons, much exaggeration existed, many of which would be found to be untrue. Lord Russell cordially acknowledged the gallantry with which the blockade was carried out.

MEXICO.

THE INTERVENTION.

All the English at Vera Cruz, with the exception of about a hundred men, have embarked, and were ready to start for England via Havana and Bermuda. In connection with the expedition to Mexico, the *Times* of Madrid, of March 1, has the following: "We say it once for all, the three Powers have taken no resolution relative to the internal affairs of Mexico, and there exists no difference of opinion. The object of the expedition is to obtain a clear form of government which will secure to the subjects of the Powers their rights. Maximilian, the Count de Flandre, or any other person, there will be no hindrance on the part of the governments."

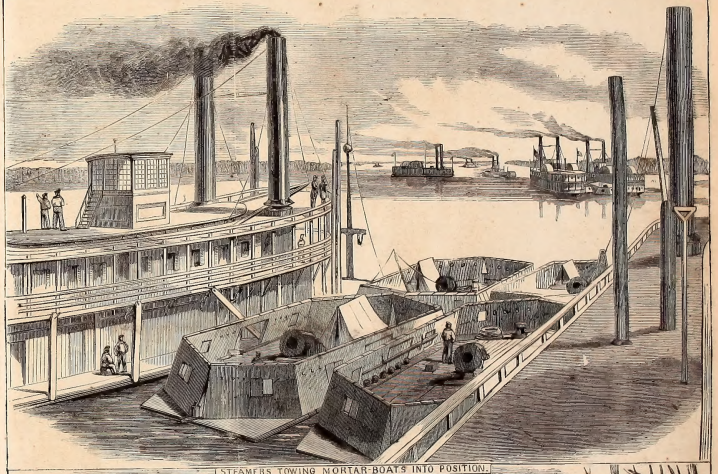


1. Island Number Ten.—2. Rebel Gun-boats.—3. Obionville.—4. Point Pleasant.—5. New Madrid.—6. Battery below.—7. Mortar boats.—8. Union Gun-boats.

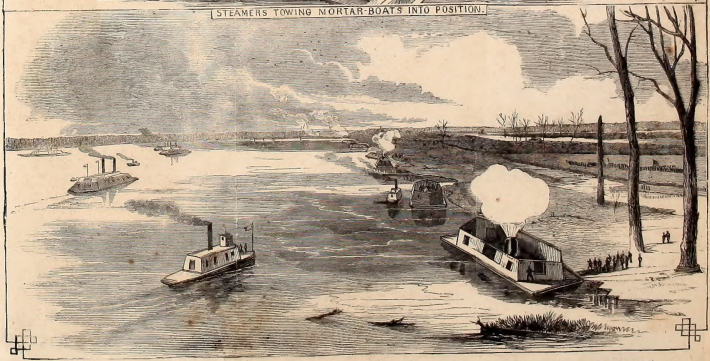
BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE ATTACK ON THE REBEL BATTERIES ON AND NEAR ISLAND NUMBER TEN, BY COMMODORE FOOTE'S *FLOTILLA*.—[SEE PAGE 219.]



THE GUN-BOAT FLEET DROPPING DOWN STREAM TO RECONNOITRE.



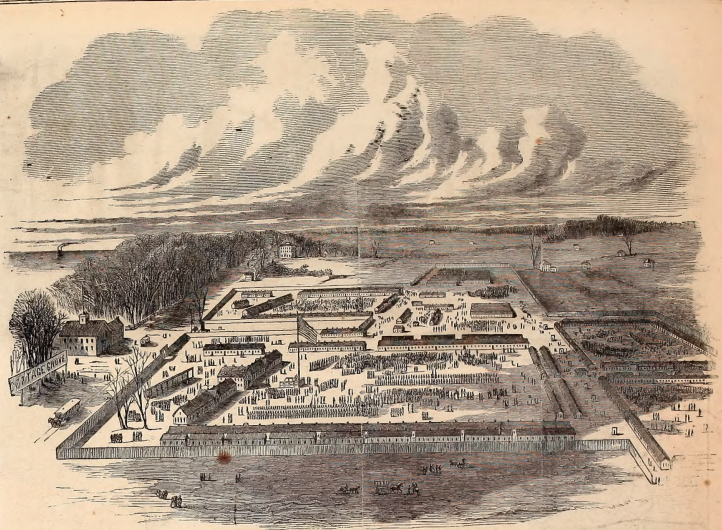
STEAMERS TOWING MORTAR-BOATS INTO POSITION.



BOMBARDMENT OF ISLAND NUMBER TEN BY THE MORTAR FLEET, MARCH 16, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 219.]



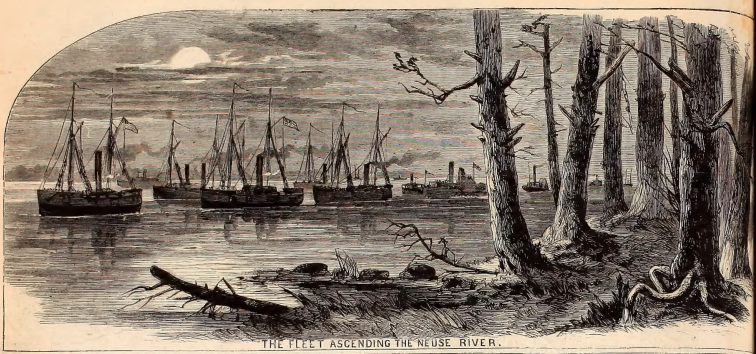
BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE COURSE OF THE MISSISSIPPI, AND THE SEAT OF WAR IN TENNESSEE AND THE VICINITY.



CAMP DOUGLAS, NEAR CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, WHERE SEVEN THOUSAND REBEL PRISONERS ARE QUARTERED.—[SEE PAGE 223.]



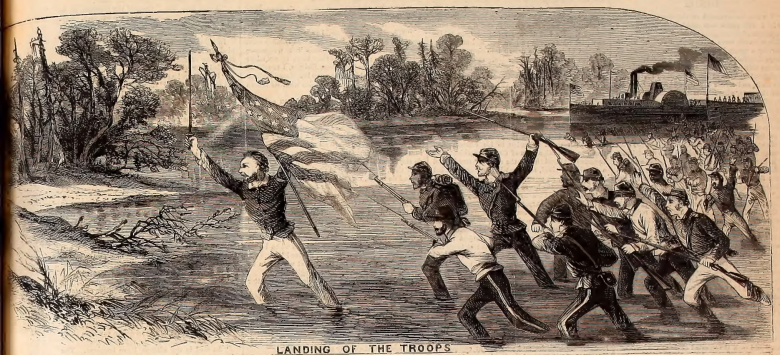
REBEL PRISONERS AT CAMP DOUGLAS, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—[SEE PAGE 223.]



THE FLEET ASCENDING THE NEUSE RIVER.



THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.—THE STORMING OF FORT THOM



LANDING OF THE TROOPS



S, AT NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH 14, 1862.—[See Page 219.]

ADVENTURES OF A TEACHER IN DIXIE.

"I WILL be revenged on the accursed Yankee cur! I will teach him what it is to thwart a Southerner!"

These words were uttered in a sort of undergrowl by a figure just emerged from the shade of a large dwelling. It was that of a man apparently about thirty years of age, active and well built. He glanced upward at the house, then muttered a deep oath, and strode rapidly down the street toward the gate, where he mounted his horse and rode off.

A ride of fifteen minutes brought him to a low, dingy-looking building, which answered the double purpose of a store and hotel for such a weary town as its tired nature forced to seek a resting-place for the night. A motley group assembled in the door listening to an excited individual who was delivering a harangue from the top of a molasses hogshead. His theme was, "The Constitutional rights of the South," "Northern despotism," and "the Military dictation of Abe Lincoln and Bill Seward." But he was unceremoniously cut short by one of the sovereigns, who proposed "Three cheers for Captain Daniels!" as the horsemen rode up. The cheers were given with a hearty vigor: but the Captain dismounted without even acknowledging the salute, and forcing his way through the crowd, entered the hotel. He proceeded directly to the bar and called for whisky. After slaking his thirst he went into an adjoining room, where a dozen or more men were congregated about a long table. At his entrance a large, ruffianly-looking man rose from his seat at the head of the table, and greeted him as follows:

"Well, it is about time you were here, Captain. The boys are getting tired of this kind of a life: they are growing lazy, and want something to keep the fire up. Any thing new stirring?"

The Captain, without making any reply, strode forward and took the vacated chair at the head of the table. Drawing a piece of tobacco from his pocket, he cut off a huge chunk with his bowie-knife, then passed it to the man nearest him on the right. Placing the "chaw" in the corner of his mouth, he gave it two or three turns with his tongue, and then looking around, said,

"What reports to-night?"

"Well, not much," said the man who had vacated the chair. "Joe says that a Yankee passed a visit. He only gave twenty dollars toward fitting us out, and now refuses to fork over any more. The old hound has made considerable out of us Southerners, and now he should be made to shell out liberally. I propose, therefore—"

"Then visit him!" exclaimed the Captain, bringing his fist down on the table with great violence. "And then—" looking Yankee-like at a tobacconist—"he wants visiting too, and that quickly!"

"What has he been doing, Captain?" I reckon of that he was safe enough," said rather an elderly man as he knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Doing?" thundered the Captain, making a fierce glance at the speaker. "He has been doing enough. He has been tampering with Packer's niggers."

"I always thought that he was an Abolition skunk. Never bought much of whitewashers, anyhow; and as this one's suit is getting to be rather shabby, I go for giving him one made of Southern production," said the man at the Captain's left.

"Give it to him!" "Let her rip!" "Clear out the Abolitionist!" "Hang the nigger stealers!" shouted several.

"If you are agreed," said the Captain, "I suppose the sooner that it is done the better."

"To-night!" "To-night!" "To-night!" was the response.

Then let it be to-night. You will find him down at Packer's. I left him there about an hour ago, and I don't believe that he will leave for an hour or two yet. What is best to do with the cur? Give him a notice to quit—the black snake—tar and cotton—or—" Here the Captain gritted his teeth, and after a slight pause, continued, "Give him stretch hemp down in the hollow?"

"Give him a little snake and tar!" cried one.

"With the cotton rubbed in?" ejaculated another.

"Oh, give him the hemp and done with it!" said a third.

"Let us leave it till we hear what he has got to say for himself," said the old man with the pipe.

"Hear what he has got to say," sneered the Captain, "as if any one here would believe a tobacconist!"

"Abolitionist or not, I go for giving every man a fair chance; and say my turn first and give him what he deserves after," replied the old man in a firm voice.

"Yes, a trial!" "Try him!" "A trial!" "Old Buckskin will be his counsel," interrupted several.

"Let us have some whisky before we try him," said the Captain.

"Ay! That it is! Whisky! Couldn't expect a man to give a fair verdict till he's had his whisky, could you?" exclaimed one of the crowd, raising his head from the table, where he had been drumming on the affairs of the nation, until aroused to consciousness by the magic word "whisky."

The Captain gave an order for a gallon of whisky, which being forthcoming, its bigness with a number of tin cups, he told each man to help himself and gave as a toast,

"The Southern Confederacy!"

While the above scene was being enacted at the hotel, a far different one was taking place at the dwelling the Captain had recently left, and which he was anxious to have his hand visit.

In a pleasantly furnished room overlooking the lawn were seated two young persons. One was the niece of the owner of the mansion, a girl of the young man, the teacher of a neighboring school. The planter was a bachelor, and his niece was the mistress of the house. She was not what would be called a belle; yet she was of pleasing demeanor, and one who improved upon acquaintance. The young man had resided in that vicinity for the past three years, and by his quiet, gentlemanly conduct had made many friends, and of course some enemies. He had always refrained from taking any part whatever in politics, and had never even allowed himself to be drawn into conversation in relation to them. This was the immediate cause he had long been on very intimate terms; but for the young lady he had formed a liking for some of the gay mens than friendship, although he had never made it known to her, not having received sufficient assurance that it would be returned, as now was known, and he was aware that Captain Daniels had long held siege to the heart which he was anxious should be his own. It was during the day, the evening in question the young lady had paid more than usual attention to her appearance, much to the indignation of Captain Daniels, who became convinced that in the schoolmaster he had a formidable rival, and growing restless at what he considered an attempt to give him the cut direct, he quitted the house in high indignation.

It was thus that matters stood. The young man had called for the purpose of saying farewell, previous to leaving for a short period on a visit to a city, which, for very good reasons, he had determined should be his home for the present, and had therefore not mentioned the subject in the presence of Captain Daniels. As he rose to go the young lady observed, in a tremulous tone, "Harry, you have not forgotten your promise?"

"Are you determined, William?"

It was the first time she had called him by that familiar name, and it sent a thrill through every his breast, and it was some moments before he could answer.

"I am, Jane!" He had spoken what he had resolved: considered a forbidden word to his lips, and it startled him, as the bolt boldness, of a burglar's locksmiths, and why not at ceremony? Willie had now crossed the Rubicon, and he vowed no turn back. "I am determined, Jane," he said. "I can not longer remain; for nothing could induce me to accept of office under Lincoln, or taking the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy; and if I should it would be unworthy of your esteem—your love. Is it not so, Jane?"

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"I will not have you prove false to your country, William." But you have been so quiet no one will think you a traitor." "I will not remain," he said. "I can not longer remain; for nothing could induce me to accept of office under Lincoln, or taking the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy; and if I should it would be unworthy of your esteem—your love. Is it not so, Jane?"

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"Then I will go, too!" she exclaimed, and as she spoke her features lighted up with a look of melancholy hue, assumed a fixedness of purpose that plainly told that she was in earnest.

"Jane, Jane!" ejaculated the young man with a look of bewilderment.

"Yes, William, I will have no tie to bind me to this place when you are gone, and my soul has long revolted at this unholy rebellion. My father died early in June, and left me quite under the control old Star-Spangled Banner, and he would not rest easy in his grave if my child should in any manner fance the madness in their desperate schemes to drag the proud emblem of our nation in the dust."

As she spoke she arose from her seat with a bright glow that at that moment rendered her exceedingly beautiful, and the young man clasped her to his bosom and fervently exclaimed:

"My own Irene" Spoken like a true daughter of Columbia!"

After a few moments' pause he continued:

"But your property, Jane, what will become of it?"

"*Go!*" she exclaimed, as the fire darted from the brunette mild eyes, "why, go with you, to be sure! Think you I will be left behind to persecute by. As for uncle—thank God, he is only an uncle by marriage—for I have long since discovered that a traitor's veins—he is too much engaged in this rebellious war to care for any thing else, and he will not return for a fortnight, at least."

"You would willingly, then, share my destiny whatever it may be?" he said, as he gazed at her tenderly.

"Willingly!" she replied.

"Do you know what you call my fortune is?"

"I care not for your *fortune*. It is *yourself* I care for, and know that you possess the noble traits of a true woman, and that is sufficient for me."

"Ah! but Irene, I am poor. My whole fortune is in my own possession, and that is only a few dollars in the world;" and as he spoke he heaved a deep sigh.

"My fortune will do for both; and thank Heaven that the largest portion of it is invested in the U. S. Government."

"But your uncle is your guardian."

"He *was* my guardian. Last month I became my own guardian, and shall remain so until I choose another. And my next guardian must not be a traitor," she said, smilingly, as she looked up into his face.

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by a loud voice:

"Come in," she said, as she resumed her seat.

The door opened, and in hurried a stalwart negro with the perspiration streaming down his sable cheeks, while consternation was pictured in his countenance. It was Irene's favorite slave.

"Why, what is the matter, Bob? Speak, quick!" she nervously exclaimed, as she arose and approached toward him.

"Oh! missus, excuse us for comin' in, but dey is arter him, and I knowed he tole to come as fast I could to let you know."

"After him! After who?" she ejaculated, as she caught him by the arm.

"Arter Massa Holmes, dere!" exclaimed Bob, pointing toward the young man.

"After Mr. Holmes! What do you mean, Robert?" she exclaimed, while a nervous tremor seized her.

"Why, missus, ye see, I'se war dat yisser round de corner ob de house us Massa Daniels went out, and he whar swarin' to himself 'bout weuguese ob de Yankee, and as I didn't know ob no Yankee 'bout here but Massa Holmes, I taught de name it war him—kase you know, sir, Massa Holmes better dan Massa Daniels, and dat whar de reason why he got mad."

"Love, Holmes! Who told you so?" interrupted Irene.

"Excuse me, missus—nobody tell me so; but I kinder taught so—dat was all—and I couldn't help dat, you know. So I'se tinks de best ting for me to do to keep him out ob trouble, sir, is to let him know dat his company whar a going to be up to de store to-night, kase I need a good many tings, and I'd like him along to de shade and got round behind de house, crept close up by de winder in de room whar dey meet, and dat I heerd Massa Daniels tell 'em dat dey whar to take de Yankee schoolmaster down in de hollow and hang him, kase he was talkin to de nigguhs 'bout gettin' 'em to run away, and dat he whar down here, and dat when dey had him dey whar to come back to de house and tell him. And, missus, dey will be here putty soon, kase I taught I heerd 'em when I cum in de gate. Hush! I do right, missus?"

"Yes, yes! Thanks, Bob. But what is to be done, Jane?" she said, in a resolute tone.

"I tinks, missus, dat Massa Holmes had better get out ob de way mighty soon."

"Good-night, William! You must stay here to-night!" said Irene, as she sprang forward and caught hold of him.

Bob, who was glancing eagerly out of the window, now turned quickly about and said,

"Dey is comin', sir! Dey is comin' up de lawn, and dey'll be round de hull house in a minnet. Has to be quick! Hide in some snug place, kase dey 'll not be hunting people out ob de house. You know, missus, what dey done down at Massa Gordon's tudder night."

At this instant a noise was heard at the front door.

"There! quick, William! My room! Fly! quick!" And as she spoke she pushed him toward the door which Bob had opened, leading to an adjoining room. Irene then shut and closed the threshold she closed and locked the door, putting the key in her pocket.

The noise at the outer door now increased. Bob took up a lighted candle and tardily descended the stairs, taking his time to reach each one for those outside to hear. Reaching the lower landing he slowly unbarred the door, and then, holding the candle up full in the face of the man who had been knocking, said,

"What am de matter dis time ob night wid so much noise? What do you want?"

"I want the schoolmaster," growled the man.

"Well, dis ain't de place to come and make such a noise about de schoolmaster. Go along wid you to his house, and don't make such noise here. Massa Packer'll gib it to you when he com home. See if he don't!"

"None of your jaw, but go and tell the schoolmaster some gentlemen want to see him," replied the man, in a surly tone.

"De schoolmaster ain't here, I tell you. He has gone home a long time ago," answered Bob, with the utmost coolness.

"You lie, you black scoundrel, you!" hissed the man, in a passion. "I saw his shadow in the room as we came up the lawn."

"Dat you, Massa Daniels?

"Yes, it is me," said that personage, stepping forward. "Go and tell Mr. Holmes that he is wanted."

"Massa Holmes ain't here," reiterated Bob, not at all thrown off his guard at the savage demeanor of the Captain. "Tell me what you want, or you can go to de room, Massa Daniels."

"Men, to the rescue!" exclaimed the Captain, not designing to hold further parley.

A number of the band now surrounded the house, illuminating the darkness with their torches, which they now lighted, in order to discover their victim if he should attempt to escape, while others entered the dwelling. Bob, with the Captain at their head, ascended the stairs and entered the room where Irene was.

Irene had by this time recovered her presence of mind, and gazing sternly at the Captain, she said,

"Why this outrage in my uncle's absence, Mr. Daniels?"

"We are but doing our duty. We are in search of an Abolitionist, whom we have good reason to suppose is concealed in this house," he replied. "Search that room," he continued, turning to the men who had entered the room where the young man was concealed.

One of the men tried the door, and finding that it would not open, he said, peremptorily,

"The door is locked."

"That is true, sir, Mr. Daniels!" exclaimed Irene, indignantly, "and I forbid either you or any of your men entering it."

"We are in search of rooms while in the discharge of our duty. You will save trouble by giving up the key." he answered as he held out his hand, as if he expected to receive it.

"You shall not have it," she said, in a firm tone. "Courageous men indeed, to thus endeavor to break upon the privacy of a female!"

"Men, do your duty!" exclaimed the Captain.

The next instant the door was shattered, and two men entered the room. They soon returned, bringing with them the object of their search.

"I see that you are partial as to what men shall enter your room," sneeringly exclaimed the Captain, as he turned toward Irene.

She attempted to speak, but her heart was too full, and she sank powerless in the chair.

"Away with him!" exclaimed the Captain, as he observed Irene drop so listlessly in her seat. Supposing that she had fainted, he became anxious to get away.

In a few moments the whole party were assembled on the lawn. Here they bound their victim, and, after extinguishing a number of the torches, hurried forward.

"Here! here! you Hannah! you Hannah! look out for your missus!" shouted Bob, in a stentorian tone, and then darted out of the house.

Captain Daniels and his band proceeded a short distance up the main road, and then turned off and descended a long hill, at the bottom of which a natural amphitheatre was formed by the surrounding cliffs. The party arriving at this spot, all the torches which had been extinguished were relighted, and a circle formed around the unfortunate victim, which the ruffianly-looking man who had officiated at the hotel during the Captain's absence took his stand in the centre.

"Let the prisoner stand out!"

The young man's fetters were taken off, and he was told to step in front of the judge. He took the position pointed out, and then two of the band ranged themselves on each side of him, each with a pistol leveled at his head, and warned him what to expect if he should attempt to escape. When this ceremony was through the man at the head demanded, in a loud tone,

"What are the charges again the prisoner?"

At this the Captain came forward and said:

"I charge him with being an abolition emissary, and with attempting to induce my slaves to run away from their masters!"

The young man turned and gave a contemptuous glance at the Captain, but did not reply.

"Prisoner, what have you got to say again these charges?" demanded the ruffian judge.

"As God is my witness, I am innocent. The charges are false!" he replied, in a firm voice.

"Oh! we want some other witness in this court! Whar ar your witnesses? Bring 'em on and don't keep the court waitin', you nigger stealer!"

"I have no witnesses; but I deny the charges and challenge proof," exclaimed the prisoner, in the same firm tone.

"It is your place to prove the charges again you false, and not the court's to prove true. So bring on your witnesses," said the judge.

"I have none!" responded the young man, in the same determined manner, as he cast upon him a mixture of sadness in it.

"Gentlemen of the jury!" said the judge, rising and assuming a pompous air, "the case is a plain one. The prisoner is charged with a very heinous crime, which is well known in the country. He was called upon to clear himself and prove the charges upon him false, but has refused to do so. Is there any one here was a goin' to believe an Abolitionist before the word of a good Southern man like Captain Daniels, I'd like to know?" continued he. No man as ever came into court without witness and stood upon his plain clear-cut would be agin the law if he did; for any man as can't prove himself not guilty by good witnesses must of course be guilty. So now, gentlemen of the jury, the onus you dare say that ain't the law? So the case is closed. What is your verdict?"

"Guilty!" "Guilty!" "Guilty!" shouted the crowd.

"Prisoner," said the ruffian judge, "you've heern the verdict of your fellow-citizens, after as fair a trial as I ever seed. Now it is my duty to pronounce the sentence of the court, which is that you be taken to yonder tree, thar strip and get a dozen,' taken and a coat of tar and feathers put on salve for your wounded feelings, after that you will be allowed to stretch hemp for the rest of your natral life. Is that fair?"

A smile of satisfaction spread over the Captain's countenance as he heard the words of the ruffianly villain delivered the sentence which he had dictated.

The prisoner was taken to the spot the ruffian judge had indicated, and was there relieved of his clothing, after which he was bound to a tree and received a dozen lashes. He was then released and warm tar poured over his head and shoulders. While this was going on a number of the band amused themselves by throwing handfuls of cotton at him. When this part of the fiendish orgie was exhausted, a rope was prepared and was placed around the prisoner's neck and the other end was thrown over a limb. The Captain then stepped up close to him and said,

"Have you any word to send to the lady?"

But resolute as was the answer from his victim he turned away, mounted his horse and rode off, followed by a number of his band.

The men whose business it was to execute the prisoner, in their hurry to join their companions, as we as to avoid being overheard by them in the revel at the hotel which the Captain had promised them, only half performed their task, leaving their victim with his feet resting upon the ground, to die from strangulation and exposure.

Three weeks from the night the above scene occurred a soldier in the uniform of the United States matrimony in the city of Cincinnati. The bridegroom had experienced the reverses of the adage, "that it is but a step from the altar to the grave." To him it had been but a step from the grave to the altar. He had been the ruffians by the ruffian's pride death, he had been providentially rescued by a faithful negro. Bob, with the instinct or intuition that he would be of service, had taken a short road to the hollow, and there concealed himself; and as soon as the ruffians had reached a safe distance, he released their victim and conveyed him to a deserted cabin in the woods, and there kindly ministered to his sufferings till he was able to make his escape from that section of the country.

Irene, when she heard the result of Captain Daniels's expedition from Bob, immediately made

preparations to leave, and gave out that she intended to visit a relative who resided at some distance, in a neighboring Slave State, and there await the return of her uncle. To Bob she gave a sum of money, telling him to get such articles as were necessary, and accompany Mr. Holmes to Cincinnati, where she would meet them. They set out, and after the marriage ceremony the pretended Bob with his freedom papers as a reward for his conduct.

The young teacher and his bride soon left Cincinnati. After a visit to his native village he committed his wife to the care of friends, and with their blessings he enrolled himself in the army of the Union—was chosen by his comrades as their Captain, and he is now doing battle for God and his Country.

THE IRON-CLAD STEAMER "GALENA."

On page 220 we present an accurate view, with diagrams, of the iron-clad war steamer *Galena*, which is now ready for her final service in the "Continental Works," Green Point, Long Island—the establishment where the *Monitor* was constructed. This vessel has generally been spoken of as the "gun-boat *Maptor*," her hull having been built at Mystic, Connecticut. The word gun-boat very inadequately describes her character, for she is a war steamer of about 1,000 tons, carrying a heavy armament, and constructed to combine speed with a power of resistance greater than any other vessel of her class. In ordinary vessels the strength arises between the timbers which constitute the frame. In the *Galena* the frame is solid, being composed of timbers 12 by 14 inches at bevel of 16 inches square; over this is laid the external planking, and inside another planking, making a solid thickness up to nearly two feet. Outside of all is the iron armor. This is composed of plates 2 feet long, 16 inches broad, of solid iron, varying in thickness from 1½ to 2 inches. These plates are rolled into such a shape as to form a heavy ridge upon the upper edge, through which the bolts are driven. This flange is covered by a corresponding one on the lower edge of the plate next above, which covers the bolt-heads, and so on from bottom to top. No bolt-heads are consequently seen, the whole side of the vessel presenting a smooth iron surface. There are thus two layers of plates, making the entire thickness of solid iron from 3 to 4 inches. The plates present also depressions and elevations, fitting into each other, so that there is an end view of these plates, showing the manner in which they fit into each other. It has been found by experiment that two plates of iron present a greater resistance to a ball than a single plate of the thickness of both. The bolts, instead of being merely driven into the sides, are screwed home entirely through, and are secured by nuts on the inside, so that should a ball touch opposite the bolt's way, it may be at once tightened with a wrench.

The peculiarity of the model is that the bulk nearest every where exceeds the displacement, directly at the stern, the shape is very like the larger end of a pear. Let us get a view of the bottom sides of the general form of the hull, only we must suppose it to be elongated to five times its breadth—the length of the *Galena* being 180 feet, and her extreme breadth of beam 36. From the upper surface we must also suppose a portion of stern to be cut off. This flat surface constitutes the upper deck of the vessel; it measures 26 feet at the broadest part; being 10 feet less than will breadth of the vessel at the water-line below. The sides curve from the extreme line to the deck. It will be understood by Figure 1, which represents a section of the vessel cut down amid-ships.

The sides of this rounded form are apparent. A ball striking a flat surface at a right angle —that is, in a direct line—exerts its whole force, and either passes through, or is stopped, or rebounds. Now if it strikes at considerably less than a right angle, it glances off with a lateral direction. It will not, however, go as far in this new direction as it would have done in the former one; the difference between these two directions measures the amount of force actually expended upon the object struck. The curve may, for practical purposes, be considered as composed of an infinite number of plane surfaces, at angles constantly varying; and no plane surface being exactly particular to any particular straight line. Consequently, a ball striking a curved surface will appear to hit this one point, strikes at an angle smaller than a right angle, and glances off, solves, indeed, to diminished force in sufficient to penetrate the object. The chances are millions to one that a ball will not hit a curve at the precise point of the surface which is perpendicular to its direction. Practically, therefore, the *Galena* can only be hit by a ball at a small angle.

The deck, of which we have spoken, is covered with bomb-proof iron plates. It is on this deck that the fighting-gear upon which the guns are placed. That is below, completely sheltered by this upper deck, which presents nothing, from stem to stern, except a bell-proof pilot-house, and the masts and "rigging." At the bottom of the page is a view of the fighting-deck, with an armament of heavy Columbiads, the calibre of which we are not at liberty to state. The guns are carried by trucks, as will be seen by counting the port-holes. She is pronounced to light head on, "yawing" from side to side, so as to allow her thermantic rudder her best cross. The bows and stern, being the most exposed parts, are protected, in addition to the other armor, by plates of iron. The port-holes are protected by massive iron port-covers, opening in the middle the upper half being lifted up, and the lower half dropped down, when the guns are to be run out. These port-covers are shown in Figure 2, the vessel is brigantine-rigged, the standing rigging being of wire ropes. Figure 3 is an enlarged view of a portion of the sides, showing the interior of the construction. It is believed that the iron best of the *Virginia*, which crushed through the side of the *Cumberland* as though it were an egg-shell, would strike as harmlessly upon the *Galena* as it did upon the *Monitor*. Figure 5 presents the water-line of the vessel when afloat, showing how little of her side is above water, and consequently how small a mark she presents. Figure 6 shows the position of the Engine-Room, which, it will be seen, is below the water-line. Figure 7 shows the position of the officers' quarters.

The *Galena* is one of the three vessels whose construction was recommended last September by the Board of Naval Officers, which sat in judgment on another. She was built at Mystic, Connecticut, by Messrs. Smith & Dimon, the builders of the engines. Her iron armor was furnished by the "Rensselaer and Albany Iron Works." The greater part of the iron was put on at Mystic, and the delays were occasioned by transporting the iron by railroad. A month of weather has been spent to the Continental Works on the 22d of February—a week after launching—to be completed. The homeward-bound gallant ship was commanded by J. F. Rowland, of the "Continental Works." The time of passage was 20 days, and the log-book was laid till that when she will receive her armament, is about 175 days.

Her tonnage is 1,000 tons. Her contract price was $250,000. The strength, seaworthiness, light draft, and presumed speed of this new vessel, it is anticipated, will render her of special service in our Navy.

THE BATTLE OF NEWBERN.

WE devote pages 216 and 217 to illustrations of the BATTLE OF NEWBERN—in many respects the most brilliant affair of the war. At this battle, an enemy strongly posted and protected by a line of earth-works a mile long and several cannonaded from, armed with rifled guns of heavy calibre, provided with the best weapons, and thoroughly prepared for battle, were completely routed by General Burnside's force of 12,000.

One of our pictures, from a sketch by our artist, Mr. Arthur Lumley, shows the Twenty-First Regiment of the Troops for the Expedition at Roanoke Island. They were in high spirits and eager for the fight. Lieutenant-Colonel Hawkins commanded them in the Newbern Rivet. This operation is thus described by our special correspondent:

The point at which the troops landed is the month of Slocum's Creek, about twelve miles below Newbern, by water, and considerably more by land. Captain Bennett, the flag-ship of General Reno, was the first to enter the creek, followed by the gun-boats, which led on the advance. The Twenty-first Massachusetts regiment, Colonel Hawkins commanding, was the first to land, however, and was to have landed first, but the water was found to be too shallow for the Minnesota, which General Burnside had intended should have been the first to be run on shore by the pressure of the enemy's fire, which defended the immediate vicinity of the shore, but attack is found to be fast not confined to the right, near the river, where one of the vessels grounded, and could not get in, and was useful in the defense of the breast-work by an enfilading, or, more properly, diagonal fire. Some of the left and right flank of the enemy was consequently here posted, and the fleet of gun-boats opened upon them with shell and shot, and their rapid and accurate firing soon silenced the fire directed upon them.

The Twenty-first Massachusetts, the Second Brigade returned the fire of the enemy vigorously, who, from the rifle-pits and from the covering edges of the woods, were picking off our men with deadly certainty at every shot. The Twenty-first Massachusetts were ordered to the right, to form, and attempted to storm the guns, when repulsed by the fire of the enemy, and were shortly charged from a little ravine or hollow just in the rear of the battery, which the enemy had drove them out, making a few prisoners. Our regulars was but now the Twenty-first Massachusetts, Colonel Hawkins, the New York Fifty-first, Fourth Rhode Island, and the Ninth New Jersey, Fifty-first Pennsylvania, Eighth Connecticut, and Fifty-first New York, under General Foster, also ran aground. The Second Brigade, consisting of the Twenty-first Massachusetts Twenty-first were for in advance of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, and the Fourth Rhode Island, the Ninth New Jersey, Fifty-first Pennsylvania, Eighth Connecticut, and Fifty-first New York, under General Foster, also ran aground. The Second Brigade, consisting of the Twenty-first Massachusetts Twenty-first were for in advance of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, and the Fourth Rhode Island, the Ninth New Jersey, Fifty-first Pennsylvania, Eighth Connecticut, and Fifty-first New York, under General Foster, also ran aground.

The battle itself, which is illustrated on the same pages (the moment chosen for illustration is that when the enemy's centre gives way before the bayonet charge), was fought with the bayonet after the enemy had expended their ammunition), is thus described by the same correspondent:

It was now about half past seven o'clock on the morning of the 14th), and a sharp firing about denoted that our skirmishers had encountered the enemy's pickets. Shortly after, the different regiments resumed their positions in their brigades, and the whole line moved on in order. General Burnside rode forward, and was followed by his staff, consisting of Major Rhodes, a wide field, a shot was fired from one of the gun-boats, which fell about 200 feet in front of the column, and 100 feet of the General and his staff, and exploded with a terrific report, scattering the party with mud.

The Second Massachusetts brigade had advanced by the steps road, rapidly formed his regiments in line of battle on the right of the road, and the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, Colonel Hawkins, on the left of the road, with the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, Colonel Upton, next, with its left resting on the road, the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, Colonel Amory, with right resting on the road, and the Twenty-third Massachusetts, Colonel Russell, on the right of the Eighth Connecticut in reserve. To support this fine right wing of the brigade, the Twenty-first Massachusetts, Colonel Hawkins, was ordered to the right of the line, and had only a few paces to march the field in time to participate in the fight; but, nothing daunted, the regiment moved on to the support. Foster's position was as follows: On the extreme right, the Twenty-first Massachusetts, Colonel Hawkins, from the west, manned by Lieutenants M'Cook, Hammond, Dudley, and Bradford, supported by a small detachment of the Union Coast Guard. In the centre, and near the road, a 10-pounder Parrott gun, under the command of Captain Bonnell, his second mate, Mr. Stead captain of the gun, and Lieutenant Wells, of the marines, on the left Captain Dayton's battery, from the transport *Highlander*, and on the left of the road, the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts regiment, Colonel Amory, with their right resting over the ramparts and opened very briskly upon the enemy's rifle-pits. The fire of the battery was directed out the entire length of the work, and was continued until the troops had passed the necessary fire with musketry.

The fire was replied to with equal vigor by the brigade, and for a time the battle raged fiercely. As soon as they engaged, let us return to the operations of the Second Brigade, consisting of the Twenty-first Regiment.

The Second Brigade, consisting of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, Twenty-first Connecticut, Fourth New York, Colonel Ferrero; Fifty-first Pennsylvania, Colonel Kennedy, and Fifty-first New York, Colonel Vinton, proceeded along the enemy's right flank. It is somewhat remarkable that the movements of this brigade were followed by the same to those of the fight at Roanoke Island, at the point at which the intrenchments of rebellion was still strongly defended by a series of redoubts and rifle-pits. The reconnoissance previously revealed the fact that beyond these redoubts the breast-work was continued nearly to the river's bank, making the entire length of the defenses about three miles. The operations of our force, however, were confined to that only between the river and the redoubts.

The Third Brigade, under General Parke, took up a position on the Trenton road, with Captain Bryan's brigade.

Such was the disposition of our troops. The engagement regularly opened about eight o'clock, when the First Brigade bore the brunt of the battle. General Foster rode backward and forward, and was under several times exposed to the hottest of the fire. His aide, too, shared the danger, and one of them, Lieutenant Pendleton, narrowly escaped injury, if not death, from a bullet which passed through his coat-sleeve, just grazing his arm. The Massachusetts Twenty-fourth, on the right, had risen to the charge, supported by two of their officers, Major Sherwin and Adjutant Horton, the former by a ball in the leg, which, however, did not disable him. The Twenty-fourth met the Massachusetts Twenty-third, Lieutenant-Colonel Merritt, who was struck by a cannon-ball, which carried away one of his legs, and he lay wounded but firm in a horrible manner. The proportion of officers killed and wounded in the Twenty-fourth was unusually large. The Twenty-seventh Massachusetts were in some reason to the support of the centre, and with another regiment, Connecticut, and a large loss, were withdrawn. The Tenth Connecticut was the same time ordered to their support, and as they fell back took their place; moving forward with great alacrity, and opening the fire. The Tenth was finally compelled to retire through the intervening woods, and to take a position on the right flank. To the First Brigade belongs the credit of having first entered the intrenchments. The Twenty-first had first scaled the walls of the redoubt the brilliant manœuvre of flanking the enemy's right, of which I have now described.

When it became evident that the First Brigade was engaged in the fight in front, the Third, which had been supporting it, was ordered, with the exception of the Eighteenth Massachusetts, to move to the left flank movement. Accordingly the Eighth Connecticut, Fourth Rhode Island, and Fifth Rhode Island regiments, without a short distance into the woods, and defiling to the left came into the rear of the First Brigade, forward come in the rear of the Third Brigade.

The position on the field of operations was immediately under the command of General Reno, and ordered to the left, to the rear of the First Brigade, and to proceed to, and take up a position on the extreme left.

It may be well here to state that when the line of flanking was completed, it was not known that the fort of intrenchment extended beyond, or if it did, much beyond the railroad. The line of flanking was therefore, consequently, of getting in the rear, they discovered not the more advanced line of earth-works, but that of a series of redoubts and rifle-pits, which defended the immediate vicinity of the railroad. Our attack is found to be fast not confined to the right, near the river, where one of the vessels grounded, and could not get in, and was useful in the defense of the breast-work by an enfilading, or, more properly, diagonal fire. Some of the left and right flank of the enemy was consequently here posted, and the fleet of gun-boats opened upon them with shell and shot, and their rapid and accurate firing soon silenced the fire directed upon them.

The Twenty-first Massachusetts, the Second Brigade returned the fire of the enemy vigorously, who, from the rifle-pits and from the covering edges of the woods, were picking off our men with deadly certainty at every shot. The Twenty-first Massachusetts were ordered to the right, to form, and attempted to storm the guns, when repulsed by the fire of the enemy, and were shortly charged from a little ravine or hollow just in the rear of the battery, which the enemy had drove them out, making a few prisoners. Our regulars was but now the Twenty-first Massachusetts, Colonel Hawkins, the New York Fifty-first, Fourth Rhode Island, and the Ninth New Jersey, Fifty-first Pennsylvania, Eighth Connecticut, and Fifty-first New York, under General Foster, also ran aground. The Second Brigade, consisting of the Twenty-first Massachusetts Twenty-first were for in advance of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, and the Fourth Rhode Island, the Ninth New Jersey, Fifty-first Pennsylvania, Eighth Connecticut, and Fifty-first New York, under General Foster, also ran aground.

On page 213 we give three pictures of the affair, from sketches by our artist, Mr. Alexander Simmons. One represents the MORTAR FLEET OF THEIR WAY DOWN THE RIVER in tow of steamers; another THE RECONNOISANCE BY COMMODORE FOOTE, the gun-boats dropping down with the current of the tide; and the third THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

SUNDAY'S FIGHT.

The attack commenced on Sunday, 16th. The correspondent of the Chicago Post says:

The contest is opened by a shot from the *Benton*, firing "stern on" at the Kentucky battery. Soon after, another shot from the *Benton* in the same bank the enemy's fire shifted its range. Suddenly a shell of flame appeared in the air; it was followed by a shell from the *Benton*, which burst high in the air, and without effect. The spectators grew anxious. Can it be that, after all our labor and our hopes, the enemy can again escape? Is he fall us? Hark! A fourth of those thunder-rending concussions, and shortly after a fifth. Three smoke is lazily rising. The flames would boil a mile in the rear of the rebel batteries. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Such was the shout that resounded from them, —we can more than overcome the distance. The rebel flag-staff smoke loose from its fastenings, and a splash is seen directly in front of what is presumed to be the magazine. Then a dense column of smoke and fire.

In the course of the afternoon the rebels fired a few shots, but no damage was done.

THE BOMBARDMENT ON MONDAY.

The same correspondent continues his narrative:

The gun-boats weighed anchor at an early hour and moved slowly up and down the stream; now remaining nearly stationary for a time, then moving, traveling, perhaps, a mile to side, as if to fully test their ability to hold themselves in the position assigned them. Meanwhile, the batteries, with the exception of the *Pike*, *Wisconsin*, and *Ida*, have been engaged in the work of throwing shells into the rebel batteries. Occasionally, one was directed at the gun-boats, keeping at distance rode from all danger from the shots of their enemy at a great distance. Not a single gun-boat should be disabled by a successful shot from the fort. The distance was altogether too great to be passed beyond reach of the enemy's fire. The order was promptly obeyed.

At 10.15 o'clock a shell from a mortar was thrown in the direction of the Kentucky battery. It burst high in the air over the enemy's works, and the fragments fell in the rebel camp. Then the mortar-boats commenced firing, the terrific concussion was heard, and this time followed with the shells. The first messenger exploded in the midst of the wood, but a short distance in the rear of the gun which had been pointed at the gun-boats. Then the mortar-boats began to throw shells in rapid succession, and the consternation which distinguishes the explosion of a shell in the midst of an enemy was shown in the manner in which it was discovered. That the fight was initiated for the day, there was "high old times" in the rebel camp. The Confederate shots from the mortar-boats followed, many of them falling short in the water, and the fragments fell in a portion calculated to discomfort the rebels, further than annoy them. Occasionally a shell would burst in the midst of the enemy, a heavy column of smoke would rise, and the whole pack of mortars, with a fury indescribable, and really not conceivable by those who have not witnessed the bombardment of Fort *Hound City*, stationed about half a mile above Dunbrody's Island, kept up a constant fire. Shell after shell was thrown in rapid succession, and the consternation of our guns, and the accuracy of those having them in charge, the rebels were driven from their intrenchments, and their cheers loud and long, accompanied by waving of hats and handkerchiefs, manifested their delight that the Kentuckians were testify their joy.

The fleet of gun-boats *Benton*, *Cincinnati*, and *St. Louis*, were locked together side by side; the dispatch in the hands of Captain Phelps, and the fleet of five were set upon the left wing. Very frequent firing was given to the guns on the Kentucky shore, and distant shots were thrown into the rebel camp. Meanwhile, the batteries their every movement was closely watched, and the rebels, who had their battery on the extreme point of mast, wrought up by a knowledge that the day was half over, and the fight not decided.

At precisely 1 o'clock the *Benton* opened fire. The shot was thrown with a precision which was at once followed by one from the *St. Louis*, which, bursting but a little in the rear of the rebel fort, threw the gunners into a disgusting battery. A shot from the *Cincinnati* took effect but nearly the same moment, and the rebels were thoroughly demoralized.

The shells now raged faster and more furiously upon our side. Shell after shell was thrown into the rebel camp, and the gunners seemed to be cast upward to the height of the trees in apparent confusion. Sulphurous smoke, Others striking in the water seemed to throw the spray far over the rebel fort, and the concussion was heard in the distance, furiously forward. The commanding fire their grew more and more. The discharge of Dunbrody's guns, and those of the terrific concussions which shook every thing for miles around, and the rebel fort was enveloped in a dense, silly grand. Two shots fell short. One after another three shells burst in the midst of the rebel encampment, and the destruction of each ball and its effect was so plainly visible as if we were standing within the fort.

Later in the day the rebels replied. The correspondent of the *Post* says:

The rebels now began to fire sluggishly, and given at long intervals. Many of their shots passed high in the air, over the heads of the gunners, and fell harmlessly in the wood. Others, better directed, fell but a few rods in the rear of the fleet, but no damage was sustained. About 5 o'clock a shot from the enemy came through the gun-deck of the *Benton*, tearing away a portion of the deck, and passing down to the gun-deck rebounded and fell into the water without exploding. The effects of Confederate Fools-ton's guns were visible, and that was probably a quaker. The river is rising steadily, and some of the lower batteries have been overflowed. It is feared that the rebels may be escaping.

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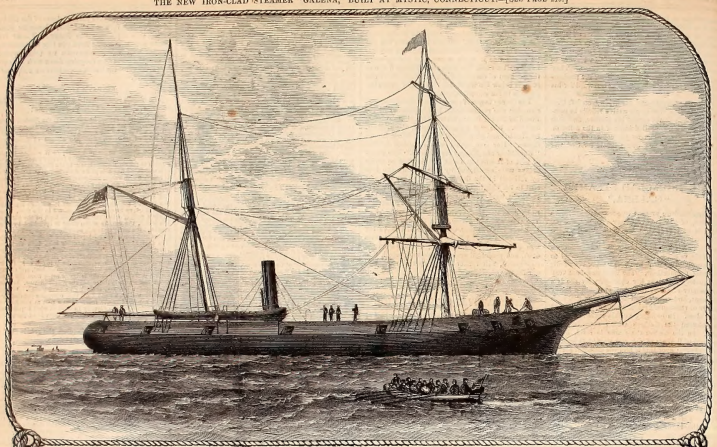
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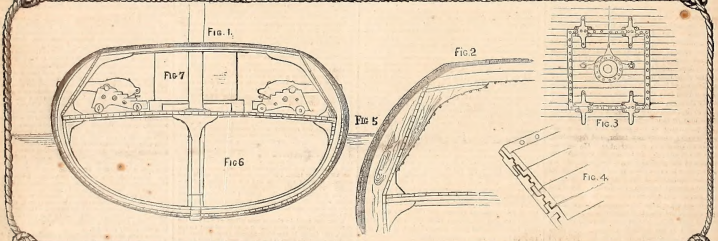
The shells now raged faster and more furiously upon our side. Shell after shell was thrown into the rebel camp, and the gunners seemed to be cast upward to the height of the trees in apparent confusion. Sulphurous smoke, Others striking in the water seemed to throw the spray far over the rebel fort, and the concussion was heard in the distance, furiously forward. The commanding fire their grew more and more. The discharge of Dunbrody's guns, and those of the terrific concussions which shook every thing for miles around, and the rebel fort was enveloped in a dense, silly grand. Two shots fell short. One after another three shells burst in the midst of the rebel encampment, and the destruction of each ball and its effect was so plainly visible as if we were standing within the fort.

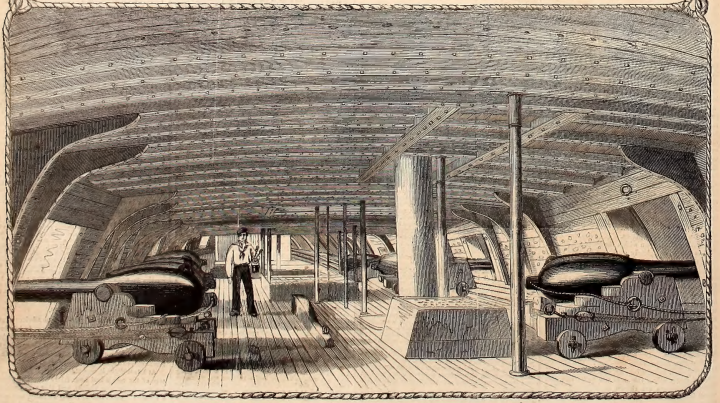
Later in the day the rebels replied. The correspondent of the *Post* says:

The rebels now began to fire sluggishly, and given at long intervals. Many of their shots passed high in the air, over the heads of the gunners, and fell harmlessly in the wood. Others, better directed, fell but a few rods in the rear of the fleet, but no damage was sustained. About 5 o'clock a shot from the enemy came through the gun-deck of the *Benton*, tearing away a portion of the deck, and passing down to the gun-deck rebounded and fell into the water without exploding. The effects of Confederate Fools-ton's guns were visible, and that was probably a quaker. The river is rising steadily, and some of the lower batteries have been overflowed. It is feared that the rebels may be escaping.

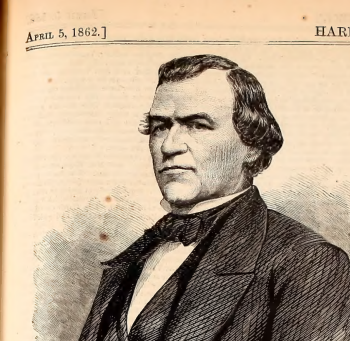
THE NEW IRON-CLAD STEAMER "GALENA," BUILT AT MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT.—[SEE PAGE 219.]







GUN-DECK OF THE NEW IRON-CLAD STEAMER "GALENA."—[SEE PAGE 219.]



HON. ANDREW JOHNSON, MILITARY GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

HON. ANDREW JOHNSON, GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE.

ANDREW JOHNSON, the loyal Senator from Tennessee, has just been appointed by the President Military Governor of that State, and we publish his portrait accordingly, from a photograph by Brady. He was born of poor parents, in North Carolina, about 1812, and was apprenticed to a tailor. After trying his fortune in various places, he finally walked over the mountains into Tennessee, with his wife, and established himself at Greenville in that State. His wife taught him his letters, he worked hard, by-and-by he began to rise, making money as a tailor, and reputation as a politician and public speaker. He was soon elected to the Legislature, then to Congress, where he served many years. He was Governor of Tennessee we believe for two terms, and in 1857 was elected United States Senator. In the Senate he was chiefly known as the supporter of the Homestead Bill, which he pressed every session with vigor and pertinacity. When Tennessee seceded Johnson stood faithful to the old flag, and was denounced and his life threatened by the rebels. He has hitherto defied their threats successfully, and now goes back to his State to endeavor to repair the mischief done by the traitors. He is as brave as he is eloquent, and will do his duty.

The Herald tells the following story of him:

While working at Laurens Court House as journeyman tailor, he fell in love with a girl in the neighborhood and courted her. Governor Johnson tells the story himself. The young lady saw something noble in Andy than her mother was able to discern. She engaged herself to him, provided he could get her mother's consent. Andy went one Sunday to speak to the old lady. His heart failed him till toward night, when he mustered up courage and popped the question to the mother. He says she broke out on him in a most terrible tirade of abuse, and said, "You trifling, worthless vagabond, do you suppose I am going to let my daughter marry a wandering journeyman tailor? I know what you want; you are too lazy to work, and you are after my property!" The Governor said the old woman had her children out there negroes. This was her forte. She continued in a most violent rage, and Andy became frightened and confounded. He determined to quit the place and forget his love, after meeting with such stern and contempt from the mother. It sometimes happens that young girls have a deeper insight into character than their parents. It was the case, as Colonel Deaton acknowledged, with Jessie, when she run off with Colonel Fremont and got married, very much against the wishes of her father and mother. But Miss W—— did not have the same self-will, or the same abiding confidence in her judgment and love that Miss Benton had. She was afraid to encounter that indignation and towering temper which had so effectually moved Andy. We do not know, however, that Andy had courage enough to make the proposition to run off with her. If he did, it was rejected. How different would have been her fate if Miss W—— had taken courage and encountered the frowns of her mother! Instead of being the wife of some poor, plodding, unknown man, as she probably is, she would have been the wife of a Governor and United States Senator, the mistress of extensive estates at Nashville, and a conspicuous ornament of the gay and fashionable society of Washington, as well as the confidential partner of a man who, above all the others of the seceding States, has deserved well and will soon be most honored at the hands of a grateful country.

LIEUTENANT MORRIS, OF THE "CUMBERLAND."

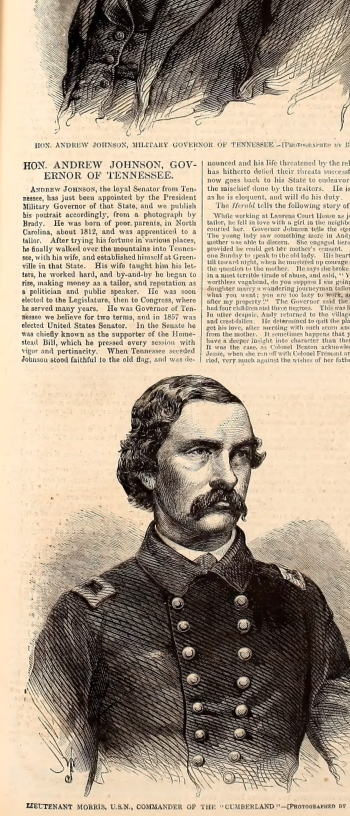
We publish on this page, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of LIEUTENANT MORRIS, who commanded the *Cumberland* in the battle with the *Merrimac*, one of the most gallant heroes of the war.

Lieutenant George U. Morris was born in Massachusetts about the year 1826, and is consequently about thirty-five years of age. He was appointed to the navy from New York in 1846. He received his present commission the 16th of September, 1861. To the beginning of the year 1861 his sea-service under his previous commission was nearly four years, and his total sea-service over ten years. He had been, up to that date, for three years on shore and other duty, and had been fifteen months unemployed. His total service, to the present time, is nearly sixteen years, and he was last at sea in December, 1860. Previous to his being appointed to the *Cumberland*, on the North Atlantic squadron, he had been on leave of absence. He was for some time on the sloop *Cyane*, on the Pacific squadron, and returned, as before stated, in December, 1860.

When the *Cumberland* was in a sinking condition, her decks covered with the dead and the dying, the gallant officer shouted to his crew, "Men, shall we give her another broadside?"

The response was, "Ay, ay, Sir!" And with the last surge of the noble old ship, the water rushing through her port-holes, her guns thundered a final valley at the enemy.

We trust that such heroism as that of Lieutenant Morris, and such signal services as those of Lieutenant Worden, will not go unrewarded. Both are entitled to the highest rank in the service, and we trust that if the present rules of the service do not authorize the President to promote them at once, Congress will remedy the difficulty without delay. The nation can not afford to neglect her heroes.



LIEUTENANT MORRIS, U.S.N., COMMANDER OF THE "CUMBERLAND."—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

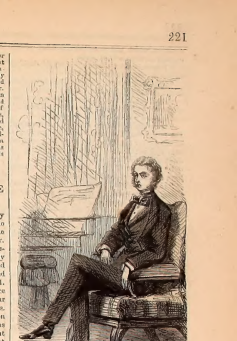
AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "HEAD SECRET," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY the next morning Miss Garth and Norah met in the garden, and spoke together privately. The only noticeable result of the interview, when they presented themselves at the breakfast-table, appeared in the marked silence which they both maintained on the topic of the mercurial gentleman's absence. Mrs. Vanstone was evidently indebted to her husband and to her youngest daughter for all that she heard of the eve-

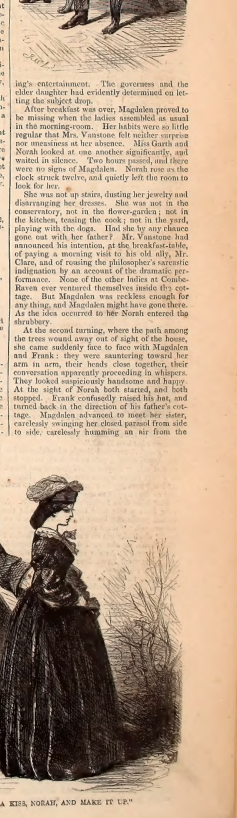


ning's entertainment. The governess and the elder daughter had evidently determined on letting the subject drop.

After breakfast was over, Magdalen proved to be missing when the ladies assembled as usual in the morning-room. Her habits were so little regular that Mrs. Vanstone felt neither surprise nor uneasiness at her absence. Miss Garth and Norah looked at one another significantly, and waited in silence. Two hours passed, and there were no signs of Magdalen. Norah rose as the clock struck twelve, and quietly left the room to look for her.

She was not up stairs, dusting her jewelry and disarranging her dresses. She was not in the conservatory, not in the flower-garden; not in the kitchen, teasing the cook; not in the yard, playing with the dogs. Had she by any chance gone out with her father? Mr. Vanstone had announced his intention, at the breakfast-table, of paying a morning visit to his old ally, Mr. Clare, and of teasing the philosopher's sarcastic indignation by an account of the dramatic performance. None of the other ladies at Combe-Raven ever ventured themselves inside the cottage. But Magdalen was reckless enough for any thing, and Magdalen might have gone there. As the idea occurred to her Norah entered the shrubbery.

At the second turning, where the path among the trees wound away out of sight of the house, she came suddenly face to face with Magdalen and Frank: they were sauntering toward her arm in arm, their heads close together, their conversation apparently proceeding in whispers. They looked suspiciously handsome and happy. At the sight of Norah both started, and both stopped. Frank confusedly raised his hat, and turned back in the direction of his father's cottage. Magdalen advanced to meet her sister, carelessly swinging her closed parasol from side to side, carelessly humming an air from the



"COME," SHE SAID, "GIVE ME A KISS, NORAH, AND MAKE IT UP."

overture which had preceded the rising of the curtain on the previous night.

"Luncheon-time already!" she said, looking at her watch. "Surely not?"

"Have you and Mr. Francis Clare been alone in the shrubbery since ten o'clock?" said Norah.

"*Mr.* Francis Clare! How ridiculously formal you are! Why don't you call him Frank?"

"I asked you a question, Magdalen."

"Dear me, how quick you took this morning! I'm in disgrace, I suppose. Haven't you forgiven me yet for my acting last night? I couldn't help it, love; I should have made nothing of Julia if I hadn't taken you for my model. It's quite a question of Art. In your place I should have felt flattered by the selection."

"In your place, Magdalen, I should have thought twice before I mimicked my sister to an audience of strangers."

"That's exactly why I did it—an audience of strangers. How were they to know? Come! come! don't be angry. You are eight years old, dear dear Norah; you ought to set me a example of good humour."

I will set you an example of plain speaking. I am more sorry than I can say, Magdalen, to meet you as I met you here just now!"

"What next, I wonder? You meet me in the shrubbery at home talking over the private theatricals with my old playfellow, whom I knew when I was no taller than this parasol. And that is a glaring impropriety, is it? Heaven help us, how fussy we have become since I was away! Is it a crime to be found in the shrubbery with a gentleman?"

"Don't evade my question. I repeat it—an audience of strangers. How were they to know? Come! come! don't be angry. You are eight years old, dear dear Norah; you ought to set me a example of good humour."

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"I am in earnest about this, Magdalen—"

"Not a doubt of it. Nobody can accuse you of ever making a joke."

"I am seriously sorry—"

"Oh, dear!"

"It is quite useless to interrupt me. I have it on my conscience to tell you—and I will tell you—that I am sorry to see how this intimacy is growing. I am sorry to see a secret understanding established already between you and Mr. Francis Clare."

"Poor Frank! How you do hate him, to be sure! Why can't the earth has be offered to you?"

Norah's self-control began to show signs of failing her. Her dark cheeks glowed, her delicate lips trembled, before she spoke again. Magdalen paid no attention to her until she put them to her sister. She tossed it high in the air and caught it. "Once!" she said—and tossed it up again. "Twice!" she said—and caught it higher. "Thrice—!" Before she could catch it for the third time Norah seized her passionately by the arm, and the parasol dropped to the ground between them.

"You are treating me heartlessly, she said.

"For shame, Magdalen—for shame!"

The irrepressible outburt of the reproved nature, forced into open self-assertion in its own despite, is, of all moral forces, the hardest to resist. Magdalen was startled into silence. For a few moments the two sisters—so strangely dissimilar in person and in character—faced one another without a word passing between them. For a moment the deep brown eyes of the elder and the light grey eyes of the younger looked each into other with steady, unyielding scrutiny on either side. Norah's face was the first to change. Norah's head was the first to turn away. She dropped her sister's arm in silence. Magdalen stooped and picked up her parasol.

"I try to keep my temper," she said, "and you call me heartless for doing it. You always were hard on me, and you always will be."

Norah clasped her trembling hands fast in each other. "Hard on you?" she said, with mournful tones—and sighed with bitterness.

Magdalen drew back a little, and mechanically dusted the parasol with the end of her garden cloak.

"Yes!" she resumed, doggedly. "Hard on me, and hard on Frank."

"Frank!" repeated Norah, advancing on her sister, and turning pale as suddenly as she had turned red. "Do you talk of yourself and Frank as of sister interests were One should say Magdalen! if I hurt you do I hurt *him*? Is he so near and so dear to you that?"

Magdalen drew farther and farther back. Arrejig from a tree near caught her cloak; she turned petulantly, broke it off, and left the tree on the ground. "What right have you to question me?" she broke out on a sudden. "Whether I like Frank, or whether I don't, what is that to you?"

Norah looked at her sister in silence. Look what you will, in every high place there is an Ai, a Voice beyond the reach of all the greatest intellects in this world to pull him down. Overcome all social system complacent Impudence—and Impudence—and Impudence—and Lack of Intelligence with total impunity—and knots of rebels, in answer to every form of protest. See how well all do in the long run. One of these days that audacious assertion will be practically constructed and will, while nature system of modern society will come down with a crash.

"God forbid!" cried Mr. Vanstone, looking about him as if the crash was coming already.

"Why do you say that?" asked Mr. Clare. "There is my theory in few words. Now for the remarkable application of it, which this letter suggests. Listen to a fact of a lesson."

"You don't mean that Frank has got another fortune?" cried Mr. Vanstone.

"Here is this perfectly hopeless booby, Frank, pursued the philosopher. "He has never done any thing in his life to help himself, and, as a necessary consequence, Society is in a conspiracy to carry him to the top of the tree. He has hardly had time to throw away that chance you gave him before this letter comes and puts the ball at his feet for the second time. Why this cousin (who is intellectually fit to be at the tail of the family, and who is therefore, as a matter of course, at the head of it) has been good enough to remember my existence, and has offered his influence to serve my eldest boy. Read his letter, and then observe the sequence of events. My rich cousin is a booby who thrives on landed property; he has done something for another booby who thrives on Politics, who knows a third booby who thrives on Commerce, who can do something for a fourth booby, thriving at present on nothing, whose name is Frank. So the mill goes. So the cream of all human results is piled up in this successive order. Now I shall pack Frank off to-morrow. In course of time he'll come back again on our hands like a mad shilling—and chances will be that he is used as a necessary consequence of his meritorious existence. Success will go on, and, as I live to see it, no more may you—it doesn't matter; Frank's future is equally certain either way—just him and his destiny, he clutching, and you please, and let him drift: he'll end in being a general, a bishop, or a minister of state, by dint of the great modern qualification of doing nothing whatever to deserve his place." With this summing up of his son's worldly prospects Mr. Clare tossed the letter contemptuously across the table, and poured himself out another cup of tea.

Mr. Vanstone read the letter with equal contempt and pleasure. It was written in a tone of somewhat distasteful civility. The only practical advantages which it placed at Frank's disposal were beyond all doubt. The writer had the promise of using his influence to procure for an ordinary kind—with a great Mercantile Firm in the City, and the letter concluded with a polite hint once in favor of Mr. Clare's eldest boy. Frank would be received in the office on a very different footing from the footing of an ordinary clerk—he would be "pushed on" at every available opportunity—and his first "good thing" the House had to offer, either at home or abroad, would be placed at his disposal. He possessed fair abilities, and above the average diligence—assuming them, his fortune was made; and the sooner he was sent to London to begin, the better for the interests of all concerned.

"Wonderful news!" cried Mr. Vanstone, returning the letter. "I'm delighted—I must go back and tell them at home. This is fifty times the chance that mine was. What the deuce do you mean by shaking the Society? Society has behaved uncommonly well, in my opinion. Where's the fault?"

"Lurking," said Mr. Clare. "It is one of the intolerable peculiarities of fools that they always lurk. I haven't seen a fool yet without lurking. If you meet with him any where give him a kick, and say I want him."

Mr. Clare's opinion of his son's habits might have been expressed more publicly as to the fact but as to substance, it happened, on that particular morning, to be perfectly correct. After leaving Magdalen to walk back unaided to the shrubbery, at a safe distance, on the chance that she might relent, Frank had lurked in the shrubbery and join him again. Mr. Vanstone's appearance, immediately on Norah's departure, increased the encouragement which Frank had already determined him on returning to the cottage. He was thus fortunately present, not only at the time of father's clutches, totally unprepared for the pending announcement, in that formidable quarter, of his approaching visit to London.

In the mean time Mr. Vanstone had communicated the contents of Mr. Clare's letter to Magdalen, and afterward, on getting back to the house, to his wife and Miss Garth. He was too unobservant a man to notice that Magdalen's manner, uncommonly startled, and Miss Garth unaccountably grave, at his announcement of Frank's good fortune. He dined on about the usual time, suspiciously, until the luncheon-bell rang—and then, for the first time, he noticed Norah's absence. She sent a message down stairs, after they had assembled at the table, to say that a headache was keeping her in her own room. When Miss Garth went up shortly afterward to communicate the news to Norah, Norah appeared, strangely enough, to feel very little relieved by hearing it. Mr. Francis Clare had gone away on a fortnight's visit to London, and had come back. He might come back again, and probably would, for any of Norah's people. She said no more on the subject than this: no reference except her to what had taken place in the shrubbery. Her unconquerable reserve seemed to have strengthened its hold on her since the morning of the meeting. She met Magdalen later in the day, as if nothing had happened: no formal reconciliation took place between them. It was one of Norah's peculiarities to shrink from all reconciliations that were openly avowed—and to take her shy refuge in reconciliations that were silently felt. Magdalen saw plainly, in her look and manner, that she had offended her sister and lost power. Whether the motive was pride, or sullenness, or distress of feeling, or despair of doing good, the result was not to be mistaken—Norah had resolved on remaining passive for the future.

Later in the afternoon Mr. Vanstone suggested a drive to his eldest daughter as the best remedy for her headache. She readily consented to accompany him—and Magdalen accompanied them as usual, that Magdalen should join them. Magdalen was unwilling to be found. For the second time that day she had wandered into the grounds by herself. On this occasion Miss Garth—who, after adopting Norah's opinions, had passed from the one extreme of overlooking Frank altogether, to the other extreme of believing him capable of planning an elopement at five minutes' notice—volunteered to set forth immediately and do her best to find the missing young lady. After a prolonged absence she returned unsuccessful—with the strongest persuasion in her own mind that Magdalen and Frank had met by accident in another somewhere, but without having discovered the smallest fragment of evidence to confirm her suspicions. By the time the carriage was at the door, and Mr. Vanstone was unwilling to wait any longer. He and Norah drove away together, and Mrs. Vanstone and Miss Garth sat at home over their work.

In half an hour more Magdalen composedly walked into the room. She was pale and depressed. She received Miss Garth's remonstrances with a weary inattention; replied carelessly that she had been wandering in the wood; took down some books from the open organ; sighed impatiently, and went away to stairs to her own room.

"I think Magdalen is feeling the reaction after yesterday," said Miss Garth, significantly.

"It is just as well," said Mrs. Vanstone, "that theatrical amusements are all over she is fretting for more."

Here was an opportunity of letting in the light of truth on Mrs. Vanstone's mind. Miss Garth favorable to be missed. Miss Garth questioned her conscience, saw her chance, and took it on the spot.

"You forget," she rejoined, "that a certain neighbor of yours is to pay you a visit to-morrow. Shall I tell you the truth? Magdalen is fretting over the departure of Francis Clare."

Mrs. Vanstone looked up from her work with a gentle smiling surprise.

"Surely not?" she said. "It is natural enough that Frank should be attracted by Magdalen—but I can't think that Magdalen returns the feeling. Frank is not at all unlike her; so quiet and undemonstrative; so dull and helpless, poor thing! in some things. He is handsome, I know; but he is so singularly unlike Magdalen that I can't think it possible—I can't indeed."

"My dear good lady!" cried Miss Garth, in great amusement, "do you really suppose that people fall in love with each other on the score of similarities in their characters? In the vast majority of cases they do just the reverse. Men marry the very last women, and women the very last men, whom their friends would think it possible they could care for. Have you ever heard of the phrase that is oftener on all our lips than 'What can have made Mr. Brown marry Miss Jones, I mean?' or, 'How could Mrs. So-and-So throw herself away on that man?' Has all your experience of the human world not taught you that girls take perverse fancies for men who are totally unworthy of them?"

"Very true," said Mrs. Vanstone, compliantly. "I forgot that. Still it seems unaccountable, dear Miss Garth—"

"Unaccountable, because it happens every day?" retorted Miss Garth, good-humoredly. "I know a great many unaccountable people who reason against plain experience in the same way as you do. Unaccountable to the majority, I deny in the evening that there is any romances for writers or painters to work upon in modern life. Unaccountable," Mrs. Vanstone, if you take my word for it—thanks to those wretched theatricals—Magdalen is going to run away with Frank, that a great many young ladies have gone before her. He is quite unworthy of her; he is, in every possible respect, her exact opposite; she is not one of those modest women who want a man to look up to, and who make themselves ridiculous (though she may not think it herself) in a man she can hero-peek. Well! one comfort is, there are far fewer of that class of women, now, to be had than Frank. It's a mercy he is going away about we have more women to them, and before any serious mischief is done."

"Poor Frank!" said Mrs. Vanstone, smiling compassionately. "Why he is not to blame that he was in jackets and Magdalen in short frocks. She's letting you him up yet. He may do better this second time."

Miss Garth looked up in astonishment.

"And suppose he does better?" she asked. "What then?"

Mrs. Vanstone cut off a loose thread in her work, and laughed outright.

"My good friend," she said, "there is an old fable—not quoted which has a great deal of truth in it—about a hen who hatched ducks instead of her own chickens before they are hatched." Let us wait a little before we count our."

It was very easy to silence Miss Garth when she was speaking under the influence of a strong conviction, but very difficult to silence her. She resumed her work, and looked and thought unutterable things.

Mrs. Vanstone's behavior was certainly remarkable under the circumstances. Here, on one side, was a girl—with great personal attractions, with rare pecuniary prospects, with a social position which might have justified the best expectations—the neighboring squire and the heir apparent to the neighboring squire and the heir apparent to a penniless idle young fellow, who had failed at the first start in life, and who, even if he succeeded in his second attempt, must be for years and years at the prospect of a position which was, to say the least of it, far from desirable; by no means certain, judging her by her own words and looks, that a marriage between Mr. Vanstone's daughter and Mr. Clare's son would be considered to be an unhappy event—and of the intimacy between the two young people as the parents on both sides could possibly wish for! It was perplexing in the extreme. It was almost as unintelligible as that past mystery—that forgotten mystery now—of the journey to London.

In the evening Frank made his appearance, and announced that his father had mercifully determined to let him leave Combe-Raleigh by the parliamentary train the next morning. He

mentioned this circumstance with an air of sentimental resignation, and listened as Mr. Yancey's boisterous rejoicings over his new prospects with a mild and mute surprise. His gentle melancholy of look and manner greatly assisted his personal advantages. In his own effeminate way he was more handsome than ever that evening. His soft brown eyes wandered about the room with a melting tenderness; his hair was beautifully brushed; his delicate hands hung over the arms of his chair with a languid grace. He looked like a convalescent girl, however, on any previous occasion, had he practiced more successfully the social art which he habitually cultivated—the art of casting himself as society in the character of a well-bred lineman, and conferring an obligation on his friends' ears by allowing them to sit under him. It was undeniably a dull evening. All the talking fell to the share of Mr. Yancey—to no earthly purpose. Mrs. Yancey was habitually silent; Sarah kept herself prudently in the background; Magdalen was quiet and undemonstrative beyond all former precedent. From first to last she kept rigidly on her guard. The meaning looks that she cast on Frank flashed at him like lightning, and were gone before any one else could see them. Even when she brought him his tea, and when, in doing so, her self-control gave way under the temptation which the woman can resist—the temptation of touching the man she loves—even then she held the saucer so dexterously that the hot liquid only fell on Frank's self-possession was far less steadily disciplined; it only heated as high as the boiling-point. When he rose to go—when he felt the warm, clinging pressure of Magdalen's fingers round his hand, and felt her look at him—then she slipped into it at the same moment, he became confused and flustered. He might have betrayed Magdalen and betrayed himself but for Mr. Yanstone, who innocently covered his retreat by following him out, and giving him a slap on the shoulder all the way. "God bless you, Frank!" cried the friendly old man, when they got to the gate in a very audible key. "Your fortune's waiting for you. Go in, my boy—go in and win!"

"Yes," said Frank, "I will win." But he was rather difficult to go in and win at first. Of course, as you have always told me, a man's best pose is to count on his excellent health, and to talk about them. At the same time, I wish I didn't feel quite so loose as I do in my figures. I am discouraging to feel loose in one's figures.—Oh, yes; I'll write and tell you how I get on. I'm very much obliged by your kindness, and very sorry I couldn't succeed with the engineering. I think I should have liked engineering—on the whole. It can't be helped now, can it? Thank you again. Good-by!"

So he drifted away into the misty commercial future, as aimless, as helpless, as gentlemanlike as ever.

REBEL PRISONERS AT CHICAGO.

We publish on page 215, from a sketch by Mr. True Williams of Chicago, a picture of the Rendezvous at Camp Douglas, where the first seven hundred prisoners taken at Fort Donelson, comprising Alabamians, Mississippians, and Texans, were sent there soon after their capture, and are now held there. The Chicago *Tribune* thus describes their appearance:

Parties who were fortunate enough to obtain entrance to Camp Douglas yesterday forenoon might have seen standing, sauntering in the rain, in the mud, and on the parade-ground, a collection of men wearing all the colors of the rainbow, and dressed in all the styles of the tailor's art. There were eight hundred rebel prisoners, who had been brought from Cairo bareheaded for a warmer country, and their feet were all exposed to the cold weather of a northern climate; hence the prisoners looked pale, and actually had a chilled look. Many of them had not more than the proportion of their barracks. It was a matter for consideration. A week ago these men were fighting under the regnat flag at Donelson. To-day they stood exposed, yet not entirely unprotected, to the cold rain, and crowded hundreds of miles from their homes and scenes of disastrous battle.

A more unhappy appearing set of men it would be difficult for the reader to imagine. Occasionally a face appears we are in the habit of seeing upon our public roads but would suffer somewhat, being out of place in the midst of fields and complexion. It may have been from exposure to the weather, but the most of the faces we saw were of a red appearance, suggestive of fresh blood and bad whisky, and were setting of it as they stood. Others were ragging and unfragmentary wounds to a degree to excite their curiosity. The majority, however, stood gazing about the place, perfectly willing to be looked at, and were also willing to answer all questions put to them by their numerous visitors. These visitors were mostly ladies, and of the fairer sex. In fact, these men, and those who had been captured in the southern portion of the grounds known as Buckett's Camp, appeared to be satisfied with their lot, and were free to say they had been better treated than Unionists, or more comfortably housed and better fed than they expect was they would be at Camp Douglas on their return.

The officers of the Confederate prisoners are just as uniformed at all, lacking all the characteristics of industry, bravery, or artillery service, in being wholly unmilitary. In color, cut, fashion, and material, the officers have quite a haberdasher color, cut in regular sack style, and others fashionable, like those of our soldiers, as jackets or frocks. The pants are as diversified in color. Many of them have no trowsers at all, and supply their place with linen blankets, hunting-cap, coverlets, pieces of carpet, coffee sacks, etc., etc. Their knapsacks consist of about all colors and sizes, ranging well with their coats and hats. The same remarks apply equally well to the cannoneers and other secessionists, so half dozen of which seem to have been made at the same manufactory.

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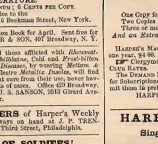
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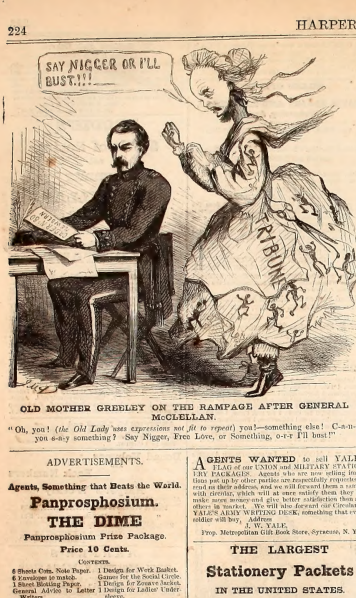
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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MAJOR-GENERAL BUELL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 284.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SHIELDS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 285.]



BOMB-PROOF SAND-BAG BATTERY AT NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA, TAKEN BY GENERAL BURNSIDE'S TROOPS.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 284.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1862.

THE COMMAND OF THE ARMY.

THE indignation of an outraged public has compelled the New York *Tribune* and its confidants to cease their abuse of the Major-General commanding the army; but not to stop leading politicians at Washington and a large section of the public continue to complain that matters are not ordered according to their notions, and to insinuate in very intelligible terms that the war would be much better conducted if another officer—and we say General Fremont?—were at the head of the army.

We desire to be classed among the admirers of the genius, energy, and fortitude of Major-General Frémont. To us it seems, as to others, that injustice was done him in the publication, if not in the making, of Adjutant-General Thomas's Report. He certainly crossed the Osage with his army, which Thomas positively declared he could not do. And it is fortunate for him that the waste and corruption in his Department were not more flagrant than in other Departments. At the same time, no one will have taken the pains to keep posted on the current events of the day and on the course of public opinion, can deny that Fremont's management in Missouri was not a success, and that his reputation as a military leader does not stand high among the people of the West. The loss of even his appointment to the command of the army would a decline of one per cent. on the stock exchange. It may have been his conviction that the landing events of his "hundred days" in Missouri were the defeat at Springfield, the death of Lyon, and the surrender of Lexington. But his speech at St. Louis, in which he confessed that his removal had shaken his faith in democratic institutions, and the open sympathy of his followers—men in his confidence and under his control—that they would obey orders from no General but him, were not calculated to make they were faults, for which he must make amends, and which he must efface from the public memory before he can regain the confidence of the people. His present command, we are happy to add, will afford him an opportunity of retrieving those errors; it ought to afford him that.

With regard to the course pursued by Major-General M'Clellan, there is but one principle which can be safely adopted by good citizens, and that is, to trust him until the proofs of his incapacity are so flagrant as to be obvious to every one. His position and his responsibility may render it incumbent on him to keep his plans secret. It is useless to attempt to vindicate himself from the charges of the civilian critics, he would be affording to the enemy information which would be serviceable. The public must be much in the movements of our armies which seems unintelligible and unwise to persons ignorant of the force and of military movements. But shall we imitate the savages who batter down steam-engines and tear their constructors to pieces because they don't understand them?

We do not pretend to have divined General M'Clellan's plan of operations; but we can see, as every one can, that since he assumed the command of our armies we have met with but one reverse—Ball's Bluff—and General Stone, the commander of that day, is in Fort Lafayette, charged with treason. We have won a dozen substantial victories, and the progress of our armies since we began to move has been steady, has been steady, incessant, and unchecked. The chief strong-holds of the rebels — Columbus, Bowling Green, and Manassas, Nashville, Memphis selected, fortified at great pains and expense, and constituting a strong strategic line—have been occupied by our forces without a battle, and a man or a gun. In Virginia our movements seem to proceed on a deliberately prearranged plan. Manassas, Evansports Charlestown, and Mathias Point, Centreville, Banks takes Leesburg, and Hooker crosses the Potomac; M'Dowell camps at Manassas, and Banks moves on to Winchester; Heintzelman turns up at Big Bethel, as Sumner occupies Warrenton Junction, Banks advances to Strasburg, and Hooker occupies Aquia Creek and Shipping Point. All this looks like method, especially when it is remembered that Burnside, on the coast, and Schoepf (?) on the other, are within striking distance of the only two lines of railway by which the rebel army in Virginia can escape to the Gulf States. We claim no strategic knowledge or military science. But to a civilian eye this looks like system, and such successful combination as would be called "a forced game" at chess. Surely the mind which has devised these results deserves to be trusted a little longer. So far as we can judge, no General of modern times ever enjoyed the confidence, courage, and, to use his own words, "adaptation of means to ends," than Major-General M'Clellan.

One thing is certain. In this, which is the greatest stake in this contest is Abraham Lincoln. He has the power of removing M'Clellan from his command when he pleases, and he has the best means of knowing whether he is fit for the rank he fills. Can we not afford to rely upon him?

THE LAST DITCH.

THE great defect of the Americans, writes a traveler from Timbuctoo, is weakness in the back-bone.

Here are a parcel of men and women going about wringing their hands and saying, What shall we do if the rebels continue to hold out after M'Clellan has beaten them? What if they go to their mountains after we have taken their sea-ports and the Mississippi, and continue to disturb the Union flag?

Reitly these are questions which don't concern us at all. When we have got our forts and batteries, and troops and ships, and munitions, and raised the blockade, what happens in the interior will not matter much. We shall not harass ourselves if people called rebels will themselves Confederates. They may call themselves cannibals if they like; and judging from the reports from Manassas, the name would be inappropriate. If they try to eat any body or commit robbery or murder, we shall have to punish the guilty. But otherwise, why disturb them?

These notions of "an unconquerable people," of "dying in the last ditch," of burning one's house, and destroying one's property, are mere newspaper gabble. No people in the world voluntarily destroy themselves or surrender their pride's sake. In every war there comes a time when men prefer their wife and babies to political theories. We say this because the rebels well, they will be readier for submission than we to specify the terms.

THE NEGRO QUESTION IN KENTUCKY.

THE Legislature of Kentucky, by a very large majority, has pronounced in favor of the disfranchisement of any citizen of that State who advocates the emancipation of the negroes. The majority was not large enough—two-thirds—to give to the expression of opinion the force of a law. But in a purely philosophical point of view it was enough. A generation since, Kentucky came within two or three votes of being a free State. Such a proposal now is a thing involves ostracism. Such has been the effect of cotton culture, and of the rapid increase of the negro population.

We should like to have a fresh vote on this question taken in a Legislature newly elected by the people of Kentucky. Now that the grave Legislature was chosen, the rebels were contending for the mastery of the State. Possibly the subsequent progress of the Union army may have effected a change in public sentiment; though, we confess, we hardly dare think so.

Thus we trust the Kentucky Legislature seems the most discouraging event of the day.

THE LOUNGER.

MOB LAW

THE papers which think that Mr. Wendell Phillips was served right when he was mobbed in Cincinnati on the same papers think that the speech of Mr. Yancey at the Cooper Institute, just before the election of 1860, a very eloquent oration, and profoundly worth public attention. In that speech Mr. Yancey told us that slavery was a grand thing, and that if we submitted to measure it by circular Mr. Lincoln slavery could not think of submitting to such an indignity, and must necessarily break up the Union. There was no talk about action upon or rioting upon the occasion. It was simply a purely able effort to carry the election under threat of revolution.

When treason was struggling to make good what Mr. Yancey so eloquently threatened in Cincinnati that he was an abolitionist and a Union man (the telegraph said disunionist, but that is the opprobrious term of Secessionists), and he was mobbed for saying so. "Served him right!" cry the papers that had so lauded a brave and quick an ear for Mr. Yancey.

Now let us have a fair understanding of this matter. Mr. Yancey was an open dissembler, as was Mr. Phillips. Mr. Yancey was for disunion because the dominance of slavery in the Government was threatened. Mr. Phillips, because he thought the Government hopelessly committed to the protection of slavery. One thought that the Government was going to be just, therefore he was for secession. The other thought that it was unjust, therefore he opposed it.

Under the Constitution, and by the manhood of every man in the land, both were equally entitled to express their convictions, and to make as many converts as they could. Under the Constitution, in a time of peace, if a man thinks that a monarchy is better than a republic, that polygamy is better than Christian marriage, that twice two make seven, and that a circle is evidently a square, he has the fullest right to say so to as many persons as wish to hear, and every soldier and every gun in the service of the nation is pledged to the protection in the exercise of that right. In time of war, however, up a military platform of security, may arrest, of course at its own peril, a man who merely preaches treason. But whether in peace or war, the mob has no rights, and no one man will execute it.

It is easy to understand that a people whose brave defenders stand upon the battle-field will feel such impatience of those who defame them that they may break through the forms of law and threaten the defamer with a summary penalty, as was shown by the mob that mounted the office of a newspaper in New York last April. But no man of common sense for a moment defends such an outbreak. There may be a better justice in making a man taste the poison with which he has tried to destroy other men; but when justice is denied it to be supplied. If Mr. Yancey or Mr. Breckinridge Wood should preach treason in New York or elsewhere, at this moment, it is possible that the Government would seize them as it seized Mr. Schnible. But the Government is the judge. If it does not exist, it ought not to shoot the man who tries to do it. If Mr. Phillips preaches treason the day is the same, and the same unlawful act of the Government is not laid upon him, the mob that hounds him is the tool of treason and traitors.

And who invented it? The mob of Richmond was an effort to seize treason. It was engineered doubtless by men who had been applauding Mr. Jeff Davis to-morrow if they could. It is applauded by men who applauded Yancey—by men who were for a moment that a man who would destroy this Government for the sake of Slavery is a more tolerable character than he who would have rendered it for the sake of Liberty. And the men and papers that commend this riot and anarchy, having taken the functions of courts and juries unperiled, are the newspapers and the politicians who claim to be especial conservative and law-and-order-loving men! To serve and favor slavery which is the direct personal enemy of every laboring man in the country, is applaud anarchy They are as blind as they are vicious.

THE TWO PARTIES

IS the great contest which has seen Liberty and Destruction which is now waged in this country, party spirit will inevitably play a prominent part. The enemies, or unconscious friends, of constitutional liberty will sympathize as party men. When the utmost resistance of the North is first impressed, it is evident that such Union men as Senator Carlile of Virginia and Senator Davis of Kentucky will be inclined to make terms with their own party friends of the rebellion as Mr. Ben Wood and Mr. Vallandigham. Ought not this fact to make such men in this Government hesitate? Is a party to which all the secret and silent adherents of disunion attach themselves a party which could possibly promise peace to the country in the future? Can Mr. Davis cleave to a party which holds the ground realized by a proper respect for constitutional deliet, without supporting all that Jeff Davis has ever claimed?

There are really but two parties in the country at this moment. There is the party of absolutism and war, which has for the integrity of the nation must be preserved at every cost, but who differ as to the means as to which the end should be touched; and there is the party of disloyal men who are either openly in arms, or who secretly support those in arms, or who declare that they are not untouched, however much they may be used against the Government, they will virtually aid the rebellion.

There are very few men in the country who do not belong to one or the other of these parties. In these two the working political organizations of the future are to arise. The question that will divide them is slavery; and slavery will be the dividing question of all parties in the country until it should have overcome the disloyalty even of the laboring man, whether white or black;" that men have no natural rights, and that therefore for the strong to crush and oppress the weak is not injustice.

The party of slavery is intrenched in ignorance and prejudice, and the practical difficulty of dealing with a vicious system of society. The party of liberty is strengthened by universal intelligence—by experience of the necessary consequences of slavery, which are war, taxation, and anarchy — and by the very advantages of liberty, which are general prosperity, intelligence, and civil security. The practical business of the party of liberty will be the inhuman and revolting doctrines and practices which it must logically assert and defend: the weakness of the party of liberty will be the difference of opinion as to methods, and the bitterness which such difference always breeds.

Virtually, of course, we have all made the election between these parties. Those of us who think that the prejudices of despotism and the dark ages are to be weeded out of this nation belong already to the party of liberty, of civilization, of America, of peace, progress, and prosperity. Those of us who believe that there is no necessary antagonism, in a nation of laborers, between a system which respects and one which degrades labor, who suppose that the laborers of the Free States are going to look on quietly and see the homes of their children in the West preoccupied by slaves, and who think it wise to maintain an overwhelming force to check restrained by law of nature, and whom it must be necessarily criminal to teach or to treat as human, belong already to the party of despotism, ignorance, and anarchy.

THE "NASHVILLE."

CERTAINLY, if Captain Pegram were on our side, we should give him dinners, and invite him to receive the freedom of the city. Shall, then, the *Nashville* rivals the *Sumter*. She dances in and out under the very noses of our guns. They shall her and send out the ship's boats. She lies alive blithely in Liverpool or Southampton, and a week after she sails, as comfortably lying there, the news we send of her burning or her capture will set all Europe laughing. It is a joke; we may as well own it, and laugh. Certainly crying won't help it. Moreover, we need not say that it is no matter of law in the matter. We insist that we don't care whether Europe laughs or not, for we do care. The very ferocity with which we assure each other that we are entirely independent of foreign criticism betrays us; just as the wrath with which the English newspapers scoff at ruins that they confess have been forborne, betrays the jealousy and the ill feeling which animate them.

The truth is that our Navy has been utterly inadequate to its task. It has done well. It has taken Port Royal, Fort Pulaski, Roanoke, and Fort Hleary the new Navy, were glorious victories. But the *Nashville*, the *Jeff Davis*, the *Winchester*, and the *Merrimac* upon her first appearance, can not but be mortifying to us; not because they and their crews are not entirely brave themselves, but because they show a skillful audacity which is the admiration even of our enemies, and they also show the utmost use of the means at the rebels' command.

On the other hand, the mortification ought not to blind us to the fact that such things are not very serious in themselves, and that every day contributes to make us readier to meet them. We have to guard a thousand miles of coast, with intricate inlets, and numerous points of assault by the enemy. They have one or two swift steamers, and they choose their point of entrance all along the line. Occasionally one of them escapes, and laugh at our old-fogy sailing ships. For instance, the *Nashville* ran the vessel Burnside had left the mouth of Beaufort harbor, leaving the bark *Gemsbok* and the "sloop steamer" *Cumbridge*. In the voyage of the 17th the rebel stole quietly out, showed her heels to the two ships, which showed theirs to her, but in a very few minutes she was safely at sea.

Naturally one question presents itself, and it may be answered even before it is asked here. Since it was known that the *Nashville* was at Beaufort, and that Burnside was threatening it, why were no measures made to have one or two steamers constantly on the watch to capture or destroy the *Nashville*. Probably there was no available steamer, and to have made one available she may have been only at the expense of leaving some other essential point unguarded.

These, is doubtless, a general feeling that Mr. Welles is not the secretary of the Navy we need, and ought to be removed. That may be, but it is idle to hold him responsible for every naval misfortune. If Mr. Welles is to be made directly responsible for the escape of the *Nashville*, then General M'Clellan must bear the blame of Bully Bluff. The only question is, whether the Secretary did all that could be done, under the circumstances, to suppress the *Nashville*. Probably there is not a newspaper in the country ought to have supplied plenty of proper vessels for the purpose. Why? It is not the province of the law whether the Navy forsakes force enough for our occasions. If Mr. Welles is to be charged with the escape of the first outbreak of the *Merrimac*, should be enough to unseat any Secretary.

POLITICS IN THE DARK.

In this country there can never be occasion or excuse for political assassination. Where it does exist, they are necessarily treasonable either in spirit or in purpose. They are ruled by a few men, who by means of the secret vote, and by stealth, and the objects of the society, for which the by a blind oath, and by mysterious signs known to the few leaders. In a despotism it may often be necessary for the friends of liberty to meet secretly to perfect measures for resistance. But in a republic like ours the public welfare can only be defended by the public opinion, and every conspiracy is a conclave of persons who practically seek to make themselves oligarchs.

Such is the political object which can be honestly desired by any honest American citizen that can not be more securely attained by frank debate than by hidden means, which appeal to fear and prejudice and mystery. Such objects may, indeed, be attained by mysterious agencies, but only as the temple is rended in like manner. The state is ordermed by intrigues, and sinks inevitably into a despotism or a condition of anarchy worse. The countries in which such societies flourish are those which are governed by the worst governments.

The difficulty of the "American" movement, as it was called a few years since in this country was this taint of secrecy. The American people upon the whole, wish to see fair play; and they had a very summary answer to this new party—"Dark-lanterns have nothing to do with politics." The "American" or "Know-Nothing" phenomenon was a conspiracy against liberty, and a secret conspiracy against foreign citizenship. Now, if it had been a conspiracy of any man or body of men that the naturalization laws needed revision, it

was a perfectly legitimate matter of political argument and action. But there was no need of going into a dark closet to talk about it. And the moment you invited people into the closet, they said, instinctively, "Either this is a mean object, or else you wish to excite me, by the mystery of the closet, so that I shall not fairly judge. If you've any thing to say, speak out. Don't mumble and wink and make signs."

The novelty and the adroit management gave the party an apparent success. But when it was found that Americanism, minus the revision of the naturalization laws, was only opposition to foreigners, selfishness, private disappointment, ambition, and humbug, it disappeared as suddenly as it arose. It had a success of curiosity, as the French say. A great many of the worthiest citizens, who laughed at the lantern, for various reasons voted with the party. The extinction of such a party was natural, both because it evaded the real question upon which the country was divided, and because its machinery was cumbrous and repulsive. It inevitably had an air of being ashamed of itself. And so must any secret political organization have.

The Knights of the Golden Circle was also a secret political society. Its intention was the ascendancy of the aristocratic principle in the Government, and its methods were peaceable so long as Privilege held the power. It cherished designs upon Mexico and Cuba, hoping to get by piracy and massacre the increased territory which it could not secure by lawful means. Then it prepared the revolution at home which it could not achieve abroad.

That this society was secret was presumptive proof that it was treasonable and the enemy of every honest man. The form under which it survives is an association in favor of aristocracy, and the advantage of a few. It is essentially un-American, and necessarily dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the land. Its means are lawless violence: its end the ruin of the country.

POOR DELAWARE!

The loyal, honorable, self-respecting citizens of the stanch little State of Delaware must contemplate with profound humiliation the performances of their Senator, Saulsbury. The members for slavery in the old times were sagacious and skillful, as well as insolent and truculent, but Senator Saulsbury is only childish. It is a public shame, for the Senate is a national body. In the beginning of this session he introduced a proposition for an armistice between the rebels and the Government, which was lost in the laughter of the Senate and the derision of the nation. A few days since, when the bill for emancipation in the District was under consideration, Mr. Senator Saulsbury proposed an amendment that the liberated slaves should be divided among the Northern and Western States. There is something so silly in the suggestion that it is hard to believe that it was gravely offered in the Senate of the United States. But it was offered, and it came to a vote: and to complete the puerile and pitiful business every Senator voted against it, including Mr. Saulsbury!

We used to pity Texas when Wigfall performed. But he was at least an amusing clown. When the gravest question comes to debate, as it does now, how little Delaware must chafe when she sees who is speaking for her and putting her upon record!

A DILEMMA.

Dear Mr. Lounger,—I read my paper faithfully every morning to know what to believe and say, but this morning I am plunged in perplexity. I want to know whether to be alarmed by the prospect of the *Merrimac's* coming out, and I opened my paper, but it leaves me entirely in the lurch. Please tell me what to do. I send you the extracts from my newspaper. In one column I read:

"The *Merrimac* is about to run out of Norfolk again; and though the Navy Department assures us with a solemn nod that every thing is in readiness for her, it must be said that the previous utterances of that Department have not been so strictly verified as to afford any great confidence in its present assurances."

In the parallel column I read:

"Whatever mischief the monster is to do will be done in Hampton Roads, where, warned at last, the Navy Department has made proper arrangements to receive and handle her. There is not the most trifling ground for misapprehension."

If you will send me word whether to be frightened or not you will greatly oblige your friend and admirer, Tilly Slowboy.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

In pulling down an old wash-house in the garden of Mr. Smith, the workmen discovered the remains of a decayed waistcoat marked W. C. It is supposed to have belonged to William the Conqueror.

Mrs. Blobbins has arrived in town, and is residing at the Green Pig Hotel until she can suit herself with a housemaid.

We are authorized to contradict the rumor that Mr. Glugg has met with a serious accident. He merely fell over the door-mat and dislocated his spectacles.

A project is on foot for presenting a testimonial to M. Blondin, on the part of the visitors to the Crystal Palace, in proof of their admiration of his noble conduct in not tumbling off the rope and breaking his neck, as an inferior artist might have done.

By the recent census it appears that the majority of the inhabitants of Poppleby-in-the-Mire are idiots. There was reason for believing this, some years ago, when they petitioned Congress to prevent eclipses.

A wealthy inhabitant of Kensington has offered a prize of £5 for the worst poem upon the Great Exhibition of 1862. Betting is strongly in favor of the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, but the author of the *Victories of Love* has many friends—on this occasion.

A new comedy, by the writer of *As Fresh as Paint*, has been read. Green Room report states that it is worse than his last piece, but this we believe to be impossible.

As Mr. Bumble, the respected landlord of the *Cucumber's Arms*, Wapping, was crossing the street near his own residence the other night, he was run up against by a fiend in human form and knocked into the gutter. The police are upon the traces of the miscreant; but that such a thing could happen is a comment upon the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century.

We deeply regret to hear that the incautious use of fire-arms has again resulted in a melancholy catastrophe. On Tuesday night last, Mr. Timothy O'Leary, of Ireland, but lately residing at No. 3½ Snitch Court, St. Giles's, hastily and in a fit of impecuniosity shot the moon, and the landlord is not likely to recover.

"Pray, Madam, what do you charge for recovering an umbrella?" said Michael O'Flaherty, from Tipperary, the other day, walking into an umbrella shop. "Let me see it," was the reply. "Ah, faith! and that's just what I want to do, for I've lost one, and I see you offer to re-cover them at a very small charge, so I was just thinking I would get you to recover mine." The shopkeeper was instantly immersed in a fit of the deepest speculation.

Men dying make their wills—but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had?

A debtor severely questioned as to the reason of his not paying a just debt replied, "Solomon was a very wise man, and Samson a very strong one, but neither of 'em could pay their debts without money."

A long-ago discarded lover consoles himself with the reflection that his loved one is married to a lawyer, has ten children, and the measles.

At the commencement of the sporting season the following important information was exhibited at Lord Camden's seat, near Sevenoaks: "This is to give notice that Lord Camden does not mean to shoot himself or any of his tenants till the 14th of September."

"How far is it from here to Ryde?" demanded a gentleman of a poor tired pedestrian. "I don't know how far it is to *ride*," answered the poor man, "but it is a precious long way to *walk!*"

Don't join in the rush to hold office, for generally holding office is not worth a rush.

When the purse is empty, and the kitchen cold, then is the voice of flattery no longer heard.

If sleep flies from you, don't go in hot pursuit of it; lie still, and it will probably come and kiss you.

Wanted, by an attorney, a clerk to engross other people's attention.

Barry Cornwall says, "Come, let me dive into thine eyes." If his love had "swimming eyes," very good; but, at all events, our advice to the young woman is, for divers reasons, don't let him do it. He might go over a "cataract."

We have artificial teeth, artificial hair, eyes, calves, hips, noses, and artificial morality. We believe that some young ladies must wear artificial heads, as we read of a young lady whose "head was turned" by a young man.

A waggish speculator, one of a numerous family in the world, recently said, "Five years ago I was not worth a penny in the world; now see where I am, through my own exertions!" "Well, where are you?" "Why, a thousand pounds in debt!"

The Irish beggar who, on being refused alms, swung his crutch on the toes of the gouty gentleman whom his prayers moved not to charity, exhibited true humor when he said to the enraged owner of the suffering foot, "Bless your Honor! if your heart was as tender as your toes, you'd have given me the ten-penny!"

Why is a fool like a needle?—He has an eye, but he has got no head; and you can't see his point.

The Falsest of False Utterers.—One who coins lies.

When is a house not a house?—When it is *a-fire*.

If a "still tongue proves a wise head," then the wisest of mortals must be dumb persons.

Husbands are probably the most ill-used of all classes of persons in the world—except wives.

Style!—What every coxcomb fancies he has attached to his gait.

When may a chair be said to dislike you?—When it can't bear you.

The geological character of the rock on which drunkards split is said to be *quartz*.

"Polly, dear," said a loving husband to his spouse, who was several years his junior, "what do you say to settling at the Cape?" "Oh, I'm delighted with the idea! You recollect when Morgan went out there he was as poor as we are, and he died in three years worth two thousand pounds!"

Any one who has lain all night upon a shelf, with an irresistible conviction that the house was dancing a polka, to the imminent danger of pitching him off, can form an idea of a first "night's rest" in the berth of an ocean steamer.

A man having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, said, "This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

An enraged parent had jerked his provoking son across his knee, and with great vehemence was operating on the urchin's person, when the young one dug into the parental legs with his venomous little teeth. "Hollo! what're ye bitin' me for?" exclaimed the father. "Well, dad, who beginned this 'ere war?" retorted the urchin.

He is but a poor general, who, like a drum, is made only to be beaten.

Why is a wise man like a pin?—Because he has got a head and comes to the point.

When do broken bones begin to make themselves useful?—When they begin to *knit*.

The English boast of a man so benevolent that he used to hold an umbrella over a duck in a shower.

Young ladies are like arrows—they are all in a quiver till the beaux come, and can't go off without them.

"Yes, ma'am, that's a crack article," said a shopkeeper to a lady purchaser. "Oh, mercy," cried she, "if the thing is cracked I don't want it."

The young lady who gives herself away loses her self-possession.

They debate strange questions down East. The last was, "What is the difference between the Bridge of Sighs and the size of a bridge?" The next is to be, "The difference between a fac-simile and a sick family."

If a lady yawns half a dozen times in succession, young man, you may get your hat.

A little boy, a few days since, while coming down stairs was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question which followed was a puzzler: "Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would it go to?"

The man who carries all before him—the wheel-barrow-man.

Timing each other.—They have a story about a drunken captain who met a private of his regiment in the same condition. The captain ordered him to halt, and endeavoring in vain to assume a firm position on his feet, and talk with dignified severity, exclaimed, "Private Smith, I'll give yout'l four o'clock to gissober in!" "Cap'n," replied the soldier, "as you're (*hic*) a sight drunkernlam, I'll give yout'l fiver'clock to gissober in!"

"That was very greedy of you, Tommy, to eat your little sister's share of cake!" "You told me, ma, I was always to take her part," said Tommy.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ For an account of the Battle of Winchester, see page 235.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, March 25, in the Senate, the bill in relation to administering the oath of allegiance to American citizens in foreign countries was reported back by the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The debate on the bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was then resumed, and Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, made a speech in favor of the proposition. Senators Saulsbury, Powell, Kennedy, and Harlan participated in the debate. Senator Saulsbury introduced an amendment that the negroes, when freed, shall be divided among the Free States.——In the House, the Senate bill providing for the settlement of the accounts of the crews of the ships-of-war *Cumberland* and *Congress* was passed. The Pacific Railroad bill was made the special order for Tuesday next. In Committee of the Whole the consideration of the Tax bill was resumed.

On Wednesday, March 26, in the Senate, at the suggestion of ex-President Pierce, Senator Latham offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling upon the Secretary of State for correspondence between Mr. Seward and President Pierce having reference to the conspiracy organized against the Government by the Knights of the Golden Circle. Senator Chandler said that to his certain knowledge the Knights had succeeded in getting a large number of the worst traitors into the Union army. A resolution of thanks to General Burnside and Commodore Rowan was referred. Debate on the resolution relative to the emancipation of slaves, and the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, occupied the remainder of the session.——In the House, the Tax bill was under consideration in Committee of the Whole.

On Thursday, March 27, in the Senate, the Naval Committee were instructed to inquire whether there was any laxity on the part of the officers of the blockading squadron on the coast, especially at Charleston, and whether there was any foundation in the statement of the British Consul at that port, that armed troop ships of the Confederate States have been allowed to go in and out of the port of Charleston, and no attempts been made to stop them. The joint resolution in favor of extending pecuniary aid to the States that may emancipate their slaves was taken up, and Senator Henderson, of Missouri, made a speech in its favor. The Naval Appropriation bill was then taken up. Senator Hale, from the Naval Committee, offered an amendment appropriating $783,294 for the completion of the Stevens floating battery. Debate ensued, but without taking the question the Senate went into executive session, and subsequently adjourned.——The House was occupied in discussing the Tax bill in Committee of the Whole. Among the amendments adopted was one taxing anthracite coal fifteen cents per ton, and cotton one cent per pound after the first of May next.

On Friday, March 28, in the Senate, Senator Wright, of Indiana, introduced a bill providing for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. A motion to take up the resolution declaring that no more brigadier-generals shall be appointed, unless for gallantry in action, was disagreed to. The Naval Appropriation bill was then taken up, the question being on an amendment appropriating $783,294 for the completion of the Stevens floating battery, which was adopted, with the condition that Mr. Stevens shall not be repaid the money he has expended on the battery unless she prove successful, and also that the appropriation is not to be used unless the Secretary of the Navy is of the opinion that it will secure to the public service an efficient steam-battery. An amendment appropriating $13,000,000 for the construction of iron-clad vessels of war was adopted; also an amendment appropriating $250,000 for casting heavy ordnance at the Washington Navy-yard. The bill was then passed, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Naval Committee reported a joint resolution of thanks to Captain John Ericsson, for the enterprise, skill, energy, and tact displayed by him in constructing the iron-clad steamer *Monitor*, and the great service rendered by her to the country recently in Hampton Roads. The resolution was adopted. The consideration of the Tax bill was then resumed in Committee of the Whole. Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, March 31, in the Senate, a joint resolution appointing Theodore Woolsey, of Connecticut, Regent of the Smithsonian Institution, in place of C. C. Felton, deceased, was adopted. A resolution calling on the Secretary of War to furnish the report of Brigadier-General Mansfield relative to the engagement between the floating batteries *Merrimac* and *Monitor* was also adopted. A bill providing a Territorial Government for Arizona was introduced. Senator Fessenden presented joint resolutions from the Maine Legislature in favor of extending pecuniary aid to the States for the emancipation of their slaves; also cordially approving of the President's Message, and declaring that Maine will cheerfully furnish her quota of the amount; also asking Senators to vote for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. The bill for the abolition of slavery in the District at Columbia was then taken up, and Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts, made a long speech in its favor.——In the House, the Senate bill remitting duties on arms imported by States or contractors was passed. A resolution from the Committee on Elections, declaring S. F. Beach not elected to the House from the Seventh Congressional District of Virginia, was adopted. The remainder of the session was spent in Committee of the Whole on the Tax bill.

GENERAL SUMNER'S ADVANCE.

A portion of General Sumner's division drove a large body of rebels from the Warrenton Junction on 28th. A reconnoissance made beyond the railroad junction at this point was pushed as far as the Rappahannock River, the enemy's cavalry retreating before them, and burning the bridge over the river in their flight. Our troops shelled them at the bridge, but did not prevent them from destroying it. Much more damage could have been done to the enemy while conveying their sick and wounded across the river, but humanity forbade it.

GENERAL HEINTZELMAN'S ADVANCE.

A reconnoissance was made on 27th from Newport News as far as Big Bethel, where the rebels were discovered to be posted to the number of 1500. Upon the approach of our troops they vacated the place without showing fight, and Big Bethel is now occupied by the Union soldiers.

EXPECTED BATTLE NEAR CORINTH, MISSISSIPPI.

According to intelligence received from Memphis, a large force of the rebels are concentrated at Corinth, Mississippi, where Generals Beauregard, Clark, Polk, and Cheatham, are all located. They are said to have 70,000 men there.

General Buell, who has command of his army in person, had arrived at latest accounts (29th March) within fifteen miles of Corinth, Mississippi.

The Union troops have possession of Florence and Tuscumbia, Alabama, and Iuka, Mississippi. The two latter places are on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, Tuscumbia being about midway between Chattanooga and Memphis.

General Grant, with a force not far from 40,000 men, is understood to be at Savannah, Tennessee, so that we must have near 100,000 men threatening Corinth.

THE CAMPAIGN IN ARKANSAS.

Van Dorn and Price, according to the telegraph, have gathered their shattered forces, and retreated entirely across the Boston Mountains. They are now at Van Buren and Fort Smith, 35,000 strong, receiving supplies from Memphis and Little Rock, *via* the Arkansas River. It is probable that Van Dorn will act in conjunction with Beauregard at Corinth to hold the line of the Cotton States. Reinforcements were slowly joining the rebels. The Union army of General Curtis had fallen back to Keitsville to secure forage, and were camped at the head of Cross Hollow, where it is plenty.

BEAUFORT IN OUR HANDS.

Beaufort has been taken by General Burnside, and no property whatever has been burned. Fort Macon has neither been blown up nor abandoned, but is still held by the rebels, from 300 to 500 strong; the place is invested, however, and the garrison must soon surrender.

THE FIGHT AT ISLAND NO. 10.

The firing at Island No. 10 was continued on 28th with great spirit by the rebels. It was evident that the guns were of very heavy calibre. They were observed to be cutting away the trees and mounting fresh guns, showing every indication of a protracted defense. Several rebel gun-boats, partially clad with railroad iron, were reported to be advancing down the river, but there was no expectation that they could pass the powerful batteries of General Pope.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, RESTORED TO THE UNION.

The citizens of Jacksonville, Florida, have passed a series of resolutions, strongly repudiating the rebellion, protesting against the despotism which has crushed them down, destroyed their property, and deprived them of their rights and liberties. They hail the occupation of the Union army as a deliverance, proclaim their allegiance to the Government of the United States, and call for a reconstruction of the State Government of Florida, under the Constitution. After the capture of Fernandina by our troops, a body of the rebels went from there to Jacksonville and wantonly destroyed a number of saw-mills, warehouses, the railroad dépôt, a fine hotel, and several other buildings, the property in all valued at half a million of dollars.

FATAL AFFAIR AT MOSQUITO INLET, FLORIDA.

A dispatch to the Navy Department from Commodore Dupont reports the result of an expedition from his fleet into Mosquito Inlet, Florida, by the *Penguin*, Lieutenant F. A. Budd, and the *Henry Andrew*, S. W. Mather commanding, in which both these officers were killed, together with six seamen, and seven others were wounded. The object of the expedition was to capture any vessels lying there, which were supposed to contain arms transhipped from British vessels from Nassau, and to protect from incendiarism large quantities of live-oak timber, cut and ready for shipment.

After making a survey of the inlet in their boats, the two commanders, on their return, landed in the vicinity of some abandoned earth-works near a dense grove, from which a heavy fire was unexpectedly opened upon their men, killing Lieutenant Budd and Acting Master Mathers, and the number of men above stated. The rebels who made this attack were a portion of the garrison who abandoned St. Augustine on the approach of our troops. On the following morning (the 23d ult.), upon the arrival of Commander Rodgers, the place was found to be evacuated, but the bodies of the two officers were delivered up under a flag of truce by a rebel officer, Captain Bird, who came from a camp at some distance.

NASHVILLE BEING PUT STRAIGHT AGAIN.

A telegram from Chicago, dated March 25, says:

Governor Johnson has put newspapers under military rule, and suppressed one or two. He has issued a proclamation of a conciliatory character. He says that he desires to win the people back to the Union, but shall deal rigorously with treason. Mr. Etheridge has made a speech, in which he said that slavery would be abolished, if we could not conquer them any other way. The new government was to go into operation this week. Warning has been given that any one uttering treason will be arrested. The Union feeling is gaining ground. Business is pretty much resumed. All the stores are again opened, and prices have been much reduced.

THE "MERRIMAC" READY FOR ANOTHER FIGHT.

Information has reached Fortress Monroe by fugitive negroes, and some deserters from the rebel army, to the effect that the *Merrimac* has been brought off the dry dock at Norfolk, her crew put on board, and guns of heavier calibre than she had before have been mounted on her. The rebel steamers *Jamestown* and *Yorktown* are also said to be considerably increased in the strength of their armament, and are ready to accompany the *Merrimac* in her next attack on the *Monitor*. The former is said to have a fifteen-inch rifled gun on board, carrying 300 pound conical shot with steel points. Deserters state that she suffered terribly in the engagement with the *Monitor*, and returned to Norfolk in a sinking condition. It is stated as a fact, that the second time she bored her iron prow in the *Cumberland* she could not extricate herself, and that, fortunately for her, the prow broke off, or she would have gone down with the *Cumberland*.

THE NEW REBEL CABINET.

A dispatch dated Richmond, March 23, says:

The new Cabinet of President Davis has been formed. The Senate confirmed his appointments this morning, as follows:

Secretary of State—J. P. Benjamin, of Louisiana.
Secretary of War—George W. Randolph, of Virginia.
Secretary of the Navy—S. R. Mallory, of Florida.
Secretary of the Treasury—C. G. Memminger, of South Carolina.
Attorney-General—Thomas H. Watts.
Postmaster-General—Mr. Reagan, of Texas.

IRON-CLAD VESSELS.

The Secretary of the Navy has sent a communication to the Senate Naval Committee, in which Mr. Welles goes at some length into the question of iron-clad ships, and urges on Congress the necessity of giving close and careful attention to this department of warfare. He asks for $500,000 to extend the grounds and build furnaces in the Washington Navy-yard. He also wants $30,000,000 for the construction of iron-clad vessels, heavy ordnance, plating, etc.

PERSONAL.

The Spanish Government has refused to receive the rebel Commissioner, Mr. Rost.

There appears to be some doubt as to the death of Captain Buchanan, the commander of the rebel battery *Merrimac*, who was reported killed in the action with the *Cumberland* at Hampton Roads. The *Star*, a paper published at Easton, Maryland, within five miles of Captain Buchanan's home, says that his family has received intelligence from Norfolk that he only met with a slight wound in the thigh, and that he is recovering.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A DEBATE ON THE PIRATES OF THE "SUMTER."

A discussion took place in the British Parliament on the 17th inst. relative to the arrest of the Lieutenant of the rebel steamer *Sumter*, and an ex-United States Consul, at Cadiz, by the United States Consul at Tangier. Mr. Layard, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in reply to a question from Mr. Griffith, stated that these parties had not been released, as he was before led to believe, and had stated to the House, but that they were placed on board the United sloop-of-war *Ino*, by the American Consul, contrary to the wishes of the Moorish Government and the British Consul at Tangier, and were now on their way to America as political prisoners. The British Consul, Mr. Hay, had refused to interfere directly in the matter, and his course was approved by the Government. Mr. Layard, in concluding his explanation, said, that, for the sake of justice, of humanity, of the right of affording asylum to persons accused of political offenses—a claim preferred by the weakest and recognized by the strongest Powers—he might be permitted to express an earnest hope that when the circumstances came to the knowledge of the President of the United States he would order the release of the prisoners.



VIEWS AT NEW MADRID AND POINT PLEASANT.—From Sketches by Mr. A. Simplot.—(See Page 235.)

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—TROOPS LANDING BELOW THE REBEL FORTS NEAR NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA.—Sketched by Mr. A. Wiser.—[See Page 231.]



THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—BOMBARDMENT OF NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA.—Sketched from the "Vidette" by Mr. A. Wiser.—[See Page 231.]

TERRA MOTO.

I HAD been traveling on horseback across the plains of Columbia, accompanied only by a copper-skinned Creole fellow, who went with me half over the continent, who boiled my camp-kettle, saddled my horse and his own mule, waited on me in every and any fashion, and would, I believe, have stabbed me if I had called him a servant. *He* called himself a guide, and was really a good fellow for one of those peppery half-breeds. The sun was going down with a dip and a plunge, and the snow-tipped crests of the Andes were all blushing with rose-colored light, when we caught the first glimpse of Wilson's hacienda. It was a pretty house of white stone, with portico and verandas, and a flat morisco roof, and in front of it a green lawn, with fountain and flower-garden. Close by were the numerous huts where the farm laborers and herdsmen lived: these were built of light wood and thatched with cane. All the huts, as well as the stables, barns, and outbuildings, were surrounded by a strong stockade, which also ran round the master's house for fear of Indian attacks. Beyond was the huge corral, in which the cattle were penned, and where the horses were driven for security from wild beasts and savages. Wilson, the owner, was a great cattle farmer. We had been passing for a long time through his herds of oxen, luxuriously browsing on the ocean of grass which the broad plains presented to the eastward. To the west, as I said before, lay the Andes, towering up into the very sky, and at a great distance I could see the gilt weathercock of the church of San Juan de los Llanos, a little town ten miles off. There was no other town near, and to the eastward the plains rolled away, unbroken, toward the remote Atlantic. I had heard from some muleteers that I should find an English settler hereabouts, and I was not sorry to have an opportunity of conversing again with a fellow-countryman. So I rode up to the house, through the open gate of the stockade, and presented myself as a guest, after the free and easy fashion of the wilderness. I need hardly say that there are no inns in the country, except in sea-ports, but I never found the poorest herdsman unwilling to set before me his parched corn and jerked beef, and to set aside for my use the snuggest corner of his grass-thatched hovel. But whereas I had reckoned on nothing better at Wilson's hacienda than the rough and ready hospitality of a bachelor, I met with an agreeable surprise. Two English ladies, both young and pretty, came out into the porch to greet the stranger. They were the emigrant's wife and sister, and with them came two playful children, the loveliest little fairies I ever saw. As for the owner of the house himself, I never saw a finer or more manly young man, nor one that I was prouder to hail as a countryman. I was received with the most genuine kindliness. If I had been a dear old friend or a blood relation the Wilsons could not have given me a heartier welcome. And I, who had ridden up to the hacienda meaning to ask and accept shelter for a single night, remained for two months the guest of that kindly household, who would not part with their visitor lightly. The time did not hang heavy on our hands. We were up at dawn, the most enjoyable time in that latitude, and had a thousand things to do until the blazing sun drove us in. Wilson was a wonderful horseman, and as for the lasso, he had learned to throw it so skillfully that he actually surpassed his instructors, the Spanish vaqueros and peons, bred as they were to the art. Indeed, the oldest veterans of the Llanos, brown or white, admitted that the English heretic was a match with the *bolas*, or the loop, for the most renowned rider in Columbia, while in battle with the savages he had given a hundred proofs of courage. He told me his story, a simple one enough. He had come out to South America, rich in nothing but bodily strength and mother wit, and had made an honorable fortune by dint of sheer work. I believe his father had been a clergyman, and had died poor; but on this subject he said little. He was fond of telling of his early hardships as an emigrant, how he bought and sold, how he fought Indians and fevers, until he was wealthy enough to claim as his wife the girl whom he had left in her English home, far away, waiting faithfully for him to return and fetch her to the new dwelling across the seas. Mrs. Wilson had not had to wait very long, after all, for the betrothed lover had been more fortunate than is always the case when there is a long engagement.

"But you see," said Wilson, modestly, "I was a fair judge of cattle and pastures, and so forth, and luckily I settled where I am. I may say that my lines have fallen in pleasant places, and my fortune, which consists almost wholly in live stock, has quintupled itself in six years."

So honest William Wilson had been able to go back within a reasonable time to England, to wed his wife and bring her to her transatlantic home, and with her had come his sister, for whose maintenance he had hitherto provided, even while struggling his hardest. The family were prosperous, and their prosperity was well deserved, for they were popular with even the most jealous of that heretic-hating population among whom they dwelt. Wilson was perfectly happy, and would not have changed places with a king. He laughed at my hints that after all Columbia was hardly a country adapted for the safe residence of delicate ladies and children.

"Safe! Why not?" he would ask. "Oh the savages! Well, there's little to fear just at present from my old plagues, the *Indios bravos*. We haven't heard the war-hoop in real earnest since the year before I went over to be married. Now and then a few loping red-skins *do* make a dash at the beasts, but we seldom lose more than a hoof or two of them."

I said something about the danger of over-security, adding:

"I don't wish to be an alarmist, Wilson, but even in my very limited experience of the Llanos I have seen something of the horrors of Indian warfare. If I were in your place—besides a natural anxiety for the safety of wife and sister—I should never look at the golden hair of those little cherubs that are hunting the butterfly yonder without seeing, in fancy, the scalping-knife of the ruthless savage glittering over them. Near the sea, now—"

"Confound it, man, don't croak in that way!" cried my host, with unusual abruptness, and an angry look. But he relaxed into a smile directly afterward, and added: "I beg your pardon, Royston. I know your advice was most kind, and well intended, but I can not accept it. Why should we move? As for revolutions, they only affect the cities and high-roads, and we are out of the way of pronunciamentos and military massacres. Earthquakes! There hasn't been a shake strong enough to break a wine-glass since I've been in the country. Plenty of little shudders Mother Earth gives. You remember how Mary laughed the other night when the tiny shock came, as she was playing the piano, and spoiled the tune? Those shocks frightened the womankind at first, but now they care not a rush for them. So you perceive that in going coastward we should actually run into danger, political and geological."

I was worsted, but not convinced.

On another occasion, when there had been a slight nocturnal alarm—a mere dash made by a party of mounted savages at the corral, which contained not only horned beasts but a valuable manada of horses and a string of mules—I ventured to hint to Wilson that such neighbors might some day prove an overmatch for his precautions. My entertainer was coming back from a bloodless victory and fruitless pursuit. He was half dressed and bareheaded, mounted on a horse without a saddle, just as he had started, rifle in hand, to lead half a dozen of his Spanish herdsmen against the marauders. He laughed good-humoredly at my forebodings.

"What a Cassandra you would have made, Royston!" said he, as he dropped to the ground from the back of his panting and heat-stained horse. "I haven't forgot my Virgil quite, you see. But, seriously, these affairs are child's play. The Indians have lost their old confidence. Ah! you should have seen the great raid they made upon us seven years back, before a stone of that house was reared, and when we had but a miserable timber barrack, the thatch of which they soon set on fire with their fire-tipped arrows. We had not that strong stockade, but merely a breast-work of turf and boughs, and round it swarmed five hundred of the painted yelling brutes, under their grand Cacique, White Eagle. Ah! he was a man, that chief! The Cāyquas will never get such another leader for their border forays. His son, spotted Jaguar, who commands them now, isn't fit to stand in his shoes—though, to be sure, he never wore such superfluities."

"But how did you manage?" asked I, with genuine interest. "Did the soldiers come to your help, or had you to fly to the town of San Juan?"

Wilson looked quite sheepish: he was one of those bold, bashful fellows who have an absolutely nervous dread of any thing that could be construed into a boast. He merely said it was an old story not worth telling, and strode off to go to bed again.

I found, however, on the next day, a more communicative narrator, in the person of José, the saladèro, or butcher of the farm—a man who boasted himself a pure Spaniard, Castilian, and "old Christian," by which he meant to disclaim the possession of any drop of Moorish or Hebrew blood. He was a tough, gray-headed old fellow of sixty-five, about the oldest and most experienced Llanero of all the settlement, although a broken limb, ill set, had spoiled his riding forever. Lame as he was, the old man had fought in many an Indian affray, and he had an almost exhaustless stock of stories. He was a very important member of the little commonwealth, since on the judicious use of his keen knife depended, in a great measure, the value of the hides exported. Every great cattle farm has its salada, presided over by an expert slaughterman, who kills numbers of oxen, not for meat alone, but for the sake of the hides and tallow, which South America so largely exports; and this hero of the pole-axe is called always "saladêro," to distinguish him from the town butcher, or "carnero."

I found the old man among his cherished piles of shaggy ox-hides, and with very little trouble elicited from him a full account of the memorable foray in which the wild Indians had besieged the hacienda.

"Holy St. Jago!" he began, "that *was* a peril indeed. A thousand of the barbarians broke into the civilized territory divided into two great bands, the most numerous of which was led by White Eagle, the terror of the frontiers. They came sweeping forward, burning and destroying, harming the land like a devouring fire, and leaving but blood and ashes where eight-and-twenty flourishing farms had stood. At last the White Eagle beset us here. Demonios! shall I ever forget the war-cry with which the savages came on, fringing the horizon with a long line of plumed heads and painted bodies, and long lances that had drunk the heart-drops of many whites? But Señor Wilson, our master—ah! what a man was he in the day of danger? The Cid could not have made a gallanter defense, I can tell you, Señor Inglese."

And then he proceeded to relate, in glowing language, the repeated and furious assaults on horseback and on foot, the stratagems, the surprises, which took place in the course of a siege that lasted three days and nights. He drew a graphic picture of the flaming arrows which set the thatch on fire; of the blood-thirsty yells of the savages; their frenzy at being thus baffled by a handful of men ("We were but eight guns," said José, proudly), and the cool courage and Herculean strength which Wilson had displayed in repeated hand-to-hand encounters. At last the famous Cacique of the Cāyquas, White Eagle—at whose belt hung seventeen fresh scalps, hideous trophies of that merciless war—had fallen by Wilson's hand, in a desperate effort to force the breast-work.

"And then they ran, Señor Inglese: the saints be with us, how they ran! They made but one bound, each man, to the back of the horse that was nearest him, and galloped away, leaving all the ground strewed with shields and bows, and plunder, and dead heathens. Santissima! the slain infidels made a mound that you may see to this day, all over turf and hemlocks, within the present stockade. And, Señor, the coward citizens of San Juan never stirred a finger to help us, though they saw the fire and heard our guns. I never go into their town since without snapping my fingers, in token of the contempt in which I hold them."

"And do you feel safe now?" asked I.

"St. Michael! yes," answered the slayer of cattle. "We have tamed the pride of the heathens, so that they come now to pilfer, not to scalp and slay, and bear off captives, as of old. We have the stone-house now with lead over the roof, that no flaming arrows can set on fire. We have a stockade that defies the tomahawk, and a ditch that no horse can leap. Better than all, Sir, we have eighteen guns, for eight we had at the great fight; and even when all the men are out at the distant huts, there are sure to be ten herdsmen at home, counting myself; and then there is our master, Don Wilson, brave as Ruy Diaz, and strong as the blessed St. Hercules."

So old José was quite comfortable as to the future.

A few days afterward I saw Wilson's face grow uncommonly grave. Drought was the thing he had feared above all others; and drought, so fatal to the cattle-farmer, had begun. That is a rainless land—at least rain is very rare, so near the equator: the vapor condenses on the Andes as snow, but a shower is more of a rarity. Now the numberless rivers and streams—some fed by the melting of the mountain snows, some dependent on the heavy rains that fall in the tropical regions further north and south—keep the grass of the prairie succulent and green. But, for the first time since Wilson's occupation, stream after stream began to run dry; deep pools were changed into mere slimy pits; the grass grew withered and brown. Very soon the horses, mules, and cattle began to suffer, and next many of them died, or got so thin that they were obliged to be killed. Here was a calamity indeed; and daily it got worse. The emerald plains assumed a rusty and burned appearance, and water grew so scarce that the cattle were obliged to be driven away, far off, to the banks of big rivers that would not readily run dry. Here again there was a new danger, for these remote pastures were exposed to the maraudings of the savages, and were full of jaguars, wolves, pumas, and other beasts of prey. To guard against these, most of the vaqueros and peons were sent with the cattle, leaving but six men, besides Wilson, myself, and my man Diego, to look after the house. Ruin now stared the settler in the face; the complaints of the increasing drought were heard far and wide; my host's temper became less genial and joyous, and he began to pass his days in moody silence. I would have taken my leave, but for very shame sake I could not. I had shared, you see, the prosperity of these hospitable folks, and it would never do to prove a mere fair-weather guest by deserting them in misfortune. Two rifles were a welcome addition to the garrison of the farm, now that so many men were away with the herds beside the rivers.

One day as we were sitting and smoking, after supper, in the cool veranda, silent as usual, Wilson suddenly spoke.

"I'm becoming a sulky, inhospitable bear," said he, "and you are a good fellow, Royston, not to leave me in the lurch. But I'm afraid, downright afraid, of ruin. Not for my own sake; it's for the sake of my poor little ones, Lily and Lucy, that I flinch from loss as I do. I wanted them to be heiresses, you know, and to live happily and have enough, at home in England, when I'm no longer alive to care for their wants, poor pets—and now, if this lasts a month, I shall be almost a beggar."

In came a mulatto servant, Pedro by name, rolling his eyes, and showing every sign of perturbation.

"Señor Wilson," said the man, "the well is dry."

"Which well, booby?" asked his master, with a snappishness quite foreign to his habits; "and why do you stand glowering at me in that fashion?"

"Alas, noble Sir, it is the old deep well that was sunk in the time of the infidel Incas of Peru. Never has it failed before to supply us with plentiful water, cool as the snow of Andes, but now—"

"Now it has stopped. Well! I suppose the brook yields water yet, and you must fill your buckets there, and be sure you get it above the place where it is muddy with the trampling of the horses."

The mulatto lingered and wanted to say more, but Wilson abruply dismissed him.

I had just settled my head comfortably on my pillow that night, and was dropping off into a doze, when I was disturbed by the entrance, on tip-toe, of my follower Diego, with a candle in his hand, and an expression of mysterious importance in his shrewd brown face.

"Señor Inglese," said he, "one word. To-morrow morning permit me to saddle your honor's horse, and my mule, and let us take our leave. Caramba! it will be high time."

I asked him what he meant.

"Diego does not like the drying up of that well, Señor. It is a portent. It means no good. Old José, who is the most knowing of all the vaqueros, says it never happened before, never but in 1827, when the great earthquake was."

"The deuce!" exclaimed I. "You don't surely mean to say it is a sign of a coming earthquake. Pshaw, man, Mr. Wilson assures me they are never worse hereabouts than those trifling shocks we have felt ourselves, mere flea-bites."

Diego shook his head. He observed that Mr. Wilson was a foreigner; that the English were as obstinate as pigs—no offense to present company; that old José had seen the great convulsion of 1827; and that then, and then alone, had the "well of the Incas" run dry. Diego spoiled my night's repose, but when I spoke to Wilson in the morning he had a hearty laugh at my follower's prognostications.

"Nonsense," said he; "the natives of this country are always haunted by fears of earthquakes and savages, and if I had listened to them I should have passed a delightful existence. I wish I could guarantee the cattle from thieves, four-footed and biped, as easily as I can insure you against being swallowed up alive. Nevertheless, if you have any apprehensions—"

I assured him I had none. That day and the next were awfully sultry and oppressive: not a breath of cool air from the Andes. The weight and stillness of the atmosphere were depressing to the spirits. The very hum of the buzzing insects had something melancholy in it. The children, usually so gay, lost all their buoyancy of spirit, and ceased to make the house ring with their merry laughter. We were all dull and stupid, and the servants went about with most hang-dog faces, while Diego looked reproachful and José didactic. On the second evening little Lily Wilson, the eldest child, came running to call papa and mamma, Mr. Royston, Aunt Mary, every body, to look at the beautiful fire in the sky. Out we went, and sure enough there was a fantastic belt of fire visible in the western sky, over the white tops of the hoary Andes. Now it seemed to cling to the mountains like a burning girdle, now to soar above them and flutter like a pennon, and now to glide like a tremulous pillar of light between earth and heaven. The children clapped their little hands with delight.

"A meteor, no doubt," said Wilson; "and finer than any I ever saw before. I never did see one in this latitude. I wonder if it has a special meaning."

His wife hung trembling on his arm, and whispered something in his ear. He laughed—with rather a forced merriment, I thought—and bade her dismiss idle fears. Just then up came Old José, clanking in the great vaquero boots he always wore, though his lameness prevented his riding. The old fellow was pale, but resolute.

"Master, I leave you."

"Leave me! You, José!" Wilson spoke in profound surprise.

"Señor patron, I have eaten your bread a long time, but life is dearer than bread. I would not have turned my back in battle, Señor, as you know. But there is a worse foe than the bloody-minded Indian—a foe that even you, brave Englishman, can not match. And from that enemy I flee at day dawn, master, across the mountains, where a cripple like myself must limp his way on foot. I have broken my engagement, and here," chinking down a bag of silver, "are the duros I owe you."

"I never thought," said Wilson, passionately clenching his fist, and drumming on the ground with his heavy foot, "that you, Old José, would have abandoned me in this cursed cowardly way."

The swarthy cheek of the old Spaniard reddened.

"Cowardly!" said he. "Señor, take back the word. Old José does not merit to be thus addressed. He fought by your side when the spears were thick as grass-blades by the river; he leaves you now that Heaven has blinded you. Señor!"—he raised his voice—"in 1827 perished in this valley my whole kith and kin, father and mother, sister and brother—here where I stand they died all, and I escaped by the blessing of the Madonna alone. And then, two days before the earth gaped for human lives, there glared a fiery flag in the sky, as to-night. It is a warning. Heretics may mock if they will. It is a warning to Christian men."

He turned on his heel, cast a sad look at his employer, at the ladies, and especially at the golden-haired children he had so often dandled on his knee, hobbled out, and was gone. An hour after, while Wilson was chafing and striding about the room like a caged lion, the whole of the servants, all save two impassive Indians of the full-blood, came to give warning. We had a sad evening. But ere I had finished undressing Mrs. Wilson tapped at my door, and told me with irrepressible joy that she had persuaded her husband to take the whole family, as soon as possible, across the mountains to the comparatively safe country on the Pacific sea-board. There they could remain until the danger was past, or the signs had proved futile.

"Isn't it kind of William, anxious as he is about the cattle away on the Negro?" said the pretty young matron, as she tripped away down the corridor. "Of course, Mr. Royston, you go with us? And my dear little ones! We shall sleep in peace."

I had ugly dreams that night. Dreams of anacondas and nameless man-devouring monsters that glared at me with eyes as inscrutable as those of the Egyptian Sphinx. I woke feverish and languid. Wilson, to my surprise, seemed quite ashamed of his own compliance with the wishes of his wife.

"Going to the sea, like a parcel of poltroons," said he, "and all because of a set of stories any old woman might be ashamed of! Strange, too, to see that José so unmanned: I saw the old rogue with three strapping Indians upon him at once, and he faced them boldly, and brained two with his axe before I relieved him of the third. Well! women rule us all. So I've sent off one of the men to San Juan town to see about litters and pack-mules, and we'll start to-morrow. You go with us, Royston, I hope? We'll have some shots at the condors west of the pass."

So it was settled that next day, when the equipages were ready, we should go, and the house should be shut up and left to take its chance of Indian assault. That was a dreadfully hot, still day

—the air as heavy as lead. Every body was gloomy, in spite of repeated efforts to be cheerful. And yet when the hour for the siesta came, nobody, not even the children, seemed to care for sleep. All were restless and ill at ease. Suddenly Wilson exclaimed:

"Royston, come out, will you? Hang the sun! I can't kick my heels indoors any more. Let's get our nags, and have a gallop over the Llanos."

Before long we were mounted: I on my black horse from the south, Wilson on a splendid sorrel mustang, with very evident marks of the Arabian blood derived from the Spanish jennets. We had our rifles slung, and heavy Mexican lances in our hands—an indispensable precaution on those prairies. And Wilson had his lazo at his saddle-bow, as well as the bolas which he always carried.

"There's a brindled bull astray," said he, "that has puzzled the vaqueros; perhaps I shall get a sight of him, and if I get the noose over his horns I'll forgive him if he gets off again. And then there's a flock of pronghorns, you know, our American antelopes, driven in by thirst. Shy as they are, we may get a crack at them. Come along!"

And he spurred out of the corral. I followed, and we were soon careering, side by side, over the boundless sea of grass. The brisk motion did us good, and stimulated our nerves a bit; and my companion shot an antelope, and slung him behind his saddle, and we hit on the tracks of the lost bull. After a sharp gallop we suddenly reined up. There lay the poor bull on the parched plain—dead, but still warm. It had died of thirst. A dozen ugly vultures rose screaming from the carcass. They had been pecking at the eyes and protruding tongue.

"Pah!" cried Wilson, "I hate the vulture very name, but they are useful scavengers. Come along. Poor brindle! we have come too late to save the truant."

We rode homeward. Once or twice Wilson saw some shadows, far off, against the extreme horizon, and pronounced them to be mounted Indians.

"The dogs are after no harm; most likely chasing game that is running for the rivers, mad for the want of water," said he.

At last we reined up our horses on the edge of the low hill, carpeted with blossomed shrubs, which overlooked the fair white house and sweet shady garden which formed Wilson's home.

"How pretty!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Can you wonder," said Wilson, "that I am anxious not to leave it to the torch of the savage? What on earth are you about?"

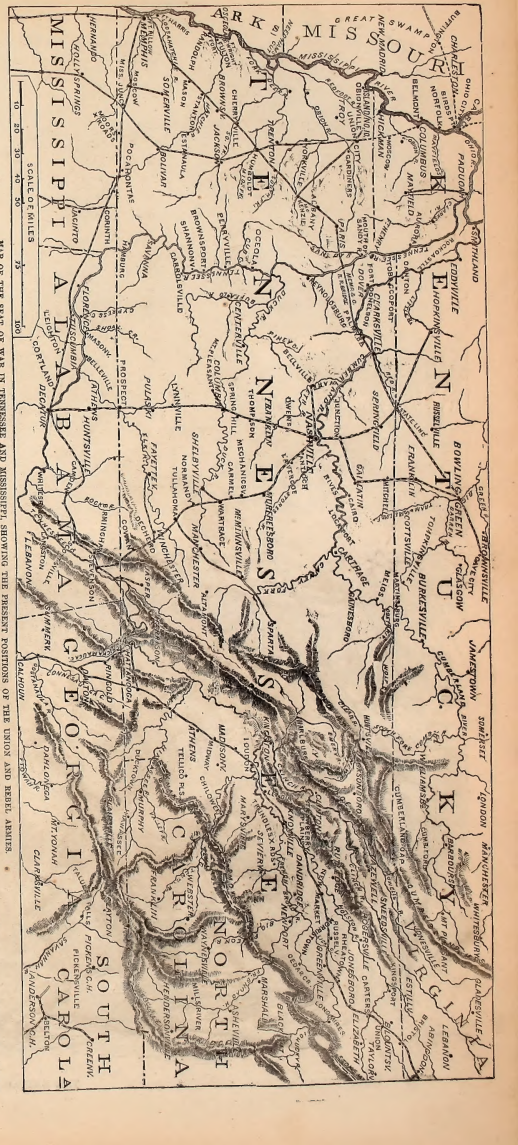
It was not I that was doing any thing remarkable. It was my horse that began to shiver, and to snort and pant, and spread his nostrils to the air, and show every sign of distress. I sprang to the ground.

"What ails the brute?" cried Wilson. "By Heaven! mine is trembling, too, in every limb."

And he, too, dismounted. The horses, dark with heat drops, with flanks quivering, limbs shaking, showed every sign of extreme terror. They pressed whining, close to us. We also trembled till they could hardly stand. What was that? A groan, deep and thrilling as if it came from the agony of Nature herself—a sound as of a tortured Titan on the rock—came moaning sullenly past. It deepened: it swelled into a roar. The horses were down, cowering like frightened spaniels. And then we felt the solid earth heave and swell like surging water beneath us, and a swift shiver made the ground reel, and we dropped to our hands and knees. The earthquake! All was come in its terrors. What was that in the valley beneath? A great fissure was gaping in the earth, like the mouth of some devouring monster, stretching, widening fast—fast—quicker than I can describe it. We saw the dark chasm yawn like huge jaws hungry for prey. Then another black came: we were prostrate, sickened, and giddy. The moans of the horses at our side were the only sounds audible. Crash! I saw the dust rise thickly where the huts of the herdsmen had fallen in. I saw the stout stockade give way like straws in a whirlwind, and the horses and the few cattle left, crushing huddled up together. But the house stood firm, with its fair white walls of hewn stone, though the trees around were snapping and breaking, the shrubs torn up, the ground bursting as if a mine had exploded. There were loud shrieks. I saw the fluttering garments of women, the fairy figure of the two children in the verandah, the outstretched arms, the wild gestures, and I heard the despairing cry for aid. But fast toward the house extended the dreadful chasm, yawning, widening, splitting asunder the firm earth with giant force: its huge jaws opened as if to devour the home and its inmates. The sight gave new strength to the husband and father. He sprang up, though his feet could hardly cling to the heaving ground. I caught his arm and held him fast.

"Let me go!" he cried; "they call me. Let me go, or—"

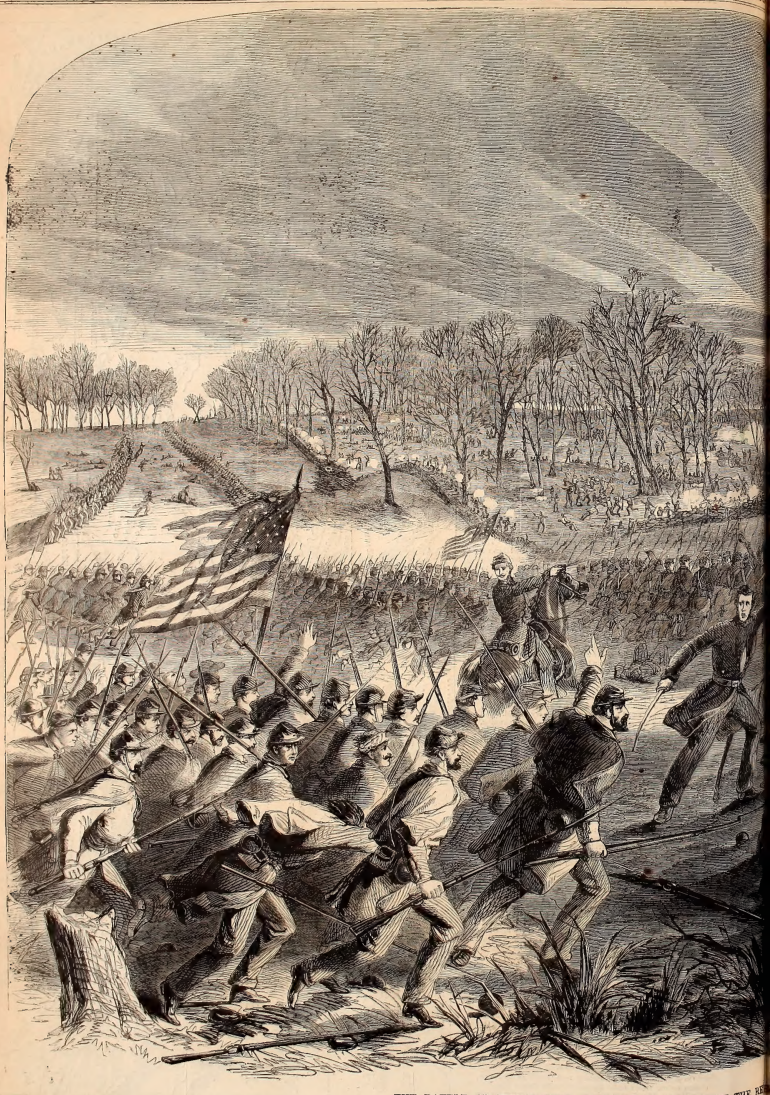
In his madness, in his bitter despair, he would have struck me with his hunting-knife had I not released him. And yet by that momentary restraint I saved his life, worthless as the boon may have seemed to him, for in the next instant we were both flung helpless to the ground by a more violent shock. I glanced up: I saw the house quiver and reel; I saw the chasm open and swallow it up, with all its living inmates, and I pressed my hands upon my eyes to shut out the horrid sight. When the last shock passed away I looked again. The fissure had closed, all but a narrow rift, nearly choked with broken fragments of the ruins. Trees, bushes, earth, and stones lay heaped about in confusion. Nothing was unaltered. A few instants had changed the face of all familiar objects. Wilson lay beside me, senseless and livid. The horses were still in their agues-fit of fear. Two men only were standing unharmed where the huts of the herdsmen had stood. They were my guide and the Indian peon. Poor Wilson! he lay long ill of a brain-fever at San Juan de los Llanos, and when he recovered he was a broken man. The bodies of the dear ones he had lost were never seen more by mortal eye. His despair has done the work of years upon him, has made him what you see. The hand is wailing its last tune. Shall we walk? And, old fellow, just one more cigar!



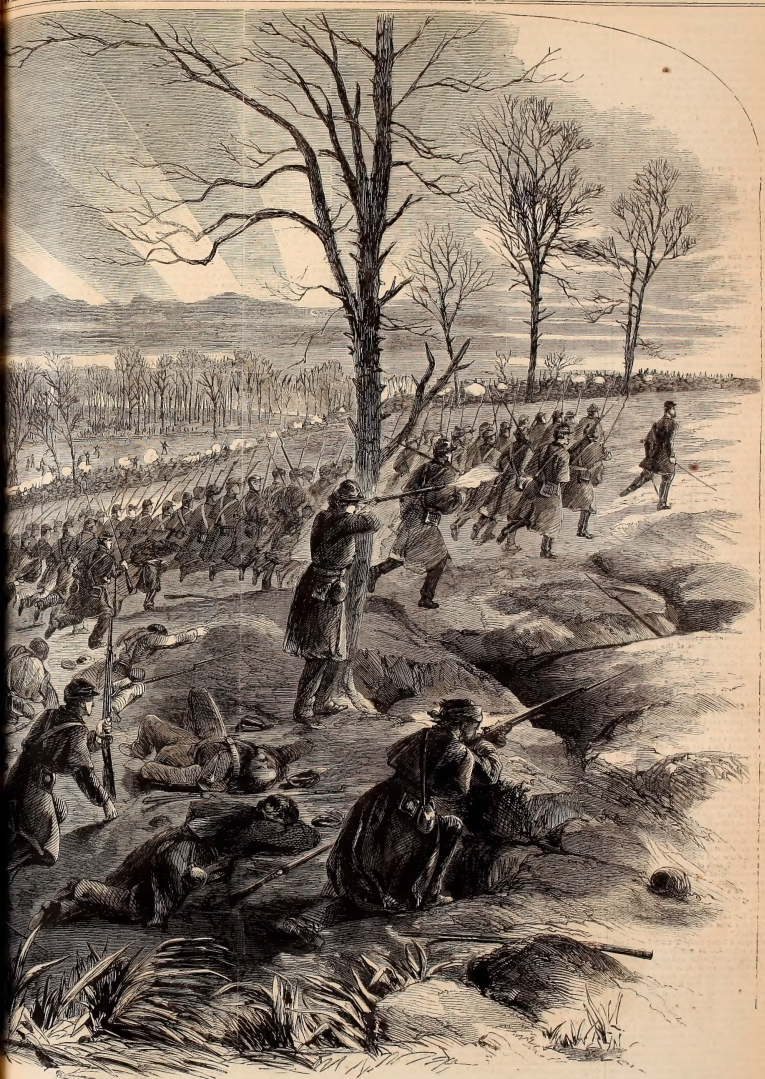
THE BATTLE OF NEWBERN.

On page 229 we reproduce two of the sketches sent us by our artist, Mr. Angelo Wiser, with the Burnside Expedition. One of them represents the LANDING OF OUR TROOPS below the forts of Newbern, our gun-boats shelling the woods; the other, the BOMBARDMENT OF NEWBERN by the gun-boats, showing a distant view of the burning city. We gave a full account of the battle in our last paper, to which we refer.

On page 225 we show a BOMB-PROOF BATTERY AT NEWBERN, taken by our troops under General Burnside, from a sketch by Mr. Wiser. The battery is so strong, and the shelter for the gunners so thorough, that it seems incredible that our gallant fellows should have taken it with so little loss.



THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER—DECISIVE CHARGE UPON THE RE



LS AT THE STONE WALL.—Drawn by Mr. A. Waud.—[See Page 235.]

DAYBREAK.

The dawn is breaking, day is waking,
The sun is sending forth
Its million rays of light and beauty
To gladden all the earth;
And with each ray a surge of voices,
Like the rushing of the sea,
Is pouring forth the glorious anthem,
"God has made His people free!"

Wild echoes thunder from each hill-top,
And rumble through each rocky glen;
While lake, and stream, and rushing river
Fling back with joy the glad refrain;
And from each town and crowded city,
Wherever man may be,
Again peals forth the glorious anthem,
"God has made His people free!"

From each Southern vale and hamlet
Tuneful murmurs gently roll,
Then gushes forth in tender pathos
The sweetest music of the soul;
The hearts that beat 'neath dusky bosoms
Thrill as the brightening morn they see,
And sing, like sound of rippling waters,
"De Lord hab made His people free!"

Thus the glad sound shall ever onward
Reverberate from sea to sea,
And every nation, land, and people
Shall join the exultant jubilee,
"Glory to God, for He is mighty,
Peace and good-will to man shall be;
And evermore, while time endureth,
Our God shall keep His people free!"

Lowell, *April*, 1862.

GENERAL BUELL.

We publish on page 225 a portrait of General D. C. Buell, who has been created a Major-General of Volunteers for his brilliant campaign in Kentucky and Tennessee.

General Buell is a native of Ohio, in which State he was born about the year 1818. He graduated at the Military Academy at West Point in 1837, and served as Second Lieutenant in the Third Infantry. He obtained the rank of First Lieutenant in June, 1846, and accompanied his regiment to Mexico. In September of the same year he was breveted Captain for gallant and meritorious conduct at Monterey. He accompanied General Scott's army, and again distinguished himself at Cerro Gordo, Contreras, and Churubusco; was severely wounded at the latter fight, and breveted Major for gallantry there. On his return home he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, and served in that capacity in various parts of the country. On the outbreak of the war Major Buell was active in organizing the army at Washington. On General M'Clellan's appointment to the chief command he placed General Buell in command of a division, which soon became so perfect in discipline and drill as to elicit general remark. Soon afterward it was deemed best to supersede General Sherman in the command of the army in Kentucky, and General Buell was appointed in his stead. His subsequent career is fresh in the memory of the public, and the triumphant success of his plans without the shedding of blood, the expulsion of the enemy from Kentucky, and the recovery of Tennessee, proclaim him a General of the first ability.

KIT BUTLER FROM BOONVILLE.

Some ten years ago, when travelers in Oregon suffered very severely from attacks of Indians, I was one of a party passing through that wild and unknown State, in my way to California. After a month's ride from the Willamette Valley, we diverged westward from the great emigrant trail, and found ourselves camped one evening on the trail to Crescent City, at its intersection by Deer Creek, an offshoot of the Illinois River. Our party consisted, besides myself, of two lethargic Germans, a feeble-minded young artist lately from London, and a stark taciturn hunter from Missouri. During our long journey I had tried to be companionable with each of my fellow-travelers in turn, and at last had fallen back on Kit Butler, the Missourian, with whom I gradually established terms of a smoking, not a speaking intimacy. On the evening of our encampment on Deer Creek, supper having been eaten and the horses picketed before setting the guard, each of us betook himself to his own private relaxation. This was for the German, sleep; for the artist, self-examination by help of a small glass on a comb-handle; for Kit and me, the resolving of ourselves into a vigorous smoking committee. When we had been smoking for some little time, Kit suddenly addressed me: "Mate," he said, "this hoss don't kinder fancy this har camp, he don't."

To my eyes a better camping-ground could not have been selected. It was pitched on a flat prairie, where "wood, water, and grass" were each at hand, while, at the same time, there was no cover for lurking Indians nearer than the creek—a long rifle-shot distant. But Kit, I observed, had his eye, miles and miles away, on a thin, spiral column of smoke.

"An Indian camp-fire!" I exclaimed.

"And Rogue River too near," Kit growled.

I understood him. We were camped not far from the Rogue River, and it was likely enough the fire had been lit by an outlying party of the Rogue Tribe, who had earned their sobriquet from being notoriously the most rascally Indians in all Oregon. The night, however, passed without an alarm. In the morning, the Germans' cattle, already half foundered, were found to be so badly galled by careless saddling that it was agreed we should halt for four-and-twenty hours to give the poor brutes a chance of recruiting.

Kit, who never descended to argument, made a wry face at this plan, and, catching up his rifle, prepared, as was his custom, for a hunt. I went with him, and after some hours we got within range of a herd, and shot for supper a small elk or wapiti deer. On nearing camp again we saw that our party had been joined by a young Indian lad. Equipped in a suit of dressed deerskin, with a good deal of Indian finery about him, he stood in an easy attitude by the camp fire, while our artist sketched him, and the Germans were looking on lazily. This admission of the Indian into camp was against all prairie laws, as it has been found that such visitors are invariably spies, and "trouble" is pretty sure to come of their visits. Kit, therefore, throwing down the venison, burst angrily into the group:

"I found him by the creek: I only wanted to draw him," explained the startled artist, dropping his sketching block and brush.

"Draw him!" Kit shouted, "I'll draw a bead on the young spy's carcass if he don't make tracks in less than no time. Mate!" said the ireful hunter to me, as the frightened red-skin darted across the plain, "jest fix your shooting-irons right, for we'll have 'trouble' afore long. This coon knows nought of Injuns, *he* don't."

Impatient to get away from our present camp, I was not sorry when the day drew to a close and we began to prepare supper. While I chopped some wood for the fire Kit cut up the carcass of the elk we had shot in the morning, and kneaded the flour for bread in the "prospecting" tin. When I had made up the fire, there was no water for the coffee. As usual, our companions had been loafing about, aiding little or nothing in the indispensable camp duties. Somewhat annoyed, I bade one of the loafers take our tin sauce-pan down to the creek to fill it. Of course there was a discussion of the lazy as to who should be at the trouble of performing this slight service. In the end, one of the Germans took the sauce-pan up, and, with an ungracious expletive, departed on his errand. My fire blazed away brightly. Kit's cake, propped up before it with a stone, was baking in the usual primitive prairie fashion, and the venison steaks, cut up into little chunks, threaded on to a peeled wand, were twirling over the embers. Still the German had not returned with the water. As, in spite of our hails, he did not emerge from the hollow of the creek, which had a steep bank considerably higher than a man, his fellow-countryman was dispatched to see what he was doing. When he in his turn had disappeared down the bank, I noticed that Kit, who sat on the ground twirling the spit, let it fall into the fire, and seemed to listen anxiously to a sound that reached only an ear quick as his. But shortly an awful shout arose. It was a heart-rending appeal for help, and I should have certainly responded to it by rushing down to the creek, but that powerful grasp of Kit, who had now risen from the ground, withheld me. Again, and this time fearfully prolonged, the cry of a man in his extremity arose, and we saw the second German struggling desperately from the creek. Even from the distance at which we stood we could perceive that during the few moments of his absence he had passed through a terrible ordeal, for his clothes, where not torn completely away, hung in strips about his person, and exposed the naked flesh, crimson with many slashes, telling that the cruel and silent knife had been at work on him. For a moment this ghastly figure extended its arms piteously toward us and uttered another cry, but fainter than before. It was his last effort. Apparently seized from behind by an unseen hand, the unfortunate man tottered for a moment, then threw up his arms, sank back, and disappeared down the creek. Kit was the first of the witnesses of this shocking tragedy to break silence. "Injuns!" he cried; but his explanation was superfluous, for as he uttered it a crowd of red-skins jumped forth from the creek, and charged down upon us with pealing whoops.

"Look to the cattle, or we'll all be rubbed out, by thunder!" shouted Kit, as we caught up our rifles. His warning was just in time. No white man's horse can brook the Indian whoop, and all those of ours that had hitherto been grazing quietly about, with their lareats dragging, galloped wildly over the prairie in full stampede, and were irrecoverably lost. Only three horses remained to us. They had luckily a short time before been hitched up to a tree near at hand. Before these terrified brutes could break away we had sprung to their heads, and effectually secured them by doubling their lassos. At first, panic-struck by the appalling sight I had just witnessed, and the critical position in which we were placed, I entertained the idea of flinging myself on to the back of one of the horses and flying for my life, but the hunter restrained me. "Do as I do, mate," he said, with an admirable coolness that completely reassured me; and in obedience to his example I took cover behind the horses, and leveled my rifle across their backs point-blank at the approaching rout of red-skins. These, who were armed chiefly with bows and arrows, observing our demonstrations, and knowing that we were not to be taken by surprise, or without a certain loss to themselves—conditions utterly opposed to all Indian ideas of warfare—gradually faltered in their pace till they came to a stand-still, and then broke and fled back to the cover of the creek in great confusion.

There being now breathing-time, I remembered the artist. Strange to say, he was nowhere to be seen; but Kit, who seemed to divine the reason of my puzzled looks, pointed up the tree beneath which we stood. I looked aloft, and dimly amidst the foliage of the cedar I descried a dangling pair of Bluchers that seemed familiar to me. They were the artist's. "Come down!" I shouted; "the Indians are gone." But my request met with no response, unless an irritable movement of the dangling boots was meant for a negative. Again I hailed them, when, as if to put an end to all further argument, they ascended higher among the branches, and were lost to sight. "Guess the scared critter's best up the cedar," said Kit, adding suddenly, as he glanced over the prairie, "Hurrah! Now, mate, saddle up right smart." And while I rapidly equipped the horses, to my astonishment he busied himself in casting upon the fire all the property lying about the camp, with the sole exception of our own rifles and revolvers. "If yon varmint git us they'll only git mean plunder," he said, grimly contemplating his work of destruction.

"The Indians in the creek, you mean?" I asked.

The hunter shook his head, and pointed southward.

Following the direction of his arm, I made out through the fast fading twilight a band of horsemen galloping right down upon us. They were mounted Indians. As doubtless they were acting in concert with those on foot in the creek, it was plain that our position was no longer tenable. I perceived that Kit was of this opinion, for he was now hastily examining our three remaining horses. They were young American cattle that I had bought on the Columbia as a speculation for the Californian market. Two of them were light, weedy-looking fillies; but the third, a powerfully-made chestnut stallion, with white feet, was by far the best of the lot.

"You will take the chestnut, he is the only horse at all up to your weight," I said to Kit, who was a seventeen stoner at least.

"Thankee, mate," he replied; "'tis kind of ye—yes, 'tis, to give up the best hoss; but I wish 'twar my ole spotted mustang. Don't kinder consate them white feet, and that eye ain't clar grit, it ain't!"

A few minutes were now wasted in endeavoring to persuade the artist to descend the tree and take the third horse; but either on account of intense fear, or a conviction of the security of his "cache," he still made no sign. As the horsemen were now fast closing in upon us, and the footmen in the creek began to show themselves, as if with a design of cutting off our retreat, we were compelled unwillingly to leave this impracticable votary of "high art" to his fate. So, mounting our horses, and driving the third one before us, we put out on the back trail.

"Hold hard, friend!" said my comrade, as the fresh young filly I rode stretched out in a slashing gallop. "If 'twur only twenty mile of good pariera from this to Van Noy Ferry thut we've got to make to save our skins, we'd throw out yon varmints right smart; but reck'lect this pariera gives out in six mile more, and we've as many mile over bad mountain range afore we git down to the open agin, that'll give these fine breeders goss!"

With horses well in hand we had ridden some little distance, when a loud whoop in our rear proclaimed that the Indians had reached our camp, but whether the demonstration proceeded from disappointment at the destruction of their anticipated prize, or rejoicing at the capture of our companion, the failing light did not permit us to judge. Soon we heard them again in pursuit. Darkness now set rapidly in, but riding as usual in Indian file, our horses accustomed for several weeks to follow the trail, picked it out with the greatest ease. As we came to the end of the prairie I was delighted to see a full moon rising over the mountains, so that we should now have light to guide us in our flight—a great chance in our favor. Kit had relapsed into his accustomed taciturnity, and beyond paying great attention to the sounds in the rear, by which he seemed to regulate our pace, he betrayed no interest in any thing. Knowing that all depended on our horses holding out, as we clattered up the first long mountain slope, I ranged alongside of him and examined their conditions. My own filly, though pretty heavily weighted, was as yet perfectly fresh, her stride was easy and elastic, and I felt she was warming well to her work. But an unpleasant sensation came over me as I noticed that Kit's chestnut was already bathed in a profuse sweat.

Now that we were fairly in the mountains our real troubles began. Three days since we had crossed this range, and having shortly before made the passage of the great Cañon Creek, a terrific pass, the trail had not appeared more dangerous than usual. But then we had leisure and daylight to aid us; now, the white metallic light of the moon, which brought out in startling distinctness each crag and rocky point it fell upon, left many dangerous bits of our path in deep obscurity; yet we were compelled to pass over them in full career, for our pursuers now began to push us to their utmost. At intervals, above the clatter of our horses' iron-shod hoofs, the mountains behind us echoed with their whoops, and were replied to from the heights around by the peculiar cry of the white owl, proceeding, as we were aware, from red sentinels, who were able to observe each turn of the chase, and thus urged their comrades still to follow. Urged by their wild riders to the top of their speed, the hardy, unshod little mustangs of our enemies scrambled after us over the dangerous trail with a cat-like facility of foothold not possessed by our own cattle. To add to our embarrassments, our third horse now began to show a desire to stray from the trail, and forced us often to lose ground by swerving to head him back again. In fact, it was all we could do to hold our own, and, desperately as our desperate need required it, we pushed on. The steep mountain-side, the other day painfully ascended, was now dashed furiously down; the edge of the precipice, usually traversed so gingerly, was spurred fiercely over, unheeding the appeals of our terrified horses, who quivered and snorted in very fear. Without drawing bridle we spattered through the mountain torrent that ran down the deep gulches, and took flying the smaller streams. When the last weary mountain-crest was topped, and we descended again to the wooded plain beneath, I should have felt myself comparatively safe had it not been for the deplorable condition of our horses. As Kit had foreseen, the mountain-range had fearfully tried them. Though my mare, with the instinct of good blood, still answered when I made a call on her, I felt she was getting fast used up; but the chestnut was in a still worse plight; his drooping crest and laboring stride told the extremity of his distress. We had just arrived at the ford of State Creek, a small arm of Rogue River, when Kit's chestnut suddenly staggered, and then plunged headlong to the ground. "Four white legs and a white nose, cut his throat and throw him to the crows!" exclaimed his rider, bitterly repeating the old saw as he vainly endeavored to raise him. Meanwhile I had ridden forward and caught the loose horse. Kit mounted him in silence, and together we entered the ford; but just before we reached the opposite bank he dismounted, and standing knee-deep in the water, put his rein into my hand.

"Mate," he said, "we're bound to part comp'ny, if we don't want to go under. Take both animals and make tracks for Van Noy; this coon 'll look out for hisself, somehow. Good-by t'ye!" And he set off wading down the creek.

I brought my horses to his side in a moment.

"No, no, Kit," I said, deeply touched by his generous proposition; "fight or fly, whichever it is, we'll keep together."

"Don't rile me, young fellar," he replied, in a voice that he vainly endeavored to render harsh, and abandoned for a tone of earnest entreaty. "I tell 'ee we must part now; it can't be fixed noways different. That thur light animal 'ud burst up under my weight long afore we made Rogue River, and yourn ain't got two mile run left in him—he ain't. Now, look h'yar, if yew want to save our skins, take both them animals—it 'll throw the Injuns off my trail—and ride hard for Van Noy. Rouse up the boys thar, and tell 'em Kit Butler from Boonville's cached in the timber by State Crick, and the red-skins are out. Guess they'll be round with their shooting-irons, and bring me in right away. Hurrah now, boy!"

A moment's reflection convinced me that Kit's plan was the only one that could possibly save us; but it was with a bitterness of heart such as I had never felt before that I shook his loyal hand—I could not speak—in token that I bade him farewell. If I acted wrongly in abandoning him, God knows that my own reflections, as I put out on my lonely trail, were almost punishment enough.

But, in reality, Kit's chances of escape were not far from being as good as my own. The plain, especially by the creek, was well wooded, so that our separation took place entirely without the knowledge of the Indians, who, though they would certainly find the foundered chestnut, would naturally conclude that its rider was away on the fresh horse. Neither would they gain any information from the hunter's tracks, for, of course, he had taken the precaution to wade some distance down the creek before he cached in the timber, and water leaves no trail. But I could not reason on all this then. I could only remember that I had left the last and best of all my comrades behind me, and that if evil came to him I should be held accountable. Deeply plunged in such maddening reflections, I had not ridden far when the report of a rifle in my rear almost caused my heart to stand still.

The Indians, then, had discovered Kit's cache. I pulled up my horses and turned round with the desperate determination of rejoining him at any hazard, when all at once I remembered, in impotent despair, that, with the exception of my bowie-knife, I was unarmed. On parting, Kit had taken possession of my rifle and revolver, remarking that, while they might be of use to him, I should ride lighter without them. All a pretext! I saw it now when too late. The noble-minded fellow had guessed that if I heard him engaged with the Indians I should return, and had thus taken measures effectually to prevent me. Utterly distraught on making this discovery, I remember little more of my ride to Van Noy Ferry. Though I rode like a madman, I must yet have acted with the soundest discretion. My horse was afterward found dead about two miles up Applegate Creek, by which the trail ran after leaving State Creek. At that point I must have mounted the second horse, and swam the creek, instead of following it up to Rogue River. Then I crossed the country in a northeasterly direction, and thus, by cutting off an angle, considerably shortened the distance. But of all this I only distinctly remember pricking along my failing horse with my bowie-knife, as the lights of the ferry came into view, till he also gave in and fell, throwing me over his head and inflicting on me no trifling injuries; and that wet, bruised, and bleeding, but still with the one fixed, irrevocable idea pervading my weakened senses, that Kit was in deadly peril for my sake, and that he must be saved, I burst into the midst of the ferry-men as they sat round their fire in their log-hut.

"Kit Butler, from Boonville!" shouted one of the rough backwoodsmen, the captain of the ferry, in reply to my wild appeal for help. "By thunder! he's jest my fust cousin; how kim yew to quit, mister, when he war in sich a tarnation fix, eh?"

"Talking won't get him out of it, man," I replied, impatiently; "either come along with me at once to help him, or give me a rifle and fresh horses and let me do what I can myself."

"We'll go—don't you fear, mister," he said, more graciously; "yon darned red-skins ain't goin' to wipe out the smartest mountain boy in all Oregon. And no 'muss' round! H'yar yew—Pete—Dave—Zack—lay hold of your shootin'-irons, boys, and git the animals out of the corral."

"Ay, ay, Cap!" was the ready response; and with astonishing quickness we were all armed and mounted on sturdy mustangs, riding hard to the rescue.

As we splashed through Applegate Creek Ford we heard a shot to the front, followed shortly by another. "Hurrah, boys!" shouted our leader; "thar goes old Kit! He ain't wiped out jest yet, nohow. Guess it'll take a caution o' red-skins to whip him. He'll make 'em see snakes and black ones at that."

In a few minutes more we debouched on to the north bank of State Creek, but not an Indian was visible. The noise of our approach had effectually scared them; they had not cared to stand the brunt of a charge of half a dozen white men. As we

swept up the creek dear old Kit stepped out of his cover, his hands and face black with powder, and his forehead bleeding, but only from the splinter of a bad cap.

"You're welkim, boy!" he said, as we shook hands; "'twar getting hot, though I peppered one or two of the varmints. They got on my trail right smart when yew quit; but they ain't got me this time, I reckon."

Prudence forbade our small party from attempting the mountain-passes that night to learn the fate of our comrades, but early the next day we reached Deer Creek.

As we had anticipated, we found the two Germans dead in the creek, where the fatal ambush had been laid for them. Of the artist we could find no traces, but on our return to the ferry we found him there. Though unhurt, his plight was ludicrously doleful. The Indians had discovered him in the cedar, and it would have fared ill with him but that the sketch of the young Indian was found on his person, drawn so accurately that all his captors recognized it. Believing from this circumstance that he was a great "medicine" man whom it would be dangerous to injure, they stripped and released him.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

WE publish on pages 232 and 233 a large picture of the BATTLE OF WINCHESTER from a sketch drawn by our special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud; and on page 225 a portrait of the hero of the day, General Shields. The *Herald* correspondent furnished that paper with the following graphic account of the battle:

On Saturday afternoon, March 15, at about a quarter past two o'clock, our advanced pickets on the Strasburg road discovered the rebel cavalry under the madcap Ashby about half a mile beyond them, reconnoitring the woods on both sides of the turnpike, and steadily advancing. Our pickets consisted of a few men of the Fourteenth Indiana infantry at that point, and they fell back half a mile to the hamlet of Kernstown, four miles from Winchester. The rebels, observing our pickets fall back, were confirmed in the belief that our forces here did not exceed five thousand men. They then gave chase. Coming up with our men, Ashby cried at the top of his voice, "There they are, boys; now give them hell!" Steadily did the troopers advance as our men wheeled to aim and fire. That fire sent many of them reeling from their saddles, and threw the rest into such confusion that before they could again be rallied for a charge our gallant little band of infantry was beyond the reach of their power, without having lost a man killed or wounded. Meanwhile skirmishing progressed on other points along our advanced line, and our pickets were every where rallying on our reserves. General Shields hearing of the advance of the rebel cavalry, supposed it to be a manœuvre of Ashby alone for the purpose of watching our movements. As they were approaching so boldly and so closely, however, he ordered four advanced companies of infantry, engaged in protecting the supply train, to rally to the support of the more advanced pickets, and try to hold the rebels in check till he could move down the division. These four companies were made up of one from the Maryland First, one from the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, one from the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, and one from the Twenty-eighth New York. Their regiments had already marched under General Williams. A battery of artillery was also ordered forward, and General Shields, after ordering out the division, rode to the front, accompanied by his staff. While engaged directing the fire of the artillery and the defense generally, a shell from the rebel battery of four guns, which now began to play on us, burst near him, and a splinter from it struck him in the left arm, just above the elbow, fracturing the bone and creating a painful wound. His Adjutant-General, Major Armstrong, who was standing near, remarked, "General, you are wounded in the arm." "Yes," replied the gallant Shields, "but say nothing about it." He then gave a fresh order to the artillery, and continued on the field till he satisfied himself that all was right. A man belonging to Captain Robinson's company of Ohio artillery and a horse were killed on this day by the enemy's guns; but these were all the casualties that occurred on our side till the skirmish of the first day was ended. The wound of General Shields caused a pang throughout the entire division, and it is remarkable that he should have been the first man struck on our side. Our division began to arrive in force on the field toward dark, and the rebels perceiving this did not push their advance, but halted about three miles from Winchester for the night, lighted their camp fires and bivouacked, while our army lay between them and the town. It was generally believed that a general engagement would take place on the next day (Sunday), and the expectants were not disappointed. That night was one of terrible suspense on both sides. No one knew what the rebels delayed their advance for, while it was our policy to postpone a battle, in view of the preponderating force of the enemy, in order to allow reinforcements to arrive from the division of General Williams, the rear-guard of which had already advanced ten miles toward the Shenandoah.

Morning explained the reason of the enemy's halt. About ten o'clock reinforcements of five regiments of infantry and two batteries of artillery were announced arriving from Strasburg, under General Garnett, by the vociferous and prolonged cheers which proceeded from their lines. The attack was not now long delayed. The enemy advanced his army, which now consisted of sixteen regiments of infantry, numbering 11,000 men; five batteries of artillery, with a total of twenty-eight field-pieces, and three battalions of horse, under Ashby and Stewart. His line of battle extended about a mile on the right of the village of Kernstown, and a mile and three-quarters on the left of it, and the village lay on the road between the rebel right and centre. There is a mud road branching from the turnpike a mile or so from Winchester, to the right of the road as you go to Strasburg. This road passed through the left of the enemy's centre, and was one of their points of defense. Beyond that there is a grove of trees, and farther a ridge of hills with a stone wall running along its summit about breast-high. This was the rebel line of offense and defense on the right of our line. Our most advanced regiment was the Eighth Ohio, of General Tyler's brigade, and on it the rebels made a furious onslaught about half past ten o'clock A.M. on Sunday, with the intention of turning our right flank. The Ohio Eighth met them gallantly, withering them like autumn leaves before the breath of winter by their deadly fire of rifles. Five several times did the enemy emerge from the woods and from behind their stone parapet with vastly superior numbers, and try vainly to accomplish their object. Our left wing, consisting of the Thirteenth Indiana, Seventh Ohio, and a battery of the Fourth Regular Artillery, under Captain Jenks, had a feint made on it while the real attack of the enemy was being directed against our right wing. The feint on the left was a heavy fire of artillery posted on both sides of the village and the turnpike, which, however, did trifling damage. Our battery replied, silencing those of the enemy, though the firing was well maintained for a long time on both sides. Our centre consisted of the Fourteenth Indiana, the Eighth and Sixty-seventh Ohio, and the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, and two artillery batteries belonging to the First Ohio Artillery, and the cavalry, consisting of the First Michigan and First Ohio, were drawn up in the rear. The whole of our cavalry amounted to no more than 800 men, and this arm played a very unimportant part in the action on either side. Our right wing was made up of the Fifth and Eighth Ohio regiments, and a battery of the First Virginia Regiment. The reserves consisted of the Twelfth Indiana, the Thirty-ninth Illinois, and a squadron of the Michigan Cavalry. General Shields was unable to appear on the field in person, and the command in the field devolved upon Acting Brigadier Kimball, who led our centre; and our right was commanded by Acting Brigadier-General Tyler, while Colonel Sullivan directed the operations on our left. The battle raged along the whole line with great fury from eleven A.M. till half past two P.M., when General Shields, who received accounts of the progress of the fight on his couch, ordered the right, where the contest raged the hottest, to charge upon the enemy. That was an awful charge. The left of the enemy prepared desperately to repel our gallant troops, but their rush was as irresistible as the tide in the Bay of Fundy. Previous to this time our line of battle had been somewhat changed. The Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania reinforced our right, and also a battery of artillery. Our whole force now engaged was about 6000 men, while that of the enemy was at the lowest estimate 8000. The rebels had also changed their line, and extending both their wings, presented a concave front to our army. They had also reinforced their left wing, and the charge to be made by our right was all-important in its consequences. On it at three o'clock depended the fate of the entire battle. The gallant Tyler led the charge, sword in hand, at the head of the line. The rebels fired from the woods with artillery and small-arms, while our men advanced against their murderous showers of lead and iron, returning few shots, and reserving their fire. Up to this time the armies had not been much nearer to each other than three hundred yards, unless in some few instances. The wood was soon cleared at the point of the bayonet, our men discharging their pieces at twenty and even five yards' distance from the rebels, and then dashing at them with the bayonet. The rebels fought well, however. They contested the ground foot by foot, and marked every yard of it with blood. Retiring behind their stone wall on the ridge, our men jumped over after them, and drove them along in the greatest confusion and with fearful slaughter upon their centre. The panic communicated. Kimball ordered a charge along the whole line, and for a short time the fighting was most desperate. The roar of the cannon was no longer heard, unless in occasional bursts of fitful explosions, and the rattle of musketry was more boisterous than ever, and sounded like the noise made by a very close thunder-clap, except that it was sharper and continuous. The rout of the rebels had fairly commenced, however, and two of their guns and four caissons were now ours, and though many of them turned and fired again and again at our pursuing host, many more threw away muskets and bayonets without hesitation. Darkness and the extreme fatigue of our troops, however, saved the enemy for the time, and we retired about two miles, and bivouacked till next morning. At daybreak General Shields ordered the rebel position to be attacked, and the enemy, after replying by a few shots from his artillery, continued his retreat. Meantime General Banks, who had been at Harper's Ferry, arrived, and taking command of the troops in person, continued the pursuit with about 10,000 men beyond Strasburg, cutting off many stragglers, and pressing the enemy very sorely.

Our artist thus describes his picture:

The rebel position was a parallelogram, inclosed by a stone wall on two sides and a rail fence and thicket of trees on the other. In the picture the front of the wall is seen crossing the ground from right to left, the thicket being visible in the distance on the rise. In front of this wall our troops had to advance across a field of wheat for 400 yards, exposed to a galling fire, but with invincible courage they carried it, the rebels retreating in a panic as soon as the wall was reached.

One or two was bayoneted, and there was a fist-fight for a moment between one of them and a soldier of the Union force—the rest fled in confusion, hotly pursued by Tyler's brigade; and two guns, hitherto masked, opened upon our men from a small clump of trees seen in the centre of the lot. These were quickly captured by a brave few, headed by Major Schreiber, of Banks's staff, and then the rout was complete, night only saving the rebels from the fierce pursuit to which they were subjected. Most of the men killed at the stone wall were shot in the head, some of the bullets passing through two men before their work of death was over. The precision of the Union men's fire was unprecedented in the annals of modern warfare.

GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS, of the United States Volunteers, the hero of the battle, is a native of Ireland, but a citizen of Illinois, where he lived for many years. At the outbreak of the Mexican War he offered his services to the Government, and rose to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He accompanied General Scott on his expedition, and for gallant and meritorious conduct at Cerro Gordo was breveted Major-General of Volunteers. In the Valley of Mexico he commanded a brigade in which the New York and the South Carolina regiments fought side by side. He was severely wounded at the Battle of Chapultepec. After the war General Shields retired into private life; but in 1849 he was elected Senator from Illinois, and filled the post till 1855. He then removed to California, where he was residing when the rebellion broke out. He was offered service in the army and instantly accepted it, and now commands the division which was led by the late General Lander.

The following letter from General Shields, to a friend in Washington, gives the General's informal account of the battle of Winchester:

HEAD-QUARTERS GENERAL SHIELDS'S DIVISION,
WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA, *March* 26, 1862.

I will give you a brief account of our late operations. My reconnoissance beyond Strasburg, on the 18th and 19th inst., discovered Jackson reinforced, in a strong position, near New Market, within supporting distance of the main body of the rebels under Johnston. It was necessary to decoy him from that position. Therefore I fell back rapidly to Winchester on the 20th, as if in retreat, marching my whole command nearly thirty miles in one day. My force was placed at night in a secluded position, two miles from Winchester, on the Martinsburg road. On the 21st the rebel cavalry, under Ashby, showed themselves to our pickets, within sight of Winchester.

On the 22d all of General Banks's command, with the exception of my division, evacuated Winchester, *en route* for Centreville. This movement and the masked position of my division made an impression upon the inhabitants, some of whom were in secret communication with the enemy, that our army had left, and that nothing remained but a few regiments to garrison this place. Jackson was signalized to this effect. I saw their signals and divined their meaning. About five o'clock on the afternoon of the 22d Ashby, believing that the town was almost evacuated, attacked our pickets and drove them in. This success increased his delusion. It became necessary, however, to repulse them for the time being. I therefore ordered forward a brigade, and placed it in front, between Winchester and the enemy. I only let them see, however, two regiments of infantry, two batteries of artillery, and a small force of cavalry, which he mistook as the whole force left to garrison and protect the place.

In a little skirmish that evening, while placing the artillery in position, I was struck by a fragment of a shell, which broke my arm above the elbow, injured my shoulder, and damaged me otherwise to such an extent that I have lain prostrate ever since. I commenced making preparations for any emergency that might occur that night or the next morning. Under cover of the night I ordered an entire brigade (Kimball's) to take up a strong position in advance. I pushed forward four batteries, having them placed in a strong position to support the infantry. I placed Sullivan's brigade on both flanks, to prevent surprise, and to keep my flanks from being turned; and I held Tyler's brigade in reserve, to operate against any point that might be assailed in front. In this position I awaited and expected the enemy's attack next morning. My advance brigade was two miles from the town, its pickets extending perhaps a mile farther along the turnpike leading to Strasburg.

About eight o'clock in the morning I sent forward two experienced officers to reconnoitre the front and report indications of the enemy. They returned in an hour, reporting no enemy in sight except Ashby's force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, which by this time had become familiar and contemptible to us. General Banks, who was yet here in person, upon hearing this report, concluded that Jackson could not be in front possibly, or be decoyed away so far from the main body of the rebel army. In this opinion I, too, began to concur, concluding that Jackson was too sagacious to be caught in such a trap. General Banks therefore left for Washington. His Staff officers were directed to follow the same day, by way of Centreville. Knowing the crafty enemy, however, I had to deal with I omitted no precaution. My whole force was concentrated, and prepared to support Kimball's brigade, which was in advance.

About half past ten o'clock it became evident we had a considerable force before us; but the enemy still concealed himself so adroitly in the woods that it was impossible to estimate it. I ordered a portion of the artillery forward, to open fire and unmask them. By degrees they began to show themselves. They planted battery after battery in strong position, on the centre and on both flanks. Our artillery responded, and this continued until about half past three o'clock in the afternoon, when I directed a column of infantry to carry a battery on their left flank and to assail that flank, which was done promptly and splendidly by Tyler's brigade, aided by some regiments from the other brigades. The fire of our infantry was so close and destructive that it made havoc in their ranks. The result was the capture of their guns on the left and the forcing back of their wing on the centre, thus placing them in a position to be routed by a general attack, which was made about five o'clock by all the infantry, and succeeded in driving them in flight from the field.

Night fell upon us at this stage, leaving us in possession of the field of battle, two guns, and four caissons, three hundred prisoners, and about one thousand stand of small-arms. Our killed in this engagement can not exceed one hundred men, wounded two hundred and thirty-three. The enemy's killed and wounded exceed one thousand. The inhabitants of the adjacent villages carried them to their houses as they were removed from the field of battle. Houses between the battle-field and Strasburg, and even far beyond, have since been found filled with the dead and dying of the enemy. Graves have been discovered far removed from the road, where the inhabitants of the country buried them as they died.

General Banks, in his pursuit of the enemy beyond Strasburg afterward, found houses on the road twenty-two miles from the battle-field filled in this manner, and presenting the most ghastly spectacle. The havoc made in the ranks of the rebels has struck this whole region of country with terror. Such a blow had never fallen on them before, and it is more crushing because wholly unexpected. Jackson and his stone-wall brigade, and all the other brigades accompanying him, will never meet this division again in battle.

GENERAL POPE'S ARMY AT NEW MADRID.

WE devote page 228 to illustrations of GENERAL POPE'S ARMY AT NEW MADRID, together with a portrait of GENERAL POPE—the whole from drawings by our special artist, Mr. Alexander Simplot.

General John Pope was born in Kentucky, about the year 1822. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1838, and graduated in 1842 as Second-Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. He was in the Mexican war, and at Monterey so distinguished himself that he obtained his First-Lieutenancy. Again at Buena Vista he won laurels and the brevet rank of Captain. He was still a Captain when the rebellion broke out, and was one of the officers appointed by the War Department to escort President Lincoln to Washington. He was loyal, and was soon after the inauguration appointed to a command in the Northwest. For some time he served gallantly in Northern Missouri, under Generals Frémont and Hunter. General Halleck gave him command of a separate expedition in December. He started from Commerce, Missouri, with a well-appointed command of some 12,000 men, and marched over to New Madrid, then occupied by the rebels. He took the place, now holds it, and has erected batteries all along the west bank of the river for fifteen miles.

The following extract from his official report will serve to explain our illustrations:

I arrived before New Madrid with the forces under my command on Monday, the 3d inst. I found the place occupied by five regiments of infantry and several companies of artillery. One bastioned earth-work, mounting fourteen heavy guns, about half a mile below the town, and another irregular work at the upper end of the town, mounting seven pieces of heavy artillery, together with lines of intrenchments between them, constituted the defensive works. Six gun-boats, carrying from four to eight heavy guns each, were anchored along the shore, between the upper and lower redoubts.

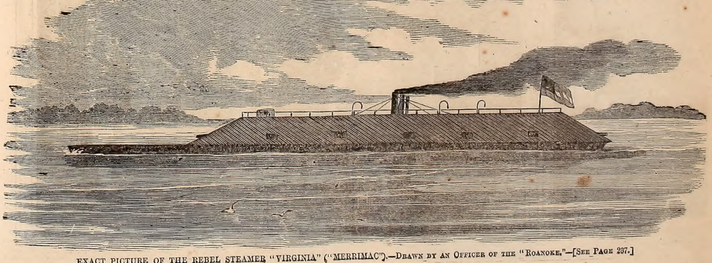
The country is perfectly level for miles around the place, and as the river was so high that the guns of the gun-boats looked directly over the banks, the approaches to the town for several miles were commanded by direct and cross fire from at least sixty guns of heavy calibre.

As soon as I found that it would be necessary to await the arrival of our heavy guns, I determined to occupy some point on the river below, and establish our small guns, if possible, in such position as to blockade the river so far as transports were concerned, and to cut off supplies and reinforcements for the enemy from below.

Point Pleasant, twelve miles below, was selected as being a rich agricultural region, and being the terminus of the plank-road from the interior of Arkansas. I accordingly threw forward Colonel Plummer, Eleventh Missouri, to that point, with three regiments of infantry, three companies of cavalry, and a field battery of 10-pound Parrott and rifled guns, with orders to make a lodgment on the river bank, to line the banks with rifle-pits for a thousand men, and to establish his artillery in sunk batteries of single pieces between the rifle-pits.

On 11th the siege guns arrived, and on the night of the 13th the rebels evacuated New Madrid.

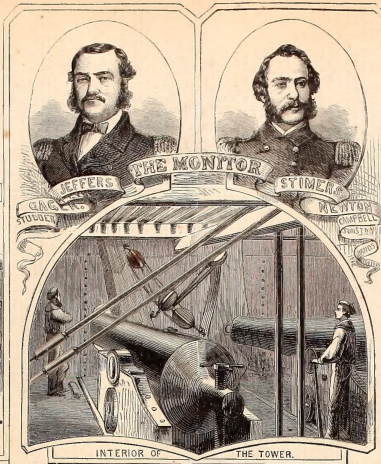
General Pope has since been endeavoring to cross the river in order to get in the rear of the rebels.



EXACT PICTURE OF THE REBEL STEAMER "VIRGINIA" ("MERRIMAC").—DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF THE "ROANOKE."—[SEE PAGE 237.]



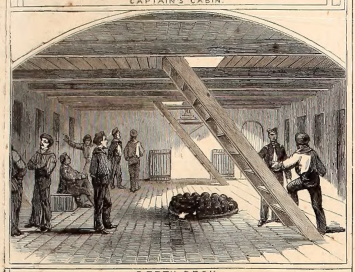
CAPTAIN'S CABIN.



INTERIOR OF THE TOWER.



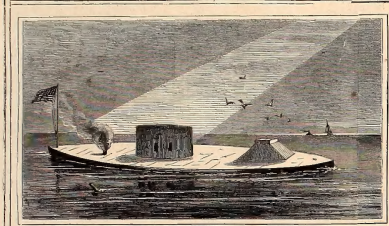
ENGINE-ROOM



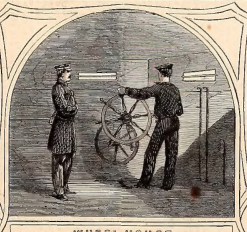
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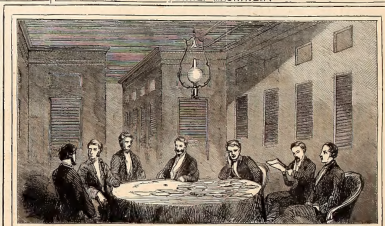
TURRET MACHINERY



READY FOR ACTION.

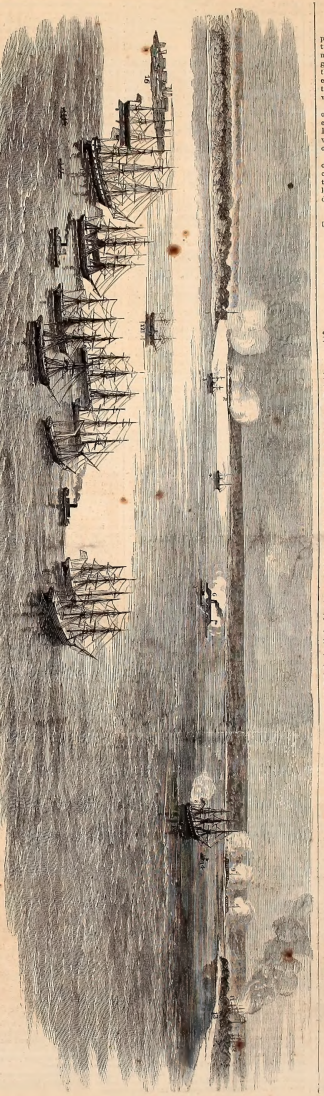


WHEEL HOUSE



WARD-ROOM

THE "MONITOR" AS SHE IS—INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 237.]



THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND THE "MERRIMAC," IN HAMPTON ROADS, MARCH 9, 1862.—[DRAWN BY SERGEANT CHARLES WORRET, TWENTIETH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.]

1. Bowen's Point Battery, 20 Guns.—2. Congress Island Battery, 45 Guns.—3. Yorktown.—4. Jamestown.—5. Monitor.—6. Merrimac.—7. Large Rebel Camp.—8. Minnesota aground.—9. Fox Point Battery.—10. Rocket Point Battery.—11. Bursting of the Columbiad.—12. The Cumberland sunk.—13. Newport News Point and Camp.—14. St. Luciens.—15. Hampton.—16. Big Bethel.—17. Fortress Monroe.—18. Steamboats.

THE FIGHT AT HAMPTON ROADS OF MARCH 9.

For future reference we publish on this page a picture of the BATTLE OF HAMPTON ROADS between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, from a sketch made at the time by Sergeant Worret, of the Topographical Engineers. This sketch was taken at the time the fight was going on, and is accurate in every particular. As a faithful representation of the most remarkable naval fight of modern times, we think our readers will be glad to see it.

On the preceding page we give a page of views of the INTERIOR OF THE "MONITOR," from sketches drawn by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis. They will be seen with pleasure every where. They were shown by Mr. Davis to the officers of the *Monitor*, and approved by them.

We likewise give, on page 236, an exact picture of the *Merrimac*, drawn very carefully by an officer of the *Roanoke*. It will be seen that the picture differs somewhat from those heretofore published. The beak or prow is not seen, being under water.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "HEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McLENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IX.

THREE months passed. During that time Frank remained in London, pursuing his new duties, and writing occasionally to report himself to Mr. Vanstone, as he had promised.

His letters were not enthusiastic on the subject of mercantile occupations. He described himself as being still painfully loose in his figures. He was also more firmly persuaded than ever—now when it was unfortunately too late—that he preferred engineering to trade. In spite of this confession; in spite of headaches, caused by sitting on a high stool and stooping over ledgers in unwholesome air; in spite of want of society, and hasty breakfasts, and bad dinners at chop-houses, his attendance at the office was regular, and his diligence at the desk unremitting. The head of the department in which he was working might be relieved to, if any corroboration of this statement was desired. Such was the general tenor of the letters, and Frank's correspondent and Frank's father differed ever them as widely as usual. Mr. Vanstone accepted them, as proofs of the steady development of industrious principles in the writer. Mr. Chirk took his own characteristically opposite view. "These London men," said the philosopher, "are not to be trifled with by halves. They have got Frank by the scruff of the neck—he can't wriggle himself free—and he makes a merit of yielding to sheer necessity."

The three months' interval of Frank's probation in London passed less cheerfully than usual in the household at Combe-Raven.

As the summer came nearer and nearer, Mrs. Vanstone's spirits, in spite of her resolute efforts to control them, became more and more depressed. "I do my best," she said to Miss Garth; "I act an example of cheerfulness to my husband and my children; but I dread July." Norah's secret misgivings on her sister's account rendered her more than usually serious and uncommunicative as the year advanced.



Even Mrs Vanstone, when July drew nearer, lost something of his elasticity of spirit. He kept up appearances in his wife's presence, but on all other occasions there was now a perceptible shade of sadness in his look and manner. Magdalen was so changed since Frank's departure that she helped the general depression instead of relieving it. All her movements had grown languid; all her usual occupations were pursued with the same weary indifference; she spent hours alone in her own room; she lost her interest in being brightly and prettily dressed; her eyes were heavy, her nerves were irritable, her complexion was altered visibly for the worse—in one word, she had become an oppression and a weariness to herself and to all about her. Steadily as Miss Garth contended with these growing domestic difficulties, her own spirits suffered in the effort. Her memory reverted oftener and oftener to the March morning when the master and mistress of the house had departed for London, and when the first serious change for many a year past had stolen over the family atmosphere. When was that atmosphere to be clear again? When were the clouds of change to pass off before the returning sunshine of past and happier times?

The spring and the early summer were away. The dreaded month of July came, with its airless nights, its cheerless mornings, and its sultry days.

On the fifteenth of the month an event happened which took every one but Norah by surprise. For the second time, without the slightest apparent reason—for the second time, without a word of warning beforehand—Frank suddenly reappeared at his father's cottage!

Mr. Clare's first question to frail his son's return, in the old character of the "bad shilling;" and closed again without uttering a word. There was a portentous composure in Frank's manner which showed that he had other news to communicate than the news of his dismissal. He



"HE MIGHT MARRY ME."

answered his father's sardonic look of inquiry by at once explaining that a very important proposal for his future benefit had been made to him that morning at the office. His first idea had been to communicate the details in writing; but the partners had, on reflection, thought that the necessary decision might be more readily obtained by a personal interview with his father and his friends. He had laid aside the pen accordingly, and had resigned himself to the railway on the spot.

After this preliminary statement, Frank proceeded to describe the proposal which his employers had addressed to him, with every external appearance of viewing it in the light of an intolerable hardship.

The great firm in the City had obviously made a discovery in relation to their clerk, exactly similar to the discovery which had formerly forced itself on the engineer in relation to his pupil. The young man, as they politely phrased it, stood in need of some special stimulant to stir him up. His employers (acting under a sense of their obligation to the gentleman by whom Frank had been recommended) had considered the question carefully, and had decided that the one promising use to which they could put Mr. Francis Clare was to send him forthwith into another quarter of the globe.

As a consequence of this decision, it was now, therefore, proposed that he should enter the house of their correspondents in China; that he should remain there, familiarizing himself thoroughly on the spot with the tea-trade and the silk trade for five years; and that he should return, at the expiration of this period, to the central establishment in London. If he made a fair use of his opportunities in China, he would come back, while still a young man, fit for a position of trust and emolument, and justified in looking forward at no distant date to a time when the House would assist him to start in business for himself. Such were the new prospects which—to adopt Mr. Clare's theory—now forced themselves on the ever-reluctant, ever-helpless, and ever-ungrateful Frank. There was no time to be lost. The final answer was to be at the office on "Monday, the twentieth;" the correspondents in China were to be written to by the mail on that day, and Frank was to follow the letter by the next opportunity, or to resign his chance in favor of some more enterprising young man.

Mr. Clare's reception of this extraordinary news was startling in the extreme. The glorious prospect of his son's banishment to China appeared to turn his brain. The firm pedestal of his philosophy sank under him; the prejudices of society recovered their hold on his mind. He seized Frank by the arm, and actually accompanied him to Combe-Raven in the amazing character of a visitor to the house!

"Here I am with my lout," said Mr. Clare, before a word could be uttered by the astonished family. "Hear his story all of you. It has reconciled me, for the first time in my life, to the anomaly of his existence." Frank ruefully narrated the Chinese proposal for the second time, and attempted to attach to it his own supplementary statement of objections and difficulties. His father stopped him at the first word, pointed peremptorily southeastward (from Somersetshire to China), and said, without an instant's hesitation, "Go!" Mr. Vanstone, basking in golden visions of his young friend's future, echoed that monosyllabic decision with all his heart. Mrs. Vanstone, Miss Garth, even Norah herself, spoke to the same purpose. Frank was petrified by an absolute unanimity of opinion which he had not anticipated; and Magdalen was caught, for once in her life, at the end of all her resources.

So far as practical results were concerned, the sitting of the family council began and ended with the general opinion that Frank must go. Mr. Vanstone's faculties were so bewildered by the son's sudden arrival, the father's unexpected visit, and the news they both brought with them, that he petitioned for an adjournment, before the necessary arrangements connected with his young friend's departure were considered in detail. "Suppose we all sleep upon it?" he said. "To-morrow our heads will feel a little steadier; and to-morrow will be time enough to decide all uncertainties." This suggestion was readily adopted, and all further proceedings stood adjourned until the next day.

That next day was destined to decide more uncertainties than Mr. Vanstone dreamed of.

Early in the morning, after making tea by herself as usual, Miss Garth took her parasol, and strolled into the garden. She had slept ill; and ten minutes in the open air before the family assembled at breakfast might help to compensate her, as she thought, for the loss of her night's rest.

She wandered to the outermost boundary of the flower-garden, and then returned by another path, which led back past the side of an ornamental summer-house commanding a view over the fields from a corner of the lawn. A slight noise—like, and yet not like, the chirruping of a bird—caught her ear as she approached the side of the summer-house. She stepped round to the entrance, looked in, and discovered Magdalen and Frank seated close together. To Miss Garth's horror, Magdalen's arm was unmistakably round Frank's neck; and, worse still, the position of her face at the moment of discovery showed, beyond all doubt, that she had just been offering to the victim of Chinese commerce the first and foremost of all the consolations which a woman can bestow on a man. In plainer words, she had just given Frank a kiss.

In the presence of such an emergency as now confronted her Miss Garth felt instinctively that all ordinary phrases of reproof would be phrases thrown way.

"I presume," she remarked, addressing Magdalen with the merciless self-possession of a middle-aged lady, unprovided for the occasion with any kissing remembrances of her own—"I presume (whatever excuses your effrontery may suggest) you will not deny that my duty compels me to mention what I have just seen to your father?"

"I will save you the trouble," replied Magdalen, composedly. "I will mention it to him myself."

With those words she looked round at Frank, standing trebly helpless in a corner of the summer-house. "You shall hear what happens," she said, with her bright smile. "And so shall you," she added for Miss Garth's especial benefit, as she sauntered past the governess on her way back to the breakfast-table. The eyes of Miss Garth followed her indignantly; and Frank slipped out, on his side, at that favorable opportunity.

Under these circumstances, there was but one course that any respectable woman could take—she could only shudder. Miss Garth registered her protest in that form, and then returned to the house.

When breakfast was over, and when Mr. Vanstone's hand descended to his pocket in search of his cigar-case, Magdalen rose, looked significantly at Miss Garth, and followed her father into the hall.

"Papa," she said, "I want to speak to you this morning—in private."

"Ay! ay!" returned Mr. Vanstone. "What about, my dear?"

"About—" Magdalen hesitated, searched for a satisfactory form of expression, and found it. "About business, papa," she said.

Mr. Vanstone took his garden hat from the hall-table—opened his eyes in mute perplexity—attempted to associate in his mind the two extravagantly dissimilar ideas of Magdalen and "business"—failed—and led the way resignedly into the garden.

His daughter took his arm, and walked with him to a shady seat at a convenient distance from the house. She dusted the seat with her smart silk apron before her father occupied it. Mr. Vanstone was not accustomed to such an extraordinary act of attention as this. He sat down, looking more puzzled than ever. Magdalen immediately placed herself on his knee, and rested her head comfortably on his shoulder.

"Am I heavy, papa?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear, you are," said Mr. Vanstone, "but not too heavy for *me*. Stop on your perch, if you like it. Well? And what may this business happen to be?"

"It begins with a question."

"Ah, indeed? That doesn't surprise me. Business with your sex, my dear, always begins with questions. Go on."

"Papa, do you ever intend allowing me to be married?"

Mr. Vanstone's eyes opened wider and wider. The question, to use his own phrase, completely staggered him.

"This is business with a vengeance!" he said. "Why, Magdalen: what have you got in that harum-scarum head of yours now?"

"I don't exactly know, papa. Will you answer my question?"

"I will if I can, my dear; you rather stagger me. Well, I don't know. Yes; I suppose I must let you be married one of these days—if we can find a good husband for you. How hot your face is! Lift it up, and let the air blow over it. You won't? Well—have your own way. If talking of business means tickling your cheek against my whisker, I've nothing to say against it. Go on, my dear. What's the next question? Come to the point!"

She was far too genuine a woman to do any thing of the sort. She skirted round the point, and calculated her distance to the nicety of a hair's-breadth.

"We were all very much surprised yesterday—were we not, papa? Frank is wonderfully lucky, isn't he?"

"He's the luckiest dog I ever came across," said Mr. Vanstone. "But what has that got to do with this business of yours? I dare say you see your way, Magdalen. Hang me if I can see mine!"

She skirted a little nearer.

"I suppose he will make his fortune in China?" she said. "It's a long way off, isn't it? Did you observe, papa, that Frank looked sadly out of spirits yesterday?"

"I was so surprised by the news," said Mr. Vanstone, "and so staggered by the sight of old Clare's sharp nose in my house, that I didn't much notice. Now you remind me of it—yes. I don't think Frank took kindly to his own good luck; not kindly at all."

"Do you wonder at that, papa?"

"Yes, my dear; I do, rather."

"Don't you think it's hard to be sent away for five years, to make your fortune among hateful savages, and lose sight of your friends at home for all that long time? Don't you think Frank will miss *us* sadly? Don't you, papa?—don't you?"

"Gently, Magdalen! I'm a little too old for those long arms of yours to throttle me in fun.—You're right, my love. Nothing in this world without a drawback. Frank *will* miss his friends in England; there's no denying that."

"You always liked Frank. And Frank always liked you."

"Yes, yes—a good fellow; a quiet, good fellow. Frank and I have always got on smoothly together."

"You have got on like father and son, haven't you?"

"Certainly, my dear."

"Perhaps you will think it harder on him when he has gone than you think it now?"

"Likely enough, Magdalen; I don't say no."

"Perhaps you will wish he had stopped in England? Why shouldn't he stop in England, and do as well as if he went to China?"

"My dear, he has no prospects in England. I wish he had, for his own sake. I wish the lad well, with all my heart."

"May I wish him well too, papa—with all *my* heart?"

"Certainly, my love—your old play-fellow—why not? What's the matter? God bless my soul, what is the girl crying about? One would think Frank was transported for life. You goose! You know, as well as I do, he is going to China to make his fortune."

"He doesn't want to make his fortune—he might do much better."

"The deuce he might! How, I should like to know?"

"I'm afraid to tell you. I'm afraid you'll laugh at me. Will you promise not to laugh at me?"

"Any thing to please you, my dear. Yes; I promise. Now then, out with it! How might Frank do better?"

"He might marry Me."

If the summer scene which then spread before Mr. Vanstone's eyes had suddenly changed to a dreary winter view—if the trees had lost all their leaves, and the green fields had turned white with snow, in an instant, his face could hardly have expressed greater amazement than it displayed when his daughter's faltering voice spoke those four last words. He tried to look at her, but she steadily refused him the opportunity: she kept her face hidden over his shoulder. Was she in earnest? His cheek, still wet with her tears, answered for her. There was a long pause of silence; she waited—with unaccustomed patience, she waited for him to speak. He roused himself, and spoke these words only: "You surprise me, Magdalen; you surprise me more than I can say."

At the altered tone of his voice—altered to a quiet, fatherly seriousness—Magdalen's arms clung round him closer than before.

"Have I disappointed you, papa?" she asked, faintly. "Don't say I have disappointed you! Who am I to tell my secret to, if not to you? Don't let him go—don't! don't! You will break his heart. He is afraid to tell his father; he is even afraid *you* might be angry with him. There is nobody to speak for us, except—except me. Oh, don't let him go! Don't for his sake—" she whispered the next words in a kiss—"don't for Mine!"

Her father's kind face saddened; he sighed, and patted her fair head tenderly. "Hush, my love," he said, almost in a whisper; "hush!" She little knew what a revelation every word, every action that escaped her, now opened before him. She had made him her grown-up play-fellow from her childhood to that day. She had romped with him in her frocks, she had gone on romping with him in her gowns. He had never been long enough separated from her to have the external changes in his daughter forced on his attention. His artless, fatherly experience of her had taught him that she was a taller child in later years, and had taught him little more. And now, in one breathless instant, the conviction that she was a woman rushed over his mind. He felt it in the trouble of her bosom pressed against his; in the nervous thrill of her arms clasped round his neck. The Magdalen of his innocent experience a woman—with the master-passion of her sex in possession of her heart already!

"Have you thought long of this, my dear?" he asked, as soon as he could speak composedly.

"Are you sure—?"

She answered the question before he could finish it.

"Sure I love him?" she said. "Oh, what words can say Yes for me as I want to say it! I love him—!" Her voice faltered softly, and her answer ended in a sigh.

"You are very young. You and Frank, my love, are both very young."

She raised her head from his shoulder for the first time. The thought and its expression flashed from her at the same moment.

"Are we much younger than you and mamma were?" she asked, smiling through her tears.

She tried to lay her head back in its old position, but as she spoke those words her father caught her round the waist—forced her, before she was aware of it, to look him in the face—and kissed her, with a sudden outburst of tenderness which brought the tears thronging back thickly into her eyes. "Not much younger, my child," he said, in low, broken tones—"not much younger than your mother and I were." He put her away from him, and rose from the seat, and turned his head aside quickly. "Wait here, and compose yourself; I will go indoors and speak to your mother." His voice trembled over those parting words, and he left her without once looking round again.

She waited—waited a weary time; and he never came back. At last her growing anxiety urged her to follow him into the house. A new timidity throbbed in her heart as she doubtingly approached the door. Never had she seen the depths of her father's simple nature stirred as they had been stirred by her confession. She almost dreaded her next meeting with him. She wandered softly to and fro in the hall, with a shyness unaccountable to herself—with a terror of being discovered and spoken to by her sister or Miss Garth, which made her nervously susceptible to the slightest noises in the house. The door of the morning-room opened while her back was turned toward it. She started violently as she looked round and saw her father in the hall; her heart beat faster and faster, and she felt herself turning pale. A second look at him, as he came nearer, reassured her. He was composed again, though not so cheerful as usual. She noticed that he advanced and spoke to her with a forbearing gentleness, which was more like his manner to her mother than his ordinary manner to herself.

"Go in, my love," he said, opening the door for her which he had just closed. "Tell your mother all you have told me—and more, if you have more to say. She is better prepared for you than I was. We will take to-day to think of it, Magdalen; and to-morrow you shall know, and Frank shall know, what we decide."

Her eyes brightened as they looked into his face and saw the decision there already, with the double penetration of her womanhood and her love. Happy, and beautiful in her happiness, she put his hand to her lips, and went without hesitation into the morning-room. There her father's words had smoothed the way for her: there the first shock of the surprise was past and over, and only the pleasure of it remained. Her mother had been her age once; her mother would know how fond she was of Frank. So the coming interview was anticipated in her thoughts; and—except that there was an unaccountable appearance of restraint in Mrs. Vanstone's first reception of her—was anticipated aright. After a little the mother's questions came more and more unreservedly from the sweet, unforgotten experience of the mother's heart: she lived again through her own young days of hope and love in Magdalen's replies.

The next morning the all-important decision was announced in words. Mr. Vanstone took his daughter up stairs into her mother's room, and there placed before her the result of the yesterday's consultation, and of the night's reflection which had followed it. He spoke with perfect kindness and self-possession of manner, but in fewer and more serious words than usual; and he held his wife's hand tenderly in his own all through the interview.

He informed Magdalen that neither he nor her mother felt themselves justified in blaming her attachment to Frank. It had been, in part perhaps, the natural consequence of her childish familiarity with him; in part, also, the result of the closer intimacy between them which the theatrical entertainment had necessarily produced. At the same time, it was now the duty of her parents to put that attachment, on both sides, to a proper test—for her sake, because her happy future was their dearest care; for Frank's sake, because they were bound to give him the opportunity of showing himself worthy of the trust confided in him. They were both conscious of being strongly prejudiced in Frank's favor. His father's eccentric conduct had made the lad the object of their compassion and their care from his earliest years: he (and his younger brothers) had almost filled the places to them of those other children of their own whom they had lost. Although they firmly believed their good opinion of Frank to be well founded—still, in the interest of their daughter's happiness, it was necessary to put that opinion firmly to the proof, by fixing certain conditions, and by interposing a year of delay between the contemplated marriage and the present time.

During that year Frank was to remain at the office in London; his employers being informed beforehand that family circumstances prevented his accepting their offer of employment in China. He was to consider this concession as a recognition of the attachment between Magdalen and himself, on certain terms only. If during the year of probation he failed to justify the confidence placed in him—a confidence which had led Mr. Vanstone to take unreservedly upon himself the whole responsibility of Frank's future prospects—the marriage scheme was to be considered from that moment as at an end. If, on the other hand, the result to which Mr. Vanstone confidently looked forward really occurred—if Frank's probationary year proved his claim to the most precious trust that could be placed in his hands—then Magdalen herself should reward him with all that a woman can bestow; and the future which his present employers had placed before him as the result of a five years' residence in China should be realized in one year's time by the dowry of his young wife.

As her father drew that picture of the future the outburst of Magdalen's gratitude could no longer be restrained. She was deeply touched—she spoke from her inmost heart. Mr. Vanstone waited until his daughter and his wife were composed again; and then added the last words of explanation which were now left for him to speak.

"You understand, my love," he said, "that I am not anticipating Frank's living in idleness on his wife's means? My plan for him is that he should still profit by the interest which his present employers take in him. Their knowledge of affairs in the City will soon place a good partnership at his disposal—and you will give him the money to buy it out of hand. I shall limit the sum, my dear, to half your fortune; and the other half I shall have settled upon yourself. We shall all be alive and hearty, I hope"—he looked tenderly at his wife as he said those words—"all alive and hearty at the year's end. But if I am gone, Magdalen, it will make no difference. My will—made long before I ever thought of having a son-in-law—divides my fortune into two equal parts. One part goes to your mother; and the other part is fairly divided between my children. You will have your share on your wedding-day (and Norah will have hers when she marries) from my own hand, if I live; and under my will if I die. There! there! no gloomy faces," he said, with a momentary return of his everyday good spirits. "Your mother and I mean to live and see Frank a great merchant. I shall leave you, my dear, to enlighten the son on our new projects, while I walk over to the cottage—"

He stopped; his eyebrows contracted a little; and he looked aside, hesitatingly, at Mrs. Vanstone.

"What must you do at the cottage, papa?" asked Vaughan, after having vainly waited for him to finish the sentence of his own accord.

"I must consult Frank's father," he replied. "He must not forget that Mr. Clare's consent is still wanting to settle this matter. And as time passes, and we don't know what difficulties he may not raise, the sooner I see him the better."

He gave that answer in low, altered tones; and rose from his chair in a half-reluctant, half-resigned manner, which Magdalen observed with secret alarm.

She glanced inquiringly at her mother. To all appearance Mrs. Vanstone had seen nothing of the change in him also. She looked anxious and uneasy; she turned her face away on the sofa-pillow—turned it suddenly, as if she was in pain.

"Are you not well, mamma?" asked Magdalen.

"Quite well, my love," said Mrs. Vanstone, shortly and sharply, without turning round. "Leave me a little—I only want rest."

Magdalen went out with her father.

"Papa!" she whispered anxiously, as they descended the stairs. "You don't think Mr. Clare will say No?"

"I can't tell beforehand," answered Mr. Vanstone. "I hope he will say Yes."

"There is no reason why he should say any thing else—is there?"

She put the question faintly, while he was getting his hat and stick; and he did not appear to hear her. Doubting whether to repeat it or not, she accompanied him as far as the garden, on his way to Mr. Clare's cottage. He stopped at the lawn, to point out the best track to the house.

"You have nothing on your head, my dear," he said. "If you want to be in the garden, don't forget how hot the sun is—don't come out without your hat."

He walked on toward the cottage.

She waited a moment, and looked after him. She missed the customary alacrity of his step; she saw his little Scotch terrier, who had run out at his heels, barking and capering about him unnoticed. He was out of spirits: he was strange-ly out of spirits. What did it mean?

OMNIBUS AND COUPE.

We were school-fellows once, Madame!
In many a thing I excel you. Yet in this:
Our hands were in girlish friendship knit,
Our hearts with unselfish love were lit.
When we talked of the future we were one,
In a common channel our dreams would run,
Of Love as pure as the purest gold,
Of Friendship that never was bought or sold,
Till we found, along on the stream of Time
Fast linked together as rhyme with rhyme.
But I ride in an omnibus down Broadway,
While you dash by in your grand coupé.

You married, I hear, a millionaire,
Your house is fine and your jewels are rare;
Misty with lace or rich with shawls,
You longed for nothing your heart had thought bulls.
When men address you, they speak in tune;
To hold your fan is a precious boon;
And it seems as if fortune were well satisfied
That it does not perfume the very wind
That blows about you, and soften down
To nunes the roar of the noisy mind.
But I am not envious to see you gay;
And happy, and rich, in your grand coupé.

I married Charlie, your husband's clerk,
Whose life was duty, honor, and work.
And we somehow contrived, on a humble way,
To be very happy, and free, and gay;
For my husband was honest, and brave, and kind,
With a delicate heart and a generous mind.
And the gifts he gave me, though few and cheap,
Were set in a frame-work rich and deep—
A frame-work of Love that never grows old,
But was clear as diamond and solid as gold:
So I do not envy in any way
Your wealthy husband or grand coupé.

Your husband every day, Madame,
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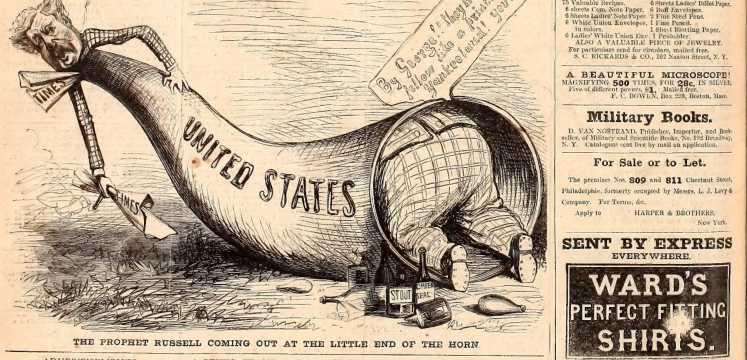
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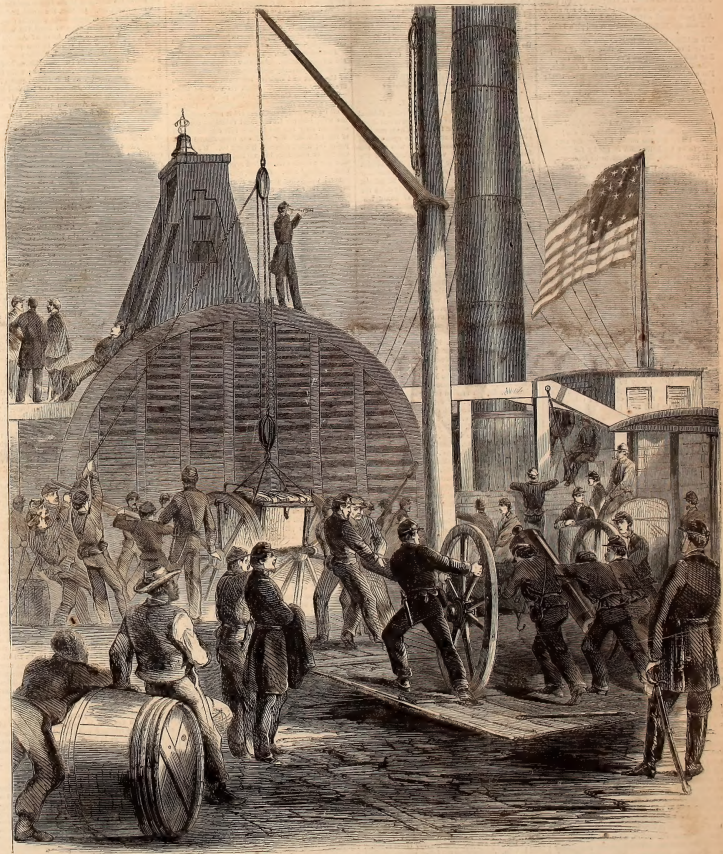
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VI.—No. 277.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3 00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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SHIPPING ARTILLERY AT ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 239.]

A SOLDIER'S LETTER, AND A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

HOSPITAL, *April* —.

I WRITE with a great deal of pain, dear girl—
I've not been able before since the fight—
And my brain is still so much in a whirl,
That I can tell you but little to-night.

The wounded leaders start—'tis not very bad,
Or at least it might be worse; so I said,
When I thought of you, "I'm sure she'll be glad
To know that I'm only wounded—not dead."

I've lost my left arm—there! now you know all!
A Minié ball shattered it, and I fell;
The last that I heard was our Captain's call,
Until—the next I knew, I was in hell.

I've had throughout the most excellent care,
And am getting finely, the surgeon says;
So well, indeed, that the prospect is fair
For a homeward trip before many days.

But I've something else, dear Mary, to say,
And I'll say it if I can—let me try!
I've thought of it well—there's no other way—
You're released from your promise to my suit!
You'll think me foolish at first; then you'll think
Of the loose, armless coat-sleeve at my side;
And your pretty and sensitive heart will shrink
From the thought of being a cripple's bride.

'Tis a bitter struggle to give you up,
For I've loved you more than ever of late;
But duty is duty, and I'll perform the cut,
And I'm calm, though my heart is desolate.
I'm coming home, and of course we must meet
My darling, this once, one hour I implore—
Let us still be friends—for that will be sweet,
Since now, alas! we can be nothing more.

SWEET HOME, *April* —

My Robert, how brave and noble you are!
Too brave and too noble, I know, for me;
But you've too little faith in me by far
If you believe that I want to be free.
I'm not released from my promise—no, no!
I was never so sacred to me before;
If you could but know how I've longed to go
And watch by your side, you'd doubt me no more.

I read your name in the terrible list,
But the tears came back that morning to my eyes
And a fearful pain, that I could not resist,
Crushed my heart till I only longed to die.
The blessed truth, my husband, came to me,
And I felt, as you in your letter said,
A feeling of shame, and all my pain
That Robert was only wounded—not dead.

Oh, darling! to think you have suffered so,
And I all these long, weary miles away;
You've needed me very often, I know,
While I could do nothing but hope and pray.
But hardest of all is the bitter thought
That you have been suffering so much for me,
Poor Robert! your manly letter has brought
A stronger struggle—joy and misery.

But you're coming home to my arms and heart!
You're right—I am proud and sensitive too;
But I'm only so when we are apart,
And now—all only be proud of you!
You're coming home to happiness and rest,
And I wait the moment of blissful calm,
When I shall be held as I pressed to your breast,
By a Patriot-Hero's one strong arm!

BLEECKTON, MASS., *April*, 1862.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1862.

ON TO RICHMOND!

IT is at last safe to say in print what every one has been whispering for his neighbor for several days past—that M'Clellan has started on his march to Richmond. The military censor at Washington seems to be pitiable in the last that Major-General M'Clellan started from Old Point Comfort at the head of his army on 6th, and that on 7th he was before Yorktown. At the time this paper reaches the public eye he may be nearer the rebel capital than will be pleasant for the writer. That he will be, while the insurgent States which can delay his progress more than a few hours.

The keys of the so-called Confederate States are Richmond and New Orleans. When we have taken these our task will be done. It is idle to suppose, as some weak-minded or ill-intentioned persons do, that the rebels will go on forever resisting after the struggle has become hopeless. The question of what people, holding three millions of slaves, can not live in mountain fastnesses, caring sweet potatoes. They will never back out and hoodwink us, and then, and if they can not get them except by submitting, they will submit. If Marion had had a hundred thousand men, besides women and children, to take care of, he never could have lived in the swamps and haunted the British. There will be Marions now—Captain Jack Morgan, for instance—who will flourish as partisan leaders, slave-holding Rover Hoods, until they are hunted down. But the rank and file of the Southern people will submit and become loyal as soon as we make it perfectly apparent to them that the struggle is hopeless, and that they must choose between starvation, with the dangers of servile insurrections, on the one side, and plenty with loyalty on the other. There always comes a period when the *argumentum ad ventrem* is irresistible even with the most obstinate and pugnacious animals.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF SUMTER.

WE publish on pages 248 and 249 a large allegorical picture representing the UNRISING OF THE NORTH, after the Bombardment of FORT SUMTER. This was necessarily a most anxious array of that momentous and fatal day. The artist writes us the following note explanatory of his picture:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—In my design of the "UNRISING OF THE NORTH" I first endeavored to illustrate the excitement and love of country developed throughout the Free States immediately after the bombardment of Sumter.

For Sumter is seen in flames, the fire of smoke and battle rises and gradually obscures the sun ("Quenching the dark days just one year ago; the former leaves the glow in the heavens, the latter the gloom. On the latter eastward goes Bunker Hill Monument, linking the patriots of our fathers with those of to-day; the coming sunlight dissipates the mists of compromise; and the cheerful light contrasts with the portentous darkness on the Southern horizon.

The hosts even of New England swarm over the hills, joining their brothers of the Middle States—swelling, as we meet, the mighty current setting in from the far off States of the Pacific and from Western Sea-board, and, as everywhere, while night the Stars and Stripes in defiance of Liberty and the Union! etc., etc. Very truly yours,

C. PARSONS.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NINETEENTH APRIL.

EIGHTY-SEVEN years ago this morning General Warren sent Dr. Joseph Warren into the towns about Boston with the news that the British were coming. The patriots in Boston hung lanterns upon the old north spire, and a single one—two lights—in the gloom already light knew what it meant, and the farmers took down their muskets. The British soldiers marched from Boston. And the news flew before them through the darkness, and Middlesex farmers by awake that night. At dawn there was a file of troops reached the village of Lexington. The church bell rang a strange, untuned peal. Drums were beaten to call together the men. The citizens assembled upon the green. In the gray morning light they saw the British troops drawn up either in sight of their homes. The red coats came running at the double-quick and halted. Pitcairn fiercely commanded the beginning of the work. They stood fast. He threatened them. They did not falter. Then he fired in their faces, and then and gave the loud order, "Fire!" There was a scattering response, then a steady, deadly volley. Resistance was useless. It was not attempted. Those who fell rose no more, they retired. Seven of them were killed, and wounded. It was day by sunrise, and the swearing British troops pushed on. Concord occupied.

Already the news that had flown before the march had reached and roused the town of Acton, near Concord. The minute-men marched at daybreak, 16th April, 1775, under command of Captain Isaac father of four children, who kissed his wife goodby, and said, "Polly, I must go." At nine o'clock the British arrived and searched for military stores to destroy. Between nine and ten there were four or six hundred countrymen near the old bridge. They had orders to advance, but not to fire unless attacked. The British regulars were under way that led to the bridge. The British began to take up the planks. The Americans advanced steadily. Then the British fired. Davis fell the first rebel fire. It was three hours since he had left his wife. That afternoon she was carried home and laid in her bedroom. He complained was little altered, and pleasant in death." Buttrick (it is the honored name of the leading man of Concord) cried, "Fire, fellow-soldiers, for God's sake fire!" Two of the British fell, and several were wounded. In two minutes the battle of Concord was over, and, as the inscription upon the monument reads, "Here the British first fell before the arm of the Revolution which gave independence to these United States."

It was eighty-seven years ago. Eighty-six years afterward the sons and grandsons of the patriots of Concord were recruited to repeat the bell, as their fathers were, in the dusk of morning—who had gathered upon the village green, and the drums were beaten to call them, and the fife tune, marched on the 19th of April through the streets of Baltimore, hastening from their quiet homes and fields to defend the Government which had been secured by that earlier bloodshed. With the Revolutionary blood flowing in their veins they were beset in the gloomy streets. Like their fathers they were unprepared for battle. They stood fast. The pitiless storm around them were not more pitiless than the stony hearts of the foe they trampled in the dust. Like their fathers they fired, and two of the heroic band fell, as in the earlier day. The anniversary of the city, like the green sod of the Concord valley, was consecrated by their blood. They died, but love, and honor, and deathless renown, and the memory of their deed, like the blood of those heroes sprang from the ground in every one hundred thousand armed men, who stood today from the Chesapeake to the mouth of the Columbia city of death to the utmost point of the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific the legacy of good old cause of peaceful liberty, for which brave men gladly die.

History and the love of a nation blend the two centuries in their remembrance of this day. The one the spring-day of our independence, the other of our assured liberty. The first nineteenth of April showed that we could be a nation: the last proved that we are so. For martyr blood is not shed in vain. Justice does not falter, nor the world turn back: and the cause that all Americans naturally love was never so lovely as to-day when this anniversary returns.

FOR THE SOLDIERS.

HOT weather and hot work are coming. The time is when not only the strategy of Generals and the bravery of soldiers, but the health of all our men in the field is to be tested, is at hand. The time also in which our faith at home, our patient endurance of the necessity of labor and sacrifice, must be proved to be true, has also arrived. The sanitary care which, by the constant benevolence of all patriotic citizens throughout the country, is administered by the unwearying attention of the Sanitary Commission, has followed our soldiers to the camp, received the wounded, cheered, and soothed them in the final hour, all this must now continue with unremitted energy, although the first gush of feeling is gone.

During the last nine months the Commission and its auxiliaries have distributed clothing, and distributed half a million dollars' worth of hospital stores. In the hospitals and on the battle-field, the medical profession, has marshaled bands of nurses, has erected invalid soldiers' homes in Washington, has inspired three hundred of the most faithful, intelligent, and practical men in all the States as advisers, has collected statistics of the most valuable character, has organized depôts of supplies and methods of swift succor—and all this, the most arduous and engrossing work, without any subject to jealous criticism, and employing agents at its own expense.

Four thousand sons. The results it has achieved are its justification, and now it appeals again to the public sympathy and co-operation upon the eve of the great and decisive campaign. The eyes are nearly exhausted. Shall its work be relinquished? The Government can not and will not be the work of the Sanitary Commission. It gives it all its sympathy and what aid it may render in the way, but only the Government functions are one, and they can not include this careful regard of the soldiers. We all know what official sympathy is; even Napoleon's, it used to be. We do not quarrel or complain, but we had all rather know that our wounded soldiers were in other than the merely official care. Besides, upon the health and general well-being, upon the morale of the troops depends their efficiency, and the Commission has doubtless preserved thousands of brave men to fight for themselves and us.

Shall this essential work languish or fail? The appeal is to every man and to every woman in the land. Sacrifice and service are what each one should a volunteer force larger than the great standing armies of the world, and has followed them with thoughtful care. At the beginning of this unparalleled of arms, will not falter in the moment of exhausting effort, but triumphantly accomplish the task it has so nobly begun.

DEMAGOGY.

THE appeal to the prejudice of one part of the population of this country against any other is so directly destructive of the spirit and fact the attempt should every where be marked. When a candidate for the Mayoralty appealed, last autumn, to the lowest passions of the most ignorant who hated negro-shops and live by robbery, he revealed at once his own despair of his cause and the true character of the man to whom respectable citizens, a few years since, publicly besought by letter to stand for Mayor. The same thing was true of every speech he has felt that no civil right whatsoever could be safe in the hands of such a magistrate. He tested his audience and was overwhelmed with the intelligence of the people, but upon the blind passion of a crowd of ignorant voters whose passions he sought to inflame. The result of the election showed the popular estimate of the man, and the people appreciated the course he had taken.

There are newspapers which are trying the same method in regard to the question of the slaves who are freed by the advance of the army. They strive to excite the meanest hatreds in order to produce ignorance, and to persuade them that only what can be involved. They represent the free colored people as a race to be "put down," worthless, thieving mass of persons. The falsehood of these statements it is useless to controvert, because truth is not the object of the men who make them.

It is instructive, nevertheless, to know, as Senator Wilson said in reply to Senator Davis, of Kentucky, who had the effrontery to repeat the slander which should only be found in base mouths and malignant hearts, that in the District of Columbia the free colored people, although under the hopeless ban of belonging to a hated and enslaved race, support themselves, as a class, by their own thrift, support their churches and schools, provide for their own poor, bury their dead, and help support schools for the education of white children whence their own are excluded. Could there be a more striking spectacle for God and man than a party of intelligent men belonging to a powerful, prosperous, proud nation, of thirty millions of people trying to keep their race under by millions of an unfortunate race, and using every art of falsehood and fraud to secure success, instead of considering by what means every man can wisely be lifted into the enjoyment of the rights with which God endowed all men?

Especially in this country, where, if any thing is settled by public opinion, it is that freedom and not slavery is to be the national policy, and consequently that slavery is to be ended, lawfully and peacefully if we all good counsel hope, however by venomous appeals seeks to avert the inevitable development of our civilization and common sense, is the enemy of every decent man and honest citizen.

OUR CAUSE.

THE historian Bancroft was once asked to what period he proposed to continue his history. His reply was, "Our history is complete down to the formation of the Constitution. Since then our story is that of a political system which is yet in course of experiment." The profound sagacity of the reply is shown by the experience of last year. We are now in the very centre of the experiment. For our system could not be said to be permanently established until it had suffered the shock of civil war. That shock it is now sustaining, and every sign indicates that the event will prove the intrinsic superiority of the system.

But the London *Times* is of another opinion. The English Foreign Secretary utters words as we as two Powers; and the *Times* follows the lead by the assertion that the present condition of this country proves that the United States is dissolved. Such a statement is of course only twaddle, for it is not supporting fact of the question. But the *Times* proceeds to some remarkable political generalizations, which it as false as it is feeble.

"This is a time of reaction," it says, "for which democracy has to thank itself." And it then illustrates the reaction by the progress of events in the kingdom of Italy, and the intervention in Mexico. But if any fact is established and illustrated by recent political history, it is that the consent of the nation is the only sure foundation of any government. Not only is Louis Napoleon the elected Emperor of the French, but his whole policy shows his deference to the rights and the power of universal suffrage. The great Italian hero our day, was not fifty years old when he died, but he had already seen close at hand the unity of Italy. The sole obstacle to the union of Austria has been lifted, by the will of the Italian people and their own free choice. Even Kossuth, wisely obedient to a national instinct, from Tuscany, Parma, Modena, a great part of Lombardy, and Naples; while Rome is not yet nominally, as it is in fact, one of the Italian kingdom, only because the political is another and more complicated question. In other words, the separate Austrian provinces of Italy have cast off their foreign master, and are united under their own constitutional queen.

Instead of an age of reaction, it is emphatically the age of universal suffrage, and the doctrine of constitutional liberty and national unity is the one cardinal conditions of peaceful civilization and progress. And our own struggle is the most striking and the most popular system is the strongest possible, since it can victoriously cope not only with a more formidable domestic rebellion than any other contemporary government could withstand, but with the covert hostility of every rival power in the world.

ANTI-DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

THE last evening upon the District emancipation bill suggests once more the retrospect of the political patrimony of St. Peter, or the states of the church, and especially the political history of the anomalous and foolish political communities. For as there is no valid reason why the chief Bishop of a church should be a province specially subject to his temporal sway, so there is none why the national Government of a republic should be seated in a little territory of which the inhabitants are virtually disfranchised.

The inconvenience of the situation and of the case makes the national metropolis an unhealthy village, and the power of the people over the officers of Government, with the throngs of official dependents, and inhabited by the diplomatic body. In every other part of the civilized world the diplomatic corps carries with it the refinements and delights of the chief city of the country. It is no wonder that Washington, one of the most beautiful sites for a monument of dreary exile for a foreigner. To come to Americans is hard, but to live in Washington—*hoc opus*.

The inevitable consequence is, not only that the District suffers for proper legislation, but that what is the business of all the States is in that direction the interest of none. Hence the National Government is surrounded by belittling influences. Instead of contact with the great centres of national interest and feeling, which could be found in the national capitals—such as the French Government finds in Paris and the English in London—it breathes the air of a village, and talks with the great nation by the telegraph, or the mail, or through committees. The people of the other nations smile at the free exploitation and centralization when the seat of government is in a foreign city—an overshadowing power like that of Paris over France. But the natures of our system obviates such a fear with us. In the other nations the fear that the capital subjugate would arise among the chief cities of the various States; but however large any country may be, and however divided, there is always a capital city, and that is the natural capital.

It would certainly be difficult to give any better original reason why the capital of the United States should be in a village upon the Potomac, than why the seat of the French Government should be at Pau in the Pyrenees. Tradition, time, and the luxury engrafted upon the institutions of the latter are secondary, but influential, considerations now. The costly Capitol, at once a mere and a shame, the other huge and ill-considered buildings, the political habit of the world which typifies our Government as the Colossus of Washington, and the national association of the capital with the District all these are reasons for the present situation.

But when the war is over, and the causes of alienation are removed, and there is national peace in fact, as well as in form, let us hope that something may be done to emancipate the Government from the District of Columbia.

A COMMON ERROR.

IT may be hardly necessary to warn any person who reads the papers that he must not rely too implicitly upon the report of what happened yesterday, not because of any intention to misrepresent, but of the general difficulty of knowing exactly the facts. But when the report is of something that happened in another country many years ago, when the object of the representation is the gratification of a malignant purpose, and when the vehicle of the report is a work as notoriously unaccuracy and untrustworthy, every reader ought to

remember that he is probably reading the grossest falsehoods.

The stories that are usually told of the revolt in St. Domingo are of this latter kind. They are the most stupendous and malicious falsehoods. And as the question is one in which we are all practically interested, it is quite worth while for us to know the facts, which are not accessible except to special study, for the reason that the subject is the occasion of such strong partisan views.

After the French Revolution of 1789 began, St. Domingo was convulsed by civil wars between the whites and the mulattoes, in which the slaves, which belonged to both parties, had for a long time no share, and in which the atrocities committed by the whites, and officially recorded, are beyond belief.

At length the slaves, who saw the whites and mulattoes ferociously fighting, the one party for equal rights, the other for exclusive privilege, revolted and rose. The rising was terrible, but it was not the result of emancipation, for they were not freed; it was the consequence of slavery.

During this anarchy upon the island Spain and England began to contest its possession with France. France was in danger of losing it altogether, when the French Commissioners, in August, 1793, liberated the slaves. In the following June the French Convention confirmed the emancipation. Immediately there was method in the action of the blacks and comparative order. Toussaint l'Ouverture at once raised the French standard. The treaty of Basle, in 1795, secured the Spanish part of the island to France. In 1798 Toussaint, appointed Commander-in-Chief, drove out the English, recalled the fugitive planters, gave them their old slaves for hired laborers, and the island became once more peaceful, prosperous, and happy, as every state must be where justice is the fundamental law.

In 1802 Napoleon sent a great army to St. Domingo, seized Toussaint by treachery, carried him to Europe, where he died in prison among the Jura Mountains, re-established slavery in all the French colonies except St. Domingo, which he wished first to subdue, then to enslave, and in which the "horrors" again broke forth, consequent upon the effort to re-enslave. In 1804, however, the French were finally expelled from the island.

Let it be constantly remembered, then, that "the horrors of St. Domingo" began three years before the slaves were emancipated, and began because they were not liberated. They ceased with freedom, and they revived with the attempt to restore slavery. The truth is precisely the reverse of the common statement. The trouble of insurrection springs from slavery, and not from liberty. This fact is recognized by the laws of all slave communities, which imply that the slaves are natural and probable enemies. In Sparta, long ago, there was a periodical slaughter of the slaves. In all our Slave States to-day the laws respecting colored persons, free or slave, are shocking to humanity but essential to the system.

The point for us all to remember, as men and citizens, is that it is always more dangerous to the public peace to treat men as brutes than as human beings. And although it is perfectly true that, politically speaking, the citizens of one State in this Union have nothing to do with the domestic institutions of the others, yet when those others, instead of confining their institutions to themselves, seek at the point of the sword to impose them upon the nation, the nation, with a commendable and natural regard to its own existence, will certainly take care that henceforth those institutions shall be limited to the States, and that every falsehood told to prevent or perplex that result shall be exposed, and the motives of the utterers of falsehood made plain to the simplest mind.

INFAMY.

There are persons whom no temptation should persuade to emerge from the obscurity into which, by the consent of their country, they have recently or long since fallen; persons whose hopeless fate it is to be pilloried in history; since history must name them, and can only name with scorn. They are persons who for no merit, but from the very obscurity of mediocrity, have been raised to high public positions, despised by those whose tools they were, and shunned by those who resisted their bad designs. They stand conspicuous, as a man upon the gallows stands; but they have no love, no respect, no sympathy. No man would be glad to welcome them in his home, nor to call his children by their name. For a few years they may have dazzled the public eye by an inexplicable success; but their career, ended before their lives, deludes no ingenuous youth and allures no noble ambition. Their names become gradually the synonyms of dishonor and contempt. Theirs is a fate so pitiful that whenever they stir obscurity, and remind living men that they are not dead, those men do not willingly mention them, but leave them to the charitable forgetfulness of their contemporaries and the tragical fidelity of history.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SOMETHING "IN NUBIBUS."

A short time ago we were distressed to read that Saturn had lost his rings! Whether that steady-going old star had dropped them at one of his periodical Saturnalias, or whether he was obliged to part with them under a temporary financial pressure, our telescopic mind is at a loss to say; but we are sure our readers will rejoice with us at learning that Saturn has got his rings back again. They shine as brilliantly as ever (in fact, many of the diamonds are to the full as big as stars, and sparkle not less lustrously), and from their increased brilliancy we draw the bright reflection that Saturn may probably have only sent his rings to be cleaned; or it may be, since Saturn is the wearer of the belt, and consequently is the Champion of the Celestial Ring, that his love of fair play made him take his rings off, insomuch as he had been challenged to have a round or two with some refractory star, who was out sky-larking. We wish Professor Airey would throw a light on this misty subject, for we are forced to confess that at present it is terribly clouded in obscurity.

Second Sight.—A pair of spectacles.

A Figurative Policeman.—A policeman giving evidence at Bow Street against a woman accused of robbing a pawnbroker, assured the magistrate that, on telling the prisoner the nature of the charge on which he captured her, she "turned away from him and swallowed a bed-tick, a pair of stays, two brass candlesticks, a smoothing-iron, and a bellows!"

Magistrate. "Nonsense! Have you lost your senses?"
Constable. "Your Worship, 'tis the tickets of them, I mane, she swallowed."

The following recipes are said never to fail:

To Destroy Rats.—Catch them, one by one, and flatten their heads in a lemon-squeezer.

To Kill Cockroaches.—Get a pair of heavy boots, then catch your roaches, put them in a barrel, and get in yourself and dance.

To Catch Mice.—On going to bed put crumbs of cheese in your mouth, and lie with it open, and when a mouse's whiskers tickle your mouth, bite.

"This is a grate country," as the poor debtor said when he looked through the bars of his prison.

An exciseman calling at the house of a good-humored landlady at Shrewsbury, she consulted him about some liquor that had been deposited in her cellar without a permit. At the words "without a permit," the exciseman rushed below, and found himself up to the middle in water, which the flooding of the Severn had forced into the cellar.

FRANCE AND MUMBO JUMBO.

Mumbo Jumbo reigns in Rome,
Feared beyond the salt-sea foam,
By his subjects scorned at home:
They laugh at Mumbo Jumbo.

Mumbo Jumbo governs there,
Guarded in St. Peter's Chair,
Romans France compels to bear
The yoke of Mumbo Jumbo.

Mumbo Jumbo Frenchmen rules
By the help of priestly tools,
For in France too many fools
Believe in Mumbo Jumbo.

Mumbo Jumbo frightens France,
Or Napoleon would advance,
And withdraw his countenance
Away from Mumbo Jumbo.

Mumbo Jumbo then would flee,
Or in Rome but own a See,
Capital of Italy
Exempt from Mumbo Jumbo.

Miss Jones says that the reason why she preferred the Sewing Machine that she bought is that the best feller in the world is attached to it.

At a representation of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," a young coxcomb hummed so loud certain airs of the opera as to annoy all his neighbors. An amateur, who sat beside him, unable to bear it any longer, said aloud, "What a fool!" "Do you mean me?" said the troublesome fellow to him. "No, Sir, I complain of Mario, who prevents my hearing you."

Hooke had a recipe of his own to prevent being exposed to the night air. "I was very ill," he said, "some months ago, and my doctor gave me particular orders not to expose myself to it; so I come up every day to Crockford's, or some other place, to dinner, and I make it a rule on no account to go home again till about four or five o'clock in the morning."

"What is the difference, lovey, between export and transport?" "Well, my duckey, if you were aboard of yonder outward-bound craft, you would be exported—I, transported."

Time is money. How willingly would some exchange it for cash!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, April 1, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to collect evidence in regard to the barbarous treatment of the Union officers and soldiers by the rebels after the battle of Bull Run, and whether the rebels have enlisted Indians in their service. Senator Sumner said it was evident we were in conflict with a people lower in the scale of civilization than ourselves, and he wanted record made for history. The debate on the bill providing for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was then resumed. Senator Wright spoke in opposition, and Senator Fessenden in favor of the proposition.——In the House, a memorial from the Illinois Constitutional Convention, in favor of the early enlargement of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, was referred to the Military Committee. Mr. Hutchins asked leave to introduce a preamble and resolution setting forth that General Hooker, commanding on the Lower Potomac, had issued an order permitting certain slave-owners of Maryland to enter his camp and search for fugitive slaves, and requesting the Committee on the Conduct of the War to inquire whether such order is not a violation of the Article of War recently passed by Congress, forbidding any officers to return fugitive slaves to their masters. Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, objected to the reception of the resolution, and it was therefore not received. The remainder of the session was devoted to discussing the Tax bill in Committee of the Whole. Mr. Colfax moved to strike out the section levying a tax on advertisements; but the committee refused. The section was, however, modified so as to assess the advertisement tax on the amount received for the same instead of the amount charged, while the tax is reduced from five to three per cent.

On Wednesday, April 2, in the Senate, Senator Latham read the correspondence between the Secretary of State and Ex-President Pierce relative to the treasonable designs of the Knights of the Golden Circle. A resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of War for information as to what fraudulent drafts had been accepted by Floyd while at the head of the War Department, and what amount is now outstanding. The House resolution in favor of extending pecuniary aid to States desirous of emancipating their slaves was then taken up, and, after a brief discussion, adopted by a vote of 32 to 10. The debate on the bill providing for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was then resumed, and continued till the adjournment.——In the House, most of the session was spent in Committee of the Whole on the Tax bill, the clauses relative to stamp duties, expresses, and goods entered at custom-houses being under consideration.

On Thursday, April 3, in the Senate, a bill giving twelve months' extra pay to the widow, child, or nearest relative of the officers and seamen of the ships-of-war *Cumberland* and *Congress* was passed. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution, which lies over, instructing the Military Committee to report what further legislation is necessary to prevent army officers from aiding the return or having control over fugitive slaves, and to punish them therefor. Senator Davis, of Kentucky, offered a resolution declaring "that the war shall not be prosecuted in any spirit of conquest or subjugation, but to defend the Constitution and preserve the rights of the several States unimpaired, and that the United States will prosecute the war until this is secured." This resolution was also laid over. The bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia was then taken up. The substitutes of Senators Clark and Dwight were rejected. A substitute, providing for the gradual emancipation of the slaves, with compensation to their owners, and the submission of the question to the people of the District, was also rejected by a vote of ten yeas to twenty-five nays. The original bill coming up, Senator Collamer, of Vermont, offered an amendment that the owners of persons held to service shall put upon file the name and a description of the person liberated by the bill within twenty days after making a claim for payment, or within such time as the commissioners may limit, under the penalty of forfeiture of the claim, and that the clerks of the Court shall issue certificates of manumission to the persons liberated. The amendment was adopted. Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, offered an amendment appropriating $100,000 to aid in the voluntary emigration of the persons liberated by the bill and other persons of color in the District of Columbia, to Hayti, Liberia, or other country. This was agreed to by a vote of twenty-seven to ten, and the main question being taken, the bill passed by a vote of twenty-nine yeas to fourteen nays. The announcement of the result was received with applause from the galleries.——In the House, the President was requested, if in his opinion not incompatible with the public interests, to communicate any information which may be received at the Department of State showing the system of revenue or finance now existing in any foreign country. The consideration of the Tax bill was then resumed in Committee of the Whole, the clauses relative to inland insurance, mortgages, stamp duties, the tax on railroad passengers, medicines, and incomes being under consideration. All the sections of the bill have been acted on excepting the two relating to appropriations and allowances and drawbacks.

On Friday, April 4, in the Senate, Senator Hale gave notice of a new rule which he proposed to offer—that during the existing rebellion the majority of the Senate may fix the time when debate on any subject shall cease, and the Senate shall then vote on the question without further discussion. The remainder of the session was devoted to District of Columbia business.——In the House, the consideration of the Tax bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole. An amendment, offered by Mr. Blair, of Missouri, proposing to tax slaves two dollars per head gave rise to an animated discussion; but it was rejected by a vote of 47 to 62. The bill was then reported to the House by the Committee. The amendments were ordered to be printed.

Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, April 7, in the Senate, the Chairman of the Military Committee made a report authorizing the transfer of the appropriation for fortifications to the building of iron-clad gun-boats. The bill providing for the confiscation of the property of rebels was taken up, and Senator Trumbull made a long speech in its favor. Senator Harris gave notice that he should offer a substitute for the bill, and made some remarks thereon.——In the House, Mr. White offered a resolution providing for the appointment of a committee of nine members to inquire, and report as early as practicable, whether any plan can be proposed and recommended for the gradual emancipation of all the African slaves, and the extinction of slavery in Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri by the people or local authorities thereof, and whether such an object is expedient and desirable; and that they further inquire and report whether the colonization of such emancipated slaves on this continent or elsewhere is necessarily a concomitant of their freedom, and how and what provision should be made therefor; also, that they inquire how far, and in what way, the Government can and ought equitably to facilitate this object; and that they further be authorized, if in their judgment expedient, to extend their inquiries as to the other slaveholding States, and report thereon. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 67 to 59. A resolution instructing the Ways and Means Committee to report a new Tariff bill was, on motion of Mr. Stevens, laid on the table by a vote of 88 to 35. A bill establishing a uniform bankrupt law was reported by the Judiciary Committee. The Internal Tax bill was then taken up, and 73 sections passed upon by the House.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S ADVANCE.

General M'Clellan advanced with his army from Hampton on 4th April in the direction of Yorktown. On 6th he made a careful examination of the rebel works at Yorktown, and found them to be very strong and the approaches difficult. The water batteries at Yorktown and Gloucester have been considerably increased. It is evident that siege trains and mortars will have to be employed before assaulting the place, and although its capture is certain, a siege of two or three days may be necessary. All the important works before Yorktown have been already taken by our troops, and the greatest enthusiasm prevails among them. Supplies are being rapidly received from Shipping Point, which was taken possession of by our army on Sunday. A dispatch from General Wool states that the rebel General Magruder has 30,000 men at Yorktown.

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG.

A terrible battle has taken place in the Southwest. A dispatch dated Pittsburg, *via* Fort Henry, April 9, 3.20 a.m. says:

One of the greatest and bloodiest battles of modern days has just closed, resulting in the complete rout of the enemy, who attacked us at daybreak Sunday morning.

The battle lasted without intermission during the entire day and was again renewed on Monday morning, and continued undecided until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy commenced their retreat, and are still flying toward Corinth, pursued by a large force of our cavalry.

The slaughter on both sides is immense. We have lost in killed and wounded and missing from eighteen to twenty thousand; that of the enemy is estimated at from thirty-five to forty thousand.

This statement of the loss is probably exaggerated. On Sunday the advantage seems to have been undetermined; but on that evening General Buell arrived with fresh troops, and attacked the enemy at daybreak on Monday 7th. The battle raged fiercely all day. The dispatch above quoted thus describes the victory:

About three o'clock in the afternoon General Grant rode to the left, where the fresh regiments had been ordered, and, finding the rebels wavering, sent a portion of his body guard to the head of each of five regiments, and then ordered a charge across the field, himself leading, as he brandished his sword and waved them on to the crowning victory, while cannon-balls were falling like hail around him.

The men followed with a shout that sounded above the roar and din of the artillery, and the rebels fled in dismay, as from a destroying avalanche, and never made another stand.

General Buell followed the retreating rebels, driving them in splendid style, and by half past five o'clock the whole rebel army was in full retreat to Corinth, with our cavalry in hot pursuit, with what further result is not known, not having returned up to this hour.

We have taken a large amount of their artillery, and also a number of prisoners. We lost a number of our forces (prisoners) yesterday, among whom is General Prentiss. The number of our force taken has not been ascertained yet. It is reported at several hundred. General Prentiss was also reported as being wounded. Among the killed on the rebel side was their General-in-Chief, Albert Sydney Johnston, who was struck by a cannon-ball on the afternoon of Sunday. Of this there is no doubt, as the report is corroborated by several rebel officers taken to-day. It is further reported that General Beauregard had his arm shot off.

THE "MERRIMAC."

The latest intelligence of the position of the *Merrimac* is that she was still taking in coal at the Norfolk Navy-yard on 5th. It was reported that the renowned Captain Hollins was to take command of her. Other reports say that she will be commanded by Commodore Pegram. She has two new guns on board. She will be accompanied by the *Yorktown*, *Teaser*, *Jamestown*, and four other gunboats. The correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* says of her:

"The *Merrimac* is now in the dry-dock for repairs. Her iron plates are said to have withstood, with the most complete success, the effects of the terrific cannonading of the enemy, some of the sections only being riven. Her smoke-stack and ventilators were riddled by the enemy's balls so as to give them the appearance, as our informant describes them, of huge nutmeg graters. We are glad to learn from the Norfolk *Day-Book* that the large gun recently cast in Richmond for the *Merrimac* has been placed in its position on board of that vessel. It throws a solid shot weighing 360 pounds.

"The shot is of wrought iron, long, and has a steel point. This point is not conical, as in the common rifle cannon-ball, but shaped like that of the ordinary instrument for punching iron. Recent experiments show this to be a very ugly weapon, even against thick iron plates. The gun for this new projectile, with the two Armstrong guns, put aboard the *Merrimac* since she returned from Newport News, gives her one of the most formidable batteries in the world, in addition to her being perfectly shot and shell proof."

GENERAL BANKS DRIVING THE REBELS.

On 1st April General Banks's forces advanced upon the rebels in the neighborhood of Woodstock, drove them through it, they meanwhile fighting as they retreated. The rear-guard of the latter was constantly engaged with the advanced-guard of the former; and during their retreat the rebels set fire to the bridges and succeeded in destroying several of them. At Edenburg they made a stand, but our forces gaining the best of the contest the rebels again retreated.

ISLAND NUMBER TEN.

The rebels at Island No. 10 surrendered on the night of 7th to Commodore Foote, with all the men, guns, and other property at the position.

General Halleck telegraphs as follows:

General Pope has captured three generals, six thousand prisoners of war, one hundred siege-pieces and several field batteries, with immense quantities of small-arms, tents, wagons, and horses. Our victory is complete and overwhelming. We have not lost a single man.

BURNSIDE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A report reached Fortress Monroe on 5th that the rebels had warned General Burnside to abandon Newbern within six days or take the consequences, and that the General replied that he would soon meet the enemy at Goldsboro' and at Raleigh, and there settle the question of evacuation. The latest from Beaufort states that Fort Macon still holds out, but that formidable preparations are being made by our troops to shell it within a few days, in which event its reduction will become inevitable.

AFFAIRS IN FLORIDA.

Our forces at Jacksonville, Florida, are momentarily expecting an attack from the rebels, consisting of two Mississippi regiments and one of Florida guerrillas, with a troop of horse and a battery of artillery. Brigadier-General Wright, commanding our troops at that place, is confident of being able to sustain himself and protect the town and the inhabitants, the majority of whom are Northern men and loyal citizens. Deserters represent the condition of the rebel forces as desperate, being entirely out of food and relying upon foraging for subsistence.

IN NEW MEXICO.

The news from New Mexico, dated the 18th ult., represents Colonel Canby still shut up at Fort Craig, and Fort Union, the strongest defense on the Western frontier, occupied by a force of fourteen hundred men. The rebels, twenty-four hundred strong, were at Albuquerque, about half-way between Forts Union and Craig. It was reported that the rebel Generals Baylor and Steele were advancing with eighteen hundred Texans on Fort Union. If possible the garrison at the latter fort would attempt to relieve Colonel Canby, and repossess Albuquerque and Santa Fé, now held by the rebels.

AFFAIRS NEAR FORT PULASKI.

Commodore Dupont and Commander Gillis report officially the abandonment by the rebels of the formidable batteries on Skidaway and Green Islands. They succeeded, however, in removing their artillery before leaving the fortifications. The works were taken possession of by our troops. The evacuation of the Thunderbolt fort, which is only five miles from Savannah, would almost indicate that a very strong defense would not be made to the Union advance upon that city. Skidaway battery was situated on the island of the same name, and commanded the approach by the Augustine River. The island is about twelve miles from the city, and was connected with the main land by bridges. Fort Pulaski is now surrounded by our forces, and the rebels have offered to evacuate, if allowed to march out with the honors of war. This proposition has been peremptorily refused by General Sherman, who demands an unconditional surrender.

GENERAL FREMONT'S DEPARTMENT.

From Western Virginia we learn that the rebels are retreating before our forces under General Milroy, who has advanced from Cheat Mountain, and now holds Camp Alleghany, lately evacuated by the rebels. The rebels have also fallen back from Monterey and Huntersville, and seem to be moving toward Staunton, where they will have a chance of escape by railroad.

ROUT OF REBELS AT UNION CITY.

On 31st March, Colonel Buford made a descent upon Union City, with the Twenty-seventh and Forty-second Illinois regiments and a part of the Fifteenth Wisconsin, accompanied by a detachment of cavalry and artillery from Hickman, commanded by Colonel Hey, and, after a forced march of thirty miles, fell upon the rebel encampments at seven o'clock in the morning, dispersing the entire force stationed there, under the rebel commanders Clay and King, consisting of both cavalry and infantry. The enemy fled in every direction. Several of them were killed and a number taken prisoners. A large amount of spoils was captured, including 150 wagons, filled with commissary and quarter-master's stores. The rebel force were supposed to number 700 infantry and between 700 and 800 cavalry.

TWO MORE MILITARY DEPARTMENTS.

Two new military departments have been created. The first comprises that portion of Virginia and Maryland lying between the Mountain Department (General Frémont's) and the Blue Ridge, which is to be called the Department of the Shenandoah, to be under command of General Banks. The other is to be designated the Department of the Rappahannock, and will comprise the portion of Virginia east of the Blue Ridge and west of the Potomac and the Fredericksburg and Richmond railroad, including the District of Columbia and the Patuxant. General M'Dowell is placed in command of this district.

NO MORE TROOPS WANTED.

Orders have been issued by the War Department recalling all officers now on recruiting service to their regiments at once, and notifying all Governors of States that no new enlistments or levies will be received until further orders from the Department, the force now in the field being considered sufficient to put down the rebellion and bring the war to a speedy termination.

ELECTION IN RHODE ISLAND.

Governor Sprague and the present incumbents of the State offices in Rhode Island were re-elected on 2d without opposition. In the Legislature in grand Committee, the Democrats and Constitutional Union Party will have a majority of about 36.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The London journals uniformly sneer at or abuse President Lincoln's emancipation message. The *Morning Post* treats it as a puerile and vain scheme. It says it can only be accounted for as being the last resource of a Government which feels it is engaged in a struggle which, if continued, must involve it in ruin, and which it would make any sacrifice short of submission to arrest.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The United States Minister in London has received a letter from Secretary Seward, advising him to announce to the British Cabinet the approval of our Government of the project of an Atlantic telegraph to Newfoundland. Lord Palmerston's reception of the deputation from the Atlantic Telegraph Company is regarded as very favorable.

SPAIN.

THE MEXICAN INTERVENTION.

The Spanish Government has ordered General Prim not to treat with the Mexicans till the allied troops are in Mexico City.



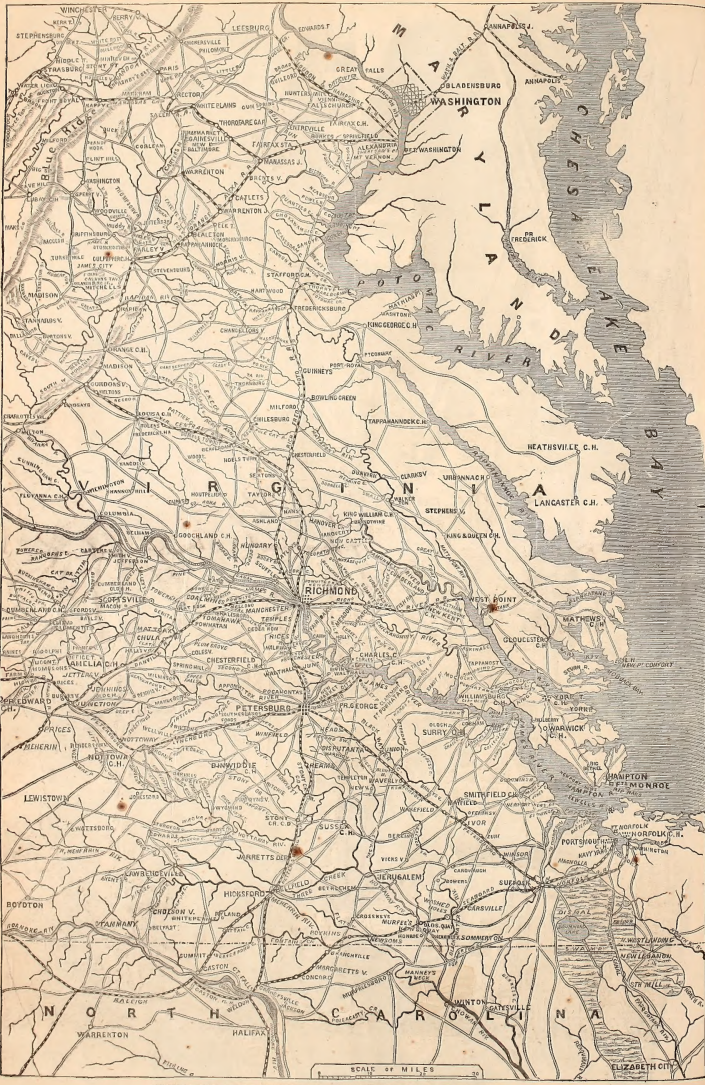
TRANSPORTS EMBARKING TROOPS AT ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 255.]



CITY OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 255.]



FEDERAL TROOPS AT HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS.—[SEE PAGE 253.]

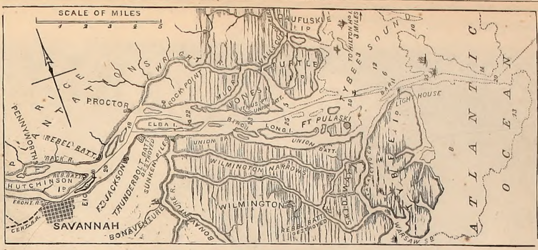


GENERAL MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE ROAD TO RICHMOND.

APPROACHES TO SAVANNAH.

The accompanying Map shows clearly the approaches by water to Savannah, which is situated on the south bank of the Savannah River, about eighteen miles from the Atlantic Ocean by the channel of the river, as indicated by a line on the Map. The depths of the channel, at low tide, are given in feet, the outer dotted line representing eighteen feet. It will be seen that Fort Pulaski commands the bar and channel of the river, also other water approaches, which, however, are shallow. From Hilton Head Island the United States forces passed through Cooper River, Wall's Cut, Mud and Wright rivers, into the Savannah River, and built forts on Jones and Bird's islands, which cut off supplies by water from Savannah to Fort Pulaski. Another base of operations is Warsaw Sound, south of Tybee Island, from which light-draught vessels pass into Wilmington Narrows, and thus command the land approaches to Fort Pulaski. The land being low and marshy, the cannon and mortars of the Union gun-boats have a range for miles over the banks of the streams. A wooden road has been made over the miry land of Jones Island, from the end of Wall's Cut to Venus Point, where has recently been built a strong battery commanding the river, and putting a stop to the operations of "Commodore Tatnall's Mosquito Fleet." The naval firing between Commodore Tatnall and Captain Davis was when the boats of the former were in the Savannah River, and those of the latter in Wilmington Narrows.

Sunken piles prevent our boats passing from Wilmington Narrows to the Savannah River. The Skidaway and Thunderbolt batteries, built by the rebels, have been destroyed by our gun-boats.



MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF FORT PULASKI, AND APPROACHES TO SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.



1. Mississippi River.—2. New Orleans.—3. Algiers.—4. Lake Pontchartrain.—5. Point aux Herbes.—6. Fort Pike.—7. Rigolets.—8. Fort Macomb and Menteur Pass.—9. Pine Island.—10. Lake Borgne.—11. Pearl River, boundary between Louisiana and Mississippi.—12. Malheureux Islands.—13. Shieldsborough.—14. St. Joseph's Island.—15. Cat Island.—16. Ship Island, in possession of the Federal Government.—17. Mississippi City, in possession of the Federal Government.—18. Biloxi, in possession of the Federal Government.—19. Pascagoula.—20. Horn Island.—21. Mobile.—22. Fort Morgan.—23. Fort Pickens.—24. Pensacola.—25. Gulf of Mexico.—26. Chandeleur Islands.—27. Chandeleur Sound.—28. Black Bay.—29. Fort Dupre.—30. Mouths of the Mississippi.—31. Fort Jackson.—32. Fort Philip.—33. Fort Livingston.—34. Barataria Bay.—35. Fort Leon.—36. Woodville and Canal.—37. Lake Lery.—38. Proctorville and Fort.—39. Fort Bienvenue.—40. Bayou Bienvenue.—41. New Orleans and Lake Pontchartrain Railroad.—42. New Orleans and Jackson, Mississippi, Railroad.—43. Carrollton.—44. Lake Washa.

BALLOON VIEW OF THE VICINITY OF NEW ORLEANS, LOOKING TOWARD THE GULF OF MEXICO.



THE GREAT UPRISING OF THE NORTH—AN ANNIVERSARY PICTU



E—APRIL 12, 1862.—Drawn by C. Parsons, Esq.—[See Page 242.]

WHICH GOT THE WORST OF IT?

There is a point at which the rising and the falling grades in society meet and unite—usually with some turbulence, as when things acid and alkaline are presented to each other. Family pride humbles itself to wealth, and wealth seeks, by a union with family pride, to obtain social recognition. The question is, admitting the common sentiment of incongruity in such unions, which party has made a sacrifice? which, in plainer words, has got the worst of the bargain? The representative of a decaying family, or the representative of a healthy and vigorous family? A case in point, by way of illustration, may help the mind to a conclusion; though it must by no means be taken as covering the ground.

Two men arrived in this country at the beginning of the present century, the one rich and the other poor. They were from England, and their families resided in the same neighborhood. Both were in the prime of life. The man of wealth was named Bernard Leister; the poor man, Jacob Ward. Leister bought ships, and entered into trade. He had large warehouses in New York, where the goods brought in by his ships were deposited. For the position of porter he needed a trusty man—one who, having access to his varied stores of merchandise, might be thoroughly trusted; and who, also, had sufficient intelligence to receive and deliver, and return accurate memoranda to the counting-room. A person had been recommended and tried, but proved incompetent; a second was competent enough, but failed in the high essential of integrity, and was dismissed.

"Oh for an honest man!" the merchant had ejaculated when, as the words parted his lips, Jacob Ward came in.

"Ah, Jacob! How are you?" said Mr. Leister, recognizing in a friendly way his poor fellow-countryman. Ward removed his hat as, in a respectful tone, he answered,

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Leister."

"Can I do any thing for you, Jacob?" asked the merchant.

"Yes, Sir, I think you can. I wish to send five pounds to my sister."

A slight change was visible in Leister's face—a going out of the pleased expression, as though some uncomfortable recollection had come into his mind.

"And I thought," continued Jacob Ward, "that maybe you could draw a draft on London or Liverpool."

"Yes, Jacob, I can furnish a draft. For five pounds, did you say?"

"Yes, Sir."

"To whose order shall it be drawn?"

Jacob gave his sister's name, and Mr. Leister directed a clerk to fill up first, second, and third bills of exchange for the sum desired. While the bills were preparing, Mr. Leister said:

"Well, Jacob, what are you doing?"

"I'm gardener for Mr. Wykoff, Sir."

"Ah! Mr. Wykoff is a very fine man."

"Indeed and he is, Sir."

"What are your wages?"

"Fourteen dollars a month, Sir, and found."

"That is, you get your board in addition to your wages?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You should be in a better place, Jacob," said Mr. Leister.

"I don't complain, Sir. Mr. Wykoff is a kind master, and never finds fault."

"That is because you do your duty, as your father did before you, Jacob. Your father was an honest and a faithful man, and I've always heard you well spoken of."

"Thank you, Mr. Leister. I try to do right, and then, as my father used to say, leave the rest to God."

The merchant had ejaculated, "Oh for an honest man!" and the honest man stood before him. "Faithfulness runs in this blood," he said within himself. "You might have trusted the father with uncounted gold."

"What would it cost you for boarding in the city, in case a desirable situation were to offer?" asked Mr. Leister.

"Good board can be had for $10 a month," replied Ward.

"You know something of figures?"

"A little; father sent me two years to school."

"You could weigh goods in receiving or delivering, and keep the account?"

"Yes, Sir. That's easy enough."

Leister mused for a little while, and then said:

"Jacob, I think you're the man I want. We had to send our porter away yesterday. The place is still vacant, and if you will come, it is open for you. Wages $30 a month. What do you say?"

"I couldn't leave Mr. Wykoff on such short notice, Sir. He's been very kind to me."

"If I make it all right with Mr. Wykoff, what then?"

"I'd rather take your offer, Sir, than stay where I am. I never cared much for gardening."

Mr. Wykoff, though regretting to part with so faithful a man, would not put any hinderances in his way; and Jacob Ward the gardener became Jacob Ward the porter, in which position, honest and faithful, he remained for years, his mind growing all the while, and his business knowledge increasing.

He married, two years after entering Mr. Leister's store, the daughter of a cedar cooper, who, though poor, had a clear family record. "Honest" was the father's sobriquet among his neighbors. The daughter's education was limited; but she had good sense, a warm heart, and right principles.

After being ten years in the service of Mr. Leister, holding the position, as stated, during most of the time, and receiving for the whole period an average income of about five hundred dollars a year, Jacob, who had saved nearly two thousand dollars, started in business for himself as a retail grocer. From this period he held steadily a prosperous career; not, at first, accumulating very rapidly, but always accumulating. The close of every year saw him better off than in the beginning. Gradually his business enlarged, new connections were formed, and, as means increased, he ventured on more extended operations. From a retail dealer he became an extensive wholesale merchant, having his warehouse on Pearl Street.

Meantime his family and that of Mr. Leister moved in widely different spheres, and their children were being educated and trained in a widely different manner. The Leisters were in the best society in the city—among the "exclusives," as they are sometimes called, whose very blood chills in the familiar presence of what they understand by the term "common people." Whatever money would procure for the sons and daughters in the way of education, and whatever polish of mind, and ease, and elegance of exterior were to be gained by intercourse with refined and cultivated people, were theirs. They were of the *élite*. On the other hand, the children of Mr. Ward came into early association at school, and in the common ways of life, with those who moved in their own sphere; but, from an innate quality, and a finer-grained material, developing into more graceful forms, and taking a better polish. They were carefully taught good principles at home, and the value of active industry. Their mother was a true woman, with an instinctive refinement of soul that shrunk from the coarse and basely common; and her children, taking something of this from her, were the more easily led and influenced.

From the two rooms, in a small house standing away in the suburbs, the family of Mr. Ward had passed to the occupancy of upper or lower stories of various-sized dwellings in different parts of the city, until at length they were able to take an entire house to themselves, and furnish it moderately well. As sons and daughters grew older, and wealth increased, the natural desire to make as good an appearance as others was felt. So an elegant residence, in the best portion of the city, was finally taken, and four or five thousand dollars expended in furnishing.

Now came the question, "Who have we here?" The sons and daughters of Mr. Ward, who had all enjoyed good educational advantages, and who, so far as manner and bearing were concerned, showed in no unfavorable contrast with those who claimed to be superior, made their appearance during the summer seasons at Saratoga, and other points of fashionable resort. They were also seen at public entertainments, and now and then in friendly association with certain persons who, holding by family relations an undisputed social position, were never afraid of losing caste through any familiar recognitions of people who might not happen to have a pedigree wholly acceptable to the superfine. With them the "What are they?" went farther than the "Who are they?"

Wealth, particularly in our country, even where the individual is of small account mentally and morally, is almost sure to receive invitations to accept of uppermost seats and chief places; and it crowds in upon old exclusive circles with a pressure that always makes way at some point, however the few claiming to be "born and bred" to the genuine aristocratic manner sneer and protest. Mr. Ward had become a substantial citizen, that is, a man of large wealth; his family lived elegantly, and kept a carriage. The sons and daughters were well educated, and accomplished. It was no difficult matter, therefore, for them to gain admittance into the "best society." We use the term conventionally, of course.

A period of thirty years works great social changes in America. Families rarely hold their places for so long a time. Luxury, self-indulgence, and the enervating effects of idleness, in most cases so deteriorate individuals of the second generation, that they are pushed aside by the more earnest and ambitious, or sink into poverty and obscurity, the result of thriftlessness, extravagance, or dissipation. Often on these decaying branches some fairer shoots remain, that seem to concentrate all that was sweet and refined in the old stock. Though admired in their own circle, recognized as of the best blood, and holding still an entrée to "good society," they rarely form alliances in the grade to which they belong—loss of wealth interposing as a barrier. Family pride limps sadly in this world, if there be not money to sustain its pretensions. Now and then it happens that, by virtue of some spiritual chemistry, these fair shoots from a decaying trunk retain only the purer and nobler essences of the soul, having rejected the gross, the mean, and the selfish. But too often they are only beautiful to the eye, having bitterness within. It is with these that newly-acquired wealth, which, in looking back to old affiliations, sees too often only what it regards as common and mean, in many instances seeks to unite itself. At this point the rising and the falling families of Jacob Ward and Bernard Leister came finally in contact; for Leister had permitted extravagant, selfish, unprincipled sons to involve him in a way that brought ruin on his fortunes. From the wreck he had managed, dishonorably, to save a sufficient sum to maintain a fair social appearance, and to live in the enjoyment of many luxuries. But his family was known as a decaying one, in which no hopeful vitality remained. The older sons, after having ruined their father, lingered helplessly about home, idly wasting their lives, until fair opportunity offered for each to lift some ambitious daughter of a rich plebeian into the envied upper circle.

The oldest son of Mr. Ward married the daughter of a merchant, whose family had risen side by side with his own, and the union was acceptable to both families. It proved congenial and happy. The oldest daughter became the wife of her father's clerk, a bright, active, honorable young man, who had been in the store from a boy. There was slight demurring to this on the part of some of the younger members, who were beginning to look above the sphere in which they had moved; but it was quickly silenced under the father and mother's cordial approval. The marriage had good promise, which did not fail.

Twice had the second son of Mr. Ward and the youngest daughter of Mr. Leister met in social circles. Each was attracted to the other. This youngest daughter was beautiful, graceful, and winning in her manners, and quite a belle, but only a belle—for the fact of her father's loss of wealth was known, and scions of the best families did not see advantage in a graft upon the one she represented. The second son of Mr. Ward was handsome, well educated, sensible, honorable, and with a purpose in life. He had some faint remembrance of their humbler days, and fancied looking forward much better than looking backward. The third meeting between young Ward and Miss Leister was attended by marked revelations of interest on both sides, mutually and pleasurably recognized. This led to a call upon the young lady. We give an incident of this call.

Mr. and Mrs. Leister, with two of their daughters, the youngest and the oldest, sat together one evening in their accustomed moody silence, when a servant handed in a card for Miss Eleanor, the youngest of the girls.

"Is he in the parlor?" asked the young lady, a sudden sparkle in her eyes.

"Yes, Miss."

"Say that I will be down in a few moments;" and she left the room to make some changes in her dress, without replying to her mother's question, "Who is it?"

On coming back, an hour after, the question was repeated by Mrs. Leister.

"His name is Mr. Ward," answered the girl.

"What Ward?" Her father almost started at the name, and put the interrogation sharply as he drew himself erect and looked, with knitted brows, at his daughter. The manner surprised and a little disconcerted Eleanor; but she answered, in a confident way,

"He's the son of Jacob Ward, the merchant."

Mr. Leister sprung to his feet, and, with strong excitement of manner, ejaculated,

"The low-bred hound! How dare he intrude himself here!"

Eleanor's face grew pale, she looked strangely at her father, and began to tremble.

"The son of Jacob Ward!" exclaimed Mrs. Leister, in surprise and contempt.

"Of my old porter! Faugh! Has it come to this?" Mr. Leister strode about, crossing the room two or three times. "Has he been here before?" He stopped in front of his agitated child, and glared down upon her almost fiercely.

"No, Sir," she answered.

"You have met him before?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Where and when?"

"I met him at Mrs. Clarendon's."

"Did the Clarendons invite him to their house?"

"I met him there, Sir, and was introduced by Mrs. Clarendon herself."

"Worse and worse!" ejaculated Mr. Leister. "There's no protection, no security, in society as it stands to-day. Money and dress are passports to any circle. Mrs. Clarendon introduced you to this low-born and low-bred fellow? I'm amazed! What could she have been thinking about?"

"Most likely," said Mrs. Leister, "she was ignorant of his origin."

"It's her business to know all about the people she invites to her house," replied Mr. Leister, still greatly disturbed.

Eleanor, who was shocked and bewildered by all this, sat for a little while in a shiver of excitement, which, gradually passing off, left her with a pale face, fixed, drooping eyes, tensely shut lips, and a statue-like stillness of person.

"Eleanor!" Mr. Leister stopped a second time in front of his child and uttered her name sternly.

She turned her head slightly, but did not look up.

"Do you hear?" There was an angry throb in his voice.

The startled girl lifted her eyes with a quick, half-frightened glance.

"Now mark what I say! If this fellow comes here again you are not to see him. Remember that! And further, if he attempts to thrust himself upon you at any time or in any place, you are to push him aside with the contempt he deserves. Do you understand?"

Eleanor's eyes had fallen to the floor, and she was again moveless as a statue. To the last sternly-spoken interrogation she answered nothing—did not give back even the feeblest sign.

"Girl! what does this mean?" Her unresponsive silence baffled while it maddened him. Still there came no reply.

"If you dare to see him again I will disown you! I will, by—!" An oath leaped madly from the father's lips.

"Bernard, in Heaven's name be calm!" said Mrs. Leister, now interposing.

"Be calm!" he cried back, fiercely. "Calm in the presence of a thing like this! Do you know what it means? Ha! I'll tell you what! It means the mixing of our blood with the vile current running in that low-born fellow's veins! Look at her! Look at her face! Can't you see what it means?"

At this moment Eleanor started up and left the room hastily, not heeding the peremptory command of her father to remain.

A scene, parallel in a degree to this, though different in spirit, transpired on the same evening in the family of Jacob Ward. The young man who had called on Miss Leister did not feel inclined, on leaving her, to look for recreation any where else, but returned directly home, coming in toward ten o'clock.

"Where have you been, George?" asked one of his sisters.

"Guess?" he answered, smiling, and yet showing enough seriousness in manner to provoke his sister's curiosity.

"To see the young lady you were so charmed with at Mrs. Clarendon's?" she inquired, with an arch look.

"Perhaps."

"Aha! Caught!" And the girl laughed merrily, as heart-free girls will laugh sometimes.

"Who is it?" inquired Mrs. Ward, looking toward her daughter.

George raised his finger and glanced at his sister with a mock show of warning; but she answered:

"A Miss Leister."

"What Miss Leister?" asked Mr. Ward, in so grave a tone, that both George and his sister turned toward him in some surprise. No reply coming immediately, he said:

"Not a daughter of Bernard Leister?"

"Yes, Sir. His youngest daughter."

Mr. Ward shook his head and looked serious.

"She's a lovely girl," said the sister, in vindication of her brother's taste.

"That may be," answered the father, "but the blood isn't good."

"Mr. Leister stands among our best families though reduced in means," said George.

"No matter what his position or standing, my son, the blood is not good," answered Mr. Ward, calmly, but firmly.

"You know something about him?"

"I do—all about him. We were boys together in England. From a child up Bernard Leister was bad. As a boy, he was selfish, overbearing, aggressive—a terror to the weak in all our neighborhood. His father's reputation was stained in some way—I never heard how; but I know that he was held in low esteem by every one. At his death, which took place after Bernard was of age, the son came into the management of his father's property, and so managed it as to absorb nearly every thing, leaving his two sisters in such limited circumstances that one of them was obliged to take employment for several years as a governess. With the money obtained by cheating his sisters, Leister came to this country, where he invested his means and took social rank as a merchant and man of cultivated mind. I have seen a great deal of him, my son, and know him thoroughly, and don't want to see his vile blood mingled with mine. It will corrupt the purest stream. Look at his worthless, spendthrift, and, I might say, vicious sons—I would hide my head in shame were I the father of such boys. Look, too, at the circumstances of his failure in business; how he managed, in fraud toward his creditors, to retain sufficient property on which to live in ease and idleness for the rest of his life. Your father, George, was once a porter in Mr. Leister's store; but, humble as his early position in life, he holds his rank from nature, as born of parents whose honor was stainless—of parents who loved truth and right—and he would think his blood debased if it ever met the current that flows in this man's veins. Qualities of soul, my son, are transmitted from father to child. Beware, then, into what family you go seeking an alliance. I speak plainly, for I see by your countenance that Miss Leister has won from you more than a passing glow of admiration; and I am not surprised, for I have observed her often in company with her mother. She has a handsome, sweet face."

"And is a sweet girl, father," said the young man.

Mr. Ward shook his head and looked very grave.

"I can not believe that so pure a face can veil a bad heart," said George.

"I do not say her heart is bad, my son. Far be it from me to judge so harshly. If I judged from her face alone I should conclude that she had a good heart. But there is an unchangeable law of transmission—of cause and effect. Under the action of this law the quality of the father's mind must be inherited by the child. I do not mean by this that the child of a bad father can not become a good man or woman; but I mean by it that an inclination to the evils indulged by parents will be inherited by the child, and that such inclinations, unless repressed, weakened, and removed, will always have more or less influence on the life and character. It is, therefore, never a safe experiment for a young man or a young woman to marry into a family where the moral record is not good. And it is not good in the present case."

So it stood with the fathers on both sides. But young hearts draw together with a magnetism that usually obeys its own laws. The argument of blood had no force with either the youth or maiden when they stood face to face and looked into each other's eyes. And it happened, as it usually happens in such cases, that opposition only drove them nearer together and more rapidly developed the latent sentiment of love. The passionate threats and denunciations of Mr. Leister and the calm reasons and remonstrances of Mr. Ward were alike ineffectual. The lovers pledged themselves to eternal fidelity. Mr. Leister proved inexorable; but Mr. Ward, when he saw how it really was with the young people, yielded like a sensible man. The marriage took place in a private way—clandestine, in fact, so far as Eleanor's family was concerned, several members of which, one of the young men in particular, acting afterward in a way to outrage public feeling, and draw upon them the condemnation of all thinking people.

The alienation, so far as the Leisters were concerned, was of short duration. Now that the disgrace was consummated, it was advisable to make the best of it; for was not Jacob Ward a man of large wealth, and his sons, now in business with their father, going on with him in the work of rapid accumulation? It was meet that a decaying and thriftless family should accept with some grace an alliance with a vigorous and growing one. But the Wards did not care to hold any close intimacy. The insolence and outrage of all social decencies that attended the marriage could not be forgotten, and would not be forgiven; and so the coldly courteous advances of the Leisters were repelled, and they stood apart, in mutual pride, each with a latent feeling of contempt for the other that did not lessen with time.

"Was there a mistake on either side?" "Which got the worst of the bargain?" We can not answer your questions. There was pain, humiliation, grief, on the part of both the young man and his bride in

passing through the troubles that attended their marriage. Out of these Eleanor emerged through transference from the old to a new family circle, in which the heart's warmth was an all-pervading atmosphere, and into a sphere of life where truth, honor, virtue, self-denial for others, and the highest moral aims were the inspiring motives. In this new atmosphere latent germs of good put forth tender leaves: there was a budding and blossoming toward higher things, and fruits of good living came in time. All this, with her husband's help, in whom, not with her husband ever conscious of his mistake, if such a mistake were made.

And yet the world will think with us, taking the blood, it might have been different.

TO A BIRD SINGING IN THE WOODS.

O Tanesay! upon the beechen bough,
Shake the glad wings, and utter
All things around thy dwelling now
Bud freshly in the spring.

Through new-op'd leaves of brightest green
The golden sunlight breaks;
The fern-leaves o'er the streamlets lean
The star primroses wake.

And over all the sunshine flows,
And over all the song,
Sole breaker of the woods' repose,
Floats as we pass along.

Thou hast no past, no future, bird!
Sing on in unclouded glee;
From me shall come no harsher word
To mar thy minstrelsy.

Sing clear and shrill! 'tis good to list
Thy song of gladness;
And in this weary world to wist
That some rejoice like thee!

Some who can dwell in simple trust
Mid this day's leaves and flowers;
Nor taint their beauty with the dust
Of other by-gone hours.

JOHN SAYRE'S CONFESSION.

"THAT'S no use talking to me, Cooper. I'm an old man, but I'm not to be fooled, I kin tell ye. We've talked this thing over 'bout enough. The time's come now for something to be done, and, by ginger! I hope every blamed Yankee'll be drug squar ass on the country."

"Why you have they done, Doctor, that you want to drive 'em out. These same Yankees are the working bees of the South. They ain't lazy, are they?"

"Lazy! I wish to thunder they was. It's my opinion they're a mighty sight busier'n they have any business diffikilty. They're the built time a snoopin round, up stars an' down stars, an' in my lady's chamber, to see what they kin find to make a fuss in dime on."

"That's no fault, Doctor, so long as they're honest. You don't mean to say they're not honest, do you?"

"Honest! What d'ye call honest? Kin a man be honest tha'll steal niggers? Answer me that, ou I'll talk to ye."

"No, perhaps not. Maybe not if he trades in them either."

"There ye go agin with your carsed abolition ideas. It's my opinion, George Cooper, that old Tennessee ain't big enough to hold you. If you vally yer hide it's like enough it'll be safer for you outside the State limits."

"I'm much obliged to you, Doctor, for the advice, but I think I shall stay in Nashville yet a while. I've been connected with this town nigh six years, and I don't believe any body's going to trouble me now because I don't happen to be of the same opinion as themselves."

"Ye don't, eh! Well, Sir, there's been smarter fellers nor you toted around on a rail, and treated free to tar and feathers for yer views. I'll give ye till my advice to you to get some dirt betwixt you an' Nashville jist as soon as ye kin git ready, and take that white-faced sister of yourn along too."

A smile had been upon the face of George Cooper until the last few words, but it vanished in a moment, and a flush lit up his features and sparkled in his eye. Controlling his indignant feelings spirit was at work checking his tongue, and possibly laid hand toward the speaker, was very apparent. He looked him steadily for an instant in the eye, until that of the old man quailed, and then with a slight gesture of contempt turned aside, passed out toward the road, unhitched his horse, and drove away.

George Cooper was a Massachusetts man. Six years before he had settled in Nashville to follow a mercantile career, and success had crowned his labor. Three years before, his young and only sister, Mother, George Cooper had brought to a new Southern home an only sister, Clara, a type of Northern beauty, pure and pale, but still possessing the Northern traits of industry and activity. Around this sister his love clung with a devotion that admitted no compromise. He could bear the slurs and half-uttered threats of Doctor John Sayre on himself, but when a word was whispered that Clara he was ready to have offered up the offender to indignation or expiration of breath.

We have said that some strong controlling spirit was at work checking his tongue and possibly his hand. We will explain.

Doctor John Sayre was a physician of the old Southwestern school. It would no doubt have puzzled Doctor John to have shown a diploma, had he been obliged to collect his fee by process of law. He had settled in Tennessee in the early days when a little learning went a long way, and a soap pill was swallowed without much relish. He had been a careful man, having married a plantation with fifty negroes, to say nothing of the encumbrance of a wife, within five miles of Nashville, which, after careful nursing—the plantation, not the wife —of quarter of a century, had not decreased in value. At the time of our writing Doctor John Sayre found himself a widower with one son, Willis Sayre, and about one hundred thousand dollars of the world's goods to take care of. There was one little of story in which Doctor John was lighted beyond all others, medicine included, which was, that the Abolitionists were at work all over the South through the Southern press and by Southern demagogues, all tending to the theory that the product of his plantation was the best in the whole world, and must be had, at whatever risk and cost.

"Look'e here, Sir!" Doctor John would argue, "do you see that thar head o' cotton? Well, I've come, Sir, wine that ar article will fetch double what it fetched ten years ago, and that's a distance distance by ginger! It'll come, Sir, jist as soon as these byar States con-clude to sep-arate from yer sacred dickens, yer Abolitionists, and Northern scum. North. They kin do it, Sir, and, by ginger, they will do it!"

"But, Doctor," some political economist would answer, "don't you know that the great trouble with the cotton-raising yield just now is that the article is too high, and that they are trying, with might and main, to find some place upon the face of the earth where it can be cultivated cheaper by substituting free labor."

"Free labor sounds Doctor John; "free labor can't make cotton, Sir. An' if they could, Sir, d'ye mean to say that free labor is cheaper'an niggers? The idee is pre-pos-te-rous, strong, Sir."

"I mean to say, Doctor, that you Southern planters are at the present time selling your cotton more for your labor than Northern farmers, and running more risks at it."

"The thing's impossible, Sir!" says Doctor John, with a mighty thump on the table; "it can't be proved."

"See here, Doctor, what do you give for a first-class field hand?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars, Sir," says Doctor John, with slight exultation.

"Very well. You account on that money by Southern rule, or in fact by any rule, would be 10 per cent, or one hundred and fifty dollars per annum. You lumm him for twenty-five dollars, still risking five hundred dollars; this costs you fifteen dollars per annum. You clothe him, that costs you twenty-five dollars a year; and then you have to doctor and get enough under other tribes we won't name, but set them down at five dollars. Now, you see, that one field hand for 4 comes to exactly $200. Besides which you lose the work of Master Cuffee when he is too sick or lazy. Now, Doctor, the Northern farmer can't afford to the labor market and buys his stout, able man, for exactly one dollars per month, and takes it out in the exercise or ride upon him. He has no hard nothing in my calculation about feeding, but it is well understood that everybody has to be fed. Now, I'll just column Doctor and see if I'm right; one hundred and twenty against two hundred."

"The thing's all wrong, Sir!" the Doctor will shout with another mighty thump, by the way of emphasizing it. "By ginger, Sir, you can't buy niggers, Sir! and make 'em stick to me too, Sir!"

It would have been a cold blow to Doctor John to have told him that his plantation had actually built such strong hopes that he would inherit, with the plantation, a wife and children possessing much his bitter hatred of Yankees, was at heart exactly his opposite; and yet the father had strange suspicions that all was not right between his daughter with his son's political proclivities. Argument never arose between them, for Willis was too wise for that; but there was no lack of these among the neighbors who could hint to the old man enough to fill him to bursting with bile.

There were also those who did not hesitate to speak evil against the young Northerner, and when Clara Cooper great changes had come to pass with Willis Sayre, and that he was strongly given to praise his sister in many companies as the model measure of Southern rights was urged; and some even went so far as to accuse him of the rank heresy of Unionism.

There was no denying the fact that Willis Sayre was charmed with the society of the fair young sister of Clara Cooper. Before she had arrived at her Tennessee home Willis and George had been warm friends, but after her coming the former became a subject of their conversation, until it seemed to Willis, when they did meet, that he was greeting an old friend, or one whom he had loved in the past. It was not strange that from such antecedents love should spring, and it had sprung, grown, and flourished in spite of the opposition of Doctor John.

All this is key to the last injunction of Dr. John Sayre to George Cooper, that he should "get some dirt betwixt you an' Nashville," and "take the Lord'll let ye; and take that white-faced sister of yourn along too." All this was working in the ear and the temper of Cooper, as he rode on from the plantation to Nashville, and through all the day he knew that the Doctor was working in quiet manner, if he could judge from the anxious looks of his servants, and the fact that at no other time she glanced at his face. George Cooper was sufficiently posted in the operations of Vigilance Committees since the breaking out of September.

At last came the fall of Donelson, the stronghold of rebel Tennessee, and the crash shook the land. One of the first that sprang over the line of works was Willis Sayre. Those who were with him said that his wild shout for the "Union and Old Tennessee" did more toward quickening the flying feet of the rebels than any thing else. That night, when the work was done, and hands were grasped over the camp-fire in hope for the future, and friendly greetings for the football games over the soil from which they had been obliged to flee, George and Willis were dreaming of the days of last year before, when they had gone forth without knowing whither their steps tended. Within a few days they would be once more in Nashville, George to attempt the recovery of the property he had been obliged to surrender to rack and plunder, and Willis to find the old plantation on which he was born, and his father, perhaps, a fugitive.

Scouts were coming in from all directions, and small parties returning from reconnoitring expeditions, bringing in sometimes prisoners, sometimes captured provisions or material.

"Major," said a sergeant, touching his cap, "we have a squad of scouts that we've just brought in, an old man and four soldiers. The old man swears that he's trooper that he's a non-combatant—whatever that is—but we thought it best to bring him along, though he tried mighty hard to get off. We've also caught him down below here in an empty wagon, under guard, until we made our report."

"Come, Willis, let us stretch our legs a little on Old Tennessee again. Let us go down and examine our prisoner. Perhaps we may get something new."

Hardly a minute had passed after the sergeant the white canvas tops of the army wagons were glistening in the moonlight, and the one containing the prisoner was driven up by the guard mounted over it. As they approached they could hear the voice of the prisoner in high altercation with the guard.

"What's yer general, I says my complaints to him, and say that I'm a non-combatant. By ginger! did mention to him that Doctor John Sayre of Nashville, Tennessee, is hyar, an' pertests that he is being held a prisoner of war. I'm a gentleman, d'ye see. Tell him that."

There was no mistaking that voice, even had the name not been announced, and George and Willis stood astounded and listened to the harangue of the pseudo-prisoner. At last George, motioning Willis to keep in the back-ground, advanced toward the wagon, knowing that he could trust to the uniform for concealment.

"Here's the 'general,' squire!" was the greeting of the sergeant, pointing out the Major to the prisoner.

"Ah! general, I'm glad to see ye," was Doctor John's rather forced response. "I reckon ye may have picked me up to-night, and, by ginger, they talked of leaving me right out o' hand. I told 'em I was a gentleman an' a non-combatant, but they didn't seem to mind that."

"You ought to have hurrahed for the Union. They would have understood that," was George's brief answer.

This was a bitter joke for Doctor John, but he swallowed it with a ghastly smile, and returned some more to what he stated, with,

"Why, d'ye see, general, I'm a non-combatant, and can't according to that to made a prisoner of war."

"Are you a Union man?" was George's poser; which John Sayre dodged with,

"D'ye see, general, I wasn't taken with arms in my hands."

"Are you willing to take the oath of allegiance?"

"It won't do, general, d'ye see, to keep me prisoner, and send me up North, general, in that case I shn't be home in time to put in a crop."

"Are you willing to take the oath of allegiance?" repeated George.

The Doctor gulped heavily, and thrust his head well out through the several-cornered aperture in the back of the wagon, and then went on,

"I would to tod, general, by ginger! to keep from that oath if I could struggle to get off, and be a prisoner, when it is jist comin time for crap."

"Once more, and the last time, Are you willing to take the oath?" said George, in a very decided tone.

"Well, stranger—general, I mean—by ginger, yes!"

"Very well then, you shall have your liberty, Doctor, and go home. Release the prisoner, men. I'll take him to the quarters and swear him myself."

Willis, Doctor John, and Doctor Cooper then took their way, the two first keeping the capes of their overcoats well up about their faces, the latter quiet and silent. When they were out of other hearing George came close beside the Doctor.

"Doctor, there is one oath more in the terms upon which I shall give you liberty."

"What is it?" asked the Doctor, in an anxious tone, trying hard to peer into the muffled face beside him.

"It is most content to the marriage of your son to my white-faced sister."

The Doctor grasped as though he had been shot, and was speechless.

"You had better do it, father," said Willis, coming out into the front and dropping the cape from his face. "Cooper's commanding officer to-night, and must be obeyed."

"Wa'al, by ginger! this is a con-spi-ra-cy!" shouted Doctor John, half in fright, half in astonishment.

"Better keep quiet, Doctor," was George's caution; "I can assure you there's no secret nothing can save you from Clara's and mine's union at the end of the war. I must be sure that you are sound on your loyalty before I can consent to that."

"Oh, well! go on," groaned Doctor John: "ye has jist de as ye please, but, by ginger! I'll never kin consent to have any to do with the cussed thing either one way or t'other."

Without a word more, Doctor, for the oath, and then 'onward to Nashville."

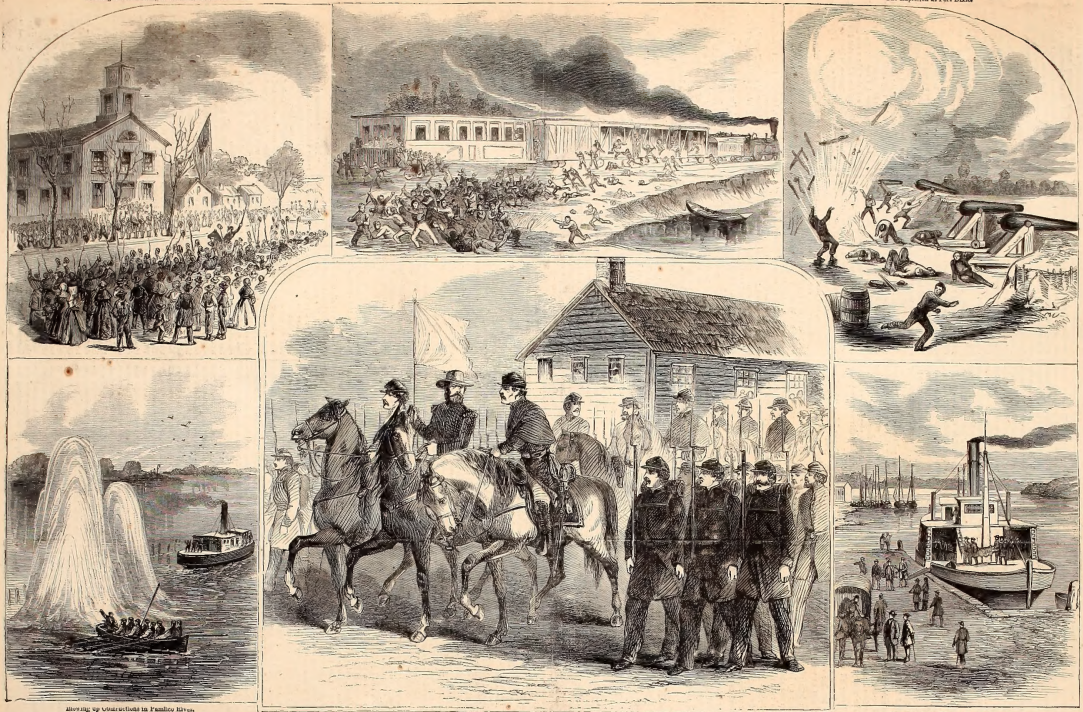
A few days later and George, Willis, and the Doctor were in Nashville, gathering together the wreck of Cooper's property, to which they are much assisted by Doctor John's anti-Union friends, for, as the Doctor argues, since I've got to have this gal for a daughter-in-law, I might as well look out for the main chance. The Doctor also begins to confess that he likes Yankees better as he sees more of them, though he has not yet admitted that the charm lies in liking a man better after you have fought with him, especially when you have got the best of him.

There will be a wedding in Nashville this spring, as soon as troops are sufficiently settled to allow Clara to return.

Hoisting the Union Flag at Washington, North Carolina.

Flight of the Rebels at Newbern.

The Explosion at Fort Dixie.



Rebel Cavalry entering Newbern on the Road to Trent.

Shelling up Contrabands in Pamlico River.

Removal of the Wounded to Newbern Hospital.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—SCENES AT NEWBERN AND WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.—SKETCHED BY MR. ANDREW WEBER.—[SEE PAGE 254.]



PARSON BROWNLOW, THE EXILE FROM TENNESSEE.

PARSON BROWNLOW OF TENNESSEE.

HEREWITH we publish a portrait of the famous PARSON BROWNLOW of TENNESSEE, whose escape out of the hands of the rebels is the subject of so much comment. The following sketch of the Parson's life has been prepared by one of his friends:

William G. Brownlow was born in Wythe County, Virginia, August, 1806. His parents were poor, and, as soon as he was about ten years old, Mary Cone lost her husband, and his father was a relative of General Hise, in Rockbridge County. After the death of his father he lived with his mother's relations, and was raised to hard labor until he was some eighteen years old, when he served a regular apprenticeship to the trade of a house-carpenter.

His education was imperfect and irregular, even in those branches taught in the common-schools of the country. He entered the Traveling Ministry, in 1826, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and travelled two years without a fixed location, and was a member of the General Conference held at Philadelphia. He was unfitting for his energy, and avoided himself of the advantages of the Methodist Itinerancy to study and improve his education, which he did to all the English branches.

Mr. Brownlow is about six feet high, and weighs about 175 pounds; has had as fine a constitution to stay out ever had. He has no gray hairs in his head, and does not look a man of thirty-five years. He has had the strongest voice of any man in East Tennessee, where he has resided for the last thirty years, and consequently an interesting family. He has been speaking all that time, taking a part in all the controversies of the day.

He is the author of several books; but the one which has had the largest run is one of over four hundred pages, being a vindication of the Methodist church against the attacks of Rev. J. A. Graves, in Nashville. Brownlow's work was published by the Southern Methodist Publishing House, and considering the 100,00 copies have been circulated in the South and West. It is a work of great severity, but truth is severe.

In 1838 he was engaged in a debate upon the Slavery question, in Philadelphia, with Rev. Mr. Ross, of New York, in which he defended the institution of Slavery with masked utility, exhibiting a familiarity with the subject and the vexed question in all its bearings. The debate, a volume of some four hundred pages, is for sale by J. Harper & Co.

He is known throughout the length and breadth of this land as the "Fighting Parson," but seems to more perseverance, or more highly esteemed by his neighbors. Few men are more churchdoughnut few, of his size in the land.

He never was so much in the course of a year.

He is quite a politician, though he has never been an office-seeker or an office-holder. He commenced his political career in Tennessee in 1835, by writing a series of letters of John Quincy Adams as against Andrew Jackson. He has been all his life a Whig, and Clay was his idol. He never was his standard-bearer in political orthodoxy. He paper, but the largest circulation of any political paper in Tennessee, and exercised a controlling influence in the politics of the State.

The correspondent of the Louisville *Journal*, who met him at Nashville, received from him the following account of his sufferings under the rule of the secessionists:

Shortly after the persecution of the secession enemies compelled the Parson to suspend his publication of the Whig he was prevailed upon by his friends, who, more than himself, feared for his personal safety, to accept an invitation of the residence of the rebel authorities to grant him a safe-conduct to the North, and set himself in communication with the Secretary of War at Richmond. The result was, that in the last days of November the military commander at Knoxville received instructions to provide us an escort, under which Brownlow was to be taken to the nearest Federal lines. Accordingly he commenced his journey, in his involuntary visit to the North, and was clear ready to start when, notwithstanding his agreement with Brownlow, he was arrested by the civil authorities upon the charge of having, when hard upon certain editorials in the Whig. He was taken to the county jail, thronged at that time with Unionists, and commenced an experience of it participated in the bridge-burning in the early part of November, and confined as a hostage for the good behavior of the Union people, with the very distinct intimation that whether both met their provision, nor was there much for all to be down at one time. The fare of the prisoners was of the coarsest "such," to speak with the Parson, "as no gentleman would think good enough to feed his dog upon." To be short, the treatment of all the prisoners was as harsh and inhuman as ever disgraced the Austrian dungeons in Italy. It told even severely upon the health of the Parson, and after a month he was stricken down with typhoid fever. Permission was granted by the rebel prosecuting attorney, he was removed to still private residence. Here he was laid up for nearly eight weeks, and was released on his promising by solemn oath to visit no secession soap him did not stop. His house was surrounded day and night by guards. His friends were never allowed to visit him, and the members of his family were not permitted to leave the premises except under guard. Not say this all. Up to inside and threats were offered by the rebel military whenever opportunity offered. At one time a company of cavalry that had been in the battle of Fishing Creek, and were loudly reported coming down from Knoxville, and getting the house when the Parson's wife was looking out of his windows, one of the troopers rode up to her, and, insultingly asked, "Are you not ashamed to be the wife of a d—d traitor and a traitor to Lincoln?" Whereupon the lady retired indoors as soon replied: "I am glad that I am not the wife of a miserable coward that has ever run a battle-field."

Feeling strong enough to travel, about three weeks ago the Parson again rode to Knoxville, completing of his last faith with which he had been treated, and remaining the Secretary of War of the propriety of a safe-conduct to the Federal lines. A week elapsed, when the post commander at Knoxville received a dispatch directing the Parsonto be released from confinement, and to be taken to the nearest Federal outpost over the same route con venient to him, and under an escort of his own choice. In pursuance to this order the Parson left Knoxville some twelve days since, accompanied by his doctor, and escorted by Lieutenant Colonel Carter, of the Union Army, and a company of cavalry. The party proceeded by rail, via Chattanooga, to Bridgeport, Jackson County, in the north ern part of this State. Here they were detained two days by Sergeant Cawley, who refused to allow them to cross the large quantity of forage and beef stored in the town, and had orders from General Buckner not to allow any one to pass their lines until the whole of the meat had been got away. At last the party were permitted to proceed over land, under a flag of truce, to the picket posts of General Wood's Division. General Wood at once sent them, under escort, to the city. Parson Brownlow proceeded immediately to the head-quarters of General Buell, with whom he had a long interview; afterward reported to the City Guard Hotel, where his room has been crowded all the afternoon by friends and strangers, congratulating him upon his safety and listening to the story of his sufferings.

The Parson is in excellent health, notwithstanding the hardships to which he has been subjected, and unaccompanied as ever; that time will make their appearance. He is now at rest as the Federal troops will make their appearance. The day of vengeance is most earnestly prayed for by them, and they will visit powerful retribution upon the heads of all their persecutors.

At Cincinnati the heroic old exile gave an account of his sufferings. The correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial thus reported him:

He gave a touching narrative of his sufferings in prison, of his illness, and of the kindness of his friends in general, over him were detailed when he was so ill could not turn in bed without assistance. The jail was crowded with Union men. Many sickened and perished miserably in it, and others were taken out and hung. General Carroll, of the Confederate army, was at one time a personal friend of his, being a Union man until a late period, visited him in jail, and said to him: "Brownlow, you ought not to be here." "So I think," the Parson responded; "but here I am." The General said the Confederates were starving within a hundred yards of the jail, and if he would take the oath of allegiance he should be immediately released. "No, sir," said the Parson, looking him steadily in the eye, "before I will take the oath of allegiance to your bogus Government I will rot in jail, or die here of old age." I have been informed that you have a rope in your possession you have a Government. It has never been whipped by any Power on earth, and never will be. Before I would take the oath I would see the whole Southern Confederacy in the infernal regions, and you on top of it."

The Parson remained in the jail, continuing, "That is d—d plain talk." "Yes, Sir-re," said the Parson. "I am a plain man, and there is no equivocation." Frequently men were taken out of the jail and hung, and the secessionists would howl at him, and tell him, as he lay sick on from the jail windows, that he was to be hung next. He told them from these windows that he was ready to go to the gallows, and all hanged was one hour's talk to the people before he was to be hung, that he might have his opinions of the men called the Southern Confederacy. He told them that they were a set of d—d cowards, and up to mind to it. At one time he was tried by court-martial, and in the decision of his case he was within one vote of being sentenced to be hung. There was nothing between him and the gallows but the will of one man, and him a secessionist. Great God, on what a slender thread

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER X.

ON returning to the house Magdalen felt her shoulder suddenly touched from behind as she crossed the hall. She turned and confronted her sister. Before she could ask any questions Norah eagerly addressed her in these words:

"I beg your pardon; I beg you to forgive me."

Magdalen looked at her sister in astonishment. All memory, as the result of the sharp words which had passed between them in the shrubbery, was lost in the new interests that now absorbed her: lost as completely as if the angry interview had never taken place. "Forgive you!" she repeated, amazedly. "What for?"

"I have heard of your new prospects," pursued Norah, speaking with a mechanical submissiveness of manner which seemed almost outrageous; "I wished to set things right between us before you went away. I was sorry for what happened. Will you forget it? Will you forget and forgive what happened in the shrubbery?"

She could not proceed: her inveterate reserve —or perhaps her obstinate reliance on her own opinion—influenced her at those last words. Her face clouded over on a sudden. Before Magdalen could answer her she turned away abruptly and ran up stairs.

The door of the library opened before Magdalen could follow her, and Miss Garth advanced to express the sympathetic regret of the occasion.

They were not the mechanically-submissive sentiments which Magdalen had just heard. Norah had struggled against her rooted distrust of Frank, in deference to the unanswerable decision of both her parents in his favor; and had suppressed the open expression of her antipathy, though the feeling itself remained unconquered. Miss Garth had made no such concession to the parents and interests of the house. She had hitherto held the position of a high authority on all domestic questions; and she freely declined



to get off her pedestal in deference to any change in the family circumstances, no matter how amazing or how unexpected that change might be.

"I accept my congratulations," said Miss Garth, bristling all over with implied assertions to Frank—"my congratulations, *and* my apologies. When I caught you kissing Mr. Francis Clare in the summer-house I had no idea you were engaged in carrying out the intentions of your parents. I offer no opinion on the subject. I merely regret my own accidental appearance in the character of an Obstacle in the course of true love—which appears to run smooth in summer-houses, whatever Shakspeare may say to the contrary. Consider me for the future, if you please, as an Obstacle removed. May you be happy!" Miss Garth's last words had come at that last sentence like a trap; and Miss Garth's eyes looked ominously prophetic into the matrimonial future.

If Magdalen's anxieties had not been far too serious to allow her the consciousness of any thing, she would have been ready, on the instant, with an appropriately satirical answer. As it was, Miss Garth simply irritated her. "Pooh!" she said, and ran up stairs to her sister's room.

She knocked at the door, and there was no answer. She tried the door, and it resisted her from the inside. The sullen, unmanageable Norah was locked in.

Under other circumstances Magdalen would not have been satisfied with knocking—she would have called through the door loudly and more loudly till the house was disturbed, and she had carried her point. But the doubts and fears of the morning had unnerved her shrewdly. She went down stairs again softly, and took her hat from the stand in the hall. "He told me to put my hat on," she said to herself, with a much-filled docility which was totally out of her character.



"CONSIDER ME FOR THE FUTURE, IF YOU PLEASE, AS AN OBSTACLE REMOVED."

She went into the garden, on the shrubbery side, and waited there to catch the first sight of her father on his return. Half an hour passed—forty minutes passed—and then his voice reached her from among the distant trees. "Come in to heel!" she heard him call out loudly to the dog. Her face turned pale. "He's angry with Snap!" she exclaimed to herself, in a whisper. The next minute he appeared in view, walking rapidly, with his head down, and Snap at his heels in disgrace. The sudden excess of her alarm as she observed those ominious signs of something wrong rallied her natural energy, and determined her desperately on knowing the worst.

She walked straight forward to meet her father.

"Your face tells your news," she said, faintly. "Mr. Clare has been as heartless as usual—Mr. Clare has said No?"

Her father turned on her with a sudden severity so entirely unparalleled in her experience of him that she started back in downright terror.

"Magdalen!" he said, "whenever you speak of my old friend and neighbor again, bear this in mind. Mr. Clare has just laid me under an obligation which I shall remember gratefully to the end of my life."

He stopped suddenly after saying those remarkable words. Seeing that he had startled her, his natural kindness prompted him instantly to soften the reproof, and to end the suspense from which she was plainly suffering. "Give me a kiss, my love," he resumed, "and I'll tell you in return that Mr. Clare has said—Yes."

She attempted to thank him, but the sudden luxury of relief was too much for her. She could only cling round his neck in silence. He felt her trembling from head to foot, and said a few words to calm her. At the altered tones of his master's voice Snap's meek tail reappeared fiercely from between his legs, and Snap's lungs modestly tested his position with a brief experimental bark. The dog's quaintly appropriate assertion of himself on his old footing was the interruption of all others which was best fitted to restore Magdalen to herself. She caught the shaggy little terrier up in her arms and kissed *him* next. "You darling," she exclaimed, "you're almost as glad as I am!" She turned again to her father with a look of tender reproach. "You frightened me, papa," she said. "You were so unlike yourself."

"I shall be right again to-morrow, my dear. I am a little upset to-day."

"Not by me?"

"No, no."

"By something you have heard at Mr. Clare's?"

"Yes—nothing you need alarm yourself about; nothing that won't wear off by to-morrow. Let me go now, my dear, I have a letter to write; and I want to speak to your mother."

He left her and went on to the house. Magdalen lingered a little on the lawn to feel all the happiness of her new sensations, then turned away toward the shrubbery to enjoy the higher luxury of communicating them. The dog followed her. She whistled and clapped her hands. "Find him!" she said, with beaming eyes. "Find Frank!" Snap scampered into the shrubbery, with a blood-thirsty snarl at starting. Perhaps he had mistaken his young mistress, and considered himself her emissary in search of a rat?

Meanwhile Mr. Vanstone entered the house. He met his wife, slowly descending the stairs, and advanced to give her his arm. "How has it ended?" she asked anxiously, as he led her to the sofa.

"Happily—as we hoped it would," answered her husband. "My old friend has justified my opinion of him."

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Vanstone, fervently. "Did you feel it, love?" she asked, as her husband arranged the sofa pillows—"did you feel it as painfully as I feared you would?"

"I had a duty to do, my dear—and I did it."

After replying in those terms he hesitated. Apparently he had something more to say—something perhaps on the subject of that passing uneasiness of mind which had been produced by his interview with Mr. Clare, and which Magdalen's questions had obliged him to acknowledge. A look at his wife decided his doubts in the negative. He only asked if she felt comfortable, and then turned away to leave the room.

"Must you go?" she asked.

"I have a letter to write, my dear."

"Any thing about Frank?"

"No: to-morrow will do for that. A letter to Mr. Pendril; I want him here immediately."

"Business, I suppose?"

"Yes, my dear—business."

He went out and shut himself into the little front room, close to the hall-door, which was called his study. By nature and habit the most procrastinating of letter-writers, he now inconsistently opened his desk and took up the pen without a moment's delay. His letter was long enough to occupy three pages of note-paper; it was written with a readiness of expression and a rapidity of hand which seldom characterized his proceedings when engaged over his ordinary correspondence. He wrote the address as follows: "Immediate:—William Pendril, Esq., Searle Street, Lincoln's Inn, London"—then pushed the letter away from him, and sat at the table, drawing lines on the blotting-paper with his pen, lost in thought. "No," he said to himself; "I can do nothing more till Pendril comes." He rose; his face brightened as he put the stamp on the envelope. The writing of the letter had sensibly relieved him, and his whole bearing showed it as he left the room.

On the door-step he found Norah and Miss Garth setting forth together for a walk.

"Which way are you going?" he asked. "Any where near the post-office? I wish you would post this letter for me, Norah. It is very important—so important, that I hardly like to trust it to Thomas as usual."

Norah at once took charge of the letter.

"If you look, my dear," continued her father, "you will see that I am writing to Mr. Pendril. I expect him here to-morrow afternoon. Will you give the necessary directions, Miss Garth? Mr. Pendril will sleep here to-morrow night, and stay over Sunday.—Wait a minute! To-day is Friday. Surely I had an engagement for Saturday afternoon?" He consulted his pocket-book, and read over one of the entries with a look of annoyance. "Grailsea Mill, three o'clock, Saturday. Just the time when Pendril will be here; and I *must* be at home to see him. How can I manage it? Monday will be too late for my business at Grailsea. I'll go to-day instead, and take my chance of catching the miller at his dinner-time." He looked at his watch. "No time for driving; I must do it by railway. If I go at once I shall catch the down-train at our station, and get on to Grailsea. Take care of the letter, Norah. I won't keep dinner waiting; if the return train doesn't suit I'll borrow a gig and get back in that way."

As he took up his hat Magdalen appeared at the door, returning from her interview with Frank. The hurry of her father's movements attracted her attention, and she asked him where he was going.

"To Grailsea," replied Mr. Vanstone. "Your business, Miss Magdalen, has got in the way of mine, and mine must give way to it."

He spoke those parting words in his old hearty manner, and left them, with the old characteristic flourish of his trusty stick.

"My business!" said Magdalen. "I thought my business was done."

Miss Garth pointed significantly to the letter in Norah's hand. "Your business, beyond all doubt," she said. "Mr. Pendril is coming to-morrow; and Mr. Vanstone seems remarkably anxious about it. Law and its attendant troubles already! Governesses who look in at summer-house doors are not the only obstacles to the course of true love. Parchment is sometimes an obstacle. I hope you may find Parchment as pliable as I am—I wish you well through it. Now, Norah!"

Miss Garth's second shaft struck as harmless as the first. Magdalen had returned to the house a little vexed; her interview with Frank having been interrupted by a messenger from Mr. Clare, sent to summon the son into the father's presence. Although it had been agreed at the private interview between Mr. Vanstone and Mr. Clare that the questions discussed that morning should not be communicated to the children until the year of probation was at an end—and although, under these circumstances, Mr. Clare had nothing to tell Frank which Magdalen could not communicate to him much more agreeably—the philosopher was not the less resolved on personally informing his son of the parental concession which rescued him from Chinese exile. The result was a sudden summons to the cottage which startled Magdalen, but which did not appear to take Frank by surprise. His filial experience penetrated the mystery of Mr. Clare's motives easily enough. "When my father's in spirits," he said, sulkily, "he likes to bully me about my good luck. This message means that he's going to bully me now."

"Don't go," suggested Magdalen.

"I must," rejoined Frank. "I shall never hear the last of it if I don't. He's primed and loaded, and he means to go off. He went off once, when the engineer took me; he went off twice, when the office in the City took me; and he's going off thrice, now *you've* taken me. If it wasn't for you I should wish I had never been born. Yes, your father's been kind to me, I know—and I should have gone to China if it hadn't been for him. I'm sure I'm very much obliged. Of course we have no right to expect any thing else—still it's discouraging to keep us waiting a year, isn't it?"

Magdalen stopped his mouth by a summary process to which even Frank submitted gratefully. At the same time she did not forget to set down his discontent to the right side. "How fond he is of me!" she thought. "A year's waiting is quite a hardship to him." She returned to the house, secretly regretting that she had not heard more of Frank's complimentary complaints. Miss Garth's elaborate satire, addressed to her while she was in this frame of mind, was a purely gratuitous waste of Miss Garth's breath. What did Magdalen care for satire? What do Youth and Love ever care for except themselves? She never even said as much as "Pooh!" this time. She laid aside her hat in serene silence, and sauntered languidly into the morning-room to keep her mother company. She lunched on dire forebodings of a quarrel between Frank and his father, with accidental interruptions in the shape of cold chicken and cheese-cakes. She trifled away half an hour at the piano; and played, in that time, selections from the Songs of Mendelssohn, the Mazurkas of Chopin, the Operas of Verdi, and the Sonatas of Mozart—all of whom had combined together on this occasion, and produced one immortal work, entitled "Frank." She closed the piano and went up to her room to dream away the hours luxuriously in visions of her married future. The green shutters were closed, the easy chair was pushed in front of the glass, the maid was summoned as usual, and the comb assisted the mistress's reflections through the medium of the mistress's hair, till heat and idleness asserted their narcotic influences together, and Magdalen fell asleep.

It was past three o'clock when she woke. On going down stairs again she found her mother, Norah, and Miss Garth all sitting together enjoying the shade and the coolness under the open portico in front of the house.

Norah had the railway time-table in her hand. They had been discussing the chances of Mr. Vanstone's catching the return train, and getting back in good time. That topic had led them, next, to his business errand at Grailsea—an errand of kindness, as usual—undertaken for the benefit of the miller, who had been his old farm-servant, and who was now hard pressed by serious pecuniary difficulties. From this they had glided insensibly into a subject often repeated among them, and never exhausted by repetition—the praise of Mr. Vanstone himself. Each one of the three had some experience of her own to relate of his simple, generous nature. The conversation seemed to be almost painfully interesting to his wife. She was too near the time of her trial now not to feel nervously sensitive to the one subject which always held the foremost place in her heart. Her eyes overflowed as Magdalen joined the little group under the portico; her frail hand trembled as it signed to her youngest daughter to take the vacant chair by her side. "We were talking of your father," she said, softly. "Oh, my love, if your married life is only as happy—" Her voice failed her; she put her handkerchief hurriedly over her face, and rested her head on Magdalen's shoulder. Norah looked appealingly to Miss Garth, who at once led the conversation back to the more trivial subject of Mr. Vanstone's return. "We have all been wondering," she said, with a significant look at Magdalen, "whether your father will leave Grailsea in time to catch the train—or whether he will miss it, and be obliged to drive back. What do you say?"

"I say papa will miss the train," replied Magdalen, taking Miss Garth's hint with her customary quickness. "The last thing he attends to at Grailsea will be the business that brings him there. Whenever he has business to do he always puts it off to the last moment—doesn't he, mamma?"

The question roused her mother exactly as Magdalen had intended it should. "Not when his errand is an errand of kindness," said Mrs. Vanstone. "He has gone to help the miller in a very pressing difficulty—"

"And don't you know what he'll do?" persisted Magdalen. "He'll romp with the miller's children, and gossip with the mother, and hob-and-nob with the father. At the last moment, when he has got five minutes left to catch the train, he'll say, 'Let's go into the counting-house and look at the books.' He'll find the books dreadfully complicated; he'll suggest sending for an accountant; he'll settle the business off-hand by lending the money, in the mean time; he'll jog back comfortably in the miller's gig; and he'll tell us all how pleasant the lanes were in the cool of the evening."

The little character-sketch which these words drew was too faithful a likeness not to be recognized. Mrs. Vanstone showed her appreciation of it by a smile. "When your father returns," she said, "we will put your account of his proceedings to the test. I think," she continued, rising languidly from her chair, "I had better go indoors again now and rest on the sofa till he comes back."

The little group under the portico broke up. Magdalen slipped away into the garden to hear Frank's account of the interview with his father. The other three ladies entered the house together. When Mrs. Vanstone was comfortably established on the sofa Norah and Miss Garth left her to repose, and withdrew to the library to look over the last parcel of books from London.

It was a quiet, cloudless summer's day. The heat was tempered by a light western breeze; the voices of laborers at work in a field near reached the house cheerfully; the clock-bell of the village church, as it struck the quarters, floated down the wind with a clearer ring, a louder melody than usual. Sweet ódors from field and flower-garden, stealing in at the open windows, filled the house with their fragrance; and the birds in Norah's aviary up stairs sang the song of their happiness exultingly in the sun.

As the church clock struck the quarter past four the morning-room door opened and Mrs. Vanstone crossed the hall alone. She had tried vainly to compose herself. She was too restless to lie still and sleep. For a moment she directed her steps toward the portico—then turned and looked about her, doubtful where to go or what to do next. While she was still hesitating the half-open door of her husband's study attracted her attention. The room seemed to be in sad confusion. Drawers were left open; coats and hats, account-books and papers, pipes and fishing-rods were all scattered about together. She went in and pushed the door to—but so gently that she still left it ajar. "It will amuse me to put his room to rights," she thought to herself. "I should like to do something for him before I am down on my bed helpless." She began to arrange his drawers, and found his banker's book lying open in one of them. "My poor dear, how careless he is! The servants might have seen all his affairs if I had not happened to have looked in." She set the drawers right, and then turned to the multifarious litter on a side-table. A little old-fashioned music-book appeared among the scattered papers, with her name written in it, in faded ink. She blushed like a young girl in the first happiness of the discovery. "How good he is to me! He remembers my poor old music-book, and keeps it for my sake." As she sat down by the table and opened the book the by-gone time came back to her in all its tenderness. The clock struck the half-hour, struck the three-quarters—and still she sat there, with the music-book on her lap, dreaming happily over the old songs; thinking gratefully of the golden days when his hand had turned the pages for her, when his voice had whispered the words which no woman's memory ever forgets.

Norah roused herself from the volume she was reading, and glanced at the clock on the library mantle-piece.

"If papa comes back by railway," she said, "he will be here in ten minutes."

Miss Garth started, and looked up drowsily from the book which was just dropping out of her hand.

"I don't think he will come by train," she replied. "He will jog back—as Magdalen flippantly expressed it—in the miller's gig."

As she said the words there was a knock at the library-door. The footman appeared and addressed himself to Miss Garth.

"A person wishes to see you, ma'am."

"Who is it?"

"I don't know, ma'am. A stranger to me—a respectable-looking man—and he said he particularly wished to see you."

Miss Garth went out into the hall. The footman closed the library-door after her, and withdrew down the kitchen stair.

The man stood just inside the door, on the mat. His eyes wandered, his face was pale—he looked ill; he looked frightened. He trifled nervously with his cap, and shifted it backward and forward, from one hand to the other.

"You wanted to see me?" said Miss Garth.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. You are not Mrs. Vanstone, are you?"

"Certainly not. I am Miss Garth. Why do you ask the question?"

"I am employed in the clerk's office at Grailsea Station—"

"Yes?"

"I am sent here—"

He stopped again. His wandering eyes looked down at the mat, and his restless hands wrung his cap harder and harder. He moistened his dry lips, and tried once more.

"I am sent here on a very serious errand."

"Serious to *me?*"

"Serious to all in this house."

Miss Garth took one step nearer to him—took one steady look at his face. She turned cold in the summer heat. "Stop!" she said, with a sudden distrust, and glanced aside anxiously at the door of the morning-room. It was safely closed. "Tell me the worst, and don't speak loud. There has been an accident. Where?"

"On the railway. Close to Grailsea Station."

"The up-train to London?"

"No: the down-train at one-fifty—"

"God Almighty help us! The train Mr. Vanstone traveled by to Grailsea?"

"The same. I was sent here by the up-train: the line was just cleared in time for it. They wouldn't write; they said I must see 'Miss Garth,' and tell her. There are seven passengers badly hurt, and two—"

The next word failed on his lips: he raised his hand in the dead silence. With eyes that opened wide in horror, he raised his hand and pointed over Miss Garth's shoulder.

She turned a little, and looked back.

Face to face with her, on the threshold of the study door, stood the mistress of the house. She held her old music-book clutched fast mechanically in both hands. She stood, the spectre of herself. With a dreadful vacancy in her eyes, with a dreadful stillness in her voice, she repeated the man's last words:

"Seven passengers badly hurt, and two—"

Her tortured fingers relaxed their hold; the book dropped from them; she sank forward heavily. Miss Garth caught her before she fell—caught her; and turned upon the man, with the wife's swooning body in her arms, to hear the husband's fate.

"The harm is done," she said: "you may speak out. Is he wounded, or dead?"

"Dead!"

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

We continue on page 252 our series of illustrations of the Burnside Expedition, from sketches by Mr. Angelo Wiser.

One of them represents the Explosion of the Rebel Magazine in Fort Dixie at Newbern. After about a dozen shots had been fired on each side, the magazine blew up and settled the fate of the battery.

Another illustrates the Precipitate Flight of the Rebels from Newbern after the fall of their batteries. All the chivalry made speedy tracks for the cars, which were in waiting to carry them off, and so great was their precipitation that, according to the report of eye-witnesses, many were drowned in the river which runs by the side of the railroad.

Another shows us the Removal of our Wounded from the field hospitals to the main hospital at Newbern. They were conveyed to the city in the steamer *Union*. The scene during their removal was very sad—the most affecting ever witnessed by most of the by-standers.

Another picture represents the Reception at Newbern of a Flag of Truce borne by fifty rebel cavalry, who came to look for their dead and wounded. They were escorted through the town by three companies of the Massachusetts Twenty-fourth, and were of course pretty freely discussed by our men. They were unsuccessful in their search.

The remarkable picture which seems to represent a water-spout is an illustration of the Removal of Obstructions placed in Pamlico Sound to prevent our approach to Washington. Our engineers had to blow them up—which was easily done, and the way was then clear.

The remaining picture represents Colonel Stevenson, of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, with Companies E and G of that regiment, Raising the Stars and Stripes in front of the Court-house

at Washington, North Carolina. After the ceremony the people were warned that if the flag was not there when the regiment returned they would take vengeance on the town. The people looked on with apathy and apparent indifference.

OUR ARMY IN VIRGINIA.

We devote a large portion of our space this week to the illustration of certain military movements which have taken place in Virginia. Little has been said concerning these movements in the newspapers of the North. Enough has appeared, however, in the Richmond papers, and in the published dispatches of our Generals, to justify us in publishing our illustrations. If we withhold the usual descriptive matter, the reader will readily understand and appreciate our motives.

On page 241 we illustrate the EMBARKATION OF FIELD BATTERY AT ALEXANDRIA, from a sketch from Washington, authorized by the censor and published in the New York papers of last week, similar to the attachment of artillery and cavalry for service point not mentioned. The scene is a striking one; the sketch, by our artist, Mr. A. R. Waud, is very spirited.

On page 244 we illustrate the EMBARKATION OF TROOPS AT ALEXANDRIA. We have from the rebel papers published at Fredericksburg, Virginia, that large numbers of transports full of troops have lately been steaming down the Potomac. These are probably the transports which our artist saw at Alexandria, and which he sketched for us.

On page 245 we reproduce a sketch by an occasional correspondent at Fortress Monroe, representing our TROOPS ENCAMPED AND MOVING AMONG THE RUINS OF HAMPTON, VIRGINIA. Several dispatches from Fortress Monroe, duly authorized by the censor, allude to our having troops in that locality, who would subsequently seem to have been sent up Big Bethel and Yorktown. By the time these lines are printed the public may have more on the subject than is safe to print now. Meanwhile the encampment and military bustle in the ruins of the old town of Hampton are picturesque.

On page 244 we give a view of NORFOLK, Norfolk, as every one knows, is a part of entry on the Elizabeth River, eight miles above Hampton Roads, thirty-six miles from the ocean, and 90 miles by water from Richmond. The situation is low, and the city is not handsome; but the harbor is spacious, and the depth of water and the admirable vessels of all sizes. It was the site of one of the United States dock-yards, and many of our finest vessels of war were built there. On April 20 the rebels seized the Navy-yard, owing to the treachery or imbecility of some of our officers; we succeeded in burning some of the vessels and ships, we saved the *Cumberland* and *Pawnee*, and we scuttled the *Merrimac*, which has since been raised by the rebels. Norfolk is defended by forts on Craney Island, Sewell's Point, and the vicinity.

A French View of the Rebellion.

[From Galignani's Messenger, Paris, March 10, 1862.]

FAVORABLE SENTIMENTS FOR NEW YORK.

The recent cheering news from America, proclaiming victory upon victory for the Union troops, and foreshadowing, almost beyond possibility, the speedy termination of the rebellion, has already produced beneficial effects upon the fashionable mind of Paris at this metropolis.

For the past two seasons a great falling off in exportations to the New World, and more costly and inferior fabrics has been severely felt. It was, therefore, with peculiar pleasure we noticed the other day in one of the first of an old, familiar face, in the person of Mr. W. B. Moore, who, for the past years as successive purveyor of Monsieur and Mme. Isabelle de Paris for the New York city trade, and who, on the accession of the management of the United States Mandolin and Clock Emporium of Mr. George Carey, 204 and 206 Broadway, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, has secured a fine assortment of the magazines of De Lille, Gaunin, Arnoudeau, Lenoir, and Dubois, and other celebrated manufacturers, and which will very kindly permitted to inspect previous to their shipment. Mr. Moore, as we would observe on extravagance, which is a long time characterized the ladies of America, have not yet recovered from the effects of the panic, and are entirely exempt and charming a collection of novelties as was there ever displayed in Paris.

The world-renowned bouquet of the Republican Court of Washington, as well as the Imperial Court of Metropolis (New York), may well congratulate themselves upon having a person so competent to cater to their good taste as Mr. Mackenzie, and we trust his visits to our gay capital will be equally fashionable and successful.

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Statement of the Condition

OF THE

U. S. BRANCH

OF THE

Unity Fire Insurance Company,

- AT NEW YORK,

JANUARY 1st, 1862.

Assets.

United States, 6 per cent Stock - $ 19,250 00	
New York State, 6 per cent Stock..... 15,000 00	
Stocks.....	115,000 00
New York City, 6 per cent Stock..... 25,000 00	
Cash loaned on collateral.....	900 00
" in hand and in Bank.....	10,456 79
" in hands of Agents.....	8,633 90
All other Assets.....	1,000 00
Office Furniture.....	494 17
Interest accrued.....	319 00
	$134,343 92

Liabilities.

Losses ascertained and unpaid.. 2,054 99	
All other claims'..... 1,406 94	3,461 14
Net Assets.....	$130,882 68

** Note.—The above statement shows the condition of the United States Branch alone. The total available Assets of the Company, including its English Securities, amount to

$4,793,822

and this is entirely independent of the Life Business, which is a totally distinct Company.

GEORGE T. HOPE,
MANAGER.

No. 7 WALL ST., New York.

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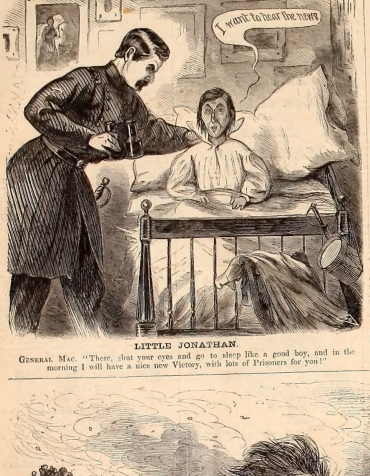
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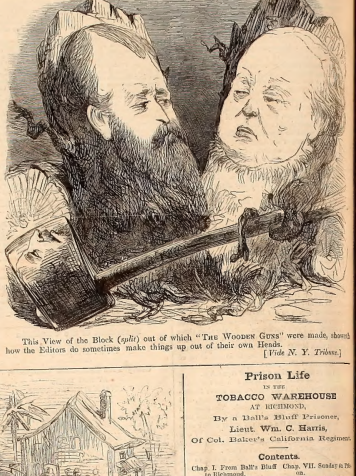
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[*Vide N. Y. Tribune.*]



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Preface.

These sketches were written to lessen the tedium of my lengthy imprisonment; and if they serve to relieve my readers of the same, I shall be amply repaid. Many incidents connected with the Prison House, and omitted the interesting sympathies of former, they will have accomplished all that I desired by publication of them.

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MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK IN THE FIELD, APRIL, 1862.

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We think that this Number, for instance, will bear comparison with any number of any paper ever produced in the United States or in Europe.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 26, 1862.

ABOUT MOBS.

A FAVORITE idea of many foreign critics of the United States is that this country is governed by "the mob." We are told that certain measures can not succeed because they will not suit "the mob;" that the Government can not pursue the policy it pleases in consequence of the pressure of "the mob;" that "the mob" will not hear of peace, and hence that "the golden opportunity for compromise" is being lost; that "the mob" will not pay taxes, and therefore that public credit is ruined; that "the respectable classes" in the United States are powerless, the supreme authority being vested in "the mob."

If, when foreigners use the words "the mob," they merely mean "the people," then they are undoubtedly right in stating that in the mob in this country supreme authority is vested by law. There is no class in this country which enjoys legislative authority over its fellow-citizens by virtue of birth, or rank, or wealth. In this country no descendants of the bastard children of king's mistresses are born to make laws for the legitimate offspring of honest women. This may be our misfortune: it is undoubtedly the fact. Herein the United States differ from many foreign countries, and especially from Great Britain.

But if, when foreigners employ the words "the mob," they mean gatherings of lawless and turbulent men, unwilling to obey the mandates of the established authorities, then they are clearly in error in stating that such a class in this country exercises any appreciable control over our public policy, or is in the least feared or regarded either by the legislative or the executive branches of Government.

Such gatherings have never been seen here except at rare intervals in a few great cities. The lawless characters of which they have consisted have almost invariably been foreigners. They have never in a single instance been able to resist the power of the constituted authorities. The most remarkable mobs ever known in this country have been the Astor Place mob, which was quelled in a couple of hours by two companies of militia; the Dead Rabbit mob, which was put down by a mere demonstration without fighting; and the Municipal Police mob, which was a mere cabal, and did not disturb the peace of the city in the least. There never was an instance in this country of a mob, in the sense defined above, undertaking deliberately to resist the execution of the law, or to defy its instruments. All our mobs have grown out of petty local disputes, and have subsided on the first exhibition of purpose by the constituted authorities. An attempt was made by Fernando Wood, in 1857, to get up a mob in this city for the purpose of organizing a revolutionary resistance to the State authorities; and again, in 1860, the attempt was renewed, with the like object. On both occasions the promoters of disturbance failed signally. Even in this great city, where the "dangerous classes" are so numerous, and there are always two or three thousand loose, idle, and disorderly foreigners ready for any tumult, it has never been possible to organize any substantial resistance to the constituted authorities.

The reason is very simple. In this country every man is a maker as well as a subject of the law, and is personally responsible for its execution. In every constituency in the United States the number of persons who are interested in the preservation of law and order largely exceeds that of the persons who are interested in riot and disorder. Our system renders all citizens, jointly and severally, responsible for the welfare and peace of society at large.

In England it is different. There the governing power is confined to a small class of persons, and the benefits of government enjoyed by a still smaller class. The bulk of the British people have nothing to lose and every thing to gain by revolutionary movements. One out of every nine people in England is a pauper; and of the remaining eight only one is entitled to vote at elections. Property is in a few hands: nineteen-twentieths of the British people own nothing, and are controlled by the aristocracy and wealthy commonalty. It is easy to see that in a society thus constituted there must be two classes: the Governing Class, which rules the country and owns the property; and the rest of the people, who have neither power nor property. These latter are called in England "the mob." It likewise follows that between this "mob" and that Governing Class there must be incessant warfare. It has always been so. No ministry in England has ever pursued a policy that was in opposition to the instincts of that unrepresented, unrecognized, but terribly feared body—the British mob—without providing large bodies of troops to protect itself. The history of England during the present century is one series of mobs and riots in London, in Liverpool, in Manchester, in Birmingham; the sandbags which to this day line the roof of the Bank of England, and the iron shutters which shield the windows of Apsley House, are visible evidences of the dread and respect which British mobs have inspired. At this very moment the news from England consists mainly of reports of mobs and riots at Sheffield and other manufacturing cities.

If the present civil war had broken out in England instead of the United States these mobs would undoubtedly have coerced the British Government from time to time. Those British writers who have written about our mob have merely confounded our condition with theirs, and given us credit for suffering from the disease which was familiar to them at home. A closer acquaintance with our system would have shown them that mobs, in their sense of the word, are an impossibility here; and a little more attention to passing events might have induced them profitably to compare our treatment of Dr. Russell of the *Times* with their outrage upon Haynau, and their rebellion against the Duke of Wellington with the stern calmness with which the West submitted to the removal of Frémont.

THE LOUNGER.

SHORT AND SHARP.

"When the fighting begins," said General M'Clellan in the autumn, "it will be short and sharp." He did not add, what he probably thought, that it would not begin until each side was fully prepared, so that the event must be decisive. But that is evidently the case. Every man, as he hears of the general advance, feels that we are fully ready. Nobody was seriously troubled about the result at No. 10, where the cheerful hero, Foote, told us there was "some of the most beautiful rifle practice ever seen." The siege of Yorktown is proceeding at this moment; but nobody is apprehensive of the issue, except for one reason, and that is the *Merrimac*—the very point for which no proper provision was made.

Nor can any good excuse ever be made for that negligence. The only thing that can be said is that we preferred to believe she was a failure. For ten or eleven months we knew she was preparing. In *Harper's Weekly* for Saturday, November 2, there is an admirable picture of her very much as she appeared when, four months afterward, she came out and appalled us, and the account of her construction and armament was accurate; yet we went on as if there were no *Merrimac* and no danger. Already we have paid dearly enough for our blunder; and at this moment of writing the national joy at the great Pittsburg triumph is overshadowed by the vague apprehension of mischance from the *Merrimac*. Should she steam out and push on to the relief of Yorktown by the annihilation of our boats there, she might be of signal service in checking our advance.

Yet, except for this unguarded point, the national campaign against the rebellion has proceeded according to the motto of M'Clellan. Nor at last will the wisdom of the general plan be disputed. To have attacked before we were fully prepared to annihilate resistance would have prolonged the war indefinitely. It was not enough merely to defeat the enemy in an occasional battle. It was essential to the final rout of his hopes of resistance that he should feel our overwhelming strength simultaneously at every point of his line.

For no student of the war must forget the essential difference between dealing with a foreign foe and domestic conspirators. And in this case, to say that if we had moved long ago the enemy could not have intrenched himself, is simply to beg the whole question; for the two prominent facts were that the enemy was organized before we began to organize, and he stood upon his own chosen ground. Besides, suppose that we might have driven him from Manassas or beaten him there last December—what then? Was it not cheaper in blood and money to wait until Halleck and the West were ready? And what the condition of the Western Department was as late as October we know from Frémont's report.

If the campaign had been opened at any one point last December, and before there could have been a general co-operation, the chance is that the war would have been dragged out, with varying success, until Europe insisted that the rebels had maintained their independence long enough to be acknowledged.

If a man remembers accurately how long this rebellion had been ripening, how deadly earnest the rebels were, how united, how able, how they had already poisoned the public mind of Europe in their favor, how doubtful we were, how bound hand and foot by Floyd and Toucey, that we had an army to raise and equip, a navy to build, a line of a thousand miles to hold and then push back; if he remembers this, and then considers where we are to-day—that a year ago, when Sumter fell, the nation seemed lost, and to-day when its anniversary returns the rebellion is palpably annihilated, not only in its attitude of armed resistance but in its root of treason—he will surely agree that however he may have criticised details, the general design of the campaign has been most comprehensive and overwhelming. He is a very great genius or a very great fool who thinks he could have improved it.

BEFORE YORKTOWN.

At this moment of writing, when our forces are gathered upon the peninsula before Yorktown and the rebels are assembled for their last desperate defense, it will be curious to put upon record a calculation of the chances.

Immediately following the great victory of our arms at Pittsburg, and involving the fate of the rebel capital, the battle of Yorktown must be considered as the decisive event of the rebellion. Should the national army conquer and the "Confederate" Government get upon wheels and begin to roll Southward, the conspiracy could hardly again gather force enough for any considerable blow. On the other hand, should the rebels defeat us, the disaster would be a serious check to us. The result will be known, probably, before these words are printed. What, then, are the chances?

First, as to numbers. We are probably a hundred thousand strong in the field, with a reserve at Fortress Monroe, and M'Dowell's corps within co-operating distance. The rebels are probably not more than sixty thousand at Yorktown with a reserve nearer Richmond of thirty or forty thousand.

Second, as to position. We are moving across a plain, wooded country in which the rebels have strengthened every defensible point against us. We have some gun-boats to harass them from the water side, to which they oppose heavy batteries and the chances of the *Merrimac*. The rebels have probably two, and perhaps three, lines of defense across the peninsula upon which they have had a year's time to intrench themselves.

Third, as to arms. Ours are of the best kind and variety, and most ample in number. This has been a special point with M'Clellan. The rebels are near the Tredegar works at Richmond and the factories at Norfolk, and they are doubtless better appointed here than they have been at any point, although they have always been strong in artillery. The number of guns upon either side is purely conjectural. The reports of five hundred upon the rebel fortifications are only the guesses of Baltimore sympathizers.

Fourth, as to quality of men. Ours are confident of numerical superiority. They are flushed with the glory of our incessant victories. They long to mingle the splendor of their renown with that of the Western army. They are eager and enthusiastic. They have been long and carefully trained. They believe in their leaders, and feel that their victory will secure and crown the triumph of the National cause. Moreover, they are in the enemy's country upon a peninsula. A severe repulse would inevitably end disastrously for them. In a sense their ships are burned behind them. Safety as well as honor lies only before. On the other hand, the rebels are stunned and discomfited. The last two months have overwhelmed them every where with defeat at home, and the faint hope of foreign recognition and aid has at length expired. They know that success even does not save them. They are dispirited, hopeless, uncertain. But they hate us, and they stand upon their own soil, and they believe that they are defending their hearths and their honor, and the very desperation of their situation may give them a ferocious energy.

Fifth, as to leaders. We have one directing mind, General M'Clellan. His Generals, Keyes, Porter, Heintzelman, and the rest, are worthy of the wisest chief. M'Clellan has not yet commanded in a great battle as Grant, Buell, Lyon, Siegel, Curtis, and M'Dowell have, therefore his generalship in the field upon a large scale is to be tested. Yet the strategy of the war thus far, of which he is certainly entitled to his share of the credit, has been overwhelmingly triumphant. His troops are proud of him; the country confides in him. Should he capture Richmond, every cloud of uncertainty rolls away from his name. For their side, the rebels have Jefferson Davis, Joseph Johnson, Magruder, and Lee, neither of whom is a very noted general. The great military rebel names were Sydney Johnston, Beauregard, and Leonidas Polk. Joseph Johnson is reputed to be a good soldier. Lee is certainly not. Magruder is a Captain Bobadil, but Jefferson Davis is doubtless cool and sagacious.

The comparison of chances leaves us, then, numerically and morally, superior and better led. The rebels have the advantage of position, and the arms are equal. If the rebels stand and fight in earnest, the battle must be desperate and bloody. Should it result as every loyal heart hopes and believes, the dramatic coincidence of this war with the Revolution would be remarkable. The first bloody battle of the Revolution was fought at Lexington and Concord on the 19th of April. On the same day, eighty-six years later, the first blood of this war was shed at Baltimore. At Yorktown was the success that assured the establishment of our national independence, and at Yorktown will have been won the victory which secures it forever.

YORKTOWN BEFORE.

On the 21st and 24th of August, 1781, Lafayette wrote from his camp at the Forks of York River to Washington at Philadelphia. On the 22d Lord Cornwallis, comfortably secure, wrote from Yorktown to Sir Henry Clinton at New York offering to spare him ten or twelve hundred men. Washington instructed Lafayette to prevent any escape up the peninsula which Cornwallis might attempt when the French fleet under De Grasse arrived. Accordingly troops were sent to the south of James River, and General Wayne was ready to cross it at Westover. Lafayette was meanwhile ready to move to Williamsburg and join the forces which might be landed from the French fleet.

On the 5th of September Washington left for the scene of operations and heard, on the way, of the arrival at the Capes on the 28th August of the French fleet of twenty-eight ships of the line. He immediately wrote to de Grasse that the van of the two armies would drop down the Chesapeake to co-operate with him and Lafayette. De Grasse immediately closed the mouth of the York River and landed 3300 men. At the same time James River was full of armed vessels to cover the transportation of our troops, and Wayne crossed. Cornwallis saw that his escape was cut off—strengthened his works, and sent to Sir Henry Clinton for aid.

De Grasse and a French General begged Lafayette to storm Yorktown and Gloucester. The young chief, humane as honorable, preferred to await the coming of the combined forces to secure a more bloodless, if less brilliant, victory. De Grasse, expecting the fleet of De Barras from Rhode Island, and hearing of the English fleet under Graves, off the Capes, sailed out with many of his ships and amused Graves for a few days, during which De Barras slipped in, De Grasse followed him, and Graves, outwitted, returned to New York.

Meanwhile Washington had reached Williamsburg, and sent to hasten the arrival of the French troops, while he begged General Lincoln to press forward to a junction. These troops were coming down the Chesapeake. On the 22d of September Washington heard of the arrival of Admiral Digby at New York with troops and six ships. De Grasse was afraid of the combined fleets, and proposed to leave a few vessels in the James and York rivers, while he put to sea to engage the English with the rest. Washington saw that if the fleet went Cornwallis had a chance of succor; if it remained he must surrender; and he entreated De Grasse to remain. The Count was persuaded, and by the 25th September the American and French troops were encamped near Williamsburg, and ready. The enemy was mainly at Yorktown, but also held Gloucester Point, opposite. On the 26th our troops were drawn out, twelve thousand strong. In the evening Cornwallis heard from Clinton that a fleet of twenty-three ships with 5000 troops would sail to his relief on the 5th October. In the night he abandoned his outworks. Our men seized them in the morning. On the 28th September our army marched from Williamsburg, and, driving in the British pickets and patrols, encamped within two miles of Yorktown. On the 1st October our lines completely invested the place, while De Grasse's fleet held the mouth of the river. In the evening of the 2d Tarleton and his troop crossed to Gloucester Point from Yorktown to forage; a skirmish followed, and he retreated. The next day the French General, Choisy, with a detachment of marines, cut off Gloucester Point from the rear country.

On the 6th of October General Lincoln opened our first parallel, six hundred yards from the enemy. On the 9th it was completed, and Washington fired the first gun. On the night of the 11th the second parallel was opened, within three hundred yards of the works. On the night of the 14th two redoubts were stormed and carried by the Americans and French, General Hamilton commanding. It was a most brave and brilliant achievement; and it was while watching it, intensely excited, that Washington was greatly exposed, and his aid-de-camp ventured to say so. "If you think so," said Washington, gravely, "you are at liberty to step back." Just before dawn on the 16th Cornwallis tried to carry two of the batteries in our second parallel. It was a gallant dash, but the enemy was repulsed, and had spiked our guns so poorly that by evening they were all right again. Then Cornwallis's only hope was a retreat. He projected crossing to Gloucester Point and forcing his way Northward, leaving his sick and wounded. He prepared sixteen large boats, and had carried over a large number of troops when a storm scattered the boats. Success was hopeless, and he had to recross his troops in face of our fire. At ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th he opened a parley. At two o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th his troops marched out and laid down their arms.

At the surrender of Yorktown we made 7073 prisoners. The loss of the British was 552, our loss about 300. Our combined army was estimated at 16,000, of whom 7000 were French, 5500 Continentals, and 3500 militia.

The best accounts of the siege and surrender are in Thacher's "Military Journal," Irving's "Washington," and Holmes's "Annals."

DAVIS'S DANGERS.

The extreme exigency which threatens the "Confederacy" will probably develop results like those which the pressure of Europe against revolutionary France produced at the close of the last century. Jefferson Davis is probably a man who knows when he is beaten; but there are men around him who will doubtless refuse to see defeat, and whom disaster will only plunge into utter recklessness. Davis's only hope of safety at home will be in running before the wind. When a man in his position and under his circumstances falls, from whatever cause, he falls into utter contempt, and, in perilous times, into danger of personal harm. To save his life, Davis must still be a leader. When Danton paused, Robespierre called for his head. If Davis delays, some man of inferior talent and more bloody will will demand that he be put out of the way.

It is not surprising, therefore, to see by the reports from Secessia that if a final blow falls upon Virginia—like the fall of Richmond, for instance—the Davis Administration will be in danger. Some great design was supposed to be preparing a month

ago, and the rebel writers say: "An attack on the Administration and its men, by one of the most eminent men of the times, in Congress, is delayed until this great event fails or succeeds." Is the impending event the national annihilation upon the Yorktown peninsula, and the capture of Fortress Monroe?

So in a debate in the "Confederate Congress," "Boyce" said—is "Boyce" one of the most eminent men of the times?—"This Congress will have devolved upon it a great mission. It may be that, in the progress of this revolution, they may be compelled to save the country at all hazards and by the most startling measures." He feared that if the representatives increased their salaries—for this was the question that engaged them while their "Confederacy" was falling about their ears—they would diminish the influence which they must necessarily have in order to work out this great mission.

This implies possible depositions, dictatorships, dangers, and death. A population like that of the rebel section, ignorant, passionate, and fanatical, could be easily managed by a skillful leader, who should inflame them by insisting that it was the sloth or treachery of the Administration that had overwhelmed the hopes of human freedom and happiness which the "Confederacy" holds out to mankind. Jefferson Davis, if he has any eye to spare from Grant, Foote, Halleck, M'Clellan, Heintzelman, Frémont, Banks, and Buell, should fasten it upon "Boyce" and the other "most eminent men of the times" in his neighborhood. He and his friends must consider what answer they mean to make to the terrible question of their followers, "Why did you drag us into this scrape?"

MR. PEABODY'S GIFT.

WHEN you go to Augsburg, where the Emperor Charles V. held the Diet, they show you the house of Anton Fugger. He was a merchant who entertained the Emperor imperially at his own house. You may see the splendid room in which he slept. There were two Fugger brothers at that time, Raimond and Anton. They lent the Emperor money when he was pressed, and he gave them the right of coining, and made them Princes of the empire. These men came of a family of famous merchants which sprang from a weaver. Their great success and consequent wealth made them powers in the state for more than two centuries. They founded at Augsburg a cabinet of antiquities, a gallery of paintings, and a botanical garden. They built a church; they bought pictures of Titian; and collected the two largest libraries of the time in Germany. Their descendants have married into and are merged in princely houses, and the name of Fugger, the German merchants, lives in history.

Of Lorenzo di Medici, the Florentine merchant, the history of his country and time is full. An English merchant, Mr. Roscoe, has made his own name famous by commemorating that of Lorenzo, and his book is still one of the most charming chapters of early modern history.

An earlier English merchant was Sir Thomas Gresham, the financial friend of Queen Elizabeth, who often made him, at his country-house, one of those famous visits which cost the host so dearly. Gresham was very rich, founded the first Royal Exchange and Gresham College, which still sustains seven courses of lectures.

Stephen Girard was an American merchant born in Bordeaux, France. He was the son of a sailor, and by thrift and skill rose to great wealth. In the war of 1812, when the Treasury wanted a loan of $5,000,000, and only $20,000 could be negotiated, Mr. Girard took the whole. When he died he left $2,000,000 to found the Girard college. The chief building is a copy of the Parthenon modified by modern exigencies. It is an institution for the benefit of white male orphans. Unluckily the fund was larger than the mind which endowed it, and no great public charity probably ever excited less interest and sympathy.

John Jacob Astor was an American merchant born in Germany, the son of a poor peasant. He came to this country just after the Revolution at the age of twenty. He accumulated the largest fortune in the country, estimated at $20,000,000, and his will gave $50,000 to the poor of Waldorf in Germany, his native village. He devoted also $400,000 for the establishment of a public library in the city of New York—nor have four hundred thousand dollars ever been more wisely expended.

These are but a few names of rich men who have erected enduring monuments to their names by making their fellow-men partners of their success. The roll is now increased by one who is not less a public benefactor than the greatest of them. Twenty-five years ago George Peabody, an American merchant born in Danvers, began business in London, and during all that time no resident of that city has been more truly respected than he. In many ways he was an American representative; and few travelers during that time but recall with pleasure the banquets and festivities with which he delighted to honor his friends and countrymen. Now, at the close of his active business career, having already founded a Library and Institute in his native Danvers, and a larger Institute and Library in Baltimore, where he lived for twenty years, the munificent American merchant devotes seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the benefit of the poor of London.

The conditions of the gift are so wise and liberal that the reader of his letter is not surprised to meet the admirable suggestion in regard to its disposition, that a portion of the fund, if not the whole, shall be applied to the building of improved lodging-houses for the poor.

Such a gift, too, comes with peculiar grace at a moment when England so causelessly and ruthlessly reviles us for not suffering our national life to be snuffed out by treason. It may be taken as the earnest of an American practically acquainted with England, that the foolish whims and jealousies which have controlled English opinion of us for a year past are essentially transitory. Let us at least accept the omen. We are not the friends we thought we were, but we need not be enemies.

JUST THE DIFFERENCE.

THE Richmond correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* writes, in the middle of March: "At last accounts Jackson was falling back to Mount Jackson, forty miles from Winchester. The Yankees in the Kanawha Valley are building plank roads as fast as the enemy penetrates the country. Timber is plenty, and the Yankees fetch along plenty of portable steam saw-mills. Meantime our own roads are nearly impassable."

That is typical of the result of the war. The civilization of intelligence, skill, and steam saw-mills is conquering that of sloth, ignorance, and decay. Fifty years hence, when Virginia is taking the place which belongs to a region so peculiarly favored by climate, soil, natural irrigation, and variety of surface, and New York looks delighted upon her sister and rival, the sons and grandsons of Jackson's soldiers will look back to this year with incredulity, and confess, what Jackson and his troops deny, that Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and George Mason were wiser men and better Virginians than James M. Mason, John Letcher, Roger Pryor, and Henry A. Wise.

EXIT YANCEY.

IN the presence of recent events Mr. Yancey's speech at New Orleans must be a little disheartening to his friends. "The sentiment of Europe is anti-slavery; . . . . . and they will never recognize our independence until our conquering swords hang dripping over the prostrate heads of the North." The recognition must then be considered indefinitely postponed.

He also said, "It is an error to say that Cotton is King. It is not." Mr. Yancey has been a year in England, and he knows.

He added, "The chosen and the choosers [of the rebel Government] are in the same boat. The storm is raging, the wind is howling, and the waves are beating upon our bark. We have placed them [?!] at the helm. They may commit errors; but all history teaches that when there is mutiny in the crew the bark must go down." The moral is, that the only way to save New Orleans is to surrender by unanimous consent.

Having shown that the rebellion is hopeless, Mr. Yancey closed by expressing the strongest confidence in its success. It was the best course allowed by the circumstances.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SMALL shareholder in a small railway that yields but small returns, had his half-yearly dividend remitted to him the other day in the shape of postage-stamps. He sent back a verbal message to the secretary, stating that they were of no use to him, as he could not write; and requesting that in future the payment should be made in tobacco, as, although he could not write, he could smoke.

A lover sees his sweet-heart in every thing he looks at, just as a man bitten by a mad dog sees dogs in his meat, dogs in his drink, dogs all round him.

A contemporary has been studying phonotypy. Here is a specimen: "Wat kant be qrd must b ndurd."

Lord Cockburne, the proprietor of Bonally, was sitting on a hill-side with a shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he observed to him, "John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered, "Ay, my lord; but if ye had been a sheep ye would hae had mair sense."

"Now do take this medicine, wife, and I'll be hanged if it doesn't cure you." "Oh, I will take it then, by all means, for it is sure to do good one way or the other."

A gentleman who had a snuff-box that played "Drops of Brandy" and "The glasses Sparkle on the Board," went to dine with a friend a few miles out of town one Sunday, taking his box in his pocket. He accompanied the family to church, and by some accidental pressure he, about the middle of the sermon, touched the spring of the box, which struck up "Drops of Brandy." Every eye and ear was directed toward the spot, to the great dismay of the gentleman, who endeavored to stop the box, but, in doing so, only caused it to change the tune; on which he hastened out of church, the box rattling away as he hurried along the aisle.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S MAXIM.—As people sprinkle the floors before they sweep them, so some ladies sprinkle their husbands with tears in order to sweep the cash out of their pockets.

When the Government is afflicted, the political doctors generally apply *leeches* to its *chest*.

The Persians have a saying that "Ten measures of talk were sent down upon the earth, and the women took nine.

A country carpenter, nailing up a board to forbid vagrants trespassing, placed it with the inscription upside-down. "Beggars are accustomed to reverses," observed a passenger.

Horne Tooke returned his income at sixty pounds a year; the commissioners said they were not satisfied. Horne Tooke, in reply, stated that he had much more reason to be dissatisfied with the smallness of his income than they had.

Many persons who have a raging war-fever before going into battle are apt to get the ague afterward.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ For an account of the BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING and the ADVANCE UPON YORKTOWN see page 262.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, April 8, in the Senate, several petitions in favor of the passage of a uniform bankrupt law were presented and referred. The consideration of the bill confiscating the property of rebels was resumed, when Senator Henderson, of Missouri, made a speech in opposition to the proposition. Bills regulating the pay of the navy, and confirming the act of the President in accepting the services of certain volunteer engineer corps, were introduced and referred. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a resolution that Congress adjourn on the third Monday in May was referred to the Ways and Means Committee. The consideration of the National Tax bill was then resumed, and, all the amendments having been acted on, the bill was passed by a vote of 125 yeas to 13 nays. A joint resolution extending to officers and men in all the military departments the provisions of the act securing to officers and men in the Missouri or Western Military Department their pay, bounty, and pensions, was adopted. A bill to punish and prevent the practice of polygamy was referred to the Committee on Territories.

On Wednesday, April 9, in the Senate, petitions in favor of emancipation, and the establishment of a national armory and military department in Wisconsin, were presented and referred. The bill allowing the Attorney-General and Secretary of the interior to fix the salaries of District Attorneys, was passed. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the bill to increase the efficiency of the Medical Department of the army. A bill making additional appropriations for the civil expenses of the Government was reported, and nearly all the Senate's amendments to the Post-office Appropriation bill were agreed to. The bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia came up on its second reading, to which Mr. Vallandigham objected. The question then recurred under the rule, "Shall the bill be rejected?" which was decided in the negative, 45 against 93. The bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. The Pacific Railroad bill was taken up, and Mr. Phelps, of California, spoke in its favor.

On Thursday, April 10, in the Senate, resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature, approving of the joint resolution recommended by the President, in favor of extending pecuniary aid to States desirous of emancipating their slaves, were presented. Notice was given of a bill amending the Fugitive Slave law. The bill establishing a line of steamships between San Francisco and Shanghai was taken up, and Senator Latham explained its objects. The consideration of the bill confiscating rebel property was then resumed. Senator Willey, of Virginia, offered an amendment, appropriating $5,000,000 for the colonization of negroes made free by the bill. This created a lively discussion, but no action was taken on the subject. A bill incorporating the North Pacific Railroad Company was introduced, and the Senate then went into executive session. ——In the House, a resolution expressing gratitude to Almighty God for the glorious triumph of the Union arms at Island No. 10 and Pittsburg Landing, and thanking the officers, soldiers, and sailors for their gallantry and devotion in those contests, was presented by Mr. Arnold, of Illinois, and referred to the Military Committee in order that the names of all the commanding officers may be mentioned therein, as is customary in such cases. The Senate's amendments to the Naval Appropriation bill were reported back by the Ways and Means Committee. The amendments appropriating $13,000,000 for iron-clad steam vessels of war, and $783,000 for the completion of the Stevens floating battery, were agreed to. A resolution that, if the Senate concur, Congress will adjourn *sine die* on the third Monday in May, was adopted. In Committee of the Whole the bill regulating the franking privilege, the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, and the resolution of the Committee on Foreign Affairs relative to neutral maritime rights, were discussed.

On Friday, April 11, in the Senate, Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill amending the Fugitive Slave Law. The bill removing all disabilities for color in carrying the mails, was passed by a vote of 24 to 11. The debate on the bill confiscating rebel property was then resumed and continued till the adjournment.——In the House, the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia was passed by a vote of 93 to 39. The bill has now passed both Houses by a two-thirds vote.

On Monday, April 14, in the Senate, Senator Hale announced his resignation of the Chairmanship of the Committee on Naval Affairs. The bill confiscating the property of rebels was taken up, and Senator Harris, of New York, made a speech in support of it. A resolution directing inquiry as to the expediency of providing by law for an exchange of the products of the United States with foreign countries, through our diplomatic and commercial agents, was adopted. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Speaker announced the following named members as a special committee to devise a plan for the gradual emancipation of slaves, namely: Albert S. White of Indiana, Francis P. Blair of Missouri, George P. Fisher of Delaware, William E. Lehman of Pennsylvania, Cornelius L. L. Leary of Maryland, William V. Whaley of Virginia, James F. Wilson of Iowa, Samuel L. Casey of Kentucky, and Andrew J. Clements of Tennessee. The Committee on Foreign Affairs asked to be discharged from further consideration of petitions in favor of the abrogation of the Canadian Reciprocity treaty. A resolution, calling for information respecting the alleged destruction of property in Missouri by United States troops from Kansas, was referred to the Military Committee. The consideration of the bill establishing a uniform bankrupt law was postponed till December next. The Senate resolution transferring the superintendency of the Capitol extension from the War to the Interior Department was adopted. A bill providing for the construction of a ship canal from the Mississippi River to Lake Michigan, for the transportation of war munitions, etc., and also the enlargement of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, was reported by the Military Committee.

THE LATEST FROM YORKTOWN.

At the time we close this record there is no stirring news from Yorktown. Every thing is progressing well and quietly there.

The latest news from Fortress Monroe represents every thing quiet there. The *Merrimac* has made no further movement.

THE "MERRIMAC" OUT AGAIN.

The rebel steam-ram *Merrimac* came out on 11th from her moorings off Craney Island, accompanied by her consorts, the *Jamestown*, *Yorktown*, and her convoy of tugs. She proceeded as far as a point between Newport News and Sewall's point, and made toward the *Monitor* and the small Stevens iron battery. The *Merrimac* fired only one shot, but the little Stevens battery returned with four or five, upon which the *Merrimac* and her companions returned to Craney Island. The *Yorktown* captured two brigs and a schooner which were lying near Newport News, and steamed off with them.

GENERAL MITCHELL IN ALABAMA.

Our troops have pushed as far south as Huntsville, Alabama, under General Mitchell. They took possession of that place without much resistance, and captured two hundred prisoners, fifteen locomotives, and a large amount of rolling stock. Huntsville is an important point, being situated on the main trunk line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, which connects Richmond with Memphis and the other cities of the Southwest. Our possession of Huntsville cuts off all connection between the Southern Atlantic States and the West.

On the morning of 12th two expeditions were started from Huntsville by railroad. One, under Colonel Sill, of the Thirty-third Ohio, went east to Stevenson, the junction of the Chattanooga with the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, which point they seized, two thousand of the enemy retreating without firing a shot. Colonel Sill captured five locomotives and a large amount of rolling stock. The other expedition, under Colonel Turchin, of the Nineteenth Illinois, went west, and arrived at Decatur in time to save the railroad bridge, which was then in flames.

General Mitchell now holds one hundred miles of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad—thus securing our position at Huntsville and its vicinity.

PASS CHRISTIAN OCCUPIED.

The Union troops shelled Pass Christian on the 4th inst., and landed 2400 men and twelve 4-pound howitzers. Pass Christian is situated near St. Louis Bay, within 50 miles of New Orleans. It is a port village of Harrison County, Mississippi, 13 miles from Mississippi City.

SURRENDER OF FORT PULASKI.

The Savannah *Republican* of the 12th announces the unconditional surrender of Fort Pulaski on the previous day. Seven large breaches were made in the walls by our batteries of Parrott guns at King's Landing, and all the barbette guns on that side and three casemate guns were dismounted. Three balls entered the magazine. Colonel Olmstead, the rebel commander, signaled, the day previous to the surrender, that our fire was so terrible that no human being could stand upon the parapet for even a moment.

REPORTED FALL OF FORT CRAIG.

The Richmond *Whig* publishes news from Fort Mexico, received by way of New Orleans, which professes to show that Fort Craig has fallen into the hands of rebels; Colonel Canby and his command having been compelled to make an unconditional surrender. No dates are given.

MEN AND PROPERTY CAPTURED AT ISLAND NO. 10.

The prisoners and property captured by General Pope and Commodore Foote, at and in the vicinity of Island No. 10, are summed up as follows:

Major-General	1	Privates	5500
Brigadier-Generals	3	Cannon	125
Colonels	10	Arms	10,000
Lieutenant-Colonels and Majors	15	Steamboats	10
Captains	56	Floating battery	1
Lieutenants	64	Horses and mules	2000
Second Lieutenants	84	Wagons	1000

—besides forty thousand dollars' worth of provisions, and ammunition unestimated.

THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHT AT PITTSBURG.

A copy of the Richmond *Whig* of the 8th contains the following dispatches in reference to the battles in Tennessee, all bearing date on the 6th, and giving an account of the Sunday fight only:

BATTLE-FIELD OF SHILOH,
VIA CORINTH AND CHATTANOOGA, *April 6*, 1862.

General S. Cooper, Adjutant-General,—We have this morning attacked the enemy in strong position in front of Pittsburg, and after a severe battle of ten hours, thanks to Almighty God, gained a complete victory, driving the enemy from every position.

The loss on both sides is heavy, including our Commander-in-chief, General Albert Sydney Johnston, who fell gallantly leading his troops into the thickest of the fight.

G. T. BEAUREGARD, General Commanding.

THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHT.

The Norfolk *Day Book* contains the following dispatch from General Beauregard of the second day's fight at Pittsburg:

CORINTH, TUESDAY, *April* 8, 1862.

To the Secretary of War, Richmond:

We have gained a great and glorious victory. Eight to ten thousand prisoners and thirty-six pieces of cannon. Buell reinforced Grant, and we retired to our intrenchments at Corinth, which we can hold. Loss heavy on both sides.

BEAUREGARD.

WASHINGTON, *April* 14, 1862.

In reference to Beauregard's dispatch, given above, inquiries have been made at the War Department, and we are authorized to say that the reports from Pittsburg Landing already given to the public contradict the report in the Norfolk papers. All reports received at the War Department confirm the statements that the enemy were routed and pursued as far as the previous orders of General Grant would permit, and the enemy are now shut up in Corinth.

THE EXPLOIT OF COLONEL ROBERTS.

The following is an account of the capture of a rebel battery at Island No. 10, illustrated on page 268:

Wednesday night five launches, one from each gun-boat, and carrying in all fifty seamen and soldiers, armed to the teeth, "might have been seen" a little after dark pushing out from the various gun-boats, and gathering under the shadows of the willows that fringe the Kentucky shore. Each boat had an officer in command, and the whole were in charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts, of the Forty-second Illinois infantry.

The strictest silence was observed—not a whisper nor even the splash of an oar broke the stillness. At length every thing was ready, and giving themselves to the current the boats started down the stream, the oarsmen quietly giving each boat sufficient motion only to enable the steersman to it to keep close within the shadows. In this mysterious manner they departed, and speedily disappeared in the darkness.

An hour later and the solitary rebel sentry who, musket in hand, paced forward and backward along the parapet of the upper battery, had his thoughts disturbed by a remarkable appearance. He had just entered the depths of a cogitation, the main features of which probably were that Yankees were vulgar, base, low-born mud-sills; that Southerners are chivalrous, noble, knightly, superior; and that one of the latter is just an equal match for from five to twenty-five of the former, when suddenly happening to glance toward the river, his eyes caught sight of numberless black objects drifting slowly toward him, and above these dark masses were luminous points and flashes, which seemed to envelop them like a net-work of ghostly phosphorescent flame. He rubbed his eyes, looked again at these mysterious phenomena, and was about to conclude that something was abroad, when suddenly a voice was heard, "Give way!" fifty oars dropped in the water, and the dark-looking objects, with the swiftness of thought, shot straight for his position. He had only time to see that the supernatural light was the gleam of bayonets, and then to his disordered vision there appeared to be coming at him a hundred boats, each carrying a thousand Yankees. With a yell of horror he pulled off his piece in the air, and fled with the darkness, no more to be seen.

He had no more than left when the five boats struck the bank, their contents poured ashore and took possession of the battery, and guards were posted around, and their rat-tail files and sledge-hammers were brought into requisition with a success that, in the course of half an hour, effectually spiked every gun—there were seven—in the battery.

The party remained in the works about an hour, and then, without hearing a word from the enemy, returned to the fleet. The very audacity of the thing seems to have so paralyzed the rebels that they offered no opposition; or possibly the fears of the frightened sentry so magnified the Federal force that they were induced to believe that an army had effected a landing at the battery; and hence, instead of assuming the offensive, they busied themselves in preparations to repel an attack. The circumstance of the battery being entirely surrounded by water, with the exception of the gun-platforms and narrow parapet, which alone connected them with the higher banks below, prevented the rebels from keeping a large force at this place, and consequently they were in no condition to offer any effective defense.

THE "VERMONT" SAFE.

The steamship *Baltic* arrived at this port on 13th from a cruise in search of the United States ship *Vermont*. The *Baltic* came by way of Bermuda on the 8th inst., and there learned that the *Vermont* was in good condition, and had proceeded on her way to Port Royal. The steamers *Bermuda* and *Herald* were loading at Bermuda for Nassau, or with the view of running the blockade at some Southern port.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MR. PEABODY'S DONATION.

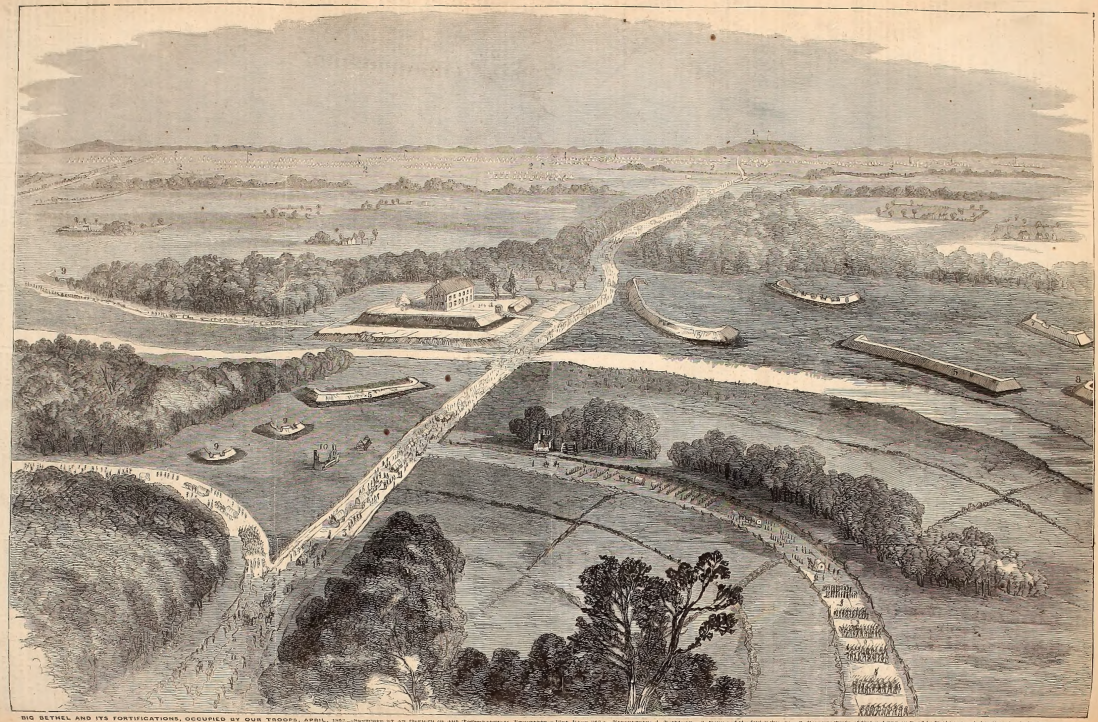
MR. GEORGE PEABODY'S letter, vesting the sum of $750,000 in the hands of trustees, as a free gift, to be employed in ameliorating the condition of the poor of London, with the reply of the trustees, has been published. The Lord Mayor of London was advised to call a meeting in order to offer the thanks of the city to Mr. George Peabody for his donation to its poor.

THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE REBELS.

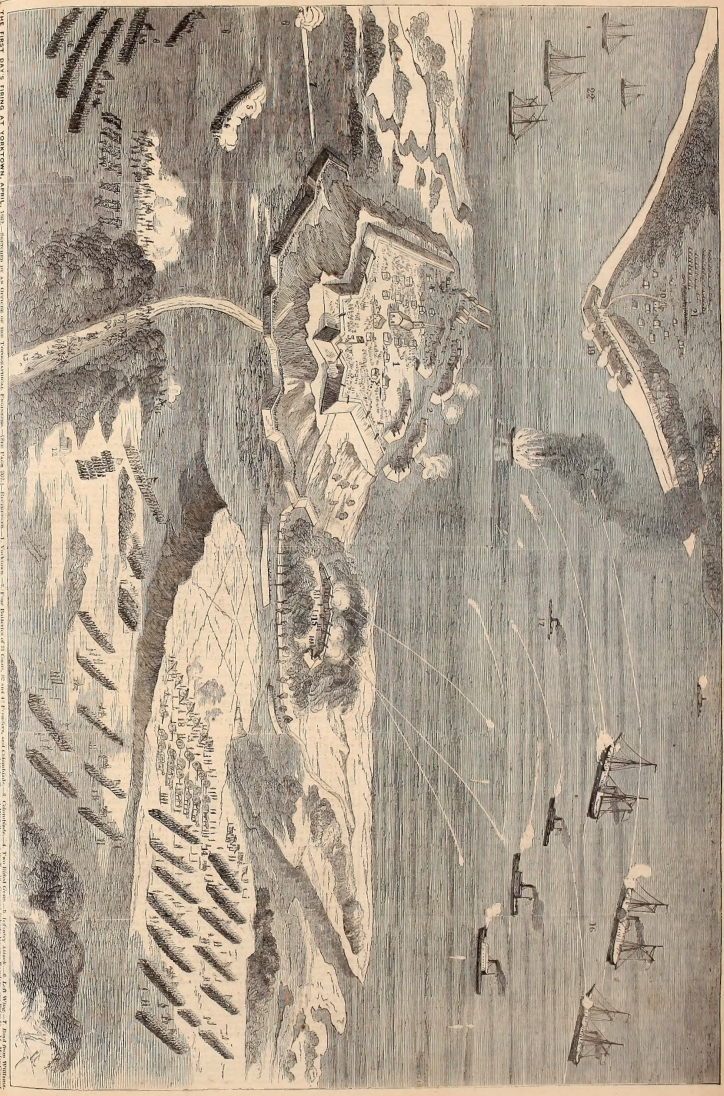
A man named Henry Hotze writes to the London *Times*, announcing himself as the sole commercial agent of the rebel States in England. He pledges himself not to assume or counterfeit consular functions till the Confederacy is officially dealt with by the British Government; but he is prepared to give every information to all comers. It thus appears that the Mason embassadorial mission has dwindled down to a commercial agency.

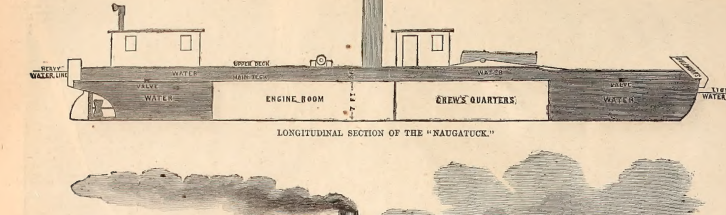
NO MORE WOODEN WALLS FOR ENGLAND.

The British press and Parliament are busily engaged in discussing the question of iron-clad floating batteries and the heavy ordnance of the Americans. It is understood that orders have been issued to suspend work on wooden vessels.

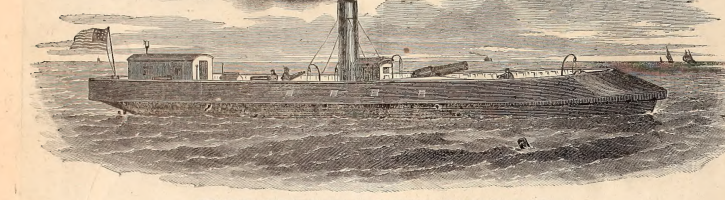


BIG BETHEL AND ITS FORTIFICATIONS, OCCUPIED BY OUR TROOPS, APRIL, 1861.—SKETCHED BY AN ARTIST IN THE CONFEDERATE ENCAMPMENT.—[SEE PAGE 261.]—1. Bethel Church.—2. Parsonage.—3. Earthwork.—4. Position of the Union Troops.—5. Passenger Trains of Union Army en Route for Washington.—6. Big Bethel.—7. Earthworks for Cannon.—8. Earthworks for Infantry.—9. Earthwork for Two Guns.—10. Earthwork for Two Guns.—11. Earthwork for Two Guns.—12. Earthwork for Two Guns.—13. Earthwork for Two Guns.—14. Earthwork for Two Guns.—15. Earthwork for Two Guns.—16. Earthwork for Two Guns.—17. Road from Hampton.—18. Hills.





LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE "NAUGATUCK."



THE STEVENS IRON STEAM GUN-BOAT "NAUGATUCK," NOW AT FORTRESS MONROE.

THE ADVANCE UPON YORKTOWN.

We devote pages 269 and 261 to illustrations of our advance upon Yorktown. On page 269 we publish a view of GENERAL BARNARD, WITH HIS ENGINEER AND FORTIFICATIONS, from a sketch by an officer of the Topographical Engineers. A correspondent of the *World* thus alluded to the entry of our troops:

Colonel Spear, with his cavalry, dashed down the road, carrying every thing before them. The two columns, having joined near Big Bethel, soon found themselves within sight of the works where the heroic Grebel fell fighting at his gun and Winthrop breathed his last cheering on his men. The rebels had to oppose their march, they were soon less than one mile from Yorktown, and found that they were mere mud batteries, with rough embrasures for their guns, mounting light field artillery. The cavalry, at the approach of our troops, fled and carried off the guns which were there. The force behind them numbered more or at least 1500 strong, including a company of cavalry. Our troops destroyed the works and proceeded over the earth-work in eight miles of Yorktown. In an open field of about eight or nine hundred acres, above the Half-way House, some infantry were drawn up in line of battle. It was deemed inexpedient to bring on an engagement, as all that was accomplished that was undertaken, our troops took up their line of march toward camp.

On the following page (261) we give a picture (from a sketch by the same hand) of the FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING AT YORKTOWN—9th April. The following account we take from the *Herald* correspondence:

At seven o'clock A.M. the divisions left Cockletown. The order of march was the same as on the previous day, excepting that the Fourth Michigan regiment, Colonel Woodbury, led the infantry. Colonel Averill's cavalry and Dorrance's battery were in the advance, and reached what has been seen by the enemy's heavy earth fort, but the troops apparently did not heed it; sadly neglected as it was, it could the best and readily road, extending about two miles through a region of swamp. In some places the road was in the man's house. The artillery had never yet had to move on. At intervals the roads were blocked, impeding the progress of the troops. About four miles advance after the march was passed, and the column came into good roads, and in a cultivated and beautiful region of the country. It was inspiring to the troops.

Passing by Cheesecake and Cross Creeks and Confiah Chapel, our column came in sight of the earth-works of the enemy, and York River to the right and beyond. General Richardson was present to direct arrangements. In the excitement neither Sergeant Hall nor myself could believed a battle would soon be fought. Colonel Averill's cavalry, with the Berdan Sharp-shooters and Dorrance's light battery took out for rebels and masked batteries. General Porter's brigade was ordered to the extreme right, and although there was no supporting troops behind for some distance, and wisely ignoring the thought of force the enemy might bring against them.

The brigades were put in position. Captain Griffin and Captain Weeden's batteries took places on the crest of a hill in face of the rebel intrenchments. On the right, in a piece of woods, lay General Morell's brigade, to rest put the batteries. Beyond the woods, in a perch orchard, were the Berdan Sharp-shooters; they were eight hundred yards from the intrenchments. Our artillery was fifteen hundred yards distant from the enemy. It was the first shot was fired. It came from one of the rebel batteries on the right. The shot went over our field-glass, and many more were fired. Generals Porter and Morell and other officers were present. The enemy kept up the cannonade, but did not explode. A quick response followed from Captain Weeden's battery, which was handled with great precision. This second shot, a solid shot, struck one of the cannons, named Reynolds, on the right of the rebel battery. The fight was continued; but the fifth minute after the operation.

A consistency firing was kept up an hour and a half; subsequently intervals of from fifteen to twenty minutes occurred between the shots. The enemy fired ninety heavy guns, from twelve to twenty-four pounders.

ONLY ONE of the enemy's shells burst. Our hero did not seem a mind them much, but rather enjoyed the thing. One shot struck in the Ninth Massachusetts regiment, Pritchard, and wounded two men of the sixty-second Pennsylvania Regiment.

General Morell and staff and General Martindale and staff were in the foremost places of danger in their positions. The Berdan Sharp-shooters made fearful havoc among the enemy's gunners, picking them off by the dozen. Colonel Berdan says they killed at least fifty of the rebels and wounded a hundred. Toward night the enemy commenced shelling them by making a gun out from behind the left end of the fort, discharging it and then dragging it in to load again, the only way the men were enabled to work the gun. They tried the plan of covering the working of guns by running a plank upon the parapet, and turning it upon the edge; but they did not seem to like to trust it. The sharp-shooters, with their rifles, picked off every man as a gunner showed himself the aim of the sweeping rifle would enforce on him the propriety of retirement. At first the rebel sharp-shooters attempted to shoot our men from rifle-pits; but they found even these pieces too hazardous, and were not long in withdrawing to their positions behind the intrenchments. During the afternoon a small mounted party, led by an officer carrying a white shirt, the bearer of which was distinctly visible, ventured outside the fort. A member of the sharp-shooters, who goes by the *sobriquet* of "California Joe," observed that "he was sent at a white mark." He quickly drew up his telescopic rifle, took aim, fired, and the man reeled in his saddle and fell to the ground apparently dead.

At half past four P.M. the enemy opened heavy firing from earth-works to the left of where the above shooting occurred. They made General Martindale's brigade their target. Our people were ready for them. The First Massachusetts battery took a position, and returned the fire. Lieutenant Kingsbury was in command of the battery. The rebel gunners showed more skill in cutting their pieces here than we shown from the other portion of the intrenchment. The sun was shining on our pieces, which gave the enemy a great advantage.

Before the firing ceased General Hamilton's division arrived on the ground. Captain Randolf's Sixth Rhode Island battery relieved during the last of the firing the Third Massachusetts battery.

The rebels had five range of the best locations for our artillery and the grounds on which we were encamped; but the casualties were very slight indeed compared with the injuries which our sharp-shooters inflicted upon them. Whenever they made a good shot they would utter an earthly yells. The principal portion of our troops which had arrived were located in the large fields on either side of the road, nearly surrounded by woods. In front, where our pickets were planted, there is an extensive field and then a lower ground, a large plain, in front of the rebel works. The rebels are strongly intrenched behind the centre of the fortifications, which have dense woods behind them.

THE VICTORY AT ISLAND No. 10.

We devote page 268 to illustrations of the SIEGE OF ISLAND NUMBER TEN, on the Mississippi, which was finally surrendered to Commodore Foote on the morning of 7th inst. We give a portrait of the gallant COMMODORE; a portrait of GENERAL POPE, whose brilliant "traverse movement" led to the capture of 4 generals and 5000 rebels; a view of the "CAROLINE" GUN-BOAT PASSING THE REBEL BATTERIES; and a picture of the GALLANT EXPLOIT OF COMMODORE FOOTE, which we here print, surprised a rebel battery and spiked the guns.

The following sketches of Commodore Foote and General Pope will be read with interest:

COMMODORE FOOTE.

Commodore Foote is a native of Connecticut, of which State his father was governor for several years, and connected to the navy of the United States. He is a son of Senator Foote, of Mississippi, who was formerly a resident of, and, in the Senate, with one of his famous speeches. He entered the navy as a midshipman in the year 1822, and has since mainly served the country nearly forty years. He was made a full captain in the year 1856, and on the commencement of December, 1861, under which commission he now acts as flag-officer of the western flotilla.

He has seen much service during the past twenty years and a half, and he performed nearly eight years of sea duty. He was stationed for over two years, and was last at sea in June, 1858. At the breaking out of the present troubles he was in command of the Navy-yard at Brooklyn, and shortly after the commencement of hostilities was ordered to the command of the naval forces on Western or Mississippi flotilla, of which he is the commander. Since then he has been engaged in the duties he reported as having worked night and day with a zeal and ability that has commanded the admiration of the officers of the service, and has accomplished an almost herculean task. Being dependent upon the Navy Department for men and a portion of his equipment, and compelled to call upon the War Department for other things equally necessary to the success of his mission in the inland waters, and apparently an object of jealousy and a subject of contempt from both, he has quietly worked through all obstacles. He is a quiet, gray-haired veteran, and, although holding a rank equal to major-general of the land forces, and which is not considered that forces, and, when hoisting at us in unison, while the Rubbing in each broad his flag, has been quietly and unostentatiously serving his country at the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi. His present expedition has been carried out with spirit and energy, and the result is gratifying to the nation.

GENERAL POPE.

General John Pope was born in Kentucky, about the year 1823. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1838, and graduated in 1842 as Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. He was in the Mexican war, and at Monterey so distinguished himself that he obtained his First-Lieutenancy. Again at Buena Vista he won laurels and the brevet rank of Captain. He was still a Captain when the rebellion broke out, and was one of the officers appointed by the War Department to escort President-Lincoln to Washington. He was loyal, and was soon after the inauguration appointed to a command in the Northwest. For some time he served gallantly in Northern Missouri, under Generals Prentiss and Hunter. General Halleck gave him command of a separate expedition in February, and he started from Cairo, Missouri, with a well-appointed command of some 18,000 men, and marched down the Mississippi, capturing all the rebel forts that took the place, except Columbus, all along the west bank of the river for fifteen miles, and captured the rebel camp at New Madrid.

THE EXPLOIT OF THE "CARONDELET."

The New York *Times* correspondent thus describes the exploit of the *Carondelet*. After describing the efforts made to send transports through the bayous to General Pope at New Madrid, and the necessity of having a gun-boat to protect them crossing over the tropics, he says:

> Why the *Carondelet* was selected particularly for this enterprise I do not know. Some boat had to go, and Captain Walke, being nearly the oldest officer in the first, still having an old acquaintance performed gallantly service, was dispatched for the enterprise.
>
> The preparations made were few. On the port side a fed-iron was lashed, loaded with bales of pressed hay, and furnished as a rebel-shot-and-shell proof protection against batteries located on the Kentucky shore. If they got through safely, they had to run the gauntlet of the rebel batteries on the bluff on the bayou, on the opposite side, and by balancing the bow and stern of the boat with the two guns each broadside. During the day (Friday) two of the transports were removed, and their places supplied with rifled guns, and the boat was ready for the possible engagement.
>
> This was all the preparation made, and, this accounted, the boat waited for night, when their search would, to some extent, lessen the danger of the attempt.
>
> At 10 o'clock the cast lines, and moved slowly down the stream. At the same time heavy clouds had overspread the sky, and a genuine tropical (a sixty thunder-storm came howling on the river. It did not rain in the ordinary sense of the word, but the water fell in sheets, completely drowning down in masses. Nor did it slacken and lighten the darkness, but seemed to thicken, and finally rested at us as if all the electric batteries of north, south, east, and west, had concentrated their forces, and were bringing

> The boat moved down the river, and the darkness and the storm increased, the thunder and lightning of the heavens seeming to mock the roar of the artillery which the enemy on the bank were soon to open upon us. Then flashes along the shore ceased, and then came a few moments of terrible suspense. Had she gone down, or was she drifting helpless in the swift current? Just then the flare of a gun came up faintly from below, then another, and another. It was the signal that she had passed through the fleet of rebel gun-boats, and the roar of artillery, and hail and hurricane of shots from the watching crowds, but even the storm itself was outreached, and the voice of ordination, cast down to the whole, with every straining their teeth in bullet rage behind their fortifications.
>
> To conclude, I will add that forty-seven shots were fired at the *Carondelet*, not one of which struck her! She lay all night a short distance above New Madrid, and the morning early steamed up to the landing.
>
> Such another scene of rejoicing at her arrival was probably never witnessed. Men hurrahed, cried, laughed—they fired cannon, tossed up their hats—and their every excitement culminated in raising the crew of the boat the coons ashore from the *Carondelet*, and carrying them on their shoulders in triumph all over the town.

(For an account of Colonel Roberts's exploit, see page 269.)

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

We publish on pages 264 and 265 a large illustration of the BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING, TENNESSEE, fought on 6th and 7th between the Union army, under Generals Grant and Buell, and the rebels, under Beauregard and Sydney Johnston. The point selected by our artist for illustration represents the closing scene of our army under Grant at 3 P.M. on 7th. The Cincinnati *Times* gives the following account of the battle:

Our forces were stationed in the form of a semicircle, the right resting on a point north of Crump's Landing, or eastern bank in front of the main road to Corinth, and our left extending to the river in the direction of Hamburg, four miles north of Pittsburg Landing. At four o'clock on the morning of the 6th 400 men of General Prentiss's division were attacked by the enemy six miles in advance of our lines. Our men fell back on the main body of the army, contesting every inch of ground. At seven o'clock the whole of General Prentiss's brigade had joined on the long rail was sounded and the men were falling into line. Reinforcements were coming up, they retreated a galling fire until they reached the lines of the Second brigade.

At six o'clock the attack had become general along our whole front. The enemy in overwhelming numbers fell on pickets of General Sherman's division, and fell on the forty-eighth, Fifteenth, and Seventy-second Ohio regiment. These troops were never before in action, and, being so unexpectedly attacked, made no stubborn resistance. Little but were, in common with the forces of General Prentiss, forced to make support of the troops immediately their rear. At one o'clock the entire line on both wings of the army was engaged. The enemy's force was without interruption from the main centre of the army. Between twelve and one o'clock the fire on the left was a desperate charge on the Fourteenth Ohio battery, which was supported by infantry, and fell into the hands. A gallant army fifth carried for possession of the Fifth Ohio battery, and three of its guns were taken by the enemy.

By eleven o'clock a number of commanders of regiments had been killed, and in some cases the field-officers had resigned; yet the fighting continued with an earnestness which showed the coolest on both sides not to yield or victory. Foot by foot the ground was contested, and the Fifteenth Ohio regiment, which had lost its colonel, was shockedand their fire, and made vigorous efforts to outwing, endeavoring to outflank, and driving it to a new

bank. The wing was under General Hurlbut, and was composed of the Fourteenth, Thirty-second, Forty-fourth, and Fifty-seventh Indiana, Eighth, Eighteenth, and Twenty-first Illinois. (The Fourteenth Indiana Regiment was not there. It is serving under General Shields in Virginia. —Ed.) Fronting its line, however, was the Fourteenth, Fifty-seventh, and Seventy-seventh Ohio, and Fifth Ohio Cavalry, of General Sherman's division. For nearly two hours a sheet of fire blazed from both columns, the rebels fighting with a vigor that was only equaled by those contending with them. While the contest raged the battery the gun-boat *Tyler* passed up the river to a point opposite the enemy, and poured in broadsides from her immense guns, greatly aiding in forcing the enemy back. Up to three o'clock the battle raged with a fury that defies description. The rebels had found every attempt to break our line unavailing. Their dead lay in front of our position in solemn, and fearful, and impossible, but turned all their strength upon our left. Foiled in that quarter, they now made another attempt at our centre, and under every effort to rout our forces before the reinforcements, which had been sent for, should come up.

At five o'clock there was a short cessation in the fire of the enemy, their little failing back for nearly half a mile, when they suddenly wheeled and again threw their entire forces upon our left wing, determined to make a final struggle in that quarter; but the gun-boats *Tyler* and *Lexington* poured in their shot thick and fast with terrific effect. Meanwhile General Wallace, who had taken a circuitous route from Crump's Landing, appeared suddenly on the enemy's right wing. In the face of this combination of circumstances the rebels felt that their enterprise for the day was a failure, and as night was approaching fell back until they reached an advantageous position somewhat in the rear, yet occupying the main road to Corinth.

The gun-boats continued to throw shell after them until out of range. After a wearied watching of several hours of intense anxiety, the reinforcements under General Buell appeared on the opposite bank of the river. The work of passing the river began, the Thirty-sixth Indiana, the Sixty-eighth Ohio being the first to cross, followed by the main portions of Generals Nelson and Bruce's divisions. Cheer after cheer greeted their arrival, and they were immediately sent to the advance, where they rested on their arms for the night. All night long shouts were exchanged carrying General Buell's force across, and when daylight broke it was evident the rebels too had been strongly reinforced.

The battle on Monday was opened by the rebels at seven o'clock from the Corinth road, and in half an hour extended along the whole line. At nine o'clock the sound of artillery and musketry fully equaled that of the previous day. The enemy was met by our reinforcements and the still unwearied soldiers of the previous day with an energy that showed their determination to win the victory evidently knowing the extreme of our left wing. Step by step, with perseverance and determination, the rebel forces were weak point by which to turn our force. They left one point but to return to it immediately, and then as suddenly would, by some masterly stroke of generalship, direct a most vigorous attack upon some division where they lacked they would not be expected; but the fire of our lines was as steady as clock-work, and it soon became evident that the enemy considered the task they had undertaken a hopeless one. Further reinforcements now began to arrive, and took position on the right of the main centre under General Wallace.

General Grant, Buell, M'Clernand, Nelson, Sherman, and Crittenden were every where present, directing movements for a new stroke on the enemy. Suddenly both wings of our army were turned upon the enemy, with the intention of driving them into an extensive ravine; at the same time a powerful battery, stationed in the open field, poured volley after volley of canister into the rebel ranks. At half past eleven the roar of the battle shook the earth. The Union guns were fired with all the energy that the prospect of the enemy's defeat inspired, while the rebels' fire began to slacken, and finally ceased in the direction of Corinth. They finally fell slowly back, keeping up a fire from their artillery and musketry along their whole column as they retreated. They went in excellent order, halting at every advantageous point, and delivering their fire with considerable effect; but from all the divisions of our lines they were closely pursued, a galling fire being kept upon their rear.

The enemy had now been driven beyond our former lines, and were in full retreat for Corinth, pursued by our cavalry.

The forces engaged on both sides in this day's battle are estimated at about seventy thousand each—an entire force of one hundred and forty thousand men.

Another correspondent, in the same paper, thus mentions the final charge:

The enemy, after maintaining their ground till 8 P.M., gave way. The decision then was given by General Grant, who headed a charge of six regiments in person, pressing his big white body on the enemy's centre with such desperate force that they broke and ran. Retreat at once became general. Within half an hour the whole rebel army was filling back in dismay. Our rejoiced soldiers followed them, driving them through our camp in complete disorder. They were soon driven into a broken country, where they would not form or fight. There was no relaxation in the pursuit.

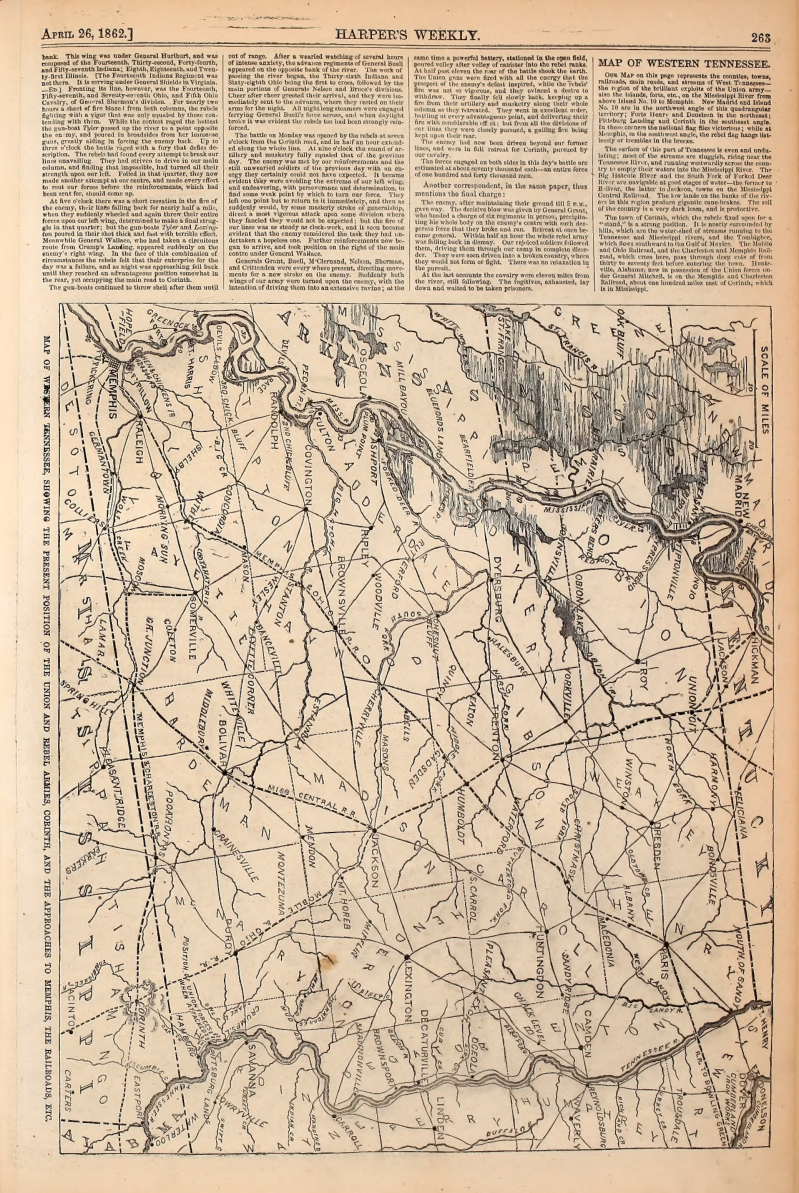
At the last accounts the cavalry were eleven miles from the river, still following. The fugitives, exhausted, lay down and waited to be taken prisoners.

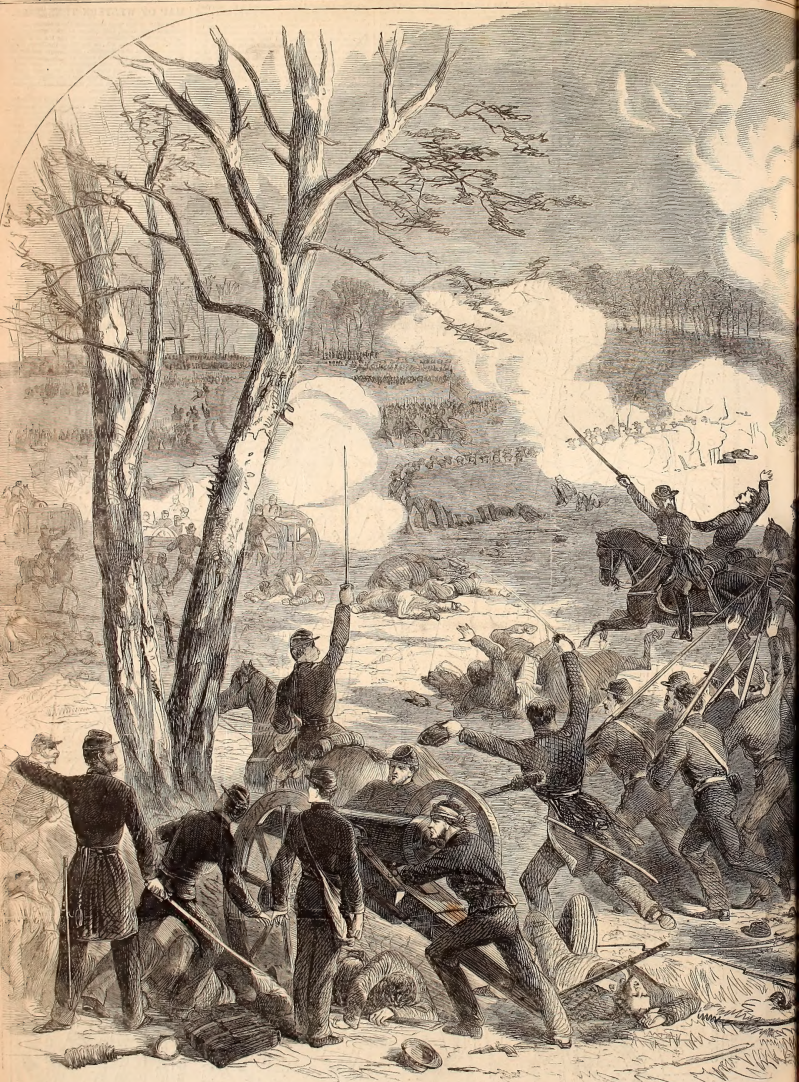
MAP OF WESTERN TENNESSEE.

OUR Map on this page represents the counties, towns, railroads, main roads, and streams of West Tennessee—the region of the brilliant exploits of the Union army—also the islands, forts, etc., on the Mississippi River from above Island No. 10 to Memphis. New Madrid and Island No. 10 are in the northwest angle of this quadrangular territory; Fort Henry and Donelson in the northeast; Pittsburg Landing and Corinth in the southeast angle. In these corners the national flag flies victorious; while at Memphis, in the southwest angle, the rebel flag hangs lifelessly or trembles in the breeze.

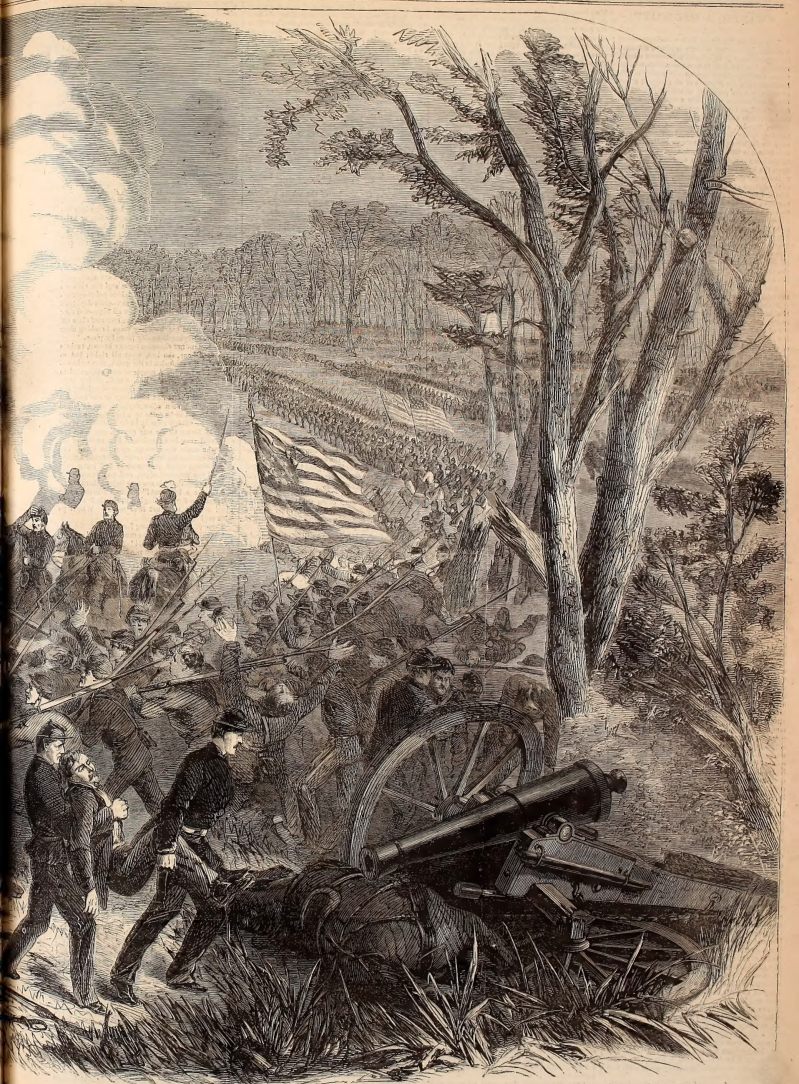
The surface of this part of Tennessee is even and undulating; most of the streams are sluggish, riding near the Tennessee River, and running westwardly across the country to empty their waters into the Mississippi River. The Big Hatchie River and the South Fork of Forked Deer River are navigable at good stages of water—the former to Bolivar, the latter to Jackson. The line of the Mississippi Central Railroad, 72 miles in length, is the only railroad in this region passing through a considerable portion of the country in a very dark loam, and is productive.

The town of Corinth, which the rebels fixed upon for a "stand," is a strong position. It is nearly surrounded by the rebel army. It is the point of intersection of the Mobile, Tennessee and Mississippi rivers, and the Tombigbee, which flow southward to the Gulf of Mexico. The Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and the Charleston and Memphis Railroad, which cross here, pass through deep cuts of from thirty to seventy feet before entering the town. Huntsville, Alabama, now in possession of the Union forces under General Mitchell, is on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, about one hundred miles east of Corinth, which is in Mississippi.





THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING, APRIL 7, 1862—FINAL AND VICTORIOUS C



RE OF THE UNION TROOPS UNDER MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT.—[See Page 262.]

"WANTED A LIFE-BOAT!"

NOT far from the pretty little watering-place of Glandore, and yet far enough to escape the tourist's route, there is an old and half-ruined chapel, and close to which may be seen a neat little cottage, whose carefully-tended garden and snowy mullin blinds bespeak the presence of an occupant a step or two above the peasantry of the district. Both chapel and cottage are within a stone's throw of a fearful cliff, at the foot of which the waves of the Atlantic chafe and roar with their everlasting and solemn thunder, and over and above, a hundred feet into fury by the pitiless wind, send showers of spray over the dank margin of the rocky wall. It is on an occasion it is that the little cottage shows life; a bright lamp is lighted in the window, a fire glows upon the hearth—and the whole aspect of the place is to invite the entrance of the storm. The occupants of the cottage are two—a young but faded woman, who sits by the fire, her pale, sad face turned to the door, as if watching for some well-beloved one to come—and an old and infirm man, who muses about, sometimes giving his companion a report as to the progress of the storm, but oftener pausing to look up and down himself, with the hopeless expression that it requires little penetration to see that his is one of the hearts made to fill the—the long, heart-breaking watch and ward over the shuttered intellect of one dearer to him than life itself.

Who and what these two are will appear from the following narrative:

Among the passengers on board the *Washington*, that sailed from Boston toward the close of February, 18—, was a Mr. Morris, who was the owner of the Engineers, who, at the close of the Peninsular War, accepted, like many others, a grant of Canadian land. The old gentleman had prospered, and at his death left his only son a rich man. Rising to an old England, he sold out his estate, and set forth from the land of his adoption full of the brightest anticipations.

For the first night all went well with them; and in all human probability a few days would bring them in sight of British ports; but about 250 they spoke a brig bound for Dublin, and sent letters on board to be posted on her arrival. From the moment of that event, the luck of the voyage was away. Home and England became, as it were, a reality. Each one had settled in his mind as to the voyage without seeming to possess one feeling in common with any one else, now became communicative, and began to recount anecdotes of their childhood, becoming almost poetical in their descriptions of village scenes. The afternoon wore on minutes became an hour, and still tone lingered; more hot water was called for, so the steward, at all events, felt an interest in the conversation.

About twelve o'clock on the following night they were off Cape Clear. Morning would, they expected, give them their first refreshing glimpse of British ground; but morning broke, or rather struggled forth, dreary and stormy. The wind, that had been rising, packed upon each other with that precise appearance a sailor knows so well. Sullen gusts of wind came howling over the waves, and the rain and there showed a troubled, frothy look. As day advanced the gale increased, and, instead of any one denying it, they might prepare for a rough night; the wind was dead in their teeth, and the sea running so that the vessel can, for any length of time, make indecision on the Captain's part whether or not to put about and run for Cork Harbor. But though heavily enough laden, the ship was a good one, perfectly manageable, and had a first-rate crew; thus, though the first impulse of passengers mingled with the dread of exposing so many inexperienced matrons and children to the contingency of a storm, spoke in favor of a retreat, the honor of his ship, the time of his voyage, and the interest he had in the speed of his vessel, were all too strong; and, keeping her well to sea, he still attempted to stay on her true course. The gale, however, grew more and more, and the wind and sea were his opponents, each moment lending to their fierce struggle—so much so that the vessel lay quiet in spite of every effort. Presently the sky cleared a little—the wind lulled; then, veering round to the southward, seemed for one wild moment to blow over. The force was irresistible, the ship drifted helm, and by the fury of night closed in.

Few on board slept that night; for though no hint was there as to danger, the very fact of such a temperature was one to their native habits, and a pressing influence, and, together with the wind and wave, kept sleep far off.

The wind began freshening after midnight; the Captain hoisted a sail to keep the vessel off shore; a greater press of canvas was deemed unsafe. Daylight brought new horrors. It was discovered that the ship had sprung a leak, and that a foot and of water in the hold; the main-topsail and mainmast were to be taken in. But the effort was vain; it was impracticable either. All passengers were at work. At noon they caught a glimpse of land, which to their surprise proved to be Cape Clear, a native of Ireland, came up to the Captain and told him of Glandore Harbor, offering to pilot the ship in, even in the gale. But he was not listened to, a deceptive lull aroused a hope that the wind was abating, and the ship was kept out to sea as long as they could.

The water soon gained upon them, one of the winches having broken; and none being found to fit, the pumps were soon choked, and nothing remained but to take out the fore-hatchway. Casks were broken out at once formed, and set to work. At this juncture the tiller broke, and before any thing could be done to save it the rudder went, and the ship was left at the mercy of the wind and tide, a hopeless wreck.

The passengers, now fully alive to their danger, crowded round the Captain, asking for hope. One poor woman threw herself upon her knees before him, beseeching him to say one word of comfort. At this moment, when, although nearly mid-day, the rain and mist made it impossible to see beyond a yard or two, the ship struck upon a rock. Her, for seemed to tie every tongue; and in this terrible silence, more fearful than even shrieks and sobs, the vessel rose, as if lifted by a supernatural power, trembled for a moment upon a mountain of water, and then crashed down upon the black and pitiless reef.

"It's all over!" said the Captain—his voice breaking the spell of silence.

"Not yet, Captain," cried Harry Crofts, the Irish sailor who had proposed running for Glandore, "if sure we're off Downen Castle! I know that black reef; ay! the Devil's Claw, sure enough. Holy Virgin, they've seen us! There go the guns!"

As he spoke, the boom of a gun was heard, then two hundred yards off, and instantly answered by a yell that seemed to burst from every heart.

"Clear away the life-boat!" cried a voice—showing how near they were to the shore.

A rocket was fired, but fell short; another—and yet another.

"It's the mist," said the Captain; "they can not see us."

"I'll swim ashore with a line, Sir, if you'll let me," said a voice.

"No, no, Crofts; it's death!"

"It's the same to stay, Sir. Here's Mr. Morris and me ready!"

"Off, then; and God speed you! Are you ready?"

"Ay, ay, Sir."

"Ropes all right?"

"Ay, ay, Sir."

"God bless you!"

And the two men, with a rope firmly fixed round the waist of each, sprang over the side, and committed themselves to the mercy of the waves.

A few minutes of intense anxiety followed, during which the people on shore threw another rocket, with an equally unfortunate result. Then those on board beheld the line, felt them tighten—the swimmers had reached the land; a hawser was then attached, and soon drawn ashore. Then one of the sailors proposed to go and see what was to be done; but before he could do so Morris reappeared, and was welcomed with the most enthusiastic cheers.

He and Harry Crofts had reached the mouth of a cavern, and having secured the hawser, were ready to do whatever the Captain might direct, according it.

Buckets were tied together and slung. Into these the children, six in number, were fastened, and intrusted to Morris and a couple of sailors; next the women, in a similar manner—and lastly the men, one by one.

A couple of hours were passed in getting off from the wreck, the last coming the last man to leave her. She could be seen from their resting-place standing upright, and appeared loth to quit. Presently great bank had separated, and the wild waves tossed them to and fro in their fierce play. Even then, their strength to the last moment, for though they were on firm ground, the cavern could be approached only at low water and in fine calm weather; in such a storm as was now raging it was a prison. Besides, they had not even a drop of water or provision, and the cliff was full, nearly 100 persons. The Coast-guardsmen had evidently conjectured as much, for a rope and pound of provisions was lowered toward evening; and in it a few lines scrawled on paper, telling them that the storm would fall would be well. A pencil and paper were laid in the basket; and with these the Captain wrote at last the second as proof of their situation and safety, etc. A few minutes after the basket was drawn up, the rope was lowered down again, and with a bundle of blankets. For the two days that the storm lasted they were abundantly supplied with food; still longer, and the cavern was flooded when the third morning broke, calm and clear, it would be difficult to distinguish the sea from the sky. Directly the tide went down a boat appeared round the end of the cliff, and was, as the reader may imagine, hailed with a cheer—such as one gives once in a lifetime.

FROM the moment that the storm came on, a sort of instinct had drawn Mr. Morris and Harry Crofts together; and from the moment of their arrival on the cliffs in the cavern, and Harry was clasped in his father's arms, he did not forget his friend, but humbly offered him such consolation as their cottage afforded. This Morris thankfully accepted, and for a few days the passengers and crew were amply provided with clothes and comforts by the gentry and country-people. But every one of these was but a fleeting interval before Mr. Morris—who still lingered at the Coast-guard station, incited by every feeling of kindness, inquiring about among the mountains, and listening in the evening to old Tom's yarns and Nelly's sweet Irish songs. Nelly was the Coast-guard's sister, a perfect specimen of Irish beauty, perhaps but remembering the dark eyes and flashing beauty she. He did not, however, acknowledge this even to himself, but found a hundred excuses to quiet his conscience and give him the right to linger. At last he was summoned to London on business, and most reluctantly bade farewell to his kind entertainers, by whom he had endeared himself and become like one of themselves. A couple of months passed by. Morris had written frequently, but not before he had noticed the change in Nelly's looks and spirits, and tried to give her sage advice as a brother of Mr. Morris. Then, as a man of reason, could not think of her in an honest way. Poor Nelly flushed up, and for the first time grew angry with Harry, telling him that she did not care for Mr. Morris, and hoped he would never come back; to which Harry answered nothing, but left home with a sorer heart than he had ever done before.

After Harry went, there came no news of Mr. Morris, and Nelly's cheeks grew paler still. She would sit watching the Bay, gazing eagerly at every passing sail, as if she expected each was wing its way to her with some news of her old lover's fortunes. But winter came and went, and a terrible winter it was! Wrecks multiplied upon the coasts of Great Britain; the cries of the drowning went up from every shore. Three vessels were wrecked off Gallyhead and Ring; and for more than a month after the passenger-ship was lost (with every soul on board), anxious and heart-broken strangers came and went to the village, searching in every inlet of those friends and relatives hurried to their graves.

Life-boats were added to the number then in existence; but the fishermen at Glandore were too poor to purchase one, and the institution was hopeless, as no one cared to supply one free. Rockets were their only means—and even of these but a scanty supply. Many a heart-broken, but human strength and daring could do had been done for the unfortunate vessels; but on such a coast, what could be effected by artificial means, can do little.

Nelly was the wonder of the whole country side; she seemed endowed with superhuman courage and forethought, and the simple villagers began to look upon her with something like awe. They little knew what was nerving her heart and mind, or that the storms had become like a nervous memento of her lost happiness. A vague presentiment had taken possession of her mind that his fate would be linked with the wild sea, and as those the storms cast upon the shore. But spring came, and, so far as she knew, Morris was safe.

One afternoon, when Father having gone some business to Ross, Nelly locked up the cottage, and went off to the cliffs to watch the sea-gulls just above the cavern. A soft breeze was blowing over the water; the waves rose and broke with a regular cadence, and they were creeping the shortwiry grass almost overhanging the cliff, turning their eyes now and then down below to the beautiful depth below. Nelly's thoughts were busy with the day of the wreck; and then following it up, turning to Morris's early sky and bright hopes, all of every thing seemed to mock her own sadness, and bowing forward, with her face covered with her hands, she fell to pondering at her fate.

Nelly had but small experience of the world, and none whatever of love, when nothing spoke about the "old, old story." Her fate seemed to her an unusual one—one at least she had never seen before. Even in our own fashionable world, it was the blame she felt that had made her bear up so bravely. But none could guess the **cause** of the struggle.

"There she is, yer honor, good luck to ye!" said a childish voice beside her; and starting up, she saw Morris's boy, Tom.

Neither spoke for some minutes. Nelly was busily trying to keep down the beating of her heart, scarcely believing she saw other than a spirit. Morris himself was silent—panic-struck at the change in her.

"Good God, Nelly, are you ill?" at last broke from his lips, as he stepped forward as if to take her hand. Nelly started back. Nelly raised her eyes.

"Oh! Nelly, Nelly! Have I made you ill? Oh, my own love, forgive me! I came to you in haste, but I could not stay away. I've come for my wife."

III.

WHAT a night of gossip and conjecture that was! Every cottage was filled with the news. Harry Crofts not one among them but was proud of Nelly's good luck; and as all of them knew and liked the gentleman, their joy was as envious as unfeigned among them.

Old Tom's return from Ross was one he remembered all his life after; and—when he heard from Morris how he had loved Nelly long ago, but, remembering how unfortunate his prospects were, not happily, had said nothing, and gone away hoping she would forget him, but that every month made him love her more, till at last he could not help returning, just, he thought, to see her once more and then go away—Old Tom wept. Through his eyes more than once during the recital. Then getting Nelly on his knee, he told her it was just like way her mother had done when she married her—was the poor one—her mother being a farmer's daughter, and he but above a common laborer. "But true love gained the day," added Tom, "and so it will to the end o' the world."

Nelly's own thoughts were thought much of sleep that night; and Nelly was up and off to have a look at the sea at daybreak, just as she told Morris—so shy and undemonstrative.

It seemed Morris had no one to please but himself, for he had left the ship and remained in port in place. So it may be believed neither of them had any wish to put it off. Harry was expected home in a few days, and would feel a day spent in Ross would be present.

In the same time, Morris spent his time at the village, making, as the people said, a scholar of Nelly, whose cheeks began to wear their old roses in a week. Then he paraded the crew before them, to show him the sort of men he might intrust his present to.

The only thing that marred the happiness with which the wedding-day broke forth was the non-arrival of Harry. Mr. Morris had written to the agents, and found, the ship's departure having been delayed, he had gone North England, getting a few unusually speedy passage, before the 10th or 12th of the month; and Nelly would fain have put off the wedding-day. But old Tom would not hear of it, and accordingly the arrangements were completed; and upon the 9th of June Nelly stood by the side of her husband in the old cliff, and plighted faith to her chosen one. Every body in the village had packed for miles around, flocked to the chapel, and lent their voices to cheer the beautiful bride.

While the ceremony was proceeding an ominous change had been taking place in the weather. Seagulls were seen hovering uneasily round the cliffs —a few early swallows skimmed along close to the earth, while heavy-backed clouds rose to the south, and the low, moaning wind, sweeping over the rain, came scudding across the water. A slight shade passed over Nelly's face, as, looking out of the bound you in storm, Nelly dear, and as going to have a storm to consecrate our happiness."

Nelly shuddered. Her heart felt as if to dread now he was there by her side and bound to her forever? So she banished the dark fear, and, looking confidingly up, said, "I am having fine—"

"We'll keep the sunshine in our hearts my how, darling; the storm can not touch us."

The threatening storm was soon forgotten, until some four or five hours later the bowling winds began to sweep the sea plainly to seaward, and the fishermen told of other storms that had come on much the same way. At last, just at sunset, there was no mistaking or shutting out the fact that a fearful tempest was raging.

Over the mountains rose the rain—rocket tubes made ready, and look-outs posted. About midnight came a ship in distress were made out through the intense war, the darkness and the violence of the storm that it was impossible to judge correctly of the vessel's movements. One of the rockets that one could be seen, and then all hope of saving her was over. She lay sideways on a reef over off the Devil's Claw, and each successive wave clear over her, carrying her away piece by piece.

Through the night, at intervals of hours, rockets were fired—one, the last, went all right; but so great was the confusion in the wreck, that its howstring to Morris's hand. Then a boat was ordered to come ashore along the line, which, giving way, broke off from the only apparent chance of saving the crew. Tom Crofts had been busy on the look-out all night, and soon after daylight Morris joined him. Nelly, too, was to be seen on the cliffs among the crowd—nobody exactly knew how—that it was the ship Harry Crofts was aboard, and some one was said that Harry had been with him as one of the men who made the attempt upon the line. The wreck was breaking up fast, and the crew were all alive. Some dread presentiment had hung over him all the previous night, and an inward voice seemed to say that his son was with them.

"Oh for a Life-boat!" groaned Morris, as he watched the figures clinging to the deck and rigging. "But we must save some! Who'll go with me?"

Every one of men sprang forward.

"We'll go, Sir; but you mustn't come! Boys, lend a hand to get the boat!" Morris, too, lent a hand, and together they ran a little distance inland to the verge of the spray.

"Now, boys!" exclaimed Tom Crofts, laying his hand upon Morris's shoulder. "You're flying in the face o' the Almighty, boy!"

"No, no! I can not stand and see them drown. Come, lads!"

But there is white figure ran along the beach, and in a second or two Nelly was beside him, horror and fear distorting her face.

"Oh, Harry! Harry!" she cried; "it's coming now! Morris, as sure as you go in that boat, you are lost!" And she clasped her hands wildly round his arm.

"No, no, Nelly; cheer up! It's my duty! I must do it, or live to reproach myself. At any moment may destroy one of them. Good God! there's the first!"

He said this the body of a man was cast forward by a wave, and was left within a yard of the spot where they were standing. Another and many before, and scarcely turned, until a cry of agony drew her round, and she saw her father frantically endeavoring to get out the boat alone. More than human seemed the calm that from that moment came across her. It was as if the lull before the tempest that was to be her last.

"I won't stop you, darling. But you'll come again—you'll live for me and baby!" One wild embrace, and her husband was in the boat, and, catching a favorable moment, the remaining men pushed off. Nelly stood motionless, not at a cheer—for not a soul but felt they were launching forth to death. For a few minutes the boat was lost sight of; then she appeared for an instant, still safe, and a shout and a prayer rose on the beach. Nelly fell upon her knees, and clung to it as a ray of hope; then, with a clap like thunder, the wind burst across the bay. The boat shivered for a second, and then disappeared, overwhelmed by a mountain of dark water.

Nelly never knew any more how Nelly's lips, the only one she ever uttered. The women tried to get her away from the whirling roar; but she, one by one, as they saw her eyes, which were fixed as if upon a sight beyond their ken, while a wild smile played on her face. Then she said that that day and until nightfall, when her father, scarcely less heart-broken than herself, tried to lead her away. Finding it was useless, he got her under the shelter of some rocks, and with one or two of the women sat down to watch. The boat shortly after with her strange gaze fixed upon the sea.

Toward morning poor Morris's body was washed up on the beach, and his son found it watched the boat. Nelly walked calmly to the place, knelt down, and raising the dead face between her hands, she gazed at it for a time, then smiled, and shaking her head, began talking to him, telling him he ought to have come back to marry her, and not broken her heart. At last, when perfectly exhausted, she fell by the boat shivering to the ground, and never heard her name, and never heard her into a deep sleep, in which state she was carried away; not to her home, but by the quiet forethought of the parish priest, to his own

cottage beside the chapel—and there Nelly remained. When the excitement of Morris's return and their wedding had passed away, and she still watches each sail as she did for the first long months—preparing warmth and comfort for those whom storms may cast upon the shore, and appears to be anxiously awaiting the arrival of some one.

"It's no good contradicting her," said old Tom to me; "and, after all, maybe she's right; for though he was a heretic, sure they were man and wife, and the trouble she's going through is only getting his dear soul out of purgatory."

Many such instances of the right of Nelly to inherit his property. The case was taken through the law-courts and decided in their favor, on the plea that, there having only been a marriage according to Nelly's faith, whereas, he being a Protestant, the Roman Catholic ceremony was not binding in a legal point.

So the Glendore fishermen have not got their long-wished for Lifeboat yet; they have raised even the 4150 or 4300 that would purchase it. The Lord alone knows if it is going to be given to them; and although half a dozen wrecks in the winter in no unusual event, no one has come forward since the wealthier neighbors to promote a subscription. Year after year brave fellows are lost attempting to save and help the wreckedboats are dug out, and the whole families reduced to beggary. Yet I never heard one of the poor willers or orphans murmur, nor for the loss of a beloved one. "Sure, yer honor," said one poor woman, with the tears trembling in her eyes, "what could Barney do—when the poor creatures were drowin'? I would have gone too, av I'd been strong enough." Such is the spirit—there is no doubt, for the poor things that's wrecked; but there's sore here, when we see them that's the support o' a family left destitute, and following them—all faith it's little he's thought of elsewhere."

Lieut. Fifth James O'Brien,

U. S. Volunteers.

Died April 6, 1862, Aged 33 Years.

SINCE was the inscription on the coffin in which was borne to Greenwood all that was mortal of one of the most gifted writers of the day, who died in defense of his adopted country. FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN was the only son of an Irish barrister of good family, who died while the boy was yet young. Scarcely spoke of his own early history; but from casual intimations I infer that his boyhood was a singularly happy one. His mother, after many years of widowhood, married again. I have had occasion to see letters from her to her son—remarkable for the most tender feeling for her son in a distant land—and whenever he had written any thing with which he was specially pleased, he was sure to receive for early proofs to send to her. "She will be glad to see it," he would say. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and his college life and literary career was not a brilliant one, measured by academic standards. He carried away from it a fine and less Greek and mathematics; but he must have read largely in general literature and out of the way writings. He then came to London for the last, but choosing literature for a profession, he went to London, while very young, without any personal introduction to the public, and became a contributor to Dickens's *Household Words*, then in the flush of its early success.

The sudden development of periodical literature in America seemed to open a career to him; and O'Brien came to this country in 1852. Every editor of that period will remember the swarms of English and Irish writers who filled the land. Among these was a man of a notable Cockney or Hibernian accent brought in a specially worthless manuscript, he was sure, by his own account, to be a leading writer for the *Edinburgh* or *Blackwood*, *Fraser* or the *Dublin University Magazine*, or *Bentley's Miscellany*—or, quite likely, for all of them; and his articles were eagerly awaited by these publications; but he preferred to publish in this country. "You will be kind enough to decide at once," was the common request; "for of course if you accept, I shall send it by next steamer to Dickens, who will be glad to have it."

Of quite a different order was O'Brien. His brilliant talents were speedily recognized, and he became a valuable member of the literary and artistic circle of the time. Of his earlier writings, not a few lovers of poetry still remember "Pallida," and a score of other charming works which were scattered on the pages of the *Whig Review*; and his subtle appreciative critique of Tennyson's "Maud" in the New York *Times*.

The well-born, well-bred, and accomplished young Irishman was welcomed as he had been by the social circles. Permanent and recognized positions in the press were always at his command, and were at different times held on the *Tribune*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, and subsequently, and for a small range of years, upon that which was more especially on the pages of the *Whig Review*; and his subtle appreciative critique of Tennyson's "Maud" in the New York *Times*.

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Intermissions, almost every number contained some writing from his pen. A poem of his, entitled "The Fallen Star," published just seven years after that first contribution; contains, I think, the best description of him as he appeared to me in those bright, early years. I remember well when he read the poem to me. He was a unsympathetic reader—the only person, in fact, to whose reading of his own poems I was always glad to listen. I copy a few verses which seemed then and now to me to describe O'Brien as I had known him five years before:

"A figure slender, lithe, and strong—
A height that scarcely reached a man—
A voice as beautiful as song.
Where heart and eye are open.

"On me, the man of sombre thought,
The radiance of his friendship won,
And found as welcome and as sweet
The enthusiasm of the son.
* * * * *
"This roving diamond arches up,
Whereon the Lord of Light has set
His quaffed all day the golden cup
That gilds the sunset.

"Like fruit upon a southern slope,
He ripened in the summer time,
The winds that thrill the skyey rope,
The sunlight's glow, bind.

"And in his talk I oft discerned
A timid music vaguely heard;
The fragments of a song half burned,
The essays of a bird."

The whole poem is a beautiful power; and I call to mind how burdened with emotion grew the voice of O'Brien as he read the verses which described the unconscious growth of himself as highly gifted—from the leading spirit in wild, buccaneering adventure, to the quiet, shivering mendicant asking alms in the public streets. The first part of the poem describes the poet as he was in the glory and freshness of his youth; but the following are an imagination of the possible depths to which he might descend.—"Then," said the Immortal Dreamer, "I saw some poor wretch grovel down in the cart-tail—" There goes John Bunyan were it my descriptive power!

O'Brien's contributions were of various kinds—tales, sketches of life and character, bits of charming description, natural studies of this region for years chiefly poetry. As a mere story-teller I do not rank him very high. Though he was almost unsuccessfully for the stage, his genius was not dramatic. He had not in a high degree the faculty of creating and sustaining interest. The incidents in his tales are rather embodiments of some delicate thought or sentiment than real individuals. His best productions, which take the form of stories, are the development, in strictly analytic form, of some mental phase. Such is "Diamond Lens." Of this class there are three which deserve especial mention. They are "A Pot of Tulips," "The Diamond Lens," and "What was it?" The first and the last of these appeared in *Harper's Magazine*; and it was curious to see the contrast between the other, after having been accepted, was withdrawn and published elsewhere.

"A Pot of Tulips" is based upon Richenbach's theory of the "Odic Force," in virtue of which the human skull, for some distance, is seen around the objects in which while living they had some overmastering interest. The plot is wrought out by the finding of a skull, the accompanying being narrated in the most matter-of-fact manner. To the story-teller's art O'Brien attached little value; that any person "who wished further to investigate the subject might have an opportunity of doing so by addressing a letter to the care of the Publishers of the *Magazine*." Scores of letters, and not a few personal interviews, were received, asking for the means of communicating with Mr. Zschott, the remember one young man, who called on me, and on my finding that he was from the Antipodes by the terms of some great revelation, that he was compelled to tell him that the whole was a pure effort of the imaginative faculty, and that he would not believe me.

Some commentators gave special notoriety to "The Diamond Lens." The story is founded on the old idea that time and space are mere accidents; that, for instance, there is a world in a world in itself, and may be peopled with beings who, in the very drop of water in which they exist, shall go through the experiences of a human life. time, O'Brien, in the story, constructs from the diamond a lens of such magnifying power by bring this world within human perception. All the details of the story are filled in with the utmost with perfect scientific accuracy. The late William North but written a story called "Microcosmus," and treated the same general idea. He had spoken of it to many, though I know of no person except myself who has ever read it. It was offered to the Magazine. Shortly afterward he committed suicide, and the story, so far as I know, was not found among his papers. It was probably charged O'Brien with stealing the "Diamond Lens" from North, slightly altering it, and passing it off for his own. I have seen the two productions, and I am confident that he never saw North's story, and I think he never heard of the writer for two thousand years.

Still more notable is the strange piece, "What was It? A Mystery." The conception of this is, I believe, wholly and absolutely O'Brien's. It is that of a being with body and limbs formed with immense vitality and strength, as tangible to the touch as the firmest flesh and bones, yet utterly imperceptible to the sight. This Thing drops into the chamber of Harry Escot, attacks him in his bed with teeth and claws, and after a fierce contest is overpowered and bound by him and his friend. I know nothing in all literature more powerful than the description of the hand-to-hand struggle between the two strong men and this invisible antagonist. The Thing, when overpowered, is strapped with elaborform and a plaster cast taken from it, which reveals to the eye all its hideous deformity.—Dr. Cahill or Johnnot never conceived more startling fancy. It was his one of Dr. Chalibs's gorillas, with all its revolting brutishness exaggerated to the utmost. Meanwhile what was to be done with the monster? Should they kill it, or try to preserve its life? They knew not even the first step which to level. There it lay, day after day, invisible to the eye, but, as the tearing of the bed-clothes showed, writhing in the agonies of starvation. At length it died, and they carried it to the garden—as heavy as the corpse of a murdered man, and as impalpable to the eye as the purest ether—and buried it. The whole conception is gigantic! And yet, why is it not scientifically possible? If there exist things which we can see and not feel, why may not those exist which we feel and not see?

After all, O'Brien's most excellence was as a poet, as will be manifest when a collection is made of his writings. From his contributions to *Harper's Magazine* and *Weekly* alone a volume might be selected which the world would not willingly let die. Such are "The Lover's Secret" and "There are some ballads on Classic and Scandinavian themes; but the greater number are thoroughly American in subject and tone; for though of foreign birth and education, he so moulded his genius to the land in which the years of his life were passed, that he was more thoroughly American than most who are natives by birth and training. There are also a number of keen sketches of society; among which I call specially to mind "The Finishing Touch" and "Parlor Entertainments." In "The Fight"—an indignant protest against the brutalities of the Prize Ring—he was unsurpassed, the best of all, "The Sewing Bird," which is worthy of a place beside Hood's" Song of the Shirt." This poem is a picture, and one particularly suited now to send to his mother. Of the numerous poems in which the gentleness and grace of O'Brien's genius found their truest utterance, in verse of exquisite melody, and replete with charming touches of description, I have not space here to give even the titles. Of one poem, the noblest of all—the Ode on Kane I shall speak more at length.

When the tidings of the death of the Arctic hero reached us O'Brien was asked to write a poem on the fate he deplored—the natural subject of this paper. He set to work at once, but for a time, it appeared, vainly.

The thought was there, but it would not shape itself into verse. All at once the poet flushed before him in a series of pictures. He saw "

"Adown an old bastle crag
Which, sculped by keen winds that defied the Pole,
Gazed with its face on the sea that is cold
Around the scene of the mystic zone,
A solitary figure in furs was seen
Pacing to and fro.

And underneath, upon the lifeless front
Of that giant Berg, were the words it heard:
Fit type of him who, finishing and grand,
But, with a human heart, did stand
Breasted the gathering snows,
Fighting Fate,
By West beleaguered and by Winter chased,
Seeking the Pole, never lost sight of, never reached."

Then came visions of the burst of welcome which greeted Kane from the whole land—from the deep sympathy which the "Texas wild and grand" of the brave young heart seeking to recover in a moment of despair. The last of which it had been robbed by the Arctic winds; and of the solemn end, when,

"Over the thunders of applause were done,
His bright eyes closed forever on the sun!
Then from the lips of Immortality was won
In the Olympic race of Science and of Art."

Then came the two magnificent strophes in which the poet addresses the wide-seas lines that, in spite of peril and self-sacrifice, with the noble choral close:

"No grander epitaph doth chivalry hold,
In all its annals back to Charlemagne,
Than that which will of unsealing pale,
Faithfully kept through hunger and through cold,
Found on the frozen breast of Elisha Kane.

The poem sprung up as a series of pictures, which were to be developed in proper order. We saw only the proofs as he had arranged them, and agreed that the order was faulty, and should be changed by the author. But it was done. Early the next morning he came to me. "We were wrong," he said, "in the order of the poem. I had it all meanwhile come to the same conclusion, and I was altered back precisely as it stood at first. I have not slept, but have heard the same order suggested in which the poem was placed at the first change. We are sure that any one who enters fully into its spirit will agree with us that, as it originally stood and now stands, it is perfect in thought, structure, and arrangement.

For two or three years O'Brien wrote comparatively little—almost nothing, indeed, except an occasional poem and short paragraphs for the *Family Fair*. The charm of a desultory life had gone, and there was lacking the stimulus of companionship. He proposed to write a novel of American Life and Society. The plot and characters were arranged, but I do not remember that any progress had been made in the actual composition. Meanwhile he contemplated publishing, in collected form, those of his writings which he thought worthy of preservation. The title which he selected was "Fitz-James O'Brien," and the work by Osgood & Co. thrown overboard to enrich Mr. Swan.

But the time for literary rebellion changed the current of his purpose. He was by nature a soldier, and he saw before him a new career. He had been drilled in the regiment, and married with his company to the capital. To the *Times* he wrote a book a spirited account of the march from Alexandria, which is placed in permanent form in Frank Moore's admirable "*Rebellion Record*;" and wrote besides several of the best poems which the war has called forth. When the Seventh returned he endeavored to raise a company for a volunteer regiment; but a thousand obstacles, under which he chafed and fretted, intervened. He then tried, unsuccessfully as I believe, to obtain a position on some general's staff. At last in January he received a letter from Lander, with the long-desired appointment on his staff; and on the next day he started for Washington.

The last time I saw him was on the evening before his departure. "I have another poem for you," he said. It was the "Soldier's Letter," published in *Harper's Magazine* for March. Reading it now, it seems as though it were written with a dim presentiment of his own fate. The scene is a hopeful strain, and closes abruptly, for the long veil is lasting terms, and he must not be missed from the fight. Then comes a postscript, written by the hand of a comrade:

"I was a strong stomach that came as I wrote to you out on the hill:

We had been fighting for a while, and I lost my arm—There, don't cry, my darling!—it will not kill,

But a lady of cavalry that instant death which he received pierced his shoulder; but he still rallied his men, and brought off all save himself unharmed. All these belong to poetry.

O'Brien's wound was not at first thought dangerous. He wrote to his friends that he would be at home in twenty days. But the time passed and he did not come. Then came another letter to his old literary associate of the *Household Words*, full of genial humor, but telling a sad story of suffering and pain, and worse than suffering.

"I hope to God," he says, "you will never have to go through what I have experienced, and what I am liable to at any moment. I am my wound—the disease has assumed that form. Pulse rate from going every sixth pain. I had to be kept under chloroform for the amputation. Took to it kindly. I had a horrible dream that, doing and living, and that'll—I left off my sentence to write down the pain. Then I went on with my sentence in the most genial manner. . . . Imagine the last pound man you knew cut down to about 120, and you would think the fellow a book sketch him as if it were the burning of a shell. . . . The day after the amputation I was put into a chair to see the wound, and showed down as far as my elbow, after which they will cut the flesh of the forearm open to the bone for his father in length. So you see I have quite a pleasing prospect before me. . . . Don't mention it, but I am writing on the distant hills. The singing of the birds comes through the open window in a grateful contrast to the pain, and suffering. On, theory of motion, health, and strength, I never knew what you meant before. Now I do."

The truth was, the surgeon who had taken charge of the case with strictly misunderstood it, and treated as a simple puncture of the flesh a wound in which the joint at the shoulder had been shattered into a hundred pieces, and the bone of the arm-pit was slowly sequestrating away. The only hope was in the critical operation which was to decide he refers. On the 4th of April his friend Davis received a letter scrawled in pencil by O'Brien announcing the result:

"I gave up the ghost, and told him to go ahead. Then came about forty minutes of suffering unparalleled. . . . My shoulder bone and a portion of my upper arm have been sawn off. . . . I am free from pain, and feel as if I ought to be happy. However, I get through. I am very low, and may die, but I don't think so. I am a disease has set in. I have got tetanus, or lock-jaw. There is a chance of my getting well, but that's all. . . . I don't, good-by, old fellow, with all my love! I don't want to make any more arrangement, but if I die you and Frank Wood should be my literary executors, because although I have written a good deal, I have published but I'd write more if I could, but I'm very weak. Write to Mother and Sister. Also get Wife's address."

Three of his friends started on the instant. The trains failed to connect at Baltimore. They telegraphed, and received the answer, "Too late. I am very low. He is glad you are coming." They hurried on and reached Washington to be received by the Sunday morning, the 6th of April, O'Brien seemed a little better, and sat up for a time on the side of his bed. At last he was gently and tenderly conveyed through a syringe. The Doctor asked if he would take a glass of sherry. He said "Yes," drank it, and, enjoying it, he turned pale and fell back. Cologne was dashed in his face. But it was too late. His fast-ebbing life was over. "He died," writes Frank Wood, "at the threshold of a grand career, a great man and a brave soldier—a true man of each. A kind and charming nature that he was beloved even by his enemies."

THE "NAUGATUCK."

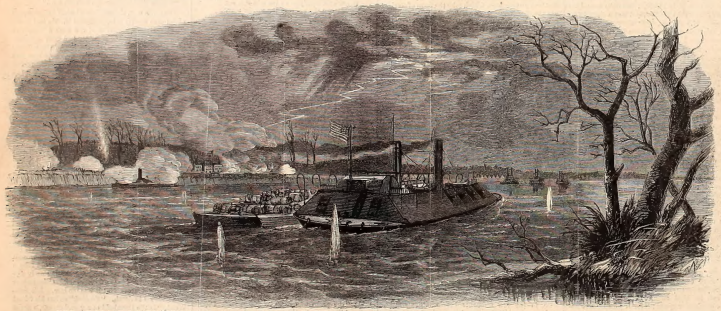
THIS unique little vessel was built at Rebuken by Mr. Stevens, and embodies some of the principles on which the larger battery is built. She is constructed on the bar-shot principle. Morrow we dispatched an artist to make the sketch which we publish on page 265. We give the following report in regard to her dimensions, build, etc.: Length over all, 100 feet; breadth, including guards, 22 feet; depth, 7 feet 6 in. She is constructed in four compartments of about equal length, with a view to their being used, extended for water, and the middship sections being occupied by the crew's quarters and engine-room. Beneath these are the coal and provision rooms, and the whole length of the vessel, also intended to be filled with water when the vessel is in fighting trim. When this compartment is empty the vessel draws about 4½ feet of water, and when filled with water through valves communicating with larger compartment—she draws within a few inches of 9 feet. The hull is of iron, and has been constructed of white oc ar, 41 feet in depth, 20 inches thick, and extending 18 inches above the deck. The object of this is to afford buoyancy an protection. Her armament consists of one 100-pounder rifled gun and two 12-pound howitzers The former is so placed as to point forward, and a space in the bow is made to open, through which the fire is delivered, and the opening is then closed. The gun is loaded on Stevens's principle of lowering the muzzle beneath the deck and loading from below.



MAJOR-GENERAL FOTE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 263.]



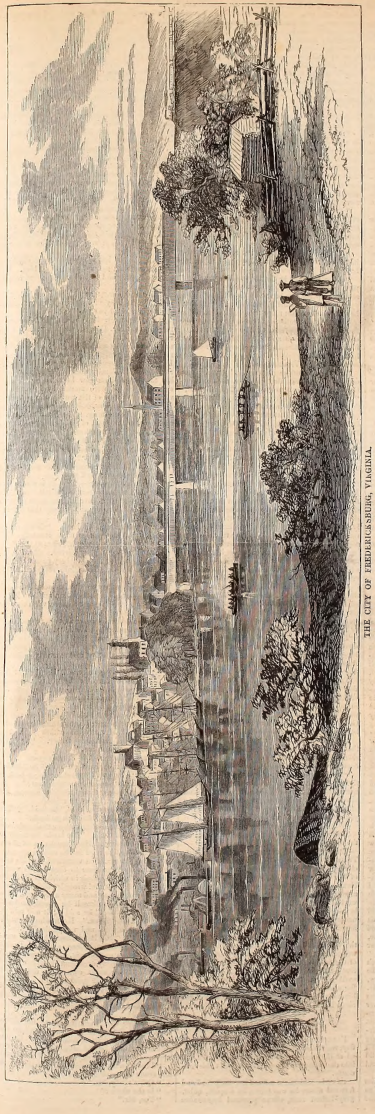
COMMODORE FOOTE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 267.]



THE GUN-BOAT "CARONDELET" RUNNING THE REBEL BATTERIES AT ISLAND NO. 10.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 262.]



SPIKING THE GUNS IN THE UPPER REBEL BATTERY AT ISLAND NO. 10.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 262.]



THE CITY OF FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

In connection with Major-General M'DOWELL'S statement that FREDERICKSBURG has been evacuated by the rebels, we publish herewith a view of the place. The following is a description:

Fredericksburg is the chief town of Spottsylvania County, in Virginia, and is situated on the right bank of the Rappahannock River, at the head of tide-water. It is seventy-five miles south by west from Richmond by railroad, and sixty-four miles north-east from Gordonsville Junction. Turnpike roads connect it with Falmouth and Newport—the former by a ferry across the Rappahannock—and another turnpike leads through a wilderness to Orange Court House, where a railroad connects it with Gordonsville. The town itself is pleasantly situated in a fertile valley, and has great advantages for commerce and manufactures. The railroad from Washington, city, Aquia Creek, passed through it, and thereby a large traffic and trade was done previous to the rebellion. As the through trains generally stopped at Fredericksburg Station for about an hour on each trip, a not inconsiderable chance trade was created thereby in the immediate locality of the depot. Below the town the Rappahannock is navigable about fifteen miles, from which point part of the Potomac River traffic used to be carried to Fredericksburg by steamers. There also been constructed from the town to a point on the Rappahannock River, about forty miles above, by which large quantities of wheat, flour, and tobacco were received for exportation. The river afforded excellent water power, which, however, was not much used. The hills in the neighborhood, varying in height from forty to one hundred feet, abound in fine granite and freestone. About thirty years since the prospect of Fredericksburg being a really living town was very great; but it suddenly stopped in its prosperity, and after, as it were, standing still for about twenty years, it gradually retrograded in its importance. In 1850 its population numbered nearly four thousand souls; in 1860 it had increased to five thousand eight-eight persons—less than nine each year; and being almost ten per cent. in a decade—a remarkably small increase. Before the rebellion it contained five churches, one orphan asylum, two seminaries, four newspaper offices, and two banks.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MCLENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XI.

THE sun sank lower; the western breeze fanned cool and fresh into the house. As the evening advanced the cheerful ring of the village clock came nearer and nearer. Field and flower-garden felt the influence of the hour, and shed their sweetest fragrance. The birds in Norah's aviary smiled themselves in the evening stillness, and sang their farewell gratitude to the dying day.

Staggered in its progress for a time only, the pitiless routine of the house went horribly on its daily way. The panic-stricken servants took their blind refuge in the duties proper to the hour. The footman softly laid the table for dinner. The maid sat waiting in senseless doubt, with the hot-water jugs for the bedrooms ranged near her in their customary row. The gardener, who had been ordered to come to his master with vouchers for money that he had paid in excess of his instructions, said his character was dear to him, and left the vouchers at his appointed time. Custom that never yields, and Death that never spares, met on the wreck of human happiness—and Death gave way.

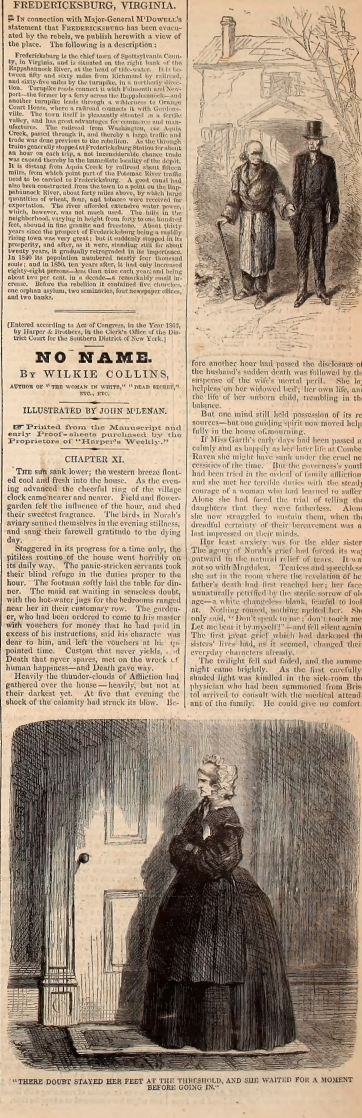
Heavily the thunder-clouds of Affliction had gathered over the house—heavily, but not at their darkest yet. At five that evening the shock of the calamity had struck its blow. Before another hour had passed the disclosure of the husband's sudden death was followed by the suspense of the wife's mortal peril. She lay helpless on her widowed bed; her own life, and the life of her unborn child, trembling in the balance.

But one mind still held possession of its resources—but one guiding spirit now moved helpfully in the house of mourning.

If Miss Garth's early days had been passed as calmly and as happily as her letter-life at Combe-Raven she might have sunk under the cruel necessities of the time. But the governess's youth had been tried in the school of family affliction, and she met her terrible duties with the steady courage of a woman who had learned to suffer. Alone she had faced the trial of telling the daughters that they were fatherless. Alone she now struggled to sustain them, when the dreadful certainty of their bereavement was at last impressed on their minds.

Her least anxiety was for the elder sister. The agony of Norah's grief had forced its way outward in the natural relief of tears. It was not so with Magdalen. Tearless and speechless, she sat in the room where the revelation of her father's death had first reached her; her face, unnaturally petrified by the strain-sorrow of old age—a white, changeless blank, fearful to look at. Nothing roused, nothing relieved her. She only said, "Don't speak to me; don't touch me. Let me bear it by myself!"—and fell silent again. The first great grief which had darkened the sisters' lives had, as it seemed, changed their everyday characters already.

The twilight fell and faded, and the summer night came brightly. As the first carefully-shaded light was kindled in the sick-room the physician who had been summoned from Bristol arrived to consult with the medical attendant of the family. He could give no comfort:



"THERE DOUBT STAYED HER FEET AT THE THRESHOLD, AND SHE WAITED FOR A MOMENT BEFORE GOING IN."

he could only say, "I've must try, and hope. The shock which met her, when she interpreted the news of her husband's death, has prostrated her strength at the time when she needed it most. No effort to preserve her shall be neglected. I will stay here for the night."

He opened one of the windows to admit more air as he spoke. The view overlooked the drive in front of the house, and the road outside. Little groups of people were standing before the lodge-gates, looking in. "If those persons make any noise," said the doctor, "they must be sent away. There was no need to warn them they were only the laborers who had worked on the dead man's property, and the wives and grown women and children from the village. They were all thinking of him—some talking of him—and it is quieter in their muggish minds to look at his house. The gentlefolks threabout were mostly kind to them the men's, but mostly cold. The women whispered to each other of his contagious farming ways when he came into their cottages. "He was a rough man, poor man, and thoughtless of us, too;" he never came in and stared at meal-times, the rest of us help'n, and we help'n us—all he ever said was, better luck next time." So they stood, and talked of him, and looked at his house and ground, and moved on, and passed by two and three, with the dim sense that the sight of his pleasure-house would never comfort them again. The dullest head among them knew that night that the hard ways of poverty would be all the harder to walk on over the dead man."

A little later news was brought to the bedchamber door that old Mr. Clare had arrived early to the house, and was waiting in the hall below, to hear what the physician said. Miss Garth was not to go down to him; the doctor's self must a message. He said to the servant, "I'll come and ask again in two hours' time," and went out slowly. Unlike other men in all things else, the sudden death of his old friend had produced no discernible change in him. The feeling implied in the errand of inquiry that had brought him to the house was the one betrayal of human sympathy which escaped the impenetrable old man.

He came in when the two hours had expired, and this time Miss Garth saw him.

They shook hands in silence. She waited; she never offered to hear him speak of her friend. No: he never mentioned the dreadful accident, he never alluded to the circumstances. He said those words: "Is she better, or worse?" and said no more. Was the tribute of his grief for the husband merely suppressed under the expression of his anxiety for the wife? The nature of the man, implacably antagonistic to the world and the world's customs, might justify some such interpretation of his conduct as this. He repeated his question, "Is she better, or worse?"

Miss Garth answered him.

"No hope? Is there is any change it is a change for the worse."

They spoke those words at the window of the morning-room which opened to the garden. Mr. Clare passed after hearing the reply to his inquiry, walked out on to the walk, then turned on a sudden, and spoke again:

"Has the doctor given her up?" he asked.

"He has not concealed from us that she is in danger. We can only pray for her."

The old man laid his hand on Miss Garth's arm as she answered him, and looked her attentively in the face.

"You believe in prayer?" he said.

Miss Garth drew sorrowfully back from him.

"You might have spared me that question, Sir, at such a time as this."

He took no notice of her answer; his eye were still fastened on her face.

"Pray," he said, "as you never prayed before, for the preservation of Mrs. Vanstone's life."

He left her. His voice and manner implied some unutterable dread of the future which his words had not confessed. Miss Garth followed him into the garden and called to him. He heard her, but he never turned back. He listened his pace, as if he desired to avoid her. She watched him across the lawn in the warm summer moonlight. She saw his head sink between his hands, saw them suddenly against the black back-ground of the shrubbery, raised and struck above his head. They dropped—the trees shrouded him in darkness—he was gone.

Miss Garth went back to the suffering woman with the burden on her mind of one anxiety more.

It was then past eleven o'clock. Some little time had elapsed since she had seen the sister and spoken to the doctor. The imperfect use she dressed to one of the female servants only elicited one information that they were both in the rooms. His daughter had returned to the mother's bedside to say her parting words of comfort to the dangerous woman she left them to watch over Norah's room was the nearest. She softly opened the door and looked in. The kneeling figure by the bedside told her that God's help had come to the fatherless daughter in her affliction. Grateful tears gathered in her eyes as she looked at it, softly closed the door, and went on to Magdalen's room. There doubt stayed her feet at the threshold, and she waited for a moment before going in.

A sound in the room caught her ear—the monotonous rustling of a woman's dress, now distant, now near; passing without cessation from end to end over the floor—a sound which told her that Magdalen was pacing to and fro in the secrecy of her own chamber. Miss Garth knocked. The rustling ceased; the door was opened, and the sad young face confronted her, locked in as cold despair; the large light eyes looked mechanically into hers, as vacant and as tearless as ever.

That look wrung the heart of the faithful woman, who had trained her and loved her from a child. She took Magdalen tenderly in her arms.

"Oh, my love," she said, "no tears yet! Oh, if I could only see you as I have seen Norah! Speak to me, Magdalen—try if you can speak to me!"

She tried, and spoke:

"Norah," she said, "feels no remorse. He was not serving Norah's interests when he went to his death: he was serving mine."

With that terrible answer she put her cold lips to Miss Garth's cheek.

"Let me be ill by myself," she said, and gently closed the door.

Again Miss Garth waited at the threshold, and again the sound of the rustling dress passed to and fro—now for, now near—to and fro with a cruel, unchanging regularity. Can you picture a torment sympathy and daunted the boldest hope.

The night passed. It had been agreed, if no change for the worse occurred, that Miss Garth ing, that the London physician whom Mrs. Vanstone had consulted some months previously should be summoned to the house on the next day. No change for the better appeared, and the physician was sent for.

As the morning advanced Frank came to make inquiries from the house. Had Mr. Clare entrusted to his son the duty which he had personally performed on the previous day, through respect for the memory of Miss Garth's father? or was he had said to her? It might be so. Frank could throw no light on the subject: he was not in his father's confidence. He looked pale and bewildered. His first inquiries after Magdalen showed him to be unconscious as yet of the extent of the catastrophe. He was not capable of framing his own questions: the words faltered on his lips, and he was relieved to be spared the pain of Miss Garth's heart warmed to him for the first time. A larger feeling than that which he owed to sympathy, came wherein it may. She encouraged the lad by a few kind words, and took his hand at parting.

Before noon Frank returned with a second message. His father desired to speak with Miss Mr. Pendril was not expected at Combe-Raven on that day. If the lawyer's arrival was looked for, Frank was directed to be in attendance at the station, and to take him to the cottage, where a bed would be ready for his disposal. The message took Miss Garth by surprise. It showed that Mr. Clare had been made acquainted with his dead friend's intention of sending for Mr. Pendril. Was the old man's thoughtful offer of hospitality another indirect expression of his anxiety to discover whether the property concealed? or was he aware of some secret necessity for Pendril's presence, which could not be bereaved family had been kept in total ignorance? Miss Garth was too heart-sick and hopeless to dwell on questions, but she thought it right that Mr. Pendril had been expected at three o'clock, and sent him back with the answer.

Shortly after he departure, such anxieties on Magdalen's account as her mind was now able to feel were relieved by Norah's waking for the last night's experience had inclined her to hope for. Norah's utterance had now exerted to rouse her sister, and Norah's patient sympathy had won the prisoned grief free. Magdalen had suffered severely—as severely, perhaps, as her nature allowed—here in the effort that relieved her. The healing tears had not come gently: they had burst from her with violence. Remorse—pity for her—once; but Norah had never left her till the struggle was past and the calm began. The gentler better tidings encouraged Miss Garth to withdraw to her own room, and to take the rest which she needed so much. Worn out in body and mind, she slept from sheer exhaustion—slept heavily and dreamlessly for some hours. It was in the green three and four in the afternoon when she was roused by one of the female servants. The woman had come to say that Mr. Clare was with Mr. Clare the younger, with a message desiring that it might be delivered to Miss Garth immediately. The name written in the lower corner of the envelope was "William Pendril." The lawyer had arrived.

Miss Garth opened the note. After a few first sentences of sympathy and condolence the writer announced his arrival at Mr. Clare's, and then proceeded, apparently in his professional capacity, to make the following inquiry:

"If," he wrote, "any change for the better in Mrs. Vanstone should take place—whether it is only an improvement for the time, or whether it is the permanent improvement for which we all hope—I entreat you to let me know the fact at once if it immediately. It is of the last importance that I should see her, in the event of her gaining strength enough to give me the necessary five minutes, and of her being able at the expiration of that time to sign her name legally. I beg that you will communicate my request, in the strictest confidence, to the medical men in attendance. I have reasons for wishing it to be understand, the vital importance I attach to this interview, when I tell you that I have arranged to leave it all other business to-morrow."

Those words last of all: they were prophetic of the end.

The night passed, and she lived through it. The next day came, and she lingered on till the close of the evening. At that hour the last spark of her husband's death had dealt the mortal blow. When the hour came round again, the mercy of God let her go to him in the world unseen. Her daughters were kneeling at the bedside and her head bowed away. She left them unconscious of their presence, mercifully and happily insensible to the pang of the last farewell. Her child survived her till the evening was dark in the wane, and the sunset was dim in the quiet western heaven. As the darkness came, the light of the frail little life—faint and feeble from the first—flickered and went out. All that was mortal of mother and child sat in the dark with the same bed.

The Angel of Death had done its awful business, and the two Sisters were left alone in the world.

CHAPTER XII.

EARLIER than usual, on the morning of Thursday, the twenty-third of July, Mr. Clare appeared at the door of his cottage, and stepped out into the little strip of garden attached to his residence.

After he had taken a few turns backward and forward alone, he was joined by a spare, quiet, gray-haired man, whose personal appearance was totally devoid of marked character of any kind; whose inexpressive face and commonplace, ally quiet manner presented nothing that attracted special notice, or lingered in the mind afterlike. That was Mr. Pendril—this was the man whom Frank was the future of the orphans at Combe-Raven.

"The time is getting on," he said, looking to his watch and turning to be joined Mr. Clare. "My appointment with Miss Garth is for eleven o'clock: it only wants five minutes of the hour."

"Are you sure of the time?" asked Mr. Clare.

"I left Miss Garth to decide—after warning her first of all that the circumstances I am compelled to disclose are of a very serious nature."

"And she decided?"

"She writes me word that she mentioned my appointment, and requested me to come to him. My clerk stopped, and looked at his guest attentively.

"You are almost as old as I am, Sir," he said. "Has all your long experience as a lawyer not taught you yet?"

"I never know how little it had hardened me," replied Mr. Pendril, quietly, "until I returned from the position yesterday which I now occupy. I was not warned that the daughters had resolved on following their parents to the grave. I think their presence made the mournful scene of this dreadful calamity doubly painful, and doubly affecting. I was not aware that the natural course of people were moved by it—and they were in ignorance of the truth; they knew nothing of the painful necessity which brought me to the house this morning. The sense of that unremovable fact—the sight of those poor girls at the time, when I felt my hard duty toward them most painfully—shook me as a man of my years and way of life is not ordinarily shaken by any distress in the present, or any suspense in the future. I have not recovered it this morning: I hardly feel sure of myself yet."

"A man's composure—when he is a man like you—cannot be disturbed for long," said Mr. Clare. "You must have had duties to perform as trying in their way as the duty that lies before you this morning."

Mr. Pendril shook his head. "Many duties in a serious profession," he answered, "seem, to duty so trying, no story so hopeless as this."

With those words they parted. Mr. Pendril left the garden to take the shortest path by field to Combe-Raven. Mr. Clare returned to the cottage.

On reaching the passage he looked through the open door of his little parlor, and saw Frank sitting there in his own comfortless, with his head resting wearily on his hand.

"I have had an answer from your employers in London, Frank," Mr. Clare. "In consideration of what has happened, they will allow the offer they made you to stand over for another month."

Frank changed color, and rose nervously from his chair.

"Is my prospects altered?" he asked. "After Mr. Vanstone's plans for me not to be carried out. He said Magdalen had left a fortune behind for her. She repeated his words to me, she said I ought to know all that his goodness and generosity had done for me. Has he, since then, left death make a change? Has any thing happened?"

"Wait till Mr. Pendril comes back from Combe-Raven," said Mr. Clare. "Question him; don't question me."

The words struck Frank's eyes.

"You won't be hard on me?" he pleaded faintly. "You won't expect me to go back to London after seeing Magdalen for the last time?"

Mr. Clare looked thoughtfully at his son, and considered a little before he replied.

"You may dry your eyes," he said. "You shall see Magdalen before you go back."

He left the room before that reply, and withdrew to his study. The books lay ready to his hand, as usual. He opened one of them, and set himself to read in the customary manner. But his attention wandered, and his eyes strayed away from the page. Once or twice they left the window in which his old friend and gossip had sat and wrangled with him good-humoredly on many a summer morning. And after a struggle with himself he closed the book. "I blame the boy for his faults," he said, "and I hate them, and I must listen." He reached down his pipe from the wall, and mechanically filled it with tobacco. His hand shook, his eyes wandered back to the old place, and a hasty sigh came from him as he lighted it. That empty chair was the only earthly argument for which he had no answer: his heart owned its defeat, and mastered him at last in spite of itself. "He let got the better of me at last," said the rugged old man. "There is a new weak place left in me still, and he has found it."

Meanwhile Mr. Pendril entered the shrubbery, and followed the path which led to the lonely garden and the desolate house. He met not at the door by the man-servant, who was apparently waiting in expectation of his arrival.

"I have an appointment with Miss Garth. Is she ready to see me?"

"Quite ready, Sir."

"Is she alone?"

"Yes, Sir."

"In the room which was Mr. Vanstone's study?"

"In that room, Sir."

The servant opened the door, and Mr. Penfield went in.

THE DOUBLE ROBBERY.

TOWARD the close of the last century Northumberland and its borders were terribly infested by those—in the bucolic mind—particularly obnoxious specimens of the genus thief known as "rievers," or "lifters" of cattle.

Almost all the rascals who followed this not unlucrative profession trusted chiefly to mere brute force to carry out successfully their nefarious schemes. One, however, was a conspicuous exception to this rule to be found in the person of a celebrated freebooter, known as "Dickey of Kingwood," who was very justly considered the most accomplished of his rivals' vulgar mode of following their profession, and repeatedly baffled the efforts of the police to arrest him much by his cunning as they could by their brute force. Nor was this assertion of his mere empty boastings—far from it.

In a few years' time Dickey's name became the terror of the country-side. No farmer felt secure when he retired to rest at night that his cattle might not have vanished ere morning. So cleverly, moreover, were all Dickey's enterprises conducted, that no man could ever succeed in making personal acquaintance with him. He openly set justice at defiance, and laughed at the blank efforts of the law to punish him. Perhaps, however, the best way to illustrate the adroitness and good luck which characterized all Dickey's proceedings will be for me to relate the story of one of his exploits.

It appears, then, that during the course of his peregrinations through Northumberland in the afternoon, Dickey's eyes were gladdened by the sight of a pair of fine oxen which were quietly grazing in a field near Dilston, a village distant but three miles from Newcastle.

Determined to possess them, Dickey hung about the place till nightfall, watched where the animals were driven to, and—his usual good fortune assisting him—speedily secured the prize. This effected, by the exercise of his accustomed cunning, he drove such traces behind him as made the owner of the oxen certain that the freebooter was bent off toward the Tweed. Thither he accordingly proceeded in hot haste. In the former part of this, Dickey had lost no time in "making tracks" toward the west country, and to expeditious were his movements that in a few hours he was once more Lancrost, in Cumberland. Here he fell in with an old farmer on horseback, who, being delighted with the appearance of the oxen, forthwith purchased them.

Dickey was of course rejoiced at getting rid so pleasantly of a charge which could not fail to be troublesome—nay, possibly, dangerous—to him longer to retain. The farmer, meanwhile, also mounted upon a splendid mare, which Dickey, with his practiced eye, saw was very much at home, and knew, at once resolved, by fair means or foul, to secure. He therefore willingly accepted the farmer's imaginable invitation to accompany him to his house in order that they might "crack" a bottle of wine in honor of their bargain. Accepted by Dickey rejoiced of the farmer as he would sell him his mare?

"Sell you my mare!" exclaimed his host, all aghast at this proposition. "Sell my mare! No, thank you! Why, there's not her equal in the whole north country!"

"I do not doubt it, Mr. Musgrave," responded Dickey: "and from what I saw of her on the road this morning, I am quite of your opinion that there's not her equal within a hundred miles of us; but," added the obsequious Dick, "since you will not sell her, I can only wish you long life and good health to enjoy her."

This sentiment was of course duly honored in a bumper.

"I hope, Mr. Musgrave," next observed Dickey, "that you keep a close look-out after your stable-door, because, when that is once unbarred, even Dickey of Kingswood is allowed to be at liberty, a man can not be sure but that any fine morning he may find his stable empty."

"Stable! ha! ha!" chuckled the farmer. "I think," he continued, "that Dickey of Kingswood would find it rather difficult to steal my mare out of her stable!"

"Indeed! where may her stable be situated?" inquired Dickey.

"Her stable! God bless you, Sir!" answered Mr. Musgrave, "her stable is in my bedroom. I'm a bachelor, and so every night I fasten her to my bedpost. I have had a manger put up for her in the room, and no music is so pleasant to me as to hear her grinding her corn all night by my bedside."

Dickey was astounded—as well he might be—at such unheard-of prosperity; but, keeping his astonishment, he contented himself by simply expressing to the farmer his hearty approval of the means he adopted to secure the safety of his favorite.

"I suppose you have a good lock upon your bedroom door?" was Dickey's next "feeler."

"Come with me, and I will show it you," replied the unsuspecting farmer.

This was of course just what Dickey wanted. He examined the lock carefully, and soon satisfied himself that he could pick it without much difficulty. He, however, declared to Mr. Musgrave that it was "just the right sort of lock;" "it wouldn't have been better, in fact;" "it was quite too-quisite," etc.

Again the loving cup passed round, and after retaining a bumper to their "next merry meeting" Dickey departed.

The old farmer, after his guest's leave-taking had been completed, carefully went the rounds of his house, locking doors and closing windows with all due precaution. He then, as usual, tied his mare to her accustomed post, retired to bed, and soon lulled to sleep by the sound of his favorite's grinding her corn.

So the night wore away. Presently, as the first gray streaks of day began to appear, Mr. Musgrave awoke, and feeling very cold and chilly, looked round to ascertain the cause. To his astonishment, he found that all the coverlets had been taken off his bed, and that his blankets had been rolled up into a bundle at the foot thereof. "How thought Mr. Musgrave. Was he the victim of some horrible dream, or was he really awake? Mechanically his eye glanced to the spot where his mare should have been. She was not there! Was he quite awake? During the night, some daring thief had broken into the farm-house, had picked the lock of the door of the bedroom, had spread the blankets over the floor, so that the hoofs of the mare should make no noise, and had thus triumphantly carried off the prize.

Of course Mr. Musgrave roused his household, and commenced a vigorous search, and well it might. It was useless. The despoiler had left no traces behind him, and so Mr. Musgrave was obliged to return home disconsolate, and to console himself with venting curses—neither few nor far between —upon the thief.

In the mean time our friend Dickey—for his was the deed—was comfortably mounted upon Mr. Musgrave's favorite mare, and was every moment increasing the distance between her outraged owner and himself. So great was the speed of the mare, that by break of day Dickey felt quite secure from pursuit. He had directed his steps to the westward, and was therefore not surprised that he whom should he encounter but the veritable owner of the oxen he had stolen two or three days before, and just sold to Mr. Musgrave.

Dickey knew the owner of the oxen well, but, luckily for the freebooter, was certain that he did not know him. He therefore accosted Dickey, and inquired if he had seen any oxen in the course of his travels similar to those which he himself intended to buy as being to sell.

"Why to be sure I have," replied Dickey: "with the very same marks as you describe, grazing in Mr. Musgrave's fields at Lancrost, only yesterday. I was offered them, I believe, cheap by their appearance, and learned, on inquiry, from one of his servants, that Mr. Musgrave had purchased them just yesterday. Therefore the oxen are yours. I would advise you to go to Lancrost at once and claim them."

"Certainly I will," replied the other. "But I am knocked up with walking, and it is a long way to Lancrost. Can you be induced to advance me you sell her?"

After some hard bargaining, terms were agreed upon, the purchase money was paid down on the spot, and Dickey and the farmer separated: the former to ride off upon the mare, the latter from the very owner of the stolen mare he was himself riding, while Dickey proceeded "where he listed."

The next day Mr. Musgrave, who happened, and, of course, at once recognized his own oxen grazing in the field, in further search of his mare, and his man standing near, whom he judged to be the owner of the field, and exclaimed,

"I say, Sir, how came my oxen in your field? How may you have come by them?"

"And I say, Sir," replied the other (after taking a long, astonished look at the animal on which his questioner was mounted), "I that's not my mare; you are not my servant; how came you by her, pray?"

Each of course described the person from whom they had respectively purchased the oxen and the mare; and when this was done, they discovered that they had indeed been "had" up by one and the common order.

So laughable, however, did the joke appear—even to those who had to "pay the piper" in the affair—that neither party could prevent breaking out into a peal of merriment, in which spectators were fully disclosed.

It was now clear that the only way to settle the affair was for each party to take back his own property. Mr. Musgrave was of course overjoyed at the recovery of his mare, and the owner of the oxen Burn farmer being equally delighted at the recovery of his favorite oxen, it fell out that, in the gayest burst of rejoicing, Dickey was allowed to quietly pocket the sale money of both mare and oxen.

Whether Dickey attended to his duties on settling-day, or whether he referred his ways, and died, duly "shrived," in his own bed, history telleth not.

Certain it is, however, that to this day his deeds are "household words" in many parts of Northumberland, and the mention of his name among the peasantry is considered synonymous with "cuteness."

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Stock	175,000
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" in hand and in Bank	19,940 16
" in hands of Agents	8,015 95
All other investments	6,461 50
Office Furniture	494 17
Interest accrued	9,125 00
	$254,540 22

Liabilities.

Losses ascertained and unpaid	$ 5,054 99
All other claims	1,456 94
	6,511 14
Net Assets	$248,029 08

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For May, 1862.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VI.—No. 279.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3 00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE HEROES OF THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

OUR SUCCESS.

The regular circulation of *Harper's Weekly* is now between ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE AND ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSAND copies. Assuming that each number of the paper is read by ten persons—a moderate estimate—a million and a quarter people derive information and amusement from this journal. It affords us no little satisfaction to witness this constant and favorable way that no effort on our part has been wanting to deserve it.

Our weekly request for traveling artists are alone so heavy as our total outlay for artistic labor used to be when *Harper's Weekly* was first established. This outlay, however, enables us to depict, week by week, the progress of our army on the field, the successive events of the Rebellion, with a fidelity and vividness seldom equaled.

We are besides enabled to lay before our readers each week several pages of the best reading of the day, including the works of Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and Bulwer. So remarkable a combination of artistic and literary excellence has never been presented in any journal, either in this country or abroad.

We think that this Number, for instance, will bear comparison with any number of any paper ever produced in the United States or in Europe.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1862.

"HARPER'S WEEKLY" AT FORTRESS MONROE.

WE learn by telegraph that the sales of the last Number of *Harper's Weekly* were stopped at Fortress Monroe in consequence of pictures of Yorktown and the vicinity.

The pictures incapitated represented Big Bethel as it appeared when it was occupied by our troops, and the rebel lines at Yorktown, with the position of our forces when they first appeared before the place on 5th April. Both were from sketches by an Officer of Topographical Engineers, and were sanctioned by the commanding officer of the troops. Such, as any competent military man could see, were as drawn as not to reveal any position permanently occupied by our forces, or to convey any information whatever to the enemy.

Ever since the contest between the United States forces and the rebels became serious this journal has been so conducted as to impart no information to the enemy. We have frequently withheld from our subscribers interesting pictures, for fear they might prove useful to the traitors. We have pursued this course not only with regard to our army at Yorktown but every where. We shall continue to do so. Rather than publish a line or a sketch which could by any possibility injure the Union cause, or endanger the success of our gallant soldiers, we would suppress this journal altogether.

With the consciousness of this purpose we beg leave to state that we shall not allow our business to be interfered with at the whim of any military officer whatever, and that the General who undertakes to stop the sales of *Harper's Weekly*, or to interfere with its circulation, does so at his peril. We shall hold him responsible for damages before a jury of his country.

We recommend Brigadier-General Wool, and Censor A.D.C. De Witt Clinton, to devote more attention to the duty of suppressing the Southern rebellion, and less to the suppression of Northern newspapers.

By doing so, the former will not again publish such predictions as the one in which he informed Secretary Stanton that M'Clellan would meet with no serious resistance at Yorktown: and the latter will have more time to perform the proper and reputable functions of an A.D.C.

GRADUATING AS SOLDIERS.

A CHANGE has come o'er the British dream. The bullies who, three months ago, when we were in desperate straits, were boasting that they would send the *Warrior* to bombard "the cities of New York and Hoboken," and dictate peace with Armstrong cannon pointed at peaceful dwellings full of women and children, are now humbled and panic-stricken. The battle of the ninth March has filled them with terror. They realize that that battle destroyed, not only the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*, but likewise the entire British navy; that the "commercial rival of England" are gone; that the British Navy "consists of two ships, the *Warrior* and the *Black Prince*," both probably fictitious; and that in all probability, before New Year 1863 the United States and France will both be as superior to Great Britain at sea as they are now on land. Under the pressure of these distressing reflections John Bull has set to work to build *Monitors* on the plan of Captain Ericsson's, taking care, after his usual fashion, to claim our gallant countryman's invention for an Englishman of the name of Coles.

We think we may safely say that the panic which appears to be prevailing in London in consequence of the performance of the *Monitor* is only the first of a series of fits which this war of ours is destined to occasion in Europe.

In the first place, the *Monitor* is only an experiment, and by the time Great Britain has spent a few millions in building copies of her, the very improved model will probably have been adopted here. The six big-gun batteries which are now being constructed for Government are greatly superior in many respects to the antagonist of the *Merrimac*. Another fight will suggest further improvements. In the course of the next sixty days the *Galena*, the *Roanoke*, and the *Kensington* will have been under fire, and will have taught us further lessons. It may be that the *Monitor*, though capable of coping with a rude product of Southern skill like the *Merrimac*, will be found inferior to one or all of these vessels. Captain Ericsson himself does not regard her as "invulnerable." But she is obviously a step in advance of previous models. There are many competent sailors and naval authorities who deem the *Monitor* the most formidable war vessel afloat in our waters. Commodore Porter, now in command of the roster fleet off Pensacola, has declared, ten years ago, that he would undertake to fight any ship-of-the-line with the old *Princeton* of 1811 for his flag-ship, and that he carried no guns at all. It may turn out that, for all purposes of naval conflict between ship and ship, guns are a superfluity, and that the only things needful are speed, a sharp beak, and an invulnerable hull. Thus, while there is every reason to believe that the little *Monitor*, now lying in Hampton Roads, would destroy the whole British navy—including the *Warrior* and the *Black Prince*—there is every reason, also, not receiving any material injury herself, it is far from likely that the *Monitor* will be the most formidable vessel in our navy a few months hence.

Meanwhile the progress made in offensive weapons is so rapid as to probably render the war of ours has revolutionized the science of artillery. At Sebastopol the guns used were smooth bores. They were discharged not at one time in batter,, but it did not answer and was discarded. In the Italian war rifled 4 and 8-pounders were used, but they were of inferior factory results. In the Chinese war Armstrong 12-pounders were used for short periods of time, but their performance was found wanting. An opportunity offered for discovering their well-known defects. We are now arming our ships with rifled 100-pounders. They are expected not to carry 15-inch guns, throwing balls weighing 500 pounds. Our siege batteries consist of rifled 30 and 40-pounders, and rifled 10-inch mortars and bombads. The results of the change is seen in the reports of the bombardment of Fort Pulaski. Hundreds of yards have been covered with breaching distance, though artilleries are recommended in the text-books to get 100 yards distance from the work aimed at. Gunners have had proposed to erect a breaching battery at half a mile from the wall to be attacked would have been put down as insane. The Confederate batteries at Pulaski were nearly a mile from the work, yet they made a practicable breach, in a comparatively-formed parapet, in a couple of hours. This was done by a judicious combination of rifled guns, carrying 30 and 40 pound shot fired very low—"point-blank"—and the lower, as is well described in Commander Rodgers's report, bored their way into the wall, while the 10-inch mortars, falling in some degree, rended the honey-combed stone and brick work that it gave way and crumbled into ruin.

This breaching demonstration was not only Fort Pulaski, but all the stone forts in the world. Not a fort in Europe could stand 48 hours bombardment by the combined fire of the Monitors and Columbiads. They were well enough when opposed to smooth 18, 24, and 32 pounders. They would probable throw back a shot of 68 and 100 pounders from James or Parrott guns.

We have thus, in the course of a year's war, established the utter inability of forts to act existing navies ,r forts in the world to resist an attack from the vessels and weapons which we are now using. And we are going to keep going to learn. In the course of the next six months our weapons of offense and defense will probably be as far superior to those of to-day as the latter are superior to those which were used a year ago. We hear already that General Gilmore is preparing to bombard Fort Sumter at Charleston at a distance of 2000 yards. We understand that the *Monitor* has lately been provided with a 15-inch rifle. Should she encounter the iron sides of the *Merrimac* as easily as if they were made of wood. Captain Rodman, whose shop-mate invented the Columbiad, is casting cast at Pittsburg for the new *Monitors*, has cast a 20-inch gun, and is experimenting with 25-inch guns in preparation for the new iron-clad defense which will throw a ball weighing *three thousand pounds*. Should the *Warrior*, in the course of her visit to Hampton Roads, "New York and Hoboken," come in contact with one of these little missiles, it would be a matter of difficulty, into account whether the ball or the ship had become of her, or where she was when her voyage was abruptly terminated.

As the opinion of a Prussian officer who recently left this country, there is no army in the world so completely equipped, in regard to artillery and rifles, as the army of the Potomac. There are picked regiments in France and in Germany as well armed as any of ours. And there are batteries of artillery in many countries equal to any thing on this side the ocean. But nowhere in the world, except on the Potomac, have there been fifty or a hundred 200,000 men armed with the best possible weapons, or a park of 400 pieces of light artillery, *all* perfect and of the best make and most effective character. This Prussian officer declared that the Emperor Napoleon had no such army under his command. He might have added that no army but ours possesses such a corps as the Berdan sharp-shooters, with their telescopic rifles. The sharp-shooting in the Crimea and in Italy was mere boy's play in comparison with the performance of the men of this regiment, who pick off gunners at a distance when their forms can barely be descried by the naked eye. In the words of Lord Lyons—probably the most experienced officer of the British army—"as soon as the regimental officers in the river of the Potomac become more efficient—a matter of time—that army will *simply irresistible*."

The Americans have not been a fighting people for many years. The Mexican war was a diversion, and did not excite the people at large. Ever since 1811 the whole population has been directed to military pursuits. No people in the world had less knowledge of real warfare, or less general acquaintance with the practical business of fighting, than we had when this wretched rebellion forced the sword into our hands. In the course of a single year, however, we have organized gunnery, naval architecture, and fortification, and have raised an army which is admitted by competent foreign judges to be without an equal in the world.

It is to be hoped that, after the suppression of the rebellion, our foreign friends will permit us to convert our sword once more into a pruninghook. But if not, the experience of our present troubles will probably enable us to make some important changes in the map of the world.

YULEE'S LETTER.

THE letter of Mr. Yulee, late Senator from Florida, of which we give a *fac-simile* on page 278, is by far the most important published document in the secret history of the war. It establishes the fact of the elaborate conspiracy which resulted in the armed rebellion. It is an utterly infamous letter; for the writer was, at the moment of writing, a sworn and paid officer of the Government against which he was conspiring, and, indeed, the rebel Secretary of the Navy, was chairman of the Naval Committee of the Senate.

Almost all the letter, then Senators from Virginia, were also conspirators. Mason told a friend, in the middle of February, that he hoped the Union could be saved, and the next day he wrote to a friend in Paris the details of the plan to destroy it. Hunter and Slidell waited upon the Northern politicians in Washington at the same time, and told him that every thing was ready—that there might be a little fighting, but no serious opposition would be offered in the West would adopt the Montgomery Constitution, and New York would not long delay, while New England must be left out of the reorganized government, or admitted as a single State. This course was also urged openly or covertly by certain influential men in some Republican The Vice-President, Breckinridge, another conspirator, sincerely asked Andrew Johnson, in Washington, whether he thought the Government could coerce States? Even the most patriotic citizens could not help at least wondering whether there might be something in the plan of the whole North for the Union. They did not wonder after the fall of Sumter.

The plan of the conspirators clearly contemplated that some of the Confederates should nominally remain uncommitted, in order to prevent the Government. Breckinridge was one of these. And when the developments of Time allow the history of the rebellion to be fully written and published, the part which the Calhoun conspirators in Rome, and the Jacobite malcontents in Great Britain, had never a more famous prototype than the letter of which Jefferson Davis is the acknowledged head, and Yulee proves himself an accomplice.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

THE Derby Gallery is light and spacious, and its admirable room for the Exhibition of the National Academy of Design in the Camp of the Seventh Regiment near Washington (106) is the chief of these, and it is remarkable for the odd-ity with which the personality of the chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Weston, is rendered. This Lounger has seen that gentleman but once, and in the picture hi- back is to the spectator, but the individuality of the man is unmistakable. Mr. Telford is one of the artists who, during the year, have preserved the traditions of Mr. Irving's circle, by patriotic service under arms.

The first of the large portraits is Mr. Blake's full-length of Cooper Hall, late chief of the Astor Library (14). He is sitting in the Library and reading a book. The picture should be studied from across the room, and it will then be seen that it is one of the most admirable works of the theater. The likeness is capital. The accessories are remarkable. They are painted with great fidelity, and propriety of detail: the books are books, the carpet is carpet, the wood is wood. The character of the worthy subject, however, seem rather too shining for bookishness, though the true bibliophile has always been noted, like the scholar, for shining garments. So characteristic and satisfactory a portraiture as this of the Librarian-in-chief of the Astor ought certainly to belong to the Library. Side by side with a good likeness of the founder, it would go down to the remotest posterity of posterity, for whom Astor devised and Cogswell collected and arranged. It is peopled with historic dust, and its fit place is the Astor Library. Nay, it is Page's portrait of Collector *Barney*, a picture full of power and skill, but, from its very lesson, not pleasing. The likeness is excellent, but the accessories are disagreeable. Where he is, or what he is doing, it would be difficult to say. But Mr. Page's works are too important, too carefully conceived, and too thoughtfully wrought, to be hastily dismissed; and we shall return to his portraits, for which there is room even within the walls, full-lengths, of a gentleman, and a lady and child.

Mr. Huntington's Chancellor Ferris (68) is a grand, free, masterly effective portraiture. The Chancellor stands in his flowing robes, with his hand upon an antique tome and a stained window before him. The head, being slightly cut away, sion is simply true to life. In the painting the artist has not been in the least afraid of purple. The coloring is rich and harmonious, and the work is a fine specimen of the artist, full of talent, and a most valuable portrait of a worthy man.

In No. 111 Mr. Elliott exhibits the best portrait that we recall from his hands. It is full of power and excellence. Unlike many artists, authors, and orators, who are sometimes very good and sometimes bad, Elliott is always good. The painting is always sure of vigor, brilliancy, and fidelity. But in this portrait there is a solidity that he does not always exhibit. The incisive force of character in the subject, the maturity of sagacity, alertness, and prudence which mark a man of affairs and a scholar, have been seized with enthusiasm by the painter, and reproduced with corresponding skill. He had the privilege of the portrait of forming a face in which the individuality is thoroughly individual, and the Universality is universal. It was fortunate too that the very coloring of the subject was most congenial to the pallet of the painter; so that he has given us one of the most lively portraits that have hung in any Academy exhibition.

In the further room, under the gas, are sixteen works of Paul Duggan, who died a few months since in Texas. They are the work of a young sculptor, and there are two models in plaster, curious and elaborate studies in anatomy. The portraits are of well-known persons, one of them will have a three-fold interest to many visitors of the Exhibition: first, as Duggan's work; second, as a bust of noted people; third, from their association with the Century Club, upon whose walls they hitherto hung. Duggan carried a bust into the Exhibition where they are, we can hardly see in strength of Darley's portrait of the artist who had hangs among them. How often before the picture of the Exhibition that slight, wan, partly sleeping figure appeared to us, and how often the gazing and calmly disseminating, yet ever still kindness set sweet himself! How his kindling and genial be stole though the crowds on the gay evening and in the old rooms, as with the same cheerful aloneness and gentle sympathy he passed through the rest of life to his grave! His patient life, his quiet heroism, his cheerful submission, were also but the signs of the luminousness within, of that keen sense of beauty and sympathy with it which animated the imaginings of art! And now that we record a pious instinct in placing among the paintings of our living artists these works of their brother so lately dead.

Next week we shall have another look at the Exhibition.

FORWARD!

THE President's signature to the District Emancipation Bill is the first practical proof of the changed policy of the United States Government. It is the true step in the return to the principles and practice of the fathers of the Constitution. Their system was nearly unanimous upon the subject. Believing, as Roger Sherman said, that the spirit of the age was abolishing slavery, they supposed that the different States would complete the work. Innocent Roger, who did not foresee the cotton gin! But the principle of the spirit and intention of our Government is perfect, and that there might be no possible mistake what kind of emancipation they meant to form, the fathers took good care to say expressly that it was "to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

The most striking testimony to the anti-slavery feeling of the period was the speech given by A. H. Stephens, the rebel Vice-President, in his speech, upon retiring from Congress, at Augusta in June, 1861. He said, "In my judgment there are more thinking men at the North now who look upon our system of slavery as right—socially, morally, and politically—than there were even at the South thirty years ago. The leading public men of the South in our early history were almost all against it. Jefferson was against it; Madison was against it; nearly all of them were against it. I need not name them. The controversy of their names is clear. It was a question which they did not, and perhaps could not, fully comprehend in their day."

Perhaps not; but these are the men who most

our Government, and "nearly all of them" were against slavery. Whoever, therefore, administers the Government in their spirit will be "against" it, and work against it, and take good care that the Government is kept free from its pollution. And all the more strenuously will they work when they see that the indication of a popular desire to return to the old faith and practice has been clutched as the excuse of bloody revolution.

The work is begun, and when the sun is stopped in the sky it may be stayed. The work is begun, and resting, as it does, upon the national conviction of justice and policy, it will go on to its sublime completion. A year has passed since Sumter fell: and already a treaty for the more effectual suppression of the foreign slave-trade is negotiated with England—for the first time in our history a slave-trader has been hung—by express law the disability of color is removed from mail-carriers—slavery has been abolished in the District of Columbia—and at the President's suggestion, by an overwhelming vote in Congress, the national policy of the fathers, of Washington and Jefferson, of Franklin and Jay, of Adams and Madison, is restored to the Government. Moreover, the President proposes to Congress to recognize Hayti—the officers of the army are forbidden to return slaves escaping from the civil chaos which their masters have occasioned—and the unconstitutional rigors of the Fugitive Slave Law are proposed to be ameliorated.

Let no timid soul fear rashness of action. In the President of the United States Providence has vouchsafed a leader whose moral perceptions are blinded neither by sophistry nor enthusiasm—who knows that permanent results must grow, and can not be prematurely seized—a man who, whatever he has not, has that inestimable common sense which is the last best gift of Heaven to all who are clothed with great authority.

THE GERMAN SOLDIERS.

"LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

"DEAR LOUNGER,—I am angry with you, but you must not resent it until you hear the reason and decide the merits of the cause. I am jealous of the praise you bestow upon the brave troops of every State of the Union, without ever as much as mentioning my countrymen—the Germans—or giving them credit for a single brave action, and you know the latter are not few. Let me state to you a few facts. In the first place, we come here to better our condition, and to be free; and, I think, you will acknowledge that a more law-abiding and patriotic element is not found in our country.

"When this rebellion broke out we volunteered our full quota to the ranks. Just take, as example, the State of Missouri. In St. Louis, out of a population of 160,000, 60,000 are Germans. These have furnished three-fourths of all troops raised in Missouri. Two-thirds of the principal men in St. Louis (Germans excepted) are Secessionists; but they were kept at bay by the Germans under the old flag. And through hard trials these patriots have gone. Three times were the Home Guards of St. Louis attacked by the mob, but stood their ground well. For a time no soldier in uniform could go single through the streets of the city without danger of assassination. One by one did the first Volunteers go to the Arsenal, to fill the regiments that were recruited there by Siegel, Blair, Boernstein, Osterhaus, and others, under our lamented Lyon. Nobly have they done their duty every where. Hardly an engagement but the Germans have had their representives there. Do you remember Carthage—how General Siegel, with 1500 Germans, whipped 8000 rebels? Have you forgotten Max Weber at Hatteras Inlet, Willich at Rowlett's Station, or the Ninth Ohio at Mill Spring, or Blenker's division at Bull Run, and the crowning victory at Pea Ridge, which was so largely due to our own Siegel? I think it is not right to ignore so entirely the services of an adopted population of about seven and a half millions of our twenty-three millions. I am your constant reader, and hold your views of this war as correct and most prophetic. I do sincerely believe the end will be according to your predictions; for they are just and right. If a man kicks up a fuss let him bear the consequences. The leaders in the South will have to answer for many tears shed for the loved ones who will never return from the bloody battle-field; but to the sword have they appealed, and by the sword must they be punished."

The Lounger publishes the preceding letter with the greatest pleasure. He would be a poor American indeed who did not with all his heart acknowledge the patient and successful valor of the patriot soldiers of German birth or descent. But the Lounger's correspondent will understand that in America all citizens are Americans. General Siegel, Colonel Corcoran, General Burnside, stand side by side in this war, through weal and woe, simply as what they all are, American citizens and soldiers. The effort to discriminate nationalities among citizens can have no possible good result. There is no fear but that they will be sufficiently remembered. All that the Nation asks to-day, as all that she ought ever to ask, is, Is this man honest and capable, and is he loyal?

The Lounger's correspondent will therefore believe that it is not through any unmindfulness of the bravery of the soldiers of German descent, but merely because as an American he knows no German, no Frenchman, no Irishman, and no Italian among his fellow-citizens, that he has not commended soldiers *as* German, Irish, French, or Italian. He, with the whole country, acknowledges with grateful admiration and pride that no name in this war is more illustrious than that of Franz Siegel.

WORDS ARE THINGS.

ONE of the morning papers spoke lately of "the States composing the Confederacy," meaning the Union. Why not say Union, then, since the very political question that underlies the war is whether we are a Confederacy or a Union—in other words, a nation. If the United States are a Confederacy, the war is, to say the least, expensive and unwise. That they are so, has been always the doctrine of the Southern political doctors; for, foreseeing the present conflict, they have always sought to wean the Southern mind from patriotism. The Union, in the Southern view, is a Confederacy of equal States; the Constitution is a treaty, and the system a dissoluble partnership. It is, in the Southern view, only a new form of the old Confederation. But in civil war words are things; and for the same reason that Mr. Lincoln would not address Jefferson Davis as His Excellency the President of the Confederate States of America, ought all loyal citizens and papers to use words which can not be misconstrued. Our political system is neither a League nor a Confederacy: it is a national Union, whose law is the law paramount of every State. It is a form new in history. It is truly a Republic, both one and many. To call it a system in which States compose a Confederacy is to misunderstand and misrepresent it.

GOOD AND GREAT TRAITORS.

THE Richmond *Enquirer* says that all "the best intellects of the Cotton States have been excluded from public affairs." On the other hand, Jefferson Davis, in his Message to his Congress congratulating them upon the retreat of their soldiers at Pittsburg Landing and the death of General Sydney Johnston, alludes to "th shining host of the great and good who now cluster around the banner of our country." Unless, therefore, there is a vital difference of opinion between Davis and the *Enquirer*, this greatness and goodness are of the purely moral kind, untainted with intellect.

Upon reflection, as all the leaders who cluster around that drooping and faintly-flapping banner are as good as they are great and as great as they are good, it is not easy to discriminate the purely good from the exclusively great. To which category, for instance, does Floyd, that Ajax of the shining host, belong? Or Pillow? Or Wigfall? Or Roger Pryor? Or Yancey? Or Judah Benjamin? Or Pickens? Or Pettus? Or Magoffin? Or Letcher? Or Slidell? Or Mason? Or Toombs? Or Polk? Or Keitt? Or Rhett? Or Spratt?

The question is, which of these great men are also the good men, or which of all these good men are not equally great? Can it possibly be true that the *Enquirer* is right, and that the best intellects have been excluded? Or are these the names of the best intellects that consent to this infamous rebellion?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A TRUE PICTURE OF DESPAIR.—A pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get a cabbage that lies a few inches beyond his reach.

If a man is murdered by his hired men, should the coroner render a verdict of killed by his own hands?

"Haven't you finished scaling that fish yet, Sam?" said a fishmonger to his boy. "No, master, it's a very large one." "Why, you have had time to scale a mountain."

The certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.

The ancient Greeks buried their dead in jars. Hence the origin of the expression, "He's gone to pot."

A dull and plausible man, like an unrifled gun, is a smooth bore.

"The dear little things!" said an old nurse, of her mistress's twin-children; "one looks so much like both, you can't tell t'other from which!"

Many a man who is proud to be quarter-master has a wife at home who is whole master.

WOMAN'S GRIEF.—A stingy husband.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY.—Her bonnet.

Children are generally very noisy, but we must except the children of the brain, who do not often make so much noise in the world as their fond parents desire.

Hopeless old maidenhood or bachelorhood is matchless misery.

A dentist advertises that he inserts teeth cheaper than any body else. He might find a bull-dog who would do it still cheaper.

A poor fellow who had spent scores of pounds at the bar drinking, one day asked the landlord to trust him with a glass of liquor. "No," was the surly reply; "I never make a practice of doing such things." The man turned to a by-stander and said, "Sir, will you lend me a sixpence?" "Certainly," was the reply. The landlord with alacrity placed the glass before the man, who swallowed its contents, then, handing the money to the lender, said, "Here, Sir, is the sixpence I owe you. I make it a point, degraded as I am, always to pay borrowed money before I pay my spirit bill."

Britannia's breast with pity swells for slaves!
Their wrongs are ne'er forgotten:
Poor maid! we fear her bosom swells
Are but the rise and fall of cotton.

"This is really the tour [tower] of Babel," as the old bachelor said when he walked round the nursery.

It has been ascertained that the man who "held on to the last" was a shoemaker.

"I'm particularly uneasy on this point," as the fly said when the boy stuck him on the end of a needle.

The man who makes a boast of extraordinary shrewdness hasn't got a particle.

A man swallowed a set of teeth lately, and the last accounts of him stated he was experiencing, as was to be expected, a terrible gnawing at the stomach.

Some persons shame the devil, not by speaking the truth, but by outlying him.

Why are umbrellas like pancakes?—Because they are seldom seen after Lent.

A ducking in cold water destroys the temper of hot steel, but increases that of a fiery woman.

The human race, like an auctioneer's goods, are always going—going—gone.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ FOR an account of the BOMBARDMENT OF FORT PULASKI see page 278.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, April 15, in the Senate, Senator Grimes introduced a bill prescribing the qualifications of electors in the City of Washington, which was laid over. Senator M'Dougall called up the resolution calling upon the Secretary of War for information relative to the arrest of General Stone, and made a long speech in vindication of that officer. Senator Wade replied. The resolution finally went over. The Senate soon afterward went into executive session.——In the House, Mr. Trowbridge called up a motion, heretofore made by him, to reconsider the vote by which the House adopted a resolution asking the Secretary of War for information as to the delay in exchanging Colonel Corcoran, and directing him to stop all exchanges until Colonel Corcoran should be released. After considerable debate, the resolution was amended so as to include Colonel Wilcox and other prisoners. The bill to regulate the franking privilege was considered. On motion of Mr. Colfax, who explained that the Post-office Committee, with one exception, were all in favor of the entire abolition of the privilege, in accordance with the provisions of the bill now before the Senate, the bill was laid on the table, 58 to 48.

On Wednesday, April 16, in the Senate, Senator Hale withdrew his resignation of the chairmanship of the Naval Committee. Bills providing a Territorial government for Kanawha (Western Virginia), and for the enforcement of the laws of the United States, were referred. Senator M'Dougall continued his remarks respecting the arrest of General Stone, and opposed the adoption of the motion calling on the President for information on the subject instead of the Secretary of War. The Confiscation bill was then taken up, and Senator Powell, of Kentucky, spoke against it. The death of Mr. Cooper, representative of the Seventh district of Pennsylvania, was announced, and the customary resolutions of condolence adopted. The President sent a special message to both Houses of Congress announcing his approval of the act abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia. The President appointed ex-Mayor Berret of Washington, Hon. Samuel F. Vinton of Ohio, and Daniel R. Goodloe, formerly of North Carolina, Commissioners to determine the validity and value of the claims presented under the act of emancipation. Mr. Berret has since resigned.——In the House, a bill appropriating thirty millions of dollars to make up deficiencies in the appropriations for the pay of the army was passed by a vote of one hundred and ninety yeas to two nays—Messrs. Calvert and May, both of Maryland, voting in the negative. A resolution, reported by the Judiciary Committee, declaring that the Government should not interfere with the transmission of intelligence by telegraph, when it will not afford aid to the enemy, was adopted. The death of Mr. Cooper, of Pennsylvania, was announced, resolutions of condolence were adopted, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, April 17, in the Senate, a joint resolution appropriating $7000 for the relief of the officers and privates of the Maine battalion, who lost their personal effects on the Port Royal expedition, was adopted. The bill requiring electors of the District of Columbia to take the oath of allegiance to the Government was passed. The House bill establishing a Bureau of Agriculture was taken up. Senator Wright offered a substitute, providing for an Agricultural, Statistical, and Commercial Bureau, and made a speech in support of it. A resolution was adopted calling on the President for the papers and testimony in the court of inquiry in the case of Lieutenant Fleming, of the navy. The bill providing for a line of steamships between San Francisco and Shanghai was called up; but without taking action on it the Senate went into executive session.——The House was occupied all day in debating the Pacific Railroad bill.

On Friday, April 18, in the Senate, the select committee appointed to inquire into the circumstances attending the surrender of the Pensacola and Norfolk navy-yards, and the armory at Harper's Ferry to the rebels, made a voluminous report, which was ordered to be printed. With regard to the Norfolk Navy-yard, the committee censure the Buchanan administration for destroying part of the property there and abandoning the remainder, as the evidence shows that the yard and the immense war material therein might easily have been saved by our forces occupying the place, who numbered one thousand men, while the rebels had only five hundred. Commodore Paulding, and Captains Pendergrast and M'Cauley are also censured by the committee. A resolution calling on the Superintendent of the Census Bureau for the names of all persons who own slaves in the District, the ages of the slaves, and other information relating to them, was adopted. The bill establishing a line of mail steamers between San Francisco and Shanghai was discussed, and Senator Howard, of Michigan, made a speech in favor of the Confiscation bill. ——In the House, several private bills were passed, and the Pacific Railroad bill was discussed in Committee of the Whole. Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, April 21, in the Senate, in addition to petitions in favor of a bankrupt law, and a ship-canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River, and memorials in reference to the Tax bill, a petition was presented from free colored citizens of the United States, praying that territory may be acquired outside the national limits for their colonization, and suggesting Central America as a desirable locality. It was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. A resolution calling on the Secretary of State for the names of all Kentuckians who have been arrested and held as prisoners of state, and also the names of all who have been released, was offered by Senator Powell, and laid over. The consideration of the resolution in regard to the arrest of Brigadier-General Stone was then resumed, and after a long and somewhat angry discussion the resolution offered by Senator Wilson, requesting the President, if not incompatible with the public welfare, to furnish all the information in his possession relative to the arrest and imprisonment of General Stone, was adopted. The Confiscation bill was taken up, and Senator Davis, of Kentucky, obtained the floor, but the Senate went into executive session, and subsequently adjourned.——In the House, a bill making appropriations for a bounty to the widows and legal heirs of volunteers who may die or be killed, was referred to the Ways and Means Committee. The Secretary of War was requested to furnish a statement of the appointments of Brigadier-Generals from April 1, 1861, to April 1, 1862. The resolution offered by Mr. Diven, of New York, requesting the Attorney-General to take proceedings to recover from John C. Frémont and E. L. Beard the sum of money obtained from the Treasury on the order of said Frémont, payable to said Beard, as set forth in the report of the Select Committee on Government Contracts, came up, and elicited an interesting debate, which terminated in laying the resolution on the table. A resolution, directing the Judiciary Committee to report back the bill providing for the trial and punishment of military officers charged with swindling, was adopted, and the House adjourned.

M'DOWELL ON TO RICHMOND.

General M'Dowell made a dashing and successful advance, with a portion of his army, from Warrenton Junction, upon Fredericksburg, on 17th, accomplishing a march of twenty miles by seven o'clock on the morning of 18th. The rebels, consisting of a regiment of infantry, one of cavalry, and a battery, intercepted their route, but were driven across the Rappahannock, and our troops occupied the suburbs of Fredericksburg, having pushed forward in spite of the successful efforts of the enemy to destroy the bridges, which retarded though it did not prevent the pursuit of our troops. The Ira Harris cavalry played a conspicuous part in the action, and suffered considerably. Several of the rebels were killed and wounded, but the number is not known. Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, was occupied by our troops at seven o'clock on the morning of 18th. The rebels, in addition to the bridge, burned the steamer *St. Nicholas*, which they stole in the Chesapeake Bay several months ago, together with all the other craft in the river. The municipal authorities of Fredericksburg consented to surrender the city upon a guarantee of protection to private property; and a meeting between General Augur and a committee from the City Council was to be held on the 19th. Vast amounts of grain and forage are stored at Fredericksburg.

BANKS ON TO RICHMOND.

General Banks is moving rapidly up the valley of the Shenandoah in the direction of Staunton, which place he will probably occupy in a day or two. Our latest dispatches from his advance are dated Sparta, Rockingham County, at which place it arrived on 19th, driving the enemy from an adjacent hill with artillery and charges of the cavalry. Six thousand of Jackson's troops had passed through the town on the previous evening and encamped a short distance beyond. A skirmish took place beyond Sparta on the afternoon of 19th, in which a considerable body of rebels was dispersed by our artillery. General Banks's progress is necessarily considerably delayed by the destruction of the bridges on the route by the rebels.

General Banks reports that the rebels have left Harrisonburg for Gordonsville, and it was supposed that they were concentrating at Yorktown.

GENERAL HALLECK'S ARMY.

There is no further intelligence of importance from General Halleck's army. General W. T. Sherman has moved his division two miles farther toward Corinth, and on 16th had a brisk skirmish with the rebels, in which he defeated them, killing fifty or sixty, and maintained his position intact.

GENERAL MITCHELL'S ARMY.

General Mitchell, after seizing the Memphis and Charleston Railroad from Stevenson to Decatur, marched suddenly into Mississippi, seized Iuka, 22 miles from Corinth, and burned the bridges at Decatur and Florence. At the former place he seized the telegraph, and intercepted the following message from Beauregard:

CORINTH, *April* 9, 1862.

To General Samuel Cooper, Richmond, Va.:

All present probabilities are that, whenever the enemy move on this position, he will do so with an overwhelming force of not less than 85,000 men. We can now muster only about 35,000 effectives. Van Dorn may possibly join us in a few days with about 15,000 more. Can we not be reinforced from Pemberton's army? If defeated here we lose the Mississippi Valley, and probably our cause. Whereas we could even afford to lose, for a while, Charleston and Savannah for the purpose of defeating Buell's army, which would not only insure us the Valley of the Mississippi but our independence.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

THE MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION.

On 18th Commodore Foote's bombardment of Fort Wright was still proceeding. The firing on the day previous had been very heavy on both sides. The enemy had done no damage to our flotilla; whether they had suffered any from our fire was not known. There appears to be no expectation of an immediate reduction of the fort, as the present high stage of the water in the Mississippi prevents co-operation on the part of General Pope's forces, which are at Oceola, Arkansas. Deserters say that the rebel batteries now mount 40 guns, and that they have 60 more which they are rapidly putting in position. Bragg, it appears, is in command, having succeeded Villipique. He is said to have about 600 troops, and has the co-operation of four gun-boats, mounting 24 guns. Fort Wright, formerly called Fort Pillow, is the first rebel fortification on the river below New Madrid. It is near the mouth of the Hatchie River, a few miles below Oceola, Arkansas, on the opposite bluff, known as the first Chickasaw Bluff, some 12 miles above Randolph, and 78 miles above Memphis.

FIRE OPENED ON FORT MACON.

From rebel sources we have an account of the opening of the bombardment by our troops on Fort Macon on Saturday week, and two days' hard fighting there. The Richmond *Dispatch* says, that the fort will, no doubt, be able to hold out against the invaders.

Four companies of the Connecticut Eighth Regiment had a skirmish on the 12th with a force of rebels of one hundred and fifty, who made a sortie from Fort Macon, the rebels driving in our pickets. After a sharp engagement the rebels were driven back to the fort. During the engagement Fort Macon fired seventy shots at the engaging forces.

OCCUPATION OF APALACHICOLA.

The city of Apalachicola has been successfully occupied by our troops, thus giving us another important point in Florida. The capture was effected by the gun-boats *Mercedita* and *Sagamore*, with but little opposition, on the 3d inst. A few shell dispersed the rebels who were in arms there; and the non-resistant portion of the population were found in an almost starving condition. The blockade had effectually cut off supplies on the sea-board, and their resources from inland were not sufficient to maintain the ordinary comforts of life.

RECONNOISSANCE UP THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

On 14th inst. a portion of the Potomac Flotilla passed up the Rappahannock as far as Tappahannock, about fifty miles below Fredericksburg. At Urbana our men, on attempting to land, were fired upon but without effect, when a few shells, judiciously distributed, scattered the few rebels there. Two miles from Tappahannock is Lowry's Point, where the rebels had a strong battery. This was engaged by the flotilla with such success that the rebels were speedily forced to flee, when our men landed and destroyed the rebel quarters and secured considerable booty. The fleet remained at Tappahannock until the 15th, and then returned down the river, having gained much valuable information.

NASHVILLE RETURNING TO HER FIRST LOVE.

The City Council of Nashville, Tennessee, at its last session (April 14th) passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Mayor of the city of Nashville be, and he is hereby requested and instructed to have the flag of the United States placed upon all public property belonging to this corporation.

Resolved, That we cordially thank the officers and soldiers of the United States for the unexampled kindness and courtesy hitherto extended to our fellow-citizens, and that, as men striving together with them for the re-establishment of the government of our fathers, we pledge them our most sincere and hearty co-operation.

Resolutions were also adopted directing the teachers in the public schools in the city to take the oath of allegiance or resign.

THE "NASHVILLE" OUT AGAIN.

The rebel steamer *Nashville* arrived at Nassau, New Providence, on the 1st inst. from Charleston, and changed her colors to the British, under the name of *Thomas L. Wragg*. She sailed again on the 6th, having cleared for St. John's, New Brunswick, having on board a cargo of arms brought to Nassau by the British steamship *Southward*. She doubtless intends to run the blockade at Charleston again.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "MONITOR" PANIC.

BOTH Houses of the British Parliament have been engaged in debates on the inutility of land fortifications and wooden ships for purposes of coast defense and war, as well as the necessity of an immediate reconstruction of the British navy, so as to put her in possession of an iron-armored fleet. The speeches of Lord Hardwicke, a practical seaman; the Duke of Somerset, First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Palmerston, Sir John Pakington, and other prominent men, show that they are greatly alarmed at the position in which their country is placed by the issue of the conflict between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*. The press re-echoes the sentiment; the London *Times* assuring its readers that England must not allow to "any other nation a moment's start" in obtaining the "greatest force of invulnerable vessels," and that "all other things are secondary to this."

FRANCE.

IRON-CLAD SHIPS THERE TOO.

The French iron-plated gun-boat which arrived in the Seine from Bordeaux about a year ago has been lengthened and modified in shape; she is now completed, and being wholly roofed in by a casing of iron plates, presents a remarkable appearance in the water—something like a gigantic egg. She has two very short funnels, two engines, and is propelled by two screws.

RUSSIA.

THE CZAR CATCHES THE DISEASE.

The Russian Government is determined to save every ruble possible in order to apply the money for the fitting out of an iron-plated fleet.

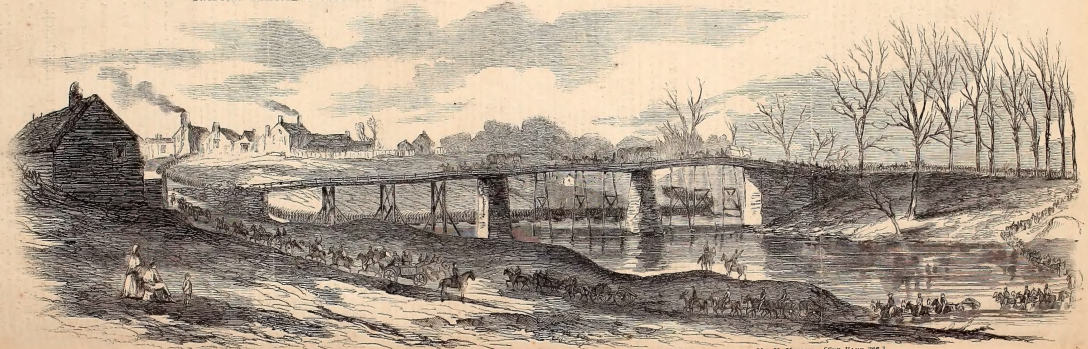
THE BATTLE-FIELD OF SHILOH, OR PITTSBURG LANDING.—[SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.]



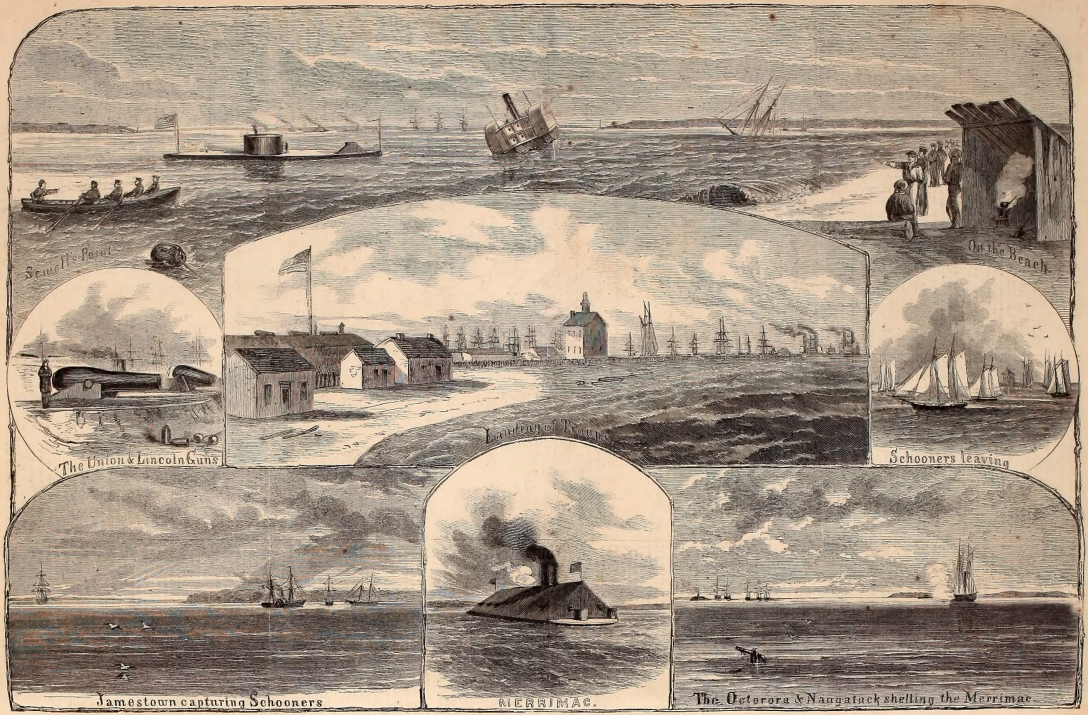
SHILOAH MEETING HOUSE.



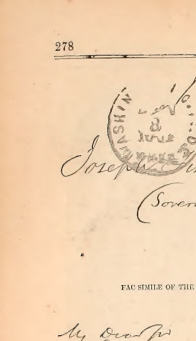
PITTSBURGH LANDING.



GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY CROSSING DUCK RIVER, AT COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, TO REINFORCE GENERAL GRANT.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 268.]



THE SECOND TRIP OF THE "MERRIMAC"—SCENES AT AND AROUND FORTRESS MONROE.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—(SEE PAGE 278.)



FAC SIMILE OF THE SUPERSCRIPTION OF THIS LETTER.

SENATOR YULEE'S LETTER.

We reproduce herewith a fac-simile of a remarkable letter from Senator Yulee to Joseph Finnegan, of the "Sovereignty Conference" of Florida. This letter, which reveals the crooked purposes of the traitors who have plunged the country into the present war, was found by the correspondent of the New York *Times* at Fernandina, Florida, when the town was occupied by the Union forces. The following were the resolution inclosed in the letter:

Resolved—1. That in our opinion each of the Southern States should, as soon as may be, secede from the Union.

Resolved—2. That provision should be made for a Convention by organic Conference of the Seceding States, the Convention to meet not later than the 15th of February, at the City of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That in view of the hostile legislation that is threatened against the Seceding States, and which may be consummated [de in original, for it seems his secession brain extended even into orthography] before the 4th of March, we ask instructions whether the delegations are to remain in Congress until that date for the purpose of defeating such legislation.

Resolved, That a Committee be and are hereby appointed, consisting of Messrs. Davis, Stokli, and Mallory, to carry out the objects of this meeting.

CAPTURE OF FORT PULASKI.

We recorded the fall of Fort Pulaski, on the 11th April, in our last Number. We now publish, on page 284, a series of views of the FORT and ON BATTERIES, from sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, and a PLAN by Lieutenant HAAS. Mr. Davis, who was with General Gillmore when the batteries were being built, thus describes the work:

Shortly after the occupation of Tybee Island by our troops, Captain (now General) Gillmore commenced the erection of a number of batteries for the reduction of Fort Pulaski. The locality of these batteries were by the nature of the case rather exiles. Most of these were to be erected within easy range of the walls of the fort. How to do this unseen was a matter of serious consideration, as the smallest party of men seen during the daytime by the rebels would be followed by a shower of shells. This made it necessary that all work should be done at night. There being few natural advantages the slightest facilities were made, by the ingenuity of General Gilmore, to serve the basis of a fortification. Starting with eight inches and twelve were carefully raised a foot or so at a time, and with no change in their appearance were covered from Fort Pulaski, a battery was in course of construction within from 2000 to 5000 yards. Whenever the transportation of any of the heavy mortars was interrupted by the approach of daylight it was carefully covered up with bushes, and, it is related, undisturbed during the day. Some of these mortars were placed in position on the night of the 10th inst., but at first the wheels of the carriages sank into the mud up to the hubs. A corduroy road was then hastily constructed, however, with logs bound together, the batteries being filled with earth. Some of the guns were mammoth, and all the batteries were carefully screened from view. Not a word was spoken during their construction. Orders were given in an under-tone, and during the transportation of the artillery orders were transmitted by a whisper. It is supposed that the enemy were in total ignorance of the operations going on so near them until our guns opened upon the fort.

The bombardment is thus described in the correspondence of the *Herald*:

On Thursday morning, at twenty-three minutes of eight, the fire was opened by a discharge of a 13-inch mortar from Battery Stanford Hall, fired by Lieutenant Horace Porter, of the Ordnance Department, the shell exploding in the fort; and this was succeeded by a 13-inch shell from Battery Stanton, which exploded short. In a moment or two several of the mortars were discharged from the other batteries; but none of the shells were effective, the firing being very bad, and the range too short. Then came the the first 64 from Fort Pulaski responded from a 10-inch battery, which fired with remarkable precision over Tybee Island. The firing was kept up rapidly for some time, with little damage being done by either side, some time elapsing before the rebels obtained the correct range, and the mortars were not certain of the position of our battery. Soon, however, we observed the fort fairly fly from the parapets, burst on the south and southeast faces, and we were satisfied that the breaching batteries (Halleck, Scott, Sturgis, M'Clellan, and Totten) on Coast Point were in full play, sending their rifled balls, solid 10-inch shot and heavy shell, with terrible effect against the brick walls.

The bombardment was on all day, the fire from our batteries being more effective every minute. The enemy, finding that our 13-inch shells were not so destructive as they expected, began to work their barbette guns with great energy and apparent trouble. Our Parrott guns were brought to bear upon them, and a hot fire was poured upon the rebel gunners, which soon demounted. At the fire from the breaching batteries became more and more disastrous to the enemy as the day advanced, and at midnight began to assume a sublime aspect. It appeared to have the small-pox, batteries appearing all over it. Then after a while its guns together, and they broke in fire of the wall of the parapet were discovered, which burnt fiercer and deeper, and seemed the front of a breach. The breach at dusk, at which time the fire was temporarily suspended on account of the smoke settling through the wall, except at one small point, through which a gleam of sunlight was employed almost sunset. During the night an occasional shell was thrown from batteries Burnside and Halleck, and from the rifled guns of Battery Siegel. The enemy made no reply, but seemed to be engaged in repairing damages. We had not lost a man during the day, and sustained no damage of consequence to our batteries.

Sunday no guns opened were required by the engineers during the night, and all was made ready by daylight for whether day's operations. At daylight on Friday fire was opened by our batteries, and responded to by the enemy.

The 13-inch shells, which fell well bored and lenty-eenth the precepe of the fort, had prepared it well for the operations of the 10th inst., and when the Columbiads from Coast Point opened the parapets began to crumble. The breach of the day previous enlarged, new ones were effected, and by two o'clock, when the rebel flag was hauled down and a white flag raised, a practicable breach large enough to drive a four-horse wagon through, had been formed, and our 13-inch shells were passing through it, across the terre plein, and breaching the magazine itself. This brought the rebels to terms. They surrendered unconditionally.

The fort was much cut up by our firing. The breach was immense, and rifle-balls passed completely through it. No fort was ever breached before at so great a distance.

The breaching batteries were as follows:

No.	Battery		Guns.
1.	Stanton,	3 13-in. Mortars,	1861, 17,18
2.	Grant,	3 13-in. Mortars,	1861, 17,18
3.	Lyon,	3 10-in. Columbiads,	1861, 18,62
4.	Lincoln	3 10-in. Columbiads,	1861, 1862
5.	Burnside,	3 13-in. Mortar,	1861, 17,18
6.	Sherman,	3 13-in. Mortars,	1861, 17,18
7.	Halleck,	3 13-in. Mortars,	1861, 17,18
8.	Scott,	{ 1 8-in. 1 6-in. Columbiads.	
9.	Siegel,	{ 4 24-pr. 6 32-pr. James Parrott }	Siege carriage.
10.	M'Clellan	{ 4 42-pr. 4 32-pr. }	Sea coast.
11.	Totten,	4 10-in. Mortars,	{ gatters 1841, gatters 1805.

MAP OF YORKTOWN AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

THE MAP on page 279 represents that peninsula of Virginia and its surrounding waters where the Union and rebel forces stand—the former in front of the rebels under the archrebel Jeff Davis, are concentrating for the final struggle in Virginia. Right along the coast-line runs Hampton road, of six feet and less at low tide; the dotted lines between it and the shore are shoals (two fathoms or four); between these dotted lines the depth of water in the James and York rivers is in many places over six fathoms. The James River, before it opened to Gloucester Point, has great depth of water opposite Yorktown. The channel opposite Farrest Monroe is also very deep, and well guarded by the fort on one side and the Rip Raps on the other. Strong rebel batteries on Sewall's Point and Craney Island guard the lair of the *Merrimac*. The rebel intrenchments extend across the Peninsula from mouth of York River, up its west bank, thence northeastwardly to the York River to Sydnor's Swash, thence midway between Wormley's Creek and Yorktown.

THE SECOND TRIP OF THE "MERRIMAC."

We publish on page 277 a series of sketches from Fortress Monroe, illustrating the SECOND TRIP OF THE "MERRIMAC," which occurred on 11th inst. The various sketches explain themselves. Meanwhile we condense the following account of the cruise of the rebel iron-clad monster from the *Herald* correspondence:

The long-expected reappearance of the rebel steamer Merrimac occurred yesterday morning. After a lapse of nearly five weeks of inactivity, during a portion of which her movements with the *Monitor*, she returned to the Roads from Norfolk at 11 o'clock, accompanied by her consort, the *Patrick Henry*, 3 guboats, *Teaser*, *Raleigh*, and *Beaufort*.

On signal-gun at the fortress was fired, to give notice to the garrison was under arms; and the artillerists composed of detachments of the Naval brigade and Wisconsin artillery, soon after manned the guns on the parapet of the fortress. The large fleet of Union schooner transports which was anchored in the Roads on seeing the rebel fleet signal their movements, and, forming in a wind and line, were soon out of harm's way. Many of those in Hampton Roads, controlled by the masters and steamboat channels, and being able to get out of the way of them. Others were towed by tug-steamers, of which there are a number here. The little Monitor, which has been mysteriously awaiting the re-appearance of the *Merrimac*, on seeing the latter approach, got ready for action by clearing her decks, lowering her smoke and blow pipes, slipping her anchor, and in less than ten minutes was ready for action. The orders from Flag-officer Goldsborough were, however, to act strictly on the defensive, and to give battle only when the rebel craft should approach a given point. The *Merrimac* and her consorts meanwhile had approached to within a mile and a half of the fortress, and there she anchored, having, as it afterwards proved, certain boundary, within the range of the guns of the fort, over which she would not pass.

The French war steamer *Catinat*, which was anchored in the Roads, got under way at 8 o'clock in the morning, and was taking in water from a Union schooner, back up her anchor, and, taking the schooner under the protection of her flag, proceeded to a point between here and Newport News, where she has since been joined by the French war steamer *Gassendi* and the British steamer *Rinaldo*. The rebel steamers were those of Duke, Mayo, South Carolina, and others, with troops, were in the harbor, but soon after 8 o'clock began to leave for the mouth of the James river point. The *Monitor*, in her defensive attitude, joined the fleet of Union vessels, and moved down with them in the Roads, at times showing their broadside directly at the rebel fleet. The rebel fleet seemed to take a two-fold advantage of the presence of the foreign vessels in the Roads, and kept continually under their cover, so that, in the event of a movement on the attempt, we could not have fired a shot at the rebels without endangering the neutral vessels. This movement lasted from 8 o'clock A. M. to o'clock A.M. the rebel gunboat *Patrick Henry* left the fleet and run into Hampton Cove by the fields channel, heading from Newport News Point toward Hampton village. At first it seemed to be a manœuvre to induce the *Monitor* to change her position; and others supposed the real manœuvre had hostile designs on the Federal camp at Hampton (Camp Hamilton). The sequel to the problem was not long solved when the rebel craft, subsequently joined by the rebel steamer *Teazer*, were seen coming out of the cove, and, passing the fleet, moved down the channel for the James River, and disappeared from view.

The *Patrick Henry* turned her prizes to Norfolk, and returned to the Roads at about half past 11 o'clock. A large number of rebel excursionists on steamers followed the fleet down from Norfolk to see the fun; but they were doomed to disappointment, as no fight occurred.

The *Merrimac* and her rebel consorts returned to Norfolk from the Roads at half past 8 o'clock, without having accomplished the object of their visit, which was evidently to coax the *Monitor* to combat. Before leaving, however, she exchanged a few shots, at long range, with the Union gunboats Genesee and Stevens battery Naugatuck, the latter firing at anchor in Hampton Cove. The practice of the *Merrimac* was very poor, her best shot apparently being a shot over three miles, while her opponents threw shot over three and a half miles. The Naugatuck, with her augmented 150-pound Parrott gun, throwing even further.

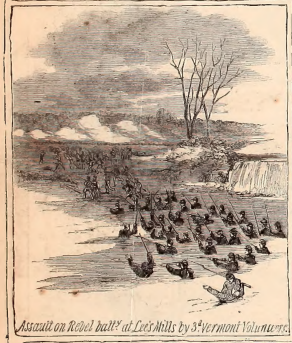
It is supposed that in the great gun of the *Merrimac* exploded on 11th.



MAP OF YORKTOWN AND THE VICINITY, SHOWING THE POSITION OF GENERAL MCLELLAN'S ARMY, AND THE REBELS UNDER JEFF DAVIS.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



Rebel works seen from Gen.l Porters Division.



Assault on Rebel batt.y at Lee's Mills by 3.d Vermont Volunteers.



The enemy's com



Berdans Sharpshooters picking off the enemy's gunners.

OUR ARMY BEFORE YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA.—From



Reconnoissance in force by Gen. Gorman



near Yorktown.



The Ocean Queen conveying troops to Yorktown



Religious services in Camp of 61st N.Y. Volunteers

URES BY MR. A. R. WAUD AND MR. W. HOMER.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC. ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MCLENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

read the first words, "In the name of God, Amen," he turned the sheet, and pointed to the end of the next page. She saw the well-known signature, "Andrew Vanstone." She saw the customary attestations of the two witnesses, and the date of the document, reverting to a period of more than five years since. Having thus convinced her of the formality of the will, the lawyer interposed before she could question him, and addressed her in these words:

"I must not deceive you," he said. "I have my own reasons for producing this document."

"What reasons, Sir?"

"You shall hear them. When you are in possession of the truth, these pages may help to preserve your respect for Mr. Vanstone's memory—"

Miss Garth started back in her chair.

"What do you mean?" she asked, with a stern straightforwardness.

He took no heed of the question; he went on as if she had not interrupted him.

"I have a second reason," he continued, "for showing you the will. If I can prevail on you to read certain clauses in it, under my superior direction, you will make your own discovery of the circumstances which I am here to disclose—circumstances so painful that I hardly know how to communicate them to you with my own lips."

Miss Garth looked him steadfastly in the face. "Circumstances that affect the dead poet's estate, or the living children?"

"Which affect the dead and the living both," answered the lawyer. "Circumstances that prove to say, which involve the future of Mr. Vanstone's unmarried daughters."

"Wait," said Miss Garth, "wait a little." She pushed her gray hair back from her temples, and rested with the sickness of sudden and dreadful faintness of terror, which would have overpowered a younger or a less resolute woman. Her eyes, shut in watchings, were dry with grief, scorched by the lawyer's unfathomable fear. "Give me a moment," she repeated to herself, vacantly. "He talks as if there was some worse calamity than the calamity which has made them orphans!" She roused herself again, and rallied her sinking courage. "I will not make your task any duty, Sir, harder to you than I can help," she resumed. "Show me the place in the will. Let me read it, and know the worst."

Mr. Pendril turned back to the first page, and pointed to the concluding line of stamped lines of writing. "Begin here," he said.

She tried to begin; she tried to follow his finger, as he moved it under the lines of the sentences and the dates. But her senses seemed to share the confusion of her mind—the words mingled together, and the lines swam before her eyes.

"I can't follow you," she said. "You must tell it, or read it to me." She pushed her chair back from the table, and tried to collect herself. "Stop!" she added, with a sudden fear in her visible hesitation and reluctance, took the papers in his own hands. "Tell me one thing first. Does his will provide for his children?"

"His will provided for them when he made it."

"What is it now, Sir?" Impatient of her unnatural bluntness broke out in her manner as she repeated the answer.) "Does it provide for them now?"

"It does not."

She snatched the will from his hand and threw it into a corner of the room. "You mean well," she said; "you are a kind man, Sir; you are wasting your time and my strength. If the will is useless, there let it lie. Tell me the truth, Mr. Pendril—tell me briefly, tell me concisely, in your own words!"

He felt that it would be useless cruelty to resist that appeal. There was no merciful alternative but to answer it on the spot.

"I must refer you to the signing of the present year, Miss Garth. Do you remember the fourth of March?"

Her attention wandered again; a thought seemed to have struck her at the moment when she spoke. Instead of answering his inquiry she put a question of her own.

"Let me break the news to myself," she said —"let me anticipate you, if I can. That useless will, the terms in which you speak of his daughters, the doubt you seem to feel of showing me respect for his memory, have opened a new view to me. Mr. Vanstone has died a ruined man—is not that what you had to tell me?"

"Far from it. Mr. Vanstone has died, leaving a fortune of more than eight thousand pounds—a fortune invested in excellent securities. He lived up to his income, but never beyond it; and all his debts added together would not reach two hundred pounds. If he had died a ruined man, I should have felt deeply for his children—but I should not have hesitated to tell you the truth, as I am hesitating now. Let me repeat a question which seemed you, I think, when I first put it. Carry your mind back to the spring of this year. Do you remember the fourth of March?"

Miss Garth shook her head. "My memory for dates is bad at the best of times," she said. "I am too confused to exert it at a moment's notice. Can you put your question in no other form?"

He put it in this form:

"Do you remember any domestic event in the spring of the present year which appeared to affect Mr. Vanstone more seriously than usual?"

Miss Garth leaned forward in her chair, and looked cagerly at Mr. Pendril across the table. "The journey to London!" she exclaimed. "I distrusted the journey to London from the first! Yes! I remember Mr. Vanstone receiving a letter—I remember his reading it, and looking so altered from himself that he startled us all."

"Did you notice any apparent understanding between Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone on the subject of that letter?"

"Yes, I did. One of the girls—it was Magdalen—pacing out the poor-thing, some place in America. It all comes back to me, Mr. Pendril. Mrs. Vanstone looked excited and anxious the moment she heard the place named. They went to London together the next day, they explained nothing to their daughters, nothing to me. Mrs. Vanstone said the journey was for family affairs. I suspected something wrong; I couldn't tell what. Mrs. Vanstone came to me from London, saying that her object was to consult a physician on the state of her health, and not to alarm the daughters by telling them. Something in the letter rather hurt me at the time, I thought there might be some other motive that she was keeping from me. Did I do her wrong?"

"You did her no wrong. There was a motive which she was keeping from you. In revealing that motive I reveal the painful secret which brings me to this house. All that I could do to prepare you I have done. Let me now tell the truth in the plainest and fewest words. When Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone left Combe-Raven in the March of the present year—"

Before he could complete the sentence a sudden movement of Miss Garth's interrupted him. She started violently and looked round toward the window. "Only the wind among the leaves," she said, faintly. "My nerves are so shaken the least thing startles me. Speak out, for God's sake! When Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone left this house—tell me in plain words—why did they go to London?"

In plain words Mr. Pendril told her;

"They went to London to be married."

With that answer he placed a slip of paper on the table. It was the marriage certificate of the dead parents, and the date it bore was March the twentieth, eighteen hundred and forty-six.

Miss Garth neither moved nor spoke. The certificate lay beneath her unnoticed. She sat with her eyes rooted on the lawyer's face; her mind roused, her senses awake. He saw that all his efforts to break the shock of the discovery had been efforts made in vain; he felt the vital importance of meeting her, and firmly and distinctly repeated the fatal words.

"They went to London to be married," he said.

"Try to rouse yourself: try to realize the plain fact first: the explanation shall come after!" Miss Garth, I speak the miserable truth! In the spring of this year they left home; they lived in London for a fortnight, in the strictest retirement; they were married by license at the end of that time. There is a copy of the certificate, which I myself obtained on Monday last. Read the date of the marriage for yourself. It is Friday, the twentieth of March—the March of this present year."

As he pointed to the certificate that faint breath of air among the shrubs beneath the window which had startled Miss Garth stirred the leaves once more. He heard it himself this time, and turned his face so as to let the breeze play upon it. No breeze came, no breath of air that was strong enough for him to feel fronted into the room.

Miss Garth roused herself mechanically and took the certificate. It seemed to produce no distinct impression on her: she laid it on one side in a lost, bewildered manner. "Twelve years," she said, in low, hopeless tones—"twelve quiet happy years I lived with this family. Mrs. Vanstone was my friend; my dear, valued friend —my sister, I might almost say. I can't believe it. Bear with me a little, Sir; I can't believe it yet."

"I shall help you to believe it when I tell you more," said Mr. Pendril—"you will understand me better when I take you back to the time of Mr. Vanstone's early life. I won't ask for your attention just yet. Let us wait a little until you recover yourself."

They waited a few minutes. The lawyer took some letters from his pocket, referred to them attentively and put them back again. "Can you listen to me now?" he asked, kindly. She bowed her head in answer. Mr. Pendril considered with himself for a moment. "I must mention you on one point," he said. "If the aspect of Mr. Vanstone's character which I am now about to present to you seems in some respects at variance with your later experience, bear in mind that when you first knew him twelve years since he was a man of forty, and that when it first knew him he was a lad of nineteen."

His next words raised the veil and showed the irrevocable Past.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE fortunes which Mr. Vanstone possessed when you knew him" (the lawyer began) "was part, and part only, of the inheritance which fell to him on his father's death. Mr. Vanstone the elder was a manufacturer in the North of England. He married early in life; and the children of the marriage were either six or seven in number—I am not certain which. First, Michael, the eldest son, still living, and now an old man, turned seventy. Secondly, Selina, the eldest daughter, who married in after-life, and who died ten or eleven years ago. After these two came other sons and daughters whose early deaths make it unnecessary to mention them particularly. The last, and by many years the youngest of the children, was Andrew, whom I first knew, as I told you, at the age of nineteen. My father was then on the point of retiring from the active pursuit of his profession, and in succeeding to his business I also succeeded to his connection with the Vanstones as the family solicitor.

"At that time Andrew had just started in life by entering the army. After little more than a year of home-service he was ordered out with his regiment to Canada. When he quitted England he left his father and his elder brother Michael seriously at variance. I need not detain you by entering into the cause of the quarrel. I need only tell you that the elder Mr. Vanstone, with many excellent qualities, was a man of fierce and intractable temper. His eldest son had set him at defiance, under circumstances which might have justly irritated a father of an milder character; and he declared, in the most positive terms, that he would never set Michael's face again. In defiance of my entreaties, and of the entreaties of his wife, he rose up, in our presence, the will which provided for Michael's share in the general inheritance. Such was the family position when the younger son left home for Canada.

"Some months after Andrew's arrival with his regiment at Quebec he became acquainted with a woman of great personal attractions, who came, or said she came, from one of the Southern States of America. She obtained an immense influence over him, and he came to be the basest purpose. You knew the easy, affectionate, trusting nature of the man in later life—you can imagine how thoughtlessly he acted on the impulses of his youth. It is useless to dwell on this lamentable part of the story. He was just twenty-one; he was blindly devoted to a worthless woman; and she led him on, with merciless cunning, till it was too late to prevent her. In one word, he committed the fatal error of his life —he married her.

"She had been wise enough in her own interests to dread the influence of his brother officers, and to persuade him, up to the period of the marriage ceremony, to keep the proposed union



"HER EYES, DIM WITH WATCHING, WEARY WITH GRIEF, SEARCHED THE LAWYER'S UNFATHOMABLE FACE. HIS UNHAPPY DAUGHTERS, SHE REPEATED TO HERSELF, VACANTLY."

between them a secret. She could do this, but she could not provide against the results of accident. Hardly three months had passed when a chance discovery exposed the life she had led before her marriage. But one alternative was left to her husband—the alternative of instantly parting from her.

"The effect of the discovery on the unhappy boy—for a boy in disposition he still was—may be judged by the event which followed the exposure. One of Andrew's superior officers found him in his quarters, weeping by his father's corpse. Some of the disgraceful truth with a loaded pistol by his side. That officer saved the boy's life from his own hand, and hushed up the scandalous affair by a compromise. Mrs. Vanstone sang a perfectly heartless and inhuman part in the conduct prior to the ceremony giving her husband no claim to his release from her by divorce, if we only consent to be her sense of her own interests. A handsome annual allowance was secured to her, on condition that she returned to the place from which she had come, that she never appeared in England, and that she ceased to use her husband's name. These stipulations were added to these. She accepted them all, and measures were promptly taken for to have her well looked after in the place to her retreat. What life she led there, and whether she performed the conditions imposed on her, I can not say. I can only tell you that she came, to my knowledge, once into England; that she never annoyed Mr. Vanstone; and that the annual allowance was paid her, through a local agent in Jersey, down to the day of her death. All that she wanted in marrying him so money, and money she got.

"In the mean time Andrew had left the regiment. Nothing would induce him to face his brother officers after what had happened. He sold out and returned to England. The first intelligence which reached him on his return was the intelligence of his father's death. He came to my office in London before going home, and there found from my lips how the family secret had ended.

"The will which Mr. Vanstone the elder had destroyed in the moment of his death, I have, as I knew, replaced by another. When I was sent for, in the usual course, to draw it, I firmly expected that the law would be left to make the customary division among his widow and his children. But my surprise at finding among his papers, correctly drawn and executed, and dated about a week after the period when the first will had been destroyed, the will which gained his vindictive purpose against his eldest son, and had restored to a married life the professional assistance which I honestly believe he was ashamed to ask for at my hands.

"It is needless to trouble you with the provisions of the will in detail. There were the widow and three surviving children to be provided for. The widow received a life-interest only in a portion of the testator's property. The remaining portion was divided between Andrew and Selina—two-thirds to the brother, one-third to the sister. On the mother's death, the money from which her income had been derived was left to Andrew and Selina, in the same relative proportions as before. The accumulations of saving been first deducted from the sum and paid to Michael as the sole legacy left by the implacable father to his son.

"Speaking in round numbers, the division of property, as settled by the will, was this: To Andrew the mother's death Andrew had seventy thousand pounds; Selina had thirty-five thousand pounds; Michael had twenty thousand. The mother's death Michael had five thousand pounds, to set against Andrew's twenty thousand invested to one hundred thousand, and Selina's inheritance increased to fifty thousand. Do not suppose that I am speaking unnecessarily on this part of the subject. Every word I now speak bears on interests still in existence, and still closely concern Mr. Vanstone's daughters. As we get on from past to present, keep in mind the terrible inequality of Michael's inheritance and his brother's inheritance. The harm done by that inheritance will be, I greatly fear, not over yet.

"Andrew's legal interests, when he heard the news which I had to tell him, was worthy of the open, generous character of the man. But I am not proposed to divide his inheritance with his elder brother. But there was one serious obstacle in the way. A difference from Michael existed between him at my office when he came there, and that letter charged him with the unjustifiable cause of estrangement between his father and his elder brother. The efforts which he had made—though not successful—to heal the feud in the purest and kindest intentions, as I know—so composed the quarrel between the brothers were perverted by the vilest misconstruction to support an accusation of treachery and falsehood which would have driven any man to the rash act. Andrew felt, what I felt, that if these imputations were not withdrawn before the question of his brother took effect the mere fact of their existence would assume in a practical sense the character of a verdict against him. His worst to his brother in the most forbearing terms. The answer received was as severe as words could make it. Michael had inherited his father's temper, and had also inherited his father's qualities: his second letter reiterated the charges contained in the first, and declared that he would only accept the offered division as an act of atonement and restitution on Andrew's part. I next wrote to the mother to see her influence. She was herself aggrieved at being left with nothing more than a life-interest in her husband's property; she added resolutely that Michael and she stigmatized Andrew's proposal as an attempt to bribe her eldest son into withholding the truth against his brother, which that brother knew to be true. After this last rejoinder nothing more could be done. Michael withdrew to the Continent, and his mother followed him there. She lived long enough, and saved money enough out of her income to add considerably at her death to her elder son's five thousand pounds. He had previously still further improved his pecuniary position by an advantageous marriage; and he is now passing the close of his days either in France or Switzerland—as widower with one son. We shall return to him shortly. In the mean time I need only tell you that Andrew and Michael never again met, and never communicated even by writing. To all intents and purposes they were dead to each other from those early days to the present time.

"You can now estimate what Andrew's position was when he left the regiment and returned to England. Possessed of a fortune, he was living in the world, his former destroyed at the fair outset of life; the mother and brother estranged from him; his sister lately married, with interests of her own, and little to be to share. Men of firmer mental caliber might have found refuge from such a situation as this in an absorbing profession. Andrew had no such resource of the effort; all the strength of his character lay in the affections he had wasted. He was alone in the world was that quiet place at home, with wife and children to make his life happy, which he had lost forever. He took back to the mercenous youth drive him on, and cast himself into the lowest dissipations of a London life.

"His friends remonstrated in vain: he was his ruin. A woman's love saved him at the outset of his destruction he had wasted. A woman's pity her harshly—for we had her with her husband in the grave.

"You, who only knew Mrs. Vanstone in later life, when illness and sorrow and secret care had altered and saddened her, can form no adequate idea of her youthful beauty and her charm—her charm she was a girl of seventeen. I was with Andrew when he met her for the first time on a rescue him, for one night at least, from degrading associates and degrading pleasures by persuading him to go with me to the first night of the great City Companies. There they met. I shall not attempt to describe the effect on the moment he saw her. To me, as to him, she was a total stranger. An introduction to her, obtained in the course of the evening, informed him that she was the daughter of one Mr. Blake. He met his discovery next day, when I, his new partners in the dance (unobserved in that crowded hall-room) all through the evening.

"Circumstances separated her from the first. She was unhappy at home. Her family and friends occupied no recognized station in life; they were vulgar, pretentious people, in every way unworthy of her. It was her first ball—it was the first time she had ever met with a man who had the breeding, the manners, and the conversation of a gentleman. Are these excuses for her? I will leave it to her mercy when she asks if we have any human feeling for human weakness, sanity and love!

"The meeting of that night decided their future. When other meetings had followed, when the confidence of her love had responded to his, he took the one course of all others (took it inexcusably and unconsciously) the most fatal and dangerous to them both. His frankness and his sense of honor forbade him to deceive her. He opened his heart to her, told her that his life was a generous, impulsive girl; she had no homestrong enough to plead with her: she was unconsciously tempted by the bad example that appeal to her pity, which, to the eternal honor of women, is the last appeal that a man finds able to resist. She saw, and saw truly, that she alone stood between him and his ruin. The last chance of his restoration to a virtuous life. She accepted and saved him.

"Let not her be misunderstood; let me not be accused of trifling with the serious social question on which my narrative forces me to touch. If wild fancies and passions be no false reasoning—I will only speak theirwith. It is a fact truth that the strongest and purest influences which must have ended in his early death. It is the truth that she restored him to that higher moral condition which is remembered or tenderly—which is remembered so gratefully that, on the day when he was left a widow, his wife, in a morbidly calm its right, and condemn her early fault. I have read my love's handwriting and her tears; the question than mercy may not soften the hard sentence against her—if Christian charity may not find a plea for her error. I can only say and falsify, the suffering and the sacrifice, of her whole life.

"A few words will close this part of a letter time, and to events which have happened within your own experience.

"I need not remind you that the position in which Mr. Vanstone was now placed could lead to but one end—a second union—a clandestine more or less inevitable, of the truth. Attempts were made to keep the hopeless misfortune of his life a secret from the world generally; and, as a matter of course, those attempts failed because the intimate friends of the husband were friends. What might have happened if her relatives had been what is termed 'respectable,' I am not prepared to say. They were a set of people who could (in the common phrase) be conveniently treated with. The only survivor of the family at the present time is a scoundrel calling himself Captain Wragge. When I tell you that he privately extorted the price of his silence from Mrs. Vanstone to the last; and when I add that his conduct presents no extraordinary exception to the conduct, in their lifetime, of the other relatives—you will understand what sort of people I had to deal with in my client's interests, and how their assumed indignation was appeased.

"Having, in the first instance, left England the friend, Mr. Vanstone and Miss Blake remained there afterward for some years. Girl as she was, she faced her position and its necessities without flinching. Having once resolved to sacrifice her life to the man she loved; having quieted her conscience by persuading herself that his marriage was a legal mockery, and that he was 'his wife in the sight of Heaven,' she set herself from the first to accomplish the one foremost purpose of so living with him, in the world's eyes, as to raise the suspicion that she was not his lawful wife. The women are few indeed who can not resolve firmly, scheme patiently, and act promptly, where the dearest interests of their lives are concerned. Mrs. Vanstone—for by that name I must continue, in this name—Mrs. Vanstone had more than the average share of a woman's tenacity and a woman's tact; and she used both, in the circumstances, in those early days, which her husband's less ready capacities left him not to do—to observe cautions to which they were largely indebted for the preservation of their secret in later times.

"Thanks to these safeguards, not a shadow of suspicion followed them when they returned to England. They first took a house in London, merely because they were far removed there from that northern county in which Mr. Vanstone's family connections had been known. On the part of his surviving relatives they had no serious interruptions to dread. He was totally estranged from his mother and his sister. His married sister had been forbidden by her husband to see her. He was a clergyman by his calling, and was therefore not allowed to hold any communication with him from the period when he had fallen into the deplorable way of life which I have described as following his retirement from the army. Other relations he had none. When he and his wife took back to Devonshire their next change of residence was to this house. Neither courting nor avoiding notice: simply hiding in themselves and their children, and in their rural life; unsuspected by the few neighbors who formed that narrow circle of acquaintance to which other than what they seemed—the truth, in their case, as in the cases of many others, remained undiscovered and accident forced it into the light of day.

"If in your close intimacy with them it seems strange that they should never have betravel themselves, let me ask you to consider the circumstances. You will understand the apparent anomaly. Remember that they had been living as husband and wife; to all intents and purposes (except that the marriage service had not been read over them), for fifteen years before you entered the house; and bear in mind at the same time that no event occurred to distract Mr. Vanstone's happiness in the present, to remind him of the past, or to warn him of the future, until the announcement of his wife's death came, a few days before you came from America which you saw placed in his hand. From that day forth—when a post which he abhorred was forced back to his memory—when a future which she had never dared to anticipate was placed within his reach—you will soon perceive, if you have not perceived already, that they both betrayed themselves time after time; and that your observation of all suspicion, and their children's innocence of all suspicion, alone prevented you from discovering the truth.

"The sad story of the past is now as well known to you as to me. I have had hard words to speak. Forgive me. I have spoken them with true sympathy for the living, with true tenderness for the memory of the dead."

He paused, turned his face a little away, and rested his head on his hand in the most unobtrusive manner which was natural to him. Thus far Miss Garth had only interrupted his narrative by an occasional word or by a mute token of her attention. She made no effort to conceal her emotion. She sat with her head over her wasted cheeks as she looked up and spoke to him. "I have done you some injury, Sir, in my thoughts," she said, with a noble simplicity. "I know you better now. Let me ask your forgiveness; and let me say your hand."

Those words and the action which accompanied them touched him deeply. He took her hand in silence. She was the first to speak, the first to set the example of self-control. It is one of the noble characteristics of women that nothing more powerfully rouses them to struggle with their own sorrow than the sight of a man's distress. "Your husband and her tears," she gently drew her chair round the table so as to sit near to him while she spoke again.

"I have been sadly wanting, Mr. Pendril, by what has happened in this house," she said, "or I should have known that the truth was much better than I have borne it to-day. Will you let me ask two questions before you go? Will you trust me when I say that I have no other object than ever my children now. Is there no hope for their future? Are they left with a name to act but poverty before them?"

As he spoke he bowed his head to answered them gently.

"Not on Michael Vanstone?"

"Yes: on Michael Vanstone."

OUR ARMY BEFORE YORKTOWN.

On pages 280 and 281 we publish a series of pictures from OUR ARMY BEFORE YORKTOWN, from sketches by our artists, Messrs. Waud and Crane. Most of these pictures need no explanation, and the less said about the weather the better. But of the skirmish of 16th, at Lee's Mills, in which the gallant Vermont brigade won such glory, we take the following description from the Tribune:

At 6 o'clock Companies E, F, D, and K of the 3d Vermont were detailed as skirmishers, Major Wheelock reporting them with a very accurate flow of shot and shell. The Vermonters moved forward, when they were ordered. Their fire had been very accurate. The rebel Wiggerts, who began dancing on discovering and swinging their hats, and defying our troops in the customary Secession military fashion, was dropped at rapid by the sharp-shooters as to be soon carted of this style of dance. The former occupants of the 3d had done after dinner and thoroughly vexed themselves.

The Vermonters had now become pretty well cooled up, formed into line, and told by their Colonel in a pithy speech that the work was not to be finished as they would have desired, and take the enemy's intrenchments. Across a portion of this batteries, numbering 12 guns, were placed, and command of the center of the line of attack was assigned the Vermonters' advance. They marched steadily at the order to the edge of the creek, and planted in the rear. The water deepened unexpectedly. The men were soon obliged to hold up their cartridge-boxes above their shoulders, and their muskets held up high. The enemy soon discovered the storm in the water, and on the edge of their rifle-pits, and raised a fire of bullets on the advancing line.

The storm, as deemed, was about twelve rods wide. The Vermonters kept on and fired as they waded. They killed and wounded began to fall from the tiniest of our rifles. Some of the men in the front rank were killed outright, and the color-bearer of the center of the brigade across, and laid down on the opposite side. The order was to fire and advance and get foothold, instead of "fall to "Charge!" With a yell, with true Green Mountain pluck, they rushed on. The rebels fought well. Quite a regiment of rebels broke from behind it, and ran into the woods. The Vermonters, leaving the Yorktown Road.

For at least an hour they fought from here against overwhelming numbers, with unflinching resolution. The first of four companies of the 6th Vermont, and afterward the remaining companies of the 6th Vermont. They shot for principally through the head, and as superior use their rifles. The rebels were commanded by Col. Magruder, and had fresh regiments into the fort, and into a ditch in front of the fort. The fight began by the 3d Vermont at 6 o'clock in the morning, and increased fire as the Vermonters, though they waited to stay, had to go. Regiment after regiment of Vermonters followed, filling up the regiment of rebels broke from behind it, and ran into the woods. The Vermonters, leaving the Yorktown Road.

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Many were now shot in the water, and drowned beyond all possibility of help. The barrages of a Louisville County Court, as they say, "Why, Sir, I saw a man shot while bolting in their stream—the bullets fell so thick," as to appreciate that fact. Many of the wounded were killed by the brave men having backed out of the deep water, formed a line on the bank, and began the fight again. Others, who were not detailed, but volunteering through impulses of soldierly duty, and the excitement of the hour, joined the ranks, and began to aim and fire at the wounded, who were clinging to the bank and sitting about their heads in the water.

ISLAND NUMBER TEN.

We publish on page 285 a view of ISLAND NUMBER TEN, which was surrendered by the rebels on April 7 to Commodore Foote. We subjoin a letter from a sketch by our artist, Mr. Alexander Simplot. The following account of the place will be read with interest:

Arriving at No. 10 I found more than space will allow me to write about. Large and long guns, mortars, and field batteries, would have commanded the river had it not been for the fact that they were spiked by the rebels before they surrendered, while with rat-tail files, and the *Grampus* and other small gunboats, we took in the entire defenses of the island and Tennessee shore. Great piles of provisions and ammunition, and all the paraphernalia of war, were left in the batteries, and failed to destroy the effectiveness of all descriptions, with camp paraphernalia, occupied the batteries and all available ground on the Missouri shore of the siege. The lifeless wharf-boat, with the name of Island No. 10 on the roller of its bows, filled with some forty thousand dollars' worth of stores of all kinds, and the Island No. 10 Post Office, with mail-bags busy taking care of the abandoned property, while outside were sentinels with the accoutring bayonets of the United States.

The works upon the island are of less extent than those upon the main land, and, with the exception of the upper battery, are not very strong. The rebels had been confining fine pollutions for long ranges, but rendering their guns useless by the most thorough spiking. The trunnions of the gun-boats resting the trackless, when they lugged their guns around, and spiking the same with the vent-pieces.

No. 1. The walls of this battery are two hundred and fifty yards long, and the parapet twenty feet thick. Within it is divided into four quarters or divisions by three gallery-ways, upon the inside of which are magazines. The outside of the walls are also brought into double requisition as bomb-proofs, and the men sleep in the corridors which were beneath. The armament consists of one eight-inch Columbiad, two ten-inch Columbiads, one rifled gun, one thirty-two, and one ten-inch Columbiad. The three last mentioned were dismounted, and the rifle gun so situated that it could not be worked.

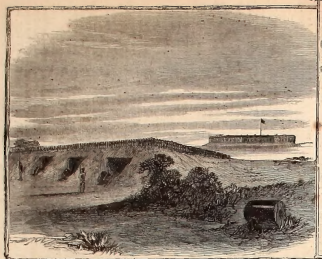
No. 2 is a work seventy-five feet long, with walls of the same thickness as those of battery No. 1. It is divided in the center by a single gallery, which is also used as a bomb-proof. The armament of this work consist in one eight-inch rifled Dahlgren, one thirty-two pounder, and one eight-inch gun.

No. 3 is another angular fortification similar to No. 2, in dual battery. The walls are of the same thickness, and dead fact in extreme length. It is furnished with gallery and bomb-proof, of which dual battery consists. It has two sixty-fours, smooth; one eight-inch rifled Columbiad, one ten-inch Columbiad, and one thirty-two gun. The last gun is exploded. Both of the works are four eighty-two pounders.

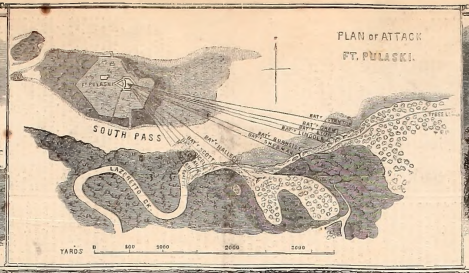
No. 4 is a heavily thrown up work, with a gallery and bomb-proof. It is pentagonal in shape, and mounts but one gun—the ten-inch Columbiad. Another eight-inch gun is in readiness for the embrasure.

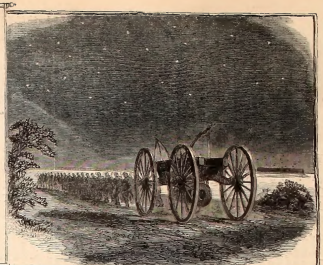
Adjacent to this and the other island batteries are a number of rifle-pits, and the substitution for embrasures of cotton sack in the sandy soil and rocks of over high, and solid cast. Barrows for bunnet habitations are also formed against heavy logs, composed of parted excavations, with a roof of logs and leaf clipping from the ground to the top of the main log. There are other holes and hollows concealed in the banks of the island, and other edifices testify to the terrible fire of shot and shell to which the island was subjected.

On the same page we give a picture—also from a sketch by Mr. Simplot—of the SIEGE OF FORT PULASKI OPPOSITE ISLAND NUMBER TEN. They have since been raised, and are now at Fort Wright, for our camping.

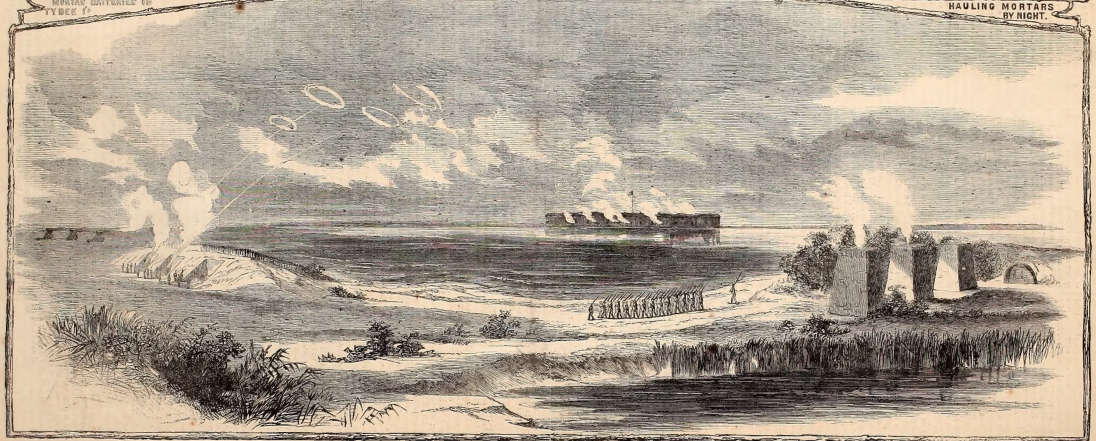


MORTAR BATTERIES ON TYBEE I.

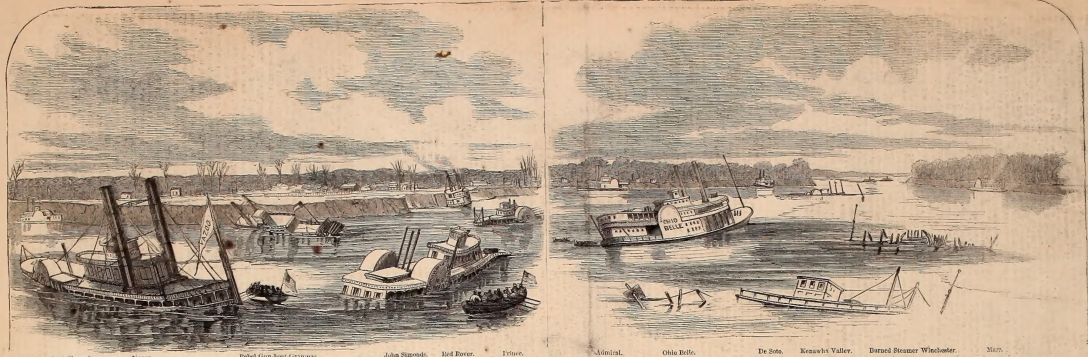




HAULING MORTARS BY NIGHT.



THE BOMBARDMENT AND CAPTURE OF FORT PULASKI, APRIL 11, 1862.—From Sketches by Lieutenant Haas and Others.—[See Page 276.]



VIEW OF STEAMERS SUNK BY THE REBELS BETWEEN ISLAND NUMBER TEN AND NEW MADRID.—Sketched by Mr. A. Simplot.—[See Page 283.]



ISLAND NUMBER TEN AFTER THE SURRENDER.—Sketched by Mr. A. Simplot.—[See Page 283.]

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

We have received several sketches of the Battle of Pittsburg Landing from our artist, Mr. H. Mosler, and three of them we reproduce on page 276. One represents the Landing at Pittsburg—a scene, as Mr. Mosler says, of unmitigated mud. Up the steep banks of the bluff here the troops of Buell's army toiled to join Grant, dragging their artillery with them; and down these bluffs, sad to state, the cowards in the raw regiments fled to seek shelter from shot and shell. Another picture shows us Shiloh Meeting-House, which was in front of General Sherman's division. The battle here raged with great fury, and at one time the wounded and dying of both armies sought refuge in the building. It is from this house that many propose to call the fight the battle of Shiloh. A third picture shows us General Buell's Army crossing Duck River at Columbia, Tennessee, on their way to join General Grant. The infantry crossed over a pontoon bridge; the cavalry and artillery forded the river, while the baggage crossed the great bridge. Columbia is a pretty little village of 3000 inhabitants.

On page 273 we publish a group of portraits of The Heroes of the Battle of Pittsburg Landing. The following sketches of the lives of the men will be read with interest:

MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Major-General Ulysses S. Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Clairmont County, Ohio, April 27, 1822, and entered West Point Military Academy from Ohio in 1839, where he graduated with honors in 1843, and was attached as Brevet Second Lieutenant to the Fourth infantry. He was promoted Second Lieutenant at Corpus Christi in September, 1845, and served as such through Mexico, under General Taylor at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey; and under General Scott from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, and was twice promoted for his bravery. He was regimental quarter-master from April 1, 1847, and when he resigned the service on the 31st of July, 1854, he was a full Captain in the Fourth infantry of regulars. After his resignation he settled in St. Louis County, Missouri, and moved from there to Galena, Illinois, in 1860. Upon the breaking out of the present war he offered his services to Governor Yates, and was appointed Colonel of the Twenty-first regiment of Illinois Volunteers, and served with his regiment until promoted a Brigadier-General, with commission and rank from the 17th of May, 1861. He was engaged as Colonel and Acting Brigadier-General in several of the contests in Southeastern Missouri, and his course as commander of the Southeast district of Missouri has been thoroughly scrutinized; and among his most praiseworthy acts was the occupation of Paducah and stoppage of communication and supplies to the rebels *via* the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. The manner in which he conducted the battle of Belmont is still fresh in our readers' minds. The rest of his course, as commander there, is too well known to be repeated here, and certain it is that his action in every instance has been applauded both by his superior officers and the people. After the capture of Fort Henry a new district was created, under the denomination of the District of West Tennessee, and General Grant was assigned by General Halleck to the command of it. He was in command of the Union forces at Fort Donelson, and his noted correspondence with General Buckner gained him the sobriquet of Unconditional Surrender Grant, answering to his initials of U. S. Grant. For the success of that action he was created a Major-General; but being unavoidably absent from the field during the earlier portion of the fight, it was reported that he was temporarily deprived of his command until the matter could be investigated. After a few days he was, however, again ordered into the field, and took the command of our forces at Pittsburg Landing. From the accounts of correspondents it does not seem that he showed much generalship, though his gallantry on the Monday undoubtedly contributed to the success of the day, and will preserve his fame among the people.

MAJOR-GENERAL D. C. BUELL.

General Buell is a native of Ohio, in which State he was born about the year 1818. He graduated at the Military Academy at West Point in 1837, and served as Second Lieutenant in the Third Infantry. He obtained the rank of First Lieutenant in June, 1846, and accompanied his regiment to Mexico. In September of the same year he was brevetted Captain for gallant and meritorious conduct at Monterey. He accompanied General Scott's army, and again distinguished himself at Cerro Gordo, Contreras, and Churubusco; was severely wounded at the latter fight, and brevetted Major for gallantry there. On his return home he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, and served in that capacity in various parts of the country. On the outbreak of the war Major Buell was active in organizing the army at Washington. On General M'Clellan's appointment to the chief command he placed General Buell in command of a division, which soon became so perfect in discipline and drill as to elicit general remark. Soon afterward it was deemed best to supersede General Sherman in the command of the army in Kentucky, and General Buell was appointed in his stead. He spent the winter in organizing his troops, and in February proceeded to move. The battle of Mill Spring and the occupation of Bowling Green were the first exploits of his troops. He occupied Nashville after the fall of Donelson, and then moved southward through Tennessee. Three of his divisions arrived at Pittsburg Landing in time to save General Grant's army.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. M'CLERNAND.

Major-General John A. M'Clernand is not a soldier by trade, but is best known to the country as a Democratic politician from Illinois. He was a leader of the Douglas Democrats, and did battle for them valiantly at Charleston. At the outbreak of the war he took sides manfully for the Union, and shortly afterward was nominated a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In the Belmont fight he manifested that he possessed very good military capacity, and during his administration of military affairs at Cairo he secured the good-will of the men under his command. In the reconnoissance in the rear of Columbus, during the advance upon Fort Henry, and at the grand battle before Fort Donelson, General M'Clernand manifested superior military ability. For his gallantry on these occasions he was, on the 21st of March, made by Congress a Major-General of Volunteers, and accompanied the advance up the Tennessee River toward Savannah. At the battle at Pittsburg Landing he distinguished himself exceedingly.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. H. L. WALLACE.

This gallant soldier, who fell at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, was a lawyer by trade, and a resident of Ottawa, Illinois. He first saw service in the Mexican War, in which he enlisted as a private in 1846, carrying a musket in Company I, First Regiment Illinois Volunteers, led by the lamented Hardin. A Lieutenancy and Adjutancy followed, and General Wallace was by his Colonel's side when he fell. At the outbreak of the present war he was elected Colonel of the Eleventh Illinois. For months he was Acting Brigadier and Commandant at Bird's Point, and he received his appointment and confirmation to Brigade command for gallantry at Donelson. At Pittsburg he commanded a division. He was shot on the Sunday, the ball entering below his ear and passing through his head. He was left where he fell till Monday, when he was found still living, but died shortly afterward. He has three brothers and a father-in-law in service in this war, the latter Colonel T. Lyle Dickey, of the Fourth Illinois Cavalry, his law-partner, and now attached to General Wallace's division.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL B. M. PRENTISS.

General Prentiss, who was taken prisoner at Pittsburg Landing, is an old soldier of the Mexican War. When that war broke out he volunteered as a lieutenant of the Illinois troops, and was selected by the unfortunate J. J. Hardin to act as his Adjutant. By Harden's side he fought in every battle until that gallant chieftain fell, and with his own hands he helped to dress his corpse for the last rites of humanity. During that entire campaign he was the most intimate companion of that lamented officer, and the sash which he wears now at the head of his regiment is the one which Hardin wore on that last fatal field. He is an able officer, and very popular with his men. He was a candidate for Congress in the Fifth Illinois district last year, but the Democratic majority was too much for him. At the commencement of the rebellion he stepped forth at the head of the first regiment of Illinois volunteers who volunteered for three months. The regiment was numerically known as the Tenth Illinois Volunteers, and as the Colonel was the senior officer of all the troops who occupied the dépôt at Cairo, he became Acting Brigadier-General and Commander of the post. He afterward had the full rank awarded to him, dating from May 17, 1861. His regiment re-enlisted for the war *en masse*, under Colonel Morgan. He has been engaged during the war in various parts of the State of Missouri, more recently on the Kansas border, from which post he proceeded to join the army up the Tennessee River.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

General Sherman is a native of Ohio, brother of Senator John Sherman. He graduated at West Point in 1840, standing No. 6 in his class, in which were Generals Van Vleit, George H. Thomas, and others of the Union army, and General M'Cown, of the rebels, recently a commander at Island No. 10. On the 1st of July, 1840, he was promoted to a Second Lieutenancy of the Third Artillery, and on the 30th of November, 1841, was further promoted to a First Lieutenancy. He was acting as Assistant Adjutant-General in the Tenth Military Department in 1847, and was brevetted Captain for meritorious services in California during the war with Mexico. His brevet was awarded in March, 1851, and dated from May 30, 1848. He was next appointed Commissary of Subsistence, with rank of Captain, dating from September, 1850. He resigned the service on the 6th of September, 1853. On the 17th of May, 1861, he was appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and when General Anderson requested to be relieved was appointed to the command of the army in Kentucky. He was subsequently superseded by General Buell, and removed to the command of the force at Sedalia. After a short time he was again removed and placed on the non-active list. General Halleck has since recalled him into active life and ordered him to join General Grant.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL NELSON.

General Nelson is a native of Kentucky and about forty years of age. He entered the United States Navy at manhood and served twelve years at sea. When the rebellion broke out he offered his services to Government, and was detailed to command the Ohio River fleet of gunboats. His extensive acquaintance with the people of Kentucky, and his large relationship in that State, pointed to him as a proper person, during the bad health of General Anderson, to be sent into Kentucky to sound the loyal sentiment of that State, and to strengthen it. Accordingly, as early as April, he went thither and began the formation of a camp and the recruiting of troops at a point between Garrardsville and Danville, since known as "Camp Dick Robinson." Some time afterward, Colonel George H. Thomas, of the Second cavalry, proceeded thither, having received the appointment of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and assumed the command. General Nelson was then ordered to form a camp at Washington, Mason County, Kentucky, for the enlistment of troops. To fine natural abilities and large experience in arms he adds great energy of character and fine judgment of men. He it was who ordered the arrest of Stanton, Casto, & Co., though they were old friends and companions. He does not recognize any relationships in life when duty demands their prostration or sacrifice. His brother, Thomas Nelson, of Indiana, is our present Minister to Chili, and his brother-in-law, J. Monroe Stockton, Postmaster at Maysville.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS L. CRITTENDEN.

General Crittenden is a native of Kentucky, and a son of John J. Crittenden. His brother George is a rebel, and commanded the rebel force at Mill Spring. When the rebels took up arms in Kentucky, General T. L. Crittenden was empowered to take command, and at the head of the Home Guard started for Muldraugh's Hill and effectively checked the advance of the rebels on Louisville. Since that time he has been actively engaged in the field under General Buell. His commission of Brigadier-General dates from September 27, 1861.

ACTING BRIGADIER-GENERAL T. W. SWEENY.

Colonel Sweeny, who was wounded at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and distinguished himself, is an Irishman by birth, but came to this country when a child. He was bred a printer, but volunteered when the Mexican war broke out, and was chosen Second Lieutenant in Burnett's regiment. He was at the storming of Vera Cruz, and was with the army up to the City of Mexico. He was twice wounded in the battle of Churubusco—once so severely that he had to lose his right arm. On Colonel Sweeny's return to this city in March, 1848, he received the commission of Second Lieutenant in the Second Regiment of United States infantry, and was soon afterward ordered to California, where he performed many arduous duties. From California, he, with a portion of his regiment, was ordered to Fort Pierre, in Northern Nebraska, where he served as aid to General Harney. In June, 1851, he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy. At the commencement of the rebellion Colonel Sweeny, who was then a Captain of the Second United States infantry, having obtained that rank on the 19th of January 1861, was ordered to Newport barracks, and soon afterward to the command of the St. Louis Arsenal, previous to General Lyon taking the command. He was also second in command at the surrender of the notorious rebel Claib. Jackson, and was afterward appointed Colonel and acting Brigadier-General of the three months' Missouri volunteers. Previous to the battle of Wilson's Creek, where it was decided not to attack the rebel General Price, General Sweeny was so impressed that a retreat would be worse than a defeat that he prevailed on General Lyon to make the attack. In that battle he was again wounded, and still carries the ball in his limb.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL M'DOWELL M'COOK.

General M'Cook, who distinguished himself at Pittsburg, comes of the fighting family of M'Cooks of Columbiana County, Ohio. He was born April 22, 1831; was appointed to West Point in 1848, and graduated in 1852. He was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Third Infantry, and ordered to the Department of New Mexico. He took an active part in all the prominent Indian campaigns in that department up to February, 1858, when he was ordered to West Point, where he served as principal assistant-instructor in infantry tactics, and also in the art of war, until the fall of Sumter. He then applied for permission to take the field, and was ordered to his native State to muster in volunteers for the three months' service. On his thirtieth birthday he was elected and commissioned Colonel of the First Ohio Volunteers. He commanded this regiment at the battle of Bull Run, where it formed part of Schenck's Brigade. He returned to Ohio with the regiment, mustered it out of the service, and recruited it again at Dayton, Ohio. He was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers September 3, 1861, and ordered to the Department of the Cumberland. He has since commanded a division under Buell, and arrived at Pittsburg in time to be of great service.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU.

General Rousseau, who is reported for gallantry at Pittsburg, is a Kentuckian, of Huguenot descent. His father died when he was young, leaving him to educate himself. In 1840 he removed near Louisville, and began the study of law without an instructor. Subsequently he settled in Indiana, where he was elected successively to the State Legislature and Senate. He commanded a company in the Mexican war, and fought gallantly at the battle of Buena Vista. In 1849 he returned to Louisville, and rose rapidly to distinction at a bar rich in ability. He was a member of the Kentucky State Senate at the time our present national troubles began, and immediately took a bold and decided stand in favor of the Government. In June, 1861, he resigned his seat in the Senate, and applied for a commission to raise volunteers. Against the remonstrances and determined opposition of nearly all the prominent men of Kentucky, he succeeded in raising two splendid regiments, composed entirely of Kentuckians, called the Louisville Legion. It was those troops, aided by a battalion of Home Guards from Louisville, that saved that city from falling into the hands of the rebels. General Rousseau was soon promoted to be Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and has since served under Buell.

THE GHOST-DEAD-BELL.

"It is now over two years since I was quartered with my regiment in Vienna. Among the acquaintances which I formed there was a young nobleman who was in the Imperial Guard, the Baron Von Steingraff. He was the sole descendant of an ancient Styrian family, that had lived for centuries in an old castle not far from Saltzburg. A finer-hearted fellow could not be found in his Imperial Majesty's dominions, nor a better soldier in his army than Friederich. Frank and gay as a companion, he was a favorite with his own sex; and a good figure, to say nothing of a good property, made him not unacceptable with old mammas and young daughters. Friederich, however, seemed to be no marrying man, though he had nothing misogynistic in his nature. When our intimacy had grown into friendship, I happened to banter him upon the subject of matrimony, naming a young lady who was evidently not unfavorably disposed to him. But Friederich assured me gravely that he had resolved never to marry. 'Not,' said he, 'that I have any disinclination to the state, but that I have long felt the conviction that fate had forbidden me to enter into it.'

"Then he told me how, when a child, a Zigeunerinn, or gipsy woman from Bohemia, had met him in the wood near the Schloss, and looked into his hand, and said to him, 'Ach! jung Herr, when you go to marry a wife take heed. The way to God's altar lies through God's acre!'

"'Well,' said I, 'that was a safe prophecy. A man can not well get to the church door till he walks through the church-yard.'

"'Oh,' he replied, 'that was not the woman's meaning. If she spoke true, either I or she, whom I would make my wife, should not live for the bridal day. At all events the belief has so grown with my growth that I can not now reject it. And so I will never endanger my own life or that of one whom I could love well enough to marry. And now, my dear friend, let us never speak on this subject again.'

"Of course we never did; and the matter was soon entirely forgotten by me.

"A year passed by, and I was far away in the north of Germany, when I got a letter from the Baron Von Steingraff. It announced that he had proposed for a young lady in his own country, was accepted, and would shortly be married. 'My destiny,' he continued, 'whatever it be, I must work out; and I could not resist the attractions of my little Roeschen. So come to me as soon as you can. Who knows but your interpretation of the gipsy's prophecy may be the true one?'

"I laughed heartily as I closed the letter. The old story—old as Adam. Woman's tongue has overcome man's resolve. Pretty young Roeschen has beaten the withered old gipsy out of the field; and so saying I prepared for my journey, and was *en route* the following morning.

"The close of a lovely autumn day found me on the road between Salzburg and St. Gilgen, where it skirts the picturesque little lake of Mondsee, so snugly embosomed in precipitous hills clothed with the pine and the larch. Not far from this stood the Schloss of my friend, built close to the ruins of a suppressed monastery, and pleasantly sheltered by the dark forest upon which the evening sun was now glinting. Thither I worked my way, rather slowly, for the approach was steep and circuitous, so that by the time I stood at the heavy door-way the sun had set and the large mass of building was lying in gloom. My visit did not seem to be expected, for I had to knock many times and loudly upon the thick oaken portal before any one came to my summons. At last the door was opened by a man who looked more like a holzknecht or woodsman of the district than a servitor of a well-ordered establishment. He had a lamp in his hand, and appeared flurried. I stated who I was, and desired him to conduct me to his master. To this he made no reply, but shaking his head, motioned me to follow him. We crossed the great hall and entered a small chamber, where the man set down the light and disappeared. 'A strange welcome,' thought I, 'from an intended bridegroom for his best man;' and I looked around me. The room was comfortably furnished: there were cases well filled with books; guns, rods, spears, and hunting gear were hanging from the wall, and an escritoire stood near the fire-place; but no cheerful fire was glowing there—a few half burned pine logs lay upon the iron dogs on the hearth. When I had completed my survey an old serving man entered, and a few words solved the mystery. The day his master had written to me he was suddenly seized with illness, and he was now in the eighth day struggling with fever, and was delirious. The doctor of the neighboring town of St. Gilgen, who was in attendance, had just left him for a short time, declaring that the case was almost hopeless, but that the crisis, which would occur that night, would determine his fate.

"I need not say how this intelligence shocked me. I desired to be shown to the chamber of my poor friend, and announced that I would wait the issue whatever it might be. Messieurs, it is a trying thing to stand beside one whom you last saw in health and strength of mind and body, and to witness a poor shattered being, with flushed face, a burning lip, and a glazed eye, tossing and raving; whose hand does not return your clasp, whose ear does not recognize your words of love, whose eye looks vacantly upon you. I sat down overwhelmed with emotion. From time to time, through his wild raving, I could distinguish words which told how the bewildered spirit wrestled, as it were, with the horrible phantoms of his disordered brain; with what appalling incongruity did he mingle the scenes of the charnel vault and the bridal chamber, now calling on his bride to wrap her grave-clothes around her, and in a moment after, with a wild laugh, bidding the sexton to pledge him in a skull of wine. But I must not dwell on this painful subject. When I returned to the small apartment I had first entered I found all necessary arrangements made for my comfort, but I determined to watch through the night which was to decide all. I felt, however, too nervous and agitated to remain alone, so I entreated the old butler to bear me company. By degrees we became quite familiar. The doctor had returned and sat by the bedside of his patient, who was gradually growing tranquil and lethargic. It wanted now more than an hour of midnight; old Klaus threw a fresh log on the fire, and filled my glass from the flask of Hungarian wine that he had placed beside me. I could do no less than return the compliment; and as the good old soul drank it sorrowfully to the recovery of his master the tear stood in his eye, and he fairly sobbed aloud. I spoke a word of comfort to the poor fellow.

"'Alas! Herr Kauptmann,' said he, 'my mind misgives me sadly. I am afraid every moment that I shall hear the Geistertodenglocke—God protect us!'

"'The Geistertodenglocke?' I asked, 'what is that, Klaus?'

"'Ach! Herr Kauptmann, what an old fool I am. I forgot you could know nothing about it.'

"A little pressing got it all out; for grief with men of his class is talkative.

"'I suppose, Sir,' said he, beginning his story, 'that you observed the old monastery near the castle as you came up this evening.'

"'I did, Klaus, a fine old ruin, with the bell-tower.'

"'Ay, a ruin now, Sir; but it was once a grand and a holy place, with its lord, abbot, and monks, and broad, rich lands. Well, Sir, a long time ago—I don't know how many hundred years since—the Baron Steingraff of that day—he lived then in the old castle higher up the hills above the Krötensee—had a quarrel with the abbot. The Baron was a fierce and a haughty man, that cared little about church or priest, and the abbot was as haughty in his own way, so the feud grew deadlier every day. At last the abbot swore on the holy relics of St. Wolfgang that he would excommunicate the Baron; and the Baron swore upon the cross of his sword-hilt that he would tear the frock off the abbot's back, and drive him and his monks out of the monastery. The abbot was as good as his word; and so, upon the feast of the blessed St. Wolfgang, he and all his monks walked in procession through the church up to the high altar, and the great book was opened and the anathemas read, and then the bell was tolled, and the lighting candles were extinguished, and so the Baron was excommunicated. Well, the bell was still tolling, and the priests were on their way back down the aisle when the shouts of the Baron and his wild men-at-arms, and jägers, and holzknechts rang at the walls, and sledges and great pine beams were battering at the gate. Short work they made of it. One mad fellow seized a splinter of pine-wood, and he lit it at the altar, and then he fired the panels and the roof, and the dry wood was all soon in a blaze. The Baron, as if possessed by an evil spirit, seized the bell-rope and rung out a wild peal of triumph; but the abbot walked up to him, dressed in all his robes, and holding up his hands, cursed him in the name of the Blessed Trinity, and he said—"*As the spirit of the Evil one peals that bell now by your hands, so shall he peal it when the soul passes from the body of you, and of your son, and of your son's son, in sæcula sæculorum, Amen!*" So saying, the abbot called all his monks, and they went their way down to the lake of Aber; and they built a new monastery where the church of St. Wolfgang now stands. The Baron seized the monastery lands and held them too, for might was right in those days, and built the present castle hard by the ruins of the monastery, lest the abbot and his retainers should rally and seek to regain their old possessions. But they never did, for the abbot was not overloved in the country, besides the Baron was too powerful to be lightly meddled with.

"'Time passed on, and the Baron had well-nigh forgotten that abbot or monk had ever dwelt within the old blackened walls. One wild winter's night the Baron sat with his retainers in the great hall drinking and reveling, as was their wont. The wind howled in gusts fitfully, and in the pauses a loud knocking was heard at the oaken door, the very door by which you entered this evening, Herr Kauptmann. The Thurhüter, when he opened the door, saw no one, though the moon was that moment shining through the drift of the clouds, but he felt a cold blast sweep across his face. So he shut the door again, and thought it must have been the storm that had deceived him. The next moment those in the hall saw a monk in a black habit, with his cowl drawn over his head, enter and walk up to where the Baron was sitting. Then the monk threw back his hood, and an old withered face, ghastly pale, but stern and fierce, gazed on the Baron.

"'Tausend sakerment!' shouted the Baron, starting up in a rage; 'dog of an abbot what brings you here? Trundle out the shaveling, and set the hounds upon him.'

"'The abbot raised his skinny arm, and said in a hollow and solemn voice, "This night twenty years you and I met last. I am on my way to the abbey, follow me."

"'The abbot retired as he came, no one daring to hinder him.

"'Zum henker! to the hangman with him,' cried the Baron, choking with rage, and springing after him. That moment the old bell pealed out with a wild clang from the tower. The Baron in his haste tripped over a stool and fell to the ground. When they lifted him up he was dead. 'Twas said he died of a fit. Maybe so. But that very night one of the holzknechts returning to the village

from the Rivers up in the hills where he had been working, declared that as he passed the tree he heard the old bell pealing, and saw a procession of monks following a tier, and disappearing within the ruins. Next morning tidings came that the old abbot had died the day before at St. Wolfgang's, but where or when he was buried nobody yet knew."

"Old Klaus passed to take breath.

"A strange, wild story," I remarked, as I filled his glass. "Has the ghost-bell been ever heard since that time, Klaus?"

"I heard my father say, when I was a little boy, that no lord of Steingraff ever died at home here that the Geisterglocke[n]e was not heard tolling as his soul passed from his body."

"Pray tell us your own, if you remember, Klaus? You must remember when the old lord died?"

"I'll be sure I do. 'Tis now over twenty years; but he died at Vienna, where he was in attendance upon the Emperor Franz. If he had died at home I should have heard the bell, I suppose."

"This strange tale affected me more than I cared to acknowledge. I am not naturally credulous, but the shock I had received, added to the excitement of a journey of several days, had, I suppose, somewhat shaken my nerves. I woke up once more to the sick-room. Friederich still slept heavily. To my inquiry the physician answered with a shake of his head.

"'Tis the sleep, I fear, that will wake in death, an hour will decide; but be prepared for the worst.'

"I returned to the chamber, but could not soon very sadly. The thought of the young girl whose cup of happiness was all but brimming over to be dashed from her hand, came upon me. Then I questioned old Klaus, and learned that she was all but her own confidante. Before his master she had entreated to be permitted to attend upon him, but her request was denied; and Friederich himself was constantly transmitted to her of the state of the young Baron.

"'Ah, Herr Hauptmann,' said Klaus, 'should my lord not recover, I fear it will go hard with the young lady. There will be two to mourn where there are fateful, and how noble masters will come to an end, for each is an only child.'

"Our conversation gradually flagged, in spite of our efforts to keep it alive. The dark, still, solemn night deepened around us. There was not a sound to be heard, when or without, save the ticking of the clock in the great hall. How sharply every beat smote upon the ear, and how slowly ran, as it seemed, the life of one whose existence was now measured by minutes, not hours, or days, or years. How slowly and painfully the moments dr'ibt sad night were on. I shall never forget it, were I to live through a hundred years. The fire in the Klaus at last dozed off in his chair. The suspense became intolerable. I rose and paced the room. A book lay open upon the table, but no one had been reading it recently. I took it up: it was the Bible; and I read the fourteenth verse of the fourth chapter of the Epistle of St. James: 'Die ist nicht wisst was morgen sein wird. Denn was ist eur Leben? Ein Dampf ist es, der eine Kleine Zeitwährt, darnach aber verschwindet er.' Then I felt, indeed, both the uncertainty and the transitoriness of life. That I knew not what shall be on the morrow. That life is as a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and presently away. I laid down the book. The clock struck, ringing out upon the silence, and I counted the strokes—one, two—up to twelve. Hours all over Europe again. The night were past; what shall the morrow bring forth? What shall tell?

"'Lord have mercy upon us,' cried old Klaus, waking from his sleep; 'Die Geisterglocken-stones!'

"A clang of a bell smote upon my ear, wild, full, and irregular, not as human hand can ring it; nor loud and quick the peals, now faint and slow. I rushed from the room, and in a moment was in the Baron's chamber. He was sitting upright on the bedside; his hand was on the patient's heart. I read all in his face. 'It is all over,' said he; 'he is dead.'"

The narrator ceased speaking, and covered his eyes with his hands, as if overcome by his feelings.

"Ah! how sad and how strange. And what became, pray, of the poor young lady?" asked our host; "did she die?"

"By no means," answered the other, "she married before the year was out."

"Peste [illegible] a heartless jade," cried our host, indignantly.

"Pardon, Monsieur," returned the story-teller, gravely. "There never was a truer heart than little Roschen's; I had the pleasure of being at her wedding."

"What! and your friend the Baron not cold in his grave?"

"I should think not. On the contrary, he was present on the occasion, and any thing but cold. Monsieur will please to explain. It turned out that the Baron was not dead, but in a trance, which lasted for many hours. When he awoke the fever had passed away. He recovered in due time, and led his little Roschen to the altar, walking through the church-yard to the church door, and so fulfilling the gipsy's prophecy."

"Well, but the Geisterglocke. How do you account for that?" asked our host.

"Oh! nothing easier. You must know that the bell in the tower was used on ordinary occasions to summon the serfs and retainers to work and to meals. It happened that a messenger to the bell had been broken a few days before I arrived, and was mended by a rope of twisted hay. The door of the tower had been left open on the night of my vigil, and it so chanced that a cow strayed in and commenced to eat the hay rope, and by her efforts set the bell tolling—that's all."

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Cash loaned on Collateral.....50 00	
" in hand and in Bank.....10,840 78	
Premium Notes.....4,000 00	
All other investments.....54,401 36	
Premiums in course.....694 17	
Interest accrued.....215 00	
	$256,452 29

Liabilities.

Losses ascertained and unpaid.....3,054 20	
All other claims.....1,498 94	4,461 14
Net Assets.	$252,021 08

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For May, 1862.

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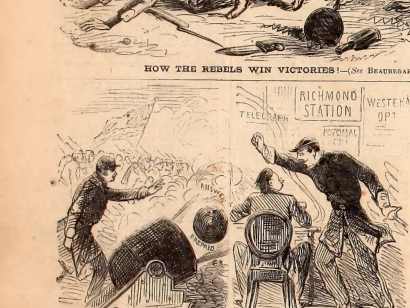
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VI.—No. 280.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3 00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MITCHELL.

MITCHELL! strong brain, quick eye, and steady hand!
Fulfilled in service—faithful in command;
Thou heroic son of science! fit to stand
Foremost among the thousands of the land!

In this the nation's crisis, the captain's skill,
In fine conflict, work fitting triumphs still;
And nobler yet the patriotic thrill
Which guides the manly triumphs of thy will!

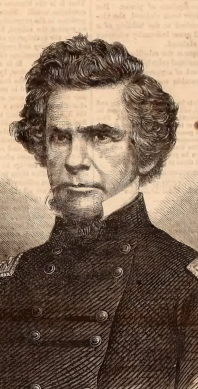
Golf with a handful of such hearted men
To board the wolf of Treason in his den—
Men quick to plan and strike to act—and then
Escape shall ring our triumphs back again!

Onward, my hero! Men shall catch the flame
While lights thy sword—and glow again for shame,
With this—and such as thee—we shall reclaim
The standing glory of our country's name!

GENERAL O. M. MITCHELL.

We publish herewith, from a photograph kindly furnished by ANSCO, 383 Broadway, a portrait of GENERAL O. M. MITCHELL, whose brilliant exploits in Northern Alabama and Mississippi are the theme of so much eulogy.

ORMSBY M'KNIGHT MITCHELL is a native of Kentucky, but was appointed to West Point from Ohio in 1825. He is about fifty-seven years of age. In 1829 he graduated in the same class as the rebel Generals Joe Johnson and Lee. He served three years as Professor of Mathematics at West Point, and was a short while in the army. But in 1836, becoming weary of inaction, he resigned his commission, studied law, and opened an office at Cincinnati, Ohio. From 1836 to 1844 he filled the chair of Professor of Mathematics in the Cincinnati College, and in 1842 founded the Cincinnati Observatory. His love for astronomy induced him to devote most of his time to the study of this science. He published several works on the subject which attained considerable popularity; and in 1859, when the troubles in the Dudley Observatory left it without a manager, he was called to the vacant post. Astronomy, however, did not engross MR. MITCHELL. Like M'CLELLAN, BOMFORD, CRAIG, and others, he was a railroad man, and for many years filled the office of Engineer of the Ohio and Mississippi line. He was also at one time Adjutant General of Ohio. In every position he was remarkable for energy, boldness and thoroughness.



MAJOR-GENERAL O. M. MITCHELL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANSCO.]

When the war broke out he was among the first to inculcate the necessity of defending the unity of the country at all hazards. He was one of the speakers at the great meeting on Union Square, and his speech was probably the most thrilling that was delivered that day. He said:

"I owe allegiance to no particular State, and never did, and, God helping me, I never will. I owe allegiance to the Government of the United States. A poor boy, working my way with my own hands, at the age of twelve years, to take care of myself as best I could, and beginning by earning but four dollars per month. I worked my way onward until this glorious Government of the United States gave me a chance at the Military Academy at West Point. There I landed with my knapsack on my back, and, I tell you God's truth, just a quarter of a dollar in my pocket. There I owe allegiance to the Government of the United States. I did not adjure the love of my own State, nor of my adopted State, but high above that was proudly triumphant and predominant my love for our common country." His speech was continued with a fervor that held his hearers enthralled, and amidst its remarks the faltering words slid from his lips: "When the rebels come to their senses we will receive them with open arms; but until that time, while they are trailing our glorious banner in the dust, when they wrest it, condemn it, curse it, and trample it under foot, I must unite, and in God's name I will unite, and so long as I have strength I will do it. . . . I am ready, God help me, to do my duty. I am ready to fight in the ranks or out of the ranks. Having been educated in the Academy, having been in the army several years, having served as a commander of a volunteer company for ten years, and having served as an Adjutant-General, I feel I am ready for something. I only ask to be permitted to act; and in God's name, give me something to do!"

He was appointed Brigadier-General from New York, and sent to Kentucky. There he obtained command of a division of BUELL'S army, which was the first of our troops in Bowling Green. From Nashville he was sent due south through Murfreesboro and Columbia. Nor the latter place he left the bulk of his division under one of the brigadiers, and with a brigade of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and two batteries, he made an extraordinary forced march on Huntsville, which place he occupied before the rebels suspected his proximity. He seized the telegraph office, and, it is believed, obtained some useful information in the shape of dispatches from and to Beauregard. Since then he has been dashing hither and thither on the Memphis and Charleston Road, until now (April 29) he holds two hundred miles of the line, from Stevenson, Alabama, to Tuscumbia. He is one of our most dashing and splendid generals.



A REBEL CAPTAIN FORCING NEGROES TO LOAD CANNON UNDER THE FIRE OF BERDAN'S SHARP-SHOOTERS.—SEE THROUGH A TELESCOPE FROM OUR LINES, AND SKETCHED BY HIS HEAD.—[SEE PAGE 299.]

OUR SUCCESS.

The regular circulation of *Harper's Weekly* is now between ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE and ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSAND copies. Assuming that each number of the paper is read by ten persons—a moderate estimate—a million and a quarter people derive instruction and amusement from this journal. It affords us no little satisfaction to witness this success. Certainly we may say that no effort on our part has been wanting to deserve it.

Our weekly expenses for traveling artists are alone as heavy as our total outlay for artistic labor used to be when *Harper's Weekly* was first established. This outlay, however, enables us to depict, week by week, the progress of our arms along the whole circumference of the Rebellion, with a fidelity and vividness seldom equaled.

We are besides enabled to lay before our readers each week several pages of the best reading of the day, including the works of Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and Bulwer. So remarkable a combination of artistic and literary excellences has never been presented in any journal, either in this country or abroad.

We think that this Number, for instance, will bear comparison with any number of any paper ever produced in the United States or in Europe.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 10, 1862.

DEMOCRACY ON TRIAL.

During the Crimean war the late Prince Albert was furiously abused by the British people for saying, in a public speech, that constitutional monarchy was on trial. What he meant was, that the pending contest would test whether it was possible to carry on a great war without interfering with the free institutions which were established for peace-time. The event proved that the British system was equal to the test. The war was brought to a successful close without any violation of the laws established for the government of the British empire in time of peace. It must be remarked, however, that the war was prosecuted at a point several thousand miles distant from Great Britain; that England's trade with Russia was very limited; that the chief commerce of Great Britain was not injured by the war; and that the number of individuals whose private interests were affected by the war was very small indeed.

In these important aspects the pending war in this country differs essentially from the Russian war, and it is reasonable to assume that its bearing on our peace institutions must be widely dissimilar. The war is carried on at our own doors, with a people most closely allied to us by ties of marriage, association, and commerce; it has crippled our trade, and gravely impaired our industrial energy; and the number of persons whose interests are directly affected by it is enormous.

These essential differences explain why it was necessary, in this country, to do what was not required in England during the contest of 1854–'5; namely, to suspend the operations of those great free institutions which, in peace-time, are the main bulwark of popular liberty.

It must always be borne in mind by the candid observer that since history began there never was such a rebellion as the one we are now suppressing. The rebellion of Catiline, to which it has been compared, was only able to raise 5000 men, and of these a large portion had no better arms than clubs. The famous rebellions which constitute so important a part of the history of Great Britain and France were trumpery little disturbances in comparison with the Southern insurrection. A faint resemblance may be traced between the present contest in this country and the religious wars in Europe; but the latter, it will be seen at once on examination, were very diminutive prototypes of the present struggle. In all the religious wars in England and France there was no more bloody contest than the Battle of Winchester, which the historian will class among the minor fights of the present war. History contains no example of 8,000,000 people rebelling against 20,000,000 of their countrymen, and bowing so completely to the lead of fanatic leaders as to submit to be forced by conscription into military service. There never was an instance before of a country raising a million of men to fight each other. Nor was there ever a war, before the present one, which inflicted such wholesale misery upon the country which first took up arms; which involved so fearful an injury to peaceful commerce; which developed so much treachery on the part of persons in public employ; which brought to light such diabolical treason and such heartless perfidy. The honest historian will stand aghast when he discovers the progressive developments of the scheme of secession.

These unparalleled facts will constitute the historical apology for the violations of law perpetrated by the authority of President Lincoln. They will be deemed an ample and sufficient excuse. Posterity will decide that if Abraham Lincoln had hesitated to assume the responsibility of suspending the act of *habeas corpus*, or of interfering with the dissemination of treason in Northern newspapers, he would, under the circumstances, have proved as derelict as his imbecile predecessor James Buchanan.

At the same time it must not be forgotten that, if it comes to the worst, our liberties are more precious than any thing else. We could better afford to forego the restoration of the Union than the complete reassertion of the rights secured to us by the Constitution. What has been done was right, and inevitable under the circumstances. But if it was in violation of law, the law must vindicate itself.

We are therefore not sorry to see that an action at law has been instituted against Ex-Secretary of War Simon Cameron by a party who was at one time confined in Fort Lafayette by his orders. We have no doubt but the Secretary, or the President, by whose orders he acted, had sufficient reasons for ordering the incarceration of the person in question. But it is right, it is due to our institutions, that a jury should pronounce upon the subject. Congress will of course interpose to protect the members of Mr. Lincoln's Administration against pecuniary loss arising from such prosecutions. But the facts should nevertheless be ascertained. General Jackson was thoroughly commended by the American people for trampling on the law of the land at New Orleans; but he was sued for it, and fined $1000, and the people approve the condemnation. It must be so now. Unusual emergencies have called for unusual remedies, and remarkable assumptions of power. But wherever the laws have been violated, the violator should be punished at the bidding of a jury. Congress will grant indemnity wherever it may rightfully be claimed.

If we can not suppress the rebellion without sacrificing the fundamental principles of our political system, the work of suppression will cost dear. In the memorable words of President Lincoln:

> "I understand the ship to be made for the carrying and preservation of the cargo, and so long as the ship can be saved, with the cargo, it should never be abandoned. This Union should likewise never be abandoned unless it fails, and the probability of its preservation shall cease to exist without throwing the passengers and cargo overboard. So long, then, as it is possible that the prosperity and the liberties of the people can be preserved in the Union, it shall be my purpose at all times to preserve it."

THE LOUNGER.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.—No. II.

Since the opening of the Exhibition the Committee have extinguished the gas in the front room, and admitted the daylight. The result shows that their first judgment was correct. For in seeing pictures it is desirable to have plenty of light, though it be not sunshine; and the tops of the windows at the end of the room supply only a twilight, in which it is impossible to see the real value of the paintings. In the entrance-hall also there are several works full of conscience, skill, and talent, which it is a pity can not be better seen. But the difficulty is not one that the Committee could avoid. They have procured the best accessible hall, and they have placed the more important pictures in the largest gallery. But the artistic success in smaller works is proportionably so much greater than in larger ones that it would be a good thing always to secure a room in which they could have full justice.

Thus in the entrance-hall, in the very sanctum of Mrs. Croker, whose annual presence is one of the pleasant traditions of the Academy, you may observe, No. 512, The Pacific from the Ramparts of the Panama, by Charles Parsons, whose peculiar talent for marine subjects is already well known. The sketch is striking for its vigor, breadth, and fidelity. The wide sweep of sea dashes up on the stone walls and the ruined tower—a monument of past dominion and romantic history. The sketch shows the poet's eye as well as the painter's hand. Mr. Parsons is not unknown to the diocese of *Harper's Weekly*. His late anniversary picture, in the number for April 19, of the great uprising of the nation is a memorial work, a most felicitous patriotic allegory. In the same passage with 512 is No. 521, At Work, a pen-and-ink drawing, by Thomas C. Farrer. It is a portrait, of cabinet size, of a young man writing. The likeness is excellent, and the portrait of John Brown on the wall, and the card or address of Wendell Phillips upon the table, show the direction of his sympathies. But the specialty of the work is the marvelous delicacy of its execution. It is like the finest etching, and although finished with the painful fidelity of the Pre-Raphaelites, is yet broad and effective. No. 546, by the same hand, is Spenser's butterfly—

> "Now this, now that he tasteth tenderly,
> * * * * * * *
> But pastures on the pleasures of each place."

It is a study of common wild flowers and weeds, in tangled and brilliant luxuriance, and is one of the most conscientious works in the gallery. The talent for manipulation and the knowledge of the pallet shown by such a sketch are remarkable.

Passing into the large gallery, Mr. Gignoux's Winter, No. 9, is one of the characteristic bits of the painter, and yet a surface of such universal snow among the mountains would seem to be hard to find. Our New England and Northern hills are usually shaggy with evergreen forests, and the snow drifts between, or catches upon the needles and sprays so as to give the mass a silver-gray rather than white complexion. But any critic must be very diffident in speaking of the representation of an aspect of nature which the painter has especially studied. Mr. Hall's, No. 10, Un Carro de Sevilla (as per Catalogue), is a bright strain of Spanish reminiscence. Costume, attitude, and "business" are doubtless faithful. Yet if Spanish peasant life is not essentially different from that in Italy, the scene is too *clean*. Dirt belongs to Italian peasant romance, however brilliant, as dust enhances the charm of bottled wine. This merry group looks almost like a masquerade of ladies and gentlemen. No. 15, Beard's March of Silenus, is in his best vein. The humor is thoroughly bestial; the open mouth of the bear behind admirable; and if Kaulbach occurs to the spectator as he looks, it is but to mark the difference in a generally similar fancy. No. 21 is Mr. Hazeltine's Amalfi, Coast of Naples. It is almost too dainty, if not too gorgeous, for the actual coast. But the patient skill with which the whole is wrought, and the poetic sensitiveness with which the scene is felt, instantly suggest that the painter is doubtless truer in his picture than the critic in his remembrance of that lovely shore. The dingy, briny luminousness of the rising wave is masterly. It is sea-water itself rolling up on the beach, with bits of floating sea-weed caught like flies in amber. The beach itself, the burnished, rainbow-glowing pavement of the sea, is resplendent, as in evanescent, glancing sweeps of sunlight the shore may be. This picture is the best we remember to have seen by a painter of evident power.

No. 28, a Lady, by R. M. Staigg, is one of the fine portraits of the Exhibition, and one of the most admirable works of the artist. Mr. Staigg carries into his portraits the same refinement and delicacy and tender fidelity which marked his miniatures, but there is no niggling, no littleness; and there is not a quieter, broader portrait upon the walls. That it is the likeness of a lady there needed no catalogue to tell. There is a certain gravity of experience in the expression which yet is not enough to repress the salient, buoyant spirit that is evidently the mainspring of the character. The elegant simplicity and propriety of the treatment are singularly harmonious with the impression produced by the subject. It is a great success. No. 34, Sunlight and Shadow, by A. Bierstadt, is an effect of sunshine upon the stone wall and balustrade of an old church, and is more perfectly painted than any sunshine we ever saw. Look through your closed hand at it from a little distance. See how the light glances along the top of the balustrade, flecking the posts beneath, and how kind and placid and warm it lies upon the wall itself of the church. Inside the door the sunshine never comes, only the light. It is cool, and odorous, and still within. There are gorgeous gleams on the high painted windows, but far up in the vaulting nave and around the altar there is grave shade always, and a few cloaked solitary figures are silently kneeling. You do not see all this in the picture; oh no, but it is there, in the church. This is the court where the wicked cease from troubling, the pasture where the weary are at rest. And the sunlight, dropping through masses of leaves, rests like a benediction. This picture, too, is a poem.

No. 44 is Mr. Page's portrait of Collector Barney. It is certainly he who stands there; but where he is, and what he is doing, are still as uncertain as ever. It is a picture curiously devoid of taste, but only an accomplished painter could have painted it. On the other side of the gallery are Nos. 162 and 169, also portraits by Page. When you first look at them they are perfectly flat; they have an unreal, glazed, spectral air. But gradually the skill of the modeling of the head, especially in 162—the conscientious fidelity with which, as the painters say, every point of the surface is "felt"—the masterly decision and confidence with which every line is drawn and every touch placed, soon show you that it is not the work of a tyro, at any rate, nor of a man who has not a clear conception of the effect he wishes to produce. Whether that effect is reached, and if so, whether you know what it is, are different questions. Like all Page's pictures, this portrait, No. 162, is in a very low key, which is perhaps a just principle; for since light can be only proximately represented upon canvas, every thing else in nature should be delineated accordingly if you would have real harmony. Then there is an avoidance of dark shadow—and of shade generally—and the tint of the back-ground overpowers the figure. This is peculiarly evident also in 169. The result is an impression of power, and skill, and knowledge, but not of satisfaction. The picture challenges you—"Come, what is the matter with me?" It draws every spectator in the gallery before it, and defies him with that question. "If I am right," it says, "all these others are wrong. If I am wrong, can you say where and how? 'Pooh!' is no answer. No fool painted me, but many a one looks at me!" You see, this is a very unmanageable kind of picture. It gives you as good as you send.

Mr. Inness's Light Triumphant, No. 48, is a study of a brilliant effect skillfully done. But it is a feat of pigments rather than a picture. Nos. 54 and 63 are portraits by Mr. Wenzler, the latter of the poet Bryant. The likeness of this last is very striking. The failure is in a tone of pensiveness which is part of the natural, although not immediately observable, expression of the subject, and which is not indicated in the portrait, which shows mainly the severity that belongs to the face. The elaborate, verging upon morbid, smoothness and carefulness of treatment which distinguish Mr. Wenzler's style, and which give the faces a slightly opaque and waxen look, are evident in both these pictures. But there is with it a sweetness and tenderness which, united with the strong likeness, make the charm of Wenzler's portraits.

We stop here to-day, but shall return to our notes of the Exhibition.

A LOOK AROUND.

At this moment of writing we have reached a lull in the movements of the war. Driven back almost simultaneously from their outer line across the country from the Chesapeake to the Mississippi the rebels stand at Corinth and at Yorktown. At the former place Halleck for the first time appears in the field, and at the latter M'Clellan has the most ample theatre for the exhibition of his powers.

That the public confidence in success at the Southwest is increased by the presence of Halleck in active command is unquestionable. There has been such an accumulation of proof that we were not properly prepared for attack at Pittsburg Landing, that brave and loyal, and successful even, as General Grant has been, it was impossible to avoid the question whether we should be any better prepared for the next onset. There has as yet been no reason assigned for the separation of the two great divisions of our army in Tennessee by so large a space that we had almost been destroyed. Common sense must count for something even in military strategy.

Parson Brownlow says he considers Beauregard the best General upon the Continent. If he be so, he is worthily opposed to General Halleck, in whose sagacity, rapidity, and comprehensive grasp of the campaign there is very general confidence. Whether this arises from the public satisfaction with his administration of the Western Department or from extraneous considerations, it is not easy to say. This only we know, that, whether the Department had been prepared for success by the operations of General Frémont, who had every conceivable difficulty to master when he was in charge, or from whatever other reason, yet the West, since General Halleck took command, has been the scene of a continuous series of splendid victories.

How much of the credit of all this belongs to the Commanding General is yet another question. But it is impossible not to recognize the prestige which the mere fact gives to him; and if he succeeds in defeating the army of desperation under Beauregard, while Foote presses down the river—for the two events would probably be simultaneous—it will not be easy for the rebels to collect another formidable army, except under great difficulties.

So also if M'Clellan is successful upon the Yorktown peninsula, and either defeats the enemy in a general engagement or compels him to retire upon Richmond—Norfolk falls; the rebels can hardly stand in Virginia or North Carolina; they will retreat southwestwardly, and the rebellion will be virtually inclosed in the sea-board and Gulf slave States. It would then by no means yield, but maintain itself by a general guerrilla warfare, and a sullen submission wherever the National force was actually superior. This state of things would inevitably continue until pride and passion and prejudice had had their way. At length the ordinary motives and desires of men in civil society would begin to act; the people of the rebellious section would give pledges, not oaths, of their loyalty to the National Government; and gradually, as various influences combined to extirpate the root of treason, they would be as faithful to the system which gave them dignity, nationality, honor, and power, as the most loyal citizens to-day.

It is dangerous to speculate—how much more to prophesy—so we forbear. Especially as our eyes rest upon an enthusiastic article in the *Times* of March 17, which exultingly predicts that "within twenty days Richmond will be in the hands of M'Clellan, Norfolk in possession of Burnside, and Jeff Davis either a prisoner in our hands or a fugitive among the people whom he has deluded and ruined."

The *Times* will smile, and justly insist that its rosy anticipations were out a little in point of time, but not of fact; and that about May-day all will be true. Amen! It is, after all, only a question of time.

HOPELESS SPITE.

The recognition of Hayti and Liberia is another of the national acts which show that we are no longer chained to the most remorseless despotism. This Government sends a minister to the Chinese, who are yellow people; and an agent to the Japanese, who are bronze people, whom Mr. Douglas called an inferior race; we have consuls in India and a minister in Turkey, where the people are dark red and olive; and there really has seemed to be no reason why we should refuse an agent to people who are black. Nor has there been any reason except that many of the Senators, whose consent was necessary, held black people as slaves.

The utterly false, abnormal, and fatal position which this nation has occupied toward men of African descent is being rapidly changed to the natural and simple one which other civilized people maintain. Nor would there be any serious difficulty in immediately establishing it except for two things—the prejudice which always prevails in a country against an enslaved race, and the party capital which in this country is made out of it.

Such a person as Vallandigham, for instance, who comes from Ohio, is in practical collusion with slavery and its effort to destroy the Government, merely because it serves his political purpose. The slaveholders for many years had worked with the Democratic party. The consequence was that, to secure the unanimous slave section, the Democratic party gradually relinquished all its fundamental principles, and became an association for the propagation and extension of slavery and the annihilation of the safeguards of liberty. The consequence of this in turn was, that as the party left its principles the best Democrats left the party, until at last the Southern leaders stood in open rebellion, and all loyal national Democrats stood against them.

Those who did not were last summer's "peace men." These were people who thought that the Government was, as Mr. Senator Powell calls it, a tyrant and despot for laying its hand upon its enemies. They were the people who voted in Congress with Breckinridge and the other open traitors, who staid because they could do most harm by staying. These are the people who, upon the hope that the French Government has indirectly threatened recognition of the rebellion, call loudly with Vallandigham for the correspondence that the traitors may be encouraged by it. They are the men who would like to see Jeff Davis, reeking with the blood of thousands of loyal citizens, marching into the White House: who rejoiced over Bull Run: who are aghast at Pea Ridge, Donelson, and Newbern: who would gladly shut, by any means, the mouths of men who expose the true source and aim of this infamous rebellion: and who show the spite they bear to human progress, national peace, and the civilization of liberty, by opposing every measure which aims to cut the fangs of slavery.

Meanwhile these measures are sure to be taken, and they will cut the fangs of these gentry at the same time.

TELLING SECRETS.

THE letter of YOKE, which was printed in facsimile in the *Harper* of last week, is one document of a secret history of rebellion which will doubtless be unearthed as our arms advance and we occupy the rebellious cities. The Nashville paper is already down the scent. It appears that the editor of the Dallas (we prefer not to say the) *Herald* was active but secret agent of the conspiracy. With every disclosure of this kind the national deliverance will appear only the more auspicious. It will be an interesting inquiry for the historian how far the plot depend in the core of New York in the good old days of GAMALIEL W. SMITH, and Lovell, the Jacques of that redoubtable Robert Macaire, Lovell, to General Gaines's report to General Floyd, only stole himself away, we ought not to complain.

The definite secret organization of the conspiracy was doubtless complete as to a few leaders. Of course much must have depended upon the developments of popular sympathy which could not be previously calculated. That Jefferson Davis's knowledge of the wide military distribution of sympathy of the country, gained from his occupancy of the War Department, was of important service to him is evident. That his residence for two summers in Maine gave him an opportunity which he did not neglect to inform himself upon Northern sentiment is of course unquestionable; and that a vast mass of correspondence and documentary evidence awaits the historian is beyond doubt.

Yet, in case of an absolute and sudden reverse, much of this material will be destroyed. Senator Harris, in his speech upon the confiscation bill, said that few people are aware how difficult it would be to convict Davis of treason. Where is he to be tried? Those are the witnesses? Are they his confederates are men shrewd enough to remove all dangers which they can foresee, and a trial for treason would be rather conspicuous in Richmond just now.

The seized telegrams of last May also will be a quarry for the patient delver. How extremely shaky in their shoes certain gentlemen must have felt on the morning of that announcement! Here were people who had been playing with fire and suddenly found themselves in it! Here were men who had insisted that "the South" (which had filled and controlled every nook and cranny of the Government for nearly a generation) was far more than half justified in taking "retires" by force. How much of all this sympathy was to appear in their telegrams must have puzzled some of these worthy gentlemen. They have the consolation of knowing that little if any will be found out—the facts, but will duly record the name of all who substantially and morally favored a treason which is destitute of a solitary plausible pretense.

FOR US OR AGAINST US?

THE correspondent of the *New York Herald* in one of his late letters, reports that the rebels had a regiment of mounted negroes, armed with sabres, at Manassas, and that some five hundred Union prisoners taken at Bull Run were escorted to their filthy prison by a regiment of black men. There is little doubt also that the fiendish cruelty of Secession and those at Yorktown were the work of the slaves. The same paper reports that "the rebels dug up the remains of our soldiers, and made spurs of their jawbones, cutting up their skeletons into every conceivable form, and sending them North as a present to their friends."

There is plenty of beautiful confirmation of these barbarities.

Will some one now say why, if slaves are to be armed at all, they should be armed to cut our friends instead of our enemies? And is it not clear that the question which is now assuming form is, shall freed, would instantly fall to committing are already perpetrated by the rebels? There is no recorded Sin Domingo "insurrection" more horrible than this last story.

At least twenty thousand slaves have been liberated by the necessities of the war. Will any friend of the rebels, so fearful of the ungovernable passions of emancipated slaves, suggest any other manner whose jawbone they have cut into spurs or whose skull they have made into a drinking-cup?

A NEW LITERATURE.

THE great rebellion will produce a literature. For a long time the most exciting and interesting books printed will be on the histories, annals, memoirs, biographies, journals, and disquisitions growing out of the war. There is a literature of the English rebellion, which was Macaulay's strong point; and a literature of the French revolution, in which Thiers is profoundly versed; and in like manner new names and forms will be made by the works that will be inspired by this conspiracy.

The material is not only copious, but a thoughtful case preserves it all. The librarian of Harvard University receives contributions of every published scrap upon either side relating to the struggle. Such an illustrated paper as *Harper's Weekly* is a current, vivid history of the war brought down to the latest dates; while Mr. Putnam's "Rebellion Record" is an unexpressed collection of the material of history. It is not digested, nor condensed, nor shaped in any way, but it is a most thorough and careful record of every document, speech, letter, description, report, debate, printed in full, and ready for the selecting eye and sifting hand of the historian. It is, in fact, the block of marble and the tools. The artist has only to bring his genius with him, fall to work, and hew out an imperishable history.

It will, nevertheless, be a long time before the final story of the conspiracy can be written. It must be sought and studied in its causes, and followed into details of which much is now hidden. But a grander theme, before, never presented a profounder significance and interest, never allured the student. Not Sallust in the Conspiracy of Catiline which he saw, nor Livy in the Annals of Rome which he brought down to his own day, nor Thucydides in the Peloponnesian War, which he was a soldier, nor Xenophon in the retreat of the ten thousand which he led, could have had a more inspiring theme than this act of the great historic drama in which the Anglo-Saxon race, upon a new continent, with a freedom which the power was in the hope of Despotism, and enlarges human liberty by constitutional law.

As this great struggle, by revealing to us our own manhood, releases us nationally from our childish dependence upon European criticism, so it will emancipate our literature from foreign subscription. Our literature opinion is especially haunted, and the skill with which, by various hands, we have told the story of Spain at home, in America, and in Europe—the story of early France, of the Netherlands, and of our colonial existence, will now illustrate with even greater fervor the triumph of the civilization of Liberty.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SEA CHANGE.—The necessary reconstruction of the navy will effect a similar change in nautical phraseology. "Shiver my timbers!" will become obsolete; and the corresponding expression will be, "Shiver my iron-clad!" Instead of "Scuttle my copper!" the dramatic Jack Tar will exclaim, "Sink my gun-boat!" "Avast there, and belay!" and whereas he used to utter imprecations on his bowsprit, he will henceforth perhaps invoke injury on his bowsplitter.

"IN THE VOICES OF THE DEEP."—Dr. Dalgleish proves to us that fishes have auricles. Lucky fishes, say we. But we wonder what language are the fishes in the habit of speaking? We suppose they talk in the Salmon tongue.

"THE CRUELTIES OF WRAITH."—Of all the "Children of the Mist" the most black-hearted are the Rebel children. So enormous is their wrath, that we are amazed by a proposition to hang the Secretary of the navy and many a time it has been proposed to hang him.

SCRIPTURAL WEAKNESS.—We have been asked what girl in such a book of Scripture corresponds to Miss Nancy, designing "woman," can only write under the table? We answer, Because spirits of that description are best proof.

They were sitting side by side,
And she sighed, "How sweet the night!"
Said he, "My darling dear!"
And he laid his arm on her shoulder.
"You are cruelin's belle,"
And she sighed, and he sighed,
And he sighed again,
And she sighed, and then he sighed.
"You are my only belle I'm sure,"
And she groaned, and then he groan'd.
"You shall have a gold ring,"
And she giggled, and then he giggled.
Said she, "Will you?"
And he look'd, and then she look'd,
And he sighed, and she sighed,
And he wilted, and then she wilted.

An Irishman being asked why he left his country for America, replied, "It wasn't for want; I had plenty of that at home."

ANNA MARIA STORY was married to Bob Short. A very natural way of making a Short Story long.

"Illustrated with cuts," said a young urchin, as he drew his pen-knife across the leaves of his grammar.

The printer truly commend till they have given their promise to obey.

A certain old bachelor of our acquaintance, whenever he hears the word "commend married," he sees every blade double, even his bloodiest.

WALTZING.

At first they move slowly, with caution and grace,
Like horses when just setting out on a race;
Then quicker they go, like horses at races,
Must amble a little to show off their paces.
The music plays faster, they're forced to keep time,
Like lumbiber they skip like bottoms they spin;
The couples change sides, and back to back fly,
And ankles, at least, are exposed to the eye.
Now round and round like a mill they all swim:
He smiles upon her, and she smiles upon him;
Till, out of breath, they're obliged to pause,
The arm quits its partner, and both form a brace.
They still bear in mind, as they're turning each other,
Not to go out of "one turn dearer to mother;"
And those bodily terms often end, it is said,
In turning the head of the household to bread.

Why is a lady's hair like a heathen?—It holds the comb.

The young lady who was "driven to distraction" is now afraid she will have to walk back.

Poverty humbles pride. A man, when he is *short*, can hardly carry a head.

"I tell you, love, I have got the plan all in my head." "Ah, then it is all in a nutshell."

What's treason to the present time?
Treason, past treason, present, hoot or roll—Heist;
Because you can easily catch cold.

Many wedding-day is called "bridal day." The word ought to be called "bridle."

Wear is a lottery, in which every customer may expect to draw a second.

This little contradictions are many. Salt water gives us fresh eels, and hot water produces cold.

Young women are never in more danger of being maidenloves than when the men are at their feet.

SOUND WITHOUT WORDS.—Those of that blessed baby.

The man who would try to stab a ghost would stick at nothing.

Present your wife with every thing she wants, and perhaps she will be quiet *for the present*.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is a Spanish fly like a hogshead?
Because it is full of words.

My dog is great critic to effectiner cold!
Cutted commotion in silver, and sometimes in gold.
My second a beath, the terror of men,
Who roars in a desert, and lives in a den.
My whole is a dog not now in existence,
To something between a horse and a woman.
Ans. Bowse.

When is it dangerous to walk in the fields?
When the hedges are plowdings.

What letters in the alphabet are most destructive to beauty?
U. A. Glass.

Why is a dog like a tattling person?
Because he is a tell (tale) bearer.

Who was the first whacker, and what time did he whittle?
The wicked, "Over the hills and far away."

If a man were to fall from the Monument, what would he fall against?
His inclination.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, April 29, in the Senate, the select committee on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, Virginia, made a report that the committee find that Mr. Stark is delayed to the Government of the United States. The report was ordered to be printed. A resolution was presented, calling on the President for copies of all orders of the General commanding, instructions, etc., given to General Sherman, lately commanding in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. The bill establishing a Department of Agriculture was taken up, and Senator Wilkinson addressed in opposition. The consideration of the bill confiscating the property of rebels was then resumed, and Senator Harris, of New York, resumed a speech on the bill, which, he said, was a measure of gigantic injustice. Without consulting his remarks, Senator Harris was up for an extended speech, and subsequently the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Thomas, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the President to strike from the army list the name of any officer who has been known to be habitually intoxicated. Mr. Merrill stated that he had received a letter from Gen. Halleck, informing him that the forces in the field near Yorktown, on the 16th inst., in front of the enemy's fortifications offered an opening, a brush at the time, and fell off his horse into the mud. When pressed to the rear he was found to be drunk. He claimed to give it. A motion to lay the Confiscation bill on the table was rejected, yeas 52 against 69. Several of Mr. Hughson's bill was selected from among them, to embody the principle of the bill. The House then went into committee of the whole on the bill, which, for sake, was a measure of gigantic injustice. Without consulting his remarks, Senator Harris was up for an extended speech, and subsequently the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Thomas, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the President to strike from the army list the name of any officer who has been known to be habitually intoxicated. Mr. Merrill stated that he had received a letter from Gen. Halleck, informing him that the forces in the field near Yorktown, on the 16th inst., in front of the enemy's fortifications offered an opening, a brush at the time, and fell off his horse into the mud. When pressed to the rear he was found to be drunk. He claimed to give it. A motion to lay the Confiscation bill on the table was rejected, yeas 52 against 69. Several of Mr. Hughson's bill was selected from among them, to embody the principle of the bill. The House then went into committee of the whole on the bill, which, for sake, was a measure of gigantic injustice. Without consulting his remarks, Senator Harris was up for an extended speech, and subsequently the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Thomas, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the President to strike from the army list the name of any officer who has been known to be habitually intoxicated. Mr. Merrill stated that he had received a letter from Gen. Halleck, informing him that the forces in the field near Yorktown, on the 16th inst., in front of the enemy's fortifications offered an opening, a brush at the time, and fell off his horse into the mud. When pressed to the rear he was found to be drunk. He claimed to give it. A motion to lay the Confiscation bill on the table was rejected, yeas 52 against 69. Several of Mr. Hughson's bill was selected from among them, to embody the principle of the bill. The House then went into committee of the whole on the bill, which, for sake, was a measure of gigantic injustice. Without consulting his remarks, Senator Harris was up for an extended speech, and subsequently the Senate adjourned.

On Thursday, April 24, in the Senate, a communication from the War Department, covering copies of the report made by that department for 1861, was presented. The bill establishing a Department of Agriculture, and establishing diplomatic intercourse with those countries, was taken up, and Senator Davis, of Kentucky, offered a substitute, authorizing the President to appoint a Consul at Monrovia, Liberia, and at Haytien and Dominican ports. The substitute was rejected, and the bill finally passed. The bill to confiscate the property of rebels was then taken up, and Senators Howard and Sumner addressed the Senate upon the bill. Senator Sherman moved to amend the bill by striking out the provision which declared certain offices under the rebel government was agreed to—yeas 24, nays 19. The further consideration of the subject was then postponed, and the Senate went into executive session.——In the House, the Confiscation bill was taken up, and after some debate the House, by a vote of 80 to 71, decided the subject to a special committee. Mr. Valandigham, of Ohio, quoted from a speech of Senator Wade, in which he declared that he favored the bill, loyalty to the Union, and emphatically pronounced the Senator to be a traitor to the Union, and a coward, because his resilience to meet him say where. Mr. Blake took up to the subject of the Confiscation bill, and offered as a resolution declaring Mr. Valandigham's language a violation of the privileges of the House, and that he be censured for the same. Mr. Valandigham said a few words in the House. Pending the question on the resolution the House adjourned.

On Friday, April 25, in the Senate, resolutions from the Legislature of Ohio, approving the action of President Lincoln, Ohio, saying that the loyal feelings of the people of that State are unchanged, and that the rebel acts of Congress at Camp Chase were allowed to retain their slaves by Colonel Andrews, were unfavorably considered by a vote of Ohio in the name of the people of Ohio, and solemnly protested against the action of Colonel Andrews and the people of Ohio. The resolutions were accompanied by a note from Governor Dennison, of Ohio, stating that he did not permit it, but that the negroes had been sent there to work on the fortifications, and that they had been returned to their owners. Senator Wilson said he could add nothing to what he had already said on Monday. The bill establishing a line of armed steamers between Charleston and Aboukir and Port Royal was passed. A bill protecting United States officers from arrest by State authority was also passed. Several reports were made from the Judiciary Committee. An executive session was held, after the passage of many appointments.——In the House, the bill providing bounties for the widows and heirs of deceased soldiers was passed. The House then resumed the Government Contracts Investigating Committee Report. A resolution was then taken upon Senator Sherman. Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Saturday, April 26, in the Senate, a communication relative to the number and ages of slaves in the District of Columbia was received and referred. The bill to confiscate the property of rebels was then taken up, and after some discussion was passed. A bill protecting United States officers from arrest by State authority was also passed. Several reports were made from the Judiciary Committee. An executive session was held, after the passage of many appointments.——In the House, the bill providing bounties for the widows and heirs of deceased soldiers was passed. The House then resumed the Government Contracts Investigating Committee Report. A resolution was then taken upon Senator Sherman. Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, April 28, in the Senate, a communication relative to the number and ages of slaves in the District of Columbia was received and referred. The bill to confiscate the property of rebels was then taken up, and after some discussion was passed. A bill protecting United States officers from arrest by State authority was also passed. Several reports were made from the Judiciary Committee. An executive session was held, after the passage of many appointments.——In the House, the bill providing bounties for the widows and heirs of deceased soldiers was passed. The House then resumed the Government Contracts Investigating Committee Report. A resolution was then taken upon Senator Sherman. Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

OUR ARMY BEFORE YORKTOWN.

General McClellan telegraphed to the War Department on the 26th inst., that the enemy had opened a heavy fire upon a portion of the enemy in front of Yorktown, driving the rebels out of their intrenchments, and silencing their fire, recapturing the work. Our loss was only three killed and twelve wounded. The rebels left their dead and wounded over for a day advanced on the enemy. General McClellan represents that the enemy's position is very strong, and that which appears to grow on a contrary in that region.

THE ARMIES AT CORINTH.

It is rumored, on pretty reliable data, that General Halleck has ordered the concentration of the armies under his command at Corinth. A large portion of them are, we understand, already there. The remainder, however, will soon be over down constantly in that region.

THE ARMIES AT CORINTH.

The latest accounts which we have—up to Sunday night—say that Halleck was then within a day's march of the rebel works. Our mared vessels, with their superior armament, were daily expected to pass the rebel batteries, while the fire of the rebels fails for short of their mark. Beauregard is said to be losing his men by desertion, and it is on not but many issues before a general and terrific engagement takes place.

AFFAIRS AT PORT WHEELER.

The last accounts from Port Wheeler say that the rebels have fourteen gun-boats and the ram *Manassas* lying off the forts, and that Captain Farragut has his eye upon them. The commands continues without important result.

THE REBELS CUTTING THE LEVEES.

The rebels are now cutting the levees on the Arkansas side of the river, and that should the country for a distance of thirty miles back be overflowed, with much amount of property. This was done to prevent the advance by land of the Union forces. The act is considered by the loyal citizens detrimental to the interests of the Southern people in that vicinity.

A FIGHT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Persons from Newbern, North Carolina, report that a fight occurred last Tuesday near the canal locks of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, between the Federal troops under command of Colonel Hawkins and a force of rebels. The rebels were repulsed with considerable loss. Two of Colonel Hawkins's men were wounded. Colonel Hawkins was wounded in the right hand and lost the use of it.

ADVANCE OF GENERAL BANKS.

The news from General Banks's corps is important. Our troops are in possession of Strasburg. The rebel force is reported to be resting on the east side of the Shenandoah River, about seven miles from Strasburg, on the line much toward Gordonsville. It is said that 40 of his men have been captured.

LIEUTENANT GUNN'S EXPEDITION INTO ALABAMA.

Lieutenant Gunn, of the United States gun-boat Carondelet, reaches Foote contain the official report of the expedition of Lieutenant Gunn, of the Carondelet, up the river Tombigbee to Chickasaw, Alabama, containing 1000 troops, and Colonel Hawkins, of the Fifty-fourth Indiana Regiment, where they disembarked, and proceeded rapidly to the rebel camp, which they found two miles from the town of Okerbeton Railroad, for the purpose of destroying it and the rest of the bridges on the road to Mobile. Lieutenant Gunn reports that the expedition was entirely successful. They destroyed two pontoon bridges on the road. It was completely destroyed, together with some 500 feet of trestle-work and a mile of railroad track. The ram made a feeble resistance to our cavalry, 150 in number, and retreated to the river, pursued by them. Our loss of troops was killed 3.

RUMORED DEATH OF GENERAL SMITH.

The steamer *Sanatorium* and steam-tug *Samford* went up the James River on the 26th inst., and returned to Fortress Monroe at 4 o'clock. They took to tow a number of schooners which had been captured by the rebels at the Trexlogar Works in Richmond. Four new gun-boats have been launched at Norfolk, and are now ready for service. In course of construction at Norfolk, and part of them will be finished.

DEATH OF GENERAL SMITH.

Major-General C. F. Smith died at Savannah, Tennessee, on Saturday afternoon, of dysentery. General Smith was taken sick at the time of the battle of Pittsburgh by the forces under him, and has been suffering and sinking slowly for some weeks, though his condition was not thought to be dangerous until the past week. His family have been at his bedside for days, and on their way to Savannah.

THE FRENCH MINISTER IN SECESSIA.

The French Minister returned from Richmond last week to his residence in Washington. He has left Secessia but, of course, not treasonized, but dispatches were at once forwarded to him by the Count de Persigny, Ambassador to France. No published importance, it would appear, is attached to Washington to the visit of M. Mercier to the rebel capital.

FOREIGN NEWS.

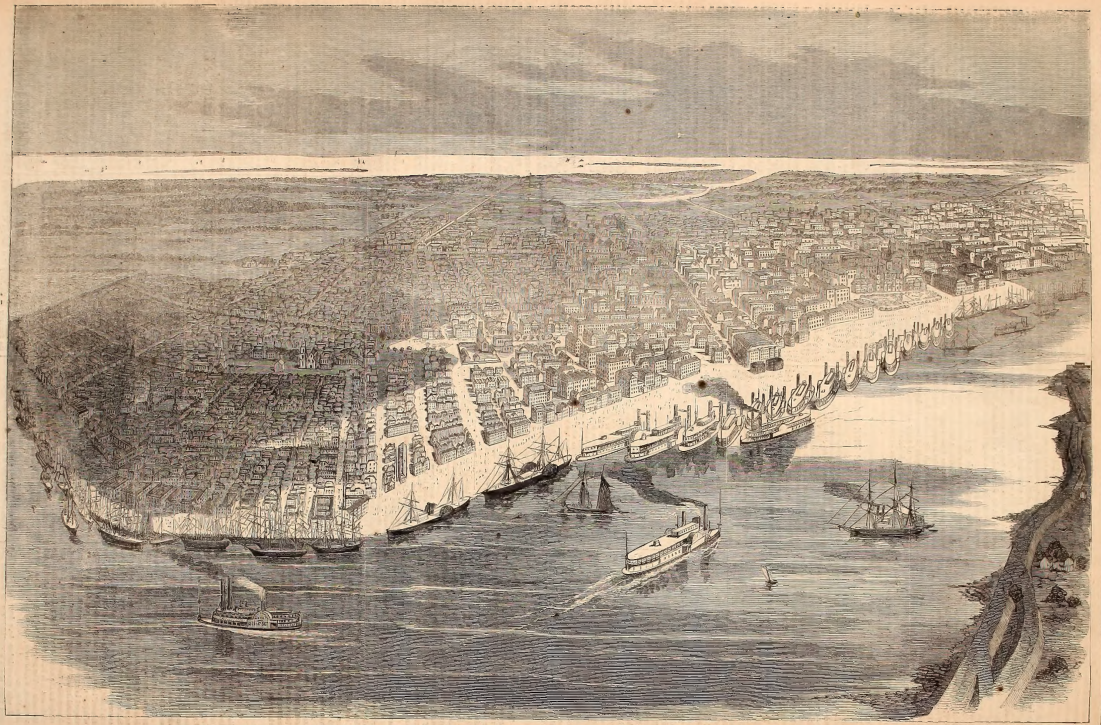
ENGLAND.

THE NAVY PANIC.

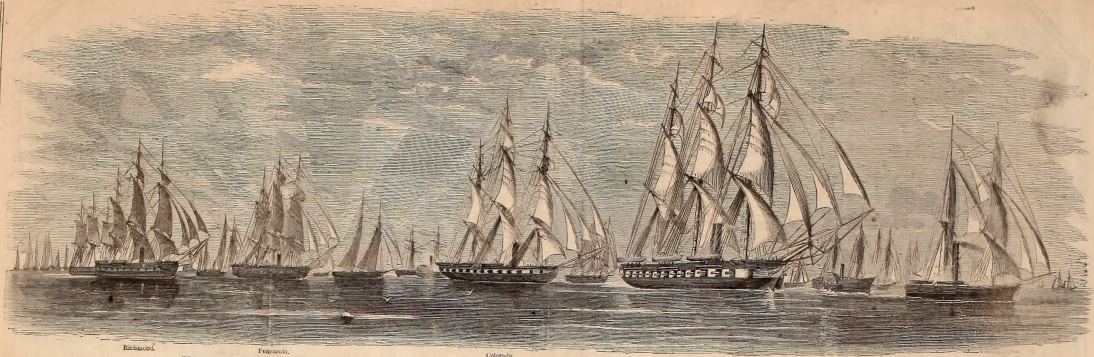
WHEN has been a panic in London unless vessels in every dock yard in England, and all hands are engaged in getting ready for sea? The Admiralty is interested in creating a navy. Sir William Armstrong and Mr. Bidder have been called to counsel as to what guns can be made of sufficient power to destroy any iron plates now in use, and the Duke of Somerset has superintended the experiments at Shoeburyness, by order of the Admiralty, in that direction. The Duke of Somerset is a man with that one of his graces, of twelve inch weight, charged with fifty pounds of powder, and fired at a target of iron plates, at a distance of 200 yards, and the shot went through the target. The result will hasten forward the preparations for harbor defenses, and, for the present, increase the possibility of iron frigates from France bringing the dock-yards of England, and so forth. Captain Cowper Coles, R.N., offers to construct a vessel of very light draught of water which will destroy the Warrior in a short time.

ANOTHER PIRATE.

The Geiolo, a new and large steamer, sailed from Liverpool on the 24th of March, destined, we are supposed, for the rebel service in America. She is adapted for a heavy armament, and has a crew of 100 men. She has also on board her gun in some foreign port before running against the Union blockade for the rebels.



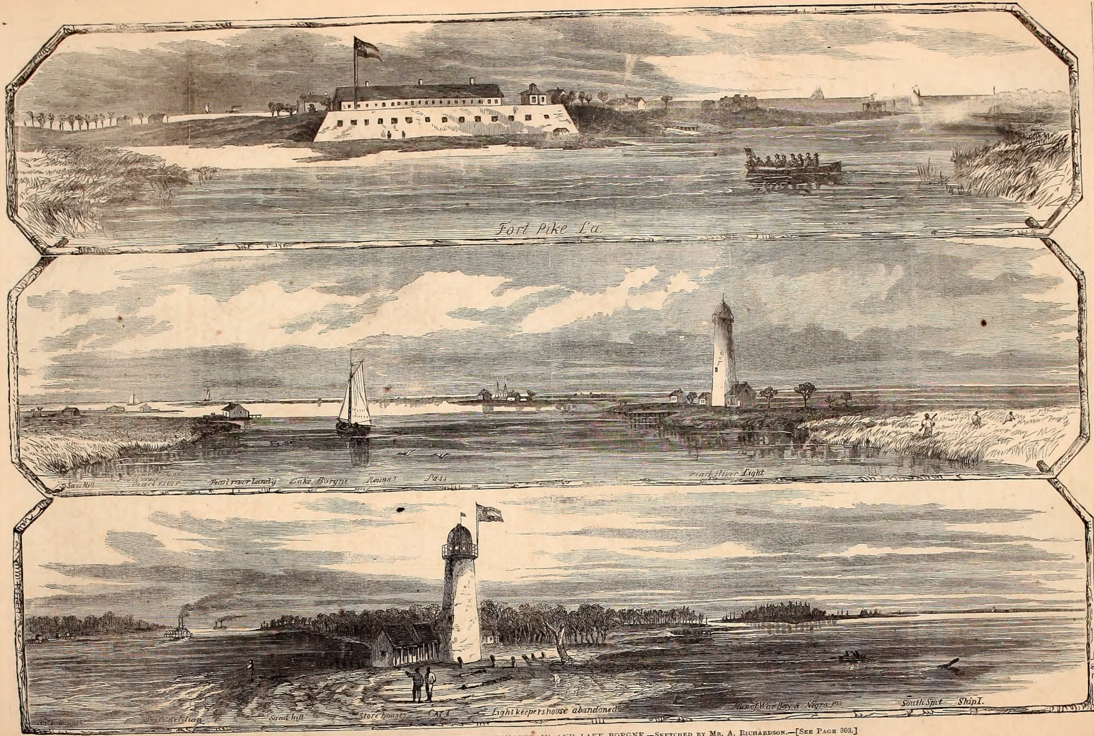
THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, TAKEN BY THE UNION FORCES, APRIL 24, 1862.—[SEE PAGE 303.]



FLAG-OFFICER FARRAGUT'S GULF SQUADRON, AND COMMODORE PORTER'S MORTAR FLEET.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist on Board the Flag-Ship.—[See Page 303.]



RECONNOISSANCE OF FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP, ON THE MISSISIPPI, BY GUN-BOATS FROM FLAG-OFFICER FARRAGUT'S SQUADRON.—Sketched by our Special Artist with the Squadron.—[See Page 303.]



THE APPROACHES TO NEW ORLEANS BY LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN AND LAKE BORGNE.—Sketched by Mr. A. Richardson.—[See Page 303.]



THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER FROM ITS MOUTH TO CAIRO, SHOWING NEW ORLEANS, MEMPHIS, FORT WRIGHT, ISLAND NUMBER TEN, COLUMBUS, ETC.



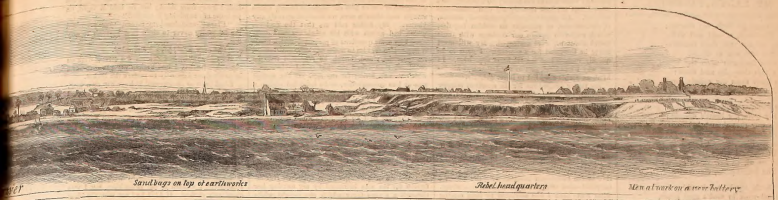


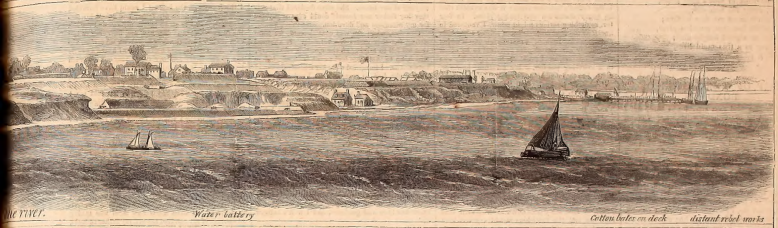


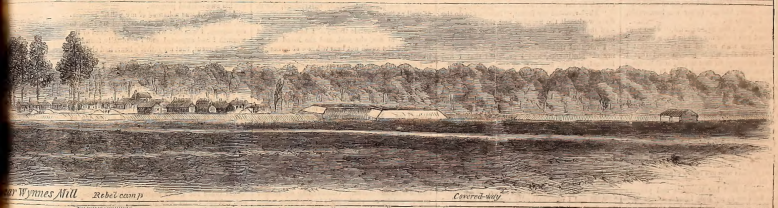


Portion of Rebel battery at Winnes Mill, the gun which wounded Lieut Wagner.

YORKTOWN, GLOUCESTER, AND SCENES IN THE CAMPS









Baxter's Zouaves making a road through the woods in front of Yorktown.

E YORKTOWN.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 299.]

MY LADY'S FARMWELL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Go forth, go forth, my dearest;
The world is wild and wide,
But 'tis not that thou fearest—
Not that can us divide.
I bless the cross upon thy breast,
I kiss thee—lip and brow:
Go forth upon thy saintly quest,
And keep thy knighly vow.

Go forth, my bravest, boldest—
My own, my heart's delight!
This tear that thou beholdest
Stains not thy armor bright:
The Christian armor, bright as strong,
In which I made thee dress,
The sword, to hew down mortal wrong,
The knee-pads, righteousness.

Go forth, my best beloved!
And trust in God's dear grace,
That, every foe removed,
Thou'lt have time to face;
But if He not that guerdon gives,
Die, as a good knight dies;
Bring us a true maid lives,
We'll meet in Paradise.

OUT OF THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE.

My mother died soon after I was born, and I was petted by my father until the whole country began to call me in Canada for education. I remained under the care of a kind family at Quebec until I had attained the age of sixteen, when my father called me home to keep house for him, as he was very lonely, and his health was giving way.

My father had desired that I should be taught by the best masters that could be obtained, and no expense was to be spared in my education.

I had lived a happy life in Canada, and Mrs. Summers, the lady under whose care I had been placed, loved me as a mother. I believe she loved me as she did her own daughter. She was most unwilling to part with me, and wished to retain me for another year; but my father was inexorable, and home I had to go.

"My dear," said she as we parted, "when your father placed you under my care he knew what my sentiments were on the subject of Slavery, and was opposed to the whole system, and that I looked with contempt on that feeling as abhorrence which is universally manifested, even in the Free States, for all persons of negro descent. To my surprise," she continued, "I expected to my never suppressing my opinions before you, and now I look to you, my dear" (she earnestly pressed my hand), "to do all that may be in your power to mitigate the horrors of the system, and endeavor to raise the character of those unfortunate beings whom your father has told me is that, if it shall please God to grant you the glorious privilege of emancipating any one of them, you may feel that you have the satisfaction of feeling that you have conferred freedom on persons who are really capable of benefiting by the blessing."

She promised that her thoughts and prayers should be with me in my holy task.

I was only sixteen when I went to my father's to live, in a very hot-bed of slavery. If I had been older, perhaps I might have withstood for a great time the force of example and custom. I say perhaps, for I have known men and women coming out from free England resisting the system of the bush for a certain time, and then gradually succumbing to it. I say that because even ladies of good education use the cowhide until the feminine softness of the eye was changed to a tyrannical hardness.

But I did for a time strive to do some good, beginning with those placed immediately under me. I did this, too, under great discouragement; for my father was very stern with his slaves whenever at home, told me with stern decision that I must at once forget all the sentimental trash I had learned in the North, for I ventured indeed to say a word about kindness.

"Kindness, my girl? I feed my niggers well, and clothe them well, don't overwork them, nurse them when they are sick or old; but if I were to rule with what you call kindness none of them would be found a rod in three months."

The slaves about us were certainly demons indeed. My kindness and all hope by it were unceremoniously kind and indulgent—was mistaken for weakness. I was despised. The word of a woman was wretchedly attended to. Then my father interfered; his remedy was effectual, and every thing went well with me.

I became weary and disheartened, but I had still one great hope in which I fancied that I had an appeal to reason and affection. Surely, I thought, with human beings, however low, there must be a response to such an appeal, that respects being the proof of their humanity. The very strength of my power in this matter led to error. I made my attempt with great earnestness and resolution, and signally failed. To mention one instance—there was a child specially appointed to wait on me. I devoted hours of labor to the task of developing a better nature in the child, but it was all vain. My shallow vanity led me to believe that what I had done was remedy enough for all her defects of a moral growth, for all her dwarfing from the cradle, and in consequence of my failure, I gradually adopted the creed that man and woman with African blood in their veins belonged to a lower humanity; that there was a great gulf fixed between their nature and mine that we really could not be equal in the sight of God.

I succeeded in making myself feared, and all things then, to my father's great satisfaction, apparently went well in the house; but, looking back now, I can see how terribly my own nature was affected. All those valuable qualities of patience, of forbearance, of restraint on sudden impulse, which ought to govern our dealings with those round about us, were destroyed. My will must never be thwarted for a moment. I grew to be quickly incensed at the slightest opposition. In a way I was kind, just as my father was kind—kind, as people are kind to lower animals.

My father praised me for the excellent manner in which the household arrangements were now conducted.

"I let you come round of yourself to common sense, my dear," he said, with a smile. "I knew six months would teach you the proper kindness for niggers."

At this period, to strengthen me still further in my impious creed, came my introduction to my cousin, Abel Duncan.

I had stood from my window a stranger arrive at the house—on business with my father, I suppose—and I was struck by his noble air. After some time I was attracted by loud talking in my father's business-room; it was evident that an angry dispute was taking place. In fear lest something serious might occur, I ventured to knock at the door on pretence of asking a question about household affairs. From the few words which caught my ears the dispute appeared to be about money matters, and I could hear that my father was in a towering passion. My presence, however, seemed to act as a restraint upon them.

"Clara!" he exclaimed, "here's your cousin Abel I've so often told you about; go and kiss him, and then go and order tea. I'll settle with you my own quick, recollect."

I went toward him at my father's bidding, but my cousin seemed to shrink away from me. I attributed this at the time to bashfulness.

"Is that your daughter, Duncan?" in a passionate voice. And then my cousin came forward and gave me a kiss, but the kiss seemed to kiss through his lips.

"Your cousin Abel comes from the North," said my father; "so you two can worship the biggest together."

"Uncle knows how I worship them," laughed Abel, "and my aunt and cousins, too, that look on me as the Britishers would cry out loud enough for every one of the colonies to disregard."

"Ah!" returned my father, "leave us to do the dirty work—all the flogging and that sort, hey? And then forget the cuts, the cowhide, the clank bands?"

I felt that this badinage was directed against my old sentiments, and I protested that I had learned, at least, how to treat negroes.

"Ah, ha! Abel, you hear? Cowhide for ever!"

There was something vindictive in his voice and in the gleam of his eyes which jarred me through and through.

In the progress of our acquaintance I could see as regarded myself, notwithstanding the outward respect he showed me, that he entertained no real respect for me. I could see it in his manner. I could detect, moreover, a certain fulsomeness of manner in his attentions to me, which seemed to border an apparently frank and outspoken demeanor; still, there was nothing sufficiently tangible for me to ask notice of, and my mind was not strongly prepossessing my father in his favor.

Abel and I were thrown much even a great deal together, and though I could not help disliking him, there was one sad cause which gave him a certain power to fascinate me. That was, there were certain times when the good teaching I had received from Mrs. Summers would, defying all my efforts to strangle the thoughts, start up in judgment within me—times, perhaps, when my temper had been sorely tried—when I had been made a slave to the overseer for chastisement. Then, when a distant cry of anguish broke upon my ear, the doubt would come, Are they human or not? at best I might; the girl had shamefully neglected her duties, and I had punished her, and with full fully perverse. It was not difficult to square the doubt with reason; but still, doubt remained. Much if it were possible for me to be a human being created as myself in the image of God, and that this girl was a human being, and had been in a debasement, destroying that work of His, and leveling her to the condition of the brute?

Abel was always ready to answer my doubts, and afford me fresh faith in my new creed. With blasphemous ingenuity he would quote to the Bible itself in confirmation of all he asserted as to the inferiority of the African race; he would tear it, in very truth, from the wrath of God stamped in the very form of the forehead; that they were declared to be doomed to be servants of servants even to the end of time; that their mental capacity was so low that they could only be ruled by fear. His blasphemous sophistry was a comparative relief to me, and I was only too ready to quiet all he advanced.

I recollect now what diffidence ingenuity he used to compare the deep of color in the negro skin lurking in the frame. He would attain that peculiar tone which, to be good enough, up to a certain extent, and for a certain period, but, like insanity, the black fibre would be certain, sooner or later, to work to the surface and make the fair moral nature would be thrown out of balance. He would quote to me the terrible outbreaks of the soul by Quadroon women with their fair faces and devilish hearts—yes, men even whom he had known, who had inherited fortune and high education, and life itself.

I fear his words found a readier respons in an under-current of pride which caused me to rejoice in my own exhilation above the debased race. Looking back, however, to my feelings at that period, I think it was owing rather to Abel's frequent reiteration of his opinion than to any logical considerations of my own that I came to acquiesce in the principle which he so strongly asserted. Abel had been systematically poisoned my soul.

My father was not on terms of intimacy with any of the families in the neighborhood, and, with the exception of one or two old bachelor friends whose estates were close to ours, we received scarcely any visitors. My father told me that the coolness which had arisen with his neighbors was occasioned by some questions of property, which made it impossible for him to make any advances toward reconciliation; and though he regretted that he could not them afford me that social intercourse which was a solace for my age, yet the matter was of less consequence, as he intended within a year or two to realize his property and proceed to Europe, where I should enjoy all the pleasures and amusements of society.

Abel's father, who was an English doctor, a widower with an only daughter, came to settle in our neighborhood. There was some difficulty in finding a residence for them. The Evans, and my father, who was very hospitable, insisted on their taking up their residence with us until they could be suited. Dr. Evans and his daughter was about my own age, and we soon became great friends. Her affection for me was evinced by my nursing her through a severe fever which she caught while visiting at our house. She often declared that she never could have recovered but could ever repay me for my attention and devotion.

One day, when she was convalescent, we were sitting together under the veranda. It chanced that we fell to talking on the question of slavery, and I, in the course of my remarks, made use of a bitterness. I imagined what her sentiments would be, as she was recently left England, and I begged her to speak without reserve to me; but I cautioned her that it would be prudent, in a general way, to suppress anti-slavery opinions.

In the warmth of our conversation we had forgotten Abel, who had been standing by us, listening. I shuddered as I caught his hateful smile, and felt a dread as his knowing how entirely I was at present in his power.

"Abel," said I, "you will explain this matter to Miss Evans better than I can."

He only smiled in reply, with a sneer; "you understand it perfectly."

"It's no time for belief!" exclaimed Mary Evans. "Why, Clara tells me that one drop of black blood could destroy her very nature. I don't believe any goodness, and I won't believe it."

"It's the opinion generally entertained, North as well as South," replied Abel.

Mary turned earnestly to me, and prayed me to discard such false theory. I had been good and kind to her, she said, an I she loved me so much that she could not bear to know of a thought like this having a place in my mind.

I could not deny my convictions, and the subject was at last dropped; but I felt that I had destroyed the bond of sympathy which until then existed between us.

I don't think I have mentioned the extreme indulgence and tenderness which my father showed toward me. My wishes and fancies were almost immediately gratified, and the only return he seemed to desire was my company and my presence. He was much engrossed in my singing and playing, overwhelmed me with praise, and always bidding me to reward a speedy journey to Europe, and a happy life in the Old World.

All this time I became more and more tyrannical, more exacting, and petulant in my intercourse with the slaves. One evening my temper was roused by the awkward fear of a young negress then usually careless and inattentive. In my anger I struck her. She was much fairer than the other of her station, and consequently by far the most troublesome of all.

To my amazement she muttered a few words in an undertone. This drove me frantic, but I mastered my feeling of indignation. When I recovered myself, I found that she should be severely punished for the insult she had shown me, and in the greatest anger hurried down to my father. He and Abel were sitting together under the veranda. He perceived how greatly I was moved, and, with his usual indulgence, asked me the cause of my grievance. It was disgusting and painful to me even to whisper the girl's words in his ear.

Yet, indignant and angry as I was, I felt terrified by the excess of my father's rage.

"I'll make her mind out of her," he exclaimed, "if the punishment goes within an inch of her life. And all the niggers on the plantation shall see it done."

It haunts my conscience to-this day that I did not fall on my knees and plead for my father to save the girl. Her prayer for mercy rings in my ears even now. You will marvel, notwithstanding the influence which I had acquired over Abel, that I came to bring to suffer extreme pain for the purpose of appeasing my selfish feelings; you will naturally think that I was dead to every generous and noble impulse. Yet you must remember that I had just heard Mary Evans, who was a comparative stranger to me, at the peril of my own life.

Abel had followed my father out when the girl was dragged out. He returned in about half an hour. "Clara," said he, "we've taught her not to say another word to a slave, and she won't forget the lesson in a hurry."

The tone in which he uttered this nettled me. "Abel," I exclaimed, "you have spoiled the girl, prevented you from pairing me by a repetition of her words."

He effected me a very elaborate apology; but I could see that a sneer remained on his lips.

I retired to my room, and in my agitation I drew from my bosom the miniature locket I was accustomed to wear, and bursting into tears, I exclaimed, "My dear, fair, beautiful mother to be called a slave!"

"What's that?" cried Abel. "My aunt's portrait! How did you get it?"

I had just discovered it one day in my father's desk. I had begged him as a great favor to let me have it for my mother's sake. He had refused me point-blank at first. At last I had teased him into compliance.

My father entered the room. I tried to git the locket away from Abel; but he held it tight, on pretense of examining it carefully.

"Clara!" exclaimed my father, "you promised me that I should have to show that portrait to any one."

"But only Abel, papa," I pleaded.

He said that he had expressed a strong wish on the subject—that I had broken my promise—and he ordered me instantly to restore the locket.

I had been so accustomed to have my own way, playing and trifling with any wishes of his that thwarted mine, and always recovering it by something him in the end, that I refused to give up the miniature. I ought to have considered how irritated the events of the night had made him. He stepped forward, and, seizing my hand, wrenched the locket from me; then, in his anger at my opposition, he struck me a blow with a switch he held in his hand.

The pain was scarcely any thing; it was the indignity—and Abel standing by with a smile of triumph! I wanted to say something, but I was absolutely choked. If Abel had not seen the blow I think even on the instant I could have humbled myself, and forgiven my father and asked his forgiveness. But to stoop before my cousin! I left the room with proud defiance, and shut myself to my own room locked the door and threw myself on the bed. After the lapse of half an hour I heard a gentle tap at the door, and my name pronounced with tenderness. It was my father's voice. I felt that he wanted to ask forgiveness, and I should have given words to have opened the door and kissed him; but my wretched pride, which told me I could retain the love by keeping my dignity in Abel's eyes, held me still.

Next morning I felt my father was longing for reconciliation, but that former wretched sense of Abel caused me to be cold and sullen.

I had not yet learned that the man I so detested should have stood thus between my father's heart and mine. My father's affection these years greatly excited against Abel by reports of his conduct with one of the women on the plantation. Far above the strongest sense of morality was indignation for his degradation, and I could not endure the thought of being humbled in the presence of a man I heartily despised. Abel, with keen foresight, was taking advantage of my conduct toward my father to work out his own wicked purpose.

At length I was ashamed of my willful perversity, and eagerly courted a reconciliation; then, to my surprise, I was met with estrangement of the warmth I had expected, and I gradually found, to my astonishment, that my father's heart had changed toward me.

Though I was mortified, yet when I thought over the matter in quieter moments I blamed my own heart. It would almost seem something were wanting in my nature. I might have known that something was inward wanting in my nature. There were certain little matters connected with the mode of life which the slaves looked upon as so being odd; they had relation chiefly to my father's little intercourse with his neighbors. In my inexperience I could not judge of these things over, and the more I thought of them the less satisfactorily I could explain them which would make the whole matter plain and consistent.

That reason was beyond my power was so manifestly impossible that I was able to laugh it away. "Stupid fancy!" I exclaimed, gazing in the glass, and gladly gathering my self-love features as a remembrance to the features of the miniature. Still, at moments, the doubt returned again, and more particularly when any question arose as to my going into society.

This painful thought was aroused one day by my father's objecting to my going to a public ball at which I had heard Mary Evans was to be present. I had been under the impression that all the same inadequate objections. I had been spending the glass, and gladly gathering my features, she had made no allusion to the ball. We were sitting together in the evening, and I held her hand affectionately in mine, when I saw Abel observer whose was the smaller. It was nature, born as I was, of a slave mother, and considered as had no less fair than hers, yet my hand was but little darker. I alluded casually to the ball, saying that I hoped I was to be present at it with her, and then from her lips came the same excuses, spoken with the same tone and confidence. I glanced hand again, gazing on the two hands with deep anxiety. The comparison reassured me; the haunting idea left me. It was more creature of my own morbid fancy; and the words I said then to Mary Evans were said in very mockery of my fears. "You shall have me to the ball because of the negro blood in my veins."

I departed, laughing answer. I trembled when I saw the deep compassion expressed in her face.

"Alas! who has broken the secret to you? she asked, mournfully. I could not recall, could not tell her that it was she who in those words had revealed the fearful truth.

My senses seemed numbed. I was barely conscious that she assured me of her love, covered my hands with kisses, and prayed me to be calm. My heart felt like stone. Love itself was loathsome in the thought of its connection with a type were set in rigid coldness. A frightful gulf seemed fixed between us which no human love could bridge. I pushed her passionately from me, and left the room. Ah, that fearful ride! Abel had been also at the Evanses, and he was to return with me. I would have given any thing to have been alone, but I was already in the carriage before he got in, and I seemed to have lost all power of will, and all womanly dignity.

He sat at my side without speaking a word, but I was sure he knew that I had learned the secret of my birth. Then I knew why it was that on our first visit he had disliked to kiss me as his cousin, why all his manner toward me had so

peared so false, why he had taken so much pleasure in proclaiming the degradation of the negro race. He sat quite silent, but I could read his thoughts. I who had deemed myself his lawful cousin, his equal by right of birth, his superior in every gift of soul, so that if, as the only child of a rich planter, he should have the presumption to make me an offer of marriage I had resolved to spurn him away with contempt—I shuddered and crouched away from him—knew that in his vile thoughts he held me no higher than that wretched girl he had abused. He pray me to be his wife! The very laws forbade my being the Christian wife of any white man! His contemptuous silence awed me; he sat perfectly still, letting me sink to the floor of the carriage.

The daughter of a slave! That dreadful idea turned the current of my thoughts from Abel, and the blow my father had struck me burned anew like fire; but that girl who had suffered the torture of the lash for my sake! The recollection of that night flashed into my mind, crushing me with an overwhelming remorse. Her nature was the same as mine; there was the same dark blood in our veins; the same capacity for moral elevation, the same capacity for pain, God forgive me! My crime struck home.

I resolved to see the girl before entering the house. Her forgiveness would, I felt, ease the load on my heart.

I found my way in the dark, as well as I could, to the negro huts, and discovered where she was being nursed. She was lying asleep on a mat, but the old woman who attended on her had not gone to bed.

"Is she nearly recovered?"

"She is."

"Was the punishment very severe?"

I felt the utmost anguish at the woman's answer.

No one had been so severely flogged on the plantation for years!

I sank on my knees at the girl's side. By this time she had awoke. I poured forth my words of contrition, and my scalding tears fell on her hand, which I grasped in mine. She was partly dazed with sleep, but both she and the old woman gazed on me with astonishment. My behavior was so utterly incomprehensible to them. To ask pardon of a slave was an idea beyond the limit of their thoughts. And even then as I knelt there, with the sense of my own wickedness fall upon me, I could scarcely bring myself to believe that I was praying forgiveness of a being who partook to the full of my own humanity!

It was only when I told the girl I had discovered that she had spoken the truth—that I knew that I *was* the daughter of a slave—it was only then that their senses were aroused; fear was strongly visible on their countenances; the girl started forward, and vehemently contradicted me. No, no! I was Mr. Duncan's child, she cried, and the perspiration stood out on her brow. She piteously implored me to leave her, lest she should be again punished owing to my having come to the hut.

I assured them both, again and again, that they had no occasion for fear in speaking about the truth. The old woman then told me that before I was brought home my father had given the strictest injunctions, enforced with stern threats, to every body on the plantation, that not a word should ever be breathed to me concerning my birth; and that it was to show his determination in the matter that he had made such a severe example of the poor girl.

Stronger even than my bitter feelings of remorse for the suffering I had caused was the anxious desire which possessed me to hear the account of my real mother—my own mother, notwithstanding her misery, and degradation, and shame. At first the old woman would not speak. I swore not to reveal a word of her statement; in my passionate eagerness I threatened, coaxed, bribed her. At last I forced the story bit by bit from her most unwilling tongue.

She had nursed my mother when she died, and had nursed me when I was born. To the best of her recollection, my mother had died where the girl was then lying before my eyes, and I too had been born in that very hut.

"How did she die?" I inquired, eagerly. And then I became so nervously fearful lest she should in any degree conceal the truth from me, that by force of old habit I threatened her with the most severe chastisement if I should ever find that she had deceived me one iota.

But my hasty threat brought punishment on my own head; for when I repeated my question the woman looked significantly toward the girl. Then came the frightful conviction that my mother herself had suffered the very pain I had so often been the means of inflicting. On my knees I prayed the old woman's forgiveness for my threat, and I poured all the money I had in my purse into her lap.

My mother died of a broken heart, the woman said. She had been sold away from her children. As far as I could understand the account, she had at first been treated with degrading kindness and indulgence; but nothing could drive a cloud of past love from her brow, and in spite of her beauty she grew wearisome.

"But when I was born?" I asked, anxiously. "Was she happier then—did she forget the past a little in her love for me?"

In the woman's answer a curse seemed to fall on my head. I had never been blessed with a mother's smile. I had been nursed with hatred on her bosom; my very life had been saved out of her hands! And so she had lain down to die, lying where that beaten girl was then lying. I kissed the girl in pity for her sufferings; my tears fell wet upon her face; but every kiss seemed to bring me nearer to my dead mother, and to all her sorrow and all her shame.

If I had been left to myself I should not have returned home that night, but the old woman, partly by force, partly by persuasion, led me up to the entrance of the house.

I could not endure the thought of meeting my father, and I stole on tip-toe past the room where he and Abel were sitting. My father must have seen the conflict of that night written on my face when he met me the next morning. I believe his heart was moved with pity, for he came forward to kiss me; but I involuntarily shrank from him before his lips touched mine. An irresistible influence seemed to drag me away.

He called me to him, but I had no power to move.

Then his indignation was excited; he upbraided me for my ingratitude; true, I had discovered the secret of my birth, though he had done all in his power to hide it from me; but yet the knowledge of my origin ought only to have increased my affection and gratitude. He reminded me that I had been treated as the daughter of the house, though my mother was a slave. All that education could do had been done for me; but he feared it was only too true that there was some radical perversion in natures such as mine which unfitted them for love.

Oh! It was intolerable anguish to hear such words from his lips, and to feel, as I did then feel, that they were true.

He finally told me with great sternness that although I was free—free beyond all question or doubt—yet my future destiny depended on my own behavior. Whether I gave him my heart or not—he had once looked for a daughter to solace his old age, but that hope was gone—he would at least have a return for the money spent upon me. I should amuse him, read and play to him as heretofore, and arrange the household affairs; I should suffer for it if I failed.

Abel entirely usurped my place in my father's heart. The affection and indulgence which had been mine were lavished upon him. I had stood between him and his hope, as nearest lawful heir, of inheriting my father's wealth; there was no longer any danger that I should spoil his prospects.

He still kept up the show of treating me with great outward respect: taking care, however, that the crushing thought of my degradation should be continually before me; for he well knew that thought to be the main cause of my estrangement from my father.

There was no one to support me through this heavy trial. Mary Evans, indeed, was true; she would twine her arms round me, drawing me affectionately to her bosom, protesting an eternal friendship; yet I felt at those times more than ever my isolation. Her nature was not my nature; the drop of dark blood and the iron hand of the law had decreed our separation; her pity might be as great and as good as the pity of an angel, but it could not afford that blessed consolation which arises from the possession of a common nature liable to the same trials and the same sufferings.

Do not imagine that this was merely a morbid fancy of mine; its truth was too evident in the ordinary intercourse of life. When Mary Evans and Abel and I were sitting together, and he talked in a bantering tone of some friends of his who had fallen in love with us, his words amounted to no more than familiar badinage, to which the laughing retort of Mary Evans formed, on her part, a fitting answer. But those same words addressed to me were laden with unutterable shame, bringing a burning blush to my cheeks.

But the lash—ah me! the day of retribution had come. While I was yet responsible for all household matters, the ability to command had left me, and the slaves knew it, as the horse knows an unskilful rider. I dared not punish. The thought of my own mother, and the knowledge that I was ordering a creature of like nature with myself to be lashed, tied my tongue and held my hand. Things were often neglected, and my father would receive no excuses for any shortcomings he discovered. I had the means of punishment, he said, and he would summon the overseer, and force me to give the order for punishment. Sometimes in his irritation at what he termed my stupid "nigger-worship," he would strike me, even in the presence of Abel, with his switch.

There was a clergyman, a Mr. Graham, a neighbor of ours, who occasionally visited at our house. He was an old man, toward whom I entertained the strongest feelings of respect and veneration; it was impossible not to be attracted by the tenderness of his manner, and by the strong but unobtrusive piety which marked his demeanor. When I tell you that he held slaves, you will in all probability smile at the thought of his tenderness and utterly deny his piety. Yet he was not a hypocrite. I will mention, by way of illustration, that memorable instance of the great leader of the Evangelical party in past days—the pious John Newton, of Olney, successor of Whitfield, and intimate friend of Cowper. Well, he was in his earlier days a slave-trader, the master of a slave ship. On board his vessel, as I have read, the negroes were packed together like herrings, stifled, sick, and broken-hearted. But, separated by a single plank from his victims, the voice of their jailer might be heard, day by day, conducting the prayers of his ship's company, and joining them in singing devout compositions of his own. He experienced on his last voyage to Guinea—these are his own words—"sweeter and more frequent hours of Divine communion" than he had ever elsewhere known. Even in his old age, long after he had entered the Church, holding a conspicuous position as a Christian minister, honored and revered by a large congregation, he coldly and phlegmatically avowed his participation in the slave-trade; and to the last he was little conscious of the heinousness of his guilt.

Mr. Graham would have resisted as indignantly any assertion that the negroes are the intellectual and moral equals of the white race, as he would have opposed the theory that mankind at large have been developed from monkeys.

Yet it was impossible for him to be harsh or severe to any living creature. No trouble was too great, if he could only alleviate pain and suffering wherever they might exist. When any slave chanced to be ill, he would watch with the utmost solicitude at the bedside, speaking the kindest words, and noting every change which took place in the patient. An ordinary observer would have marveled at such devotion, and would have felt the greatest admiration for such conduct on the part of a man toward his poorer fellows; but Mr. Graham never for a moment entertained the idea that the sufferer was bound to him by the bond of a coequal humanity. He would have acted—indeed I have known him act—with the same tenderness toward a poor dog which had been, by accident, severely wounded. In his establishment, both slaves and lower animals were equally spoiled; but, as a matter of principle, he would have no more thought of denying that the lash was, at times, necessary for the correction of slaves, than he would have denied that it was necessary for the correction of brute creatures.

One day, in an agony of despair, I threw myself at Mr. Graham's feet, and poured out all my sorrow. His manner was very kind and affectionate—but still that taint of blood! I read the thought in his words of tender pity. He evidently felt that there was *some* difference in our respective natures—a radical defect existing in mine, which demanded his deepest sympathy. The same sort of conversation might have taken place between us on the supposition that some slight germ of insanity existed in my mind, so slight that my reasoning faculties were scarcely affected by it—so slight, in short, that there was every hope the evil might be overcome by healthy mental discipline and strict watchfulness.

My feeling of estrangement toward my father appeared to him unnatural, and not to be accounted for by any ordinary cause. He admitted that mine was a bitter trial; but yet my father had done all that lay in his power to lighten the burden. I had received the blessing of a good education. I had been brought up in the paths of religion and virtue. I had been associated, as far as possible, with my father's own friends and connections. I had been treated with the utmost affection and regard. I ought to humble myself to my father's will, and to strive to cast out the evil pride which hardened my heart. By God's grace I might hope to do it; but I must make earnest effort, using frequent prayer.

That interview with Mr. Graham only added to my despair. I had sought consolation of one for whom I felt the greatest reverence and respect; I had sought consolation where consolation may be most surely found—in religious converse and advice; but his words and love utterly failed to alleviate the sorrow of my heart. I little imagined at that time that what I looked upon with the utmost misery as being the dark depravity of my own heart was an intuitive sense of God's justice in rebellion against man's false principle and practice. My heart would not be humbled by prayer, but it was humbled by the endurance of ignominy. All pride was cast out of me at last. My cheek no longer flushed at the vile yet cleverly hidden insinuations of Abel. I had lost all sense of degradation in a blow from my father. I was callous to all affronts from the visitors who now frequented my father's house for Abel's pleasure and amusement.

Shut out from earthly hope and heavenly consolation, I felt that I was gradually sinking to the level of the wretched beings around me. My mother had claimed me as her own—the inheritor of her nature and her degradation. I suppose it could only have been a question of time how long my bodily strength would have endured this fearful conflict of feeling. The end came at last.

My father was taken dangerously ill. It was my duty to nurse him; and then, God be thanked! I experienced a gleam of relief. I could love him with some of my old love when he was in pain, for those social ties which had estranged me from him were lost in the sick room. There seemed, in some strange way, to be a bond of union, arising from his sufferings, which bound him to my dead mother and myself. Alas! it was but a slender link.

The hasty vehemence of health and a passionate disposition left him now; he became very mild in his manner, thoughtful beyond his wont, and his thoughts turned heavenward. Mr. Graham frequently came to visit him, reading and conversing on religious matters.

My father, one day, when we chanced to be alone, gave me his keys and bade me get the miniature from his desk. He held it a while feebly in his hands, gazing fondly upon it, and then made me fasten it by a ribbon round his neck. From that period his thoughts, with few intermissions, centred in the recollections of his wife. Her name was always on his lips, uttered with terms of endearment. All his hope was to meet her again, and be with her in heaven. Not one word, through all this, not one thought, of my mother! I used to sit at his bedside, my heart ready to burst, hoping and praying that the remembrance of the shameful past might rise up in his mind. They told me that the slightest excitement might be fatal to him, so my tongue was bound to silence.

One night my father desired to be left alone with Mr. Graham. I was told to leave the room; but I stole back, crouching behind a curtain. There was something still on his mind which troubled him. It had no reference to my mother. Mr. Graham cheered him with Christian hope and consolation. I could endure it no longer. I arose from my hiding-place and stood before them.

"My mother!" I exclaimed; "has he prayed forgiveness for that wrong?"

Mr. Graham was startled by my presence. "He has repented," was the reply, "of the grievous sin which gave you existence. I have the fullest confidence in his repentance."

"But his sin against my mother!" I cried; for some feeling I could not resist impelled me to speak out. "Torn away from her husband and children—sold away to infamy and shame—that is the sin I speak of!"

"You speak," answered Mr. Graham, "as if this act had been done to some white woman living in holy matrimony."

I burst into tears and fled from the room.

They never let me see him again; they never forgave me what I had said. Toward the end, they told me he became very calm, lying a while almost insensible, with the miniature clasped in his hand. Then, with a last convulsive effort, he stretched forth his arms, as if in the act of clasping some form to his bosom, and crying aloud the name he loved so well, fell back and died.

The Evanses took me away to their house. I was in the greatest need of comfort and support. The misery which appeared to arise from the innate defect of my nature was wrought to its utmost pitch. I felt that I was guilty of hastening my father's death, and that the inherent defect of my nature was to blame for my guilt.

Abel succeeded in all his plans. The bulk of the property was left to him: a moderate competency only being reserved for me. But the loss of wealth seemed nothing in comparison with the dark taint left upon me.

It was long before my bodily health sufficiently recovered to allow of my leaving the Evanses. I then joined the Summerses in Canada, and in their company I came to England. It was only by little and little that my broken spirit was built up; that I regained my feeling of self-respect, of self-confidence. Free! At first it seemed utterly marvelous that people in England did not shrink from me. I could not for a long time believe in the possibility of being loved and treated as an equal by the pure white race. They used to think me cold and proud, when in reality I was holding back in the misery of my old sense of inferiority, and my old fear of insult. Mrs. Summers and her daughter supported my faltering confidence and cheered my heart. I told them that I would not have their friends deceived in respect of my personal history, and I was astonished when I found that this knowledge only elicited for me the warmest sympathy and regard. Every lingering doubt was dispelled one day, when those words, which in my own land would have covered me with shame were whispered in my ear, and the good man asked me to be his wife, who has been my kind husband these many and many happy years.

OUR ARMY BEFORE YORKTOWN.

We continue this week, on pages 289, 296, and 297, our series of sketches of the military operations at Yorktown, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud, and Mr. Mead of the Vermont Brigade. Pages 296 and 297 contain a view of Yorktown from the River, Gloucester also from the River, and the Rebel Works at Wynn's Mill, and two other war pictures. Our artist, Mr. Waud, thus describes these pictures:

"The view of 'Yorktown from the River' was sketched from Farinholt's house—a position on the river from which Gloucester and Yorktown can both be seen. The works at Yorktown consist of fortifications extending along the top of the bluffs, running far inland, and a water-battery on the beach. The little dock on the point is a very busy spot. Schooners are constantly going and coming, unloading men and stores. Wagons crowd the adjacent beach, attended by crowds of men, horse and foot. On the water-battery three very heavy guns are mounted; and there is another, partly hidden by the sand-bags, on the little fort to the right. Above, on the table-land, are numerous works for the defense of the water-front of the position. Behind these the houses of Yorktown can be seen. It is a small place, and seems to be just such a place as Fairfax Court House. On the opposite side of the river is Gloucester—a much smaller place, but strongly fortified. Here is a water-battery of seven embrasures, and alongside of it a redoubt, mounting two heavy pieces, connected with the works on the heights by a long curtain. On the bluff the enemy is busy covering his guns with sand-bags.

"The rebel flag flaunts over these works at several points, marking the head-quarters of different commands, and there is a goodly number of hospital flags.

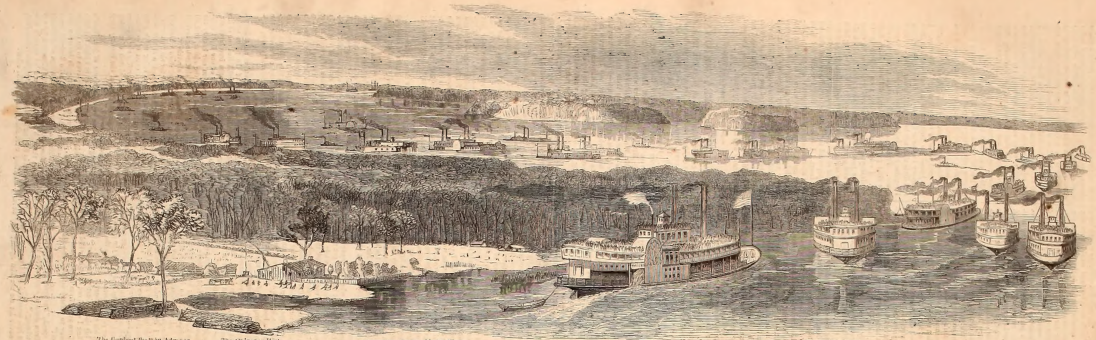
"The picture entitled 'Rebel Works at Wynn's Mills' is a view of a portion of the rebel works, from a point south of Yorktown, two or three miles from the river. It consists of a line of rifle-pits, with earth-works for guns behind, with occasional redoubts along the front. The course of the little stream which afterward becomes Warwick River is marked by the stockade which crosses it, where there is a dam. Beyond, to the left, the rifle-pits run into the woods, which are defended by stockades and logs fastened across from tree to tree. At one place in the sketch—marked by a distant horseman—is visible the covered way connecting the works. Here a carriage is occasionally seen, supposed to contain Jeff Davis.

"The 'Sketch of a Rebel Gun' is an enlarged view, taken through a glass, of the piece which wounded Lieutenant Wagner and killed one of his assistants. It seems to be a large iron howitzer, and was finally silenced by one of our light field-pieces. At every discharge from our battery the man on the right would give the alarm, and all would drop out of sight; notwithstanding several were wounded and carried off on stretchers.

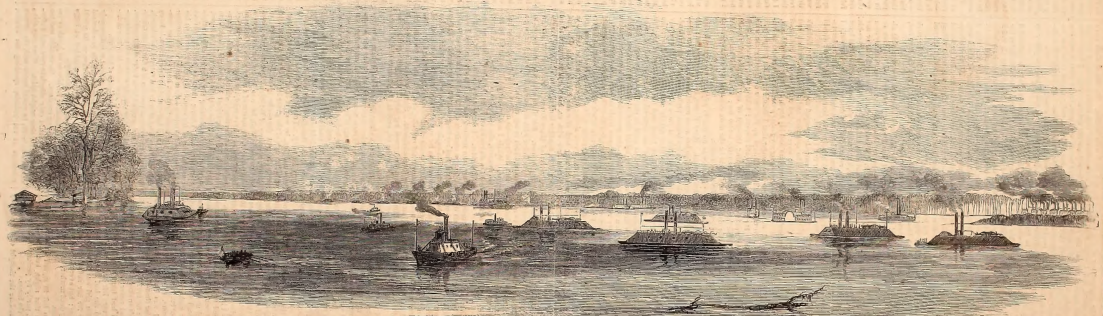
"The holes on the fort beyond show where our shots struck uncomfortably near for the gunners.

"The country about Yorktown is a swamp covered with pines, little clearings being made here and there for farms. No roads exist of any account for military operations, therefore our soldiers have had to make them. The sketch of making roads is a good representation of the country they have to work through."

On page 289 we reproduce one of Mr. Mead's sketches. It illustrates the way in which the cowardly rebels force their negro slaves to do dangerous work. It represents a struggle between two negroes and a rebel captain, who insisted upon their loading a cannon within range of Berdan's Sharp-shooters. The affair was witnessed by our officers through a glass. The rebel captain succeeded in forcing the negroes to expose themselves, and they were shot, one after the other.



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE FEDERAL FLOTILLA DESCENDING THE MISSISSIPPI TO ATTACK FORT WRIGHT.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 302.]



RECONNOISSANCE OF FORT WRIGHT BY THE GUN-BOATS AND MORTAR FLEET, APRIL 16, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 302.]

GENERAL QUINCY A. GILMORE.

We publish on this page a portrait of General Gilmore, the hero of Pulaski, from a photograph by Lieutenant Haas.

General Gilmore was born in Ohio, about thirty-six years ago. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1845, and graduated in 1849, at the head of a class of 43 members. He was appointed to the Engineers, and was promoted to a First Lieutenancy in 1856, and to a Captaincy in 1861. From 1849 to 1852 he was engaged on the fortifications at Hampton Roads; from 1852 to 1856 he was instructor of Practical Military Engineering at West Point, and during this time he designed the new Riding School on the crest of the Hill. He served from 1856 to 1861 as Purchasing Agent for the department in New York, and made many friends here. In 1861 he was assigned to the staff of General Sherman, and accompanied him to Port Royal. General Sherman appointed him Brigadier-General of Volunteers—a rank which it is hoped the President will confirm. General Gilmore had entire charge of the siege operations against Fort Pulaski, and it is to his skill that the success of the bombardment is due. The *Tribune* correspondent well says:

> The result of the efforts to breach a fort of such strength and at such a distance confers high honor on the engineering skill and self-reliant capacity of General Gilmore. Failure in an attempt made in opposition to the opinion of the ablest engineers in the army would have destroyed him. Success, which in this case is wholly attributable to his talent, energy, and independence, deserves a corresponding reward.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL QUINCY A. GILMORE.—[Photographed by Lieutenant Haas.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "Dead Secret," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XIII.—(*Continued.*)

Miss Garth's hand still mechanically grasped the lawyer's arm. Her whole mind was absorbed in the effort to realize the discovery which had now burst on her.

"Dependent on Michael Vanstone!" she said to herself. "Dependent on their father's bitterest enemy! How can it be?"

"Give me your attention for a few minutes more," said Mr. Pendril, "and you shall hear. The sooner we can bring this painful interview to a close the sooner I can open communications with Mr. Michael Vanstone, and the sooner you will know what he decides on doing for his brother's orphan daughters. I repeat to you that they are absolutely dependent on him. You will most readily understand how and why, if we take up the chain of events where we last left it—at the period of Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone's marriage."

"One moment, Sir," said Miss Garth. "Were you in the secret of that marriage at the time when it took place?"

"Unhappily I was not. I was away from London—away from England at the time. If Mr. Vanstone had been able to communicate with me when the letter from America announced the death of his wife, the fortunes of his daughters would not have been now at stake."

He paused; and, before proceeding further, looked once more at the letters which he had consulted at an earlier period of the interview. He took one letter from the rest, and put it on the table by his side.



"At the beginning of the present year," he resumed, "a very serious business necessity, in connection with some West Indian property possessed by an old client and friend of mine, required the presence either of myself or of one of my two partners in Jamaica. One of the two could not be spared; the other was not in health to undertake the voyage. There was no choice left but for me to go. I wrote to Mr. Vanstone, telling him that I should leave England at the end of February, and that the nature of the business which took me away afforded little hope of my getting back from the West Indies before June. My letter was not written with any special motive. I merely thought it right—seeing that my partners were not admitted to my knowledge of Mr. Vanstone's private affairs—to warn him of my absence, as a measure of formal precaution which it was right to take. At the end of February I left England, without having heard from him. I was on the sea when the news of his wife's death reached him, on the 4th of March, and I did not return until the middle of last June."

"You warned him of your departure," interposed Miss Garth. "Did you not warn him of your return?"

"Not personally. My head-clerk sent him one of the circulars which were dispatched from my office, in various directions, to announce my return. It was the first substitute I thought of for the personal letter which the pressure of innumerable occupations, all crowding on me together after my long absence, did not allow me leisure to write. Barely a month later the first information of his marriage reached me in a letter from himself, written on the day of the fatal accident. The circumstances which induced him to write arose out of an event in which you must have taken some interest—I mean the attachment between Mr. Clare's son and Mr. Vanstone's youngest daughter."

"I can not say that I was favorably disposed toward that attachment at the time," replied Miss Garth. "I was ignorant then of the family secret: I know better now."

"Exactly. The motive which you can now appreciate is the motive that leads us to the point. The young lady herself (as I have heard from the elder Mr. Clare, to whom I am indebted for my knowledge of the circumstances in detail) confessed her attachment to her father, and innocently touched him to the quick by a chance reference to his own early life. He had a long conversation with Mrs. Vanstone, at which they both agreed that Mr. Clare must be privately informed of the truth, before the attachment between the two young people was allowed to proceed further. It was painful in the last degree, both to husband and wife, to be reduced to this alternative. But they were resolute, honorably resolute, in making the sacrifice of their own feelings; and Mr. Vanstone betook himself on the spot to Mr. Clare's cottage.—You no doubt observed a remarkable change in Mr. Vanstone's manner on that day; and you can now account for it?"

Miss Garth bowed her head, and Mr. Pendril went on.

"You are sufficiently acquainted with Mr. Clare's contempt for all social prejudices," he continued, "to anticipate his reception of the confession which his neighbor addressed to him. Five minutes after the interview had begun the two old friends were as easy and unrestrained together as usual. In the course of conversation Mr. Vanstone mentioned the pecuniary arrangement which he had made for the benefit of his daughter and of her future husband—and, in doing so, he naturally referred to this will here on the table between us. Mr. Clare, remembering that his friend had been married in the March of that year, at once asked when the will had been executed; received the reply that it had been made five years since, and thereupon astounded Mr. Vanstone by telling him bluntly that the document was waste paper in the eye of the law. Up to that moment he, like many other persons, had been absolutely ignorant that a man's marriage is legally, as well as socially, considered to be the most important event in his life; that it destroys the validity of any will which he may have made as a single man; and that it renders absolutely necessary the entire reassertion of his testamentary intentions in the character of a husband. The statement of this plain fact appeared to overwhelm Mr. Vanstone. Declaring that his friend had laid him under an obligation which he should remember to his dying day, he at once left the cottage, at once returned home and wrote me this letter."

He handed the letter open to Miss Garth. In tearless, speechless grief she read these words:

> "My dear Pendril,—Since we last wrote to each other an extraordinary change has taken place in my life. About a week after you went away I received news from America which told me that I was free. Need I say what use I made of that freedom? Need I say that the mother of my children is now my Wife?
>
> "If you are surprised at not having heard from me the moment you got back, attribute my silence in great part—if not altogether—to my own total ignorance of the legal necessity for making another will. Not half an hour since I was enlightened for the first time (under circumstances which I will mention when we meet) by my old friend, Mr. Clare. Family anxieties have had something to do with my silence as well. My wife's confinement is close at hand; and besides this serious anxiety, my second daughter is engaged to be married. Until I saw Mr. Clare to-day these matters so filled my mind that I never thought of writing to you during the one short month which is all that has passed since I got news of your return. Now I know that my will must be made again I write instantly. For God's sake, come on the day when you receive this—come and relieve me from the dreadful thought that my two darling girls are at this moment unprovided for. If any thing happened to me, and if my desire to do their mother justice ended (through my miserable ignorance of the law) in leaving Norah and Magdalen disinherited, I should not rest in my grave! Come, at any cost, to yours ever,
>
> A. V."

"On the Saturday morning," Mr. Pendril resumed, "those lines reached me. I instantly set aside all other business and drove to the railway. At the London terminus I heard the first news of the Friday's accident; heard it, with conflicting accounts of the numbers and names of the passengers killed. At Bristol they were better informed, and the dreadful truth about Mr. Vanstone was confirmed. I had time to recover myself before I reached your station here, and found Mr. Clare's son waiting for me. He took me to his father's cottage; and there, without losing a moment, I drew out Mrs. Vanstone's will. My object was to secure the only provision for her daughters which it was now possible to make. Mr. Vanstone having died intestate, a third of his fortune would go to his widow, and the rest would be divided among his next of kin. It is the cruel peculiarity of the English law that the marriage of the parents does not legitimatize children born out of wedlock. Mr. Vanstone's daughters, under the circumstances of their father's death, had no more claim to a share in his property than the daughters of one of his laborers in the village. The one chance left was that their mother might sufficiently recover to leave her third share to them, by will, in the event of her decease. Now you know why I wrote to you to ask for that interview—why I waited day and night, in the hope of receiving a summons to the house. I was sincerely sorry to send back such an answer to your note of inquiry as I was compelled to write. But while there was a chance of the preservation of Mrs. Vanstone's life the secret of the marriage was hers, not mine, and every consideration of delicacy forbade me to disclose it."

"You did right, Sir," said Miss Garth; "I understand your motives, and respect them."

"My last attempt to provide for the daughters," continued Mr. Pendril, "was, as you know, rendered unavailing by the dangerous nature of Mrs. Vanstone's illness. Her death left the infant who survived her by a few hours (the infant born, you will remember, in lawful wedlock) possessed, in due legal course, of the whole of Mr. Vanstone's fortune. On the child's death—if it had only outlived the mother by a few seconds, instead of a few hours, the result would have been the same—the next of kin to the legitimate offspring took the money; and that next of kin is the infant's paternal uncle,



"'We know it already,' she repeated, in clear, measured tones."

Michael Vanstone. The whole fortune of eighty thousand pounds has virtually passed into the possession already."

"Are there no other relations?" asked Miss Garth.

"Is there no hope from any one else?"

"There are no other relations with Michael Vanstone's children," said the lawyer. "There are no grandchildren or grandmothers of the dead child on the side of either of the parents; now alive. It was not likely there should be, considering the ages of Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone when they died. But it is a misfortune in the eyes of ordinary people, to have no children, or reasonably lamented that no other uncles or aunts survive. There are cousins alive—a son and two daughters of that elder sister of Mr. Vanstone's who married Archdeacon Bertram, and who died, as I told you, some years since. But their interest is superseded by the interest of the nearer blood. No, Miss Garth, we must look facts as they are resolutely. The law of England, as it affects illegitimate children, is the law of the nation. It visits, by degrading fetters on the unborn, not only the sins of the parents on the children; it encourages vice by depriving fortune, in many cases, of the strongest of all motives for making there of the strongest of all motives for making the atonement of marriage; and it claims to protect them two abominable results in the names of morality and religion. It is not the law of Scotland, not the law of France, not the law (as far as I know) of any other civilized community in Europe. A day may come when England will be ashamed of it; but that day has not dawned yet. Mr. Vanstone's daughters are Nobody's Children, and the law leaves them helpless at their uncle's mercy."

He spoke those words with the energy of honest indignation, and rose to his feet.

"It is useless to dwell longer," he said, "on the past and present. The morning is wearing away, and the future claims us. The best services which I can now render you is to shorten the period of your suspense. I will return in an hour I shall be on my way back to London. Immediately on my arrival I will ascertain the speediest means of communicating with Mr. Michael Vanstone, and will let you know the result. Sad as the position of the two sisters now is, we must look at it on its best side; we must not lose hope."

"Hope!" repeated Miss Garth. "Hope from Michael Vanstone!"

Yet, free from the influence on him of the time, if not from the influence of money. As I have already told you, he is now an old man; he can not, in the course of nature, expect to live much longer. If he looks back to the period when he and his brother were first in partnership, he must look back through thirty years. Surely these are softening influences which must affect any man! Surely, with our knowledge of the shocking circumstances under which he has become possessed of his wealth, we may count with him, if nothing else does?"

"I will try to think as you do, Mr. Pendrill. I will try to hope for the best. But I have left long in suspense before the decision reaches us?"

"I trust not. The only delay on my side will be caused by the necessity of discovering the place of Michael Vanstone's residence on the Continent. I think I have the means of ascertaining this difficulty successfully, and the moment I reach London those means shall be tried."

He took up his hat, and then returned to the table on which the father's last letter and the father's address were lying. He took up the letter. After a moment's consideration he placed them both in Miss Garth's hands.

"It may help you in breaking the hard truth to the orphan sisters," he said, in his quiet, self-repressed way, "if they can see that I do not ask you refers to them in his will—if they can read his letter to me, the last he ever wrote. Your silence tells me that the one idea of their father's life was the idea of making atonement to his children. They may make it worthy of that birth, he said to me at the time when I drew this useless will; 'but they shall never make it worthy of me. I will cross them in nothing: they shall never know a sorrow that I can spare them, or a want which I will not satisfy.' He made me put those words in his will to please him when the truth which he had concealed from his children in his lifetime was revealed to them after his death. No law can deprive his daughters of the legacy of his affection and his pity. Let me leave the will and the letter to help you: I give them both into your care."

He saw how painfully deadness touched her, and thoughtfully hastened the farewell. She took his hand in both her own, and pressed it to her broken words of gratitude. "Trust me to do my best," he said—and, turning away with a merciful abruptness, left her. In the short, cheerful sunshine he had come in to reveal the final truth. In the broad, cheerful sunshine—that truth disclosed—he went out.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was nearly an hour past noon when Mr. Pendrill left the house. Miss Garth sat down again at the table alone, and tried to face the necessity which the event of his departure forced on her.

Her mind was not equal to the effort. She tried to lessen the strain on it—to lose the sense of her own position—to escape from her thoughts for a few minutes only. After a little she opened Mr. Vanstone's letter, and mechanically set herself to read it through once more.

One by one the last words of the dead man fastened themselves more and more firmly on her attention. The unrelieved solitude, the unbroken silence, helped their influence on her mind, and opened it to those softer impressions of past and present which she was most anxious to shun. As she reached the melancholy lines which closed the letter she found herself insensibly, almost unconsciously, at first—tracing the fatal chain of events, link by link, backward, until she reached its beginning in the contemplated marriage between Magdalen and Frances Clare.

That marriage had taken Mr. Vanstone to his old friend with the confession on his lips which would otherwise never have escaped them. That marriage was the discovery to be sent him home to summon the lawyer to the house. That summons again had produced the interview, on the afternoon of the Saturday's journey to Zeale, the Friday of the fatal accident, the Friday when he sent to his death. Beginning with followed the second bereavement which had made the house desolate, the helpless position of the two sisters whose prosperous future had been his dearest care; the revelation of the secret which had overshadowed their existence—the disclosure, more terrible still, which she now stood committed to make to the orphans.

Had the first time she saw the whole sequence of events—saw it as plainly as the cloudless blaze of the day and the green glow of the trees in the sunlight outside.

How—when could she tell them? Who could approach them with the disclosure of their own illegitimacy before their father and mother had been dead a week? Who could speak the dreadful words while the first tears were wet on their cheeks, while the first pangs were throbbing as if a knife were in them, while the memory of the funeral was not a day old yet? Not their last friend, the friend who had known them when heart bled for them. No! silence for the present time at all risks—merciful silence for many days to come!

She left the room with the will and the letter in her hand—with the dreadful secret in her grasp at her heart which sealed her lips and shut her eyes resolutely to the future. In the hall she was met by Mrs. Lecount, who spoke to her inaudible. She softly ascended the stairs on her way to her own room, and passed the door of Magdalen's chamber. Voices inside, the voices of the two sisters, caught her ear. After a moment's consideration she stopped, listened, and then, with quickly descended the stairs again. Both Norah and Magdalen knew of the interview between Mr. Pendrill and herself: she had felt it her duty to show them his letter making the appointment. Good reasons for not disturbing them at present. Good reasons for not shutting herself up from them in her room as soon as the lawyer had left the house. She had trembled on the stair-rail: she felt that her face might betray her. The self-forgetful fortitude, which had never failed her in the days of the past, had become too often—had been tasked beyond its powers at last.

In the hall door she reflected for a moment again, and went into the garden, directing her steps to a rustic bench which commanded a view of the house among the trees. In the past times she had often sat there with Mrs. Vanstone while she dared not trust out of her own possession, laid on the table—her head bowed over them; her face hidden in the shade of her hands—sat there, and tried to rouse her sinking courage.

Doubts thronged on her of the dark days to come; dread beset her of the hidden danger which she must encounter in the near future. The calm might store up in the near future. The accident of a moment might suddenly reveal the secret. Mr. Pendrill's words, "Think the person's ally address himself to the sisters, in the natural conviction that she has their interests at heart," conditions might confound them at a moment's notice; unforeseen necessities might arise that immediately leaving the house. She saw all these perils—and still the cruel courage to face the worst, and speak, was not to be found in her.

Ere long the shickening conflict of her thoughts forced its way outward for relief in words and actions. She rose from the bench and beat her hand helplessly on the table.

"God help me, what am I to do?" she broke out. "I can not—and I will tell them!"

"There is no need to tell them," said a voice behind her. "They know already."

She started to her feet, and looked round. It was Magdalen who stood before her—Magdalen, who had spoken those words.

Yes, there was the graceful figure, in its mourning garments, standing still and black, and motionless against the leafy back-ground. There was Magdalen herself, with a changeless stillness on her white face, with an icy resignation in her steady gray eyes.

"We know it already," she repeated, in clear measured tones. "Mr. Vanstone's daughters are Nobody's Children, and the law leaves them helpless at their uncle's mercy."

So, without a tear on her cheeks, without a faltering tone in her voice, Magdalen spoke the sorry own words, exactly as he had spoken them. Miss Garth staggered back a step, and caught at the bench to support herself. Her head swam: she closed her eyes in a momentary faintness. When they opened again Magdalen's arm was supporting her. Magdalen's breath fanned her cheek. Magdalen's cool lips kissed her. She drew back from the kiss, and looked at the girl's lips thrilled her with terror.

As soon as she could speak she put the inevitable question. "You heard us," she said. "Where?"

"Under the open window."

"All the time?"

"From beginning to end."

She had listened—that girl of eighteen, in the first week of her orphanage, had listened to the whole terrible revelation, word by word, as it fell from the lawyer's lips, and had never once betrayed herself! From first to last, the only movements which had escaped her had been movements guarded enough and slight enough to be mistaken for the passage of the summer breeze through the leaves!

"Don't try to speak yet," she said, in soothing and gentler tones. "Don't look at me with those doubting eyes. What wrong have I done? When Mr. Pendrill wished to speak to you about Norah and me he letter gave us our choice to be present at the interview, or to keep away. If my elder sister decided to keep away how could I come? How could I bear my own story except as I did? My listening has done no harm to Norah or to you—it has taken from the distress of speaking to us. You have suffered enough for us already—I will not be tortured to suffer for ourselves. I have learned. And Norah is learning."

"Norah!"

"Yes. I have done all I could to spare you. I have told Norah."

She had told Norah! Was this girl, whose courage had forced the terrible necessity from which a woman shrunk, the girl who, recalled and recalled, the girl Miss Garth had brought up? the girl whose nature she had believed to be as well known to her as her own?

"Magdalen!" she cried out, passionately, "you are cruel to me!"

Magdalen only sighed, and turned wearily away.

"Try not to think worse of me than I deserve," she said. "I can't cry. My heart is numbed."

She moved away slowly over the grass. Miss Garth watched the tall black figure gliding away alone, until it was lost among the trees. While it was in sight she could think of nothing else. The moment it was gone she thought of herself. The moment it was gone in her experience of the sisters her heart led her instinctively to the elder of the two.

Norah was still in her own room. She was sitting on the couch by the window, with the old, familiar, well-used book—the keepsake which Mrs. Vanstone had found in her husband's study on the day of her husband's death—open on her lap. She looked up from it with such quiet sorrow, and pointed with such ready kindness to the place at her side, that Miss Garth doubted for the moment whether Magdalen had spoken the truth. "Yes, dear," she said, simply, turning to the first leaf in the music-book. "My mother's name written in it, and my name also to my father. Do you recognize? We may keep this for ourselves if we keep nothing else." She put her arm round Miss Garth's neck, and a faint tinge of color stole over her cheeks. "I see anxious thoughts in your face," she whispered. "Are you thinking of money? Are you doubting whether I have heard it? I have heard all the truth. I might have told you so myself, but I was too soon to feel it now. You have seen Magdalen? She went out to find you—you must have met her?"

"In the garden. I couldn't speak to her: I couldn't look at her. Magdalen has frightened me."

Norah rose hurriedly; rose, startled and distressed by Miss Garth's words.

"Don't think ill of Magdalen," she said. "Magdalen suffers in secret more than I do. I am not to grieve over what I have heard about us this morning. Does it matter who we are, or what we have been? Does it matter here or after the loss of our father and mother? Oh, Miss Garth, *there* is the only bitterness! What have we known about them when we laid them in the grave yesterday? Nothing but the love they gave us and the love we gave each other hour by hour. What else can we remember to-day? What change can the world, and the world's cruel law, make in the memory of the kindest father, the kindest mother, that children ever had?" She stopped: a sudden pang of pain was in her gentle, resolutely kept it down. "Will you wait here," she said, "and let me go and find Magdalen? Mag-dalen was always your favorite: I must her to be your favorite still." She kissed the music-book on the keepsake. "Mother loved it," she said, softly.

"Magdalen was always your favorite."

Tenderly as they had been spoken, those words fell reproachfully on Miss Garth's ear. For the first time in her long experience of herself, of principles and herself, a doubt whether she, and all those about her, had not been mistaken in their relative estimate of the sisters, now forced itself on her mind.

She had studied the natures of her two pupils in the daily intimacy of twelve years. Those natures, which she believed herself to have studied through all their changes, had been suddenly tried in the sharp ordeal of affliction. How had they come out from the trial? Was the present experience had prepared her to see them? No: in that contradiction to it.

Was it such a crisis as this imply?

Thoughts came to her as she asked herself that question which have startled and saddened us all.

Does there exist, in every human being, beneath the best outward and visible character which is shaped into form by the social influences surrounding us, an inward and spiritual character, known in part of ourselves; which education may indirectly modify, but can never hope to change? Is the philosophy which denies this, and declares that we are born with dispositions like blank sheets of paper, a philosophy which has failed to remark that we are not born with blank faces—a philosophy which has never compared together two infants of a few days old, and has never observed that those infants are not born with blank tempers for mothers and nurses to work on, but with natures, infinitely varying with each individual, inbred forces of Good and Evil in all of us, deep down in the hidden life of the unconscious years, and mortal repression—hidden Good and hidden Evil, both alike at the mercy of the shaping opportunity and the sufficient temptation? Within these earthly limits is earthly Conscience ever the key? and can we honestly balance warn us beforehand of the forces locked up in ourselves which that key may unlock? For the first time thoughts such as these, darkly—as shadowy and terrible possibilities, in Miss Garth's mind. The first time, associated those possibilities with the past conduct and characters, with the future lives of Norah and Magdalen.

Searching, as in a glass, darkly, into the natures, she had studied for twelve years, for the possible truth to another. It might be the upper surface of their characters was all she had there regularly seen in Norah and Magdalen. It might be that the unalluring sameness of one and the all-attractive variety and reserve of the other, were the results, not of the parents of the other, were the less preferable, in each case, to those physical which really influenced the underlying moral results. It might be that under the face so formed—a surface which there had been nothing, further, in the happy, prosperous, eventful lives of the sisters to disturb—Nature, reborn and unrestrained, had remained concealed which the shock of the first serious calamity in their lives had now thrown upon them. Was it so? was it so? Were the future shining with prophetic light through the surface-shadow of Norah's reserve, and the dark prophetic gloom under the surface of Magdalen's bright spirits? If the latter, was the time already at hand appointed to the ripening-ground of the undeveloped God in us, for the sowing of the seed? Was the harvest was in her, was the field of mortal conduct, to be reaped forces of Evil in herself?

On the brink of that terrible conclusion Miss Garth shrank back in dismay. Her self-reliance, the heart of a true woman. It instinctively, the moment it was roused. Norah higher in it rejected the doubt which threatened to Magdalen lower. It was not to be tried impartially; she recoiled with an angry firmness from the whole train of thought in which her mind had been engaged for the last minutes. What if there were dangerous elements in the strength of Magdalen's character? was it not her duty to help the girl against her? How had she performed that duty? She had not herself to see that the first serious impressions; she had never waited to ascertain whether Magdalen's openly avowed sympathies of those impressions might not imply a sacrificing fortitude, which promised in the future the noblest results. She had left Norah to Norah go and speak those words of tender remembrance, of pleading sympathy, which should first touch and reach herself. "Oh!" thought bitterly, "how long I have lost sight of the world, and how I have forgotten the weakness and wickedness until to-day!"

The door of the room opened. Norah came in, as she had gone out, alone.

"Do you remember," she said, "telling any thing a little while before the garden-seat?" she asked gently.

Before Miss Garth could answer the question she held out her father's will and her father's letter.

"Magdalen came back after you went," she said, "and found these last relics. She heard all that you remembered of the letter. When I went into the garden she was reading the letter. There was no need for me to speak to her: Magdalen knows all that is in her from his grave. See how she has loved him!"

She pointed to the letter. The traces of tears—large drops that clung to the kindly writing—were still there.

"Her tears," said Norah, softly.

Miss Garth's head drooped low over the letter. She kissed the Magdalen's tears.

Oh, never doubt her again!" pleaded Norah. "We are alone now—we have no way through the world to walk on as we have always walked together. Come back, help her for the love of old times her against herself!"

With all my heart and strength," she shall judge me, with the devotion of a sister. Miss Garth rose from her seat. She swered. She took the hand which Norah out to her, and put it, in a manner, into hand lips. "Oh, my love, forgive me! I been miserably blind—I have never seen as I ought!"

Norah gently checked her before she could say more—gently whispered to her. "Leave me the garden—comfort and help Magdalen: look patiently to the future."

Miss Garth left her. She could see the glimmer of it? Who could see any future the ill-omened figure of Michael Vanstone, on the verge of the present moment, closing all the prospect that lay beyond?

COMMODORE FOOTE AT FORT WRIGHT.

OUR WESTERN artist, Mr. A. Simplot, has sent us the sketches which we present to-day. They represent COMMODORE FOOTE DESCENDING THE MISSISSIPPI WITH HIS GUNBOATS, and the COMMENCEMENT OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT WRIGHT on the Chickasaw Bluffs, thirty-five miles in a straight line from Memphis.

The correspondent of the World thus describes the approach to Fort Wright:

On approaching the locality, all that can be seen of us is the wide rushing stream now swollen

dimensions, so that it is overflowing its banks, sweeping along in majesty and might. A gap was made in the second Chickasaw Bluff looms up in the distance like a low range of hills, whose blue outline strikingly contrasts with the uniformly low and pleasing shores of the river which extend from Columbus down. On rounding the point, as we took occasion to do with Captain Pike on a reconnoissance with a view to discover the top of the bluff covered in places, and in others still standing, although not over one-third its diameter. The good-sized oak is one of the finest excavations was to be discovered in one or two large near the water's edge, and mounted on a platform far up the hillside. There are also several small and neatly constructed batteries thrown up within a few days, and are armed with some very heavy guns. The older fort, which has been in process of construction for several months, stands nearly seventy feet above the water's edge, and the land. The river batteries extend along the base, and rest about one-third of the hill's height, and are not more than three miles.

The position is very strong and its relation to that of the enemy is not unlike that at Island No. 10. The commencement of operations is no doubt the result of some description might attract here for both. Here we have the rebels on the opposite shore, and the river at this point is about a mile wide. The main channel of the rising wall of rock—the same intervening point of the river—the point of view of the rebel position, and upon which the older fort as it is heavily wooded, and projects further into the stream. We have but one string of heavy guns, and that for miles above, the mortars chained to the shore just above the point, and the gun-boats lie in the channel ready to act at short distance in the stream.

The contrast both from the most terrible maelstrom in volumes of smoke across the point in the same Venetian style; the little smoking funnels keep up the same monotonous hum from boat to boat, and the transports, tugs, and armaments look as peacefully at the opposite shore as though nothing earthly from their towering chimneys, very much as they did when the sun rose on a hundred miles above, and not the least sensation to show no part in the hostilities. The position seems to be the key to the fort and keep the rebels from passing down.

For reasons best known to our officers, there is no disposition to make an immediate assault upon it or to proceed with the gun-boats. Whether this be the old standing difficulty of the shore batteries, or the want of co-operation from the heavy guns mounted in the earthworks—the horror of the work every one must see for himself, which, from their range, their weight, and the comparative safety with which they can be used, are singularly suited to the purpose.

NEW ORLEANS.

We give on page 292 a fine view of New Orleans, and on page 294 views of the forts PROCHORE TO THAT CITY BY WAY OF THE RIGOLETS. On page 293 we illustrate COMMODORE FARRAGUT'S GUNBOAT SQUADRON, passing the forts JACKSON and ST. PHILIP; and on page 296 we give a MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, from its mouth to its course from its mouth to Cairo.

At the time we write we know nothing positive, by with regard to the progress of affairs at New Orleans, but dispatches through rebel sources state that the city fell on 25th.

We know that Commodore Farragut's expedition reached the city in safety. For a month ago—in the last week in April—in the forts to have been inactive. But on 24th we heard through rebel sources of the bombardment of Fort Jackson, which was represented as "terrific." Our next intelligence is contained in the following telegram which was published in the *Petersburg Express* of 26th:

> "Mobile, *April* 25, 1862.
>
> The enemy passed Fort Jackson at four o'clock yesterday morning. They have the new vessel *Mississippi*, and the *Louisiana*, and the *Missouri*. Martial law was put in full force and the bombardment was completely successful.
>
> All the steamers and steamboats, excepting such as were necessary to transport cotton, ammunition, etc., were burned.
>
> At six clock to-day the operator bade us "good-by," by which time the enemy had appeared before the city.
>
> This is the last we know regarding the fall. Will send particulars as soon as they can be had.

New Orleans, as every one knows, is the queen city of the South. It is situated on the left bank of the Mississippi River, about 100 miles from its mouth, 1663 miles southwest from New York, and 1365 southwest from Washington. The city is built around a bend in the river, from which circumstance it bears the sobriquet of "The Crescent City." The site includes gently from the margin of the Mississippi toward the marshy ground in the rear, and is from two to five feet above the level of the river at the usual spring freshets. The present boundaries an embankment or levee, about seven feet wide, six feet high, which has been raised, extending 120 miles above the city, and 70 miles below, a distance of 43 miles below it. The old city proper, originally laid out by the French, is in the form of a parallelogram, thirteen hundred and twenty yards long and seven hundred yards wide. Above this are what were formerly the faubourgs of Lafayette, Annunciation, and La Course; below, Marigny, Bourbon and Declouet; and the former Fauxbourg St. John. The streets of New Orleans are of course well laid out, well paved, and usually intersect each other at right angles. Canal Street, the widest, being over one hundred feet in width, with a grass-plot in the centre almost twenty-two wide, extending throughout its entire length. Most of the buildings are constructed of brick, and are generally low, rarely in the business portion exceeding three stories high. There are usually five or six stories high. The dwellings in the suburbs, many of them of particularly in Lafayette, are surrounded with spacious and beautifully decorated with the orange, lemon, magnolia, and other ornamental trees. In different portions of the city are several public squares, among which may be mentioned Jackson Square, usually called Place de Armes, occupying the front of the river front of the old town plot, now the First District. It is ornamented with trees, walks, shrubbery, statuettes, etc., and is much frequented for recreation. Lafayette Square, in the second district, is finely laid out and adorned with a profusion of shade trees. Congo Square, in the part of the city, is also a handsome inclosure.

New Orleans is the chief cotton port in the United States. It had a population before the war of about 160,000.

The following descriptions of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, which Commodore Farragut must have taken or silenced, will be read with interest:

FORT JACKSON.

Fort Jackson is on the right or west bank of the river, immediately opposite Fort St. Philip, and about twenty-five miles from the head of the passes leading into the Mississippi Sound. This is a very strong casemated fort, intended to mount one hundred and fifty guns, thirty-one of which were intended to have been mounted en barbette, but the fort was not complete, and we have no knowledge that they were. The fort is constructed in the most substantial manner, considerably strengthened by the State authorities, and its casemates are bomb-proof. Before the secession movement it was the United States nearly a million of dollars, and is capable of holding six hundred men. The Confederate States and Fort Jackson also mounted the Mississippi that no vessel could pass them in the day we visited it operation.

FORT ST. PHILIP.

This fort is situated on the left or east bank of the Mississippi River, about seventy-five miles from the city. It is a very strong casemated fort, and, with its one hundred and fifty guns, commands the navigation of the river. It was bombarded in 1815 by the British vessels of war, at which time it was commanded by Major Overton, uncle of Thomas Overton, Esq., the present Governor of Louisiana. The rebels have now in this fort about 1,200 men, commanded by Colonel Fort Jackson, and the same number of the old guns, besides otherwise increasing the heavy armament of the fort. It is casemated and upper exterior battery, mounting twenty-eight guns each.

The fort is constructed in the most substantial manner, considerably strengthened by the State thousand dollars, and its armament cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is capable of holding one hundred men, and no doubt now contains at least that number.

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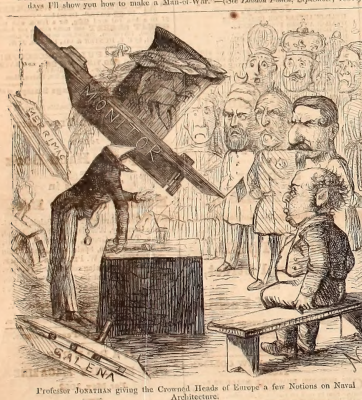
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A PROMISE FULFILLED.



1851.

BROTHER JONATHAN. "There, JOHNNY, that's the way to build a Yacht! Some of these days I'll show you how to make a Man-of-War."—*(See London Punch, September, 1851.)*



Professor JONATHAN giving the Crowned Heads of Europe a few Notions on Naval Architecture.

1862.

BROTHER JONATHAN. "There, JOHNNY, I said I'd tell you how to make a Man-of-War! I guess that's about right! How do you like it?"—*(See London Times, April, 1862.)*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VI.—No. 281.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3 00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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REBELS OUTSIDE THEIR WORKS AT YORKTOWN RECONNOITERING WITH DARK LANTERNS.—SKETCHED BY MR. WINSLOW HOMER.—[SEE PAGE 315.]

GEORGE PEABODY.

On page 309 we publish a portrait of GEORGE PEABODY, the leading American banker in London, who has just given $750,000 to the London poor. Mr. Peabody is a native of Danvers, Massachusetts, and about seventy years of age. In early life he entered a merchant's office, and at twenty-one became a partner in a leading house at Baltimore. There he remained, winning respect and fortune, until 1836, when he removed to England and set up a banking-office in London. His business has been extremely successful, and he now retires with a fortune which is estimated at millions.

Mr. Peabody, who is a bachelor, has frequently made large donations to places where he has been known. He gave $60,000 to Baltimore for a Library and Institute, and a very large sum for a similar institution at Baltimore. His donation to the London poor is the most munificent act ever made by a private individual to a public charity.

MRS. MAJOR REYNOLDS.

MRS. MAJOR BELLE REYNOLDS, whose portrait we publish on page 317, from a photograph by Cole, of Peoria, Illinois, is the wife of Lieutenant Reynolds, of Company A, Seventeenth Regiment Illinois troops, and daughter of Rev. K. W. Blackmer, Peoria. Her native place is Shelbourne Falls, Massachusetts. The Seventeenth, to which her husband belongs, was one of the most popular regiments in our Western army, being one of the earliest in the field, and during the whole war having been frequently drenched with rain; and ofttimes, to the order "Fall in," she has hurriedly mounted her horse in the darkness of the night, and made long marches without rest or food except such as she might have with her. She has at all times exhibited a degree of heroism that has endeared her to the brave soldiers of the Seventeenth and other regiments that have been associated with them, and to the officers of the army with whom she is acquainted.

Governor Yates, of Illinois, and his staff were at Pittsburg Landing to look after the Illinois troops, who suffered so severely in that fearful battle, and learning of Mrs. Reynolds's heroic conduct on the field, and untiring efforts in behalf of the wounded soldiers, by and with the advice of his staff commissioned her Daughter of the Regiment, to take rank as a Major, "for meritorious conduct on the bloody battle-field of Pittsburg Landing." Mrs. R. left Pittsburg Landing a few days after the battle to attend some wounded soldiers to their homes by the rivers, leaving the last one at Peoria —Captain Swain, of Illinois, who died after he reached the wharf at Peoria. She remained at Peoria a few days to receive from her husband, who has left again to rejoin the army, and hopes and expects soon to be in Centralia.

The following letter has been addressed to Governor Yates by citizens of Peoria:

"PEORIA, April 27, 1862.

"SIR: We take pleasure to thank you for the honor conferred upon Peoria by your voluntary act in commissioning Mrs. Belle Reynolds, of this city, as Daughter of the Regiment of Illinois State Militia, showing your appreciation of valuable services so nobly rendered by a lady on the bloody battle-field of Pittsburg Landing.

"And we also take pleasure in bearing testimony to the high moral and Christian character of the Major, which will lead to whatever circumstances she may be placed she will ever honor her commission and the worthy Executive who gave it.

"We are, respectfully yours, &c."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1862.

THE CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

WE have reason to believe that our subscribers in the army at Yorktown, and the gallant officers and soldiers to whom we have the pleasure of sending complimentary copies of *Harper's Weekly*, will receive this Number safely, and that their interest in it will not be interfered with on the way, either at Fortress Monroe or elsewhere.

We need hardly remark that seizures of this journal at particular points involve no pecuniary injury to us. Not a single copy of *Harper's Weekly* goes to Fortress Monroe or elsewhere which has not been paid for in advance, with the exception of copies which we send gratuitously to regimental officers, or soldiers in the army. To seize this journal, therefore, is merely to rob our gallant troops of property which belongs to them.

A censorship of the press is one of the temporary inconveniences which the present unexampled rebellion has involved. At the outbreak of the war there were throughout the North journals conducted by unprincipled men which were prepared deliberately to afford aid and comfort to the enemy. Ever since then there have been journals which, without the excuse of rebel sympathies, have been willing to betray strategical secrets, in order to outstrip their rivals in the publication of military and naval intelligence. The only means of checking the one and the other evil was a press censorship, and it is to the credit of Mr. LINCOLN that he did not hesitate to establish it.

We cheerfully bear testimony to the sagacity and forbearance which have been generally displayed by the Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War, and Colonel THOMAS A. SCOTT, Assistant Secretary for Telegraphs, in the exercise of the abnormal powers with which they have been invested in regard to the press.

It could not be expected that an exercise of power so foreign to our usages and our political system could be established without occasional errors and even injustice. It is often so difficult to draw the line between legitimate and contraband news that inconsiderate censors are liable to overstrain the rules of war unwittingly; while, on the other hand, the duties involved upon the censor, in consequence of the immense number of journals published in the loyal States, and the keen appetite of the public for news, were so overwhelming that a small discretion conveyed to the enemy by a newspaper article or a newspaper illustration might give us pleasure to think that useful functions performed by Colonel SANFORD have been the mitigation and removal of restrictions which have been put by subordinate officers of the army who have filled the post of Provost Marshal at various points.

We have confidence that the present head of the Secretary of War, the Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON, is discharging the duties of his most onerous station with a single eye to the suppression of the rebellion, and with a whole-souled devotion to the interest of the Union. It gives us pleasure to add that he is ably and efficiently assisted by the gentleman to whom Colonel SANFORD, whose office, though naturally ungrateful, has been, in his hands, so administered as to secure for him the confidence and respect of journalists and the public at large.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

FOREIGN journals have boasted that the troubles of the United States have given the quietus to the Monroe Doctrine. The Secretary of State, they say, will be free to colonize where they please on American soil.

The event of this past month will probably have modified the views of European nations with regard to the power and position of the United States. We mean to say that the Doctrine is not hurt it is quite safe to kick us in the face. And we are inclined to think that, whatever may have been the opinion of the Cabinets of the European Powers which lately assumed to interfere in the affairs of Mexico, none of them will now persevere in intervening without the consent of this country.

The object of the Monroe Doctrine was to obviate wars in America. The object of America's plan was, that so long as we were the controlling Power in America none of our neighbors could be strong enough to attack us with any risk of success. If, however, any European Power gained a foothold on American soil, we might be liable to the wars which have distracted Europe. Its assumed, in establishing this doctrine, that British North America would naturally gravitate toward the Union. But, while, experience has proved that he was in error. The British colonies are further than ever from us. It has been the policy of England to increase the facility of visibility to this country among the Canadian people. They are studiously educated to regard us as their enemies, and the Commissioners of the *Trent* quarrel, elaborate plans were formed for the bombardment of Detroit, Chicago, and other frontier cities by expeditions fitted out in Canada.

The question naturally arises, whether the successful close of the war against the Southern rebels will not afford a good opportunity for obviating the possibility of another war with our northern neighbors. If Canada were independent we should never go to war with her, nor she with us. With England we are constantly liable to quarrel, and the only guarantee against war is the 3000 miles of ocean which separate us. This guarantee is neutralized by the military occupation of British North America by British forces.

Mr. K. G. Spaulding has given notice of a motion to abolish the Monroe Doctrine, and to appoint a new Commission to negotiate another treaty. It would seem that this Commission ought to demand such material guarantees for peace as would involve the political independence of the British colonies.

We do not wish for British colonies in the Union. We should gain nothing by annexing them, and they would be excellent neighbors as independent States. But so long as they are under the British flag, and so long as England can use their bays and rivers to fit out expeditions against our lake cities, they are a standing menace to us, which it is bad policy to neglect or despise. A Federal Union of these Colonies —stretching from British Columbia to Nova Scotia—would be an independent national flag, would be a welcome neighbor, and we could live side by side with them for centuries in peace. But we can not help thinking that it will be bad policy to disband our splendid army and dismantle our navy until the Monroe Doctrine is applied to the region north of us, as well as the region south of us, and until it is physically impossible for any of the anti-American wars of Europe to find vital expeditions on American soil to bombard our cities or ravage our frontier.

The expense of the fortifications which are about to be undertaken for the protection of our northern frontier would enable us, in case the necessity were forced upon us, to conquer the British Provinces and hold them against any power which could be sent against us from Europe.

THE LOUNGER.

SOUTHERN FAPERS THEN AND NOW.

THERE can be no more pregnant and instructive statement than the tone of the Southern newspapers a year ago and to-day. The wild yell of defiance, fury, contempt, and hatred which issued from them then has significantly changed.

"The North has no officers to command or drill the cowardly, motley crew of starving foreigners and operatives that it proposes to send South to fill ditches and as food for cannon, because it has no room in its penitentiaries and poor-houses to receive or sustain them." Our people can take it(Washington), they will take it, and hand it back quicker, and Lincoln, the beast, combined, can not prevent it. The just vengeance of the Almighty will be visibly poured upon people will teach the Illinois Ape to repent his coarse and retrace his journey across the borders of the free States still more rapidly than he came; and Scott, the traitor, will be given an opportunity at the same time to try its effects once between the Pacific and the Shanghai drill for quick movements." "It is not to be endured that the Capital of Abolitionism should come down from the black North for their rooms in the heart of the South, to defile and brutalize the land." "The South will fight, and fight with right, except for pay, for pillage, and plunder. Once satisfy them that no booty is to be had, and there is for to be gotten by invading the South, and no power on earth can lash and kick them south of Mason and Dixon's line."

All these things the Richmond *Examiner* said. A year has passed, and the *Examiner* tells us that the Confederacy is trembling on the result of York-town. If successful, it will give us six months for carrying out the conscription of our strong and equipping a large army, and launching a fleet of *Merrimacs*; but if unsuccessful, Virginia is lost."

"In the entire Southern Confederacy, from Alexandria, swindling, swash-gunglings has no terrors for any but the Northern mercenaries," said the Richmond *Dispatch* last year. Last week it says: "We may expect to hear of disasters wherever the enemy's pockets can be filled by the plunder of the public still in our possession....Having made himself master of the river and sea-board towns, they mean if he wish to conquer us, mos. come into the interior. There he will have to beat our armies without the aid of his iron-clad boats, before he can boast of having subdued the country."

But these mercenaries of the Union Armies are influenced also by the thirty pieces of silver, and are not possessed of a sentiment half so sublime as that which fired the Southern heart because of Judas." This is the Norfolk *Day Book* last year. This year it says: "We have faith in our valiant armies; but we have very little confidence in our remember the example of Samson—remember and emulate him."

"Come on, Abraham! You are wanted," said the Newbern *Progress*, last spring. This spring the Newbern *Progress* appears under the auspices of General Burnside.

The Republic of Absalom was a prophet last April: "We predict that Jeff Davis will be on the banks of the Hudson within thirty days; that Mr. Lincoln will go, with what little may be scraped together from a bankrupt treasury, from Washington, and that General Scott will lose his commandership; that nothing will be left, a month hence, of the old Union except possibly New England and New York." And the session of Congress which on the Fourth of July will not meet nor near Washington than Trenton, Maine, if it ever meet at all." The April the Commonwealth says that the Southern people are fast losing all confidence in their river defenses, and it is generally admitted that the Union army can be no longer successfully resisted. It also intimates a lack of confidence in the stability of the Southern Confederacy, advising its patrons to invest whatever money they have in the Southern Confederacy, and not to send any of the money now in circulation, which is principally rebel treasury notes.

These extracts carry their own moral. The newspapers express the extremest public sentiment, and what consciousness of cowardly failure betrays itself in every word of the expiring gasconade of this infamous rebellion!

KNOWN BY THEIR FRUITS.

The Report of the Committee to ascertain the treasonable acts of prisoners in the hands of the army is one of the most melancholy documents in history. It is not surprising, however, for no one who has thoughtfully read the many records of the aspects and characteristics of a society based upon slavery was unconscious of its essential and necessary barbarism. You may like slavery or dislike it; you may think it a great benefit to the negro whom it stirely outrages and degrades, or not; but you can not, with our own history and the daily newspaper in your hands, deny that it obtrudes the masters. It is the most heavily-Christian people in the world that could show themselves absolutely destitute of human instinct as the Southern rebels!

It is in vain to say that there are gentle and accomplished women in the Carolinas, Georgia, and New Orleans; that there are frank and generous men at the South; for nobody who has a right to an opinion for a moment doubts it. But these are the extremely exceptional persons, and ever have been silenced by the absolute tyranny of coercive. These gentle and accomplished people are and evidently sincerely believe, things at which the heart sickens still with the deepest sympathy. Humanity, honor, justice, are all partially paralyzed in their influence. Their civilization is a manual—lovely and languid above, but ending in bestial deformity.

This ought to be not surprising, for they are human beings, and absolute power turns the brain. We are not strong enough for it. And even if it was to be allowed that the enslaved race were benefited by servitude, the enslavers have been, and must always be, ruined by it. "Is not a man a perfectly reason be assigned," says Hume, "for the severe, I might say barbarous manners of ancient times than the practice of domestic slavery? It is a wrong so monstrous that it carries its own personality, and therefore it is that slavery is the most picturesque in the system. The silent, dusky servant, by decent perhaps a barbaric king—the ox train of cotton-bales, large-lipped and silent with absolute luxury of repose, are discovered to us first and the romantic, dreamy, half-savage dancing in the warm twilight, such as Humboldt describes in San Domingo, and Edwards and Bryant and the writers of various travels sign in Jamaica—how pleasing a picture! how charming a peasant-life! what careless happiness!

But Edwards, while he contended that slavery must be maintained, was too honest not to say, in the same book in which he did so, "Unconquerable history of San Domingo—" in countries where slavery is established the leading principle on which governments of every form act is the denial of the absolute coercive necessity, which, having in view the increasing, augments the misery of life. It is in vain to deny that such actually is, and necessarily must be, the case in all countries when slavery is allowed. It is the parent of pride and supine ignorance. These are the conditions of slavery in the Southern States, and their natural results. Consequently, in our slave States the ignorance of the mass of the people is appalling. Could they have known anything of the nature of the Government, the history of the nation, or the character of the people at the North, they would not have rushed, as the Southern masses have been brought to the field by the power of a great lie; but they could not have been thus hurried by the scourge for ignorance, passion, cruelty, and prejudice which slavery occasions and requires.

Impatient of labor, slavery, they boil the *dolce* flesh of our soldiers to get the bones more speedily. Their women are evil-eyed, with bloodshot lids, cankers, into drinking-cups; and the women of the region, equally ignorant and cruel, wear them as great ear-drops. Even in the Mississippi Valley the people suppose us to have horns; believe that we grow the wounded, and that we eat the dead. The extravagance, the idleness of ignorance, in every quarter that our troops have been, astonishes them. Their own luxury is slovenly, their ease is slothful, their wealth is dirty. It must have ignorance at any price. Knowledge is light, and is the light to be darkened.

Let the "white trash," as the poor whites of the South are called, be what they may, the whole ruling slavery they are maintaining the riches and ease of a few slaveholders at the expense of the lives of every living dead and valuable in life, and they will soon square accounts with the few or five hundred thousand lazy slaveholders.

Can the Union ever be safe or peaceful so long as the social system of a large section shall exist which makes it the interest of the most direct ignorant of their more distant fellow-citizens? And will not the whole moral influence of the rest of the North with those of the South inspire the latter with the hope of becoming civilized, intelligent, and prosperous?

THE KING IS DEAD.

At the Charleston Convention of 1860, as most persons will remember, it was very perfectly evident that it would not be difficult to "precipitate" the Cotton States into revolution, if not to secure the secession of the whole South, because the North must have cotton, and the necessity was unfounded that the whole South assemble offtrade would control politics, and commerce would be stronger than patriotism. "Cotton is King" was the unfounded assumption. "The consumer of the world hangs by a thread," said Dickens. So glad was the South to accept this view with the wag of cotton-spinning, and takes eighty-five per cent. from this country, she will raise the bushes of the field and establish an "inland sea" of cotton. Cotton is King, and while it is so it's better to be a slave than a free wise Wigfall.

"Yes," sighed Yancey, a month ago in New Orleans; "but it is a mistake to suppose that Cotton is King. It is not." The Norfolk *Day Book* echoes the dreary confession. "We confess that we go almost with wiser men, were deluded on the general belief in the supremacy of cotton....The truth of this declaration (Dickens's) may year's production, and the world will have to do without it." Long and bootless may be our search for an important that cotton or tobacco."

thus the whole vision of "Southern" supremacy based upon cotton fades away. The success of the blockade is a political economy disappointment. The entire fallacy of Southern political theory is exposed. This is, of itself, a practical and instructive fact. It illustrates the character and consequence of a civilization based upon contempt of justice. Men who consent to live on the ruin of a race, can not believe that other men will be influenced by any other motive than their own selfishness. Consequently they looked for a general withdrawal of the blockade sooner than the fact that the Government was instituted to maintain it. That the interested nation might look elsewhere for it; that to raise a blockade forcibly instead of by the policy which depended upon slave labor; in short, that the Government would modify and control the foreign selfishness they had established.

The first shot fired in the wonderful Round Robin of Virginia," fired from Beauregard's batteries at Fort Sumter killed the cotton monopoly and slavery together.

A NEW FORM OF SUCCESSION.

Another of the ridiculous humors of this foreign rebellion is the project of "John M. Veryclay, Esq., of New Orleans," who proclaims that on any absent the middle of April for up country, for a Confederate decimal system for the currency of the South."

"It is," says Mr. Vernon, "a separate and distinct people, influenced by different interests and sentiments from the Yankees who would rule over us." Our manners and customs are different, our tastes and talents are different, our habits of thought are different, and—in conformity with natural laws, nature, and institutes—our currency, weights, and measures should be different."

He then suggests the following table:

10 Centimes	1 Sou.
10 Sous	1 Dollar.
10 Sous	1 Ball.

John M. Veryclay, Esq., then adds three reasons why it should be adopted; but the second is so singularly pertinent to the condition of affairs in the Southern Confederacy, that it is quite sufficient: "*Second.* They are emblems of cheerfulness, honor, honesty of purpose, nobility, and stability."

Rebelsin and Swift combined could not surpass that liking sarcasm.

THE FATE OF GUERRILLAS.

The fall of New Orleans is evidently felt by the rebels to be the direst wound they have yet received. "This is a heavy blow," says the Richmond *Dispatch*, "it is a heavy blow, and we feel it to the end of the article the paper waxes more hopeful, and it concludes with the cheerful remark that "the fate of [the national] success is scarcely a disadvantage to us." The Petersburg *Express* declares that "the ways of God are mysterious, and He directs the affairs of men in such a way as to lead them to consider an event calamitous which forward process the happiest that could have occurred for their welfare." The Atlanta *Intelligencer* says: "Memphis, we apprehend, will share the fate of New Orleans. To decide correctly what they other hope is now a folly." They all agree that the gun-boats are irresistible; that the only thing to be used the Government will restore its sway; that the case of rebels is unpromising, but yellow fever may do something to help them against us and that at last they must take to the bush and carry on a guerilla warfare.

That will be the natural course of the more desperate—and for them General Frémont's method of treatment in Western Virginia will be the best. Two men taken in the act of such warfare have been sentenced to death, and he has approved the sentence.

FORESEEING THE "MERRIMAC."

While the *Merrimac* is still a vague terror, and the vender and regret that we had not known two of her sea will allow, the rebels are more anxious that in this paper for November 7, 1861, as plausible, and as it proved, quite accurate, was the monster was anticipated; and why Norfolk was not sooner taken. And when that day comes, we equally plain that it is not seen that, as in the general military conduct of the war, all was done that could be wisely done.

AN ANSWER.

A friend in Baltimore writes to know why the ballad on Pittsburg Landing, in the 7th April, was called "The Waterloo of America." Certainly such a title has no meaning; but if it had been called the Waterloo of Rebellion the reason would have been that, as Blucher came up to the support of Wellington, and secured the rout of the French, so the coming up of Buell to the support of Grant secured the defeat of the rebels; and as Napoleon never recovered from the battle of Waterloo, so the rebellion will never recover from its defeat at Pittsburg Landing.

"The two great battles of the Italian-French campaign in Lombardy three years ago were Magenta and Solferino.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WANTED—An unlimited number of young men, possessing the four good qualities of steadyattentiveness, sustained earnestness, self-distrustfulness, and satisfying-slowness, with heavy capable of appreciating feminine disinterestedness.

FULL ADMITTANCE, FULL ADMISSION.

1860. Mr. Ansonmore, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, invents a hydraulic machine for raising heavy weights. He is knighted, and the Admiralty is delighted.

1861. The Admiralty recovers, and invents Iron Ships that resist any known cannon-ball.

1862. Sir William Armstrong invents a gun that smashes the Iron Ships into blackmisthorses. The Admiralty collapses.

1862. The Admiralty re-expands and invents Plutian Ships fastened with diamond rivets, and Sir William Armstrong's bills fly to pieces like bonbons.

1862. Sir William Armstrong invents a gun that will blow a Plutian Ship to the greatest part of Jericho, and in a pleasing excitement that the greatest part of Jericho is Sir William's bills.

1863. The Admiralty invents Torpedo vessels which sail under water and hollow any range of guns. Sir William Armstrong invents a gun that will blow up Jericho and Jericho.

1864. Sir William Armstrong invents a Vertical gun that discharges Greek fire straight down, and a second gun that discharges Greek fire straight up. The Lords of the Admiralty are about to hang themselves, when a thought strikes them that it is useless.

Mr. Gladstone again doubles the Income-Tax.

1867. Sir William Armstrong, the heir to whom has been living in his cash by the sack only, suddenly proclaims the discovery that it will be quite impossible to prevent the Admiralty does not invent say thing, but wish to see, and that he has therefore resolved to go and live in Switzerland. The Admiralty, in a third burst of enthusiasm, sets up against the advice of their excellent Secretary, Mr. Childers, and invents a gun which will explode gunpowder in the Gardens. As the iron, instead of lying down with a lamb, lay down with a lion, the Admiralty thinks there is some mistake somewhere, and determines to invent a new Navy.

Mr. Gladstone once more doubles the Income-Tax.

1871. The Admiralty invents a Navy of Iron Rams, Iron Steels, and debts Sir William Armstrong.

1872. Sir William Armstrong invents the Hannibal, or Ship-Shell, which contains the strongest vinegar, and melts the Iron Navy. The Admiralty, in a third burst of Iron Britain Frost, he is raised to the peerage by Lord Bomb.

1873. Sir William Armstrong is Lord Bomb, and Lord Bomb sits in the Gouls, out of fear range, and the First Lord is double-locked in the Admiralty Cellars.

Mr. Gladstone is fourth time Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord Bomb is Lord Bellows buttering-trait, and is sent to Switzerland to bring down all the British Fleet into the German Ocean.

1874. The Admiralty, in desperation, invents a Subterranean Fleet, which is to be conveyed by tunnels to all the coasts. Lord Bomb, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and every body now pays twice his income in taxes, the people are starving, and universal suffrage is about to be universally given.

Government therefore stop the pensions of a hundred supernumerated clerks, discharge some extra night-porters at the Treasury, and pay off the National Debt.

Sketch Fleet.

1875. Lord Bomb invents his Typhoons, or Earthquake Shells, and suffocates the British Fleet in the Tunnels. Sketch.

Mr. Gladstone is fifth time Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Admiralty and the French proclaims the Millennium, which proves to be Universal Peace, and the Admiralty is abolished, and the collectors remit the quarter's Income-Tax and Lord Bomb goes over to Voltaire and Fire-works in honor of the occasion, and by your accident burns up the Admiralty.

TRIFLE NOT WITH CUPID.

On a sunny noon a maiden
Met a boy of fifteen
With a bow and quiver laden,
Singing as he came:
"Trifle not with little Cupid,
Love will find you out
He is not so blind and stupid
As some people doubt."

As he came he plaited rushes,
Singing merrily—
"Maiden, let me make your bushes—
Come and play with me!
Lightly laughed the maiden through the valley,
Lightly laughed the maid
"Boy, you'll make your garters ruby,
Joyous, gay, and glad."

Lightly had the maid decided
With the boy to rove,
When his bow was gilded
Over a branch above.
Round the wild boy was enraptured,
While the wild boy sang
Of the love the archer was captured
By the wiles of love.

"Elder, will you have a drink of cider?" inquired a farmer of an old temperance man who was spending an evening at his house. "Ah, sartain sure, thank ye," said the old man, "I never drink any liquor of any kind—specially cider; but if you'll just hand me the bottle I'll take a taste."

When some rough fellow charged Sheridan with incendiarism, the wit replied that the accusation remained him of the wonderful story of the Irishman who was charged with, who, hearing his friends aware that it was time to take action, set the two gentlemen by the throat, and screamed, "Why, you don't mind that fellow, do you? He changes his opinion every day."

"Pat," said a builder to an Irishman engaged in carrying stairs to the top of a four-story building, "have you any reason in your head?" "Sure, and I have, sir," said Pat, "there's the cistern." "How many rooms have you?" "Three, sir—the sleeping room, the parlor, and the kitchen room, and the pig pen—four rooms altogether." "That's a story," said the builder. "Sure, and I have stories," says Pat.

Sir Walter Scott's wit, though an excellent and admirable example of the genuine article, was not his only gift. One day while walking in the fields in early spring he chanced to help forth an invitation to a dinner party, and, being a wealthy farmer, the playful lambs, etc. "Ah, my dear," said the lady, "how cruel you are! I suppose you would eat the roast leg of lamb, with mint sauce, for dinner to-morrow!"

An eminent and witty preacher was once asked if he did not think such a sad thing as a broken heart could be cured. He said he feared, "I think he follows it as a man does a wife, and then he gets married."

"Do you call them large turnips?" "Why, yes, they are most lovely large." "They may be for turnips, but they are awfully small for cabbages!" "Well, I never! how have we the entire [?]" "Oh, a monster! we called the forty pounder." "Forty pounder! you took off the heads and the stalks! you never would a despise that forty pounder!" "What a whopper!" "You don't mean to say I tell a falsehood?" "Oh no; what a whopper of a cabbage, I mean."

Why is the amount of taxes the last man in the world? Because he comes after everybody else.

The worst of all kinds of eye-water is a coquette's tears.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ For an account of the Capture of Fort Macon, and the Fall of Yorktown, see page 315.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, April 29, in the Senate, Senator Grimes introduced a bill to provide that the school tax collected from the colored people of the District be applied to the education of colored children. A bill to amend the bill of last session, confiscating slaves, so as to include the wives and children of persons, was introduced by Senator Wilson. The resolution calling on the Secretary of State for the correspondence relative to the late visit of Mr. Seward to the South was taken up, and, after a few remarks by Mr. Sumner, the resolution was adopted. Mr. Sumner, Mr. Clark, and Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, were appointed a committee to wait upon the President and inform him that the Senate was ready to receive communications from him. The resolution calling on the Secretary of War for the correspondence relative to the arrest of Generals Stone, McClernand, Hamilton, and Cochrane, and the reasons for such arrests, was taken up, and, after some remarks by Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, Mr. Sumner, and Mr. Trumbull, was adopted. Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors in the Capitol, Executive Mansion, and other public buildings. The bill was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. The resolution calling on the Secretary of War for information relative to the number of persons who have taken up arms against the United States, Senator Davis, of Kentucky, moved to strike out all the part relating to emancipation. Senator Sumner moved to amend the motion by saying that the Lords of the Admiralty are about to hang themselves, when a thought strikes them that it is useless.

Mr. Gladstone again doubles the Income-Tax.

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Government therefore stop the pensions of a hundred supernumerated clerks, discharge some extra night-porters at the Treasury, and pay off the National Debt.

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GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S DISPATCH.

The following dispatch was received at Washington on 10th:

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF POTOMAC,
Yorktown, April 6.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

I have the honor to report,

We have guns, ammunition, camp equipage, etc.

We hold the entire line of his works, which the engineers report as being very strong.

I have therein all my cavalry and horse artillery in person, supported by infantry.

I have Franklin's division, and as much more as I can transport by water, up to West Point to-day.

The enemy left in haste.

The gun-boats have gone up York River.

I shall write to-day to that Gloucester is also in our possession. I shall push the enemy to-day.

GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN, Major-General.

THE NEW RESULT.

General M'Clellan's dispatches state that his troops have thus far taken seventy-one heavy guns, large amounts of ammunition, and all the works of the enemy which they prove to have been most formidable, and I can now fully understand the great importance of the victory we have gained. The enemy is brilliant, and you may rest assured that in the battle of Monday last we gained a victory which, if we do clear in following up the rebels, who have been guilty of the most revolting cruelties and barbarous conduct in paying torpedoes within the abandoned works, near wells and springs, and near flag-staffs, magazines, storehouses, even in carpet bags, barrels of flour, etc. We have not lost many men in the manner—some four or five killed—but perhaps a dozen wounded. I shall make the prisoners release our wounded men.

THE REBEL BEAR-GUARD CAUGHT.

General Franklin's cavalry force overtook the rear of the rebels on Sunday afternoon, and forced them to an engagement. The rebels fought desperately, but were forced to bend. The artillery on both sides were engaged for a short time, but at the end the rebel artillery was silenced by our men to abandon their position. The want of infantry support on the part of the rebels saved the enemy's works; and it being evident that it was useless to attempt further operations, the troops fell back, and were handed yards to await the arrival of infantry, which soon after arrived. The rebels were pursued by our cavalry and skirmishers until the next morning. It was expected that Williamsburg would have been be occupied, as our troops were also in full retreat.

EVACUATION OF WILLIAMSBURG.

On Monday, May 5, there was a very severe fight, in which General Hooker and his brigade were engaged, and with glory. The rebel loss was very heavy. On Tuesday morning Williamsburg was found evacuated. The rear of all his force toward Richmond. General Chilmer and his army are following in close pursuit.

GENERAL FRANKLIN'S ADVANCE.

General Franklin's division, in transports and the gunboats, arrived at West Point and landed at the railroad bridge. It is reported that they have captured several teamsters and a number of prisoners.

SURRENDER OF NEW ORLEANS.

Brom Southern papers received at Fortress Monroe on Friday morning we learn that Farragut's powerful squadron of New Orleans had been accepted by the Mayor, Mr. Monroe, and that the City of New Orleans was at the mercy of a battalion of marines from the squadron. General Butler was to arrive there on Friday, and Commodore Farragut to Pontchartrain.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE MAYOR OF NEW ORLEANS.

The papers have published the correspondence which occurred between Commodore Farragut and Mr. Monroe, Mayor of New Orleans, on the approach of the fleet before that city. The Commodore's letter is a blunt and rude one, and tells the Mayor that Commodore Porter is in the city; for the hoisting of the Union flag over the City Hall, and the Custom-house, and the demand of the huge emblematic of any other sovereignty than that of the United States. He also says that he will hold the municipal order, quell disturbance, and call upon all good citizens to aid him in the work of restoration, promising protection, but commanding that no one shall be molested for expressions of opinion. The Mayor, in his correspondence, declines evidence of pleasure at seeing the fleet in front of the city, and says that he will not haul down the flag of the Confederate States. He says are very explicit, and says "I shall speedily and severely punish any person or persons who shall haul down the flag of the Confederate States, yesterday by armed men firing upon helpless women and children, and I call upon you to haul down the flag now waving the 'old flag.'" The Mayor responds in an utterly defiant tone, and concludes by saying that he will retain the impossibility of resistance, as the army upon which he relies has retreated him; but he refuses to haul down the secession flags, and declares, in the name of the people of New Orleans, that they will not be responsible for any insane intent despite the necessity of yielding to the control.

POINTS TO BE REOPENED.

It is announced by foreign papers that Mr. Lincoln will very soon issue a proclamation declaring all the leading points of the Southern coast open to the world's trade upon which event the restoration of the commerce of the country will be the first result. The object of this is to put most mischievous efforts of the rebellion to an end, and to remove the pretext for European foreign ministers, opening the mail communication with the South, thereby facilitating the execution of the President's proclamation and declaring the reconstruction of Southern States as well.

A COLLECTOR FOR NEW ORLEANS.

A Collector for the port of New Orleans, in the person of Mr. Charles L. Ludlow, has already been appointed and confirmed. He is a native of that State, and has formerly a resident of New Orleans, but left that city on the outbreak of the rebellion, and has since resided here.

AFFAIRS AT CORINTH.

Important events are expected to occur immediately in the vicinity of Corinth. A reconnaissance was on Sunday last in force, extending to the Tuscumbia River, about 4,000 strong, at Farmington, with four pieces. Our forces immediately attacked them, and after a sharp skirmish carried the position in fine style, compelling the rebels to abandon every thing. Many were killed on the field. Our cavalry then pushed through to Boonerille, took possession of the town, tore up the railroad track there, and destroyed the bridges. Our loss in this gallant affair is very trifling, not exceeding 50.

General Mitchel telegraphs to the Department that an expedition from Huntsville has destroyed the railroad toward Chattanooga. It was executed with complete success. They burned 18 bridges, taking all their property to Atlanta, Georgia. A force was at last penetrated to Dalton, and found a strong Union sentiment.

FOREIGN NEWS.

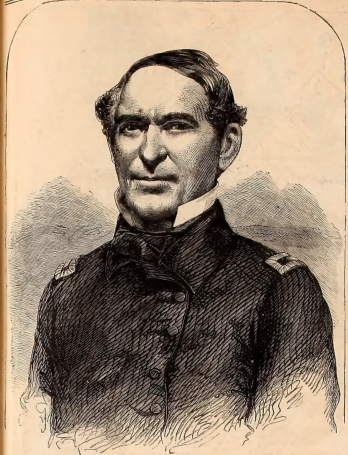
MEXICO.

FRANCE DECLARES WAR.

The news from Mexico, by the steamer *Teutonia*, is of the highest interest and importance. The tripartite alliance of England, France, and Spain, for the destruction of the liberties of Mexico, is now virtually at an end; but France alone has undertaken the task of crushing the growing a monarchical government upon the unwilling people. To this end, despite the malicious excuses, war has been declared against Mexico by the French plenipotentiaries. Count Saligny Jarace and General Doblado have exchanged the firm determination of rendering their Gallic independence by every means in their power, but offering still to treat amicably with the Spanish and English. General Lorencez, the new French commander, says that he is responsible to his Emperor for his action.



THE UNION CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY STARTING IN PURSUIT OF THE REBELS UP THE YORKTOWN TURNPIKE.—SKETCHED BY MR. W. HOUSE.—[SEE PAGE 315.]



COMMODORE FARRAGUT.—[From a Photograph by Holmes, 554 Broadway, New York.]



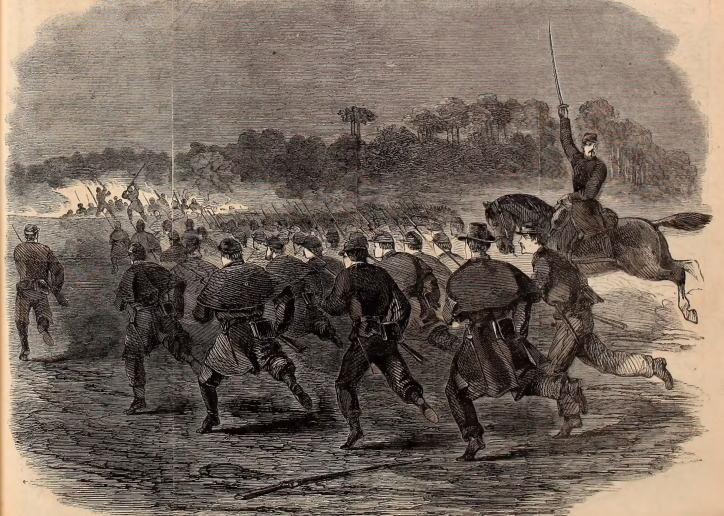
GEORGE PEABODY, ESQ.—[See Page 306.

COMMODORE FARRAGUT, U.S.N.

Flag-Officer David G. Farragut, the Commodore of the fleet now before New Orleans, is a native of the State of Tennessee, and is about sixty-three years of age. He is a citizen of his native State, and was appointed to the United States Navy from that State. He entered the service as a midshipman when a mere child, his warrant bearing date December 17, 1810. He was first on board the *Essex*, under the celebrated Commodore David Porter, and served with him also in the expedition around Cape Horn in 1813. After ten years of an adventurous life, in the year 1859 we find him still a midshipman on board the *Franklin*, a twenty-four-gun lineof-battle ship. On the 19th of January, 1825, he was commissioned a lieutenant.

In 1841 Lieutenant Farragut was ordered to act as Assistant Inspector of Ordnance, being second in command under Commodore Skinner. The position he held continued the end of the year 1853. Another field was at this time opened to the subject of our sketch by the establishment of a new Navy-yard at Mare Island, near San Francisco, California. Commodore Farragut, then standing No. 18 on the list, was ordered to the chief command of this post, and became commandant of the new yard. In 1858 he was ordered to the command of the steam sloop *Brooklyn*, a twenty-five-gun vessel, forming a portion of the Home Squadron under Flag-Officer M'Cluney. He was, however, removed from this command during the month of May, 1860, after being on board of that vessel one hundy months. With the present expedition was fitted out Captain Farragut was appointed by the Navy Department as its Flag-Officer, and, judging by the reports that have reached us, he has bravely filled the position, and added one more spric to the already heavy laurel wreath won by the navy of the United States.

Commodore Farragut is still an active and comparatively young-looking man. He has been twice married, the first time to the niece of George Loyall, Buchanan's Navy Agent at Norfolk, and one wife is reported as related to somebody or nay in that vicinity.



CHARGE OF THE FIRST MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT ON A REBEL RIFLE PIT NEAR YORKTOWN.—Sketched by Mr. W. Homer.—[See Page 310.]



MAP OF THE THEATRE OF THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.



PICKETS CONVERSING BEFORE YORKTOWN—A COMMON SCENE.—SKETCHED BY JOS. MEAD OF THE VERMONT BRIGADE.—[SEE PAGE 315.]

OUR FLEET IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

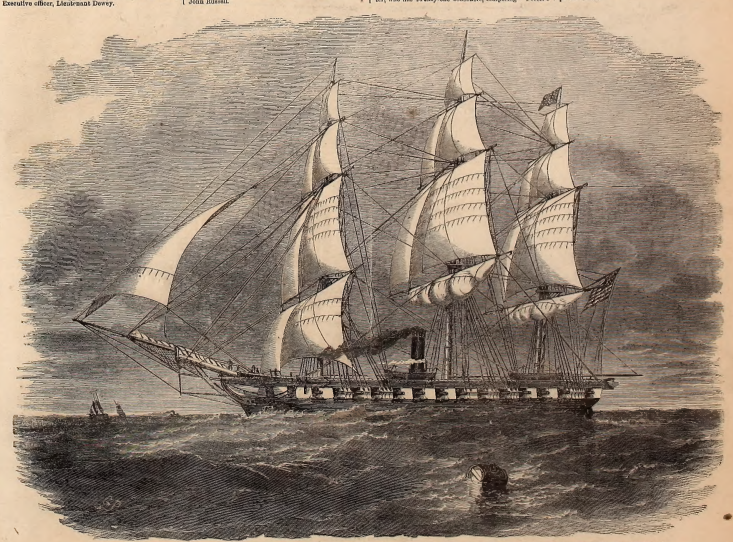
OUR correspondent with Commodore Farragut's fleet in the Mississippi sends us a large picture of the entrance of that fleet into the river, which we reproduce on pages 312 and 313. It will give the beholder some idea of the strength of the expedition—the largest, it is believed, ever collected under our flag. Our correspondent enumerates the fleet as follows:

Flag-ship *Hartford*, twenty-six guns, Captain Richard Wainwright; Executive officer, Lieutenant J. S. Thornton.
Steam sloop *Brooklyn*, twenty-six guns, Captain Thomas T. Craven; Executive officer, Lieutenant R. B. Lowry.
Steam sloop *Richmond*, twenty-eight guns, Captain James Alden.
Steam sloop *Mississippi*, sixteen guns, Captain M. Smith; Executive officer, Lieutenant Dewey.
Steam sloop *Pensacola*, twenty-four guns, Captain Henry W. Morris; Executive officer, Lieutenant Francis Ree.
Steam sloop *Oneida*, eleven guns, Commander S. Phillips Lee; Executive officer, Lieutenant Stcord.
Steam sloop *Iroquois*, nine guns, Commander John De Camp; Executive officer, David B. Harmony.
Gun-boat *Wachusett*, six guns, Captain William B. Renshaw.
Gun-boat *Kaluhdin*, six guns, Lieutenant Commanding George Preble.
Gun-boat *Pinola*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding Crosby.
Gun-boat *Cayuga*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding Napoleon Harrison.
Gun-boat *Clifton*, five guns.
Gun-boat *Itasca*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding C. H. B. Caldwell.
Gun-boat *Kennebec*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding John Russell.
Gun-boat *Kanawha*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding John Pelteger.
Gun-boat *Seneca*, six guns, Lieutenant Commanding Edward Donaldson.
Gun-boat *Hearst*, six guns, Lieutenant Commanding A. D. Harrell.
Gun-boat *Owasco*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding John Guest.
Gun-boat *Winona*, four guns, Lieutenant Commanding Edward T. Nichols; Executive officer, John G. Walker.
Gun-boat *Wissahickon*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding Albert N. Smith.
Gun-boat *Kineo*, five guns, Lieutenant Commanding George H. Bawson.
Schooner *Katahdin*, nine guns, Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Lamson.
Gun-boat *Harriet Lane*, six guns, Lieutenant Commanding J. M. Wainwright, with Commander David D. Porter, who has twenty-one schooners, comprising "Porter's mortar fleet," each carrying a heavy mortar and two 32-pound guns.

The fleet thus far, therefore, consists of forty-six sail, carrying two hundred and eighty-six guns, and twenty-one mortars, the whole under command of Flag-Officer D. S. Farragut—Henry H. Bell, Flag-Captain.

The *Hunnington* and the *Pensacola* grounded on the bar, and were towed off by tugs. The *Colorado* was unable to cross.

Of the *Hartford* herself, which is hardly seen with distinctness in our large picture in consequence of her being in the advance of the fleet, we give a separate illustration on this page. She is a noble ship, and Commodore Farragut may well be proud of her.

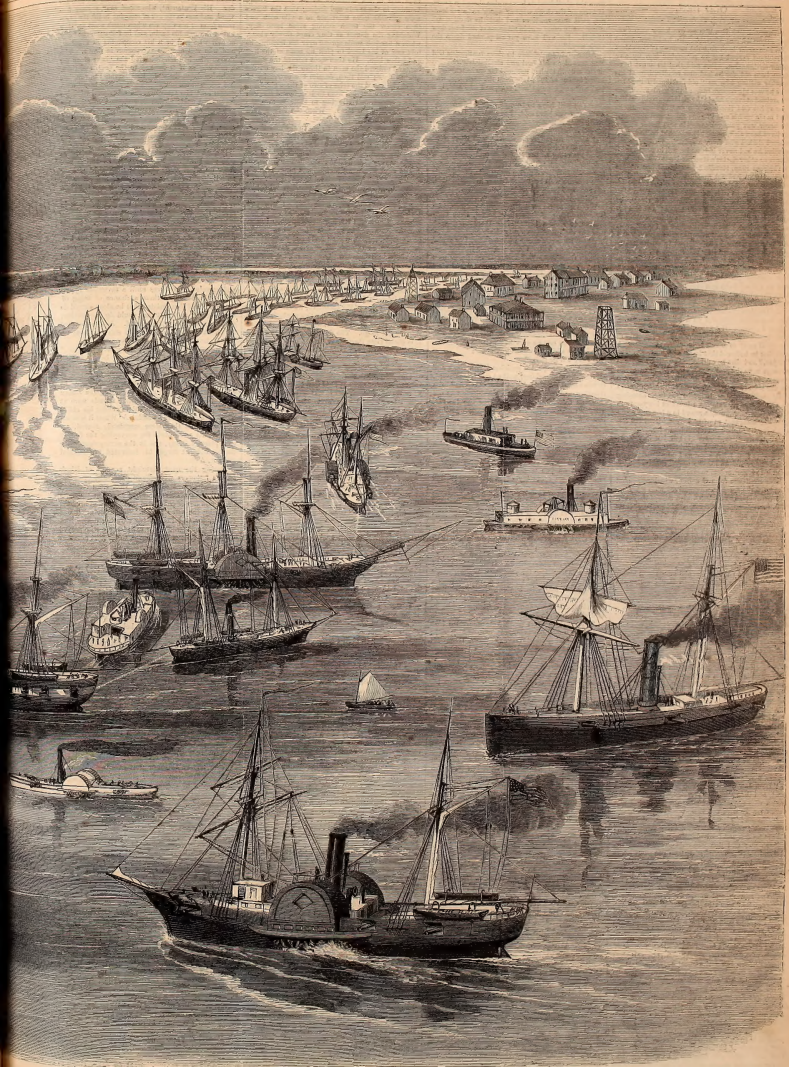


THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "HARTFORD," COMMODORE FARRAGUT'S FLAG-SHIP, WHICH LED THE SQUADRON UP THE MISSISSIPPI.



Light-house on Southwest Pass, Colorado, 40 Guns.

COMMODORE FARRAGUT'S SQUADRON AND CAPTAIN PORTER'S MORTAR FLEET E



ING THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—Sketched by an Officer of the "Mississippi."—[See Page 311.]

OLD BEN,

THE SCOUT OF THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS.

How old Old Ben was no one knew exactly—not even Old Ben himself. He had been called Old Ben so far back that the memory of the oldest inhabitant served not to remember him by any other designation. Ben said that he must have been born old, for he had dim recollections of his mother calling him an "old-fashioned feller" before he was big enough to weed the garden. When he arrived at man's estate the girls invariably called him either Old Bachelor Ben or Old Ben. So he had made up his mind to one thing, and that was, he never was young Ben. He was never known to have been sick, except it was that he had "the cussed shakes and fever a spell." With that exception he had never invested much in patent medicines or other doctor's stuff, and was consequently a vigorous man, standing firm in his boots. He was tall and had not much flesh to spare, but he often remarked that it "tuk a lean hoss for a long race, and he was one on 'em." He knew the Mississippi, Cumberland, and Tennessee rivers, he said, better than he did his Testament, and had acquired considerable fame for his skill at the oar and the wheel. He was the man to take a craft safe through a shute or over dangerous places, and for that duty was still preferred to others many years his junior. As for old Tennessee, he knew every inch of her "sile," and on that "p'int" he wouldn't yield a notch to any man living or dead. His courage was known to be of the right stripe, and he was set down as a tough old knot that would turn the edge of many a bright axe if an attempt was made to split him.

At the time the hurricane of rebellion swept over the State, Old Ben was on a visit to Knoxville, where he was well known. The many outrages perpetrated upon those who refused to succumb to the rebel sway so aroused his ire that he at length said that he believed that he was beginning to turn "injun," and that he couldn't die until he had had revenge upon the scaly varmints, who, he asserted, were mean enough to cut their grandmothers' throats for the sake of getting what the old women had in their stockings. One night he had been listening to a chap who he knew as a briefless lawyer from Clarksville haranguing a crowd in a bar-room, and growing indignant at what he considered the fellow's insolence, he interrupted him with,

"See here, stranger, yer kin talk jest like clock-work about them cussed abolishunists—and every one knows that I hates 'em as I do pizen—but I'll jest bet yer drinks for the crowd that yer never owned a nigger for 'em to steal."

This challenge from Old Ben, which somewhat staggered the speaker, was received with much secret satisfaction by several Union men of the group who, from necessity, were obliged to conceal their sentiments, and created a general laugh. It was a few minutes before the lawyer could recover his self-possession. He then drew himself up to assume as great a degree of dignity as possible, and fixing what he intended as a withering look on Old Ben, while a contemptuous smile played around the corners of his mouth, he said,

"Old man, I suppose you are some of the Union rubbish that has not yet been swept out of the State."

"Thar yer right. I'm Union clear through to the marrow, and if I had my way I'd hang up a few such chaps as you ar', who never work, but ar' everlastin' smellin' around for some office, and who have brought all this trouble on the country. Yer ar' now goin' about deceivin' honest people—tellin' 'em that the whole North ar' agoin' to turn nigger stealers, and that the only way for Southern men to pertect that property is for 'em to dissolve the Union and 'stablish a one hoss consarn, with such one hoss chaps as you at the head of it. I'd hang yer up without judge or jury. That would be the quickest way to settle the mischief yer have made."

A loud braying from some of the converts to the new doctrines greeted the remarks of Old Ben. But nothing daunted thereat, he exclaimed,

"Yer may bray jest as much as yer a mind to. But yer kin remembar that jackasses do the same thing. And any one who jines the secession crew ain't fit to be named the same day with a jackass. Them's my sentiments, and I don't care who knows 'em."

"Look out, Old Ben! You'll be talkin' treason next, and then you'll be arrested," said one of the crowd who sympathized with the rebels, yet was very friendly with Old Ben.

"Treason!" ejaculated the lawyer. "He has been doing nothing else but talking treason, and should be arrested forthwith."

"Oh no; Old Ben won't do any harm!" exclaimed another secessionist, who did not wish to see the old man molested.

"You've arrested a good many honest people who never harmed any one, and I expect my turn will come one of these days," replied Old Ben.

"You may depend upon that!" exclaimed the lawyer. "It won't be long before you are elevated!" and here he gave a peculiar jerk with the hand which he held near his neck. "If you don't mend your manners you will go up soon, old man."

Old Ben was about to reply, but was interrupted by the entrance of a man, followed by a number of others, who called the lawyer one side, and then entered into a low but earnest conversation with him. The new-comer was a thick-set, brutal-looking man, with a face well covered with heavy black hair. He was generally known as Black Dave, and his business had been that of a negro-trader; but he was now at the head of a band of ruffians who, under his direction, had been guilty of many acts of barbarism. The lawyer was a sort of lieutenant and adviser to the band. Old Ben pointed to the spot where they stood, and said,

"Some dirty business is afloat, I reckon, when two such chaps get together. One on 'em, who never owned a nigger or enough money to pay his licker bill, talks about the 'North stealin' *our* niggers!' Them's his words. The other one has run off more niggers, and sold 'em down South, than the abolishunists have stolen these ten years. If them ar' the chaps what ar' agoin' to be yer leaders, ye'll soon smell so bad that the devil won't allow yer to come within rifle-shot of the front door of hell. He will have yer all pitched down the back way!"

After giving utterance to these sentiments Old Ben turned on his heel and strolled leisurely out of the room. He had not gone far ere he was overtaken by one of the party from the bar-room, who he knew as a sound Union man, and who said, in a low tone,

"You will have to be very careful of yourself after what you have said. I overheard Black Dave tell the other that your case would be attended to shortly."

"They'll attend to me shortly, will they, eh?" ejaculated Old Ben. "Then, I say, let 'em come on! I'll cling to the Union as long as thar's a splinter left! I can't live much longer, any way, but while I do live I'll live like a man!"

"You are well acquainted with the mountains, are you not?"

"Reckon I am."

"You know that a great many Union men, who have been driven from their homes, have been obliged to seek a hiding-place there until such times as the Union army gets this way."

"Yes, I know it; and what is more, I'm agoin' to make one on 'em. I itch to have a little vengeance on them scaly varmints. If the Union men about here had more of the Parson's stuff in 'em we'd make screechin' work among them turkey-buzzards."

"But you can't expect all men to be Brownlows. His very boldness awed them for a while, but you see they are getting over that now. Men have to be prudent for the sake of their families. If you will come up to my house to-morrow night you well hear something that will do you good, and how you can be of vast service to the Union men in this vicinity. Will you come?"

"Yes; I'll be thar!"

Old Ben's companion noticing Black Dave and the lawyer approaching, walked quickly forward. It was rather a secluded spot where they had been standing, and Old Ben being in the shade was not observed by either Black Dave or the lawyer. They halted, and Black Dave, with great gesticulation, said,

"I've sworn to have vengeance on the old cuss, and now is my time! He didn't think that I was good enough for his daughter. If it hadn't been for him I believe I could have got the girl; but as I've lost her, I'm bent upon having my pay."

"What do you propose to do? Has he got much that we could lay our hands upon?" said the lawyer.

"We'll go out to his place toward midnight, and drag the old hound out of his nest. If I once fairly get him in my power I'll make him sing psalms. I will let him know if I ain't as good as any of his breed! He has got a couple of fine horses; we'll take them any how. But come, let us go back now and have a drink with the boys! They'll miss us. You see, I don't want any of 'em to know where we are agoing to. It might get talked about, and some Hessian spy give him the alarm."

As they disappeared Old Ben came forth from a hiding-place where he had ensconced himself for the purpose of learning what mischief they were planning. Looking after the retreating figures, he muttered, half aloud,

"I'll head off them devils yet, or else I'll give 'em leave to call me a skunk! The old man whar right in showing Black Dave the door. He should have kicked him out. That's what I would have done. But I'll head off the villains! I'll head 'em off!" he ejaculated, as he hastened forward.

Black Dave and his lieutenant returned to the bar-room, where they with their companions indulged in a drunken revel. Toward midnight he got together some ten or a dozen of those who were the least intoxicated, and started out on his work of vengeance.

This band of "defenders of the rights of Southern men," as they styled themselves, had proceeded a considerable distance from the tavern when their commander ordered them to halt in front of a modest-looking dwelling, surrounded by pleasant grounds. He then addressed them as follows:

"Boys! now we are about to catch one of the blackest-hearted traitors in the South. He is a regular white-livered Lincolnite, and it ain't to be expected that we will show him much mercy. So, follow me!"

Black Dave then opened the gate and went toward the house, followed by his band. He gave several loud raps on the door with the butt of a pistol, and it not being promptly opened, he applied the heel of his heavy boot and administered a number of lusty kicks. The door was at length opened by rather an elderly female, who had a light in her hand. As soon as Black Dave caught a glimpse of her countenance he said, in a gruff voice,

"We want your old man. Tell him to turn out quick, and not to keep us a-waiting."

"He is not at home," was the mild response.

"You lie! we know better! If you don't turn him out we'll go in and drag him out!"

"I assure you, Sir, that he is not in the house."

"Come, boys, follow me! We won't put up with any of the old woman's nonsense."

Black Dave, as he uttered these words, entered the house, accompanied by several of his followers. After a lapse of a few minutes he returned, with a countenance blacker than usual, exclaiming,

"The old hound has run away, boys; but the black-hearted traitor don't escape my vengeance so easy. Just throw a torch in the barn yonder."

"Oh! do not fire the place! Have some mercy for the family!" entreated the old lady.

"What is the family to me? I wasn't good enough to make one of them! They are a brood of traitors, the whole of them, and if you don't want 'em roasted you had better turn 'em out!"

After giving utterance to these brutal words he strode off toward the outbuildings, seizing a torch from one of his followers as he passed along. Looking in the stable and finding that the horses were gone he gave utterance to a vile oath, and then threw the torch among some loose hay. Watching the flames as they crept slowly along, while a fiendish smile spread over his features, he told one of his band to pick up some of the hay and follow him. He then went toward the dwelling, and ordered the man to throw the hay on the kitchen floor; and then, despite the entreaties of the old lady and the cries of two or three children, who had been hurried from their beds and stood in their night-clothes clinging to their mother, the ruffian applied the torch. When the flames were fairly under way he said,

"Come on, boys! Leave 'em to shift for themselves. Let us see if we can't track the old hound."

The ruffian then, followed by his band, retreated down the road, turning occasionally to behold the flames as they licked up that once happy home.

The next evening Old Ben was prompt to his appointment, and as he listened to the narration of the outrage to a party of Union men, he exclaimed, as his countenance glowed with excitement,

"The miserable, scaly buzzards! I wouldn't a thought they'd gone so far; they're worse nor injuns! I reckoned it whar all right when I gave him the alarm and he got safe off. But to fire the house and turn the wimen folks and children out doors that time of night—I swar I'll have vengeance for it! It mout not be quite reg'lar, but yer kin jest sot Old Ben down for Black Dave and that white-livered skunk from Clarksville. If I don't fix thar flint for 'em then I won't trust bullet and powder any more. Thar's no use of yer sayin' any thin' agin it," he said, as he raised up his hand toward one of the assembly, who he supposed was about to remonstrate, "for I've settled the hull matter. It's no knowin' what they'll do next, so they've got to go. The devil wants his due, and it is about time they whar on the road to see the chief of all secessionists."

"It is what they deserve!" ejaculated one of the party.

This sentiment was generally concurred in by the assembly. The affairs of that part of the State were then discussed, and it was considered that it would be of great importance if communication could be kept up between the Union men in the mountains and those who yet remained at home. For the performance of this duty they all agreed that Old Ben, from his thorough knowledge of that region, was peculiarly qualified. He at once consented to act, but put in as a proviso that he was not to be deprived of the privilege of attending to the case of Black Dave and his lieutenant.

In the mean time Black Dave, intent upon glutting his vengeance, set his spies to work to discover the whereabouts of the man whose homestead he had so ruthlessly destroyed. A number of days passed, and the spies were unable to give any satisfactory report, other than that they thought he had gone to the mountains. At this Black Dave's rage grew furious, and he swore that he would seek revenge in another quarter. The fate he intended for the father should be visited upon the son-in-law, his successful rival, who was settled in a quiet spot some miles from Knoxville. Black Dave knew that his rival was suspected of being a Union man, and that was a sufficient cloak for him in his design of villainy.

It was on a dark and gloomy night that Black Dave got his band of ruffians together and set out on his work of Vandalism. We will not detain the reader with an account of his progress along the road. Arriving at the house, his summons was answered by a trembling black servant, who, in answer to a furious demand for his master, stammered out that he was not at home. The desperado's quick eye at once detected from the servant's manner that he was endeavoring to conceal something, and he immediately ordered his lieutenant to search the house. This duty the lieutenant performed in a style worthy of his leader. The wife, notwithstanding her delicate health, was brutally told to point out where her husband was hid, as they wanted to give him a rope elevation. All feelings of humanity were set at naught, and the search was made in the most brutal and reckless manner. But it proved fruitless. The intended victim, hearing the noise of the band as they approached, at once suspected their object, and, at the solicitation of his wife, consented to secrete himself, and succeeded in making his escape.

Black Dave fairly foamed with rage when he heard that he was again foiled—that his rival could not be found.

"The sneaking cur is hid somewhere!" he exclaimed. "But I'll smoke him and his brood out. Fire the house, boys!"

Even the entreaties of her whom he once professed to love failed to stay the hand of the incendiary. Black Dave was inexorable. The torch was applied, and soon the flames began to creep along—slowly at first, as if gathering strength, and then suddenly they darted up their forked tongues and enveloped the whole building in a fiery circle. The flames, reflected by the heavy atmosphere, shed a brilliant light over the surrounding country. For a while Black Dave stood gazing upon his work, while a sort of hellish malignity spread itself over his features, totally unmoved by the cries of the terror-stricken women and children. He then ordered the servant whom he had first seen to be tied to a wheel of a large wagon, and lashed until he revealed the whereabouts of his master. For Black Dave to order was to be obeyed, and the trembling black was immediately seized, tied, and flogged. The blows fell fast and heavy, but the faithful black, notwithstanding the blood streamed down his back, refused to betray his master. The ruffian who administered the blows paused for a moment as if to take breath, which his leader observing, he shouted,

"Give the black dog another dose, and lay them on lively!"

The words had scarcely fell from his lips ere a bullet whizzed past the negro and buried itself in the brain of the ruffian leader, and he fell to the earth to rise no more. He had given his last order. His lieutenant, who stood near, sprang forward, and was in the act of stooping to lift the prostrate form of his Captain when crash went another bullet through his brain, and he fell upon the body of him who had been his companion in villainy, and who was now his companion in death. The ruffian who had administered the blows stood for a moment as if transfixed to the spot, and then, throwing down the whip, he attempted to run, but had taken but a few steps ere a swift-winged messenger sent him traveling the same road with his leaders. Consternation now seemed to seize the remainder of the ruffians, and they took to their heels, many in their flight throwing away their rifles, which were soon picked up by Old Ben and his companions, and their contents sent after their flying owners.

It was not long before the pale and terror-stricken wife was surrounded by her husband and father. After an affectionate embrace the father, picking up a lighted torch, approached the place where the bodies lay. Stooping down to examine the leaders, he in a few moments exclaimed,

"Dead!—both of them! Old Ben hit both in nearly the same spot!"

So it was. The father, being anxious to see his daughter and her mother, who since the destruction of the old homestead had resided with her, was accompanied by Old Ben and another companion for that purpose. As they approached the farm they beheld the light from the burning dwelling, at once rightly conjectured the cause, and who was at work. They crept stealthily along, and secreted themselves until a favorable opportunity should afford them a chance of being of service. Old Ben insisted that he alone should do the shooting, and that they could do the loading, as no shots were to be wasted. As he observed Black Dave and his lieutenant standing near together, he exclaimed, in a low tone,

"Keerful! keerful now! They ar' both mine!" And creeping to a favorable spot, he discharged the shots which finished the worldly career of the ruffians.

Black Dave's rival, being secreted where he could view what was going on, seeing the ruffian leaders fall, at once judged that friends were at hand, and he sprang forward to render his aid in the destruction of the Vandals. When it was ascertained that they were completely routed, arrangements were made for conveying the family to a place of safety, and in the arrangements the master did not forget his lacerated but faithful servant.

During the next fortnight several of Black Dave's followers were found dead, and upon examination it was discovered that each one had been shot in nearly the same place in the forehead, and it was concluded that they had all been killed by the same person. The conclusion was correct, for Old Ben in his scouting duties sent many a "buzzard," as he called those who preyed upon the homes of Union men, to his final account.

"DROWNED! DROWNED!"

Into the silvery wave she stept;
The listening breezes sighed and wept;
And e'en the current as it swept
Made moan.

Her raven tresses float behind—
Float calmly on the weeping wind;
Forever from its seat the mind
Hath flown.

She steppeth on into the stream,
And, circling round, the pale moonbeam,
Of rare and glistening light, did seem
Her throne.

She bendeth in the current strong,
Upon its breast is borne along;
To her will soon be pain and wrong
Unknown.

All night, above the lonely tomb,
The waters through that evening gloom
Make murmur at her silent doom,
And moan.

LUTE.

Floated out on the fragrant air the waltz-music, burning, delirious. The rich bloom on Lute's clear brown cheek deepened into the red of wet coral, or of the fuschias that burned in the snow of her dress and drooped among her broad black braids, and the long eyelashes fell with a sudden sweep to hide the pleasure flashing too brightly in her lustrous eyes.

Jack Centyre's name was on a line with the "Gunst Werber" on her tablets. He was coming across the room to claim her hand, and she tangled the chains of her fan and her bouquet-holder inextricably together. The liking of a year could no longer be masked by cool tones and words. It struggled about her mouth, looked shyly from her downcast eyes, spoke in the very tremor of the little hand resting in his as they glided off into the wild music groaning, quivering, and whirling about them, making itself one with motion, and a part of the thrill and shuddered delight pulsing in their every vein.

In the centre of the brilliant rooms he bent low his handsome head till his bright hair touched her glowing cheek, and whispered,

"Farewell, love!"

Lute looked up aghast; her eyes met his full of solemn tenderness and warning. The music fainted, died almost away.

"As I was saying," went on Jack, steadily, "This waltz-beat is noticeable in all—"

It burst out again; his voice sunk low, his lips murmured close in her ear,

"I came here to say farewell. Walls have ears, warning may betray. I leave Nashville to-night." Another whirl and rush of music; then Lute's voice, faint and trembling,

"Leave! for what?"

"For our country, Lute—for the Stars and Stripes—for the Union!"

He lightened his grasp as he spoke, for she seemed falling. Another turn took them within the arch of the conservatory door. A full of fancy curtains separated them from the glaring, heated room, and the faint rays streaming from an opening globe of ground glass alone did battle with its shadows. He drew her into its dimmest corner, still holding her fast. She struggled slightly, with timid hands tried ineffectually to free herself from his firm clasp, then dropped her face, crimson even in the darkness, low, lower, till it was hidden quite in his shoulder.

Two hours later I shall be flying like a felon, traveling in the darkness, hiding by day, hunted down, perhaps, like a dog or a slave. So said, hurriedly. Thank how little I had to offer that for that I could not go without saying good-by to you."

"Where is the need? He asked, with a shudder.

"Every need—the direst. Our flag and our Government are not idle words, Lute—slowly its again brought to grace a pledge—by nothing worth in themselves. They have been our very life and breath all these years, and like the air we cause unseen, they have been unvalued—their very existence almost denied. Now the day of our trial is upon us, and he has be called coward and slave who shrinks or falters."

"And Lute?"

The words escaped unconsciously. She was thinking of that dear head lying low in some ditch or on some roadside ridge, uptorned to the sky, cold and dead. His stern-set face relaxed suddenly, and the dark flame in his eyes melted into infinite tenderness.

"You dear! Will you care? Will you wear heart-mourning for all I fall?"

A tear glittering on her cheek in the faint light was her answer. He stooped to kiss it away, but voices came perilously near. The door was opened. She parted curtains, soft footfalls and silken rustlings sounded close by them. He bent low over her, and pressed his lips to hers. Then, more loudly called them—the Hollitrees were upon them. Lute answered with a careless laugh, he a quick word, and they mingled again with the crowd. Who could have dreamed of that last burning kiss, that voiceless farewell?

An hour after excluded Evelyn Devereux the hostess, "Lute Locke, do you love me?" and with her bait and hook, "Only a chase? What a pity! I thought I had never seen any thing so pretty. I shall have the servants laugh at you, child."

Lute smiled faintly at thought of such profitless hooking. Miles away at that very moment, it was rising and falling every pulse of every heart that, as Jack Centrye, as he rode steadily and swiftly on in the darkness.

Let those who have kept vigil through long months with hope and fear, tell how the weary rising day looked for Lute. If women will think, if there is any expression for an undying heart-sickness, a wearying-sameness, Time's monotony, she was presently ostracized. Came there one day, Mrs. Rawlinson, the outward and visible sign of that inward and mysterious something called by quality, whatever it may be, known as the "ton," indignation thrown by her tongue and every determination enscoured about the corners of her mouth.

"Ah! come here, you naughty child," was her salutation as Lute entered; "we were talking of you, were we not, Miss Primly?"

Miss Primly, who interjected aright the ominous quiet of lips and mouth in her somewhat unmanageable waist, asserted faintly that she could not herself without other reply than a bend of the head.

"I came here to talk to you quite seriously," pursued Mrs. Rawlinson, smoothing her dress deliberately, and obviously embarrassed by the steady gaze and forbidding composure of her victim. "I know your mother, my dear, and I feel an interest in you. Young people will be indiscreet, will draw wrong conclusions, and one knows that talking is—"

A pretty girl of eighteen can't be a Sorgiless—We don't expect it. In fact, why should we expect it? As I said to the ladies yesterday, bertham not battles, pleasure not politics, is running in your little head."

No answer to so much condescension; no approbation of such wholesome kindness, either expressed or implied; only ominous silence, stormy eyes and mutinous though as yet quiet lips, and Aunt Primly looking on aghast and helpless. Clearly there was no resource left Mrs. Rawlinson but to bring out her heavy guns and open fire.

"Miss Locke, you remember of our ladies it was yesterday decided." continued Mrs. Rawlinson, "that while our husbands, brothers and brothers are away fighting our enemies, we can not in justice tolerate them in our midst. We have a list of ladies professing Union sentiments, and to which it will be, we are resolved to cause all association with them."

"The question is then, who are the sufferers?" returned Lute.

"I am sorry to say that your name is on the list."

"It is honored then."

I pleaded your youth and beauty in vain. We are more than suspected of Union feeling."

"Why not say more than suspected of Christianity, love of country, or some such heinous offence?" burst out Lute. "If I am only suspected, but suspicion be changed to certainty, I know no country but the Union. I acknowledge no allegiance to any flag but the Stars and Stripes. I desire no friendship with traitors and ingrates."

"She is mad!" gasped Aunt Primly.

"Worse!" echoed Mrs. Rawlinson, solemnly.

Lute rose to her full height.

"Mrs. Rawlinson, tell your friends that the reason men that fight for his country against the treason of secession is more honored in my eyes than any compliment can be. That I would not blush to see my words; as a woman, I am only sorry that I can not prove my sincerity by more costly sacrifice."

Mrs. Rawlinson rose, reddening and swelling.

"You will regret this, Miss—"

"Perhaps. All things are possible."

"You have ruined yourself," quoth Aunt Primly in a frenzy, as Lute left the room concluded from all recognition is to be ruined, then Aunt Primly's associates, girls, her dear friends, passed her with a giggle and whispers about strong, mindedness and abolitionism; the men with looks of cold regard for the elderly lady with real or affected horror. Aunt Primly read her a daily homily; secession was blatant all about her; not one word, not even a sneer for any king, but she ever received from Jack; yet he was not dead; for she had, with a thrill that no one can describe, in one of the local papers, that the arch-traitor Jack Centrye had escaped, and was serving as a lieutenant in Buford's army; long days of anxiety, of mental torture, light, heavy, but hard and bitter in practice.

At length Friday fell in, and with it a letter. Never was at its height come the news of the fall of Fort Donelson, and the wild panic and terror that overtook Nashville. In the midst of all this Lute sat calm and even joyous, for to her the Federal army meant simply Jack Centrye. And he, Jack Centrye, and coming back to her, was the picture Hope held up before her; and one afternoon, while the city was breathlessly waiting for the coming of Buell's army, as she sat by a lower window weaving golden dreams, she heard the jar of the gate, and looking up caught the glitter of sword and epaulets. He had come! and breathless with delight she ran to the door, opened it, and paused back aghast. The uniform of the Texan Rangers met her eye, and a face pre-eminently handsome, spite of the relentant traces of hardship, face and figure familiar to her, that of Raymond Mainwaring, outcast for his wicked deeps, but still a gallant gentleman, and her bitterest enemy because she had once rejected him. What could have brought him there? She recoiled finding him at her door, and he quickly guessed dismay.

"May I come in?" he asked, with an evil smile. "It is so long since we have met."

Even as he spoke he stepped past her into the hall, turned the key in the door, and back again.

"These are unsettled times," he sneered, "and I have no fancy for being impaled like a bug on a collateral inquisition. You see I am curiously."

Will you come into the library, Miss Locke? I am a something of a spy to you."

There was no one within call but female servants, for all the neighbors had fled; no help but in herself. Lute led the way, a silent guide. He gave her a seat, placed himself beside her and, unceremoniously, began to examine her curiously.

"You, I remember, are fond of poetry," was his most unexpected beginning" "I came here to quote a stanza or two when running in my head all day.

"Kind of you, but is it worth the risk? Pray, what is your quotation?"

He took her hand. Direful menace and fierce triumph looked out from his eyes, and his face fell. He spoke as if he would burn in every word on her memory

"For Time at last sets all things even;
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven.
But those who hunger and who thirst
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

He had a marvelous voice, full, deep, capable of any inflection, and he now cut out the lines like bolts of doom. Lute's breath gave a sudden bound, and then stood still in mortal terror; the blood surged, overwhelmed her, and then left her pallid, cold, and her voice shook spite of her inward efforts, though her eyes met his unflinchingly.

"Bon! I see your taste has improved; but I conclude this is only your text. What is your sermon?"

"A short one, Lute. A year ago I loved you, and you spurned me. I am a man of a curious patriacity of disposition, and I never relinquish a determination. Now I decided that you must belong to me. I have not changed my mind, though I have waited in silence. My time has come. Your consent is no longer necessary. You are alone here, in a city distracted with mut, selfish terror, and no assistance will or inquire too closely into the conduct of so useful an officer. I shall take you."

"You dare not?"

"I dare any thing."

"Gods!"

"Is on the side of heavy battalions and favorable circumstances."

She struggled to shake off his grasp on her wrist, which he had unconsciously tightened to a painful degree. A locket fell from her belt. He picked it up and opened it.

"Jack Centrye! So he is my rival! Will it interest you to hear that I saw him at Fort Donelson? He was one of the first to scale the walls, and I think was cut down at once. But come, my love! time presses."

A pistol lay on the table. Lute, in desperation, caught it up and aimed it at him. He smiled scornfully.

"Shall I show you how to pull the trigger? I think you are more afraid of it even than of me. What a soldier's wife you will make!"

She dashed down the pistol and darted toward the door, but he caught her fast. A moment's struggling exhausted her little strength, and left her utterly helpless in his iron grasp. There was no relenting in his determined face—he had no pity. Surged up then to her brain, with a dull, waving sound in her ears, all the quickened tide of life. She seemed fainting, dying; when suddenly, amidst the whirl and confusion of her faculties, she found that she was listening to a sound growing nearer and louder every moment; the quick gallop of horses; the clanking of their equipments; the loud echo of hoofs along the carriage-road.

"Come!" urged Raymond, with an oath.

Her answer was a shriek, long and thrilling, shrill. Shouts and voices responded from without. They were thundering at the door—kicked, and with quite strong enough to withstand a lengthy siege. Soon one called her:

"Lute! in God's name, where are you?"

It was Jack's voice! She answered with a second shriek, as Raymond tried to drag her toward the door. Then, with stunning concision, followed. There was a jingle and a crash of broken glass as a window was dashed in, and the cause into the room men in the welcome Federal uniform, with swords and revolvers drawn.

Lute ran to Jack's arms.

"Oh, Jack, you have saved me!" I knew that you were near, and I felt that you would come."

And so, as usual, the little things of man's existence were the agents of Providence. Jack's quick impulse to dismount, and, with her dog-whistle, call Dash to his side, had brought the troopers also; for Aunt Primly could not in decency keep to herself the discovery that Lute held to be saved. Mainwaring they marched off to the camp in triumph, and the official report coolly noted that Captain Jack Centrye had taken a "prisoner."

How many that read it dreamed of the almost tragedy depending on those simple words?

GENERAL McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

WE devote several pages this week to illustrations of the movements of General McClellan, which has just driven the rebels out of Yorktown. On page 305 will be found a fine picture of a REBEL BREAKFAST BY NIGHT WITH DARK LANTERN, preliminary to the evacuation; on page 308 the DEPARTURE OF CAVALRY AND FLYING-ARTILLERY, under General Stoneman, up the Yorktown turnpike, in pursuit of the rebels; on page 309 a spirited picture of the CAPTURE OF A REBEL RIFLE-PIT by the Massachusetts First; on page 312 a complete PLAN OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA, which will enable our readers to follow the movements of the various armies under McClellan, Franklin, Heintzelman, Banks, and Fremont; and on page 311 a semi-humorous picture representing FIVE PRISONERS OF WAR UNDER CONVOYING FROM THE SHELTER OF TREES. The brilliant charge of the Massachusetts First upon a rebel rifle-pit is thus described in the *Herald* letter:

Five companies of Massachusetts troops participated in a splendid little engagement which took place this morning. The company made a brilliant charge on a rebel redoubt, drove the rebels from their rifle-pits, and captured a number of prisoners, who were taken prisoners. The redoubt is situated in front of the woods, and faces an open space which is in the right of the Yorktown road. It was determined last evening to drive the rebels out of the woods what fortifications were behind, beyond the woods. Early this morning three companies of the First Massachusetts Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Wells, and two companies of the Sixteenth, under Major Hall, were drawn up in line on the ground just about daylight. Company A, Captain Wells, was detailed as skirmishers, and were ordered to the field to prevent a flank movement of the enemy.

Captain Wells, who had a reserve toward the right near the redoubt, ordered his men to charge. The charge was executed in double quick across the field and charged upon the work. Four companies of Massachusetts First followed on the double quick pell-mell, in confusion. Every one seemed to be out against manner. As soon as they reached the ditch they found a number of four or five hundred yards from the redoubt, the rebels opened a spirited fire from the redoubt, and from the woods. In face of this gallant little band of sixty advanced at a double quick with a cheer. The rebels, seeing they were cut off from the ground behind them, but not a man on our side from a gun until those who charged had reached the ditch, within a few yards of the ditch in front. Then they discharged a volley, and the rebels immediately broke and fled, pursued by the men across the corn-field, our men jumped into the ditch, and the rebels were driven from the redoubt. The successful charge was made by Captain Wells, Lieutenant-Colonel Wells was among the first to reach the ditch, and was the first man to enter the redoubt. Lieutenant-Colonel Wells was among the first to reach the ditch, and was the first man to enter the redoubt. No other casualties occurred on our side.

The rebels who occupied the redoubt fell within the ditch, which was six or seven feet deep and eight feet wide in front. Many of them were killed in the ditch by their position as skirmishers to the left, and subsequently the Sixteenth Massachusetts Regiment was ordered to the left. In the meantime Company A, Eleventh Massachusetts, Captain Hall, had charged upon the redoubt in front, quick and kept the rebels back, while Company G, Lieutenant Allen, Company K, Lieutenant Hall, and Company C, Lieutenant Hall, and with pick and shovel, and our artillery, also advanced, and with pick and shovel commenced throwing up earth works. Our artillery did not fire a single shot. The rebels were driven from the redoubt without time for their fortifications to be left. Our brave lieutenant-colonel was wounded in the wrist, and a number of their comrades were shoveling the earth from the parapet of the rifle pits into the ditch. A little to the right of this work there was an opening through the woods on the road to Yorktown, and through which the rebels retreated. From this the rebels poured forth a continuous fire. But the Massachusetts troops, after having driven them from all of the right and left, covered by the woods, and then escaped the rebels' fire. When the rebels fled from the redoubt our left the rebels were driven in confusion in every direction. The Massachusetts troops, after having driven them from the redoubt, were driven from the redoubt, and then rushed out a white flag was seen in the redoubt. They then rushed out with a white handkerchief in the direction of the redoubt, and with a white handkerchief in the direction caused for a moment. He said some words to him and to those who wanted to surrender. Soon they appeared and were taken prisoners. Fourteen rebels were captured altogether—one sergeant, one corporal, and a dozen privates. They all belonged to Company E, Nineteenth Virginia Regiment. They were a company of sharp-shooters who were on duty in the fort. They said they were surprised when taken by surprise, and when we opened the attack there was great confusion among them, as they were not aware of our forces to the right and left. Our soldiers acted in the most gallant manner, and the Massachusetts troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Wells, who was on the ground, deserve the highest praise for the gallant manner in which they conducted the attack. Their conduct was witnessed by the whole army, and our men retired from the field in perfect order.

FORT MACON REPOSSESSED.

ON page 316 we illustrate the BOMBARDMENT AND RECAPTURE OF FORT MACON, at Beaufort, by the United States troops under the command of General Burnside. Our pictures are from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Angelo Wiser. The fort was taken on Friday, April 25. The following account of the bombardment is from the correspondence of the *Times*:

Friday morning—a day whose early augury has been so plausibly reversed in the history of the expedition—was pleasantly, but a fresh breeze sprang up from the south at daylight. At precisely 5 A.M. under a flag of truce, Captain Morris's battery started the town from its slumbers. Its thunder echoed from the hills behind the inside foundations, and while the echoes of its shrill, hurtling shell were still dying along the distant horizon, engineers, with half-clothed intent, filled the windows, or found sure cover in the ditches of the fortress. Another and another followed in quick succession, and then came the deep-mouthed roar of the heavy guns from the fleet, and the bombardment of Fort Macon was fairly and magnificently begun! Before the smoke had cleared sufficiently to mark the effect of the first shots the heavy guns of the fleet poured forth a whole smoke cyclone from the right, and in advance of the fleet. It was Lieutenant Perry putting in the acknowledgment points to the new creation from his 8-inch mortar battery. Three hundred and fifty pounds of fixed shell in twenty minutes was a sign of ill-will to be seen upon the fort. The rebels, surrounded in the break-cover upon the flag-staff, had dropped from the cross-trees as if the balls had been bullets, and they had been observed to have deserted no more to return. Still the firing continued. At the end of every twenty minutes objects were cautiously stealing in the direction of the bastardic gone on the lower parapet, and the rebels were evidently trying to get out of the range of the shells. Suddenly, from this infantile effort, and finding they still lived, others crawled out from their covers, and every gun was turned upon them. Shells were poured on the border of the Parrott battery, and directed their fire upon the rebels as they were seen moving about and loitering. Their solid 32-pound shot accurately struck about fifty yards in advance of each of the rebels who passed over their bands, and went bowling in among the trees in the rear. The effect of this kind of practice precise had taught our boys to dodge these missiles with composition ease.

Many of the shells from the heavy mortar battery, during the first two hours of the firing, went clear over the fort, flying on the beach at the eastward or in the water—the latter by far the best place for them, as they did not do their slightest harm. In range, however, they improved with greater precision. Lieutenant Flagler stood at the right of the Parrott battery in position as the range to see the effect of each shell, and directed the adjustment of every fuse and the training of the gun. Soon after 8 o'clock the firing from the fort became very sharp and well sustained, and the rebels were driven at their guns almost entirely half a dozen were at work at once. The Parrott battery was the most accurate, though the shells passed over the parapets, and their solid balls plowing up the sand in the rear of the fort. Soon after the firing began the parapets, the fort, for an instant, would be enveloped in heavy clouds of black smoke, which would be followed to the top of the flagstaff, while fragments of brick, stone, and timber would be thrown up, and the solid shot would be seen to strike the parapet.

It was now apparent that the rebels were doing their utmost to demonstrate Captain Morris's opinion that embrasures afforded the only visible point of attack. Lieutenant Flagler, who was stationed at the right of the Parrott gun, the shots which were aimed at it would strike the parapet and expend their force and be found. Lieutenant Prusty, whose position was at the extreme left, reported that the embrasures had, after a considerable time before attracting much attention from the rebels gunners. Later in the afternoon they drew a share of the rebel shot in return for its well-directed fire.

At 9 o'clock A.M. the rebel fire was considerably slow, the fort was kept up with nearly equal spirit and determination, and at 10 o'clock A.M. the fire from the fort was considerably weakened as to quickness, but was even more admiration from many sympathizing spectators in Beaufort and from the fleet of transports in the harbor.

About 9 o'clock A.M. the United States gun-boats came steaming in, and after the manner of Sumter, they steadily outlasting them from our batteries on the beach. The Daylight, Lieutenant Commanding Davis, was the nearest clear over the fort, which burst within half a mile of the fort. The majority of these shells exploded in the air and went parapets with effect, and did great execution in the rear of the fort. At 10 A.M. the fire from the fort was considerably slackened, and at 2 o'clock only two or three guns were fired from the fort, and the fire from the fleet was also continued with little steadiness, every shell telling with terrible effect.

At 3 o'clock the gun in the water-battery, which had been the most annoying to our troops in the rifle-pits, shells, and only an occasional discharge was made from the fort, and the fire from the fleet ceased.

The effects of the bombardment are thus described by the same correspondent:

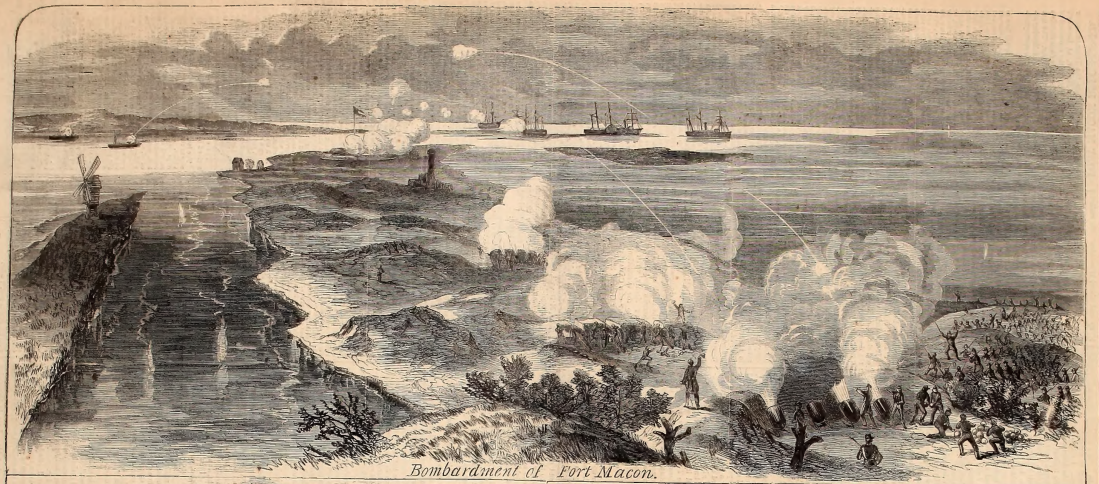
The inner walls and parade-ground of the fort bore witness to the terrific force of the shells which had exploded in the air, and the fragments of which fell in the fort with steps torn from their foundations; the water-house store and the officers' quarters were in a terrible condition, in fragments; and even the ends of upright bars of railroad iron were twisted and bent as though they had been but wire. In all, and the shells had been thrown into the fort, the effects were evidence of the visible effects of the iron storm. Dismounted guns were lying in every direction on the ground. The magazine were breached and placed up on end, and the shells and shot were scattered promiscuously among the garages; chimneys knocked flat, and gun-carriages and platforms broken to pieces. Of the guns originally mounting up the Spin were dismissed, and several dismounted by the fire from the fleet and shot fell in the fort, and about 190 shells burst in the inner fort.

Seven persons were killed at the guns and in the fort, and eighteen wounded, one mortally. One man had his leg cut off by the fragments of a shell while sitting on his bunk in the casemate. Another had his knee badly crushed by a piece of shell. Major Wilkin and Lieutenant Prusty, of the Rifles, were wounded.

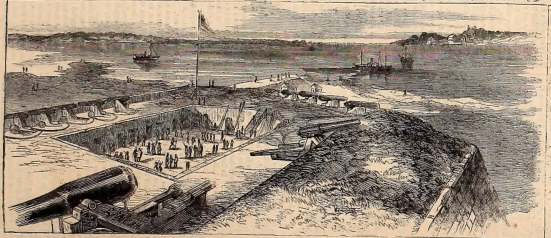
The rebels carried out in rough boxes at the Union troops' camp ground.

The garrison consisted of 450 men, 250 being effective.

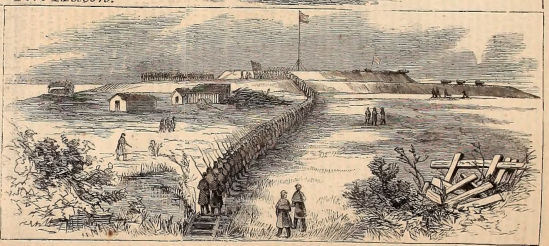
So our troops are repossessing, one by one, the forts belonging to the United States.



Bombardment of Fort Macon.



Fort Macon from the Upper Parapet.



The First Rhode Island Regiment entering Fort Macon.

FORT MACON REPOSSESSED.—Sketched by Mr. A. Waud.—[See Page 315.]



MRS. MAJOR BELLE REYNOLDS.—Photographed by Cole, of Peoria, Illinois.—[See Page 306.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "Dead Secret," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

On the next morning but one news was received from Mr. Pendril. The place of Michael Vanstone's residence on the Continent had been discovered. He was living at Zurich, and a letter had been dispatched to him at that place on the day when the information was obtained. In the course of the coming week an answer might be expected, and the purport of it should be communicated forthwith to the ladies at Combe-Raven.

Short as it was the interval of delay passed wearily. Ten days elapsed before the expected answer was received; and when it came at last it proved to be, strictly speaking, no answer at all. Mr. Pendril had been merely referred to an agent in London who was in possession of Michael Vanstone's instructions. Certain difficulties had been discovered in connection with those instructions, which had produced the necessity of once more writing to Zurich. And there "the negotiations" rested again for the present.

A second paragraph in Mr. Pendril's letter contained another piece of intelligence entirely new. Mr. Michael Vanstone's son (and only child), Mr. Noel Vanstone, had recently arrived in London, and was then staying in lodgings occupied by his cousin, Mr. George Bartram. Professional considerations had induced Mr. Pendril to pay a visit to the lodgings. He had been very kindly received by Mr. Bartram, but had been informed by that gentleman that his cousin was not then in a condition to see visitors. Mr. Noel Vanstone had been suffering for some years past from a wearing and obstinate malady; he had come to England expressly to obtain the best medical advice, and he still felt the fatigue of the journey so severely as to be confined to his bed. Under these circumstances, Mr. Pendril had no alternative but to take his leave. An interview with Mr. Noel Vanstone might have cleared up some of the difficulties in connection with his father's instructions. As events had turned out there was no help for it but to wait for a few days more.

The days passed, the empty days of solitude and suspense. At last a third letter from the lawyer announced the long-delayed conclusion of the correspondence. The final answer had been received from Zurich, and Mr. Pendril would personally communicate it, at Combe-Raven, on the afternoon of the next day.

That next day was Wednesday, the twelfth of August. The weather had changed in the night, and the sun rose watery through mist and cloud. By noon the sky was overcast at all points; the temperature was sensibly colder; and the rain poured down, straight and soft and steady, on the thirsty earth. Toward three o'clock Miss Garth and Norah entered the morning-room to await Mr. Pendril's arrival. They were joined shortly afterward by Magdalen. In half an hour more the familiar fall of the iron latch in the socket reached their ears from the fence beyond the shrubbery. Mr. Pendril and Mr. Clare advanced into view along the garden path, walking arm in arm through the rain, sheltered by the same umbrella. The lawyer bowed as they passed the windows: Mr. Clare walked straight on, deep in his own thoughts, noticing nothing.



After a delay which seemed interminable; after a weary scraping of wet feet on the hall mat; after a mysterious, muttered interchange of question and answer outside the door, the two came in—Mr. Clare leading the way. The old man walked straight up to the table without any preliminary greeting, and looked across it at the three women with a stern pity for them in his rugged, wrinkled face.

"Bad news," he said. "I am an enemy to all unnecessary suspense. Plainness is kindness in such a case as this. I mean to be kind; and I tell you plainly—bad news."

Mr. Pendril followed him. He shook hands, in silence, with Miss Garth and the two sisters, and took a seat near them. Mr. Clare placed himself apart on a chair by the window. The gray rainy light fell soft and sad on the faces of Norah and Magdalen, who sat together opposite to him. Miss Garth had placed herself a little behind them, in partial shadow; and the lawyer's quiet face was seen in profile, close beside her. So the four occupants of the room appeared to Mr. Clare, as he sat apart in his corner; his long claw-like fingers interlaced on his knee; his dark vigilant eyes fixed searchingly now on one face, now on another. The dripping rustle of the rain among the leaves, and the clear, ceaseless tick of the clock on the mantle-piece, made the minute of silence which followed the settling of the persons present in their places indescribably oppressive. It was a relief to every one when Mr. Pendril spoke.

"Mr. Clare has told you already," he began, "that I am the bearer of bad news. I am grieved to say, Miss Garth, that your doubts, when I last saw you, were better founded than my hopes. What that heartless elder brother was in his youth he is still in his old age. In all my unhappy experience of the worst side of human nature, I have never met with a man so utterly dead to every consideration of mercy as Michael Vanstone."

"Do you mean that he takes the whole of his brother's fortune, and makes no provision whatever for his brother's children?" asked Miss Garth.

"He offers a sum of money for present emergencies," replied Mr. Pendril, "so meanly and disgracefully insufficient that I am ashamed to mention it."

"And nothing for the future?"

"Absolutely nothing."

As that answer was given the same thought passed, at the same moment, through Miss Garth's mind and through Norah's. The decision which deprived both the sisters alike of the resources of fortune did not end there for the younger of the two. Michael Vanstone's merciless resolution had virtually pronounced the sentence which dismissed Frank to China, and which destroyed all present hope of Magdalen's marriage. As the words passed the lawyer's lips Miss Garth and Norah looked at Magdalen anxiously. Her face turned a shade paler, but not a feature of it moved; not a word escaped her. Norah, who held her sister's hand in her own, felt it tremble for a moment, and then turn cold—and that was all.

"Let me mention plainly what I have done," resumed Mr. Pendril; "I am very desirous you should not think that I have left any effort untried. When I wrote to Michael Vanstone, in the first instance, I did not confine myself to the usual formal statement. I put before him, plainly and earnestly, every one of the circumstances under which he has become possessed of his brother's fortune. When I received the answer, referring me to his written instructions to his lawyer in London—and when a copy of those instructions was placed in my hands—I positively declined, on becoming acquainted with them, to receive the writer's decision as final. I induced the solicitor on the other side to accord us a further term of delay; I attempted to see Mr. Noel Vanstone in London for the purpose of obtaining his intercession; and, failing in that, I myself wrote to his father for the second time. The answer referred me, in insolently curt terms, to the instructions already communicated; declared those instructions to be final; and declined any further correspondence with me. There is the beginning and the end of the negotiation. If I have overlooked any means of touching this heartless man, tell me, and those means shall be tried."

He looked at Norah. She pressed her sister's hand encouragingly, and answered for both of them.

"I speak for my sister as well as for myself," she said, with her color a little heightened, with her natural gentleness of manner just touched by a quiet, uncomplaining sadness. "You have done all that could be done, Mr. Pendril. We have tried to restrain ourselves from hoping too confidently; and we are deeply grateful for your kindness, at a time when kindness is sorely needed by both of us."

Magdalen's hand returned the pressure of her sister's—withdrew itself—trifled for a moment impatiently with the arrangement of her dress—then suddenly moved the chair closer to the table. Leaning one arm on it (with the hand fast clenched), she looked across at Mr. Pendril. Her face, always remarkable for its want of color, was now startling to contemplate in its blank, bloodless pallor. But the light in her large gray eyes was bright and steady as ever; and her voice, though low in tone, was clear and resolute in accent as she addressed the lawyer in these terms:

"I understood you to say, Mr. Pendril, that my father's brother had sent his written orders to London, and that you had a copy. Have you preserved it?"

"Certainly."

"Have you got it about you?"

"I have."

"May I see it?"

Mr. Pendril hesitated and looked uneasily from Magdalen to Miss Garth, and from Miss Garth back again to Magdalen.

"Pray oblige me by not pressing your request," he said. "It is surely enough that you know the result of the instructions. Why should you agitate yourself to no purpose by reading them? They are expressed so cruelly; they show such abominable want of feeling, that I



"'READY?' HE ASKED, STOPPING SHORT AFTER A WHILE."

really can not prevail upon myself to let you see them."

"I am sensible of your kindness, Mr. Pendril, in wishing to spare me pain. But I can bear pain; I promise to distress nobody. Will you excuse me if I repeat my request?"

She held out her hand—the soft, white, virgin hand that had touched nothing to soil it or hurt it yet.

"Oh, Magdalen, think again!" said Norah.

"You distress Mr. Pendril," said Miss Garth; "you distress us all."

"There can be no end gained," pleaded the lawyer—"forgive me for saying so—there can really be no useful end gained by my showing you the instructions."

("Fool!" said Mr. Clare to himself. "Have they no eyes to see that she means to have her own way?")

"Something tells me there is an end to be gained," persisted Magdalen. "It is a conviction to a very strong one. It is more serious to me"—She looked round at Mr. Clare, who was closely watching her, and instantly looked back again, with the first outward betrayal of emotion which had escaped her yet. "It is more serious to me," she resumed, "for private reasons, than it is to my sister. I know nothing yet but that my father's brother has taken our fortunes from us. He must have some motives of his own for such conduct as that. The motives of his own for such conduct as that. The motives of his own for such conduct as that. The motives concealed. He has deliberately robbed Norah, and robbed me; and I think we have a right, if we wish it, to know why."

"I don't wish it," said Norah.

"I do," said Magdalen; and once more she held out her hand.

At this word Mr. Clare roused himself and interfered for the first time.

"You have relieved your conscience," he said, addressing the lawyer. "Give her the right she claims. It is her right—if she will have it."

Mr. Pendril quickly took the necessary instructions from his pocket. "I have warned you," he said, and handed the papers across the table without another word. Not a line of writing was folded down at the corner, and at the folded page the manuscript opened of itself. Magdalen first turned the leaves. "Is this the place which refers to my sister and myself?" she inquired. Mr. Pendril bowed. Magdalen smoothed out the manuscript before her on the table.

"Will you decide, Norah?" she asked, turning to her sister. "Shall I read this aloud, or shall I read it to myself?"

"To yourself," said Miss Garth, answering for Norah, who looked at her in mute perplexity and distress.

"I shall be as you wish," said Magdalen. With that reply she turned again to the manuscript, and read these lines:

"——You are now in possession of my wishes in relation to the property in money, and to all the real estate, carriages, horses, and so forth. The last point left on which it is necessary for me to address myself is to the persons inhabiting the house, and to certain prospective claims which will call on me by a solicitor's application for gifts, who has no doubt interested reasons of his own for making application to me.

"I understand that my late brother has left two illegitimate children, both of them young women, and both of an age to earn their own livelihood. Various considerations, all equally irregular, have been urged on me by those persons by the solicitor representing them, that the good act to let this matter continue undisturbed, and not to do with questions of mere conscience, what the motives are plainly, for his own profit, he himself has suggested to me, which regulate my action. Such considerations I have hitherto resolutely refused to entertain, and I am fortified in making for the two young women. Your instructions on both these points you will find detailed in the next paragraph.

"I wish the persons concerned to know, once for all, how I regard the circumstances which have placed my late brother's property at my disposal. Let them understand that I consider those circumstances to be a Providential Interposition, which has used my brother as the instrument that ought always to have been mine. I receive the money, not only as my right, but as a proper reparation for many of the injuries which I suffered from my father, and a property actually paid by my brother himself. His intrigue by which he succeeded in disinheriting me, his conduct with regard to my marriage, his utterly objectionable and unjustifiable behavior to me in all the relations of my life, are the principal causes of the poverty and suffering of his own legal representative after the time when I ceased to hold any connection with him. He appears to have systematically imposed a wrong on me, and on his wife as well as on his wife, and to have completed the outrage on mortality by afterward meeting me in a public conflict in which he called down a judgment on himself and his children. I will not invoke further punishment on my host by maintaining my claim to continue the imposition which their private proceeded, and by holding them to a place in the world to which they are not entitled. Let them, as becomes their birth, quit their present habitation. If they will not do so, let them depend to accept it on proper position, if not, let them be left unthought of by me. I will not take back them to start virtuously in the knowledge of the world and proud pends each. This end, I acknowledge, is attainable by the means which I propose, with the necessary acknowledgment of respect; but on the express understanding that the transaction, as completed, is to be the beginning and the end of my connection with them. The correspondence under which they quit the house I leave to your discretion, and to the sense of what is my duty toward my sister, so on all other matters, is positive and final."

Line by line—without once looking up from the pages before her—Magdalen read those atrocious sentences through, from beginning to end. The other persons assembled in the room, all eagerly looking at her together, saw the dress rising and falling faster and faster over her bosom—saw the hand in which she held the loose manuscript at the outset close unconsciously on the paper until it was in the shortest possible space of manner to the end—but detected no other outward signs of what was passing within her. As soon as she had done she silently pushed the manuscript away, and put her hands on a sudden over her face. When she withdrew them all the four persons in the room noticed a change in her. Something in her expression had altered, subtly and silently; something which made the familiar features suddenly look strange, even to her sister and Miss Garth; something foreign to all the prayers, never to be forgotten in connection with that day—and never to be described.

The first words she spoke were addressed to Mr. Pendril.

"May I ask one more favor," she said, "before you enter on your business arrangements?"

Mr. Pendril replied ceremoniously by a gesture of assent. Magdalen's resolution to possess herself of the Instructions did not appear to have produced a favorable impression on the lawyer's mind.

"You mentioned what you were so kind as to do in our interests when you first wrote to Mr. Michael Vanstone," she continued. "You said you had told him all the circumstances. I want—if you will allow me—to be made quite sure of what he really knows about us when he sent these orders to his lawyer. Did he know that my father had robbed us, and that he had left our fortunes to my sister and myself?"

"He did know it," said Mr. Pendril.

"Did you tell him how it happened that we are left in this helpless position?"

"I told him that your father was entirely unaware, when he married, of the necessity for making another will."

"And that another will would have been made, after he saw Mr. Clare, but for the dreadful misfortune of his death?"

"He knew that also."

"Did he know that my father's untiring goodness and kindness to both of us?"

Her voice faltered for the first time: she sighed, and put her hand to her head again. Norah spoke entreatingly to her; Mr. Clare sat silent, watching her with close and anxious eyes. She answered her sister's remonstrance with a faint smile. "I will keep my promise," she said.

"I will directly." With that reply she turned again to Mr. Pendril, and steadily reiterated the question—but in another form of words.

"Did Mr. Michael Vanstone know, in his father's great anger, that he was to make sure of providing for my sister and myself?"

"He knew it," said the lawyer's own words. I had him as extract from your father's last letter to me."

"He knew it which asked you to come for God's sake, and relieve him from the dreadful thought that his daughters were unprovided for? The letter which I have left out rest in his grave if he left us disinherited?"

"That letter was destroyed."

She paused, still keeping her eyes steadily fixed on the lawyer's face.

"I want to direct it all in my mind," she said, "before I go on. Mr. Michael Vanstone knew of the letter. He knew what provision of the making of the second will; he knew of the letter, and he read the words. What did he know of Norah and me? All of us left at my mother's last illness? Did you say that her share in the money was left entirely in my care as if she had been lifted her dying hand in your presence? Did you try to make him ashamed of the cruel law of Inheritance which left all to an Institution Nobody's Children, and which allows him to use us as he is using us now?"

"I put all those considerations to him. I left none of them doubtful; I left none of them out."

She slowly reached her hand to the copy of the Instructions, and slowly folded it up again in the shape in which it had been presented to her. "I am much obliged to you, Mr. Pendril," she said, quietly. Her hand and gently pushed the manuscript back across the table; then turned to her sister.

"Norah, I think," if we both of us live to grow old, and if you ever forget all that we owe to Michael Vanstone—come to me and I will remind you."

She rose and walked across the room by herself to the window. She would have resented that unscrupulous intrusion on her thoughts from any man alive but Frank's father. She stopped for a moment at the place, and taken it, and let her go on to the window. "No," she said, to herself, in those extreme, what ever else it may be. So much the worse for her, and for all belonging to her."

She looked out into the garden. Once more the dripping rustle of the rain and the steady sweep of the wind filled the air with their sound. Mr. Pendril put the Instructions back in his pocket, consulted a little, and, turning toward Mr. Clare, spoke to him. The words referred to the present and pressing necessities of the time.

"Our consultation has been needlessly prolonged," he said, "by painful references to the past. We shall be better employed in settling our arrangements for the future. I am obliged to return to town this evening. Pray let me hear from you when you have come to tell me what trouble and what responsibility I can take off your hands."

For the moment neither Norah nor Miss Garth seemed to be capable of answering him. Magdalen's resolute conduct in the matter of making the marriage prospect that her father's own lips had placed before her not a month since had bewildered and dismayed them alike. They had summoned their courage to meet the shock of her passionate grief, or to face the harder trial of witnessing her speechless despair. But they were unprepared for the calm which had consented to read the Instructions; for the terrible questions which she had put to the lawyer; for her unwonted self-possession, and for the circumstances was in her mind under which Michael Vanstone's decision had been pronounced. There she stood at the window, an unfathomable mystery to the sister who had never been parted from her, to the governess who had trained her from the time when Miss Garth remembered the dark doubts which had crossed her mind on the day when she and Magdalen had met in the garden. Norah looked forward to the coming time with the first serious dread of it on her mind—a dread which she had felt yet. Both had hitherto remained passive, in despair of knowing what to do. Both were now silent, in despair of knowing what to say.

Mr. Pendril patiently and kindly helped them by returning to the subject of their future plans for the second time.

"I am sorry to press any business matters on your attention," he said, "when you are necessarily unfitted to deal with them. But I must take my instructions for my London with the night. With reference, in the first place, to the disgraceful conduct of your father, I have already alluded. The younger Miss Vanstone having read the Instructions, needs no further information than they give. The eldest will, I hope, excuse me if I tell her (what I should be ashamed to say to her but that it is a matter of necessity) that Mr. Michael Vanstone's provision for his brother's children begins and ends with an offer to each of them of two hundred pounds."

Norah's face expressed with indignation. She started to her feet, as if Michael Vanstone had been present in the room and had personally insulted her.

"I see," said the lawyer, wishing to spare her, "I may tell Mr. Michael Vanstone you refuse his money."

"Tell him," she broke out, passionately, "if I was once driven by the roadside I wouldn't touch a farthing of it!"

Shall I notify your refusal also?" asked Mr. Pendril, addressing Miss Magdalen next.

She turned round from the window, but kept her face in shadow by standing close against it with her hand on the sash.

"Tell him, on my part," she said, "to think again before he puts me in life with a hundred pounds. I will give him time to think." She spoke those strange words with a marked emphasis, and then went back quickly to the window and hid her face from the observation of every one in the room.

"You both refuse the offer," said Mr. Pendril, taking out his pencil and making his professional note in the memorandum book. As he shut up his pocket book he glanced toward Magdalen doubtfully, as if he was not sure whether she had heard which. She had roused in him a new and unexpected nature: he had his suspicions of her looks; he had his suspicions of her language. Norah interested him even more influence over her than Miss Garth. He resolved to speak privately to her sister before he went away.

While the idea was passing through his mind his attention was claimed by another question from Magdalen.

"Is he an old man?" she asked, suddenly, without turning round from the window.

"If you mean Mr. Michael Vanstone, he is sixty-two years of age," answered the lawyer.

"You spoke of his son a little while since. Has he any other sons or daughters?"

"None."

"Do you know any thing of his wife?"

"She has been dead for many years."

"There was a son—Why do you ask these questions?" said Norah.

"I beg your pardon," replied Magdalen, quietly; "I won't ask any more."

For the third time Mr. Pendril returned to the business of his visit.

"The servants must not be forgotten," he said. "They must be paid their wages in advance: I will give them the necessary explanation before I leave. As for the house, no questions concerning it need trouble you. The furniture, and the horses, the furniture and plate, and so on, must simply be left to the persons to await Mr. Michael Vanstone's further orders. But any possessions, Miss Vanstone, personally belonging to you or to your sister—your jewelry, dresses, and any little presents which may have been made to you recently at your own discretion—With regard to the time of your departure, I understand that a month or more will elapse before Mr. Michael Vanstone returns to Zurich; and I am sure I only do his solicitor justice in saying—"

"Stop, sir," said Mr. Pendril, "interposed Norah; "I think I understand, from what you have just said, that we are to keep every thing to belongs to—?" She stopped, as if the mere utterance of the man's name was abhorrent to her.

"Mr. Michael Vanstone," said Mr. Pendril. "The house goes to him with the rest of the property."

"Then I, for one, am ready to leave it to-morrow!"

Magdalen started at the window as her sister spoke, and looked at Mr. Clare with the first open signs of anxiety and alarm which she had shown yet.

"Don't be angry with me," she whispered, secretly and hurriedly, in the midst of the agitation of look, and a sudden nervousness of manner. "I can't go without seeing Frank first!"

"You shall see him," replied Mr. Clare. "I am here to speak to you about it when the business is done."

"It is quite unnecessary to hurry your departure as you propose," continued Mr. Pendril, addressing Norah. "I can safely assure you that a week hence will be time enough."

"If that is Mr. Michael Vanstone's house," repeated Norah, "I can ready to leave it to-morrow."

Magdalen impatiently quitted her chair and seated herself further away on the sofa. As she laid her hand on the back of it her face changed. There, at the head of the sofa, were the cushions which had supported her mother when she lay down for the last time to repose. There, at the foot of the sofa, was the clumsy, old-fashioned arm-chair which had been her father's favorite seat on rainy days when she and her sister used to amuse him at the piano opposite by playing his favorite tunes. A heavy sigh, which she tried vainly to repress, burst from her lips. "Oh," she thought, "I had forgotten these old things! How shall we part from them the time comes!"

"May I inquire, Miss Vanstone, whether you and your sister have formed any definite plans for the future?" asked Mr. Pendril. "Have you thought of any place of residence?"

"I may take it on myself, Sir," said Miss Garth, "to answer never your sister's wish. When they leave this house they leave it with me. My home is their home, and my bread is their bread. Their parents have been my friends, and loved me. For twelve happy years they never had a thought apart that I was their governess, they only let me know myself as their companion and their friend. My memory of them is the memory of unvarying kindness and generosity, and my life shall pay the debt of my gratitude to their orphan children."

Norah threw herself into the sofa, Magdalen impetuously left the window. For once there was no comfort in the comfort of the friendless. For once the same impulse moved their hearts, the same earnest feeling inspired their words. Miss Garth waited until the first outbreak of emotion had passed away, then rose, and, taking Norah and her sister each by the hand, quietly dressed herself to Mr. Pendril and Mr. Clare. She spoke with perfect self-possession; strong in her active consciousness of the right of action.

"Even such a trifle as my own story," she said, "is of some importance at such a moment as this. I wish you both, gentlemen, to understand that I have not promised to be the instructors of your old friend than I can perform. When I first came to this house I entered it with the full determination to remain here as an not common in the lives of governesses. In my younger days I had known what it was to suffer as my elder sister: we established a school in London, which grew to be a large and prosperous one. I sold it with the unwillingness to leave experience because the heavy responsibility of the school was more than my strength could bear. I am in the receipt of a small annuity, and I possess a pecuniary interest in our establishment to this day. That is my story, Mr. Pendril. When we leave this house I propose that we shall go back to the school in London, which is now under the management of my sister. We can live there as quietly as we please until time has healed the wounds which are bleeding now, and then we can hear it now. If Norah's and Magdalen's altered prospects oblige them to earn their own livelihood, I shall be glad to have to earn it as a gentlemen's daughters should. The best families in this land are glad to ask my sister's advice in the interests of their children's home-training are concerned; and I answer beforehand for the success of the establishment of their claims whenever you please."

Without waiting for the lawyer's answer, without even looking at him, she turned to her own terrible situation, she moved at once toward the door. It was plain to every one that the only coming trial by doing much and saying little. Before she could leave the room Mr. Clare followed her, and detained her for a moment.

"I never envied a woman's feelings before," said the old man. "I envy you now for the letter; but I envy yours. Visit! I have something more to say. There is an obstacle still left—the obstacle of Frank's father. I have not yet seen him. Shall I see him, or will you leave the elder sister along with you and the lawyer, and leave me here to wait and see with his poor old friend?"

While Mr. Clare was addressing these words to Miss Garth Mr. Pendril had taken the opportunity of speaking to Norah. "Before I speak to you," he said, "I should like to have a word with you in private. From what his sister has told me, Miss Vanstone is very much influenced by your discretion; and, as an old friend of your father's, I want to take the liberty of speaking to you in confidence."

Before Norah could answer she was summoned, in compliance with Mr. Clare's request, to the conference with the servants. Mr. Pendril followed Miss Garth as a matter of course. When the door closed on them Mr. Clare, who re-entered the room, closed the door, and signed peremptorily to Magdalen to take a chair.

She obeyed in silence. He took a turn up and down the room with his hands in the side pockets of the long, loose, shapeless coat which he habitually wore.

"How old are you?" he said, stopping suddenly, and speaking to her with the whole breadth of the room between them.

"I was born on my birthday," she answered, humbly, without looking up at him.

"You have shown extraordinary courage for a girl of eighteen. Have you got any of that courage left?"

She clasped her hands together and wrung them hard. A few tears gathered in her eyes and rolled slowly over her cheeks.

"I can't give up Frank," she said, faintly. "You don't care for me, I know; but you used to care for my father. Will you try to be kind to me for my father's sake?"

The last words died away in a whisper; she could say no more. Never had she felt the illimitable power which a woman's love possesses of sacrificing itself to the object it loves, even at their joy or sorrow of her life, as she felt it then. Never had she felt more passionate pain than at the moment. Never had the impenetrable atmosphere of illusion through which women behold the man of their choice—the atmosphere which had blinded her to all that was selfish, selfish, and mean in Frank's nature—surrounded him with a brighter halo than now, when she was pleading with the idol for the happiness of his own. "Oh, don't ask me to give him up!" she said, trying to take courage, and thankful to from head to foot. In the next instant she flew to the opposite extreme, with the suddenness of a flash of lightning. "I won't give him up!" she burst out violently. "No! not if a thousand fathers ask me!"

"I am one father," said Mr. Clare. "And I don't ask you."

In the first astonishment and delight of hearing those unexpected words she started to her feet, crossed the room, and tried to throw her arms round his neck. She just missed it, and attempted to move the house from its foundations. He took her by the shoulders and put her back in her chair. His inexorable eyes looked her into submission; and his lean forefinger shook at her warningly, as Dr Syntax during a fractious child.

"Hug Frank," he said; "don't hug me. I haven't done with you yet: when I have, you may shake hands with me, if you like. Wait, and compose yourself."

He left her. His hands went back into his pockets, and his monotonous march up and down the room began again.

"Ready?" he asked, stopping short after a while. She looked up at him. "Ready with one more," he said, and resumed his walk with the regularity of clock-work. "These are the creatures," he thought to himself, "into which keeping men, otherwise sensible, give the happiness of their lives. In my own house, keeping my creation, I wonder, which answers its end as badly as a woman does?"

He stopped before her once more. Her breathing was easier; the dark flush on her face was dying out again.

"Ready?" he repeated. "Yes; ready at last. Listen to me; and let's get it over. I don't ask you to give Frank up. I ask you to wait."

"I will wait," she said. "Patiently, willingly."

"Will you make Frank wait?"

"Yes."

"Will you send him to China?"

Her head drooped on her bosom, and she clasped her hands again in silence. Mr. Clare saw where the difficulty lay, and went straight up to it on the spot.

"I don't pretend to enter into your feelings for Frank, or Frank's for you," he said. "The subject doesn't interest me. But I *do* pretend to state two plain truths. The one plain truth that you can't be married till you have money enough to pay for the roof that shelters you, the clothes that cover you, and the victuals you eat. It is another plain truth that you can't find the money; that I can't find the money; and that Frank's only chance of finding it is going to China. If I tell him to go, he'll sit in a corner and cry. If I insist, he'll say yes, and stay with me. If I go a step further, and see him on board ship with my own eyes, he'll drop off at the pilot's boat, and sneak back secretly to you. That's his disposition."

"No!" said Magdalen. "It's not his disposition; it's his love for Me."

"Call it what you like," retorted Mr. Clare, "Sneak, or Sweet-heart—he's too slippery, in either capacity, for my fingers to hold him. My shutting the door won't keep him from coming back. Your shutting the door will. Have you the courage to shut it? Are you fond enough of him not to stand in his light?"

"Fond! I would die for him!"

"Will you send him to China?"

She sighed bitterly.

"Have a little pity for me," she said. "I have lost my father: I am lost to my mother; I have lost my fortune—and now I am to lose Frank. Oh, don't do it unless you must! Try to help me with a little pity. I don't say it's not for his own interests to send him to China; I only say it's hard—very hard—for me, sir."

Mr. Clare had been deaf to her violence, insensible to her caresses. Had he been moved by her tears? He was not. He was only sorry for Frank's sake. Frank's interests, what Frank is too weak to do for himself. It's no fault of mine—it's no fault of Frank's; but it's not the less true that the fortune you were to have brought him has changed owners."

She suddenly looked up, with a flerce light in her eyes, with a threatening smile on her lips.

"It may change owners again," she said.

Mr. Clare saw the alteration in her expression, and heard the tones of her voice. But the words were spoken low—spoken as if to herself: they failed to reach him across the breadth of the room. He stopped instantly in his walk, and asked what she had said.

"Nothing," she answered, turning her head away toward the window and looking out mechanically at the falling rain. "Only my own thoughts."

Mr. Clare resumed his walk, and returned to his subject.

"It's your interest," he went on, "as well as Frank's interest, that he should go. He may make money enough to marry you in China; he can't make it here. If he stays at home, he'll be the ruin of both of you. He'll shut his eyes to every consideration of prudence, and pester you to marry him; and when he has carried his point, he will be the first to turn round after. Send and accompany him, or I'll send with him. Hear me out! You're in love with Frank; I'm sure, and I know him. Put you two together often enough; give him time enough to hang, cry, pester, and plead, and I'll tell you what the end will be—you will marry him."

He had touched the right string at last. It rang back in answer before he could add another word.

"You don't know me," she said, firmly. "You don't know what I can suffer for the man I love. He shall never marry me till I can be what my father said I should be—the making of his fortune. He shall never, as Mr. Clare says he will, be a promise you that! I'll be the good angel of Frank's life; I'll not put a pennikin's cost in him and drag him down." She abruptly left her seat, advanced a few steps toward Mr. Clare, and stopped in the middle of the room. Her arms fell helpless on either side of her, and she looked him steadily in the face. "Listen to me," she said. "If my heart breaks in doing it, I'll tell him to-morrow that we must say Good-by!"

Mr. Clare walked up to her to meet her, and held out his hand.

"I'll help you," he said. "Frank shall hear every word that has passed between us. When he comes to-morrow he shall know beforehand what the course of your duty is."

She took his hand in both her own—hesitated—looked at him—and pressed it to her bosom. "May I ask you to do me a favor, sir?" she said, timidly. He tried to take his hand from her; but she knew her own power, and held it fast. "Suppose there should be some change for the better?" she went on. "Suppose I could come to Frank, as I have said, and tell him prior to him—?"

Before she could complete the question Mr. Clare made a second effort, and withdrew his hand. "As your father said you should come to him?" he completed the sentence for her.

"Yes," she replied. "Strange things happen sometimes. If strange things happen to us, will you let Frank come back before the five years are out?"

What did she mean? Was she clinging desperately to the hope of melting Michael Vanstone's heart? Mr. Clare could draw no other conclusion from what she had just said to him. At the beginning of the interview he would have roughly dispelled her delusion; at the end of the interview he left her compassionately in possession of it.

"You are hoping against all hope," he said. "But if it gives you courage, hope on. If this impossible good fortune of yours ever happens, tell me, and Frank shall come back. In the mean time—"

In the mean time," she interposed, sadly, "you have my promise."

Once more Mr. Clare's sharp eyes searched her face attentively.

"I will trust your promise," he said. "You can trust Frank to-morrow."

She went back thoughtfully to her chair, and sat down again in silence. Mr. Clare made for the door finally, and left her to her reckoning the pass between them. "Deep!" he thought to himself as he went back at last to leave his rest out: "only eighteen—and too deep for my sounding!"

In the hall he found Norah, waiting anxiously to hear what had happened.

"Is it all over?" she asked. "Does Frank go to China?"

"Be careful how you manage that sister of yours, Norah," was the only answering question. "She has one great misfortune to contend with: she's not made for the ordinary jog-trot of the world. If she can't go up I can't go straight to the end of the good or the evil in her —I only warn you her future will be no common one."

An hour later Mr. Pendril left the house, and by that night's post Miss Garth dispatched a letter to her sister in London.

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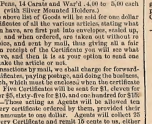
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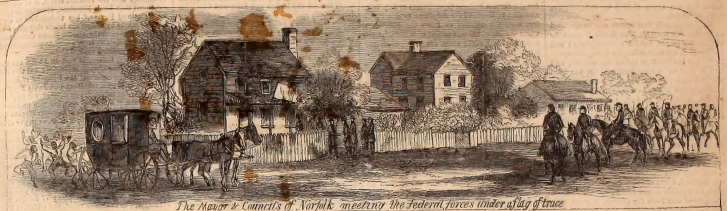
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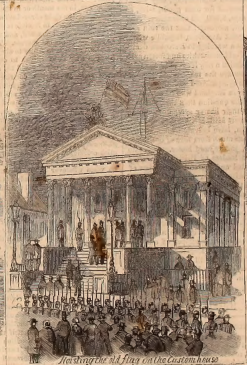
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Burning of the Gosport Navy Yard

THE REOCCUPATION OF NORFOLK BY THE UNION FORCES, UNDER GENERAL WOOL, MAY 10, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE ENGLISH.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1862.

MR. GLADSTONE, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, has lately attempted, in a public speech, to show that the contempt which the course of the English with regard to this country has aroused among liberal people of all nations is unjust and unmerited. He admits that Great Britain has sympathized with the Southern rebels. This he justifies, first, on the ground once taken by Earl Russell, that the North is contending for power, the South for independence; and secondly, because it would have been impolitic for England to have made enemies of 8,000,000 Southerners (whereof 4,000,000 are negro slaves) by sympathizing with the North.

Mr. Gladstone's first reason can be disposed of in very few words. The North *is* not contending for power, but for national unity; and the South is not contending for independence—for it was independent before the contest, and will be just as independent after it has been whipped back into the Union. Southern independence has never been imperiled for a moment. There is, in fact, no such thing as *Northern* or *Southern* independence. The whole Union is alike independent. Mr. Gladstone is evidently confounding the case of the Southern rebellion with that of other rebellions in which his interest has been more direct. When the people of Bengal and the Northwestern Provinces of British India rebelled against England in 1857 they were contending for their independence and England, when she sent armies to put them down, to desolate towns and villages, and blow prisoners of war from the mouths of guns, was really contending for power. According to Mr Gladstone's argument, the civilized world should have sympathized with Nena Sahib.

As to the shop-keepers' argument, that England could not afford to quarrel with 8,000,000 future customers, that is no concern of ours. We would have no right to complain if John Bull chose to toady to the King of Dahomey in order to sell him Birmingham knives or to win his people's threats. But, in effect, the mean fear of offending the South has led the English into a course which has disgusted liberal men of both alike. The present generation of Southerners will never forgive England for having declined to break the blockade; and at the end, then the anti-English feeling was never so universal. In trying to curry favor with 8,000,000 of our people, the English have made enemies of 30,000,000. It is very sad, and we heartily wish it were otherwise; but the fact is, that there is probably no other point on which so many Americans are thoroughly agreed at the present moment as in cordial hatred of the English.

Mr. Gladstone's speech leads us to believe that it is hardly necessary to explain why this feeling exists. The British conscience admits its justice. When the sword was forced into our hands by the madness of the Southern rebels, we had every reason to believe that, of all foreign nations, England would be most ready to sympathize with us in our troubles. We were her best customers and closest ally. We were connected with national ties by an institution of which she was the uncompromising foe. It was evident that our cause would fatally weaken, as our failure would mightily strengthen slavery. And England was the leading anti-slavery power in the world. The best feeling existed between the two nations; the Prince of Wales had just received, in this country, an ovation as brilliant as that which was granted to Kossuth nearly thirty years ago—the only place which contributed an exception to the general rule of civility and respect being the rebel capital, Washington.

Yet when the war actually broke out, England did every thing she could do to assist the rebels short of actually declaring war upon us. With indecent haste she recognized the Confederate States as belligerents the very day before Mr. Lincoln arrived in England. Her newspapers, great and small, with a few bright exceptions, elaborately decried us and taunted the rebel cause. They decided our every movement at our navy, strove vigorously to break down our credit; while, in the same breath, they lauded the rebels, talked of the valor of their soldiers, the sagacity of their leaders, and the utter impossibility of subjugating such a people. From time to time, shrieking hawks of war uttered apologies for slavery. Nor was this sort of thing confined to the press. Lord John Russell, Foreign Secretary, gravely implied a sympathy in the eyes of the world by announcing that we were fighting for power against the poor Southerners, who were struggling for freedom; comparing us, as it were, to Austria, and the rebels to Hungary. Lord Palmerston, Prime Minister, hoped that we would see the folly of our policy, and submit to what Jeff Davis wanted. Lord Stanley, Cabinet Minister, deemed our enterprise utterly hopeless. Mr. Gladstone, Cabinet Minister, justifies England's sympathy with the rebels. As in word, so in deed. The French press have well depicted, in the contemptuous language it deserved, the fiery haste with which England tried to force us into a war on the *Trent* affair—at a time when our every nerve was strained to keep the rebels in check; and the savage fury with which the British rulers and most of the people learned that their efforts had escaped them—when Mason and Slidell were released. But for the aid afforded by British officials, privateering would have died out by mid-summer 1861. But the British port of Nassau in the Bahamas, within sight of the privateer *Nashville*, laden with the spoil of our merchant ships which she had burned; British and French states agreed by a joint declaration to the channel; the British port of Gibraltar gave refuge to the privateer *Sumter*; the British port of the Cape of Good Hope, and almost all the British islands, Bermuda and Bahama, have been nests of privateers ever since the war began. British flags and British registers have been at the service of the rebels whenever they were needed. So with arms. Belgian arms, bought for the Federal Government at Liege, were sent to England for shipment to this country, were not allowed to leave the kingdom; while the *Bavaria* was armed with British cannon, British Enfield rifles are taken from the rebels in every battle; and every rebel fort contains more cannon from England, and shipped to the South since the war broke out. Whatever support, moral or material, the enemy has received from the British nation, and which is not actually declaring war upon us, has been freely rendered to Jeff Davis and his allies.

Lord Lindsay, who visited this country long since, argued that it was unreasonable to charge England with rebel sympathies, as she had no interest in the success of either party. He was right, but his countrymen didn't see it. They have thought all along they had a deep interest in the dissolution of the Union, and, subject to the feeble, jarring republics, which would have no weight whatever in the family of nations. They have thought that the successful establishment of the Southern Confederacy, they would obtain an open market for their goods, with, as Mr. Gladstone says, 8,000,000 customers. But they have thought, moreover, that the ruin and collapse of the great American Republic would prove to people everywhere, to European democrats, that Old World monarchies and rotten aristocracies would derive a new lease of power from this event. Such, we believe, was the way the English people have sympathized with the rebels.

There are men in England who have taken a broader view of the matter, and who, at all times, have granted us their hearty sympathy. John Bright, John Stuart Mill, Mr. Forster, and others prominent in the Liberal ranks, battle on our behalf; not so much from love of us as from regard for truth, justice, and honor. But who are they? The Manchester School—democracy—as heartily hated and feared by the rulers of England as ourselves; men who argue that no one is born with a right to a title, a seat in the legislator, and who, consequently, are traduced and scorned by the leading British journals, and have no more influence over the British government than so many Chocktaws.

If these men were in power in England, there might be a hope of reaching the hearts of the people of that people. But for aristocratic England the present generation of Americans will go down to their graves bitter. Our deeds in 1861 have been forgotten or forgiven.

THE LOUNGER.

GLADSTONE UPON THE WAR.

MR. GLADSTONE is one of the most brilliant, accomplished, and humane of English statesmen. He is a sincere scholar, an eloquent orator, and a successful man of affairs. He offers a series of "budgets" to English squires and three volumes on Homer to English scholars with an equally enthusiastic welcome. In the Church a Tory, in the State a Conservative, and in Politics, he is a man of many sympathies, and as good a representative Englishman as the times furnish.

Mr. Gladstone has lately made a speech at Manchester about American affairs. It is not a studied speech, as Burke's was; nor is it a short speech, like Gregory's and the other allies of Slavery in the British Parliament; nor a consciously false and malignant speech, as the *London Times* and the *Times* are; but it is a curiously-mistaken speech, and in three sentences he has overthrown the theories of intelligent Englishmen, as they understand the American question. John Stuart Mill, John Bright, and Mr. Forster are the champions there who have shown that knowledge of our political history and system without which all opinion is visionary. Nor do we suppose that Mr. Gladstone are ignorant; but we may justly wonder that, being so, he should say what he has said. Nor, again, shall we affect indifference to what such men as Gladstone say. Nations, like individuals, can not dispense with sympathy or intelligent appreciation, and may properly desire that their motives and their conduct should be understood.

Mr. Gladstone says that our expectation of sympathy was extraordinary. But why? If, as he says in the same part of his speech, England would have been content to see us expand—and if, as we all know, the essential cause of both nations is the same, namely, constitutional liberty—why is it strange that we should look to the nation in this paper a year ago, that England would see that her interest in this country lay in the success of the Government? His answer is, that to have expressed sympathy would have alienated the six or ten millions of men who might become an independent people. But if this were the question, why should England have alienated twenty millions who were already an independent people? Granting that the rebels succeeded, Mr. Gladstone did not doubt that we at the North were to remain a separate power, and therefore he must allow that England considered the friendship of the rebel nation more valuable; in which case the theory of impartiality falls, and John Bull, cotton-spinner, stands clearly unmasked.

To suppose, which is his only alternative, that the United States would have to have resorted to proclamation of equal belligerence, is to assume that the British people would not have resented the recognition by Smith O'Brien's emissary of Nena Sahib's actual revolt against British rule. However, Mr. Gladstone knows, and probably better than he, that there was no serious chance of the rebels becoming an independent people if all nations friendly to the United States had refused to recruit as powers friendly to great Britain have always treated the Indian and Irish and Canadian troubles.

Mr. Gladstone's sneer at the possibility, or as he thinks, probability of a revolt against the rebels, leaving slavery untouched, is to be excused by his ignorance of the real feeling of the great mass of the citizens of this country when he satirically compares with the mass of English people, and of a philosophical mind he observes of the people of certain newspapers professedly loyal—by the way, Mr. Gladstone names Mr. Bellingham, Salisbury, Powell, and Bayard in Congress—that with the votes and words of Union men like Garrett Davis, Crittenden, and Bayard.

He proceeds to repeat Lord John's platitude that one side is fighting for supremacy and the other for independence, as if the latter was Gladstone's principle can make it less a platitude. For is it not the fact that the Southern rebels authority over their own state itself, and the recounts to overthrow it? There can be no doubt of the fact, the question lies in the right. Has a citizen a right to take up arms to destroy a government against which they allege no grievances? Is that a right which any people possess? For the American principle is not, and never was, in the mouth or in the pen of any proper exponent, the right of revolution. It is the right of man, and resort to forcible revolution only when that right is threatened, and when there is and can be no peaceable redress. The right of any number of people to refuse to obey the laws merely because they choose to obey them is not, never was, and never could be, an American any more than an English doctrine. It belies the genius of the race, and contradicts its constitution. The rebels in this country are fighting for independence and for secession. If they succeed in admission, never oppressed them, which they have always controlled, and which provided peaceable remedies for redress. On what grounds, therefore, Mr. Gladstone, a civilized, Christian, educated Englishman, sympathize with the people of one of the English colonies in 1776, who stated their grievances, and appealed and petitioned for redress—who had by voice in the Government, in Parliament, as they had no Constitutional remedy? Gregory, Lindsay, Ferguson, Roebuck, the Duke of Newcastle, and Lord Mason, Yancey, and W. H. Russell, L.L.D., Barrister-at-Law, may say such things, but Mr. Gladstone is of another class.

He adds, that we may conquer but can not conquer peace. That is the only really wish to go they will go—and he falls back upon the analogy of the Revolution. The prophecy, of course, is to be proved by the analogy. But the analogy of the Government of United States representing a rebellion within its borders can not successfully be compared with that of Great Britain attempting to subdue colonies three thousand miles away.

Finally, Mr. Gladstone declares that history will record that civilized nations never before endured so grievously the real misery occasioned by the civil war and the quarrel of another state. And yet he does not the event show that if those nations had originally had the power they would have crushed insurrection which we knew it and represented it to be. It would have been suppressed long before that misery became real. The rebellion was born, not in the hope of foreign aid—a hope justified by the insolent boast of English and other foreign states to recognize the rebels as belligerents.

The spring of this year will reveal to those states their fatal mistake. A great war, as Mr. Gladstone says, as death-stricken, because they wished us dead. They hated the political principle, for its triumph was their defeat. They feared the aspiring nation; for united America was the arbiter of the world. The rebellion and war in the South—the cotton supply should be endangered, and the state should create trouble at home. Therefore they did all they could, short of aiding the rebels with arms, to force their success, to divide the Union, and to destroy the Republic. And the delay which they interpreted as defeat was the necessary recoil for the decisive blow. To overthrow they saw at Bull Run was the fall of Lucifer, never to rise ground. At Fort Royal, at Mill Spring, Fort Henry, Donelson, Roanoke Island, Pea Ridge, Newbern, Winchester, Fittsburg Landing, Pittsburg, Island No. 10, Macon, Yorktown, Williamsburg—and, probably before these lines appear in print, at Richmond—we see that Antæus has risen again invincible.

Great Britain has thrown away forever the friendship of this country, and Mr. Gladstone and the English Cabinet are directly responsible for it. The year convicts them of incompetent statesmanship; and in his effort to apologize and explain the adroitest orator in England becomes dull, stammers, and the pitiful weakness, jealousy, and rage of Britain stand hideously exposed.

GUESSING.

THE visit of the French Minister to Richmond is an old story. But at the moment its meaning is not revealed. That every body should have a guess about it was most natural. But that the most humiliating of all conceivable interpretations should be put forth and gravely treated as possible by a loyal paper like the New York *Times* is significant and extraordinary. And as it is a story that may be revived in spirit or terms, it is worth while even now to look at its enormity.

The French Minister, according to the guess of the *Times*, went to Richmond by order of the Emperor to announce that the French and English world sees that their game is up, and that they must lay down their arms, nor attempt a guerrilla warfare. They can be assured that they will enjoy their honor and their existence as a free people. If Mr. Lincoln declines submission, he will be held to a faithful observance of the programme which may be appealed to Europe." He further informed them that "their country shall not be destroyed, that their industry shall not be overthrown," for the "consensus of civilized governments" does not approve of such barbarous extermination.

This is certainly the most remarkable sensation performance since the outbreak of the rebellion. Translated into the shortest terms, it is simply a statement that Louis Napoleon, affecting to speak for "civilized Europe," has undertaken to do our difficulties by telling the rebels that they must keep fighting until they have the power of independent action. But to suppose that, with a movement of suppressing a sanguinary rebellion of its citizens by means of an invading army, the people of the Government of the United States would tolerate an agent of any other Government in the world, which should say to it, "Your enterprise is a failure, it is suppose an absolute humiliation of the country, which is ready to fall at the most favorable moment, with all the sympathy of foreign Governments, was unable to effect, and which, at least, is not probable to be successful, will be the death agony and that sympathy is suppressed.

That the French Minister made no pretensions, should think that the national interest required no departure from the course he has already indicated, no interference of the French Emperor, is simply a ridiculous impertinence, as any interference of the Government with the Emperor's dealing with his own rebels would be. If the French Minister should think fit to change the policy, then the French Emperor's interference would be a matter of consideration. In either case it is utterly disrespectful to the Government of this country.

If the Emperor, or his Ministers, or any European King should at any time consider that our troubles constituted a dangerous crisis for the whole race to endure, they might take the risk of telling us that we are advised to put down the rebellion at our peril. That is intelligible. But nothing else. But no other interference which shall not be insulting to the Government in the power and spirit of dictation. The rebels in arms have by the law of their country forfeited their lives, if nothing more. Whatever power any King or Emperor may will not in all cases exact the utmost penalty," it is not for him to say that it is not necessary, because this Government will not be found less wise than the wisest, or less humane than the humanest. But the notion that we are to be deterred from this talk about saving the existence of the rebels "as a free people," and of holding this Government to fidelity to its promises, is the most disgusting and insolent tone of superiority upon the part of any power whatever which can be believed of any Government by the people of this country. Whoever gravely announces that it has been taken by Louis Napoleon, and the President and Secretary of State look serene in consequence, only shows what an extraordinary moral conception we have of the character of those gentlemen and of the honor of the nation.

But Louis Napoleon may have seen the sure defeat of the rebels, that he may have admitted the necessity of their subjugation, and that he may have instructed his Minister to ask permission of our Government to go to the rebel ringleaders and say to them that the Emperor of the French Empire should feel a certain satisfaction at this conduct upon the part of a power which was in such haste to recognize the rebels as belligerents in a naval rebuff. That is an obvious and easy explanation of the extraordinary conduct of the President and Secretary of State and the French Minister. But the fact that the President and Secretary looked hopeful because the French Minister had told them that Louis Napoleon was going to hold the President to his word is the joke of a very funny man.

THE QUAKER GENERAL.

MR. OWEN LOVEJOY has not been considered a wag, but there seems to be a very amusing in the simultaneousness of his resolution of praise to McClellan and Vallandigham's "democratic" address. Both are admirable, but they differ widely. Those who do not like Mr. Lovejoy call it an act of pensioned zeal. But Mr. Lovejoy's speech is graceful and praiseworthy; and there is nothing to unusual in human speech as a public confession of error.

We do not remember that Mr. Lovejoy has been conspicuous in sharp criticisms upon "the Quaker General." If he has been, his resolution is all the more honorable to him. That there was a general desire that McClellan should fight is very true. That public confidence in him, even in this city, began to fade was also true. But throughout he has had the inestimable gift of silence. Though all the weary winter months in which he was so bitterly abused for not advancing, months in which

men in Congress and out sneered and gibed at his miraculous faculty of staying in one place, he held his tongue triumphantly. For an American in his place at this time silence was greatness. What other man of us all, except Frémont, would not have written a letter, or made a speech, or authorized some friend to speak for us?

The question is not, and never has been, whether he were Napoleon, Hannibal, or Frederick the Great; whether if Alexander had been in Washington he would not have moved in December, or whether the Prince of Parma would not have cleared the Potomac. The question has always been perfectly simple—when and how can he best go to Richmond? Of that M'Clellan was the judge, and not a prejudiced newspaper correspondent at Willard's Hotel, nor a vehement partisan at the Capitol. Moreover he has always necessarily acted under this stringent condition, that *he* must not lose a battle. Other Generals might be beaten for a while, but his defeat lost Washington. Other Generals might move and retire, but M'Clellan could only march to assured victory.

And he has marched; and for the first time, in a private bulletin to his wife from his first victorious battle-field, he alludes quietly to the long abuse and doubt that have followed him, by saying that "the Quaker army" have done superbly. Events show that he has not been mistaken; that his estimate of the numbers and the strength of the enemy and their works has been correct. Every account declares that his coming turned the lingering day of Williamsburg into a brilliant victory. He came, he saw, he conquered—are almost the words of the reports. And at this moment the public confidence in him is entire, because he has persuaded every honest man in the country that he does not move until he is ready, and then moves resistlessly.

The week after the rebel flight from Yorktown reads like the Rich Mountain week of last spring. It blazes and rings with the light and the shouts of victory. And to complete his crown, it is Owen Lovejoy—politically the representative of his bitterest detractors, if not himself one—who rises in his place as a Representative and moves the sincere thanks of this House to Major-General George B. M'Clellan, for the display of those high military qualities which secure important results with but little sacrifice of human life.

And all the people say Amen!

MILITARY PARTISANSHIP.

SINCE there are so many lively and graphic correspondents at the various seats of war, it would be a good thing if they could inform us exactly what we are to believe. It is curious, but it is true, that you can always anticipate the tone in which the correspondents of the different papers will treat facts. If General M'Clellan does something or doesn't do any thing, there are papers which will express a sneer. If General Frémont does or doesn't, others will do the same. You are sure never to know quite the truth about one General in one paper, or about another General in another. We are all as desperate military, as we have been political, partisans.

This feeling inevitably colors the statements of fact, so that the future historian of the war will have many a sharp word over the clashing testimony of eye-witnesses. For instance, there was the late retreat of the rebels from Yorktown. All the M'Clellan papers celebrated the "bloodless victory." In Albany they fired a hundred guns over his "glorious success." He had driven the rebels, demoralized and disorganized, in a panic rout. He had struck the *coup de grace* of the rebellion. The anti-M'Clellan papers, on the other hand, "didn't see it." He had been outwitted again. The rebels never meant to stand at Yorktown. They had no serious works. They mounted Quaker cannon. "The balloon first informed General M'Clellan of the escape of the foe, and of the disappointment of his preparations."

These are general statements, but side by side with them are details of fact—so called. A M'Clellan journal, recording that a party had returned from Yorktown, adds: "The stores abandoned by the rebels, they say, were immense, and exhibit the most conclusive evidence of demoralization and confusion in the retreat." "Competent judges, who went carefully over the ground abandoned by the rebels near Yorktown," says an anti-M'Clellan journal of the same morning, "say that there are no signs that their retreat partook of the character of a rout. There were no signs of demoralization whatever....The retrograde movement has all the appearance of being well ordered, in obedience to a preconcerted plan."

The *animus* of such conflicting statements is evident enough.

THE WORDEN TESTIMONIAL.

NOBODY will deny that in this war the American Navy has sustained its old fame. When the rebel Commodore Barron, who was taken at Hatteras, heard at Fort Warren, where he is imprisoned, of the beautiful and brilliant victory at Port Royal, he jumped up, forgetting his treason in hearty pride and admiration of the service which had given his family name all its renown, and exclaimed: "I tell you nothing can stand against our navy!" The rebel Captain spoke truly. It was prophecy as well as history. Nothing has stood against it. Hatteras, Port Royal, Fort Henry, Roanoke, Island No. 10, and New Orleans are the witnesses.

But chief witness of all was the *Monitor* in her first fight with the *Merrimac*, for that marked an epoch in naval science and history. The battle itself resulted in defeating the only really formidable weapon the rebellion has brought against us. It saved more than can be computed. It was the single service of the war which stands pre-eminent among all the glorious successes, and it deserves—every loyal man feels it—the heartiest and amplest national recognition.

When General Grant took Fort Donelson he was properly made a Major-General; when Burnside captured Newbern he justly received the same honor; when Siegel and Curtis conquered at Pea Ridge they earned the grade they won; when Mitchell occupied Huntsville the President spoke for the grateful nation in nominating him also a Major-General. These were instances of splendid service promptly and honorably acknowledged and rewarded. Each sent a thrill of satisfaction to every sympathizing and admiring spectator. Surely Dupont, and Foote, and Worden have not done less brilliantly or deserved less than their brothers of the army, and we all wonder why they have not been distinguished with similar rewards.

The difficulty is not the ingratitude of the people nor the reluctance of the President, but simply the rule of the service. But whatever the impediment it should be removed at once. New grades of rank to be conferred for signal service should be immediately established. But meanwhile something can be done to show the sincerity of national feeling.

Lieutenant Worden, the gallant Captain of the *Monitor* in her most famous and eventful moment, was sadly wounded. The blow virtually destroyed his sight and shattered his system. In the instant of his glorious victory he fell—happily not so fatally hurt as Nelson at Trafalgar, but hopelessly and permanently. A generous instinct seeks to offer him the homage of respect and gratitude which the law can not afford. Mr. Everett and other noted gentlemen have suggested a subscription to a fund to be presented to the hero upon whom so many hopes hung that day, and who did not disappoint them. The sum already subscribed is considerable, and as the facts are made known it will doubtless largely increase. Mr. W. H Aspinwall is the treasurer, and every man will see the peculiar propriety of this offering to an officer injured for life in serving us, and whom our imperfect laws can not honor by that superior rank with which his brother-soldiers are honored.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN Sir John Scott (afterward Lord Eldon) brought in a bill for restraining the liberty of the press, an Irish member moved the insertion of a clause providing that all anonymous works should have the names of the authors printed on the title-pages!

THE BITER BIT.—A lady having accidentally broken her smelling-bottle, her husband, who was very petulant, said to her, "I declare, my dear, every thing that belongs to you is more or less broken." "True," replied the lady, "for even you are a little cracked!"

In a large party one evening the conversation turned upon young men's allowance at college. Tom Sheridan lamented the ill-judging parsimony of many parents in that respect. "I am sure, Tom," said the father, "you need not complain; I always allowed you three hundred a year." "Yes, father, I must confess you allowed it, but then it was never paid."

A clever man, M——, who had run counter to the general opinions, pronounced himself strongly against a popular work. In all societies he was answered that the public had come to a very different conclusion from his. "The public!" he rejoined; "how many fools must you collect together to form a public?"

"What are those speckled birds?" inquired Mrs. Skinflint of a poulterer. "Guinea fowls, ma'am." "Keep 'em, then," murmured the lady, as she walked away, disgusted at such imposition; "you don't get my guineas for 'em, that's all!"

When Dean Goodenough preached before the peers a wag wrote:

"'Tis well enough that Goodenough
Before the lords should preach;
For sure enough they're bad enough
He undertakes to teach."

It is said that printed declarations, with blank forms, are to be used by young ladies who have lovers too modest to propose. The ladies themselves fill out the blanks, and, of course, no sensible man can refuse signing them.

A public writer thinks that much might be gained if speakers would observe the miller's creed—always to shut the gate when the grist is out.

This pleasant little word we notice in the Darmstadt newspaper—"Civildienerwittweninstitut," meaning Institution for Widows of Civil Service Officers.

LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.—A little girl, the daughter of a baker, being asked in her class at a Sunday-school what bread was made of, answered at once, "Flour and alum, Sir!"

"Boy, why don't you go to school?" "'Cause, Sir, daddy is afeard that if I larns every thing now, I sha'n't have any thing to larn ven I comes to the 'cademy."

NEXT DOOR TO A FOOL.—"Mr. Brown," said a little boy to a gentleman who was calling on his father, "who is your next-door neighbor?" "Mr. Jones, my dear," replied the visitor. "Isn't he a very silly man, Sir?" asked the child. "No, my dear; Mr. Jones is a sensible man enough." "Oh, I don't think he is," persisted the boy, "for I heard mamma say to papa that you were next door to a fool!"

"I can bear," said a sufferer, "I can bear the squealing of a pig, the roaring of thunder, or the squall of ten thousand cats; but the voice of a dun is like the crack of doom; and when I hear a dun, I am *done* out and out."

DISADVANTAGES OF IGNORANCE.—A farmer recently received a very polite note from a neighbor, requesting the loan of an *ass* for a few days. Being unable to decipher his friend's hieroglyphics, and wishing to conceal his ignorance from the servant, the farmer hastily returned for answer, "Very well; tell your master I will wait upon him myself presently!"

TO CURE THE GOUT.—Accustom yourself to virtue and well-water.

CATCHING A TARTAR.—"Remember, Madam, that you are the weaker vessel," said an irate husband. "Exactly," said the lady; "but do not you forget that the weaker vessel may have the stronger *spirit* in it!"

"Sambo, whar you get dat watch you wear to meetin' last Sunday?" "How you know I hab watch?" "Bekase I seed de chain hang out de pocket in front." "Go 'way nigger! S'pose you see halter round my neck, you tink dar is horse inside ob me?"

A drunken fellow, at a late hour in the night, was sitting in the middle of the Place Vendôme. A friend of his happening to pass, recognized him, and said, "Well, and what do you do here? Why don't you go home?" The drunkard replied, "My good fellow, 'tis just what I want; but the place is all going round, and I'm waiting for my door to go by."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, May 6, in the Senate, a resolution calling for all the official reports relative to the battle at Pittsburg Landing was laid over. The Homestead bill was taken up, and passed by a vote of 33 to 7. The debate on the Confiscation bill was resumed; and finally the subject was referred to a select committee. The Finance Committee reported the Internal Tax bill, and it was ordered to be printed. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill was reported appropriating $2500 indemnity to the officers and crew of the Spanish bark *Providencia*, illegally detained by the blockading squadron. A bill to punish frauds on the Government by fine and imprisonment was referred to the Judiciary Committee. A resolution directing the steps to be taken for the impeachment of West H. Humphreys, Judge of the United States Courts for Tennessee, for high crimes and misdemeanors, was adopted. The Pacific Railroad bill was passed by a vote of 79 to 49. Mr. Segar was admitted a Member from the First District of Virginia, and took his seat. A resolution declaring F. W. Lowe not entitled to represent California was adopted. The Nebraska contested election was discussed till the adjournment.

On Wednesday, May 7, in the Senate, the House bill appropriating $30,000,000 for the support of the army for the year ending June 30, 1862, was reported by the Finance Committee, and after a brief discussion as to the number of men in the army laid aside. The House bill to provide increased revenue was passed. A resolution was adopted directing inquiry as to what legislation is necessary with reference to the vessels seized by the rebels at New Orleans and other ports, and recaptured. Senator Sumner offered a resolution for the expulsion of Senator Stark, of Oregon, who is charged with disloyalty, which was laid over. A bill for the relief of Captain Farragut, for advances made while in California, was passed. The House Committee appointed to impeach Judge Humphreys, of Tennessee, charged with high crimes and misdemeanors, appeared in the Senate and stated their business, but no action was taken on the subject. A bill regarding the number of generals in the army was debated; but no action taken. The select Committee on the Confiscation bill was announced, as follows: Messrs. Clark of New Hampshire, Collamer of Vermont, Harlan of Iowa, Cowan of Pennsylvania, Wilson of Massachusetts, Sherman of Ohio, Henderson of Missouri, and Willey of Virginia. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill making Port Royal, South Carolina, a port of entry was passed, and Mr. Daily was confirmed in his seat as delegate from Nebraska.

On Thursday, May 8, in the Senate, the House bill appropriating $30,000,000 for the pay of the army for the year ending June 30, 1862, was passed. The House bill making Port Royal, South Carolina, a port of entry was also passed. Messrs. Foster, Doolittle, and Davis were appointed a select committee to which was referred the House resolution relative to the impeachment of Judge Humphreys, of Tennessee. The bill limiting the number of major and brigadier generals was passed. It limits the number of major-generals to 30, and of brigadiers to 200. Senator Sumner offered a resolution, which lies over, declaring that it is inexpedient to inscribe on the colors of regiments the victories won over our own citizens. The bill providing for the collection of taxes on lands in insurrectionary districts was explained by Senator Doolittle, and then laid aside. The bill relating to the selection of Jurors for the District of Columbia was passed. A bill to abolish the office of Marshal of the District of Columbia and establish that of Sheriff was introduced by Senator Hale. The bill providing for the education of colored children was taken up, and an amendment adopted, repealing the black code of the District of Columbia. The Senate then adjourned.——No business of general importance was transacted by the House. Mr. Lovejoy called up his bill to secure freedom to all persons within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Federal Government, to the end that freedom may remain forever the fundamental law of the land, and in all places whatsoever, so far as it lies within the power or depends upon the action of the Government of the United States to make it so. A motion to lay the bill on the table was negatived by a vote of 50 against 65.

On Friday, May 9, in the Senate, the resolution presented by Senator Sherman, calling for the reports of the officers commanding in the two battles of Pittsburg Landing, was taken up, and debated at considerable length. It was finally passed. The Select Committee on the Humphrey's impeachment case reported assurance that they would proceed with the case immediately. The bill for the education of colored children in the District of Columbia was passed, 28 to 7. After an executive session the Senate adjourned until Monday.——In the House, Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, offered resolutions giving thanks to Almighty God for the recent successes of our arms against the rebels—expressing special satisfaction at the great triumphs of the Army of the Potomac, and tendering the sincere thanks of the House to General M'Clellan for the display of those high military qualities which secure important results with but little sacrifice of human life. The resolutions were unanimously adopted. Mr. Lovejoy offered a substitute modifying the bill introduced by him on Thursday, and acted upon, providing for freedom in the Territories. A motion to lay it on the table was disagreed to, 65 to 50. Mr. Lovejoy demanded the previous question, but the House refused to second the demand. Mr. Lovejoy then moved to recommit the bill, and a long debate then occurred on the merits of the negro question generally, in which a number of members took part. The House finally adjourned until Monday without taking a vote.

On Monday, May 12, in the Senate, the bill providing for the collection of direct taxes in insurrectionary districts was taken up, and passed by a vote of 32 against 3. The House resolution, that Congress adjourn on the 19th of May was then taken up, on motion of Senator Davis, of Kentucky, who moved to amend by fixing the 2d day of June as the time for the final adjournment; and in the course of his remarks said Congress had passed unconstitutional, iniquitous, and unwise measures, which he should counsel his people to resist by every mode of resistance they can devise. Senator Wilson pronounced the remark treasonable. Senator Davis explained that he meant nothing treasonable; and after some discussion the subject was dropped, and the resolution laid on the table. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the bill introduced by Mr. Lovejoy, abolishing slavery wherever the Federal Government has jurisdiction, was passed by a vote of eighty-five against fifty. The Senate bill empowering the Medical Inspector-General to discharge from service men physically disabled for duty was also passed. A Committee of conference on the Homestead bill was appointed. A bill defining and punishing treason was introduced and referred. The bill appropriating $6,000,000 for soldiers' bounties was passed. In case of the death of a person entitled to bounty it is to accrue to the widow, children, father, mother, brothers, or sisters of the deceased.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S ARMY.

General M'Clellan has pursued the enemy to a point within twenty-two miles of Richmond. The rebels were still in sight on Saturday at three o'clock, but were rapidly falling back. It was reported that they would make a stand at Bottom Bridge, on the Chickahominy River, fifteen miles from Richmond.

GUN-BOATS ASCENDING THE JAMES RIVER.

The *Galena*, *Aroostook*, and *Port Royal*, started up the James River on Thursday morning, at six o'clock, to cut off the river communication with the rebels on the Chickahominy. They had passed Day's Point before seven o'clock, and heavy firing was heard at that time.

PANIC IN VIRGINIA.

The advance of the iron-clad gun-boat *Galena* up the James River has created the utmost consternation in Petersburg. The fact that she had silenced the rebel batteries at Day's Point and was approaching Petersburg caused a complete panic there.

SKIRMISH NEAR FREDERICKSBURG.

The rebels made a sortie upon General M'Dowell's advance, near Fredericksburg, on the Bowling Green road, on Saturday afternoon (10th), driving the pickets toward the city. General Patrick at once threw forward his brigade, whereupon the enemy made no further demonstration. The Harris Light Cavalry provoked the attack from the rebels by making a dashing reconnoissance, in which they captured a lieutenant and ten privates of the rebel force.

NAVAL FIGHT IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

A dispatch, dated Cairo, May 11, says: The desperation of the rebel cause in the Mississippi culminated yesterday in an attack on the flotilla. Early on Saturday morning eight of their gun-boats came round the point above the fort and boldly attacked our fleet. The *Cincinnati*, which was stationed at the point where the rebels came up to on Friday, did not attract them until the fleet had passed above her. As soon as she was seen a simultaneous attack from the whole of their gun-boats was made upon her, with but little effect, as the guns were poorly aimed. The *Cincinnati* in the mean time had hauled into the stream, when an iron-clad ram supposed to be the *Mallory*, advanced in the face of the continued broadsides from the former until within forty yards, and, being a faster sailer, succeeded in mooring between the *Cincinnati* and their right hand, when men appeared upon her decks, preparing to board with grapnels thrown out, which design was frustrated by throwing hot water from the steam batteries of the *Cincinnati*. In the mean time the rest of our gun-boats had arrived on the scene of action and engaged the fleet. The *Mallory*, undaunted by her failure, crowded on a full head of steam and came toward the *Cincinnati*, evidently intending to run her down. Captain Stembel, in command of the latter, waited until the rebel monster was within twenty yards, when he sent a broadside into her from his Parrott guns, which did fearful execution. The two boats were so close together by this time that it was impossible for the gunners of the *Cincinnati* to swab out the guns, and it was only by bringing the steam batteries to bear upon her again that the *Mallory* was compelled to haul off. Captain Stembel shot her pilot with his revolver, and was himself wounded by a pistol-shot fired by the pilot's mate of the *Mallory*. While the engagement between the *Mallory* and the *Cincinnati* was in progress our shots exploded the boilers of one of the rebel gun-boats and set fire to another, burning her to the water's edge. The air was very heavy, and under cover of the dense smoke which hung over the river the rebel fleet retired, but were pursued until they gained shelter under the guns of Fort Wright. None of our boats were injured except the *Cincinnati*. The damage to her is so slight that she can be repaired in twenty-four hours. Four men were wounded on her, including the master's mate. No other casualties are mentioned. When the smoke cleared away a broadside from the flag-ship *Benton* was sent after the *Mallory*, and shortly after she was seen to careen, and went down with all on board.

GENERAL HALLECK'S ARMY.

The national forces now in the Southwest, and under the immediate command of Major-General Halleck, are divided into three *corps d'armée*—the Army of the Ohio, the Army of the Tennessee, and the Army of the Mississippi.

The Army of the Tennessee is divided into two grand divisions, commanded by Major-Generals Thomas and M'Clernand, and into divisions commanded by Major-General Lew Wallace, Brigadier-Generals Davis, T. W. Sherman, Hurlbut, M'Kean, and Crittenden.

The army of the Ohio is commanded in person by Major-General Buell, and the divisions commanded by Brigadier-Generals M'Cook, Nelson, Mitchell, and Woods.

The army of the Mississippi is commanded by General Pope in person, and its divisions commanded by Generals Paine, Stanley, and Hamilton.

The order of succession is arranged so that General Grant is second in command, that General being without any special command, his late army being distributed between Generals M'Clernand and Thomas.

THEIR MOVEMENTS.

General Buell's army has seized the portion of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad between Corinth and the Grand Junction, cutting off all communication between the two points.

On Friday the rebel General Bragg's division attacked General Paine's division, in position two miles beyond Farmington. A sharp engagement followed, our men fighting bravely, and making several bayonet charges on the enemy, who were repulsed with great slaughter. Large reinforcements of rebels having arrived, our troops returned to Farmington.

We lost nearly 200 in killed, wounded, and missing. No particulars are received.

THE BRIGAND MORGAN.

The rebel brigand, Morgan, with a force of about one thousand cavalry, attacked a small body of Union troops at Pulaski, Tennessee, on Friday last, and after a fight of two hours and a half, during which the rebels lost six killed and two wounded, and our troops lost two killed, three wounded, and one missing, the whole force was taken prisoners. The prisoners were released on parole, and are now in Nashville. The rebels outnumbered our forces four to one.

On Monday morning General Dumont, who had sent a strong body of cavalry in pursuit, found and attacked the united rebel cavalry under Morgan and Wood, at Lebanon, and utterly routed them, after killing a great number, capturing 150 prisoners and nearly all their horses and arms. The fight lasted an hour and a half, and the rebels fled, closely pursued by General Dumont.

BRINGING THE REBELS TO THEIR SENSES IN TENNESSEE.

Governor Johnson, of Tennessee, has issued a proclamation to the effect that, for every Union man captured or ill-treated by the rebel bands of marauders, five prominent rebels shall be made to suffer, and that ample remuneration shall be made to all loyalists who may be despoiled of their property out of the property of such parties as have given aid and comfort to the enemy.

THE COTTON BURNERS.

The rebel Secretary of State, J. P. Benjamin, has addressed a letter in answer to an inquiry by a Southern firm whether cotton purchased on foreign account would be treated as exempted from the general law which declares that all cotton shall be destroyed when it is about to fall into the hands of the enemy, in which he says: "I know no law which prohibits the purchase of cotton on foreign account, but I am not aware of any law or reason of policy which should induce this Government to extend to property thus purchased greater protection than is extended to that of our own citizens. It is the settled determination of the Government to allow no cotton to fall into the hands of our enemies, as it is perfectly well known that they would seize and appropriate to themselves all cotton they could find without regard to ownership. If your correspondents buy cotton they must expect to share the same risks as are incurred by our own citizens."

FIRE AT TROY.

On Saturday afternoon a most destructive fire commenced in the city of Troy, originating in the covered wooden bridge across the Hudson. At the time the fire broke out the wind was blowing a furious gale from the west, and fire-brands from the bridge were carried over various parts of the city; and a large number of the most valuable buildings of the city, including the Union Railway Dépôt, were destroyed. The area over which the fire extended is said to cover about fifty acres. The loss of property has further been attended with a serious loss of life.—[See Illustration on page 334.]

FOREIGN NEWS.

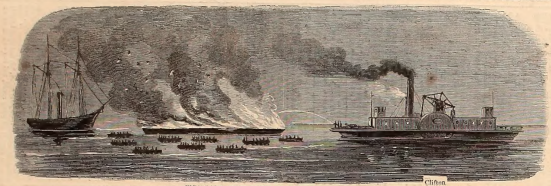
ENGLAND.

THE RECAPTURE OF THE "EMILIE ST. PIERRE."

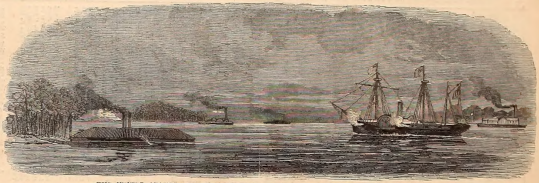
THE recapture of the British ship *Emilie St. Pierre* from an American prize crew by her English captain, and her arrival in Liverpool, with the Federal seamen in irons, caused quite a sensation in the commercial world. The *St. Pierre* was from Calcutta, and was taken by the Union steamer *James Adger*, off Charleston. She was being navigated to Philadelphia by a prize crew, when her commander—a Scotchman—although having only four men at his disposal, disarmed, ironed, and confined in the hold sixteen of our men, took control of the vessel, and ran her to Liverpool—completing a romantic incident of the war in a fortunate manner both for himself and his employers.



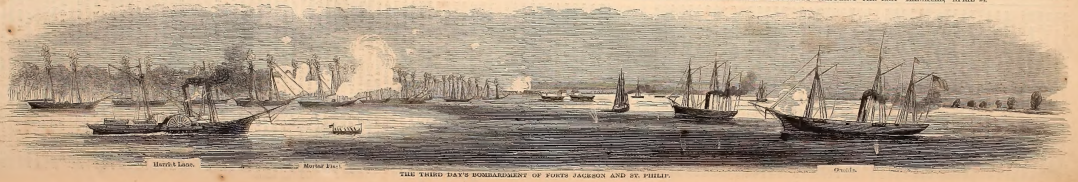
BOMBARDMENT OF THE REBEL FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP, APRIL 24, 1862.



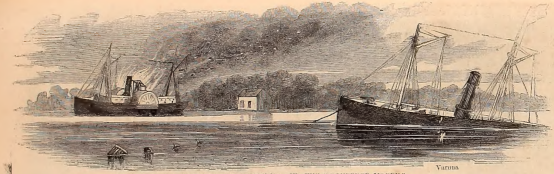
FIRE-RAFT SENT DOWN BY THE REBELS, APRIL 17.



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "MISSISSIPPI" CRIPPLING THE RAM "MANASSAS," APRIL 24.

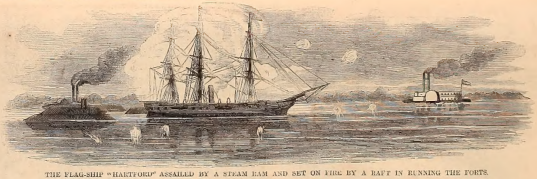


THE THIRD DAY'S BOMBARDMENT OF FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP.



Varuna

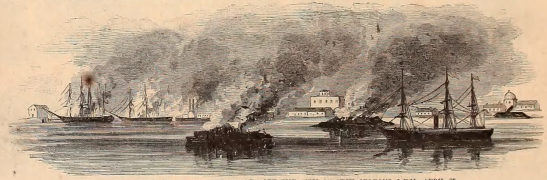
FIGHT BETWEEN THE "VARUNA" AND THE "GOVERNOR MOORE."



THE FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD" ASSAILED BY A STEAM RAM AND SET ON FIRE BY A RAFT IN RUNNING THE FORTS.



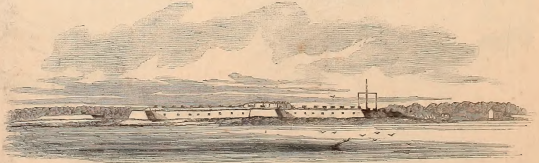
THE "HARTFORD" AND "BROOKLYN" SILENCING THE CHALMETTE BATTERIES.



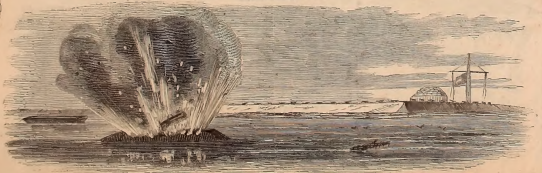
ARRIVAL OF THE FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD" OFF THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, 1 P.M., APRIL 25.



FORT ST. PHILIP.



FORT JACKSON.

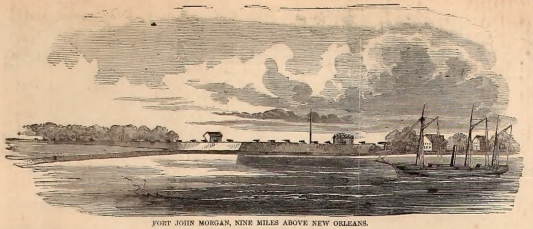


BLOWING UP THE STEAM BATTERY "LOUISIANA" AFTER THE SURRENDER.



GENERAL BUTLER'S TROOPS COMING THROUGH THE BAYOU.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST NEW ORLEANS.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 327.]



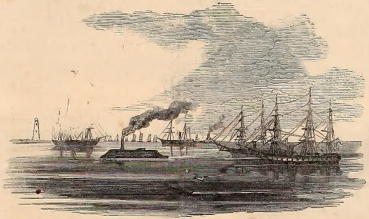
FORT JOHN MORGAN, NINE MILES ABOVE NEW ORLEANS.



BATTERY OPPOSITE FORT JOHN MORGAN.



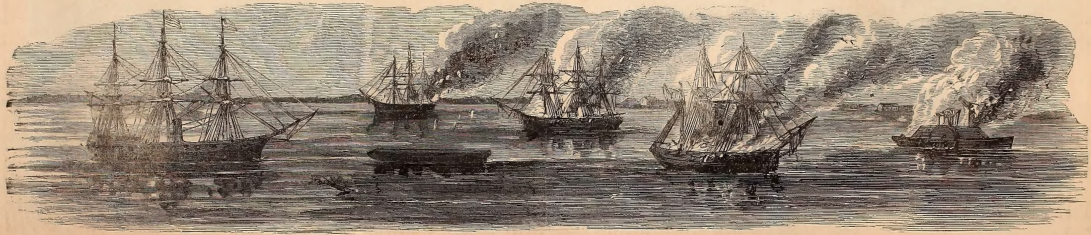
INTERIOR OF FORT ST. PHILIP.



THE SOUTHWEST-PASS BAR.



INTERIOR OF FORT JACKSON.



DESTRUCTION OF COTTON-LADEN VESSELS BY THE REBELS NEAR NEW ORLEANS, ON THE APPROACH OF THE "HARTFORD," ON APRIL 18, 1862.

WHEN GREEN LEAVES COME AGAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

When green leaves come again, my love,
When green leaves come again—
Why pain on such a cloudy face,
When green leaves come again?

"Ah, this spring will be like the last,
Of promise false and vain;
And summer will be winter's scorn
Ere green leaves come again.

"So slip the seasons—and our lives!
"Tis life is treacherous,
But yet I sigh, I scarce know why,
When green leaves come again.

Nay, lift up thankful eyes, my sweet!
Count yours the well gain;
Because, as long as the world lasts,
Green leaves will come again.

For, sure as earth lives under snows,
And Love lives unser pain,
The good is sure as very thing,
"When green leaves come again."

THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS.

THE arrival of our special artist with Commodore Farragut's squadron enables us to illustrate very fully on pages 324, 325, and 326, the splendid achievements of Commodore Farragut's fleet in the Mississippi, including THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS. The following extracts from our artist's letters will serve to explain the pictures.

The fleet started to attack Fort St. Philip and Jackson on 16th April. On 17th the rebels began to send down fire-rafts, one of which we illustrate. Our artist says:

A FIRE-RAFT.

I have just come from the deck, having witnessed one of the finest sights it has ever been my lot to see. The rebels sent down a cow, about one hundred feet long, filled with pine knots, saturated with tar, &c. The cow herself was found on shore, and, instead of being killed, was towed along with much like a prairie fire. Signal rockets were made for her the moment she was discovered, and about forty boats were manned and sent away, each provided with a grapnel and hawser. The vessels Cayuga, Kinsee and Katahdin worked around it, and fired one or two shells in it, but the Red Rover got up and ran her bow into it, and then played a powerful stream of water on it. For the boats they were commanded by and went alongside and boarded the fire-raft, and commenced hailing water into it, and in ten minutes had succeeded in putting it out. They then towed it ashore near where the one that came in the night before was moored. The object of our going on the rebels had small row-boats out watching the progress of their raft, and sent word to their forts that the ingenious rebels and our ship conjuncture. No amusement they could have had, as he could not have accomplished in our stead. The rebels in the forts were no fireraft, and so outraged had the fleet been by their attempt to send the vessel to destruction that they fired upon it all day. With their two fire-rafts the rebels have accomplished nothing, except to show us how to handle them.

THE BOMBARDMENT.

The bombardment began on 18th and lasted six days. The mortar vessels were grouped as shown in our picture.

They covered their mast-heads and rigging with green tree branches, and, while lying under the high bluff on the tier of the trees near the forts, their masts appeared as trees over the tops of the gunboats. The mortar vessels lay on the other side of the river covered their sides with the branches of trees, so that for their masts one could not tell there were any vessels there.

The artist says on 19th:

Our mortar vessels are working well, and I learn they are to do so even more so while you read this—enough at that estimate they must have thrown already about four thousand shells up to the forts. It is a most curious and tedious to hear nothing but bang, bang, bang, all day and all night without having a knowledge of the effect of our efforts.

The effect of the bombardment was thus described after the first day:

The work is terribly shattered, and the casemates are nearly broken in many places. Many guns are dismounted, entirely destroyed one. Only a few men have been killed as yet. We have nearly silenced the water battery, killed 9 Lieuten Colonelland, and knocked the carriage of another to pieces. Our fleet is uninjured except in rigging, and the least damage causes as much consternation that it requires the utmost efforts on the part of the officers to keep the men. Our shells, when they fall, bury themselves five feet below the surface before they explode, and then they explode, and make the whole fort fairly tremble with the shock. Our mortars are fired with such regularity that the rebels could not keep their batteries. There are about 1500 men in both forts, mostly Germans, but commanded by "gentle Southern blood."

THE FLEET RUNS THE FORTS.

On 24th Commodore Farragut determined to run past the forts. The fleet was formed in three divisions, and proceeded to attack as shown in our artist says:

At precisely twenty minutes of four o'clock the enemy opened fire from Fort St. Philip. At that moment I hoisted our flag—our Star-Spangled Banner at the fore—and then hastening forward, decked the fore and main each with an emblem of peace and safety. The white flag—the ensign were floating in a gentle breeze. Full speed was given to ship, the engineers and boilers being equal to it on we went, as it were, into the jaws of death. At the time the enemy opened fire the vessels were under way to attack, and the rapidity with which they threw shells at us was truly astonishing.

At five minutes of four o'clock our vessel was struck from the starboard quarter, a passenger, in the shape of a 68-inch shell, was seeking his berth in the ward-room, by the way, which we were to attend to. In a few minutes more we were broadside and broadside with the enemy, guns were replying as fast as they could. Broadside after broadside was being delivered to them in rapid succession, while the mortar vessels were adding to the dreadful noise.

Shot, shell, grape, and canister filled the air with deadly missiles. As we drew on the enemy's fire was terrific—truth—tear—whirl! Such another scene was never witnessed by mortal. Shells were bursting around us. Over head, the fore rigging rifle-shot and shell, 32-pound shot, 68-pound shell, and 10-inch shell, all did their work to this vessel. At times, all 13 mortars and the floating battery Louisiana were firing at once, and the noise was enough to make a hell-diver grow pale with confusion. Not satisfied with their firing, fire-rafts were sent down to us, and set adrift to do their work of burning. The Ram was busy at work trying to drive them under the lee of our vessels.

As we drew near abeam of the forts we intermingled grape with shell, which had the effect to silence in a measure the barbette guns. The shot from the enemy, when the same line had gone over our heads, was truly fearful.

Then in the port mizzen rigging the Flag-officer narrowly escaped being hit with a rifle shell. A shell burst on deck, and the command fell upon the gallant Lieutenant Master, of our Marine corps, so that for a time his life was despaired of. I started to go forward to see how things were working, when the wind of a huge 68-pound shell knocked the cap off my head. It was a time of terror. Our guns were firing as rapidly as possible, and the howitzers in the tops were doing excellent execution.

The rebel steamers were crowded with troops, who fired volleys of rifle balls at us, most of which did us no harm. One of them came near us, and I think we made no saying she contained two hundred men. Our howitzers opened on them, and Captain Browne, of the Marine corps, opened into her with two nine-inch guns.

I do not think the rebels liked that, and that fellow was done for. Our steamers were not to be stopped by no means did they come in sight of our gunners than they were sunk. Our broadside was a terrible one, and told with terrible effect.

In the midst of this awful scene down came a tremendous fire-raft, and the Ram dived her under our port quarter. The Ram struck her, and she blew up with a loud report. It seemed we must fall a prey to the ravages of fire. A fire was also made for the stern of the Ram. The fire was on hand, and we soon subdued the flames, and gave the Ram a clear field. Still, although we had escaped by their support, when they found it was of no use, I think they would have sunk us, and the armory all knocked to pieces. Our vessel was struck 68 times. If you can, it is more than I can describe as I would wish to.

THE ARTIST AT "MANASSAS."

The artist writes:

We steamed up to the Quarantine, when lo! the Ram steamer was approaching, and quickly fired at two vessels. The *Mississippi* being near at hand, about ship for the attack, and, as we passed, delivered a fire as we passed them down. The Ram ran, but finding the *Mississippi* gaining on him, he ran ashore, set fire to everything, and immediately about thirty men came up out of the hatchways and ran on shore. The Ram's crew were in the most broadside into her and boarded her, but finding she was to be easily overpowered, they left her, and the Ram blew down the river sinking very fast.

THE CAPTURE.

Captain Boggs of the Mortar Flotilla thus describes her last end:

Before the fleet got out of sight it was reported to me that the unfortunate Manassas, commanded by a gallant officer, had been run up the river, and, as I supposed, destroyed. I immediately got under way, and, on approaching the vicinity of the Quarantine Station, discovered the Manassas moving about, about ship for the attack, and, as we passed, delivered a fire as we passed them down. The Ram ran, but finding the *Mississippi* gaining on him, he ran ashore, set fire to everything, and immediately about thirty men came up out of the hatchways and ran on shore. The Ram's crew were in the most broadside into her and boarded her, but finding she was to be easily overpowered by them, they left her, and the Ram blew down the river sinking very fast.

THE CAPTURE OF THE MORTAR FLOTILLA.

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THE ARTIST WRITES:

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THE "VARUNA."

The gun-boat *Varuna* smashed the *Cumberland* in Hampton Roads on 9th March.

Captain Boggs of the *Varuna*, finding that a steamer came down upon him, ordered the men to the guns, cut away such as could not be fired, and then, apparently steaming directly at the enemy, struck her a terrific blow, and almost simultaneously fired his starboard battery. Two of our steamers had come up, and were firing rapidly at the Ram. The enemy's armored craft then came down upon the *Varuna*, and ordered the vessels to save their ships. She was beginning to fill rapidly, and the order was given that every man should be on fire and sinking. Her pipes were all twisted and riddled with shot, and her steam was also well shot up. She had evidently been used up by the squadron as they passed by. [SEE PAGE 326.] Her men left her quietly, and with great difficulty that the naval officers reached the City Hall. Here the Mayor, with the Governor and Lieutenant Lovell were awaiting the arrival of our commissioners.

The officer of the *Varuna* was the bearer of a message to Lovell from Commodore Farragut, and, as he entered the room, he assumed them of the protection of the "old flag." The fact being established, as the civil authorities could not do nothing; but Major-General Lovell, with all the composure for which he is noted, said that the city could make, and, "Sir, I will never surrender the city—I will be pulled down first." And the city was to be defended, as much as we regretted the wanton destruction of property, we could not but admire the spirited but useless demonstration against us. After some talk Lovell agreed to evacuate the city by the 1st of May, with his fifteen thousand, and turn the city over to the civil authorities, which was done on the 25th of April. The interview was carried on with dispatch, and Captain Bailey was soon on board his ship. The Ram was then ordered to be destroyed, and she was. The noise by the explosion was heard in their forts, and all manner of indignation showed to them. The Mayor, Monsieur Monroe, and Acting Master Morton—was the recipient of all manner of insult, but yielded to the inevitable.

After dark I went on deck to see New Orleans by gaslight. The appearance was fine. The levee for twelve months ago miles of shipping lined the levee; the bulks of the vessels, their masts and rigging looked dark, while bearing the banners of all nations of the world. Now were there now. The vessels were all gone, and on the clear song of the sons of Africa, who worked at night, was not to be heard. The silence about the levee was awful, and began to sad from the cries on the banks of the great river. The sounds of the voices of the negroes as they sang their negro melodies were borne along the river, and the effect was fine. The sounds were wafted to us from the shore, and the voices of the negroes were wrapped in a sweet melody, so that it was a city elated to the rich and the poor.

THE BATTERIES OF THE RIVER.

There were 15 batteries in all:

At three o'clock the four heavy vessels—*Hartford, Brooklyn, Richmond,* and *Pensacola*—got under way and proceeded up the river, and soon engaged the rebel batteries located just above Carrollton. As we passed along the levee we could see the rebels in full retreat, and the fires of their burning property.

At Jefferson City we saw the ways from which the rain Mississippi was launched, and also the large machine building ways for the construction of another; but now the ways and machine shops were deserted, and the rebel ironsmiths had fled.

The artillery at Carrollton we began to look out for the batteries; but it was not until we had passed some three miles above that we found them. They were deserted, and fires burning along the line of earth-works.

The ship dropped down slowly, and Lieutenant Keats, Engineer Purdy, and myself went on shore to reconnoitre the batteries. We found the batteries covered of people gathered around us, but made little or no demonstration against us. Lieutenant Keats, of the Marine corps, commanded the Morgan, and this it was ordered to prevent the approach of boats by the river from the northward.

It was an extended field-work, reaching from the river, along, as we thought, the Jackson Railroad. The work was well constructed, and we traveled along its line for about two miles, and found the following armament in all that is:

In the Work near the river.	Along the line.
Nine 42-pounders.	Nine 24-pounder carronades.
Two 32-pounders.	Four 18-pounders.

Five guns were dismounted, and platforms and circles for thirteen guns, not mounted, were found. The mounted guns were all of the heaviest description of 42 inches, with Mr. Purdy sighted. A fire had been kindled under the gun-carriages, and they were nearly destroyed at the time we visited it.

The magazine was empty, of course. A good hot shot furnace was undisturbed, and within it a round of 32-pounder shot lay around, intermingled with broken stands of grape. Racks of a hasty retreat were plainly visible, and we were informed that when we attacked the Chalmette batteries below the city, the troops which were located in Fort John Morgan were transferred to the former place, and after their defeat below made their way to carried away their remaining stores, took the Jackson Railroad, and left.

Of the battery on the other side of the river I have not yet learned any particulars. A boat from the *Oneida* was there and spiked the guns, and then left. Dark coming on we dropped down the river quietly to anchor and secure for the night.

THE SURRENDER OF THE FORTS.

Meanwhile General Butler had pushed his men through the town and landed them above Fort St. Philip and Jackson. The commanders of these forts wished to resist still, but their men refused to fight, and they spiked their heavy guns on their officers. They surrendered accordingly, and the steamer Star of the West came down and up the Louisiana Captain Porter put him in double irons.

NORFOLK REPOSSESSED.

We publish on page 321 several pictures illustrating the full restoration of our ancient Norfolk and its "reposession" by General Wool; and on page 322 a portrait of the City, showing the Navy Yard, etc. The former page is from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis.

The first movement for the expedition against Norfolk was mainly planned by General Lincoln and Mr. Stanton. General Wool embarked his troops on the evening of 16th, landed on 19th at Willoughby Point, and marched to Norfolk without obstruction. Our artist writes:

HALF-WAY CROSS-ROADS.

At seven o'clock General Wool, accompanied by General Mansfield, Lieutenant Mansfield and myself, left Camp View, and they were soon on the way to the front, the remainder following in the rear.

Upon the arrival of the party at the Half-way Cross-roads they were informed that the enemy had been driven by the shell road to Norfolk, the same distance from that point.

The rebels had destroyed the bridges between this and the one often seen, a greater portion of the plans being sketched from the steeples of the yellow city, which we hoped ere night to have seen. Under these trees were grouped, in the most picturesque style, the soldiers of Virginia.

As General Wool and others drew rein General Wyer came cantering down the road, and reported that the fort had been taken prisoners. From them he learned that the enemy had left the fort at about one o'clock that day, which had been evacuated by reason of our shelling of the eight pieces of artillery, which we had been able to get around wounded. I asked them what all the smoke was for, and they said that the enemy had set fire to the navy and spiff ten when they bore, and it just cut every thing in a blaze. It was a fine sight to see, and then we all ran away." Canada, that

THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

As they approached the city they were met by the Mayor. Mr. Davis says:

The most picturesque overtone of the city, and in front of a group of low wooden houses, we saw a white flag being waved. This proved to be the flag of truce of the Mayor of citizens, composed of the Mayor and a portion of the Common Council of the city. They had come out to see what terms would be demanded, and to present a letter from the Mayor. They, the gentlemen, were told by him that, being unable to retain possession of the place, he had surrendered it to the forces of the United States Government. They in turn, on being informed of the terms, said that the Common Council of the city were ready to place the city under the control of the United States Government.

The scene in the little room in which the parties first met was unique in the extreme. The officers were there—Generals Wool and Mansfield and Lieutenant Mansfield. Features were familiarly disguised with the pulverized dust of the road, and the Mayor, Monsieur Monroe, Monsieur Lebon, the Councilmen stubbornly so; the proprietor of the family "sans dinde" in the adjoining house said quit in his shirt.

ENTERING THE CITY.

The correspondents of the press had gone before the troops, and the first article of the subjoined is from the pen of *Harper's Weekly*, and the correspondents of the *New York Herald*:

As we entered the city rife smoke of the burning Navy-Yard was ascending, and we came to a halt while the troops did wrath, and but on the crash of treason with which the air was filled. Commodore Forrest, who was in charge of the yard, was in command, and he was seen on the rebel steamer Yorktown, which was lying at the wharf, and which was soon to be destroyed, and that the people were to have more privileges than they had ever had before. The Navy-Yard and most of the building were rescued in an instant, and the party, with the Mayor and Common Council, proceeded slowly to the City Hall.

HOISTING THE STARS AND STRIPES.

The Stars and Stripes were raised over the Custom-house at 10h, 45 m. on the morning of the 9th, and at 11 o'clock New York. They were rising to the breeze by Lieutenant Weaver, of the Minnesota, in the presence of

THE NAVY-YARD DESTROYED.

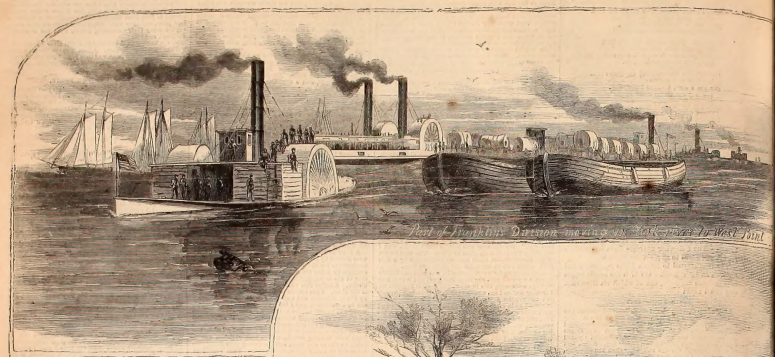
The Richmond Examiner of the 10th says that to Portsmouth as they the tremendous fire that burning the Navy-Yard. The fire was communicated to the Pennsylvania, the Bay line of steamers, was in flames. The gun-boats were also destroyed. The Merrimac, it appears, was destroyed, as was the *Brandywine, United States,* and others—however we know the vessels in all. The Germantown was safely destroyed, with all its appurtenances. The dry dock, which is 1000 feet long, was blown up. The city is now more quiet, I am told, than it has been for some time.

COMMODORE GOLDSBOROUGH.

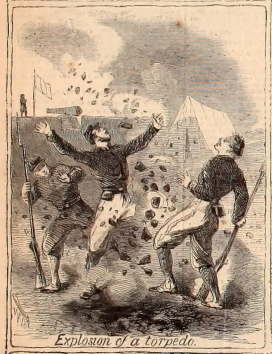
Flag-officer Goldsborough, whose fine portrait we give on page 325, was born in the District of Columbia in 1805, and entered the State of Navy Department as midshipman in the United States Navy from the District of Columbia.

His first cruise was in the Mediterranean, and he subsequently was constantly at sea for many years in the United States Navy, and was promoted from grade to grade in the various grades of the naval service. Among others, he commanded the *Porpoise* on the coast in 1842, at the time she was attached to the squadron of Commodore Ridgely and Morris at Brazil. In 1847 he commanded the *Ohio*, 74 guns, and afterward commanded the Cumberland, 44 guns, and the *Levant*, 18 guns, at the time those vessels were attached to the squadron of Commodore Silas H. Stringham, in the Mediterranean.

The date of his present commission is September 14, 1855. He has commanded the United States frigate *Congress*, four of the gallant line-of-battle ships of the squadron of the Atlantic Blockading Squadron, superintended the Philadelphia Navy-Yard, and was formerly Chief of Bureau. His flag-ship was the *Minnesota*, and his station for some time was Fortress Monroe.



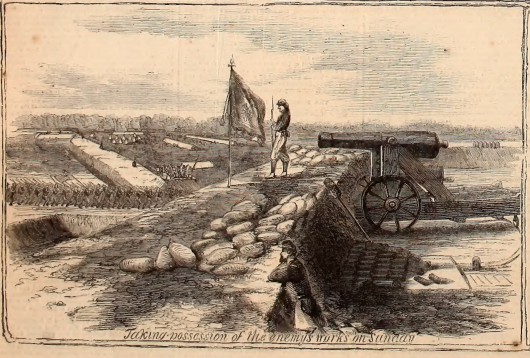
Part of Franklin's Division moving on York river to West Point.



Explosion of a torpedo.



Pursuit of th

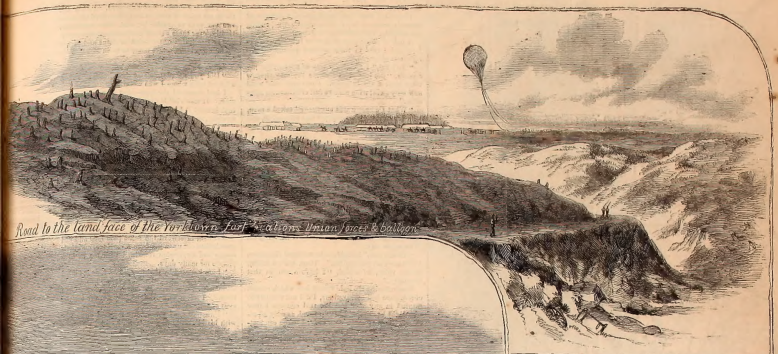


Taking possession of the enemy's works on Sunday.



The Nelson mansion Yorktown

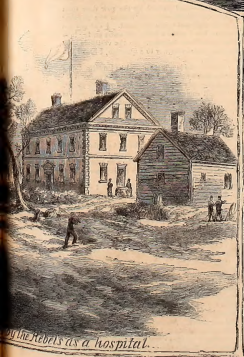
SCENES AND VIEWS AT AND AROUND YORKTOWN



Road to the land face of the Yorktown fort – Fortress Monroe in the background.



Magazine at the head of the ravine Yorktown



...the Rebels as a hospital.



Fortifications at Yorktown looking toward the river.

VIRGINIA.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 331.]



ONLY ONE KILLED.

"Five killed and three wounded."

"That all?" said I. "Hardly worth the cost of a telegram."

There had been a reconnoissance, a surprise of enemy's scouts, a brief, sharp engagement, ending successfully, and casualties as above.

A pair of sober gray eyes were turned upon my face, and I read in them a silent rebuke for this lightness of speech.

"And yet," I added, by way of apology for my remark, "the loss of this single life may shadow more than a single home. Cups that hold until now only sweet wine may be full of bitterness hereafter."

"What Company was engaged?" asked a man, who sat near. The newspaper was referred to, and the answer given.

"Company C."

"Colonel B——'s regiment?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Are the names of the killed and wounded given?"

I noticed a slight unsteadiness in the man's voice.

"No names are given."

"May I see your paper for a moment?"

I handed him the newspaper, in which I had read about the reconnoissance, and what seemed, at the moment, a casualty not worth reporting. I saw that his hand trembled a little, and that his eyes searched through the sentences of the telegram in an eager way.

"Thank you," he said, as he returned the paper, "there are no particulars." Then, with a falling of the voice, he added, "I have a son in that Company."

Remembering the light speech into which a want of reflection had betrayed me, I did not venture to respond in any way but the real concern I now felt might be regarded, if expressed, as only a pretense. Soon after the man nodded to the conductor of the car in which we were riding; the checkstring was pulled, the car stopped, and he went out. My eye followed him as the car moved on until I saw him enter a house. Two days afterward—I had forgotten the chilling matter of one killed and three wounded—in passing this house I saw crape on the door. My heart leaped with a painful throb.

"Who is dead in the third house below?" I asked of the store-keeper at the corner.

"Mr. B——'s son. He was killed."

"In the war?"

"Yes, Sir. News came, three days ago, that one man had been killed in a reconnoissance, and it turned out to be his son, Edward. Ah! Sir, he was a splendid young man, and it will go hard with his father and mother. And hard, too," he added, heaving a sigh, "for one besides them."

"Had he a wife?" I inquired.

"No, Sir; he was not married."

"A sweet-heart?"

"Yes. He was engaged, I believe."

Only one killed! How differently the fact impressed me now! It was no longer an unrealized newspaper announcement, but a present, stern reality.

"Has the body arrived?" I asked.

"No. A sad passed through the heart, killing him instantly."

"Had Mr. B—— other sons?"

"No, Sir. Edward was his only boy. It is a great loss, Sir."

"How does he bear it? Have you heard?"

"I saw him an hour ago."

"Well?"

"He was very calm; but, Sir, he looked ten years older. Mr. B—— is one of those men who bear things patiently; but he has deep feeling nevertheless. That boy was his idol."

"How is it with the mother?"

The store-keeper shook his head. "I asked Mr. B—— but his eyes filled, and he choked in trying to answer. I'm almost afraid it will be too much for her. She is not very strong."

"Did they oppose his going to the war?"

"Mr. B—— was out. He's an earnest man, and loves his country too well to hold back any thing while she is in danger."

Only one killed! How insignificant the fact seemed when the telegraph made this announcement; but what bitterness had followed! Only one killed!

On the day following I noticed, in passing, a large funeral procession. Of the tens of thousands who had lingered scarcely a moment over the brief telegram announcing but one killed and three wounded had the imagination of an individual pictured distinctly a solemn scene like this as following in natural sequence, or given the faintest reflection of the sorrow and suffering that lay veiled behind.

Fifty killed and two or three hundred wounded! Ah! now the pulses beat. Here is something worth while! How strangely this familiarity with war ices over the heart! One, two, three hundred killed or mangled. It is awful to contemplate; and yet we must come down to the single cases to get at the heart of this fearful matter. Away from every battle-field, from every skirmishing ground, heart-cords stretch, in single lines, to as many hearts and homes as there are individuals, undimmed, or wounding, thrill these sympathetic lines, each with its own wild fear and anguish.

That is! Mr. B—— His son was killed in a skirmish with the enemy. He belonged to Company C."

"Oh, in that slight affair! I had forgotten it. There was only the trifle of one killed, I think."

"And that was Mr. B——'s son."

Mr. B—— was leaving the car in which we were riding. He was so changed that I had not recognized him as the individual in whose presence I spoke so lightly about one killed and three wounded only a few weeks before.

"Sad, isn't it?" said the other, growing serious.

"Very sad. I'm told the mother hasn't left her room since the terrible news was communicated. He was an only son."

"That is trouble," was answered. "How little do we think of what is really involved when we run our eyes so carelessly, and often half-impatiently, over these almost daily announcements of one or two killed or wounded in scout and picket skirmishing! It comes home to us in Mr. B——'s case."

A few weeks later.

"Did you see that face at the window?" asked a friend with whom I was walking.

I had observed the face—that of a young woman. It was visible for only an instant; but in that instant it had impressed me strongly, it was so white, so ghostly, so full of sadness and suffering.

"Yes, I saw it."

"There has been something more than bodily sickness," said the friend.

"Heart sickness. Pain that defies the leech's skill."

"It always touches me to see a face like that," remarked my companion. "Heart-blight in one so young—ah, it is sad, sad! How quickly the tender leaves shrink and fade when frost drops down on a spring blossom! Its life is drawn from the sunshine, and fails when the icy winds pass over. In later years we have more endurance. The heart is stronger to bear."

Not long afterward the same pale face and sad eyes looked out upon me from a carriage, and their images and expression remained with me as in a picture for many days.

"I am haunted by that face," said I, as it glided past me on the street, the eyes resting in mine for an instant. Was there not something of rebuke in them? I felt it so. And yet they were to me the eyes of a stranger.

"Unhappy one! sorrow has touched you early with his blighting fingers." So I spoke with myself as I walked on musing. "Has love failed, or the shadow of death fallen over the threshold of one dearer than life? Ah, is there not in the experience of one soul, tried in the fire as thou assuredly hast been, pain enough to make our hearts shiver in the bare imagination? First the stunning shock of a fearful calamity; then the awakening to pain as life begins to stir in the bruised and broken fibres and organs, in the quivering nerves and lacerated tissues; then the almost equally-balanced contest between life and death; and then the long period of slow recuperation, with its anguish of aching wounds, its helplessness, its despondency, its darkness. Ah! what a history is written in a face like thine, pale, suffering stranger! How little of all this is imagined by the passing crowd!

Next I saw that face in church. It was still pale and sad, and bore a look of exhaustion, as from long-endured pain. But now there was in it a softer expression—a touch of resignation blending with pious hope.

"The Strong hath strengthened her;" so I said in my thought. "The burden was too heavy for her own soul, and she hath laid it upon Him. Her refuge is with the Comforter."

Often during the services my eyes turned involuntarily toward the young lady, who had awakened in me an interest little short of fascination. No more devout worshiper sat under the preacher's ministrations. She impressed me as one who had turned hopelessly from earth, and now rested all with Heaven.

As I moved down one of the aisles, after the benediction had been pronounced, the slightly-bowed form of Mr. B—— met my observation. He was alone. My thought went instantly to his wife sorrowing for her dead son.

"This may have indeed proved too heavy a burden," so I thought. "What a fearful weight to lay upon a mother's heart!"

"What!" I ejaculated, speaking half-aloud, as a new conviction flashed across my mind, "did that arrow strike there also?"

Mr. B—— had passed by the pew door from which the pale-faced young woman was stepping into the aisle and taken her hand. I did not see his face, but I noted a faint, sad smile on her lips. They passed out together. In the vestibule they lingered, and, in answer to a question, I heard Mr. B—— say,

"I think she is a little more like herself. Come and see her, won't you? It will do you both good."

Tears sprung to her eyes. My own were filling. "I will come." I saw her lips quiver, as she thus answered, and then turned almost hastily away.

"Poor Alice!" said a voice near me.

"Doesn't it make you sad to see her?" was the response.

"Sad enough," answered the first speaker.

"They had been for some time engaged, and were to be married as soon as the war was over."

"Her friends feared a while for her reason."

"Yes, and then for her life. But she is steadily regaining strength of body and mind. I was glad to see her in church to-day. She was always pure and good, and God will comfort and sustain her."

"Mr. B—— was in church also."

"Yes. Poor man! He really looks broken."

"They say that Edward's mother has scarcely been out of her room since the dreadful news came. Oh, I have pitied her so much!"

The speakers passed on, and I heard no more.

"Only one killed! Hardly worth the cost of a telegram!"

It seemed as if some reasoning spirit had thrown these words into my mind. I was shocked, and sensible of a creeping shudder along my nerves.

Then my mind was crowded with a myriad multiplication of the sorrow and pain which had followed that one death. A year, almost, of war, with hundreds of thousands in battle-array, and killing and wounding a thing of daily occurrence—alas! alas! What imagination can reach the fearful aggregate of woe?

When peace comes—when the hydra-head of treason lies crushed at the nation's feet—shall we

gaze the awful crime of those who, for selfish and wicked ends, turned our fertile fields into battle-grounds and cemeteries, and desolated our homes, on a light thing? Shall we give the fraternal hand, and offer the kiss of reconciliation, as though all were an innocent mistake or peccadillo? By the suffering and sorrow that remains unassuaged, no! Not revenge, not hate, not unforgiveness, no; not these for a Christian people; but a stern and abiding remembrance of the spirit that prompted all the evils we have endured, and a never-ceasing condemnation of all who favored it in word or deed.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S CHARGE AT WILLIAMSBURG.

We illustrate on page 332 THE SPLENDID BAYONET CHARGE OF GENERAL HANCOCK'S BRIGADE at the battle of Williamsburg, and GENERAL HOOKER'S DIVISION IN THE SAME BATTLE; on page 333 we publish a portrait of GENERAL HANCOCK. On this page we publish a MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA, showing the country which intervenes between Richmond and Yorktown. We think we may say that our Map contains every town, road, river, creek, and considerable village in the section of country where General McClellan is operating, and where the last act of the drama of Rebellion will be performed. General Hancock's charge is thus described in the *Herald* correspondence:

The rebel general had seen our weakness, and sent a force of four thousand infantry and a regiment of cavalry to attack us in the rear. As soon as they appeared in sight, General Hancock ordered the artillery to retreat, and prepared to give them a proper reception.

Waiting till the enemy had approached within two hundred yards, he placed himself at the head of his column, and, taking off his cap, turned to his men and said to them, in only General Hancock can say it, "Gentlemen, charge!" and with a yell they rushed upon the enemy, scattering them in every direction.

This was probably the most brilliant charge made during the day. A great number of the enemy were killed and wounded upon the field, while our loss was very small.

Our regiments all did nobly, but none of them more so than the Fifth Wisconsin and Forty-third New York. Colonel Cobb and Major Lowber, of the Fifth Wisconsin, and Colonels Vinton and Pearson, of the Forty-third New York, are deserving of especial praise. The charge made by General Hancock saved us the day yesterday, in all probability.* By the time our reinforcements had arrived General Hancock had driven the enemy from the field.

GENERAL McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

We publish on pages 328 and 329 a number of pictures illustrating the retreat of the rebels from Yorktown and the pursuit by General McClellan; all from sketches by our artist, MR. A. R. WAUD. He writes us as follows of these sketches:

ROAD TO THE LAND FACE OF THE YORKTOWN FORTIFICATIONS.

This road leads through a desolate ravine, where the trees which formerly graced the sides have been cut down and burned, leaving black trunks and stumps upon the arid soil. An occasional dead horse, a caisson, a limber-box, and a dreadful stench mark the principal line of communication between the main works and the Warwick River defenses. In the distance is Love's balloon, taken to Yorktown early Sunday morning, to discover, if possible, the line of retreat of the recession army.

THE OLD NELSON HOUSE, YORKTOWN.

This is the largest house in Yorktown, and takes its name from its former occupant, Judge Nelson. It is of course in a filthy condition, as indeed is the whole town and its neighborhood except a portion of the fortifications, which are clean and very perfect. Cornwallis made this house his head-quarters, and for some time the patriot army refrained from firing in it, as it was the property of Governor Nelson, who had already sacrificed the rest of his property to the cause. When he heard of this he at once went to the trenches, and insisted that his dwelling should not be spared, training a gun on it, and firing the first shot himself. A dot between the two upper windows marks the place on the opposite side of the house which the ball hit.

REBEL MAGAZINE.

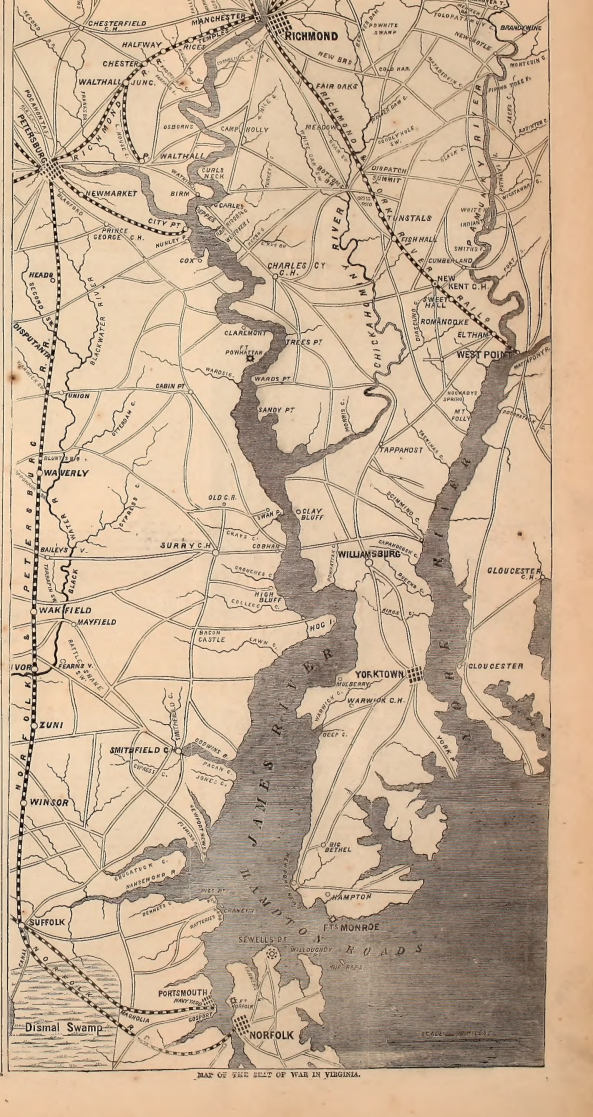
The river front of the fortifications is intersected by several deep ravines, used as covered ways between the works, and as shelter for the barracks and tents of the soldiers. They smell badly enough, making those who inadvertently wander there to hurry off again as quickly as possible. The magazine at the head of this hollow gives it a tomb-like appearance. What ammunition, if any, there may be in it will be found when it is certain there are no torpedoes in the way.

EXPLOSION OF A TORPEDO.

These vile arrangements of the enemy are shells placed under the surface, with a wafer and fuse just reaching the surface. Stepping on the wafer produces concussion enough to explode ..... sufficient to cause the destruction of the unfortunate who treads on it. These are said to have been constructed purposely by G. W. Rains, at the Fayetteville Arsenal, and were placed about the works by his brother, General Gabriel J. Rains. One of them was placed in a large pitcher in the hospital, with a string tied to the table, that would cause its explosion on lifting the pitcher. This was discovered by some one lifting a piece of oil-cloth laid on the top of the pitcher to hide the contents.

FORTIFICATIONS OF YORKTOWN, LOOKING TOWARD THE RIVER.

The scene from this point is very striking. On the top of the bluffs well-built turfed batteries command the water side. Following the beach we come to the principal water-battery, while on the distant shore is Farinholt's house, close to which is the Federal Battery No. 1, of 100 and 200 pounder Parrotts. This battery, worked by the Connecticut boys, raised a dreadful alarm in the minds of the rebels, and did much to cause their Skedaddle.



MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA.



GENERAL HANCOCK'S BRIGADE CHARGING THE REBELS AT THE BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 331.]



GENERAL HOOKER'S DIVISION ENGAGING THE ENEMY AT THE BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 331.]



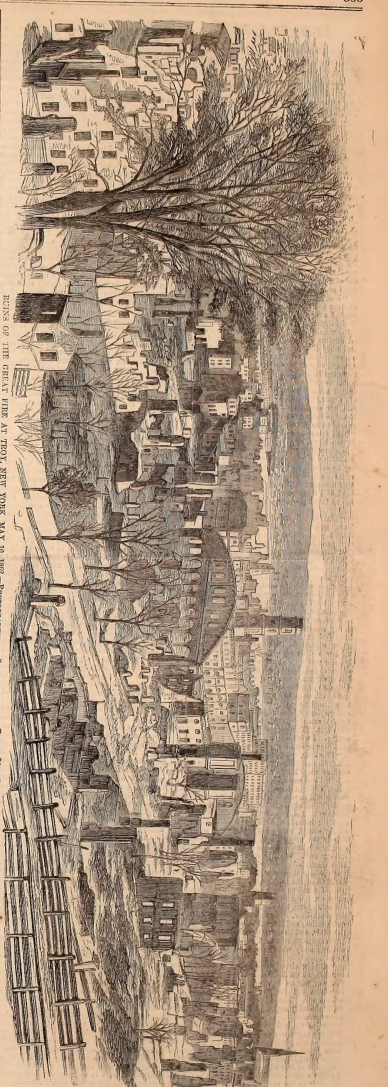
BRIGADIER-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORAN, OF PHILADELPHIA.]

GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK is a native of Pennsylvania, from which State he was appointed a cadet to West Point Military Academy in the year 1840. He graduated on the 30th of June, 1844, standing number eighteen in his class—in which was Simon Bolivar Buckner, the notorious rebel General of Fort Donelson fame. He was promoted to a brevet second lieutenancy in the Fourth United States infantry on the 1st of July, 1844; and on the 16th of June, 1846, received his commission of full second lieutenant in the same regiment. He served gallantly in the Mexican war; and in August, 1848, was brevetted first lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, his brevet dating from August 20, 1847. During the same year he was made to fill the position of regimental quarter-master, after which he became regimental adjutant of the Sixth United States infantry. In January, 1850, he was promoted to a full first lieutenancy; and on the 7th of November, 1855, was appointed an assistant quarter-master in the Quartermaster General's department, with the rank of captain. This position he held at the breaking out of the rebellion in 1861, and still holds that rank in the regular army of the United States. On the 23rd of September, 1861, he was appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and ordered to report to General M'Clellan. He has been chief of equipment entirely in the Army of the Potomac, and his brigade formed part of the force that occupied Lexington on the 9th of October, 1861. He has also been engaged in several grand reconnoissances, which have gratefully been attended with success. The manner with which he advanced, attacked, and captured the rebeldom of the rebels at Williamsburg has merited and obtained from General M'Clellan special mention and praise. General Hancock is much liked by his command, and his acquaintances speak of him as being a perfect gentleman in his manner and a pleasant companion.



COMMODORE GOLDSBOROUGH.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BLACK, OF BOSTON.—SEE PAGE 334.]



RUINS OF THE GREAT FIRE AT TROY, NEW YORK, MAY 10, 1862.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHOONMAKER, OF TROY.—SEE PAGE 336.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

BETWEEN THE SCENES.

I.

FROM NORAH VANSTONE TO MR. PENDRIL.

"WESTMORLAND HOUSE, KENSINGTON,
"*August* 14, 1846.

"DEAR MR. PENDRIL,—The date of this letter will show you that the last of many hard partings is over. We have left Combe-Raven; we have said farewell to home.

"I have been thinking seriously of what you said to me on Wednesday, before you went back to town. I entirely agree with you, that Miss Garth is more shaken by all she has gone through for our sakes than she is herself willing to admit; and that it is my duty, for the future, to spare her all the anxiety that I can, on the subject of my sister and myself. This is very little to do for our dearest friend, for our second mother. Such as it is, I will do it with all my heart.

"But forgive me for saying that I am as far as ever from agreeing with you about Magdalen. I am so sensible, in our helpless position, of the importance of your assistance—so anxious to be worthy of the interest of my father's trusted adviser and oldest friend, that I feel really and truly disappointed with myself for differing with you—and yet I do differ. Magdalen is very strange, very unaccountable, to those who don't know her intimately. I can understand that she has innocently misled you; and that she has presented herself, perhaps, under her least favorable aspect. But that the clew to her language and her conduct on Wednesday last is to be found in such a feeling toward the man who has ruined us as the feeling at which you hinted is what I can not and will not believe of my sister. If you knew, as I do, what a noble nature she has, you would not be surprised at this obstinate resistance of mine to your opinion. Will you try to alter it? I don't mind what Mr. Clare says: he believes in nothing. But I attach a very serious importance to what *you* say; and, kind as I know your motives to be, it distresses me to think you are doing Magdalen an injustice.

"Having relieved my mind of this confession, I may now come to the proper object of my letter. I promised, if you could not find leisure time to visit us to-day, to write and tell you all that happened after you left us. The day has passed without our seeing you. So I open my writing-case and perform my promise.

"I am sorry to say that three of the women-servants—the house-maid, the kitchen-maid, and even our own maid (to whom I am sure we have always been kind)—took advantage of your having paid them their wages to pack up and go, as soon as your back was turned. They came to say good-by with as much ceremony, and as little feeling, as if they were leaving the house under ordinary circumstances. The cook, for all her violent temper, behaved very differently: she sent up a message to say that she would stop and help us to the last. And Thomas (who has never yet been in any other place than ours) spoke so gratefully of my dear father's unvarying kindness to him; and asked so anxiously to be allowed to go on serving us while his little savings lasted, that Magdalen and I forgot all formal considerations, and both shook hands with him. The poor lad went out of the room crying. I wish him well; I hope he will find a kind master and a good place.

"The long, quiet, rainy evening out of doors—our last evening at Combe-Raven—was a sad trial to us. I think winter time would have weighed less on our spirits: the drawn curtains, and the bright lamps, and the companionable fires would have helped us. We were only five in the house altogether—after having once been so many! I can't tell you how dreary the gray daylight looked, toward seven o'clock, in the lonely rooms, and on the noiseless staircase. Surely the prejudice in favor of long summer evenings is the prejudice of happy people. We did our best. We kept ourselves employed, and Miss Garth helped us. The prospect of preparing for our departure, which had seemed so dreadful earlier in the day, altered into the prospect of a refuge from ourselves as the evening came on. We each tried at first to pack up in our own rooms, but the loneliness was more than we could bear. We carried all our possessions down stairs, and heaped them on the large dining-table, and so made our preparations together, in the same room. I am sure we have taken nothing away which does not properly belong to us.

"Having already mentioned to you my own conviction that Magdalen was not herself when you saw her on Wednesday, I feel tempted to stop here and give you an instance in proof of what I say. The little circumstance happened on Wednesday night, just before we went up to our rooms.

"After we had packed our dresses and our birthday presents, our books and our music, we began to sort our letters, which had got confused from being all placed on the table together. Some of my letters were mixed with Magdalen's, and some of hers with mine. Among these last I found a card, which had been given to my sister early in the year by an actor who managed an amateur theatrical performance in which she took a part. The man had given her the card, containing his name and address, in the belief that she would be invited to many more amusements of the same kind, and in the hope that she would recommend him as a superintendent on future occasions. I only relate these trifling particulars to show you how little worth keeping such a card could be, in such circumstances as ours. Naturally enough, I threw it away from me across the table, meaning to throw it on the floor. It fell short, close to the place in which Magdalen was sitting. She took it up, looked at it, and immediately declared that she would not have had this perfectly worthless thing destroyed for the world. She was almost angry with me for having thrown it away; almost angry with Miss Garth for asking what she could possibly want with it! Could there be any plainer proof than this that our misfortunes—falling so much more heavily on her than on me—have quite unhinged her and worn her out! Surely her words and looks are not to be interpreted against her, when she is not sufficiently mistress of herself to exert her natural judgment—when she shows the unreasonable petulance of a child on a question which is not of the slightest importance.

"A little after eleven we went up stairs to try if we could get some rest.

"I drew aside the curtain of my window and looked out. Oh, what a cruel last night it was; no moon, no stars; such deep darkness that not one of the dear familiar objects in the garden was visible when I looked for them; such deep stillness, that even my own movements about the room almost frightened me! I tried to lie down and sleep, but the sense of loneliness came again, and quite overpowered me. You will say I am old enough, at six-and-twenty, to have exerted more control over myself. I hardly know how it happened, but I stole into Magdalen's room, just as I used to steal into it years and years ago, when we were children. She was not in bed; she was sitting with her writing materials before her, thinking. I said I wanted to be with her the last night; and she kissed me, and told me to lie down, and promised soon to follow me. My mind was a little quieted, and I fell asleep. It was daylight when I woke—and the first sight I saw was Magdalen, still sitting in the chair, and still thinking. She had never been to bed; she had not slept all through the night.

"'I shall sleep when we have left Combe-Raven,' she said. 'I shall be better when it is all over, and I have bid Frank good-by.' She had in her hand our father's will, and the letter he wrote to you; and when she had done speaking she gave them into my possession. I was the eldest (she said), and those last precious relics ought to be in my keeping. I tried to propose to her that we should divide them; but she shook her head. 'I have copied for myself,' was her answer, 'all that he says of us in the will, and all that he says in the letter.' She told me this, and took from her bosom a tiny white silk bag, which she had made in the night, and in which she had put the extracts, so as to keep them always about her. 'This tells me in his own words what his last wishes were for both of us,' she said; 'and this is all I want for the future.'

"These are trifles to dwell on; and I am almost surprised at myself for not feeling ashamed to trouble you with them. But since I have known what your early connection was with my father and mother, I have learned to think of you (and, I suppose, to write to you) as an old friend. And, besides, I have it so much at heart to change your opinion of Magdalen that I can't help telling you the smallest things about her which may, in my judgment, end in making you think of her as I do.

"When breakfast-time came (on Thursday morning) we were surprised to find a strange letter on the table. Perhaps I ought to mention it to you, in case of any future necessity for your interference. It was addressed to Miss Garth, on paper with the deepest mourning border round it; and the writer was the same man who followed us on our way home from a walk one day last spring—Captain Wragge. His object appears to be to assert once more his audacious claim to a family connection with my poor mother, under cover of a letter of condolence, which it is an insolence in such a person to have written at all. He expresses as much sympathy—on his discovery of our affliction in the newspaper—as if he had been really intimate with us; and he begs to know, in a postscript (being evidently in total ignorance of all that has really happened), whether it is thought desirable that he should be present among the other relatives at the reading of the will! The address he gives, at which letters will reach him for the next fortnight, is, 'Post-office, Birmingham.' This is all I have to tell you on the subject. Both the letter and the writer seem to me to be equally unworthy of the slightest notice on our part or on yours.

"After breakfast Magdalen left us and went by herself into the morning-room. The weather being still showery we had arranged that Francis Clare should see her in that room when he presented himself to take his leave. I was up stairs when he came; and I remained up stairs for more than half an hour afterward, sadly anxious, as you may well believe, on Magdalen's account.

"At the end of the half hour, or more, I came down stairs. As I reached the landing I suddenly heard her voice, raised entreatingly, and calling on him by his name—then loud sobs—then a frightful laughing and screaming, both together, that rang through the house. I instantly ran into the room, and found Magdalen on the sofa in violent hysterics, and Frank standing staring at her with a lowering, angry face, biting his nails.

"I felt so indignant—without knowing plainly why, for I was ignorant of course of what had passed at the interview—that I took Mr. Francis Clare by the shoulders and pushed him out of the room. I am careful to tell you how I acted toward him, and what led to it, because I understand that he is excessively offended with me, and that he is likely to mention elsewhere what he calls my unladylike violence toward him. If he should mention it to you, I am anxious to acknowledge, of my own accord, that I forgot myself—not, I hope you will think, without some provocation.

"I pushed him into the hall, leaving Magdalen for the moment to Miss Garth's care. Instead of going away he sat down sulkily on one of the hall chairs. 'May I ask the reason of this extraordinary violence?' he inquired, with an injured look. 'No,' I said. 'You will be good enough to imagine the reason for yourself, and to leave us immediately, if you please.' He sat doggedly in the chair, biting his nails, and considering. 'What have I done to be treated in this unfeeling manner?' he asked, after a while. 'I can enter into no discussion with you,' I answered; 'I can only request you to leave us. If you persist in waiting to see my sister again, I will go to the cottage myself and appeal to your father.' He got up in a great hurry at those words. 'I have been infamously used in this business,' he said. 'All the hardships and the sacrifices have fallen to my share. I'm the only one among you who has any heart: all the rest are as hard as stones—Magdalen included. In one breath she says she loves me, and in another she tells me to go to China. What have I done to be treated with this heartless inconsistency? I'm consistent myself—I only want to stop at home—and (what's the consequence?) you're all against me!' In that manner he grumbled his way down the steps, and so I saw the last of him. This was all that passed between us. If he gives you any other account of it, what he says will be false. He made no attempt to return. An hour afterward his father came alone to say good-by. He saw Miss Garth and me, but not Magdalen; and he told us he would take the necessary measures, with your assistance, for having his son properly looked after in London, and seen safely on board the vessel when the time came. It was a short visit, and a sad leave-taking. Even Mr. Clare was sorry, though he tried hard to hide it.

"We had barely two hours after Mr. Clare had left us before it would be time to go. I went back to Magdalen and found her quieter and better, though terribly pale and exhausted, and oppressed, as I fancied, by thoughts which she could not prevail on herself to communicate. She would tell me nothing then—she has told me nothing since—of what passed between herself and Francis Clare. When I spoke of him angrily (feeling as I did that he had distressed and tortured her, when she ought to have had all the encouragement and comfort from him that man could give), she refused to hear me: she made the kindest allowances and the sweetest excuses for him; and laid all the blame of the dreadful state in which I had found her entirely on herself. Was I wrong in telling you that she had a noble nature? And won't you alter your opinion when you read these lines?

"We had no friends to come and bid us good-by, and our few acquaintances were too far from us—perhaps too indifferent about us—to call. We employed the little leisure left in going over the house together for the last time. We took leave of our old school-room, our bedrooms, the room where our mother died, the little study where our father used to settle his accounts and write his letters—feeling toward them, in our forlorn situation, as other girls might have felt at parting with old friends. From the house, in a gleam of fine weather, we went into the garden and gathered our last nosegay, with the purpose of drying the flowers when they begin to wither, and keeping them in remembrance of the happy days that are gone. When we had said good-by to the garden there was only half an hour left. We went together to the grave; we knelt down, side by side, in silence, and kissed the sacred ground. I thought my heart would have broken! August was the month of my mother's birthday; and this time last year my father and Magdalen and I were all three consulting in secret what present we could make to surprise her with on the birthday morning.

"If you had seen how Magdalen suffered you would never doubt her again. I had to take her from the last resting-place of our father and mother almost by force. Before we were out of the church-yard she broke from me and ran back. She dropped on her knees at the grave; tore up from it passionately a handful of grass, and said something to herself at the same moment which, though I followed her instantly, I did not get near enough to hear. She turned on me in such a frenzied manner when I tried to raise her from the ground—she looked at me with such a fearful wildness in her eyes—that I felt absolutely terrified at the sight of her. To my relief, the paroxysm left her as suddenly as it had come. She thrust away the tuft of grass into the bosom of her dress, and took my arm, and hurried with me out of the church-yard. I asked her why she had gone back—I asked what those words were which she had spoken at the grave. 'A promise to our dead father,' she answered, with a momentary return of the wild look and the frenzied manner which had startled me already. I was afraid to agitate her by saying more; I left all other questions to be asked at a fitter and a quieter time. You will understand from this how terribly she suffers—how wildly and strangely she acts under violent agitation; and you will not interpret against her what she said or did when you saw her on Wednesday last.

"We only returned to the house in time to hasten away from it to the train. Perhaps it was better for us so—better that we had only a moment left to look back before the turn in the road hid the last of Combe-Raven from our view. There was not a soul we knew at the station; nobody to stare at us; nobody to wish us good-by. The rain came on again as we took our seats in the train. What we felt at the sight of the railway—what horrible remembrances it forced on our minds of the calamity which has made us fatherless, I can not and dare not tell you. I have tried anxiously not to write this letter in a gloomy tone; not to return all your kindness to us by distressing you with our grief. Perhaps I have dwelt too long already on the little story of our parting from home? I can only say, in excuse, that my heart is full of it; and what is not in my heart my pen won't write.

"We have been so short a time in our new abode that I have nothing more to tell you—except that Miss Garth's sister has received us with the heartiest kindness. She considerately leaves us to ourselves, until we are fitter than we are now to think of our future plans, and to arrange as we best can for earning our own living. The house is so large, and the position of our rooms has been so thoughtfully chosen, that I should hardly know—except when I hear the laughing of the younger girls in the garden—that we were living in a school.

"With kindest and best wishes from Miss Garth and my sister, believe me, dear Mr. Pendril, gratefully yours,

"NORAH VANSTONE."

II.

FROM MISS GARTH TO MR. PENDRIL.

"WESTMORLAND HOUSE, KENSINGTON,
"*September* 23, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I write these lines in such misery of mind as no words can describe. Magdalen has deserted us. At an early hour this morning she secretly left the house, and she has not been heard of since.

"I would come and speak to you personally, but I dare not leave Norah. I must try to control myself: I must try to write.

"Nothing happened yesterday to prepare me, or to prepare Norah, for this last—I had almost said this worst—of all our afflictions. The only alteration we either of us noticed in the unhappy girl was an alteration for the better, when we parted for the night. She kissed me, which she has not done latterly; and she burst out crying when she embraced her sister next. We had so little suspicion of the truth that we thought these signs of renewed tenderness and affection a promise of better things for the future.

"This morning, at a little after eight o'clock, when her sister went into her room, it was empty, and a note in her handwriting, addressed to Norah, was lying on the dressing-table. I can not prevail on Norah to part with the note; I can only send you the inclosed copy of it. You will see that it affords no clew to the direction she has taken.

"Knowing the value of time in this dreadful emergency I examined her room and (with my sister's help) questioned the servants immediately on the news of her absence reaching me. Her wardrobe was empty; and all her boxes but one, which she has evidently taken away with her, are empty too. We are of opinion that she has privately turned her dresses and jewelry into money; that she had the one trunk she took with her removed from the house yesterday; and that she left us this morning on foot. The answers given by one of the servants are so unsatisfactory that we believe the woman has been bribed to assist her, and has managed all those arrangements for her flight which she could not have safely undertaken by herself.

"Of the immediate object with which she has left us I entertain no doubt.

"I have reasons (which I can tell you at a fitter time) for feeling assured that she has gone away with the intention of trying her fortune on the stage. She has in her possession the card of an actor by profession, who superintended an amateur theatrical performance at Clifton, in which she took part; and to him she has gone to help her. I saw the card at the time, and I know the actor's name to be Huxtable. The address I can not call to mind quite so correctly, but I am almost sure it was at some theatrical place in Bow Street, Covent Garden. Let me entreat you not to lose a moment in sending to make the necessary inquiries; the first trace of her will, I firmly believe, be found at that address.

"If we had nothing worse to dread than her attempting to go on the stage I should not feel the distress and dismay which now overpower me. Hundreds of other girls have acted as recklessly as she has acted, and have not ended ill after all. But my fears for Magdalen do not begin and end with the risk she is running at present.

"There has been something weighing on her mind ever since we left Combe-Raven—weighing far more heavily for the last six weeks than at first. Until the period when Francis Clare left England I am persuaded she was secretly sustained by the hope that he would contrive to see her again. From the day when she knew that the measures you had taken for preventing this had succeeded—from the day when she was assured that the ship had really taken him away, nothing has roused, nothing has interested her. She has given herself up, more and more hopelessly, to her own brooding thoughts; thoughts which, I believe, first entered her mind on the day when the utter ruin of the prospects on which her marriage depended was made known to her. She has formed some desperate project of contesting the possession of her father's fortune with Michael Vanstone; and the stage career which she has gone away to try is nothing more than a means of freeing herself from all home-dependence, and of enabling her to run what mad risks she pleases in perfect security from all home-control. What it costs me to

write of her in these terms I must leave you to imagine. The time has gone by when any consideration of distress to my own feelings can weigh with me. Whatever I can say which will open your eyes to the real danger, and strengthen your conviction of the instant necessity of averting it, I say in despite of myself, without hesitation and without reserve.

"One word more and I have done.

"If the last time you were so good as to come to this house, do you remember how Magdalen embarrassed and distressed us by questioning you about her right to bear her father's name? Do you remember her persisting in her inquiries, until she had forced you to acknowledge that, legally speaking, she and her mother had No Name? I venture to remind you of this, because you have the double merit of being slow to think of, and you might well have forgotten the circumstance. Whatever natural reluctance she might otherwise have had to destroying a fair and degrading herself, by the use of an assumed name, that conversation with you is certain to have removed. We must discover her by personal description—we can trace her in no other way.

"I can think of nothing more to guide your decision in our deplorable emergency but Mr. Gob's sake, let no expense and no efforts be spared! I send my letter by private messenger: it ought to reach you by ten o'clock this morning at the latest. Let me have one line in answer, to say you will act instantly for the best. My only hope of quieting Norah is to be able to write a word of encouragement from your pen. Believe me, dear Sir, yours sincerely and gratefully,

HARRIET GARTH."

III.

FROM MAGDALEN TO NORAH (INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING LETTER).

"My DARLING,—Try to forgive me. I have struggled against myself till I am worn out in the effort. I am the wretchedest of living creatures. Our quiet life bores me sometimes. I can bear it no longer: I must go. If you know what my future is to be, tell me, for I don't. I have fought against them, and how horribly they have gone on haunting me in the lonely quiet of this house, you will pity and forgive me. Oh, my love, don't feel hurt at my not opening my heart to you to-night! I have not open it. I dare not show myself to you as I really am.

"Pray don't send and seek after me; I will write and relieve all your anxieties. You know, Norah, we must give up living for ourselves; I have only gone to get mine in the way which is thrust for me. Whether I succeed, or whether I fail, I can do myself no harm in any way. I have no position to lose, and no name to degrade. Don't doubt I love you—don't let Miss Garth doubt my gratitude. I go where my misable at leaving you; but I must go. If I had loved you less dearly I should have had not courage to say this in your presence; but how could I trust myself to resist your persuasions, and to bear the sight of your distress? Farewell, my darling. Take a thousand kisses from me, my own best, dearest love, and we meet again. MAGDALEN."

IV.

FROM SERGEANT BULMER (OF THE DETECTIVE POLICE) TO MR. PENDRIL.

"SOUTH-SEA QUAY, Sept. 29, 1846.

"SIR,—Your clerk informs me that the parties interested in our inquiry after the missing young lady are anxious for news of the result. I went to your office to speak to you about the matter to-day. Not having found you, and not being able to return and try again to-morrow, I devise these lines to save delay, and to tell you how we stand thus far.

"I am sorry to say no advance has been made since my former report. The trace of the young lady which we found nearly a week ago still remains the last trace discovered of her. This case creates a mighty stir among the people round about here. Looked at close, it alters very considerably for the worse, and becomes, to speak in plain truth—a Poser.

"This is how we now stand:

"We have traced the young lady to the theatrical agent's in Bow Street. We know that at an early hour on the morning of the twenty-third the agent was called down to speak to her on the dressing, to speak to a young lady in a cab at the door. We know that, on the testimony of Mr. Huxtable's card, he wrote on it Mr. Huxtable's address, and heard her order the cabman to drive to the terminus. We know that she left by the nine o'clock train. We followed her by the twelve o'clock train. We have ascertained that she called, at half past two, at Mr. Huxtable's lodgings; that she found he was away, and not expected back till eight in the evening; that she left word she would call again at eight; and that she never returned. Mr. Huxtable's statement is—he and the young lady have never set eyes on each other. The first consideration which follows, is that of the truth of this statement. Mr. Huxtable? I have carefully inquired into the character, as know as much, or more, about him than he knows about himself—and my opinion is, that we are to believe him. To the best of my knowledge he is a perfectly honest man.

"Here, then, is the hitch in the case. The young lady sets out with a certain object before her. Instead of going on to the accomplishment of that object she stops short of it. Why has she stopped? and where? Those are, unfortunately, just the questions which we can't answer just yet.

"My own opinion of the matter is briefly as follows; I don't think she has met with any foul accident. Serious accidents, in nine cases out of ten, discover themselves. My own notion is, that she has fallen into the hands of some person or persons interested in hiding her away, and sharp enough to know how to set about it. Whether she is in their charge, with or without her own consent, is more than I can undertake to say at present. I don't wish to raise false hopes or false fears; I wish to stop short at the opinion I have already given.

"In regard to the future, I may tell you that I have set on foot inquiries in daily communication with the authorities. I have also taken care to have the handbills offering a reward for the discovery of Miss Garth more widely circulated. I have completed the necessary arrangements for seeking the pilgrim in all country theatres, and for having the dramatic companies well looked after. Some years since this would have cost a considerable expenditure of time and money. Luckily for our purpose, the country theatres are in these days, under the large cities, hardly one of them is open, and we can keep our eye on them with little expense and less difficulty.

"These are the steps which I think it needful to take at present. If you are of another opinion, you have only to give me your directions, and I will carefully attend to them. I don't by any means despair of our finding the young lady and bringing her back to her friends safe and well. Please to send them, as well as how to subscribe myself, yours respectfully,

"ABRAHAM BULMER."

V.

ANONYMOUS LETTER ADDRESSED TO MR. PENDRIL.

"SIR,—A word to the wise. The friends of a certain young lady are wasting time and money to no purpose. Their advertising clerk and your detective policeman are looking for a needle in a bottle of hay. The end will be ninth of October, and they have not found her yet: they will not soon find the Northwest Passage. Call your dogs off, and you may be sure of the young lady's safety under her own hand. The longer you keep them, the longer she will remain, what she is now, lost."

[The preceding letter is thus indorsed, in Mr. Pendril's handwriting: "No apparent means of tracing the inclosed to its source. Post-mark, 'Charing Cross.' Written apparently on the inside of the envelope. Handwriting, probably a man's in disguise. Words, whoever he is, correctly informed. No further notice of the younger Miss Vanstone discovered yet."]

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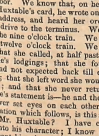
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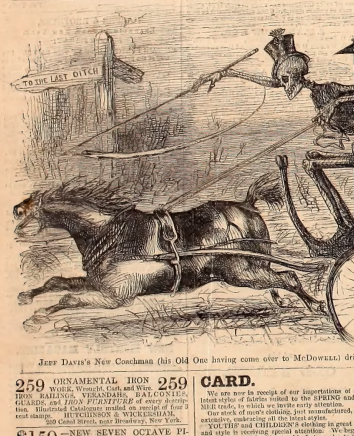
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(Vide the Howls of the British Parliament and Papers about the *Monitor*, &c.)



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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VI.—No. 283.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3 00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



BALLOON VIEW OF THE ATTACK ON FORT DARLING, IN THE JAMES RIVER, BY COMMANDER ROGERS'S GUN-BOAT FLOTILLA, "GALENA," "MONITOR," ETC.—[SEE PAGE 343.]

JOHN LORENCE.

ROANOKE ISLAND, FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

Oh, well the Ninth New Jersey fought
On bloody Roanoke!
Its front stood firm, its colors waved,
Its line was never broke!
And every eye flashed bright that day,
And every heart-beat strong?
For every man's soul kept time
To the musket-bullet's song.

Brave men grew braver as they marked
How Corporal Lorence fought,
And ever while the contest raged
The gun of danger sought.
Columbia's grand, inspiring voice
Was sounding in his ear:
"Strike boldly now," it seemed to say
"And cast away all fear!"

Alas! before the day was won,
While fiercer grew the fray,
And John was rushing on, a shot
Took both his legs away!
Oh, not a man that saw him fall
But wished it had been he:
Each struggled, when they bore him off,
His chief regret to be.

The hero lay insensible
While knives and probes pierced deep:
God bless the noble art of man
That eased that painless sleep!
At last the surgeon's task is o'er:
The sleeper wakes. What sound
Has thrilled his soul, and made him glance
So eagerly around?

"Victory!" is the thrilling cry
Borne in upon the gale.
The patriot rose upon his arm,
His face, till now so pale,
Flushed with her joy: in waved his cap,
And gave three hearty cheers
For the Union and the glorious Ninth
New Jersey Volunteers!

And now he lies, unmourning,
A cripple, thin and weak:
Yet none mistake the patriot fire
Who chance to hear him speak.
He longs to go, though on his stumps,
And serve his country more:
Brave Lorence! well your country knows
Your fighting days are o'er!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1862.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

WE publish in another column the President's Proclamation rescinding the General Order of General Hunter, by which the slaves in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida were freed. The President takes the ground that the right of emancipating negroes under the war power belongs to him, and that he does not choose to delegate it to commanders in the field.

This message will satisfy the conservative people in the Northern States. So grave a question as the abolition of slavery in the States can not be left to the discretion of military officers. A military policy must be adopted by the Government, and carried out in every case. The only person who can determine that policy is the President, and he only does it duly when he refuses to share the privilege and the responsibility.

The closing paragraph of the Proclamation indicates clearly enough to which side the President's sympathies and inclinations lean. Indeed, it may be regarded somewhat in the light of a threat and a warning. He appeals to the people of the slaveholding States to accept the generous offer made to them by Congress while it is yet time. The "signs of the times," he warns them, point to the abolition of an institution which is not in harmony with the spirit of the age or reconcilable with the peace of the country. It is for the Slave States to decide whether they will run the risk of having it abolished under the war power, with suddenness and disaster, and without compensation, or whether they will have the support, the compensate necessity, and avail themselves of a Congressional subsidy. The country pauses to hear Maryland's answer.

THE FOOD QUESTION IN SECESSIA.

THE rebel Legislature of Virginia is debating resolutions affirming the determination of the insurgents in that State to persevere in their purpose of rebellion, notwithstanding the fall of New Orleans and the other mishaps which have lately befallen the "Confederate" cause.

The fall of New Orleans and Pensacola, the capture of Fort Macon, and the successful advance of M'Clellan to within a day's march of Richmond, may not prove, *in themselves*, fatal to the rebel cause. They must operate to dishearten the soldiery still more, and to cause Jeff Davis, and they must serve to correct the impression, once widely prevalent at the South, that one Southerner was a match for five or six Yankees. But the mere seizure by our troops of one or two more points on the Southern coast does not in itself involve the failure of the rebellion.

It is the material results flowing from the seizure of these points which are important. The capture of New Orleans and the presence of our gun-boats in the Mississippi cut off the rebel armies from their principal supplies of food. When the cotton States first seceded their leaders insisted that the possession of the rich States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri was essential to their success, because without them they could not feed their armies. They lost Missouri in January, and Kentucky in March, and ever since consumed all that Virginia could supply. Texas and Arkansas, both large producers of beef, still continued to draw from them the bulk of the meat used by the rebels during the past sixty days has been drawn. They have now lost Arkansas too, and the question arises, whence can the rebel army in Virginia and the rebel army of the Southwest draw rations?

They can get corn enough, and there is some pork in Alabama, Mississippi, and the other cotton States. But in the Confederacy, as at present bounded, there is no beef. How long can the armies fight without beef?

The rebels comfort themselves by reading accounts of the Whig partisan orgies during the Revolutionary war, and assert their readiness to endure the same privations as were borne by those heroes. But there is a difference, than calculation in this. Marion, leading a small squadron of horse, could manage to exist on sweetpotatoes and the accidental products of occasional foraging expeditions. But when fifty or seventy-five thousand men are to be fed the question of subsistence assumes an entirely different shape. Such an army can not live on sweet-potatoes, nor, if they could, does the favorite Southern dish afford a very large or sufficient quantity to satisfy their wants. A successful foraging expedition may gather food enough to supply a regiment for a few days. But when it comes to feeding brigades and divisions, foraging, in a country already somewhat exhausted by the Revolutionary armies, Armies can only be fed through the agency of a regular commissariat which has depôts of provisions at certain points, and constant and reliable communication with regions where all kinds of food are produced.

If M'Clellan and Halleck remain quietly where they are, the rebellion will be starved out in a few weeks. It is not probable they will do so, because the public require them that the army would be impatient in inactivity. But for the main purpose of the war they need not move.

FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

SOUTHERN bribes have again purchased intimations in European journals to the effect that England and France will actively fight for us this country. As of old, the Emperor Napoleon is represented as panting for intervention, while England is feebly holding him back.

There is not a word of truth in the whole story. The Emperor Napoleon has never declared to intervene on our account. He will not, that intervention, so far from procuring the cotton he needs, would protract the cotton famine indefinitely. The United States would fight for fifty years rather than submit to have their internal politics regulated by foreigners. From first to last the Emperor of the French has prohibited a statesmanlike appreciation of the merits of the war which shines in bright contrast with the mean policy of the British Government, and the besotted opinions of the person his misrepresents France at Washington.

Mr. Gladstone and several leading newspapers expatiate upon the suffering inflicted by the rebel Southern armies. Whose fault is this? As Mr. Seward well said when the war broke out, the rebellion would collapse in ninety days time for the lack of foreign intervention.

The thousands of Englishmen who are starving in consequence of the want of cotton have only their own Government and their own aristocracy to blame. If the British Government had not been so eager to see this country divided and democracy discredited, the rebellion would have been crushed long ago. The iron must needs aid and comfort they gave the rebels which induced the latter to persevere in their insane policy. The British aristocracy is largely responsible for the starvation which now desolates the seats of manufacturing industry in England.

THE LOUNGER.

FREEDOM IN THE TERRITORIES.

THE Thirty-Seventh Congress of the United States has just confirmed the policy of the First Congress, seventy-three years ago. That body declared that "there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said Territory, otherwise than in punishment of crimes whereof the parties shall be duly convicted." The act of the present Congress is in similar and even more comprehensive terms: "That slavery, or involuntary servitude, in all cases whatsoever other than in punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall henceforth cease and be prohibited forever in all the Territories of the United States now existing or hereafter to be formed or to be acquired in any way."

It would be thought that in any civilized Christian State a vote for such a proposition would be unanimous; but in a nation which was a population of slaves it would be a matter of wonder. And yet, while the consequences of slavery are showing themselves in the most desperate and terrible form, there were fifty representatives who voted against it. And to complete the extraordinary scene, the Democratic party rights which no power can justly take away, while their vote upon this act declares that men have no rights except such as the majority may confer. Is that their political faith?

Among the negatives votes are many from the South. If they think slavery a fair, and profitable, and peaceful system for civilized society, we may reject their opinion, but we must applaud their manly fidelity. But if they voted in the negative because they think that although it may be a great wrong for the majority to pass any political enactment to enslave a minority, they have deliberately sanctioned the principle which gives life, liberty, property, and welfare of every man in this State—white, black, yellow, or red—at the mercy of a majority. Such a principle could not only the most dangerous conceivable to human society, but it is directly repugnant to the second letter of the Constitution. Our system is a constant check upon the tyranny of a majority. A striking illustration was the choice of Mayor. The means were unconstitutional election was announced the newspapers, which at that time clamored for the submission of the nation to a rebellious faction, loudly and constantly declared that he had not a majority of all the votes cast. It was true, as the Constitution did not require that he should have. On the other hand, an overpowering majority, or a unanimous vote of the people, would not shorten or lengthen his term by a single year. For the Constitution regulates the rights of majorities. But this is true, but it declares itself to be established to protect those rights of the individual which the Revolution had vindicated.

The enormity of the principle involved in the negatives votes upon Territorial freedom is sufficiently tested. "Leave it to a majority of the people in the Territory" is the argument by which that vote is justified. Leave what? In the words of the bill, "Slavery, or involuntary servitude, in all cases whatsoever other than in punishment for crime." But who are to vote? What possible standard can you set up which will not include those that are enslaved? The bill is that some of the population of the Territory may have been slaves before does not avail, for, by the argument, they are like any other man until the vote is taken.

But if it be a tolerable principle in a Territory that a majority can decide upon the life and other rights of one man or of a minority, it is no less so in a State—in New York, for instance; and if, having in the legal form of the people decided that one or all of the representatives who voted in the negative should be hung, upon their own principle it would be all right. "Ohno!" they would reply. "The State Constitution secures our life and liberty except for crime." Yes, but who are to do so? Simply because you have a natural right to your life and liberty, except for crime. And so has every other man in the whole State, and so majority can override your right in your own State, you see, as well as in Territory. The case that in the National State, or Territory, every man should be as secure as you are. As representatives of this State you were no more entitled in abandoning the rights of men in the Territories, for which you are constitutional legislators, to the will of a majority, than you would be in destroying the safeguards that protect those rights in your own State. Slavery is not something that men enjoy because other men choose that they shall. It is the direct violation of the law of nature.

The majority of voters in this State might constitutionally amend the Constitution, by declaring that the Constitution of the State should be abrogated. Being the majority, and having the power, they might exercise it. What then? Why, suppose it were a majority of every voter in the State—even the blind themselves that decreed it. What then? Why would be the fact then? A crime of the direst conceivable wrong and wickedness. Would it be right, justifiable, human, decent? Would any one whose heart was not black accept the vote on the ground that the majority chose to do it? Not the most instinct politician and demagogue in Africa. But, gentlemen, it is no more valid against the liberty of black men in Nevada than against the lives of blind men in New York. If it is right that the majority should decide in the one case, it can not be wrong in the other.

This is the principle which your votes have sustained. It is the principle of brute force. It is the principle of the King of Dahomey and of Bomba of Naples. It is the denial of human rights. It is the assertion that men owe Liberty to the favor of a majority, and not to the grace of God. And, gentlemen, it is the effort to make that the creed of the Democratic party which has annihilated that party, by driving from it the true Democrats, who held that men have rights as well as majorities.

THE END OF GINGERBREAD.

THE progress of the National victory shows itself to military men less than in the character of the proclamations of the General-in-command in the insurgent section. They are no longer gingerbread. The Government no longer delegates to rebels its enforcing the law. The "Southern brethren" are no longer the loyal citizens of the United States in the revolted region, the proclamations are not addressed to them. They are not desired, for instance, to vote for Andrew Johnson, low, but for such as the Mayor Monroe of New Orleans—for such as the two drinking-cups the skulls of their Northern brethren whom they have murdered, and who whittle the bones of their slain foes into handles for their cheap knives.

It is clearly idle to expect any thing but sullen hatred from the men who have staked every thing upon the arbitrament of battle with the Government, and who have been educated to deem it base when they call themselves by the name the Southern nicknams for those who believe that a State ought to live by the sword of the Union and by the shield of other people. Parson Brownlow says that Tennessee will return to the Union by and by himself—but not as he says so. But meanwhile we remember that Missouri gave nearly eighty thousand majority for the Union secession, and Kentucky on the 17th of May a year ago announced a "Union" victory. The history of the year shows how simply that the minority controlled those States. And the words of the Senators and representatives from those States in a few months will be forgotten. We have no doubt upon their part whether the "Union" before their lines is not entirely conditional—which is the simple doctrine of secession.

In Western Virginia General Fremont has hung two rebels in the act of guerrilla fighting. In New Orleans General Butler has proclaimed martial law under the most stringent conditions. In Tennessee Governor Andrew Johnson has already warned the rebels that he shall retaliate fivefold for all guerrilla warfare. In the Department the South General Hunter has also established martial law. In North Carolina General Burnside has taken similar precautions—issued summary warning to all traitors to seal their mouths, and imposed severe penalties upon a man who wanted to talk politics out of season.

This is pure despotism. This is the arbitrary will of one man in the place of the law. Precisely so. When the rebels invoked war they invoked despotism. War is the appeal to brute force. War crushes out every opinion but that of despotism. If Davis and his friends Vallandigham, and Powell, and Richardson, and Bayard, and the rest of them, in Congress, are very nervous about the violation, as they call it, of the Constitution. To attempt is to destroy it by force—a treasonable fight, according to their logic; but to maintain it by force is its preservation.

But when the Government drew the sword to maintain its authority, it knew that it must use its power unsparingly to be master. It was an instrument to tickle with, but to kill with. And all the while the Government goes with it. When it has thrust open a way for the Government to enter a rebellious region it is used to enforce respect for the Union. The Government, again, takes in friends who have been oppressed. To allow Monroe to talk defiant treason was, under the circumstances, to delude the people for the purposes of suppression of New Orleans as to allow Lovell to hold a battery of Secessionists in the Park. What Lovell would dare to discover himself when a rebel regiments talked pure rebellion to the Government we know not, and can not pretend to have dared. At such times words are things.

The time for which the insurgent section will not spontaneously appear; it must be developed by the conviction of overwhelming superiority of force. When once the conviction that resistance is hopeless the mass will begin to see why they had better submit. This nation will never encounter treason in any savage and unmanly form. And which is now making war upon it. And none know this better than the rebel commanders and politicians section. They are not afraid of irritating the rebels They are the most vehement for vigorous measures. And they are the most at the South for the Government to consider.

PARSON BROWNLOW.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S speech at the Academy of Music ought to be published and scattered every where in the North. It is a most vivid picture and while who can read should read it, and those who can not should hear it. It shows the character of the war together are not such a cordial stimulant. He did not mention the words slavery or slave, but he showed that slavery or more of every evil which such deadly blows at slavery. It was a glimpse of the black interior of Secessia. It was a thrilling picture of the ghastly spirit which engendered and sustains it. "This," cried the wary, lady, sad, tears he passed through, the appealing horrors at which the heart stopped, "this is the spirit of secession, the spirit of murder, of assassination, of death, of hell"—and the audience sank inwardly Amen. "And yet you have among you men who palliate and excuse and defend it." The audience answered with a yell of indignation.

The speaker himself was a living illustration of the spirit of which he had lived. Listening to the intense vindictiveness of his noun and words, it was possible not to think of Browning's Italian, who had seen his brother fall under the bullets of Metternich's soldiers, who had been hated, hunted, exiled, losing every thing under the fell tyranny but life, and who says, calmly, that his utmost hope of happiness is to feel Metternich's

"Red, wet throat distil
In blood through my two hands."

Dr. Brownlow's appearance only deepened the effect. He is not the thick, coarse, loud man that the descriptions and his reported speeches prefigure; but he is tall, wiry, of decided and delicate, though

her handsome features, with a touching expression of latent anxiety upon the pale and pensive face. His discourse was what the audience wished—a good sermon. It is the first ordained story of a conspicuous Southern Union man of the terrible days we have just passed through. The dark days of the French Revolution were not blacker. No history can furnish instances of more infernal cruelty than the treatment of men whose crime was loving their country. "Southern brethren," whom Great Britain finds to be a chivalric, refined, injured people, struggling for peaceful liberty against a cruel band of tyrants!

Mr. Brownlow's discourses showed only more clearly the terrible experience, that this is a conflict of civilizations under the same Government; and one of them will inevitably annihilate the other.

THE UNNAMED HEROES.

It is computed that in the field and hospital fifty thousand of our loyal fellow-citizens have already lost their lives in the struggle to uphold this rebellious flag. How many of them, as brave as the bravest, will never be named in history! In the *Cricket on the Hearth*, a modest little journal published monthly in Philadelphia, there is this touching poem upon one of the unknown soldier-martyrs:

KILLED AT BALL'S BLUFF.

He gave the trifles of a best
To those God hoarded and laid him dear,
And scattered turned—a volunteer—

The citadel stood
To equip his wife, wipe off the shame,
He cared not that the trump of Fame
Should sound about his humble name
In tropes of glory.

For Union, and for equal laws,
For Liberty—the grand old cause;
How could he speak those names and pause,
Faltering, sacrificed?
He knew not what Fate had in store,
Nor used her purpose to explore,
But calmly waited on, before
Her awful mystery.

All on a morning cold and gray,
Upon that sad October day,
He stood amidst the dewy array
Silent and steady,
Around him fell the iron hail,
He heard his dying comrades' wail,
But heart and purpose did not fail,
For he was ready.

He fought and died. A nameless grave
Where no sad willows o'er him wave,
Or sculptured stone extols brave
In chiseled numbers
Was his. The birds at morn symphonize,
The solemn murmur of the trees,
The sighing of the evening breeze,
Mar not his slumbers.

He died for Liberty; the time
Shows many another death sublime,
For his sake may my homely rhyme
Be all forgiven.
We trust he stands beside the Throne,
Martyr to Freedom! not alone,
That his forgotten name is known
In Heaven.

THE LIFE OF IRVING.

Good fortune followed Washington Irving while he lived, and did not desert him when he died. On the bank which he selected for the task writes his biography. The first volume of the three that were prepared, bringing the story of his life down to the publication of the "Sketch Book." With characteristic good sense Mr. Pierre M. Irving, the biographer, suffers the letters of Irving to show what he was and what he did, so far as possible, for with the exception of a very clear and simple narrative they furnish a very lovely picture of the life and growth of the author. And they tell two years ago more personally beloved than any American.

The life is without special incident; but the story is one of his pen, even in the young man's letters, written every day of total rest or devotion to the vocation and gayety which constantly remind the reader that the hand is the same hand which a little later wrote the tales that charm by their delicate humanity of spirit no less than by their simplicity and grace of style. He went at the beginning of the century to Europe, "pasturing on the pleasures" of such spot. There is no striking remark upon art, or literature, or literary or political men, only in his letters; but there is a freshness and devotion of appreciation, and a shrewd humorous comment which indicate the healthy mind and the eye of genius.

So human was ever more truly simple than Washington Irving. During the last twenty years he was the most celebrated of living Americans; but he was always fond of quoting the saying of one of them in their latter days, when, upon looking in a magazine, he spoke of the talent displayed by so many younger men, and, winking playfully, said, "Well, it is lucky, Moore, that we began when we did!"

But Irving, like Scott, would have been always sadly first. The peculiar qualities of his talent are those which secure permanent renown. And they, like Lamb, and Sir Thomas Browne, and George Herbert, are sure of constant affection as of perpetual admiration.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Once," says Irving, "I was in Ingolstadt." "A clothes-line, for sure," says Tommy. "Because it stretches from Ingo to Stadt," said young Hopeful.

All liars would seem to be bankrupt laws; they are always every day.

Why is a kiss like a rumor?—Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

Among the conditions of sale by an auctioneer was the following: "The highest bidder to be the buyer, unless some gentleman bids more."

A celebrated author of the present day, who is remarkable for the flatness of his nose, was urging his suit with a lady of his acquaintance, when she replied, "Sir, you are—you are—I never can get over that nose of yours!" "I dare say," he replied, "but I should be very happy to act as your bridge to it!" In cases of Wit *vs.* Beauty, wit is sure of a verdict, and the lady withdrew her refusal.

"Captain Silk! What a name for a soldier!" "The finest names in the world for a captain," said a lady; "for silk will never be wounded."

Voltaire related to Mr. Sherlock an anecdote of Swift. Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant, said to Swift, "Mr. Dean, why do you call me Madam, and not Madame?" "Madam," said Swift, "don't say so in England; for if you do they will think you a whore."

A young lady who lately gave an order to a milliner for a bonnet, said: "You are to make it plain, and at the same time smart, so as to be a complement to my face."

Among the rules and regulations which are posted up at the entrance of the Vienna theatres is the following: "Persons who introduce into the theatre dogs, or anything else to the Emperor and the Imperial Family, it is not to be thought, are guilty of an outrage or infraction of order."

A young officer of the Lord Verlaglen rebel went to Drury Lane to see the great tragedian, Charles Kean, in "Hamlet." He was much affected by the pathos and solemn tragedy, and on being asked how he liked it, he said, "Why, it's a very clever play, but I think it's too full of quotations!"

The man who plays at once on the trump o'thne and the horn of it is different from the man who plays on the one, eg a hay-cock crew while he was tying a knot in a cord of wood.

When Madge was a very little girl, her father found her chubby hands full of the blossoms of a beautiful tea-rose on which he was very fond of smelling. The ball provoke him, he didn't tell you not to pick one of those flowers with-out asking me?" "Why, papa," said the little darling, "I thought all these had leaves."

Simplicity sometimes very ludicrous in their significance. We remember a poem in which a lover cast a horrified glance, when he discovered that his fair one was a wavy-truth was cut into calves, instead of halves. And in Shaver's collection of anecdotes we find a gentleman who absolutely substituted for day in the following absurd manner:

"And bridle shall seize his hat bladder to day (to-day),
When pull a hair up by the roots (rooster crow)."

Tears at a wedding are only the commencement of the pickle that the young folks are getting into.

"Mamma," said an inquisitive little lady of some six summers, "what is a mother-in-law?" "She is a step-in Hot, my dear!" mmmm answered, "what makes you think it is hot?" "Why, mamma, I have just been reading about the boiling waves."

"What do they mean by a 'cut and dap life?' said a husband to his wife, after reading a letter from a friend who is living on the rug together. I wish men lived half so peaceably together as they do in Turkey." "Why, my dear," said the wife, "they have a great many wives."

A young man, on being asked by his sweet-heart what was the difference between *love* and *friendship*, answered: "Telling her that was phonography: "F R A B U T, L N E" (You are a beauty, Ellen).

Which is the wickedest part of the church?—The nave.

It is said that the wheel of fortune revolves for all; but many of us are hitched to the spokes.

"I can seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been lately straightened by circumstances."

What is that which makes all women equally pretty?—Putting the middle out.

"I'll take the responsibility," as Jenks said when he held out his arms for the baby.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why was literature more likely to be void of novel-writing than Warren?

Because Addison wrote "Cato," Night Thoughts, and Warren only "Ana and Thoughts."

My first if you'll borrow,
My second will keep you from heaven;
My third is a pronoun,
Very seldom is taken when given.

What game is like a bustle?
Backgammon.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, May 13, in the Senate, the Pacific Railroad bill was reported back by the Select Committee. The bill was amended by the insertion of Indiana who have elected civilized habits was passed. A joint resolution providing for the appointment of another Chaplain of house to was adopted. In the House, the Senate's amendments to the bill establishing the Bureau of Agriculture were concurred in, and the bill passed. The Soldiers' Pension bill was passed by 82 to 57. The Congressional Globe reporters and mails between New York and Washington was ordered, and the bill to facilitate the same passed.

On Wednesday, May 14, in the Senate, the resolution relative to the Secretary of War and Commander of the West, owing to the great frauds perpetrated, until an investigation can be had, was discussed, but no action taken. A resolution requesting the President to inform the Senate whether any officers have been appointed in the Army since the 4th of March, was passed. Mr. Grimes introduced a supported a bill. Senator Trumbull offered a resolution, which was laid over, that under the rule of the Senate, to inform the Senate, if contested with the public interests, any information he may have of the number of men in favor of say foreign Power to intervene in the contest now existing, and whether any such Power has made any arrangements with the insurgents, or has it in contemplation to do so. The Pacific Railroad bill was discussed. A Confederation reported two bills. The first bill provides for the payment of claims for property taken by military or hereafter holding office under the so-called Confederate States Government. The second bill provides that the proceedings to be the same as in the case of prizes or forfeitures under the confiscation act, and that the proceeding to be driven by the President by proclamation. Of all persons engaged in the rebellion, except those of the highest rank, and hereafter discharged from servitude. The bills were laid over for consideration and printing. A resolution calling on the Secretary of the Interior for information relative to the number of negroes in the District, and future was adopted. The Army Appropriation bill was passed. An amendment to the bill, prohibiting the arming of negroes, and their employment in the military service, was rejected.

On Thursday, May 15, in the Senate, the Territorial Committee reported back the House bill to provide a temporary government for Arizona. The House bill prohibiting slavery in the Territories was also reported back, with an amendment which changes the language of the bill so as to declare slavery void. The amendment was agreed, which last clause was stricken out. The bill was passed. In the House a number of iron-clad vessels under contract, the character of their armament, and when they will be ready for service. A resolution was also offered inquiring as to the rights and obligations of the United States and Great Britain in the suppression of the Northern Indies.——In the House, the bill for the additional compensation to officers and soldiers in the field, and to the officers and soldiers of the troops of the United States during the rebellion was taken up, discussed, and the subject postponed till Monday next.

On Friday, May 16, in the Senate, Senator Sherman offered a joint resolution, to the effect that neither the Kansas Investigating Committee nor the Naval Investigating Committee, upon both of which he served, ever charged or received a cent of compensation or mileage for their labors. Senator Grimes offered a bill, which was referred to the Select Committee providing for the confiscation of the property of rebels. The bill was agreed to by a vote of 29 to 13. Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, said the first section, which provides for the confiscation of the property of rebels holders, was unconstitutional. He opposed the amendment of treason, and was unconstitutional. He opposed the amendment to be voted on. Senator Doolittle, of Kentucky, moved to amend the first section by striking out the clause, "and all persons engaged in the rebellion," as the Administration on hand labor for not less than five nor more than twenty years. Bill, passed by the Senate, obliged her to vote of 7 yeas to 31 nays. Senator Howard, of Michigan, moved to strike out the clause declaring forfeited the slaves of those who incite, engage in, or aid in the rebellion, as the clause was a usurpation of the powers of the Executive. This was rejected—yeas 8, nays 32. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, moved to amend the section by striking out the clause "and be forever free," and his amendment was rejected. The bill provides that the steamship *Pembroke*, with all the cargo, appurtenances, &c., be forfeited to the United States. The bill provides that no one shall be voted for the Presidency or Vice-President who has been engaged in the Rebellion. The bill provides that the slaves of rebels become free. Senator Howard moved to make it applicable to the slaves of rebels in the District of Columbia. That effect. The discussion was continued; but without taking the question the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the special committee on the subject reported articles of impeachment against Judge Humphreys, Judge of the District Court of the United States for Tennessee. Humphreys is charged with gross neglect of official duty, violation of the laws, endeavoring to incite revolt and rebellion, publishing proclamations, and joining Tennessee, combining with Jeff Davis and others to overthrow the Government of the United States, and with other high crimes and misdemeanors. The report was accepted, and a resolution offered directing the Judiciary Committee of the committee of five to conduct the impeachment. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Army Appropriation bill, and a lengthy speech on the same topic. The Naval Appropriation bill was considered, and a proviso to the appropriation for the Naval Academy, declaring its present location at Newport, Rhode Island, to be permanent, was adopted. The bill was then passed by the House. It embraces appropriations for the naval service to the amount of $42,000,000.

THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

The following proclamation by the President of the United States is published:

Whereas, there appears in the public prints what purports to be a message of Major-General Hunter, in the words and figures following, to wit:

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., May 9, 1862.

The three States of Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, comprising the Department of the South, having deliberately declared themselves no longer under the protection of the United States of America, and having taken up arms against the said United States, it becomes a military necessity to declare them under martial law. This was accordingly done on the 25th day of April, 1862. Slavery and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible. The persons in these three States—Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida—heretofore held as slaves, are therefore forever free.

By Order of DAVID HUNTER, Major-General Commanding.
WM. W. DUDLEY, Assistant Adjutant-General.

And whereas, the same is producing some excitement and misunderstanding.

Therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, proclaim and declare that the Government of the United States will maintain the said view, and will not recognize or uphold any such proclamation or declaration. The, nor has it yet any authentic information that the document is genuine. And further, that neither General Hunter nor any other commander or person has been authorized by the Government of the United States to make proclamation declaring the slaves of any State free, and that the supposed proclamation now in question, whenever genuine or false, is altogether void so far as respects such supposed authority.

I further make known, that whether it be competent for me, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, to declare the slaves of any State or States free, and whether at any time, or in any case, it shall have become a necessary indispensable to the maintenance of the Government to exercise such supposed power, are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself, and which I cannot feel justified in leaving to the decision of commanders in the field. These are totally different questions from those of police regulations in armies and camps.

On the 6th day of March last, by a special message, I recommended to Congress the adoption of a joint resolution, to be substantially as follows:

Resolved, That the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such State, in its discretion, compensation in the bonds of the United States equivalent to the loss of such change of system.

The resolution, in the language above quoted, was adopted by large majorities in both branches of Congress, and now stands an authentic and official proposal from the nation to the States and people most immediately interested in the subject matter. To the people of those States I now most earnestly and respectfully address myself. I have neither power nor inclination to force upon any unwilling people any change in their social condition. But I strongly believe that any change it contemplates would come greatly as the dews of heaven, not rending or wrecking any thing. Will you not embrace it? So much good has not been done by one effort in all past time as in the Providence of God it is now your high privilege to do. May the vast future not have to lament that you have neglected it.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, the 19th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eight-sixth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President.—WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S ADVANCE.

General M'Clellan's army has thrown up the siege to Richmond, by way of Burton's Bridge, drove the enemy across the Chickahominy, and that point on the morning. When the troops arrived within half a mile of the bridge, which is burned, they were opened upon by a brisk fire of artillery from the opposite side of the river. This bridge is fifteen miles from Richmond. At this point it is said that our troops will experience considerable difficulty, as the country is low and swampy.

NORTH CAROLINA RE-SECEDING.

General Burnside, the Executive of North Carolina, has refused to furnish any more troops to Jeff Davis, and has revoked all the commissions issued under the rebel army. North Carolina has held a Convention of its citizens and pronounced against giving further aid to the rebellion, thus virtually relegating to the Union. In reply to the letter of Jeff Davis for additional troops and means of transportation for his army to and through the eastern part of North Carolina, he said that he could not at present do so from North Carolina that he could expect, and that hereafter no troops would be furnished from that State. Gen. Burnside, and his staff, have left Raleigh for their home. Governor Clark also informed the rebels that they could use the railroads in returning home, and that they would run their own risk of being intercepted by a force of the army of the Union.

THE ARMIES OF THE SOUTHWEST.

The latest advices from Pittsburg Landing state that General Pope's army has safely reached there, and are occupies a position only three miles from Corinth. Reports from deserters state that the rebels are evacuating that place through fear of attack. A great deal of feeling is said to exist between the Missouri and Tennessee troops under Generals Pope and Buell. Gen. Schenck writes saying that they have nothing to fight for, their States having been restored to the Union, and they see no reason why they should be enrolled to fight for the independence of the Cotton States. Reinforcements are daily arriving at Pittsburg from Corinth, who are frequently in Memphis, completely liberty of that city to the Southern citizens. Guerrilla bands are still in the field, but are making no attack upon them. Memphis, Tenn., is now a free city. Every day that passes weakens him. He has received all the reinforcements that it is possible for him to receive, excepting raw levies, while sickness rages throughout his army. Reinforcements are daily arriving at Pittsburg and its opposites across the river, and the Memphis and Ohio railroad is permitted to send any written communication to his friends. He is now a whole country, for one hundred miles below Corinth, has been swept to obtain supplies for the rebel army, and it is now nearly exhausted. Heavy reinforcements from this cause are anticipated. On 14th the engagement between Tennessee and Kentucky made an attempt to come over to the Union army, and a portion of the Kentucky regiment on the other side fired on them. The advance from our lines went over in force to aid the Kentucky loyal soldiers, and ordered a bringing of some sixty of them.

GENERAL MITCHELL AT WORK.

A dispatch to the War Department from General Mitchell, dated at his head-quarters, Huntsville, Alabama, contains the encouraging intelligence that a portion of his command, under Colonel Turchin, has driven the forces of the rebels across the Tennessee River, taken possession of Hopewell's, opposite, a portion of his troops, and, having proceeded to Reed Creek, seized the bridge and ferry boat on the road to Decatur. General Mitchell continues to say: "No more troops will enter from that region, and we expect any hour upon that and every river or fifteen hundred cavalry of the enemy, in bands of three or four hundred men each, to attempt to cross and destroy, or capture. The gun-boat which I have extemporized will be ready for service to-day, and will soon be able to pay my respects to the enemy on the eastern side of the mountain and river."

BEAUREGARD GIVES UP.

The rebel leaders have virtually acknowledged the loss of the Mississippi Valley. On the 17th ult. the following rebel address from Beauregard was published in the Memphis papers:

TO PLANTERS SOUTH.

The casualties of war have opened the Mississippi to our enemies. They have thus severed from the rest the varieties of all chains, and I call on all patriotic planters to recognize in the present the positive necessities to apply the torch to it without delay or hesitation.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

CURTIS IN ARKANSAS.

Of General Curtis's movements the *St. Louis Republican* of May 12 says: "We heard little in saying that he is, or will be, in a few days, in the heart of the State of Arkansas, with all his cavalry and artillery, and that his infantry force is very soon reach Batesville. It is necessary to "retake and possess" the Arsenal at Little Rock, and that will be accomplished without bloodshed by the reconstituted.

UNION MEETING AT NASHVILLE.

The Union feeling at Nashville was demonstrated very forcibly on May 13, by a large meeting of citizens in the Hall of the House of Representatives, in which many leading gentlemen of that part of the State participated, including representatives from Memphis. Resolutions were adopted by acclamation, setting forth the fidelity and loyalty of the people to the Union, and the necessity of a prompt and vigorous prosecution of the war to secure the supremacy of the Constitution and the laws. Governor Johnson was present, and addressed the meeting in a speech of great power and eloquence, in which he said that the Government of the United States would be sustained in the future, and that the people of the South must submit to the laws. He said that the Government would not be overthrown, and that the people of the South must submit to the laws. He said that the Government would not be overthrown, and that the people of the South must submit to the laws. He said that the Government would not be overthrown, and that the people of the South must submit to the laws.

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FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND

PREVAILING SICKNESS.

A LARGE number of the destitute English artizans, who met lately at Ashton-under-Lyne, moved an amendment to the resolution calling on the Cabinet to recognize the rebel States, to the effect that England and France be requested to join the United States in "crushing" down the rebellion.

The influential deputation had shown to the Poor Law Board in London that the existing law was inadequate to relieve the distress existing among the operative classes.

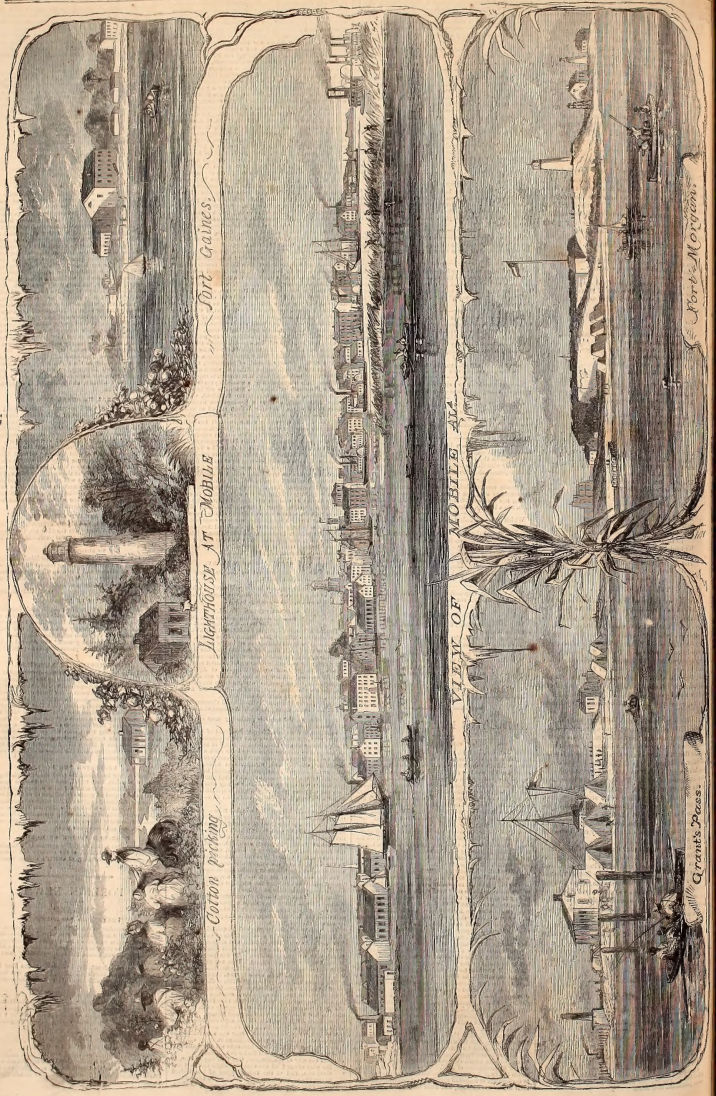
COAST DEFENSES.

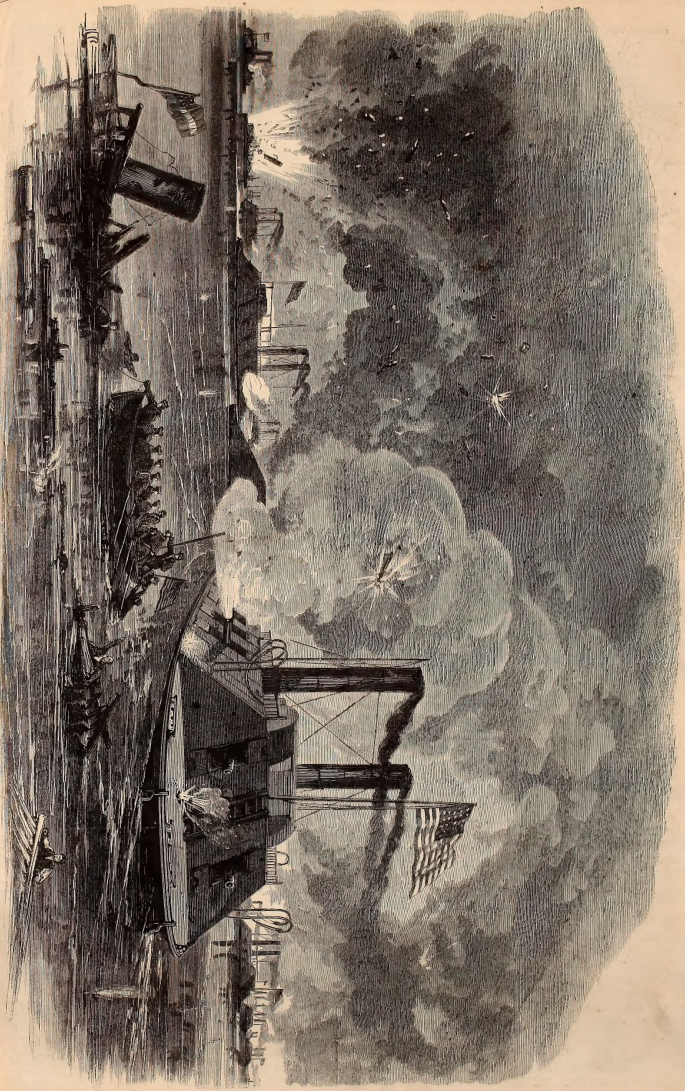
The Palmerston Cabinet has intimated to the House of Commons that members will enjoy an ample opportunity of discussing the subject of national defenses, as a new law for defensive purposes will be shortly proposed to them.

FRANCE.

THE EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.

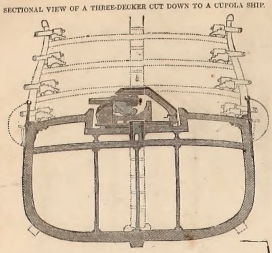
The Paris *Moniteur* publishes a letter from Mexico, in which it is stated, as a probability, that the French army will not take possession of the capital on the 5th of May. The Spanish troops joining them have evacuation at Puebla.


Cotton Burning
Lighthouse at Mobile
Fort Gaines
View of Mobile &c.
Fort Morgan
Grants Pass.

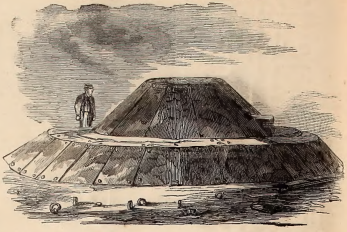


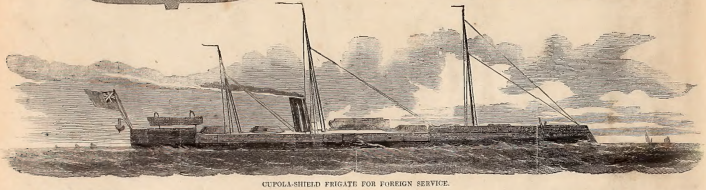
BRITISH IRON-CLAD SHIPS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

SECTIONAL VIEW OF A THREE-DECKER CUT DOWN TO A CUPOLA SHIP.

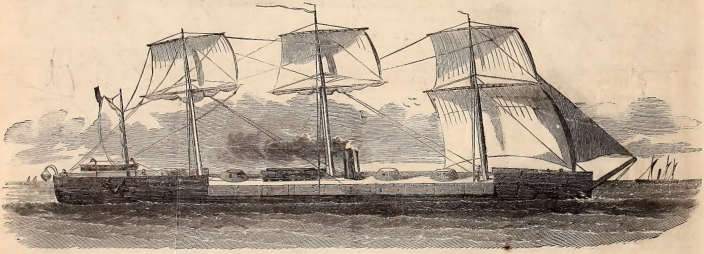


CUPOLA SHIELD AFTER GUN-PRACTICE AGAINST IT.

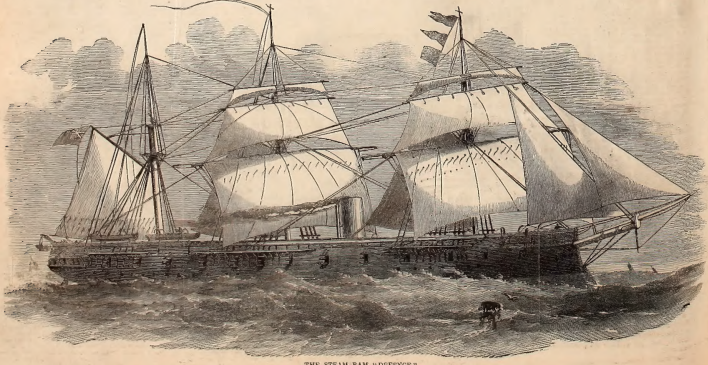




CUPOLA-SHIELD FRIGATE FOR FOREIGN SERVICE.



LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP CUT DOWN TO A CUPOLA-SHIELD SHIP.



THE STEAM RAM "DEFENCE."

MY ABSENT SOLDIER.

EVENING shades are falling, dearest!
  Night is coming on;
And the sweet stars look out shyly,
  Slowly, one by one;
And I count them with my forehead
  Pressed against the pane,
And thinking of the time, dearest,
  When we shall meet again!

When I fold my hands, dearest,
  To breathe a good-night prayer,
Whose name is it that lingers longest
  Upon the evening air?
Yours! And then I slumber sweetly,
  For I know our Lord
Through the night's long hours of darkness
  Hath you in his ward.

How much I think of you, dearest!
  I know that very oft
My features rise before you,
  And then your voice grows soft:
They do not know the reason
  It thrills and trembles so;
'Tis the beautiful heart music
  That makes it sweet and *low*.

God bless you, my own darling!
  And keep you pure and fair;
May the calm glory of your eyes
  Be darkened by no care.
Your love—the dearest, next to God's!
  Your worth—my highest pride!
Good angels guard your homeward steps,
  And haste you to my side!

But if—Ah, God! the bitter thought—
  You should not come again;
If you should lie out in the night
  Among the battle's slain!
I could not bear such anguish, love,
  For all that I could do;
I know my widowed heart would break,
  And *I* should perish too!

BRITISH IRON-CLAD VESSELS.

THE exploits of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* have roused the British to the necessity of bringing up their navy to the modern standard, and accordingly we find that iron-clad vessels are being rapidly constructed at all the British dock-yards. We give, on page 342, several illustrations of the new iron-clad ships which are being constructed. The ship which the English seem to consider the most formidable of their new fleet is the *Defence*—an iron-clad steam ram, carrying guns. We condense the following account of the *Defence* from the British papers:

She was built for the Government by Messrs. Palmer, of Jarrow, on the Tyne, and is of the following dimensions: Length between perpendiculars, 280 feet; breadth, 54 feet; depth of hold, 18 feet 3 inches; burden in tons, 3668; with engines of 600-horse power.

The *Defence* recently returned to Spithead after a trial-trip of nineteen days; a week of that time she lay in Plymouth Sound, so that but twelve days were spent in ascertaining he qualities at sea. Thanks to the proverbially changeable nature of the weather at this season of the year, the time, brief as it was, afforded many good opportunities of testing her. The wind, though never violent, was at times sufficiently strong to designate it a gale, and to cause a rather heavy sea. Her conduct under these circumstances was excellent evidence as to her capability to encounter worse or even the worst of weather. It is stated that her good qualities as a ship of war exceeded the expectations of all who had to do with her.

Her steering qualities, without being so bad as has been represented, are doubtless inferior; her symptoms are precisely those of a ship too much immersed, being sluggish in answering her helm, and apt to take broad shears when her head once makes a start.

The quantity of canvas she spreads is very small in proportion to her tonnage; nevertheless she is perfectly manageable under sail, and attains a speed of about two-thirds the usual rate of sailing of an ordinary frigate. Under steam her greatest speed is about eleven knots.

She is described as being remarkably easy in a seaway. No wooden ship would have the smallest chance against the *Defence* if the latter could use her guns or her prow. The projectiles thrown by the *Defence* would speedily fire a timber-built ship, and her formidable stem would certainly crush in the side of any such vessel.

The most popular class of vessels in England at present, however, are imitations of Captain Ericsson's *Monitor*, adapted by a Captain Coles, who modestly claims the invention as his own. We give a picture of a "CUPOLA SHIELD FRIGATE FOR FOREIGN SERVICE," from Captain Coles's models. This vessel is to be 260 feet long, 45 feet beam, 21 feet draught, and 1000-horse power. She is to carry four 150-pounder Armstrongs, or eight 110-pounders, and her bow is to be heavily armed with iron, so as to enable her to be used as a ram at close quarters. The first of these cupola-shield frigates is to be launched in February, 1863.

Captain Coles not only proposes to build new cupola-shield frigates, but professes his capacity to cut down line-of-battle ships into *Monitors*. We publish an illustration of one of the great BRITISH LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIPS CUT DOWN according to his plans, and likewise a sectional view of the same. The vessel, as razeed, will be 250 feet long, 58 feet beam, 23 feet draught, and 1000-horse power. She will carry five 150-pounders, or ten 110-pounders, Armstrongs.

A small diagram, on the same page, shows the effects of gun-practice against one of Captain Cowper Coles's cupolas. It does not seem to have been much injured; but perhaps the guns were small of their kind.

The first of Captain Coles's ships will be launched in February, 1863. By that time the United States will have 35 iron-clads afloat, including at least twelve *Monitors*.

THE BATTLE AT FORT DARLING.

WE illustrate on page 337 the unequal conflict between our gun-boats *Galena* and *Monitor* and a powerful rebel fort called Fort Darling, on the banks of the James River, some seven miles from Richmond. It seems that our gun-boats *Galena*, *Monitor*, *Aroostook*, *Port Royal*, and *Naugatuck* advanced up the James River to within seven miles of Richmond, passing or silencing the batteries as they advanced. At Fort Darling they found the river obstructed with sunken vessels and stones, and were exposed to a heavy plunging fire from a fort situate on a bluff 200 feet high. The *Naugatuck* burst her gun—a 100-pounder Parrott—at the 7th fire. The wooden vessels sheered off, being incapable of standing the fire from the fort and the rifle-pits with which the river shores were lined. For four hours the *Galena* and *Monitor* fought the forts at great disadvantage. They were exposed to a plunging fire which they were not built to withstand; the deck of the *Galena* was perforated by almost every shot, and her loss in killed and wounded was heavy. Neither vessel could elevate her guns sufficiently to silence the batteries of Fort Darling. After four hours' fighting the squadron therefore withdrew.

Commodore Goldsborough has since gone up the the river with his squadron and some mortar-boats, with which it is believed he will soon be able to take Fort Darling and clear the way to Richmond.

RICHMOND, MEMPHIS, AND MOBILE.

WE publish in this week's paper views of three rebel cities, all of which we hope to be able to report have fallen into the hands of our brave troops by the time our next paper is published.

RICHMOND.

On pages 344 and 345 we give RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, THE REBEL CAPITAL, together with Vignettes of the various PRISONS in which so many of our poor brothers have languished during the past year. The following account will be read with interest:

Richmond is situated on the James River, 23 miles north of Petersburg, 113 south by west of Washington, and about 150 miles from the mouth of the river. Its population in 1854 was 30,000; its exports about $3,000,000, chiefly wheat and tobacco.

The principal feature that strikes every one who sees Richmond for the first time is its curious topography. From the James River, which, tumbling over its rocky bed, makes a wide bend here, with its convex face to the city, rise, without any regard to uniformity of direction, some half dozen hills of gravel formation and of pretty considerable elevation. There has never been any attempt to grade them into level streets, but the city is scattered promiscuously up and on and over them, just as fashion, taste, or business may have happened to dictate. The principal part of the city, however, occupies actually only one of those elevations, and the garden spot of that one is the Capitol Square, where stands the building of which Jefferson procured the design in France, but which, however magnificent it may have been deemed in the simple, unostentatious days in which it was built, is certainly not to be lauded now either for its beauty or for its adaptation to the wants of a State Legislature, much less to those of a Congress of Confederate States. In the centre of the Square is the beautiful equestrian statue of Washington, looking as calm and serene and commanding as if the city which he overlooks was not the centre and hot-bed of the foulest treason that ever showed itself in the light of day. The pedestal is designed for eight other statues of distinguished Virginians, but three of which have yet been put in their places. These are Jefferson, Henry, and Mason—not the arrogant, self-conceited blockhead who recently represented the State in the Senate at Washington, and has now gone seeking recognition at London as the diplomatic representative of secessiondom, but a far purer, wiser, and more patriotic namesake of his. Here also is a small statue of Henry Clay.

Richmond has really but one business thoroughfare. That is Main Street. Most of the hotels, banks, newspaper offices, and stores are located on it. It extends northward into the open country, and southeastward to a suburb called Rocketts. In this latter section of it are situated some of the tobacco warehouses where our Union prisoners are now confined. These are large old brick edifices, of mouldy, dilapidated appearance. They stand three together on one side of the street—which here is of a most dingy character—and two nearly opposite. Those on the north side are overlooked by the bluffs in which Church Hill here terminates, and which supply gravel for the city, while those on the south side of the street have the James River and Kanawha Canal, and the river itself immediately in their rear.

Near the summit of the elevation known as Church Hill is a large, old-fashioned brick building known as the almshouse. It has been converted from its original purpose, and now serves as a hospital for our sick and wounded. Sisters of Charity come and go, untiring angels of consolation, and the hearse is kept in constant requisition, so great is the mortality that prevails here. Many of the private houses in the vicinity are also converted into temporary hospitals. As a general thing, the former residents of this part of the city have gone elsewhere since the location of the hospitals here; and now on every tenth house or more you see waving a little dirty, whitish-yellow flag, denoting a lazaretto. The Odd Fellows' Hall, on Broad Street, is also used as a general hospital. On the most commanding part of Church Hill still stands, in good preservation too, the church in which Patrick Henry made the famous speech at the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle, where he used that memorable and oft-quoted phrase, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" Around the church are the graves of the last generation of the people of Richmond, and I was no little disgusted to observe that few of the head-stones had escaped the profane Vandalism of some scoundrels, who, as a proof of their wit, cut the figure "1" before the figures recording the ages of the deceased, making it appear that those who rested here from their labors had enjoyed incredibly patriarchal length of years.

Between this hill and the rickety suburb known as Rocketts there is a large encampment, and I believe there are also batteries here, for the defense of the river. I know that there certainly are batteries on the bluffs, above and beyond Rocketts. Near here the few steamers and sailing craft that used to trade to Richmond had their mooring-places, and here also the James River and Kanawha Canal has its southern outlet into the river. This is a great work of internal improvement, so far as the design is concerned; but, unfortunately for Virginia, her execution does not keep pace with her plans, and the canal, though open for many years, does not come within a long distance of the Kanawha River, which it was intended to tap. If it ever will do so, it must be after secession is crushed and the Union restored.

MOBILE.

Mobile, Alabama, of which we give several views on page 340, is one of the largest cities on the Gulf. It is on the junction of the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers, at the head of Mobile Bay.

The city is an old one, having been held successively by the British and Spaniards before it came into our possession.

The city is built upon a plateau elevated some fifteen feet above high-water-mark, thirty miles from the mouth of Mobile Bay, the entrance to this bay being protected by Forts Morgan and Gaines.

Fort Morgan was known as Fort Boyer during the war of 1812, when the gallant Major Lawrence defended it successfully against repeated attacks both by land and sea. The fort since then has been rebuilt and strengthened, and was but a short time since one of the most picturesque and interesting of our sea-coast defenses. In shape it is a pentagon trace, built upon regular angles, protected on the sea front by a strong water-battery of masonry and turf. The greater number of the guns of the fort are Columbiads of heavy calibre, with an occasional rifle upon a salient. A bomb-proof citadel in the centre of the fort, pierced for musketry, affords a secure retreat during a bombardment, as well as a dernier resort from a successful storming party. The fort and water-battery, with their full armament, mount forty-five guns.

Fort Gaines, the other fort which protects Mobile, is situated on Dauphin's Island Point, three miles and one-fourth from and nearly opposite Fort Morgan. This fort was under construction at the outbreak of the rebellion, and, if finished, would have mounted eighty-nine guns.

The rebels, making a virtue of necessity, have now deferred its completion, and are making use of those portions nearly finished, which, with the sand-batteries that have been erected, make them exceedingly confident of their ability to sustain and withstand any attack that may be made upon them.

Grant's Pass is the one through which the New Orleans steamers used to puff their way before the regularity of their trips were interfered with by a healthy fear for their safety; for truth to say, the probability is that a steamer would make but a small portion of her journey now ere she fell into the safe keeping of one of the many gun-boats that compose our Gulf squadron. This pass has been fortified and protected in the best manner possible under the circumstances, sand-batteries having been erected upon either side of the little island upon which the keeper of the pass and light used to live.

MEMPHIS.

Memphis, Tennessee, of which we give a view on page 348, is probably by this time in possession of our forces. The following description of the place is accurate:

Memphis, previous to the rebellion, was a flourishing city and port of entry of Shelby County, Tennessee, and is beautifully situated on the Mississippi River, just below the mouth of the Wolf River. It is located on what is known as the fourth Chickasaw Bluff, which is about forty feet high nearest the shore. It is distant from St. Louis about four hundred and twenty miles by water, and from Nashville about two hundred and nine miles, in a west-southwesterly direction. It was at one time considered the most populous and important town on the river between St. Louis and New Orleans, and occupies the only eligible site for a commercial dépôt from the mouth of the Ohio to Vicksburg—a distance of at least six hundred and fifty miles. The bluff on which the city stands, and before alluded to, is elevated about thirty feet above the highest floods, and its base is washed by the river for a distance of three miles; a bed of sandstone projects into the stream and forms a complete, convenient, and natural steamboat landing. The appearance of Memphis from the river is exceedingly fine. An esplanade, several hundred feet wide, extends along the bluff in front of the town, and is bordered with blocks of large warehouses. The population, since 1854, has doubled itself, and was still rapidly increasing when the troubles commenced. It contains several churches, an academy, a medical college, two banks, and a telegraph office. A naval dépôt was established there by the United States Government, but proved a failure. The river is, however, deep enough to float a very large ship-of-war, and the rebels have taken advantage of the money expended by the United States Government to use the Navy-yard for the purpose of building vessels to oppose their navy. The means of communication to and from the city are good, and the trade of the place has been excellent. In 1840, the population was 3300: in 1850 it had increased to 8841, and in 1853 it was estimated at 12,000. What it now is can not be definitely stated.

THE SKIRMISH AT PEA RIDGE, TENNESSEE.

WE illustrate on page 348 a remarkable incident of the Battle of Pea Ridge, Tennessee, when the Eighth Missouri Regiment charged over the Eighteenth Regulars—the latter being composed of raw recruits, and showing an unwillingness to charge. The artist thus describes his picture:

PITTSBURG LANDING, TENNESSEE, *April* 25, 1862.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Inclosed herewith please find sketches of a sharp little action which took place yesterday, some seven miles from here. A reconnoitring force, consisting of two regiments from each division, was sent out early yesterday morning to ascertain where the main body of the enemy lay. Some seven miles from camp the advance-guard of the Eighth Missouri Volunteers discovered the videttes and pickets of the enemy directly in front and posted in the edge of the woods, and advancing drove them in. Our forces coming up discovered three regiments of rebels drawn up in line of battle in the edge of the woods on the other side of a large open field, and protected by a strong fence. At this juncture the Eighteenth United States Regulars, having the advance, refused to go forward (this is a new regiment), the enemy having opened a heavy fire upon them. Colonel Morgan L. Smith, commanding the Eighth Missouri, seeing this, gave his famous regiment the word, and off they went, double-quick time, *over* the regulars and after the rebels, firing as they ran. In the mean time, however, one of our batteries had been pouring shot and shell into the enemy's ranks and had broken them. The Seventy-sixth Ohio and Captain Powell's cavalry made their appearance, coming up from woods in the rear. This was the signal for flight upon the part of the enemy, and they obeyed it. Our forces then burned their camp—large amounts of clothing, stores, officers' trunks, etc.—besides capturing quantities of ammunition and arms. Nine prisoners were taken, and the estimate of the rebels killed, made by one of the artillery officers, is thirty. Not a man was lost by our forces.—In haste, yours,

J. F. GOOKINS.

P.S.—I find I have made one mistake. The Eighth Missouri was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel James Peckham; Colonel M. L. Smith, of the Eighth, leading the brigade.

GUN-BOAT FIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

ON page 341 we illustrate the combat which took place on the Mississippi River, off Fort Wright, on 8th May. The correspondent of the *Herald* thus describes the scene:

The morning was one of the finest of the season, though, as is very common in this region, before sunrise a dull haze spread over the water, making it difficult to see at any great distance away. Just at daylight the mortar-boats were towed down to their positions, ready for their day's work. This morning the gun-boat *Cincinnati* was sent down with them as a precautionary measure. The latter dropped anchor just abreast of the mortars, and but a short distance out in the stream. Scarcely had she swung around and become settled in her position when the look-out gave the signal, "Steamer astern!" Sure enough, by peering through the masts, a low, dark object was discovered, bearing a strong resemblance to a steam craft of some kind. It was subsequently ascertained to be the rebel ram *Louisiana*. All hands were beat to quarters, and the gun-boat was cleared for action immediately. The promptness of the response of the men in putting the boat in fighting shape was most remarkable. The anchor was up almost simultaneously with the issue of the order, the decks were cleared of all rubbish and every thing in the shape of obstruction, and every man was standing at his gun. By this time the rebel craft had approached near enough to be readily recognized, and just as the early sun was dispelling the haze the *Cincinnati* swung around and welcomed the visitor with a full broadside. As the sound of the report and its tremendous reverberations ran along the shore and reached the ears of those manning the other boats of our fleet, there was one general shout of gladness as every officer and man sprang to his feet and prepared for duty. With the report came also reinforcements to the rebel boat. Three in number, they came quickly around the point, and prepared to grapple with the spunky Yankee. The *Louisiana* ram carried two heavy rifled pieces, both of which, together with the guns of her consorts, were soon bearing upon the *Cincinnati*, and throwing in shot after shot in rapid succession. But against them all the *Cincinnati* boldly held her position, her sloping iron sides repelling their heaviest missiles as though they were but paper balls. This unequal contest lasted for full twenty minutes, during all of which time the rebel gun-boats were kept in check by the *Cincinnati* alone. The ram, however, ran up close to the Union boat, and manifested a disposition to run her down.

Just at this juncture the other iron-clad boats of our fleet came to the rescue—the *Benton* (flag-ship), *Carondelet*, *Pittsburg*, *Cairo*, and *St. Louis*—and relieved the *Cincinnati* of the necessity of giving any further immediate attention to the rebel gun-boats, thus enabling her to close in with the ram alone.

The *Louisiana* came along up, under full steam, until nearly upon the *Cincinnati*, when the latter put her head about and avoided the well-intended blow. Her crew were on deck, armed with cutlasses, boarding pikes, and carbines, fully prepared for a close hand to hand encounter. The ram, foiled in her first attempt, withdrew a short distance, and again turned upon the Union boat. This time she got her sharp bow full in upon the heavy iron sides of the *Cincinnati;* but her headway was not sufficient to cause any very serious damage. Before she could get away, however, Captain Stembel, commanding the *Cincinnati*, rushed upon the hurricane deck, and, seizing a pistol, shot the rebel pilot, killing him instantly. The rebel crew retaliated, when a musket-ball entered the gallant Captain's right shoulder, high up, nearly to the neck, and passed quite through. The wound was a troublesome and painful one, but not sufficiently serious to detain the Captain from his post longer than to have it dressed. In the mean time the ram had prepared for another assault, and this time evidently with the intention of boarding her antagonist. She came up under full headway, and with her steam batteries ready for immediate us. Just as she struck the *Cincinnati*, however, her steam apparatus collapsed, scalding a large number of her crew. Captain Stembel was also prepared with his steam battery to add to their discomfiture, and almost simultaneously with the explosion a dense volume of scalding water and steam came pouring upon the rebel crew from the deck of the gun-boat. This was too much for them to withstand, and those who were left uninjured and alive managed to get their craft away beyond the reach of further injury.

The casualties on the *Cincinnati* were very slight. Her gallant commander was wounded, as mentioned above. Her first master received a flesh wound in his thigh, and two seamen were slightly wounded.

As the ram drew away the iron-clad gun-boat *Mallory* appeared as a new antagonist. This is one of the new boats of which so much boast has been made by the rebels. She had just been completed at Memphis, and on this occasion made her first public appearance. She was a powerful craft carrying ten or twelve guns, and sheathed with heavy boiler iron over heavy timber bulkheads stuffed with cotton.

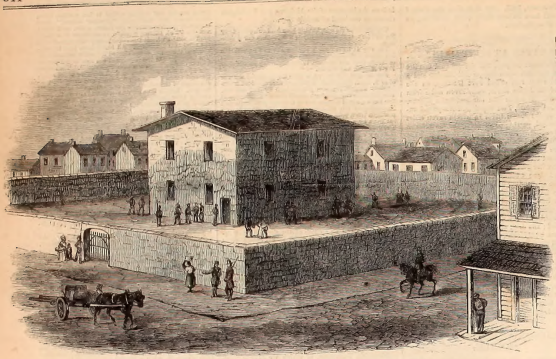
Her first manœuvre was an attempt to run the *Cincinnati* down by butting against her. This was baffled by the dextrous handling of the latter boat, though several times attempted. Then she hauled alongside and opened a close fire, but received rather more than she gave. The heavy Dahlgrens of the Union craft were too much for her, and again she resorted to the battering process. Just as she was preparing to strike, with all the power of momentum acquired by a quarter of a mile's running, the *St. Louis*—Union iron-clad boat—bore down upon her, and, striking her fairly amidships, nearly cut her in two. She sank almost immediately, and within two hundred feet of the vessel she was attempting herself to run down. The most of her crew must have perished, though a number were picked up by our boats. She is a total loss, having sunk in deep water.

Comparatively few of our shots were wasted. They were all admirably directed and did wonderful execution, as the condition of the rebel boats fully shows. But their execution was better apparent in the explosion and total destruction of two of the most powerful of the rebel gun-boats. The names of these I have not yet been able to ascertain.

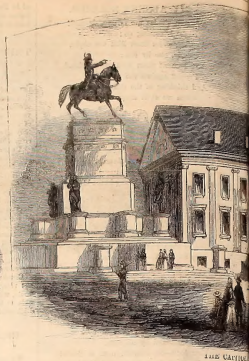
Their destruction occurred nearly at the same time and when the engagement was at its height. Above the loud din of the cannon could occasionally be heard the shouts and cheers of the loyal crews as they discerned one and another evidence of their sure approaching final triumph. The whole scene was shut out from view by the dense volumes of smoke that settled over the fleet, the result of the heavy firing. There was something grand and inspiring in all this, even to one outside, who could only hear the din and see the smoke. But suddenly there came a report louder than, and distinguishable above, all the others; and accompanying it could be seen a volume of white smoke rolling and surging above the other smoke, and bearing on its rolling waves black masses and fragments, which again quickly disappeared. What was it? The smoke lifted and revealed the cause. A well-directed shell had struck in the magazine of a rebel boat, causing an instantaneous explosion of the shell, magazine, and boilers. The boat was blown to atoms, and her crew perished with her. It was a fearful casualty, and one that is well calculated to awaken the deepest sympathy and pity for the poor unfortunates thus suddenly sent into eternity; but "it is the fortune of war," and the din goes on, and more destruction is attempted.

During the heat of the engagement one of the rebel rams—supposed to be the *Manassas*—singled out the *Benton* as its prey. The latter at first scarcely deigned to notice so insignificant an adversary, but continued to devote her time to the heavier gun-boats. Her powerful guns were all at work. She was kept in constant motion, first discharging her four bow guns, then hauling about and letting go her broadside of five pieces, and again bringing her stern pieces in range, and so on until the round was completed. All this time the ram danced about, endeavoring to get a chance to give her a good butt. At last the opportunity arrived, and with a powerful head of steam on the ram flew to her work. She struck the flag-ship fairly, right amidships, but was doubtless much amazed, on withdrawing, to find that she had suffered more damage herself than she had inflicted. Her nose was badly jammed, while the solid iron sides of the *Benton* showed no signs whatever of the assault. It was a signal discomfiture, rendered doubly annoying by the reception of a round of grape-shot from her antagonist that compelled her to get out of the way with the least possible delay.

By this time it was apparent that the enemy must withdraw quickly or be wholly destroyed. They had entered the contest with five gun-boats and three rams—eight in all. Three of their gun-boats were totally destroyed. The remaining two, as also the rams, were riddled through and through, and all appeared to be leaking badly. On the contrary, our boats, excepting the *Cincinnati*, appeared wholly uninjured, and were in condition to continue the action all day if necessary. Under these circumstances the rebels had no alternative, and at twenty minutes past seven—just one hour and twenty minutes after the commencement of the battle—the last of them disappeared around Craighead Point, the heavy cannonading ceased, the smoke cleared away, our boats returned to their moorings, and the battle was ended.



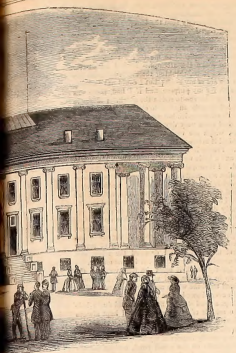
HENRICO COUNTY JAIL, RICHMOND.



THE CAPITOL



THE CITY OF RICHMOND



RICHMOND.



REBEL PRISONS ON MAIN, NEAR TWENTY-FIFTH STREET, RICHMOND.



A, VIRGINIA.—[See Page 343.]

FROM THE BLACK ROCKS, ON FRIDAY.

I AM a clergyman, and the following is a truthful record of a memorable passage in my life.

I had been living for two years among the tribe called Ngaahla, the most powerful and important tribe in the northern part of New Zealand. I planted my own potatoes and Kumera, or sweet-potatoes, caught my own fish, and lived in a house built in great part by myself, assisted by two natives—one called Hoani Tuana, and the other Kaiwhaka—in a piece of ground given to me by the latter, and called Opotiki. I was employed in teaching the Maori or New Zealand children, and trying to establish a little church: working meanwhile with my own hands to obtain what food, clothing, and learning from the rude, uncivilized, yet hospitable natives many of their ways and customs.

The chief of the tribe was an old man named Mano, tall, well formed, of yet erect. To him I owe many obligations which I fear I can never repay. One of them was the gift of two young men, his slaves —a youth named Pilliha, a lad about seventeen years old, and a young man named Wapeti, about twenty. These two were of great assistance to me in my labors on my piece of land, bringing in my fire-wood, helping to cultivate the ground, and rowing and managing my boat in my fishing excursions.

In the month of August in the year 1859, in the second week of the month, and in the first fortnight morning, about the middle of the wet season (in the northern part of New Zealand we have in reality but two seasons, the wet season and the dry season, and winter or the wet season), I wished for a change of diet, and so my self and boy to go out for a day's fishing. Outside the harbor of the Bay of Islands, about sixteen miles off, is one of the most singular spots in the world, called Cape Brett. This cape is a well-known landmark to vessels coming from the south, and at the broadth of the Pacific washes up against its rocky sides, and rebounds with a deep sullen roar, there is nearly always a heavy swell, even in the calmest sea rolling; while, to add to the difficulties of navigation, there are several outcrops of rocks scattered at all times, and known only by the white water around them; others bare at low tide, and very dangerous at high-water—the sea never clearly seen and swirled—while about six miles out to sea, eastward from Cape Brett, are a cluster of rocks, always out of water, though at high tide but a few feet out; over these the sea breaks with a big, and, when the wind is off the land, a dangerous for small boats or canoes to approach. Hard by there is a pa, or village, which had at that time, named by the natives Whapaca or Hahpaka, frequently weighing fifty or sixty pounds each.

On this Friday morning, then, as soon as our morning meal was over, I stated my wish to my two boys, desiring them to get my boat ready and go with me to the Black Rocks. The boat was sixteen feet over all. I had before gone out alone off Cape Brett in her, and was therefore sure, so that when the boys asked me if I could spare them, as I had two desirous of taking up our potatoes—which they were then digging—that I could do so. My canoe rose and fell as I approached.

At the end of two hours' pulling we found it arrived safely at the fishing-grounds. I lighted my pipe, baited my lines, and waited patiently for a bite, which was soon came, and I had in about twenty pounds' weight. I had been out about three hours, and had caught fish to the value of a beautifully sunny and warm, the breeze had died away, and a soft easy swell was all that disturbed the surface of the sea. I felt a sensation of drowsiness after catching my last fish, when I felt a breath of air fan my cheek, and, looking up, saw a little ripple curling and cringing the waters. The land breeze was setting in. In great haste and much apprehension I rolled up my lines, hoisted my sails, and attempted to regain the place I had left in the morning. But the wind was dead against me, and the tide was ebbing, and a strong current set me more and more rapidly from the Black Rocks and the land. To add to my perplexity, the gulf of my main-sail gave way, and the sail came down. This took several minutes to repair, and by the time I was being gradually drifted farther out to sea. Feeling that I could not manage the boat, single-handed against wind, sea, and current, I hauled down both sails, and, putting out my small paddles, advanced slowly and with a good deal of hours' hard and strenuous exercise, completely foiled and weary, I had to give that up.

In the midst of affairs I took out my pipe, and, with a strange feeling of despair, began to smoke, feeling the land drift. As usual after helpless periods and helplessness stole over me. I felt as if all that was passing were a hideous dream. How long I remained in this state I can hardly tell, but took no note of time. But when I roused myself, and looked around me, I found the sun setting, and a thin gray mist slowly creeping over the land, quickly veiling it from my sad and lingering gaze. I knew that the worst was upon me. I can hardly say how its light comforted me. Even now I scarcely dare to think how that long and weary night would have passed had it been dark and cloudy.

I knew that far away out at sea were a group of three small islands. I had heard the natives frequently speak of them as being high, rocky, and covered with forest. I had, moreover, heard of canoes having drifted out there, carried onward by the very wind and current which blowing, I suppose it dawned upon me that I might reach them, I accordingly once more set sail, and ran all night before a steady, mild breeze. Oh, how long that night seemed!

The day—so eagerly longed for, and yet bringing with it a dreary consciousness of affording no relief—at length came: first, a light gray streak along the eastern horizon, gradually assuming a rosy hue, then changing to a deeper crimson flush. The sun, round, large, and red, rose from a vast bed of blood, softening to a brilliant gold, the which sky being flecked with little golden clouds. I remember that I marked each change of form; how dreamily I watched the sun rise; and then, waking up as it were with a start, how I placed my hand over my eyes, and looked long and eagerly in the direction where I thought the islands lay. After off on the distant horizon I saw what at first I thought were clouds low down and resting on the water. I looked again when a short time had elapsed. The outline was unchanged, but more distinctly defined, and, as the sunlight glinted on it, I could perceive that it was land. Yes, there it stood straight toward them. I kept on my course. I then ate my breakfast, and, having eaten sparingly of the water, the first food that had passed my lips since I had started. I then lighted a pipe and smoked on steadily in the course of which I had a new and unexpected shock awaited me. Happening to look behind my head I saw a huge shark following silently in my wake. I cut off a piece of scribe the cold thirst of harter that tiffled through my throat and mouth. Nearer the rocks which I inclosed this flat piece of ground in an irregular semicircle grew tall ferns, finding root in the soil and oblate wreaths down from the upper grounds, and shaded and kept moist by the overhanging rocks.

This is an imperfect description of the place on which, Crusoe-like, I had been so strangely thrown, and which I was about to explore with my pocket-knife, a pair of blankets, a few pieces of broken pots (the remnants of a few bottles which I found on the rocks, and which I carefully treasured), and my tattered nails and a broken boat. My long hair I had carefully braiding by the sun and the water when mending my boat. How far the islands were from any inhabited land I knew not. I only knew it was uninhabited by human beings, and that I could have no fellowship with any of the birds that flew around me, however anxious for it. How long that sojourn was likely to be God only knew. Unlike Robinson Crusoe, I had not even a dog or a cat for my companion; I had no wrecked ship wherefrom to draw any resources. And I could not hope to find in the rocks and tools to build, or plant, or dig; I had no seeds to plant even had I had tools. I had no books to while away the weary hours, no means whereon to write even an account of my sufferings and fate, except perchance I left my pencil and a few of my bones withering on the beach. I was without house or shelter, and without fire.

I had my clothes, my knife, with a rule, and I wore wet through; fortunately it was not very cold. After I had been down to the rocks and taken my morning meal of oysters, I sat down and had a long consultation with myself about a house. I determined to make to see if I could find a cave. I did find a small one; but I could not live in it, as the water dripped incessantly from the roof, and the floor was wet. The next thought was to build a small hut after the fashion of the Maories, and I began to look about for a spot. I found a suitable one in cutting with my knife the bobrushes or raupo in the swamp, and two days more in tying it up in bundles. I then found, about the middle of the pond for that purpose. All this occupied that day, and I felt much pleased and interested myself from brooding too much. I took care to tire myself so thoroughly that I generally fell asleep as soon as I had said my prayers and laid myself down. Sunday following I resolved to keep free from labor, and, therefore, spent the whole day, pay into the forest, and found growing, as I expected, among the trees, abundance of the wild flax, the Harakeke of the Maori. I at once began I cut out with my knife. The heart of this palm is about the thickness of a man's wrist, is about a foot long, and tastes not unlike cabbage-stalks, but when roasted on the ashes of a fire. It is very nutritious. On the oysters, composed my supper on the second Sunday of my stay on the Rocks. The day was warm and sunny, and, coming after the two wet days, very pleasant indeed. After supper I planned out my house, having chosen the place for it during my walk in the afternoon.

Before I lay down for the night I sat on a great stone, looking over the sea, and began to practice a psalm in which occurs the verse, "Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance."

So ended the second Sunday on the island.

I woke early next morning, and after my usual visit to the oysters commenced the work of cutting one of the lining-boards spent an hour or so in trying in fashion it into something like a spade. This I dug a small piece of ground, where I intended placing my house, and then made perfectly level a space about fourteen feet long by ten feet wide, pulling up the grass and plants, and throwing into the forest and cut down four long, straight saplings, about an inch and a half in diameter, and five to six feet long, forked at one end. These were for the corner posts. I cut two about the same thickness, and about nine feet long, forked in the same manner at one end. These were to carry the ridge-pole. I then cut a number of straight saplings of long straight sticks of various lengths and thickness. This took me altogether two days—namely, cutting and carrying them down to the place I had chosen for my house, the frame-work of which took me two days more to complete. The labor of breaking open the oysters in sufficient quantities to satisfy my appetite very considerably abridged the length of my days. It was a task of no small difficulty, in which my fingers nearly always suffered, and, as the many oysters as I would, I rarely left the rocks perfectly satisfied—there was ever within me a disagreeable sensation of hunger. I was tortured with dreams of solid substantial breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. I had not even a handful of rice or a drop of water at hand when I awoke with a raging thirst upon me, having no vessel to keep it in. (I afterward tried to make a vessel of holding water from a certain soft clay; but though I baked it in the fire to harden it, it was so porous that the water evaporated during the night, and I generally found the vessel empty in the morning.)

I had frequently seen the Maories obtain fire by rubbing together two sticks, and I had once or twice attempted it myself, but without success. Now, however, the obtaining of fire was a matter of such consequence to me that I resolved once more to make the attempt. First I sought for some hard stone, thinking therewith to strike fire with the aid of my knife; but I could not find any stone fit for my purpose, and if I had, there was no tinder-wood at hand to strike the sparks upon. resolved to make an effort to obtain fire by rubbing the two sticks—with but small hope of success. I gathered some very dry ferns and small manuka twigs, which are very resinous and inflammable. I rubbed the two pieces of wood very slowly at first. Presently the wood began to smell of burning, and a little wreath of white smoke curled up. Then I rubbed more violently, and I felt the perspiration streamed down my face, while my elbows and wrists began to ache painfully. In this way I rubbed for well-nigh twenty minutes, and all the result I obtained was the smell of fire and smoke. I nearly despaired, and was about to give it up, when one of the minutes shavings flew up a living spark. What a thrill of joy I went through me! I forgot my weariness; and redoubling my efforts for a few seconds, had the satisfaction of seeing several more sparks. I dropped the sticks, blew gently on the heap until it was on fire. It was gently raised, and, upon the fern, wrapped the fern up in fir-twigs, and soon had a roaring my head until the whole mass was in flames. This was the first fire I ever kindled.

I kept a good stock of fire-wood, and dug a hole in the middle of my house, which I kept always filled with dry sticks ready for lighting. All of dry garnish sticks for light at night. With a gun I could have wandered about, improved my stock of plump of wild-ducks on the small pond, besides parrots and pigeons in the forest. I attempted to hit the ducks with stones, but never succeeded in killing any, although I twice hit. I next thought of a sling, and practiced myself assiduously at this. However, I added another dish to my meagre fare, and that was fern-root, of which I had abundance.

I had now been about three weeks on the island; although in no way reconciled to the idea of living there, the hope of ever getting away again daily became fainter and fainter, and more dim. I sat down for a short while and tried to think over my situation, I was in a high-driven in despair. One morning, on going out of my house, I perceived an intolerable stench coming up from the beach. I went down to see what it was, and saw a great disgust, found the dead body of a large shark, in the last stage of decomposition, washed up by the tide. After a time, however, it occurred to me that, as I had seen the Maories make their fishhooks out of bone, why not I make one?

I had already tried to make hooks out of the copper nails out of my boat, but the iron was too soft, and bent too readily. Now, however, I could lay on the shark's bones, and moreover it would be a pleasant occupation for my long solitary days. In the evening was always the most wearisome part of my time. Many a dull evening I spent, my thoughts far far away, roaming about unconsciously over spots where, in all likelihood, my feet would never tread again. I would weary myself with brooding over my condition, and wondering what my friends would think of my long-continued absence.

In six evenings, with the aid of my knife, and some stones, I succeeded in making two very hooks, sufficiently sharp and strong to catch any fish I might find off the rocks. Another week passed away in making raw fish and fishing-lines. Next morning I was up with the early dawn, and, about noon for any discoveries that might prove useful. I found growing same a large orange-colored pod producing a very fragrant pepper. With this I made a slurry of my potatoes, salt in the crevices of the rocks deposited there by evaporation. After collecting fire-wood I next morning I was up with the early dawn, and, in preparation for my mid-day meal, for which I generally now had fish, and always fish or birds or wild cabbage which I found growing at the foot of the rocks. I made a change occasionally in my food by the method of cooking. I tried boiling it, and another day cooking it in a native kapura or basket, which I made of flax. This afternoon I generally spent in a walk in the forest, into which, however, I dared not penetrate very far for fear of losing my way. It is the evening and morning to the pond and caught a few eels ready for bait the following morning, as soon as it was dark. I retired into my hut, and, throwing a few sticks on the fire to make a light, employed myself in making fish-hooks, or any other article I could think of making and was able to make. I had dug a hole in the earth close by the door, in which I deposited every night sufficient fuel to last until morning. My last employment was my prayers, after which, commending myself to God, I lay down to sleep.

I had been seven weeks and two days on the island, and according to my reckoning—which reckoning consisted in merely repeating to myself occasionally, during each day, its name and the date of the month—when, as I was coming from the forest with a load of fire-wood, I looked toward the sea, and was startled by the sight of a vessel passing at about eight miles' distance. I scarcely knew what to do. I threw down the wood and rushed down to the beach, and, in my excitement was hauling up in a tree for signal. I carried the blankets up the rocks, and climbed half way up a tree, when

the thought occurred to me I should be too late, and that the smoke of a fire would be seen more plainly. I accordingly slid down the rocks again for some fire, lighted the pile of wood I had thrown down, and then began to climb once more into the tree to hang out my blankets. Alas! I had made the fire of dry wood, and it burned too brightly to emit much smoke. It was now too late to place some green branches on it. The vessel faded slowly out of sight—never having noticed my attempts at signaling her.

I know not what effect such an event would have had on others placed in my situation, whether it would have awakened and encouraged other men to hope, or would have driven them to despair. It had the latter tendency on me; and for the first time since I landed on the island I gave way to tears. I sat down, listless and dejected, and cried long and bitterly. All that day I cried bitterly.

At night I was startled. I had caught, as usual, several small eels and placed them on the roof of my hut to be ready for my morning's fishing. In the middle of the night I was aroused by hearing a strange scratching, scrambling noise upon the roof. It was with no small trepidation that I ventured out to see what it was. The night was very dark, and the first thing I saw were two fiery balls of light glaring at me from the top of the hut; next moment a black object flew at me. I stooped suddenly, and the animal went over me with a loud hiss and disappeared in the darkness. It was a large black cat. How it came there I know not. I had never seen it before and never saw it afterward, although I heard it once or twice wailing dismally in the forest.

Of the next two or three days I have a very confused recollection. I remember wandering about all day seeking rest and finding none, careless, heedless, hopeless. It was during this time, I doubt not, that I lost my reckoning; for somehow or other I found that I had lost three days.

How long this state might have continued I can not tell, but it was most mercifully diverted in the following way: I had penetrated deeper into the forest one day than I had ever ventured before, where I came to a rather abrupt gully; here I stumbled over a tree root and rolled down a descent. When I recovered myself I got on my feet and looked round. I had rolled into the midst of some tall plants, with a broadish leaf, long, entire, and smooth, that felt sticky or glutinous when touched, and with a dusky-colored flower. It was tobacco. A coarse, bitter kind, but still it was tobacco. Eagerly I gathered all I could find, and then retraced my steps. As soon as I arrived at home I hung up my tobacco-leaves on a long string of flax inside my hut. I then set my wits to work to invent a pipe, in which I at last rudely succeeded. How great a comfort it was no words of mine could adequately tell.

One thing that more than any other impressed my mind with the utter solitude of the island on which I was cast was the absence of animal life and the silence. I had seen, during several weeks' residence, little or no traces of life beyond the solitary instance of the wild cat, which had probably been thrown overboard or had swum ashore from some passing ship. The only other living things I had yet seen, except birds, were lizards. Wild pigeons abounded. I made about twenty snares to catch some. For several days I did not succeed, and I had almost despaired, when one day, to my great delight, a couple were caught. How eagerly I cooked them, and the enjoyment I had in eating them I need not describe. I afterward took several more, securing altogether during the time I was on the island fourteen birds.

I now went up on the rocks, where I had cleared a place to lie and bask in the sun, and whence I could overlook the sea. Several weeks had elapsed since I saw the vessel.

About this time I found in the forest, near my tobacco plot, some yellow clay, a quantity of which I carried home, and occupied my evenings in trying to convert into some vessel to hold water. I made several ungainly-looking things, and spoiled all but two in trying to bake them. The occupation, however, served to divert my attention and keep me from brooding too much over my misery.

In the hope of finding honey, I had several bee hunts. How bees came on this desolate island puzzled me; but there they were; they could hardly be indigenous. I traced an immense swarm to a tree, which I had the cruelty to burn down, that being the only expedient by which I could obtain the honey hived high up in the trunk. I was rewarded for this toil (which was great, first and last) by the largest stock of honey I had ever yet seen taken, even in New Zealand, from a tree. A part of the mass of honey was two or three seasons old, being of a deep yellow color, and the wax brown; the rest was of a pale straw color, in snow-white virgin combs. Of the latter I ate eagerly, and then collecting the rest, deposited it in my clay vessels, leaving the oldest a prey to the lizards and ants. I found this honey a delicious addition to my fish. I found afterward two more bee trees, the contents of which I obtained and enjoyed.

I had frequently noticed what I took to be the footsteps of some kind of animal on the pathway leading up the rocks into the forest. I had not, however, seen any thing of any animal. I knew pigs and goats to be the only animals found in New Zealand in a wild state, and they are not indigenous, having been introduced, I believe, by Captain Cook. One day, as I was returning with a load of fire-wood, I heard below, to my great surprise, some animals bleating. Laying down my load quietly, I looked on the ground below, and, to my great delight, saw a herd of wild goats licking the salt on the rocks. How was I to come at them? How could I catch one of them? I remembered that Robinson Crusoe became swift enough of foot to run them down. I much doubted my capability of doing so. As, however, no plan suggested itself to me other than that of stealing quietly upon them, and then making a sudden rush, I resolved forthwith to try that course. Slowly and stealthily I got within fifty yards of them unnoticed. One suddenly observed me and gave a loud bleat of warning, and they all made a rush up the rocks where no human foot could follow. Having got out of my reach, they turned round and stared at me. What could I do? Nothing but quietly return for my fire-wood, and try to devise some mode of catching them at some future time. Many were the devices that passed through my mind, all equally futile. Lying in the hut some days later, I heard some animals running over the gravel in front of it. It was mid-day, and I was resting from the heat of the sun. I peeped out, and saw six goats separated from their companions and browsing on some karaka bushes near my spring. I crept out as stealthily as cat after mouse; the plashing of the little stream over the rock drowned any little noise I might have made, and, fortunately, the wind blew from them to me. I found the distance between me and them gradually lessen, while the space between the pool of water and the steep precipitous rocks gradually narrowed, leaving them less and less room to rush past me. At length they saw me, and seemed so near that for a moment they stood perfectly still—paralyzed. I rushed at them with a whoop. Five passed me; but the last, a she-goat, heavy with kid, got separated from her companions, and in her perplexity leaped upon a large stone in the water, and there stood bleating most pitifully. I made one bound after her, threw my arms about her neck, and held her in a close embrace. Now, I thought, I have succeeded in catching the very goat I would have chosen; how shall I get her home? My doubts as to this important question were very soon settled. The stone on which we both were was covered with a green slimy moss, and gradually I felt my feet slipping from under me. The goat made a sudden plunge for liberty, and down I came with her into the water. I was forced to loosen my hold. She beat me at swimming, short as the distance was to land, and with a loud bleat she rushed up the rocks after her companions.

I was consoled on the same evening by finding an enormous shell which had been washed up by the tide; this, along with two or three smaller ones, I carried away, rejoicing in them as vessels to hold water. Many and many a time, however, I sat planning how to secure a goat; for even one goat, as a companion, would have been a great boon; but it was all to no purpose, I never got one.

One bright moonlight night I fell short of wood. I had that day neglected getting it (why I forget now), so I had to turn out and go up into the forest. The moon shone beautifully, and the effects of light and shade among the huge trees and gigantic creepers was so fantastic and weirdlike that I could not help sitting down on a fallen tree, and, half-frightened yet utterly entranced, gazing on the wonderful scene. As I sat, a loud shrill whistle sounded close behind me. After a short time I recovered sufficient self-possession to look cautiously around, and saw a dark object moving. I waited until it came into the full light of the moon, when I saw what at first I took for a quadruped. But it was a bird—a bird with neither wings nor feathers, but a sort of fur. It occurred to me that this must be the "kiwi" I had heard much of from the natives, called by the whites the apteryx. Apart from its skin, which I wished to obtain, it was, as I knew, exceedingly good eating. I looked round for a stick or a stone, and at length got hold of a stick without alarming the bird. I started forward, and made an unsuccessful blow at it. It ran very quickly; I managed, however, to overtake it, when the brute threw itself on its back and struck at me with its legs, ripped up my trowsers with a sharp hind claw, and tore the skin of my leg most grievously. I was so taken aback that the bird escaped. I had one satisfaction, however; I had ascertained the cause of the mysterious whistling, and thus set all fears on that score at rest. In a day or two I found apteryx eggs, which made a welcome addition to my larder.

Four long weary months and two weeks had passed. Three or four times in the day I regularly went up the rocks, trying to sight a sail. A long time had now elapsed since I saw the last, and my hopes of ever seeing another became every day fainter and fainter. At length, one fine warm sunny day, as I was lying on the rock, looking every now and then seaward, I descried a small speck far out to sea. At first I thought my eyes deceived me; I rubbed them, and looked again, and saw it still more distinctly. I took a short walk in the forest, and coming back found the object grown larger and plainer. I could now discern glistening in the light of the sun the white sails of a vessel. How my heart beat! Would she come near enough for me to signalize her? I made ready a fire, and this time gathered several green branches to make a smoke with. Nearer and nearer she came, until at length I made her out to be a large schooner bound to the southward, I supposed to Auckland. When she arrived (as near as I could guess) about four miles from the island I lighted my fire, and heaped on it a mass of green wood and damp moss, and watched the smoke ascend in a large dense cloud. I looked eagerly toward the schooner. She came nearer and nearer. My heart palpitated. I could distinctly hear and almost count its loud and anxious throbs. "They see the smoke, they see it!" I cried in ecstasy as she suddenly hauled up to the wind, and I heard her sails flap sharply against her masts. In my excitement I screamed until my throat was sore, with the vain hope that the people on board would hear my cries. Do they really see the smoke? Will they lower a boat for me? The few minutes of suspense during which she lay aback seemed hours. Hours? Years. "I know they see the smoke, I know it!" I cried; "how cruel not to hasten! Why do they not lower a boat and pull off?" "They are going!" I shrieked in my agony, as I saw the vessel's head slowly turn, and the sails again belly out to the wind. "They are going! Oh, my God, they are going! And leaving me here! Have mercy, have mercy, and do not utterly forsake me!" I cast myself with my face to the ground, my eyes hot, dry, and tearless. I dared not look again. I felt as if I was going mad. At length I got up, and took one last despairing look at the receding ship, now again diminished to a small speck.

Silent and tearless, I sat for hours looking down into the quiet deep blue waters. Here and there corals of all strange hues and many forms branching out in different directions, with bright-colored, strange-shaped fish gliding in and out among the grotesque stony foliage, and snow-white shells gleaming in the bright clear water among the dark-green weed, which swayed idly backward and forward with the plashings of the tide. All down there looked so serene and peaceful that the thought crept into my mind, "Would it not be better to roll off this rock and seek that resting-place? It would be but one plunge, a very brief pang, and then to sleep."

As I sat brooding over those wicked thoughts, the words, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: *I will deliver thee*, and thou shalt glorify me," came suddenly into my mind. I rushed down to my hut, fell on my knees, and prayed God to pity me and give me patience and submission.

Four more weary weeks passed without any incident worth noting. Methodically I fished and gathered fire-wood, roamed through the forest, and formed futile plans for catching goats. In this manner another month passed. I had now been five months alone on the island.

I had retired to bed one night as usual, when I was startled by hearing something bump on the beach. I jumped up, and listened. It can not be my old boat lifted off the rocks by a high tide? No, it could not be that, for the boat had been almost all removed for one purpose or other. And yet I heard footsteps, and then a loud, gruff voice saying, "Kumea, Kumea!" I knew that voice well, but I almost thought I was dreaming. I rushed out, and saw by the light of the moon, which was then near the full, five or six dusky figures trying to haul up a large boat out of the reach of the breakers. With a loud shout of joy I ran forward, but stood amazed and appalled at the sudden yell which escaped from the persons, who left off dragging the boat, and tumbled precipitately into her, as if their only safety were there. Moreover, I saw, to my horror, a large, bare, brawny arm held up, with something glittering in the moon's silver light, and I feared its flying at me. "Kowai koe?" (who are you?) shouted a loud voice. "Ko Henare ahau" (I am Henry) I exclaimed. "Stop," answered the voice, "or I throw this!" at the same time brandishing the small tomahawk. I well knew the fatal aim that would follow if I moved. I stood perfectly still. The figure then moved toward the boat. "Stop, Monganui," I cried, in an agony of fear lest they should go off again and leave me. "I am Henry—do not leave me." "Ka teka koe" (you lie), he exclaimed, "kua mate Henare" (Henry is dead). "You are his spirit." "No, no," I answered, "I swear to you I am he. Come and touch me, and see whether I am not flesh and blood." "No," he said, "I do not believe you. You are a spirit, and I shall go." He made toward the boat. What agony I suffered at that moment! But suddenly he turned, and stood still, calling to me, "Ka kite koe tera kowhatu?" (Do you see that stone?) pointing to one at my feet. "Ae ra" (Yes), I answered. "Take it up, then." I did so. "Now, do you see that tree?" pointing to the very tree I had tied my boat to when I first landed, and which grew out of the rocks. "I see it." "Throw the stone at it." I did so, and hit it. "Ah!" he said, "no ghost could do that—only flesh and blood could lift and throw a large stone like that." "May I come, then, to you?" "Yes," he said, still, however, hesitating. I went up to him with the usual Maori salute of "Tena koutou."

He caught hold of me and grasped my hand so hard that I flinched. "Ah," he said, "that is real flesh and blood;" and then, looking me full in the face, he said, "and you look something like Henry, only thinner." "Live here five months, Monganui," I replied, "and try to keep stout on it."

As soon as he had fully got it into his mind that I was the person I represented myself to be, he began asking me innumerable questions. The others had been listening all this time in the boat, and on his order came out reluctantly: we pulled the boat up high on the beach, the women (for they were the chief's five wives) casting all the time side glances of doubt and mistrust on me. But I contrived once or twice to knock against them rather roughly, as only flesh and blood and bones could do, and this seemed to set their minds at rest. Monganui, who was the chief who had given me the two boys, came up to my hut, while his wives busied themselves in making a shelter for the night with the oars of the boat and their blankets. Monganui and I remaining at my house after supper, we lighted our pipes. I proceeded to narrate my adventures of the last few months, in the course of which I was frequently interrupted by his savage ejaculations of astonishment. When I had done he said, "Ah, well, you would make a good Maori," that being the very highest compliment he could pay me. I then asked him how he had come, and why? He told me he had been fishing at the Black Rocks, and it had came on to blow very fresh, as in my own case; so freshly did it blow at last that, despite his having a whale-boat and crew, they could not pull against it, and so ran before it to these islands.

In the morning, as soon as it was light, we went out. We found the women already up, a fire lighted, and some potatoes and fish being cooked in an iron pot, or kohua. The women at first looked somewhat askance at me, but seeing me take a potato out of the pot and deliberately peel and eat it, they again seemed considerably relieved.

Of course Monganui had made his mind up that I would leave the island with him as soon as the weather moderated, which it seemed about to do. He arranged for our leaving early the following morning. The morning opened clear and fine, with the wind in the right direction for sailing back again. We were all astir early, and in a bustle of preparation. As soon as breakfast was over the things were all put on board the boat, and every thing was ready for the start. Just then my heart failed me, despite my long and lonely residence on the island. I could not overcome my fears of trusting myself in that small boat, deeply laden as she was, and leaking, as I knew of old she did, for so long a journey. When it came to the point I drew back, much to Monganui's astonishment. "I will stay," I said. "Should you land safely, please go to Kororaika and tell the white people I am here, and that I have been living here five months. Seek the magistrate there, and ask him to send a small vessel for me, and I will remain patiently here until it arrives." "But, Henry," he answered, eagerly, "there is room. The sea is quiet, and I think I can find my way home again. Do come with us!" Again and again he urged me, but to no purpose. They all got into the boat and prepared to start, when up jumped the chief again and ran to me, pressed his nose against mine, and, with tears in his eyes, said once more, "Now, Henry, now for the last time!" "No, Monganui, I feel I can not." I rushed away to my hut, scarcely daring to trust myself any longer, and there gave way to a flood of tears. After a lapse of about a quarter of an hour I rushed up the rock and looked after the boat. There it was, a little white speck dancing up and down on the swelling waters, and, as I watched it, my heart changed once more, and I shouted and shrieked for them to come back.

Alone, alone once more. Oh! that dreadful word "alone." Perhaps I should never get away from this horrible place; never, never more! Fool! Coward! How I missed the sound of human voices! How I listened for human footsteps! How horribly lonely I was! I prayed to God that they might land safely and send off some means of rescue. I felt I could not wait long; that a very short time would elapse before I became in very truth mad. I went up the rock and strained my aching eyes with gazing across the bright blue waves. Night came at last, beautiful, still, cloudless, and moonlight, and still I sat and gazed at the sea, listening in unutterable sadness to its moanings. At length, cold, weary, and sad, I betook me to my bed.

Unrefreshed, I woke in the morning, and, as soon as breakfast was over, took my lonely station once more on the rocks, and spent the weary, weary day in gazing over the sea. I calculated that at least six days must elapse before any vessel could come, yet I could not leave my look-out. So passed the second day, and so the third, and so the fourth, and so the fifth. The sixth day came, and somewhat more hopefully I took my station, waited and prayed, and watched, but the daylight faded and night came, and still no sign. So passed the seventh day, and so dawned the eighth, and so died the eighth, and so passed the ninth, and so came the tenth. On the tenth day I was scarcely conscious. Still mechanically I sat and gazed over the bright water of the cruel mocking sea.

At length, toward mid-day, I fancied I discerned a small dark speck. But I had been deceived so often that I expected it to fade away like all the rest. But no, it did not fade. I looked again, and I looked again, and still it was there, and surely increasing in size. I rushed off for a few minutes into the forest, and when I returned, there it was still; and now I saw and knew it was a vessel coming toward the island!

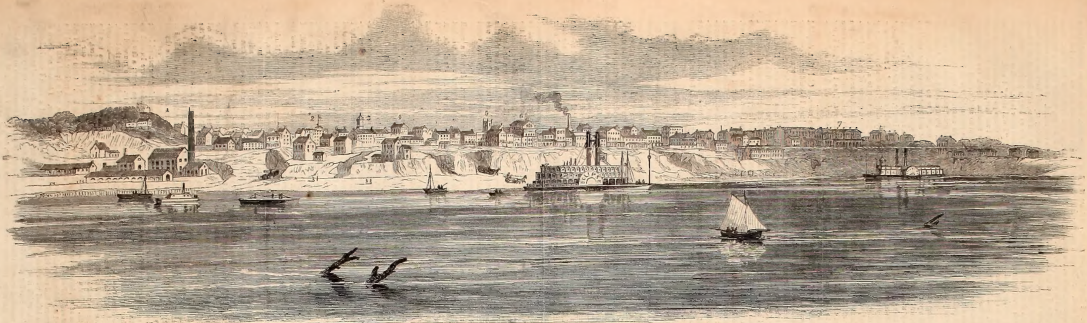
Nearer, nearer, and nearer. It was a small schooner. Again I lighted my fire and watched the smoke curl upward in thick dense clouds. A gun was fired. I could not hear the report. I could only see the small puff of white smoke fading slowly away.

What passed during the next few hours I very dimly know. I have a faint idea that I shouted, and danced, and whooped, and laughed, and cried. I rushed again and again down the rocks to my hut, and then again to the rocks. Once I fell and rolled down, tearing my clothes and skin, and bruising my hands and knees, and finally finding myself in the sea, whence with no small difficulty I emerged. Now a small boat rapidly approached the beach, pulled by two men. I rushed down to meet them. They grounded on the pebbles. One figure leaped out and rushed up to me, throwing his arms about my neck, and rubbing his nose against mine, crying all the time like a child. I felt my hand grasped by the other, and I saw before me my two native boys.

I hastened to my hut, and, taking my blankets and the things Monganui had left with me, I got into the boat, and they quickly pulled me alongside the schooner. From two English sailors in her I heard my own native tongue the first time for nearly six months. How strangely it sounded in my ears!

As soon as I got on board they took me below and gave me some tea. I remained on deck all that night, scarcely able to realize the events of the past few months. And so I sat and watched, and thanked God through all the watches of that most blessed night, too excited to sleep, too thankful to do any thing but return Him my humble thanks for all His goodness.

Next day, in the early morning, we neared land; there were the ill-fated rocks; there loomed up once more that dreadful Cape Brett; a few hours and we should enter the bay. We rounded the point, and once more I saw the houses on the beach. Strangely they seemed to sway to and fro—strangely a mist came before my eyes. There was the well-known pier, and on it a number of faces, dark and white, all eagerly looking toward our small vessel as she swept up the bay. Once more I got into the boat, and was rowed rapidly toward the pier. I reached the steps, and a loud and deafening cheer saluted my ears. I looked up, I saw a face I well knew, I heard a voice I dearly loved. I heard and saw no more. As I tried to mount the last step of the pier I fell down on my face, and when I came to myself I found myself in bed in my friend's house, and a doctor sitting at my side—once more, thank God, at home!



1. Navy-yard.—2. Overton House.—3. Exchange.—4. Washam House.—5. Episcopal Church.—6. Odd Fellows' Hall.—7. Gayoso House.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, FROM HOPEFIELD, ON THE ARKANSAS SIDE.—[SEE PAGE 349.]



THE EIGHTH MISSOURI VOLUNTEERS CHARGING OVER THE EIGHTEENTH REGULARS AT THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE, TENNESSEE.—SKETCHED BY MR. J. F. GOOKINS.—[SEE PAGE 349.]



HAMBURG LANDING, TENNESSEE, COMMISSARY DEPOT OF MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK'S ARMY.—[SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MCLENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

THE SECOND SCENE.

SKELDERGATE, YORK.

CHAPTER I.

IN that part of the city of York which is situated on the western bank of the Ouse there is a narrow street called Skeldergate, which runs nearly north and south, parallel with the course of the river. The postern by which Skeldergate was formerly approached no longer exists, and the few old houses left in the street are disguised in melancholy modern costume of white-wash and cement. Shops of the smaller and poorer order, intermixed here and there with dingy warehouses and joyless private residences of red brick, compose the present aspect of Skeldergate. On the river side the houses are separated, at intervals, by lanes running down to the water, and disclosing lonely little plots of open ground, with the masts of sailing barges rising beyond. At its southward extremity the street ceases on a sudden, and the broad flow of the Ouse, the trees, the meadows, the public walk on one bank, and the towing-path on the other, open to view.

Here, where the street ends, and on the side of it farthest from the river, a narrow little lane leads up to the paved foot-way surmounting the ancient Walls of York. The one small row of buildings, which is all that the lane possesses, is composed of cheap lodging-houses, with an opposite view, at the distance of a few feet, of a portion of the massive city wall. This place is called Rosemary Lane. Very little light enters it; very few people live in it; the floating population of Skeldergate passes it by; and visitors to the Walk on the Walls, who use it as the way up or the way down, get out of the dreary little passage as fast as they can.

The door of one of the houses in this lost corner of York opened softly on the evening of the twenty-third of September, eighteen hundred and forty-six, and a solitary individual of the male sex sauntered into Skeldergate from the seclusion of Rosemary Lane.

Turning northward, this person directed his steps toward the bridge over the Ouse and the busy centre of the city. He bore the external appearance of respectable poverty; he carried a gingham umbrella, preserved in an oilskin case; he picked his steps with the neatest avoidance of all dirty places on the pavement; and he surveyed the scene around him with eyes of two different colors—a bilious brown eye on the look out for employment, and a bilious green eye in a similar predicament. In plainer terms, the stranger from Rosemary Lane was no other than—Captain Wragge.

Outwardly spanking, the captain had not altered for the better since the memorable spring day when he had presented himself to Miss Garth at the lodge-gate of Combe-Raven. The rail-way mania of that famous year had attacked even the wary Wragge, had withdrawn him from his customary pursuits, and had left him prostrate in the end, like many a better man. He had lost his clerical appearance—he had faded with the autumn leaves. His crape hat-band had put itself in brown mourning for its own bereavement of black. His dingy white collar and cravat had died the death of old linen, and had gone to their long home at the paper-maker's, to live again one day in quires at a stationer's shop. A gray shooting-jacket in the last stage of woolen atrophy replaced the black frock-coat of former times, and, like a faithful servant, kept the dark secret of its master's linen from the eyes of a prying world. From top to toe every square inch of the captain's clothing was altered for the worse; but the man himself remained unchanged—superior to all forms of moral mildew, impervious to the action of social rust. He was as courteous, as persuasive, as blandly dignified as ever. He carried his head as high without a shirt collar as ever he had carried it with one. The threadbare black handkerchief round his neck was perfectly tied; his rotten old shoes were neatly blacked; he might have compared chins, in the matter of smooth shaving, with the highest church dignitary in York. Time, change, and poverty had all attacked the captain together, and had all failed alike to get him down on the ground. He paced the streets of York a man superior to clothes and circumstances; his vagabond varnish as bright on him as ever.

Arrived at the bridge, Captain Wragge stopped and looked idly over the parapet at the barges in the river. It was plainly evident that he had no particular destination to reach, and nothing whatever to do. While he was still loitering the clock of York Minster chimed the half hour past five. Cabs rattled by him over the bridge, on their way to meet the train from London at twenty minutes to six. After a moment's hesitation the captain sauntered after the cabs. When it is one of a man's regular habits to live upon his fellow-creatures, that man is always more or less fond of haunting large railway stations. Captain Wragge gleaned the human field; and on that unoccupied afternoon the York terminus was as likely a corner to look about in as any other.





"HE TUCKED HIS UMBRELLA UNDER HIS ARM, AND IODOFULY SPELLED HIS NAME FOR HER FURTHER ENLIGHTENMENT."

He reached the platform a few minutes after the train had arrived. That entire incapability of devising administrative measures for the management of large crowds which is one of the national characteristics of Englishmen in authority, is nowhere more strikingly exemplified than at York. Three different lines of railway assemble three passenger mobs, from morning to night, under one roof, and leave them to rain a travelers' riot, with all the assistance which the bewildered servants of the company can render to increase the confusion. The customary disturbance was rising to its climax as Captain Wragge approached the platform. Dozens of different people were trying to attain dozens of different objects in dozens of different directions, all starting from the same common point, and all equally deprived of the means of information. A sudden parting of the crowd, near the second-class carriages, attracted the captain's curiosity. He pushed his way in, and found a decently-dressed man—assisted by a porter and a policeman—attempting to pick up some printed bills scattered from a paper parcel which his frenzied fellow-passengers had knocked out of his hand.

Offering his assistance in this emergency with the polite alacrity which marked his character,

Captain Wragge observed the three startling words, "Fifty Pounds Reward," printed in capital letters on the bills which he assisted in recovering; and instantly secreted one of them, to be more closely examined at the first convenient opportunity. As he crumpled up the bill in the palm of his hand his parti-colored eyes fixed with hungry interest on the proprietor of the unlucky parcel. What a man happens not to be the possessor of fifty pence in his own pocket, if his heart is in the right place, it breaks with his mouth is proverbially constituted, it asserts—at the sight of another man who carries about with him a printed offer of fifty pounds sterling addressed to his fellow-creatures.

The unfortunate traveler wrapped up his parcel as he best might, and made his way off the platform, after addressing an inquiry to the first official victim of the day who happened in his way sufficiently in possession of his senses to listen to it. Leaving the station for the river-side, which was close at hand, the stranger entered the ferry-boat at the North Street Postern. The captain, who had carefully dogged his steps ever since the fair, entered the boat also, and employed the short interval of transit to the opposite bank in a perusal of the hand-bill which the bill-sticker had given to his own private enlightenment. With his back carefully turned on the traveler, Captain Wragge now possessed his mind of the following items:

FIFTY POUNDS REWARD.

Left her home in London, early on the morning of September 18th, 1848, a Young Lady of Gentlemanly Address—Step motherly. Personal appearance—height of a very light brown; eyes, warm and affectionate; color of the right gray; complexion strikingly pale; left hand and foot her large and full; teeth, regular and white; walks with remarkable grace and modesty. Speaks with considerable fluency; has many peculiarities and habits of a refined, cultivated lady. Personal appearance when she left home, altogether, on the left side of the neck. Mark on the underlip, scarcely perceptible. Answers to the name of Mary Jolland, or attempted to join, under an assumed name, a theatrical company now performing in Yorkshire. Had, when she left London, one black box, and no other baggage. Whoever will give such information as will restore her to her friends will receive the above Reward. Apply at the office of Mr. Thackeray, Solicitor, Corner Square, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Middlesex, and Gwill, Scarle Street, Lincoln's Inn, London.

Accustomed as Captain Wragge was to keep the completest possession of himself in all human emergencies, his own profound astonishment, when the course of his reading brought him to the mark on the linen of the missing young lady, betrayed him into an exclamation of surprise which even startled the ferryman. The traveler was observed, and the first exhibition was fixed on the opposite bank of the river, and he left the boat hastily as the passenger it touched the landing-place. Captain Wragge recovered himself, pocketed the hand-bill, and followed his leader for the second time.

The stranger directed his steps to the nearest street which led down to the river, approached a row in his pocket-book with the numbers of the houses on the left-hand side, stopped at one of them, and rang the bell. The captain went on to the next house, affected to ring the bell in his turn, and stood with his ear on the opening of the door behind him. The servant, waiting to be let in; in reality listening with all his might for any scraps of dialogue which might reach his ears on the opening of the door behind him.

The door was answered with all due alacrity, and a sufficiently inquisitive interchange of question and answer on the threshold rewarded the dexterity of Captain Wragge.

"Does Mr. Huxtable live here?" asked the traveler.

"Yes, Sir," was the answer, in a woman's voice.

"Is he at home?"

"Not at home now, Sir; but he will be in again at eight-o'night."

"I think a young lady called here early in the day, did she not?"

"Yes; a young lady came this afternoon."

"Exactly: I come on the same business. Did she see Mr. Huxtable?"

"No, Sir; he has been away all day. The young lady told me she would come back at eight o'clock."

Just so. I will call and see Mr. Huxtable at the same time."

"Any name, Sir?"

"No; say a gentleman called on theatrical business—that will be enough. Not one minute, if you please, Ma'am. I am a stranger in York—will you kindly tell me which is the way to Coney Street?"

The woman gave the required information, the door closed, and the stranger hastened away in the direction of Coney Street.

On this occasion Captain Wragge made no attempt to follow him. The hand-bill revealed plainly enough that the man's next object was to complete the necessary arrangements with the local minister on the subject of the promised reward.

Having seen and heard enough for his immediate purpose, the captain retraced his steps down the street, turned to the right, and entered on the Esplanade, which, in that part of the city, borders the river-side between the swing-bridge and Lendal Tower. "This is a lonely matter," said Captain Wragge to himself, persisting, from sheer force of habit, in the old assertion of his relationship to Robinson Crusoe; "I must consider it in all its bearings." He ranked the gentleman under the name of Jolland his hands behind him, and lowered himself gently into the abyss of his own reflections. The order and propriety observable in the captain's shabby garments accurately typified the order and propriety which distinguished the operations of the captain's mind. It was his habit always to see his way before him through a neat succession of alternatives—and so he saw it now.

Three courses were open to him in connection with the remarkable discovery which he had just made. The first course was to do nothing in the matter at all. Inadmissible, on family grounds: equally inadmissible on pecuniary grounds: rejected accordingly. The second course was to deserve the gratitude of the young lady's friends, rated as fifty pounds. The third course was by a timely warning to deserve the gratitude of the young lady herself, rated—at an unknown figure. Between these last two alternatives the wary Wragge hesitated: not through any of Machiavelli's pecuniary resources, for he was totally ignorant of the circumstances which had induced the sisters of their inheritance—but from doubt whether an obstacle, in the shape of an undiscovered grandmother, or of the like, might be connected with her disappearance from home. After mature reflection he determined to leave the matter to be guided by circumstances. In the mean time the first consideration was to be beforehand with the messenger from London. And, this done, securely on the young lady herself.

The "young gentlemanly girl," mused the captain, solemnly strutting backward and forward by the lonely river-side. "I always have noticed that young ladies shall look gentlemanly—in the light of a niece."

Where was the alleged relative at that moment? In other words, how was a young lady, in Magsden's critical position, likely to while away the hours until Mr. Huxtable's return? If there was an obstructive gentleman in the back-ground it would be mere waste of time to pursue the question. But if that inference which the hand-bill suggested was correct—if she was a girl-student, at the city of York—where was she likely to be?

Not in the crowded thoroughfares, to begin with. Not in the public parts of the convent in the Minster, for it was now past the hour at which the sight-seers were admitted. Not in the waiting-room at the railway? She would hardly run that risk. Was she in one of the hotels? Equally considering that point, and answering it herself. In a pastry-cook's shop? Far more likely. Sweeping about in the High Street? Certainly; but no more. Loitering away the time in some quiet locality out of doors? Likely enough, provided that that locality was central. The captain paused, weighted the relative claims on his attention of the quiet locality and the central locality, and decided for the first of the two. There was time enough to find her at the pastry-cook's, and to inquire at the principal hotels, or, finally, to intercept her in Mr. Huxtable's immediate neighborhood, from eight o'clock to eight. While the time was, the course was to use it in looking for her out of doors. Where? In the fashionable and central locality; but she was not there—not on the lonely road beyond, which ran back by the Abbey Wall. What next? Diplomacy—a little locality across the river, brightened under the influence of a new idea, and suddenly hastened back to the ferry.

"The Walk on the Walls," thought the politician, "is the place of the young lady's choice, yes." The quietest place in York, and the places that every stranger goes to see.

In ten minutes Captain Wragge was exploring the new field of search. He mounted to the wall by a flight of steps below the western junction of the city) by the North Street Postern, from which the wall winds round until it ends again at a corresponding flight of steps at the passage of Rosemary Lane. It was then twenty minus to eight o'clock, and the light was only half an hour since; the red light lay broad and low in the cloudless western heaven; all visible objects were softening in the mellow glow, and it were not darkening yet. The first few lamps in the city were lighted, and the dim little specks of yellow light as the captain started on his walk through one of the most striking scenes which England can show.

On his right hand, as he set forth, stretched the open country beyond the city, with its green meadows, the boundary trees dividing them, the broad windings of the river in the distance. On his left appeared long rows of roofs, all wrapped in the evening stillness, all made beautiful by the evening peace. On his left hand, the majestic west front of York Minster soared over the city, and caught the last bright rays of light that fell on the summits of the towers. Had this noble prospect tempted the lost girl to linger and look at it? No; thus far, as a sign of her, he saw nothing. The captain then attentively and walked on.

He reached the spot where the iron course of the railroad strikes its way through arches in the old wall. He paused at this place—where the greatest activity of a great city is represented—to beat with all the pulses of its loud-clanging life, and by side with the deepest silence of a city asleep under the old historic stones which tell of fortified York and the sieges of two centuries ago—and looked at this spot and that, and then at her again, and searched in vain. Others were walking up and down the pathway, others in the wilderness of the iron rails; but she was not among them. The captain glanced doubtfully at the darkening sky, and walked on.

He stopped again where the postern of Micklegate still stands, and still strengthens the city wall as of old. Here the prospect changed within a few steps, passed through the dark stone gateway of the old Norman fortification, and continues its course southward until the walls reach the river once more. He paused, and peered attentively into the dim archway under the old guard-room. Was she waiting there for the darkness to come and hide her from prying eyes? No; a solitary workman loitered through the stone chamber, but no other living creature stirred in the place. The captain mounted the steps which led out from the postern, and walked on.

He advanced some fifty or sixty yards along the paved foot-way; the outlying suburbs of York on one side of him, a rope-walk and some patches of kitchen garden occupying a vacant strip of ground on the other. He advanced with eager eyes and quickened step—for he saw before him the lonely figure of a woman, standing by the parapet of the wall, with her face set toward the distant view. He approached cautiously, to make sure of her before she turned and observed him. There was no mistaking that tall dark figure as it rested against the parapet with a listless grace. There she stood, in her long black dress and cape, in the last dim light of evening falling tenderly on her pale, resolute young face. There she stood, in the full possession of the priceless treasure of her freedom, never left unprotected, never tried and betrayed. There she stood in the lovely dawn of her womanhood, a castaway in a strange city, wrecked on the world!

Captain Wragge was, the first sight of her staggered even the dauntless assurance of Captain Wragge. He slowly turned his back on her, and looked at him he raised his hat with the nearest approach to solemnity that he could assume, and deliberately had left him capable of thinking.

"I think I have the honor of addressing the younger Miss Vanstone?" he began. "Deeply grateful, I am sure, for more reasons than one, to have tracked you to this with a cold surprise. No recollection of the day when he had followed her into the back-room of that very house which Miss Garth rose in her memory while he now confronted her with his altered manner and his altered dress.

"I shall not intrude," he said, quietly. "You are a perfect stranger to me."

"Quite true," replied the captain; "I am a species of relation. I had the pleasure of seeing you in the parlor of the present house. I presented myself on that memorable occasion to an honored proprietress in your late father's family, Miss Garth, on the pressing agreeable circumstances, to present myself to you. My name is Wragge."

By this time he had recovered complete possession of his own impudence; his parti-colored eyes twinkled with delight, and his voice resumed its modest announcement of himself with a fascinating ringing or tone.

Magsden frowned and drew back a step. The captain was not a man to be daunted by a cold reception. He produced his unlucky bill of the farm, and loosely spelled his name of her further enlightenment. "W, a, A, double G, Wragge," said the captain, ticking off the letters persuasively on his fingers.

"I understand your name," said Magsden. "Excuse me for leaving you abruptly. I have an engagement."

She tried to pass him and walk on northward toward the railway. He instantly met the attempt by raising both hands, and displaying the pair of darned black gloves outspread in polite protest.

"Not that way," he said; "not that way, Miss Vanstone. I beg and entreat!"

"Why not?" she asked, haughtily.

"Because," answered the captain, "that is the way which leads to Mr. Huxtable's."

The sudden astonishment and terror of hearing his reply she suddenly bent forward, and for the first time looked him close in the face. Was the first time looked him close in the face. Was the captain's previous scrutiny with every appearance of feeling highly gratified by it. "Ha, ha—Hey, Lord!" said the captain, in addressing to the old joke; "r, A—ta, Huxta; n, i, x—ble, Huxtable."

"How do you know about Mr. Huxtable?" she asked. "What do you mean by mentioning him to me?"

The captain's curly lips took a new twist upward. He immediately replied, to the best practical purpose, by producing the hand-bill from his pocket.

"There is just light enough left," he said, "for young (and lovely) eyes to read by. Before I enter upon the personal statement which your fastening eyes claim from me, may I propose a moment's attention on this Document."

She took the hand-bill from him. By the last gleam of twilight she read the lines which set a price on her recovery—which published the description of her in policies prints, full in duplication of a strayed dog. No tender consideration had prepared her for the shock, no kind words softened it to her. With a cry of sharp anguish whose cunning eyes watched her eagerly while she read it over, she crushed the hand-bill which he had stolen had only been prepared in anticipation of the worst, and was only to be publicly used in the event of all more considerate means of tracing her being tried in vain, than she knew of. The hand dropped from her hand, and she flushed deeply. She turned away from Captain Wragge, as if all idea of his existence had passed out of her mind on this occasion.

"Oh, Norah, Norah!" she said to herself, sorrowfully. "Is it for this letter I wrote you—for the hard struggle I had to go away?" Oh, Norah! Norah!!

"How is Norah?" inquired the captain, with the utmost politeness.

She turned upon him with angry bright tears in her indignant eyes. "Is this thing shown publicly?" she asked, stamping her foot on it. "Is the mark on my neck described all over York?"

"Pray compose yourself," pleaded the persuasive Wragge. "At present I have every reason to believe that you have just perused the only copy in circulation. Allow me to pick it up."

Before he could touch the bill she snatched it from the pavement, tore it into fragments, and threw them over the wall.

"There!" she said to the captain, "you remind me of your poor dear mother. The family spirit, Miss Vanstone. We all inherit our hot blood from my maternal grandfather."

"How did you come by it?" she asked, suddenly.

"My dear creature, I have just told you," remonstrated the captain. "We all come by it from my maternal grandfather."

"How did you come by that hand-bill?" she repeated, passionately.

"I beg ten thousand pardons! My head was running on the family spirit.—How did I come by it? Briefly then," Captain Wragge entered on his personal statement; taking his customary vocal exercise through the longest words in the English language, with the highest elocutionary relish. Having on this rare occasion nothing to do but to communicate facts, and from his ordinary habits, and with the utmost amazement at the novelty of his own situation, permitted himself to tell the truth plainly and briefly.

The effect of the narrative on Magsden by no means fulfilled Captain Wragge's anticipations in starting it. She was not startled—she was not irritated; she showed no disposition to ease herself on the merry side of the subject. She looked him steadily in the face, and all she said when he had neatly rounded his last sentence was, "Go on."

"Go on?" repeated the captain. "Shocked to disappoint you, I am sure—but the fact is, I have done."

"No, you have not," she rejoined; "you have left out the one thing I want to hear. The end of it is—You came here to look for me; and you came to me to use the fifty pounds reward."

Those plain words so completely staggered Captain Wragge that for the moment he stood speechless. Just he had foreseen the sordid traits of all sorts far too often to be permanently discomerted by them. Before Magsden could pause for her answer he was staggered by the discovered his balance; Wragge was himself again.

"Smart," thought the captain, living indignantly, and drumming with his un bella on the pavement. "Some more might take it serious-ly. I'm not—naturally offended."

Magsden looked at him through the gathering darkness with mute perplexity. All her little experience of society had been experience among people who possessed a common sense of honor, and a common sensibility to the claims of position. She had hitherto seen nothing but the success of human product from the great laboratory of Civilization. Here was one of the failures; and, with all her quickness, she was puzzled how to deal with it.

"Pardon me for returning to the subject," pursued the captain. "It has just occurred to my mind that you might naturally have spoken in earnest. My poor child! how can I earn the fifty pounds before the reward is offered to me? Those hand-bills may not be publicly posted for a week to come. Precious as you are to all your relations, I myself included, I am very sorry for it the lawyers who are managing this case will not pay fifty pounds for you in the most friendly way, if you are still persuaded that my needy pockets are gaping for the money? Very good. Another way of earning it, then, with your own fair fingers. There is a train to London at nine-forty-five to-night. Submit yourself to your friends' wishes, and go back by it."

"Never!" said Magsden, firing at the bare suggestion, indignantly as the captain had intended she should. "If my mind had not been made up before, that vile hand-bill would have decided me. I forgive you, Captain Wragge, for your way, and speaking to herself, "but not Mr. Pendrill, and not Miss Garth."

"Quite right!" observed Captain Wragge. "The family spirit. I should have done the same myself in your place; it runs in the blood. Hark! three goes the clock again—half past seven. Miss Vanstone, pardon this unavoidable interruption. If you are to escape your rescription—if you are to be your own mistress much longer, you cannot take a moment too hard before eight o'clock. You are young, you are inexperienced, you are in imminent danger. Here is a position of emergency on both sides; and here am I, on the other, with an uncle's interest in the case myself in my age: it runs in the blood.

"Suppose I choose to depend on nobody, and to act for myself?" said Magsden. "What then?"

"Then," replied the captain, "you will walk straight into one of the two traps which I have set for you. One is in the ancient and interesting city of York. Trap the first, at Mr. Huxtable's house; trap the second, at the railway; trap the third, at the railway station; trap the fourth, at the theatre. That man with the hand-bill is at the bottom of them all. If he has not set those four traps (with the assistance of the hand-bills) before he goes to bed, I'll be the competent lawyer's clerk I take him for. Come, come, my dear girl! if there is somebody else in the world you can trust whose advice you prefer to mine—"

"You see that I am alone," she interposed, proudly. "If you knew me better, you would know that I depend on nobody but myself."

Those words made the captain think which sow remained in the captain's mind—the doubt whether the course was clear for change. The motive of her flight from home was evidently that the hand-bills assumed it to be—a resolve fancy for going on the stage. "Two of two things," thought Wragge to himself, in his spiritual way. "She's worth more than the pecuniary way. "She's worth more than the pecuniary reward, in her present situation, or she isn't. If she is, her friends may whistle for her: if she isn't, I have only to keep her till the bills are posted." Fortified by this simple plan of action the captain returned to the charge, impolitely placed Magsden between the two intolerable alternatives of trusting herself to him, or to the hand-bill, and of returning to her friends, on the other.

"I respect independence of character wherever it is to be had," he said, with an air of virtuous

severity. "In a young and lovely relative I more than respect—I admire it. But (excuse the bold assertion) to walk on a way of your own you must first have a way to walk on. Under existing circumstances, where is your way? Mr. Huxtable is out of the question, to begin with."

"Out of the question for to-night," said Magdalen; "but what hinders me from writing to Mr. Huxtable, and making my own private arrangements with him for to-morrow?"

Insisted, with all my heart"—his pulpable hit. Now for my turn. To get to to-morrow (excuse the bold metaphor more) you must first pass through to-night. Where are you to sleep?"

"Are there no hotels in York?"

"Excellent hotels for large families; excellent hotels for single gentlemen. The very worst hotels in the world for handsome young ladies who present themselves alone at the door without an escort, without a maid as an attendant, and without a single article of luggage. Dark as it is, I think I could see a lady's box if there was any thing of the sort in our immediate neighborhood."

"My box is at the cloak-room. What is to prevent my sending the ticket for it?"

"Nothing—if you want to communicate your address by means of your box—nothing else, ever. Think; pray think! Do you really suppose that the people who are looking for you are such fools as not to have an eye on the cloak-room? Do you think they are such fools—when they find a lady's box come to Mr. Huxtable's at night to-night—as not to inquire at all the hotels? Do you think a young lady of your striking appearance (even if they pretended to receive you) could take up her abode at an inn without becoming the subject of universal curiosity and remark? Here is night coming on as fast as it can. Don't let me bore you: only let me ask once more—Are you to sleep?"

There was no answer to that question: in Magdalen's present frame of mind nothing no answer to it on her side. She was silent.

"Where are you to sleep?" repeated the captain. "I reply in your own words—pray for me! Mrs. Wragge will be charmed to see you. Look upon her as your aunt; pray look upon her as your aunt. The landlady is a widow, the children is dear by, there are no other lodgers, and there is a bedroom to let. Can any thing be more satisfactory under all the circumstances? Pray observe, I say nothing about to-morrow—I leave to-morrow to you, and confine myself exclusively to the night. I may, or may not, command theatrical facilities; but I am in a position to offer you. Sympathy and admiration may, or may not, be strong within me when I contemplate the dark and independent spirit of the sex-ter. Hosts of examples of bright stars of the British drama, who have begun their apprenticeship to the stage as you are beginning it to-day, may, or may not, crowd on my memory. These are topics for the future. Let me only say that I confine myself within my strict range of duty. We are within five minutes' walk of my present address. Allow me to offer my services. Are you hesitate? You distrust me? Good Heaven! is it possible you can have heard any thing to my disadvantage?"

"Quite possible," said Magdalen, without a moment's thinking from the answer.

"May I inquire the particulars?" asked the captain, with the politest composure. "Is it the gaze my feeling; oblige me by speaking out. In the plainest terms, now, what have you been told?"

She answered him with a woman's desperate disregard of consequences when she is driven to it—she answered him instantly:

"I have heard you are a Rogue."

"Have you, indeed?" said the impenetrable Wragge. "A Rogue? Well! I waive my privilege of saving you right this point for a future time. For the sake of argument, let us say I am Rogue. What is Mr. Huxtable?"

"A respectable man, or I should not have seen him in the house where we first met."

"Very good. Now observe! You talked of going to Mr. Huxtable a minute ago. What do you think a respectable man is likely to do with a young lady who has run away because she has run away from her home and her friends to go on the stage? My dear girl, on your own showing, it's my bounden duty to see you wait in your present predicament. It's a Rogue—like me."

Magdalen laughed hitterly.

"Thank you for recalling me to myself and my circumstances. I have my end to gain—and who am I to pick and choose the way of getting to it? It is my turn to beg pardon now. I have been talking as if I was a young lady of family and position. Absurd! I am a low betrayed thing that don't, we, Captain Wragge? You are quite right. Nobody's child must sleep under Somebody's roof—and why not yours?"

"This way," said the captain, doctrously profiting by the sudden change in her manner, and cunningly refraining from exasperating it by trying more himself. "This way."

She followed him a few steps, and suddenly stopped.

Suppose I was discovered?" she broke out, eagerly. "Who has any authority over me? Who can take me back if I don't choose to go? If they all find me to-morrow, what then? I can't say No to Mr. Pendrill? Can't I trust my own courage with Miss Garth?"

Can you trust your courage with your sister?" whispered the captain, who had not forgotten the references to Norah which had twice stopped her already.

Her head drooped. She shivered as if the cold night air had struck her, and leaned back wearily against the parapet of the wall.

"Not with Norah," she said, sadly. "I could trust myself with the others. Not with Norah."

"This way," repeated Captain Wragge. She roused herself; looked up at the darkening heaven, looked round at the darkening view. "What must be, must," she said, and followed him.

The Minster clock struck the quarter to eight as they left the Walk on the Wall and descended the steps into Rosemary Lane. Almost at the same moment the lawyer's clerk from London gave the last instructions to his subordinates, and took up his own position, on the opposite side of the river, within easy view of Mr. Huxtable's door.

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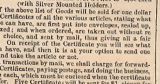
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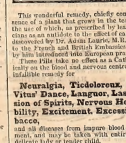
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VI.—No. 284.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3 00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE SKIRMISH AT COLD HARBOR.

We publish on this page a view of the scene of the skirmish on Saturday last, near Cold Harbor, in General M'Clellan's words, the 6th Michigan about finished the Louisiana Tigers. The following account of the affair we take from the *Herald*:

Intelligence having reached headquarters that quite a force of the enemy was near New Bridge, the Fourth Michigan regiment, Colonel Woodbury, was sent to feel them, and if necessary, intercept their guns. The regiment left camp at 7 A.M., their Colonel at their head, and all in splendid spirits at the prospect of a encounter with the rebels. Lieutenant N. Bowen, of the Topographical Engineers, went with the expedition, as also a regiment of the finest regular cavalry, under command of Captain Gordon; a company of the Fifth cavalry, Lieutenant Custer; a company of the Eighteenth infantry, Captain Forsyth, and a company of the Second infantry, Captain M'Millan.

New Bridge is four miles from the camp. They went down the main road about two miles, to where it crosses Old Mill, and thence turned to the right through a piece of woods, saying it fell they came to an open field, commanding a view of the Chickahominy River.

A portion of Company A, Fourth Michigan regiment, Captain Bass, was here sent forward as skirmishers, and the remainder of the company kept as reserves. The regiment filed out of the wood by fours, and formed in line of battle on the edge of the field, the right resting on the road over the main road. Here the rebels were seen lying behind a fence across the river. The right wing of Colonel Woodbury's regiment was ordered to cross the river, which at this point is about thirty feet wide. In the men plunged, all covered as they were, but forced to keep their muskets in condition to use. In some places the stream, which had been swollen by the rains during the night and morning, was so deep that the men were obliged to swim, and some got over without wading waist deep in water. But this was not the worst. The enemy, who had lain concealed behind a fence close to the opposite bank of the river, kept up an incessant fire upon them. Fortunately the enemy's shots passed harmlessly over their heads. Lieutenant Bowen attempted to cross the stream with his men, but when he was about one-third across he found he had waved a third of the way over. This presented a mark for the enemy, who commenced a fire upon the stream. All the companies had two passed the River. One of them remained behind to act as skirmishers in the wood on the right, and the other to keep an eye on the bridge and to the left beyond to prevent being flanked on either side by the enemy.

As soon as our men crossed the river the work of firing commenced. Captain Rice's company discharged the first volley on our side. All the remaining companies had their muskets to their shoulders in double-quick time. The firing was brisk and continuous on both sides. The rebels had two pieces of artillery from which they hurled shells but, like their volleys of musketry, they passed over the heads of our men. Their cannon were planted on a hill beyond, while the infantry still kept position behind the fence, which, in addition to having an embankment to the base, is the style of all Virginia fences, had a deep ard wide ditch in front. The shooting continued for several hours. Our men drove the rebels behind the fence and their encampment at the hill. They fled, leaving their dead and wounded behind them, taking refuge in encampments on the hill.

On our side the list does not exceed. They had four regiments engaged, Fourth and Fifth Louisiana regiments, a Virginia and an Alabama regiment, besides their artillery, while on our side there were actually only eight companies of the Fourth Michigan regiment who did the fighting.

The rebel loss is estimated as killed and wounded at about one hundred. In the ditch were found twenty-eight dead bodies. Among the killed were two lieutenants. One was shot with two balls through the head, and the body of the other was completely riddled with bullets. Of the thirty-seven prisoners we took fifteen were wounded. Our men brought them on their shoulders across the stream, whence they were taken to the Chickahominy, near Dr. ——, and every possible care given them by our surgeons. They all say they were forced into the fight by their officers, and that they had been told that Colonel Woodbury and his men were fiends who would be killed, and such fate they expected would be theirs.

Our men partook of the dinner the Louisiana Tigers had prepared for themselves. They enjoyed their delicious bodes, and brought away cakes, quakes, sweets, shakes, etc.

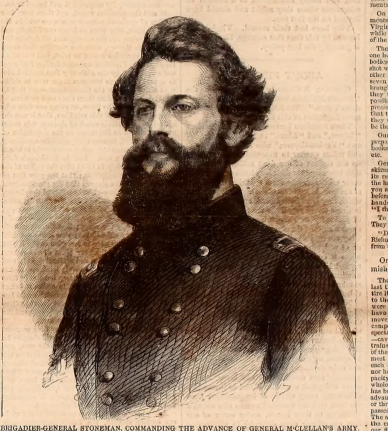
General M'Clellan, having received full reports of the skirmish, rode toward the river and met the regiment on its return. He greeted General Woodbury warmly by the hand and said, "General, I am happy in congratulate you again on your success. I have had occasion to do so before, and do so again with pleasure." He also shook hands with Captain Rice of the First Company, and said, "I thank you, Captain, your men have done well."

To some of the men he said, "How do you feel, boys?" They exclaimed, "Glorious, we feel fully!"

"Do you think any thing can stop you from going to Richmond?" he asked, and an enthusiastic "No!" rang from the whole line.

One secret of the success of our troops in skirmishes is thus given by a correspondent:

The movements of the Army of the Potomac during the last three days have resulted in the occupation of the entire line of the Chickahominy River, from New Bridge to the Long Bridge. Three divisions of the army which were to do the heavy work are on the front, while those that have been marching in the front in the general onward movement of which this divided in each have been encamped here, and have been for three days the magnificent spectacle of an unencumbered corps of troops, of all arms —cavalry, artillery, and infantry—with all their baggage and supplies left behind. The effect of this upon the rest of the entire army, from the day it left Yorktown, has been most admirable. The troops have made steady progress each day. They have not been hurried, nor overheated, nor harassed by marches of unnecessary length. The capacity of the roads not being great enough to permit the whole of the immense army to advance at once, the march line been so arranged that the corps thrown out to fix the advance one day halts and encamps the next, or for two or three days, as the case may be, till all the others have passed. Thus all the troops are kept fresh and vigorous. The army has, besides, always presented a strong front to the enemy, as numberless skirmishes have proved; and our flanks have been placed beyond all possibility of surprise.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL STONEMAN, COMMANDING THE ADVANCE OF GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S ARMY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.—[SEE PAGE 350.]



COLD HARBOR, NINE MILES FROM RICHMOND, VA., NEAR GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS—SCENE OF A SKIRMISH ON MAY 24.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. E. WAUD.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1862.

THE RETREAT OF BANKS.

THERE is undoubtedly something humiliating in reading in the newspapers that in the month of May, 1862, thirteen months after the attack on Sumter, after the North has poured out men and money with unprecedented lavishness, it has again become necessary to call out the State militia to defend the capital. Nor is it agreeable to reflect that the rich valley of the Shenandoah, out of which General Banks had cleared the rebels by a series of brilliant manœuvres, and where we were slowly developing a healthy Union sentiment, has once more surrendered to the rebels, who will doubtless re-enact in that populous region all the atrocities of Jacksonville. These are unquestionably very painful reflections.

It must be said, however, in justification of the military policy which directed the transfer of three-fourths of Banks's army to M'Dowell, that the President, by whose orders the transfer was made, was far better able to judge of the necessity for the step than the public can be. If he had reason to believe that the rebel army in Virginia outnumbered an attacking force, M'Dowell, it would have been criminal negligence to have run the risk of a defeat at Falmouth, which would have left the road to Alexandria open and unmanned. Painful as it is to lose the Shenandoah Valley, it would have been far more painful, more humiliating, nay, almost fatal, to have the Johnston suddenly loom up with an army flushed with victory on the bank of the Potomac, opposite the White House.

The fears which are entertained by Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, and other persons for the safety of Washington, under the present circumstances, are wholly gratuitous. The rebels do not intend to invade Maryland. If any cross the Potomac they will do so with the intention of laying down their arms, for they know that they could never return except as released prisoners of war. That some of the leaders of the rebellion are ready for any thing desperate can readily be believed, but they are not quite insane enough to run their necks deliberately and hopelessly into a noose.

The object of the Government in calling out the militia is, doubtless, to liberate the regular troops now under Wadsworth at Washington, for the purpose of reinforcing Banks and Frémont. If the step shortens the conteet by a few days, it will pay.

REBEL COWARDICE.

The Legislature of Virginia have solemnly resolved to defend their capital. Governor Letcher and "President" Davis have echoed the resolve, and have called every able-bodied man into the field to carry it into practical effect. Yet we vrill take in predicting that by the time this paper reaches our readers Richmond will be in possession of General M'Clellan.

The one great quality which the rebels have developed in this war is cowardice. It has sometimes been moral, and sometimes been physical; it has been shown in both forms, and it has been seen on the battle-field; it has been noticed in the leaders and illustrated in the rank and file. Whenever else the rebels, and especially those in Virginia, may have been, they have undoubtedly been cowards.

Little more than a year ago the writer of these lines met, by appointment, at the room of Mr. Benjamin Brown a Member of the Legislature of Virginia, now an officer in the rebel army), at Washington, about a dozen members of the Virginia State Convention and one or two of the Virginia delegation in Congress. His object in seeking a meeting with these gentlemen was to ascertain the prospect of the secession of Virginia. Mr. (now Major-General) Banks had predicted in writing that Virginia would secede. The prophecy, coming from so high a source, was regarded with attention; and parties who had large interests in Virginia, who owned Virginia bonds and had large sums on deposit in the State, felt some anxiety on the point. The writer of these lines stated as much to the Virginians who had assembled in Mr. Brown's room. *They one and all declared that there was no chance whatever of the secession of their State.* They said that there were undoubtedly in Virginia, such as Ruffin and Pryor, but that the Union men were in a large majority in the Convention, and that they would defeat the ordinance. A cousin of Senator Mason, himself a member of the Convention, criticised severely the tendencies of his cousin, the Senator, and declared that the Old Dominion would be loyal in any event. Another leading member of the Convention remarked that "Virginia couldn't be dragged or kicked out of the Union."

Within a very few days after this interview Virginia seceded, by ordinance of the State Convention in which the Union men had so large a majority, and the seizure of Norfolk and Harper's Ferry followed at once.

The records prove that the gentlemen who vouched for the loyalty of Virginia in March, 1861, did not misrepresent the facts. There was a large Union majority in the State Convention, and the sentiment of the State was emphatically against secession. As a people, the Virginians were decidedly opposed to being dragged at the tail of South Carolina into a wild revolutionary enterprise.

The secret of the sudden somersault of the Convention, and the change in the acquiescence of the people in their decision was simply *cowardice*. It was the coercion of the Richmond mob, led on by crazy rebels like Pryor and his fellows, which caused the Convention to pass the Act of Secession. The Union men had not courage enough to stand by their principles. There was not nerve enough in Virginia to withstand the brawling and the threats of a few hundred desperadoes, and above all the love had deteriorated like the soil, whether the business of slave-breeding had corroded the manly instincts of the people, or whatever the cause was, the fact was palpable—the Virginian people, in April, 1861, had not courage enough to stand by their flag, and hence submitted to the dictation of miscreants whom they might and should have hanged on the first tree.

They have had their reward. Virginia has learned by this time that courage, like honesty, is generally the best policy.

ABOLITION FINISHED.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN telegraphs that the Fourth Michigan have *abolished* the New Louisiana Tigers." We fancy we shall have some more dispatches of this tenor.

These Southern heroes, who call themselves "Tigers," and "Lions," and "Grave-diggers," and "Yankee-slayers;" who carry black flags, and refuse quarter to unarmed men, who pick up the corpses of our dead soldiers, and send their bones home to their lady loves as trophies—these courtiers, who are the chief contrivers of the brutalizing effect of the institutions among which they have been reared, and whose savage instincts would appall the Dahomian princes of Dahomey or Patagonia—these fellows can never withstand the onset of a Christian soldiery. They are capable of assassination, of the murder of whipping a black woman to death; but when it comes to standing up in a fair fight against Northern men, in about equal force in numbers, they run like hares. Brutality and manhood can no more coexist in the same individual than oil and water can mingle.

We are not sorry to hear that the "Louisiana Tigers" are "about finished." It is about time that some effort of these Southern regiments, which have desolated the South and done their best to destroy the nation, were "about finished" also.

A gentleman from Mississippi, who was in a certain neighborhood the rebel soldiers have not only destroyed crops and fences, but have wantonly torn down houses, and have destroyed every thing that would burn, and so thoroughly obliterated every vestige of improvement from the land, that the wretched inhabitants on their returning to their homes, under cover of our flag, experience some difficulty in discovering whereabouts their houses once stood. These tell still more fearful stories of outrages—outrages nameless and horrible; of whole districts in which not a woman or a girl escaped the unbridled brutality of the Texans and Louisianians. It is about time, in the name of God and humanity, that the authors of these atrocities should be "finished."

THE LOUNGER.

THE PRESIDENT.

WHEN President Lincoln left his home in Ill., on his way to Washington, he said to his neighbors that he was about to enter upon a task for which any President had encountered since Washington. History will add that he disposed of it with a calmness and moderation unequalled since Washington.

Recent events have brought into strong relief one peculiar aspect of the difficulties of his position. Mr. Lincoln was elected, as all our Presidents are, as the representative of a party—and, namely, the constitutional Illinois party of statesmanship—upon the platform of a part of the dehated party, living in a certain section of the country, rose in arms and awaited the assistance of the whole party in other parts of the same country. But these friends were political allies under certain views only. Their political views overthrew the proper method of dealing with it, may have been changed by the revelations and suggestions of the rebellion, or may have been misunderstood. But as to the duty of maintaining the Government they were united, the record with the party that had elected the President.

Meanwhile the Abolitionists, a body who have conducted the anti-slavery movement upon moral grounds merely, and who had utterly repudiated political action of every kind, considered as aiding Union men, supporting the Government. Their position was, that slavery having provoked a war might justly be sapped by military force. This was stated to them as simple as could be, and they stated it with all their eloquence and fervor. Many, also, who were not in the technical and historic sense Abolitionists, thought at heart the same thing: "This is the time to hit slavery and make an end of it."

The duty of the President was perfectly plain. Clothed by the Constitution with the authority to invoke military power, and made by it Commander-in-Chief, he was to use that power and every thing which goes with it, to secure by success, and by every means by which he could weaken the enemy, cutting off their supplies and starving them into subjection. He was then to abandon their cause upon the existence of the Government and the peace and integrity of the nation. If it were necessary to that end that a city or ten cities should be bombarded and left in ashes, that the lives of thousands and thousands of rebel women should be taken by shot and shell as they were taking those of loyal men, that cultivation should be left to go fallow, that houses should be destroyed and fields wasted, that grain and animals should be burned, and slaves compelled to work and fight against the Government should be released from all obligation to their masters, then these things, the direct and manifest bring his virtues for the purity of his intentions and his strict obedience to law and constitutional power to save civil society from worse woes than these, the President was constitutionally empowered and bound to do.

If still the rebellion raged, and there were four million of enslaved persons who were within the military lines, who were at least our friends, and whom no crime but the most pitiful misfortune had thrown into slavery, after due warning that every enemy's farm would be laid waste, and his slaves remained, the President was constitutionally bound and empowered to declare that slavery was dead, and to appeal to war, to summon these men to strike with all the rest for the Government—and that he might do so, to arm them their own masters.

To every man who knew, as every one does who knows the history of this rebellion, that it was the logical and inevitable result of slavery, this measure was almost as important as the restoration of the Government. It was the means to compass and leave the cause untouched was merely to knock the blossoms off a tree. But the President's duty was to bear always in mind that the object of the war was not emancipation; that the very fact of this logical result of slavery had the constitutional majority of his fellow-citizens believed the slavery question could be settled otherwise than by arms. He was to bear in mind that all law, even civil and national, were wisely suspended by war only so far as was indispensable necessary; that there was a loyal sympathy for the slaves; that it was essential to maintain a resistance to secession in the Border States States which were the very pivot of our system was the harmony of state and national rights; that the legality of slavery was purely local, and that it could be reached by the military power only by the clear military necessity, while to strike it before the nation had that it was not necessary, and could imperil not only the Government and the emancipation of slaves, but the liberty of every man and the peace of civil society upon the continent.

He has not failed. He has never for a moment forgotten or mistaken the basis. Believing, as he doubtless does, that slavery began the war, and that the war will end slavery, he sees that in the conduct of the war itself the treatment of slavery is but an episode, like every other means of reducing the rebellion; and he writes it as such, and he because he is convinced, not that slavery can not be destroyed, but that the nation is persuaded that the war can not be ended without it.

And whether the war can be ended or not without ending slavery, the President undoubtedly knows, for he has access to more means of information that there will be no permanent peace in this country until slavery is at an end. Under circumstances If statesmanship be enlightened common sense applied to the management of public affairs, William H. Seward is not a greater statesman than Abraham Lincoln.

FOREIGN WAR.

THE Government is suppressing the armed effort of a faction to overthrow it. But there is no short of absolute surrender of the insurgents are therefore the victory of the rebellion. Foreign powers cannot enter the proposing of conditions, which is a proposition to the Government to acknowledge itself overthrown; a proposition forcible against those of the rebels, which is war and not intervention.

Consequently what foreign war is not whether any foreign power is likely to intervene in our difficulty, but what will any such power gain by making war upon us? The answer is necessarily a second-rate nation is less to be feared by a great state than an equal power, but if the equal power is distant and friendly, and the two are united by a mutually advantageous commerce, the attachment that a state of peril is not a sufficient preventative to the risks of war.

Or what commercial advantage is gained by a war? A very few will say that it is because what every man of sense say, that the rebellion would break England's cotton supply that incident to us for cotton now under the supply must be which depended upon forced labor. The London *Times* says on the 5th of April: "We do wish to liberate ourselves from dependence on a single slave-holding country for the single material of our manufactures." Now if England passes this year without her usual supply from this country she has passed the critical point. She will then be in a fair course to supplied this year by making war? We shall have in every other part abundant supplies. How soon in England likely to feed starving Lancashire if she makes war for cotton under those conditions?

If political jealousy and industrial necessity do not drive any foreign state to declare war against us, what inducement can the rebels offer to these states to run the risk? The great and only offer they can make is the military fact that the loss of the Slave States more valuable to either England or France than that of the free States? Mr. Yancey is said to have made this proposition of free trade to M. Thouvenel. "But we shall take no cotton," said the minister, "than you take silk; how shall we pay you?" "The laws of trade must have their course," replied the astute Yancey, "and you can send us the specie." "Pere," answered the minister, "that is not our way of doing business. Besides, I am told, Monsieur, that in the Southern States you do sometimes wear silk dress, and parasols, and bonnets; but I learn that the domestics of the South do not wear silk. Have you any other advantage to propose?"

So now *here*, *a free trade*. It is will interest certain classes in the South, and especially the zealots Yancey (who, Parson Brownlow told us, was another and happier days, pardoned out of the South Carolina penitentiary, where he was lying for murdering his uncle) returned to New Orleans and told his anxious fellow-conspirators and their dupes that cotton was not king, but they were sure that he has relinquished all hope of foreign war.

If any foreign state declares hostilities against the United States, it opens the tragedy of universal war, and the bond itself may be very true John Bull and Johnny Crapeau will back back very sharply at what they are likely to lose as well as to win in the event of a general shaking up of nations.

NEWS CENSORSHIP.

WHEN Mr. Stanton was called to the War Department his first official act, the issue of a congratulatory address to the army at Mill Spring, was characterized as like a victory. At last, cried all the papers, we have energy and intelligence in the War Office. With every order and proclamation the applause increased until the famous letter which attributed victory to the spirit of the Lord of Hosts was the well-nigh crowning act. But this was presently followed by the regulation requiring the censorship of telegrams. Those papers changed their tone, and the energy and intelligence of the Secretary of War are praised no longer.

Yet there can be no question of the wisdom of such an order. The present writer is a newspaper writer, and he may therefore say that, in the first place, the censorship seems like a violation of war as good fellows, but they are not such discreet gentlemen that they can be trusted. What they should say; and, in the second place, it is an immense relief to the country to know that the real truth is not known to the enemy. In the first place the fact is not inference, nor surmise, nor rumor, but satisfactory. And the order is fully justified by this certainty.

So with General Halleck's order excluding correspondents. That order is not to be criticised, but ought to be within his discretion. For it should be constantly considered that when we go to war we accept the conditions of war; and the endless free discussion and publication of every subject are incompatible with it. There is a kind of publication which has generally outgrown war; and when it is forced to recur to it, it is equally compelled to abridge those liberties.

Since the Government has taken the telegraph for war we have no more telegraphic papers, in the department at least, have become newspapers. In other departments we are still at the mercy of a class of correspondents who are there as correspondents; and every morning every question is telegraphed as settled or in the process of settling different ways. And no skillful reader of newspapers thinks of believing any thing he sees until there is some kind of official confirmation. Thus the *Times*, for instance, that the *Times* will always put the most reckless cheerful aspect upon every event or rumor; he knows that the *Herald* will always declare that "the radicals," meaning those who think that slavery is the root of existing perils or policy, are trying to aid Jeff Davis; and that the *Tribune* will always speak very coolly of General M'Clellan.

Yet we all know now, that when any of the papers announced from the war that the war it a fact. Nobody doubted that the *Monitor* had beaten back the *Merrimac*, or that Yorktown was evacuated, or that any specific and authorized news comes that Richmond has fallen, we shall no wonder if it is "all a hoax." Meanwhile the "rumor in town" that it has fallen is entirely unimportant.

And what harm has this supervision of military news done?

Correspondents are allowed to write what they please always except in the field, and even if the efforts to complain if they are not permitted to mention the number of troops, the artillery force, the route to be pursued, or the destination of the campaign? To say that the enemy knows all about it, whether we print it or not, is utter folly; for it begs the question. Do we know all about the rebel force and plan? Did we know exactly the destination and movements and arrangement of the *Merrimac*? Would A. Duvis not have been a greater fool than we believe him to be if he had not known that the *Monitor* lay *Rip-Raps* with all such details? Did he not, doubtlessly, and wisely, say, "If we can keep them out of my ears, I shall sleep well"?

If the Secretary of War shall have no more to trust him to be answerable for supervising the transmission of military news he will be a fortunate man.

HEROISM.

ONE of the bravest acts of the war was recently reported from Hilton Head. Eight contrabands brought out the rebel steamer Planter from Charleston harbor. Commander Parrott has the indifference to call the chattel who commanded her "a very intelligent contraband." The vessel had one 32-pounder and one 24-pound howitzer, and had on board four large guns which she was transporting to the rebel batteries, "says Commodore Du Pont in his report, "in the absence of the Captain who was on shore, and the officer next in the Government offices and head-quarters, with the Palmetto and Confederate flags flying, passed the

successive forts, saluting as usual by blowing the steam-whistle. After getting beyond the range of the last gun she hauled down the rebel flag and hoisted a white one."

"Robert Small," continues Commodore Dupont, with an apparent extraordinary forgetfulness of the fact that he is speaking of a piece of property, "the intelligent slave and pilot of the boat, who performed this bold feat so skillfully, informed me of this fact (that one of the guns on board had belonged to Fort Sumter), presuming it would be a matter of interest to us to have possession of this gun. This man, Robert Small, is superior to any who have come into our lines, intelligent as many of them have been. His information has been most interesting, and portions of it of the utmost importance." He concludes by recommending to the Department the claims of "the man, Small, and his associates."

Now all this is not to be endured. As this war, according to the learned Phelps, of Missouri, is a "white man's war," he will strenuously object to availing ourselves of the assistance of black men, and he will, of course, insist that the *Planter* shall be returned, with compliments and regret for the inadvertence of her capture, to the excellent rebels at Charleston. While the patriotic Vallandigham, whose gentle soul sighs in concert with the amiable B. Wood's for peace, will find in this another occasion which "demands the reorganization of the Democratic Party," in order that these fugitives from a patriarchal and Christianizing system may be returned to it at once to complete the sanctification of their souls.

The patriotic Vallandigham probably remembers going to Charlestown, Virginia, in the autumn of 1859, with his friend, Mr. J. M. Mason, late of the *Trent*, now of Europe, to see one John Brown, and to try to extort from that old man something that might implicate Mr. Giddings or any member of the Republican Party in the trouble at Harper's Ferry, and that he did not succeed. He may further remember that upon his return to Ohio he is reported to have said of John Brown: "He is the farthest possible remove from the ordinary ruffian, fanatic, or madman." Does he also know what this man once said of black men?—"They behaved so much like folks he almost thought they were so."

Robert Small's conduct certainly favors that theory. What theory does the gentle Vallandigham's conduct in this war favor?

NOT THEY WHO CRY LORD! LORD!

It is an interesting fact in our political history that the men at the South who, two or three years ago, vociferated the most loudly that they had no platform but the Constitution and the Laws, immediately, upon the election of a President under the Constitution and according to Law, sheered straight into rebellion. The person named Henry, who during the canvass was hawked through the North as a Southern Union man of the purest kind, is a prominent member of the Rebel Congress. John Bell, the candidate for President upon the "Union, the Constitution, and the Laws" platform, is or was member of some Committee of Safety to secure the overthrow of the Government; and among many others, Kenneth Raynor, of North Carolina, now turns up with a proposition to make it penal for any citizen to show favor to the cause of his country.

How true it is, and how well to remember that those who cry most loudly "Lord! Lord!" are not necessarily the greatest saints.

JOHN LORENCE AND THE NEW JERSEY NINTH.

In the last *Weekly* the reader will have remarked a poem called "John Lorence," and reciting in honest rhyme the fate of a corporal of the New Jersey Ninth at the battle of Roanoke, who had both his legs shattered by a cannon-ball. Dr. Thompson, of Twenty-third Street, New York, writes that he was obliged to amputate both legs just below the knee, and that the stalwart soldier, as fine a man as he ever saw, is thus terribly crippled, and the future of his family imperiled. "But with all his sufferings, never once has a murmur escaped his lips, nor do I believe the thought entered his mind that he wished he had never gone to the war." When the news of the victory was brought to the hospital where he lay the morning after the battle, John Lorence raised himself upon his elbow and called for three cheers for the flag.

We are all debtors to John Lorence as we are to Worden. Dr. Thompson proposes to get him a pair of artificial legs, that he may follow his business of shoemaking. For this purpose about $200 are required, and a little more to give him a start. Let us help him, wisely says the Doctor, that he may help himself. Whoever will do so may send his contribution to J. B. Romar, Esq., Mayor of Jersey City.

"He longs to go, though on his stumps,
And serve his country more:
Brave Lorence! well your country knows
Your fighting days are o'er."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Babe Idea!—A lady and gentleman were looking down into the bear-pit at the Zoological Gardens, when the lady (Mrs. Jones, of Camden Town) exclaimed quite impulsively, "Oh! look at these dear little bears. Why, what a darling lot of 'em!" "Yes, my dear," answered the gentleman (Mr. Jones, of the same locality), "I declare it's quite an-*ursa*-ry—almost as full as our own!" The lady agreed with her husband, and even laughed, though it was morally impossible she could have understood the wretch's joke. We envy Mrs. Jones her ignorance.

Several of our dashing young men of fashion have, it is said, lately adopted the plan of having their clothes made without pockets; and, as their tailors allege, for the *best possible reason*.

Lost, a new silk umbrella, belonging to a gentleman with a curiously-carved ivory head!

Why when a chick emerges from the shell does it resemble a strike for freedom?—Because it throws off the yoke (yolk).

SPECULATIONS ABOUT MONEY, AND WITHOUT ANY MONEY

The only speculations we allow ourselves are mental ones, because they are perfectly safe, and can always be indulged in without the expenditure of a single penny. Besides, if they do occasionally turn out badly, you are not compelled to put down your horse, or to drink two glasses of wine *per diem* instead of three, or to exchange lump sugar for moist, in consequence of the result. Neither insanity nor suicide were ever known to grow out of a confirmed indulgence of the practice. Mental speculations may be called the art of speculating with profit and security without any money. Among other harmless things, we like to launch into the wildest speculations about money. It is a kind of consolation for not possessing any one's self. You feel all the richer at the moment, and are none the poorer when it is over. For instance, here are two little speculations in which we recently invested a very agreeable quarter of an hour while smoking a mild cigar:

First Speculation. What is a Circular Note? At first we thought it might be a milliner's note for a lady's crinoline; but we soon discarded that absurd idea, and, taking another puff at our Havana, came to the conclusion that a circular note must have been originally so framed for the purpose of holding a good round sum.

Second Speculation. What is a "Shin-Plaster?" We had often heard of shin-plasters, but never having seen one we could not very well make out what they were like. A fancy struck us that they might be plasters for the special relief of persons who had itching palms; but as the "shin" was plainly indicated, of course that notion instantly fell to the ground, as well as the succeeding one that they were probably intended to relieve persons who were laboring under a complaint of the chest. Puffing away again, we could only solve the difficulty by supposing that a shin-plaster was nothing better than a kind of poor man's substitute when he couldn't get the real "golden ointment," and was an ingenious specific invented in the first instance by a weak government that was on its last legs, and was obliged to resort to this quack remedy with the view of maintaining any thing like a footing in the money-market. The above speculation is, we confess, a most elaborate one, but the extreme ingenuity of it amused us, besides enabling us to finish in a most agreeable frame of mind our delicious cigar.

Such speculations are exceedingly harmless, and moreover they have this great merit, that they are never likely to be the ruin, much less the death, of any one. For instance, we ourselves, after the above profitable investment of a quarter of an hour, felt as happy and as contented as if we had just been making a handsome little *coup* of fifty thousand pounds on the Stock Exchange.

A woman lately made a pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness.

Why are sheep the most dissipated, reckless, and unfortunate of creatures?—Because they gambol in youth, frequent the turf, think it no disgrace to be black-legs, and are often fleeced.

To discover the shortest distance between two places, jump into a cab and pay the driver in advance. To ascertain the greatest distance between two places, reverse matters, and pay him when you get there.

"Fare well," as the host said to his guest when dinner was served.

What bird tells of a tempestuous time at sea?—A nightin-gale.

Nature preaches cheerfulness in her saddest moods: she covers even forgotten graves with flowers.

Why is the labor of a mill-horse not so hard as it is represented to be?—Because it is done by turns.

An Exhausted Receiver.—A pawnbroker out of breath.

Many a person in a fine suit of clothes is but an ugly maggot in a good-looking nut-shell.

A Sign of Rain.—To see dry-goods' dealers festoon their door-posts with cheap umbrellas.

Why is a man in difficulties like an ostrich in wet weather?—Because he can't find the dust to cover his bill.

Mrs. Partington wants to know what sort of drums conun-drums are. She thinks some hard to beat.

A late traveler says it is so cold in the northern part of Greenland that it freezes the fire out.

Where is happiness always to be found?—In the dictionary.

Chaos.—A woman entering your room to put your papers "to rights."

They say that love is like the measles—all the worse when it comes late in life.

Cure for Dyspepsia.—Close all the outer doors of a four-story house, open the inner doors, then take a long switch and chase a cat up and down stairs till she sweats. These directions faithfully followed daily for three months have never failed to effect a cure.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

What is that which is a cat, is like a cat, and is yet not a cat?
A kitten.

Why are three couples going to be married like penny-trumpets?
Because they go to, to, to (two, two, two).

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, May 20, in the Senate, Senator Sumner gave notice that he should call up the resolution for the expulsion of Senator Stark, of Oregon, who is charged with disloyalty. The Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up, but before the reading of it was concluded the morning hour expired, and the debate on the Confiscation bill was resumed, and Senator Davis, of Kentucky, made a long speech in opposition to it; but without concluding his remarks the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate bill declaring that negroes shall not be disqualified from carrying the mails was reported back, with a recommendation that it do not pass; but without taking the question the House proceeded to the consideration of the Confiscation bill, and several speeches were delivered on the subject.

On Wednesday, May 21, in the Senate, the Census report was presented. A joint resolution giving the thanks of Congress to Flag-Officer Farragut and the officers and men under his command was adopted. The Military Committee were instructed to inquire into the expediency of granting bounty lands to soldiers enlisted for three months and one year; also for pensions for the widows of soldiers who die in the service. The Tax bill was taken up, and several amendments proposed by the Finance Committee agreed to. The Senate held an executive session and then adjourned.——In the House, a bill providing for raising sunken vessels-of-war in Hampton Roads was referred. A resolution that Congress take a recess from Wednesday next to June 2 was laid on the table by a vote of 78 yeas to 46 nays. The Senate bill removing all disqualifications of color in carrying the mails was also laid on the table by a vote of 83 against 43. The House then resumed the consideration of the Confiscation bill, and the debate continued till the adjournment.

On Thursday, May 22, in the Senate, petitions from citizens of Maryland, asking for the better enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law in the District of Columbia, were presented and referred. Senator Sumner offered a resolution directing inquiry as to what legislation is necessary to protect negroes from unconditional seizure, or seizure by disloyal persons. At one o'clock the Senate was organized as a high court of impeachment for the trial of Judge Humphreys, of Tennessee. The Senators were duly qualified, and the managers of the trial on the part of the House read the articles of impeachment. The managers were then informed that the Senate would take proper order in the case, and that due notice would be given of the same, whereupon the court adjourned till the 9th of June. The Senate then proceeded to discuss the Tax bill, and several amendments were adopted. A resolution was adopted calling on the President for information relative to the condition of Mexico, and the alliance of European Powers as regards this country.——In the House, the bill to secure the speedy transmission of the mails, by requiring railroad companies to enter into contracts with the Post-Office Department—the rate of compensation, in case of disagreement, to be settled by the Court of Claims—was passed by four majority. The debate on the Confiscation bills was then resumed and continued till the adjournment.

On Friday, May 23, in the Senate, the resolution directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire as to what legislation is necessary to protect negroes from unconstitutional seizure was adopted. A bill providing that appointments on the army staffs shall be sent to the Senate for confirmation was passed. The Tax bill was then taken up, and on reading the seventy-fifth section the Senate adjourned.——The session of the House was devoted to debate on the Confiscation bills.

On Saturday, May 24, in the Senate, a bill was introduced to legalize and confirm the act of the President accepting volunteers under the act of the 22d of July, 1861, and to authorize the acceptance of two hundred thousand additional to those under that act. Referred. Senator Wilson introduced a bill to amend the Fugitive Slave act. The consideration of the Tax bill was then resumed, and having reached the one hundred and eighth section the Senate adjourned till Monday.——In the House, Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, rose to what he considered a privileged question, and presented a preamble and resolution rehearsing the main facts respecting the recent collision of the civil and military authorities on the subject of the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, and providing for the appointment of a select committee to investigate all the circumstances. The Speaker decided that the proposition was not a privileged question. The debate on the Confiscation bills was then resumed, and continued till the adjournment.

On Monday, May 26, in the Senate, Senator Sumner offered two resolutions in relation to slaves—one calling on the Secretary of War for information as to the execution by our Generals of the act of August, 1861, freeing slaves employed in any manner by the rebels to assist the rebellion; the other extending a general invitation to all persons, without distinction as to color, to come forward and aid the Government in putting down the rebellion. Senator Sumner also offered a bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave law and to prohibit slavery in the Territories, forts, arsenals, dock-yards, and all other places under the special jurisdiction of the National Government. Senator Howe introduced a bill, which was referred, providing for a more effective mode of procedure with obstinate rebels in places taken possession of by the Union armies. A discussion took place on the subject of the transfers of troops from some of the army corps to give strength to others, and especially with reference to the recent weakening of General Banks's army, thereby necessitating his retirement to the Potomac. The Tax bill was taken up, and several amendments were adopted. Pending the vote on an amendment to reduce the tax on tobacco from twenty to fifteen cents, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Confiscation bill was taken up, and some discussion ensued. The bill was somewhat amended, and finally passed, by eighty-two yeas to sixty-two nays. The bill to give freedom to slaves employed in the rebel service was next taken up, and a debate on it took place. Various amendments were offered and rejected, and finally a vote was taken on the passage of the bill, and it was defeated, by seventy-eight nays to seventy-four yeas. The Senate bill for the relief of the colored seamen who recently ran the rebel steamer *Planter* out of Charleston harbor, and delivered her to our blockading fleet, was then passed, when the House adjourned.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

General M'Clellan's army has crossed the Chickahominy, and is within five miles of Richmond. Skirmishes are occurring hourly. Our advance is at Mechanicsburg. The railroad bridge to Fredericksburg has been destroyed by our troops.

ADVANCE OF GENERAL M'DOWELL.

General M'Dowell on 26th advanced six miles beyond Fredericksburg. The rebels evacuated their camp on 24th, and withdrew their pickets on the morning of 25th. The Harris Light Cavalry scoured the country on that day, for fifteen miles from the Rappahannock, and found none of the enemy.

THE REPULSE OF BANKS.

General Banks has retreated back into Maryland. He had got as far as Harrisonburg, 20 miles from Staunton and the railway, when he received an order from the War Department directing him to send 15,000 of his troops, under General Shields, to reinforce General M'Dowell at Fredericksburg, and to fall back upon Strasburg, some fifty miles in his rear. The moment he began to retreat in obedience to this order Jackson followed in pursuit. General Shields passed through Manassas Gap safely and joined M'Dowell. Colonel Kenly, who commands a Maryland regiment, was started over the same route and had reached Front Royal, which lies about ten miles east of Strasburg, on the road to Manassas Gap, when he was intercepted by the rebels, and, as General Banks states in his brief dispatch, "repulsed with considerable loss," the rebels occupying Front Royal, and thus breaking his communication over the railroad with Eastern Virginia, and compelling him to fall still further back with the remnant of his force.

Our latest intelligence from him is contained in the following dispatch:

Williamsport, *May* 26—4 p.m.

To the President:

I have the honor to report the safe arrival of my command at this place last evening at ten o'clock, and the passage of the Fifth corps across the river to-day, with comparatively little loss. The loss of men in killed, wounded, and missing in the different combats in which my command has participated since the march from Strasburg, on the morning of the 24th inst., I am unable now to report; but I have great satisfaction in being able to represent that, although serious, it is much less than might have been anticipated, considering the very great disparity of forces engaged, and the long-matured plans of the enemy, which aimed at nothing less than the entire capture of our force. A detailed statement will be forwarded as soon as possible.

My command encountered the enemy in a constant succession of attacks and in well-contested engagements at Strasburg, Middletown, Newton; at a point also between these places, and at Winchester. The force of the enemy was estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000 men, with very strong artillery and cavalry supports. My own force consisted of two brigades—less than 4000 strong, all told—1500 cavalry, ten Parrott guns and six smooth bores. The substantial preservation of the entire supply is a source of gratification. It numbered about five hundred wagons on a forced march of fifty-three miles, thirty-five of which were performed in one day, subject to constant attack in front, rear, and flank, according to its position, by the enemy in full force. The panics of teamsters, and the mischances of river passage of more than 300 yards, with slender preparations for ford and ferry, I lost not many more than fifty wagons. A full statement of this loss will be forwarded forthwith. Very great commendation is due to Captain J. B. Holabird, A. Q. M., and Captain E. G. Breckwith, for the safety of the train.

Our troops are in good spirits, and occupy both sides of the river.

N. P. Banks,
Major-General Commanding.

HALF A MILLION MORE MEN READY TO MARCH.

The call of the President for additional troops from the Governors of the different States was responded to by nearly half a million of men, who offered their services within twenty-four hours after the proclamations were issued. Colonel Lefferts, of the 7th New York State Militia, only received the order of the Governor at eleven o'clock on Sunday night to march next day, and at nine o'clock on Monday night he started for Washington with a full regiment, thoroughly equipped, amidst the enthusiasm and plaudits of a vast multitude. Several other regiments of the militia will follow them with equal promptitude.

THREATENED RIOT IN BALTIMORE.

The report of the reverse to Colonel Kenly's command, which was principally recruited in Baltimore, created a great excitement in Baltimore, and the rebel sympathizers there were so impudent as to show their satisfaction at the reverse. The consequence was great indignation against them on the part of the Union men, who are now much in the ascendant there. An excited crowd collected in the streets, and many known secessionists were very roughly handled, one of them barely escaping hanging. At last accounts, however, the crowd had thinned down, and matters were assuming their wonted quiet.

MORE NEW YORK MILITIA TO TAKE THE FIELD.

Albany, *May* 25, 1862.

The Governor has ordered the Fifth New York Volunteer Artillery, Colonel Graham, and the Seventh Regiment New York State Militia, Colonel Lefferts, to leave for Washington to-morrow.

The Eighth, Eleventh, Thirty-seventh, and Seventy-first regiments of militia, of the city of New York, and the Twenty-fifth militia regiment of Albany, and others, will follow without delay.

RUMORED CAPTURE OF RALEIGH.

Rumors reached Fortress Monroe from Newbern on Saturday that Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, had been captured a few days previous, and that the United States flag was then floating over the city. No particulars, however, had been received.

JEFF WILL NOT GIVE UP VIRGINIA.

The Richmond papers contain a highly interesting correspondence between Jeff Davis and the Virginia Legislature in reference to the last backward movements of the rebel army, in which Jeff Davis says that he had never entertained the thought of withdrawing the army from Virginia and abandoning the State; that if, in the course of events, the capital should fall, the necessity of which he did not see or anticipate, that would be no reason for withdrawing the army from Virginia. The war could still be successfully carried on and maintained on Virginia soil for twenty years.

SUFFERINGS OF THE PEOPLE OF VIRGINIA.

Some gentlemen who fled from Petersburg describe the condition of things there as fearful. They state that the sufferings of the people are almost beyond endurance. The scarcity of provisions was so great that every thing was seized for the army, and even the soldiers have been on half rations for a week past, with no prospect of even this supply continuing for any great length of time. The work of conscription was progressing, and the roads to Richmond were thronged with unarmed men, old and young, being driven along under strongly armed guards. These gentlemen represent that no people in modern times have suffered more than the people of Virginia are now suffering, every household being in fear of an approaching famine.

NORFOLK STILL SULKY.

The Mayor and City Councils of Norfolk, it appears, are still indisposed to take the oath of allegiance, in consequence of which General Wool has ordered the stoppage of what little trade they have heretofore enjoyed with the outside world. He has issued another proclamation, notifying the people that the matter is entirely in their own hands; that by acknowledging the supremacy of the Government they can enjoy its fostering care, and the advantages of trade and commerce, and assuring them that no contingency is possible whereby Norfolk will again be given up to the control of the rebel Government. Those who entertain Union sentiments, he says, can give expression to them with ample assurance of protection. A Union meeting was held in Portsmouth on 22d, at which not less than eight hundred persons were present, including many from Norfolk.

A VICTORY IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

A National force of 1800 men, under Colonel Crook, stationed at Lewisburgh, in Greenbrier County, on the Greenbier River, was attacked on 23d by a rebel force of 3000, under Colonel Heath, and after a severe fight the rebels were defeated, and completely routed. Our loss is ten killed, forty wounded, and eight missing; that of the enemy is much greater. We captured four cannon, two of them rifled; two hundred stand of arms, and one hundred prisoners, including several officers.

COMMODORE FARRAGUT AT VICKSBURG.

A dispatch dated Vicksburg, Mississippi, May 21, states that the commander of our flotilla from below had ordered the removal of the women and children from the city within twenty-four hours, and that the Mayor had asked until Friday, the 23d. There were then reported to be ten of our boats below the city.

IMPORTANT ORDER.

Washington, *May* 25, 1862.

Ordered—By virtue of the authority vested by an act of Congress, the President takes military possession of all the railroads in the United States, from and after this date, until further orders, and directs that the respective railroad companies, their officers and servants, shall hold themselves in readiness for the transportation of troops and munitions of war as may be ordered by the military authorities, to the exclusion of all other business.

By order of the Secretary of War.

M. C. Meigs, Quarter-master-General.

CAPTURE OF A REBEL TRANSPORT.

Dispatches from Cape Girardeau, Missouri, inform us of the capture of a rebel steamer named the *E. D. Miller*, bound down the St. Francis River, laden with stores for Memphis, and carrying a company of rebel troops. Her passage was arrested by Colonel Daniels, at Camp Lagrange, who riddled her with a six-pounder gun, killing Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis and wounding several others. The soldiers, numbering sixty, were taken prisoners.

CAPTURE OF BRITISH STEAMERS.

The gun-boats *Mercedita* and *Somerset* have brought into Key West two British steamers—the *Bermuda* and *Circassian*—laden with arms and munitions to the value of a million and a half of dollars, intended to be run into some Southern port for the services of the rebellion. The *Bermuda* had a full cargo of arms and munitions of war. Her manifest occupied some four pages of foolscap paper, and the quantity on board a vessel of her tonnage is surprising. Besides pistols and cutlasses in any quantity, there was a number of six and a half and seven and a half inch rifled guns, together with several complete field-batteries, nearly fifty thousands pounds of powder in barrels, besides cases of cartridges, fixed ammunition, and shells. The steamer *Circassian* was captured by the gun-boat *Somerset*, Captain English, on the 4th inst., twenty miles east of Havana, and was nominally coming from that port *via* St. Thomas. She was heavily laden, and although the exact contents of her cargo has not been ascertained, there is little doubt that she carries arms and provisions for the rebels.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

DEFEAT OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Lord Palmerston's Government has been defeated in the House of Commons by a majority of one recorded against ministers on the second reading of a bill for the abolition of church rates.

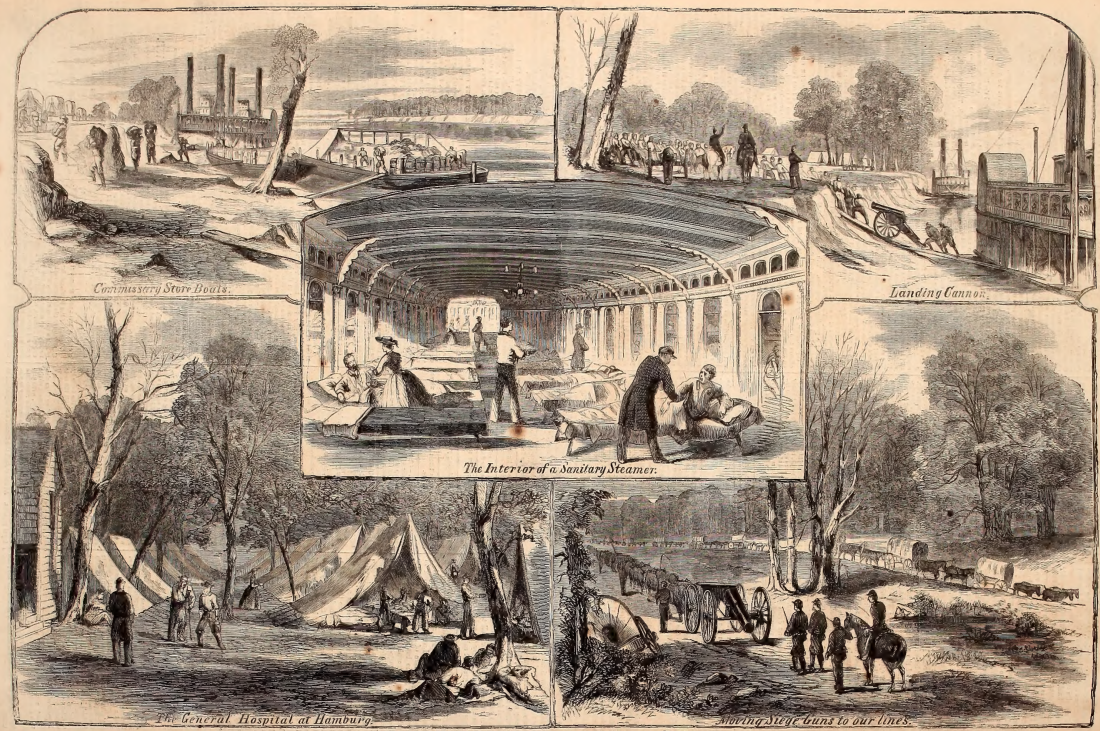
DISTRESS AMONG THE WORKMEN.

The subject of the distress of the artisans and workmen of Lancashire has been brought before the British House of Lords, without any reference to the American question.

FRANCE.

M. MERCIER'S VISIT TO RICHMOND.

The *Opinion Nationale* of Paris—Prince Napoleon's organ—says that M. Mercier's visit to Richmond had reference merely to a French tobacco stock. The affair was still, however, the cause of much political speculation in Paris.



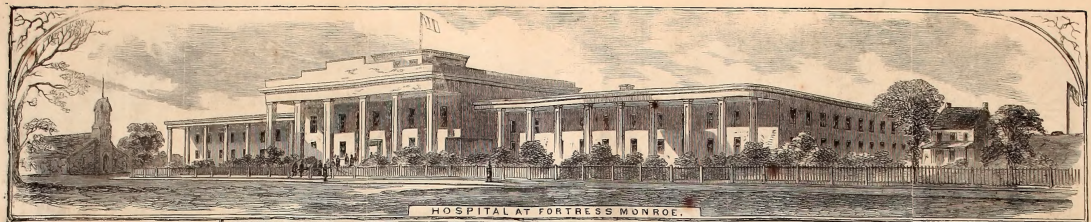
OUR ARMY IN THE SOUTHWEST.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 356.]



CORDUROYING ROADS TO CORINTH.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 359.]



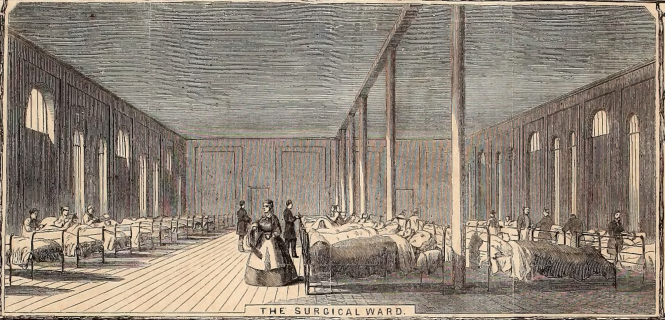
GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY CROSSING LICK CREEK ON THE WAY TO CORINTH.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 359.]



HOSPITAL AT FORTRESS MONROE.



DR. BONTECOU.



THE SURGICAL WARD.



DR. CUYLER.



GETTING WELL.



ARRIVAL OF WOUNDED MEN FROM YORKTOWN.



THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

THE GENERAL HOSPITAL AT FORTRESS MONROE.—[See next Page.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—OUR OUTLYING PICKET IN THE WOODS.—SKETCHED BY MR. W. HOMER.

THE GENERAL HOSPITAL AT FORTRESS MONROE.

Our special artist at Fortress Monroe sends us a page of sketches of the GENERAL HOSPITAL at that place. The upper sketch gives an extensive view of the building, which is the Hygeia Hotel, so celebrated and frequented only a short time ago. Mr. C. C. Willard, the proprietor, has given up the whole building excepting a very few rooms at one end for the purposes of the Hospital. The middle sketch is the immense dining-room of the hotel, now used as the surgical ward. Dr. John M. Cuyler, medical director of the Department of Virginia, is represented on the right, and Dr. R. B. Boulzeau, who is in charge of this hospital, on the left of the picture. In the lower corners are shown the pleasant front portion of the building, a favorite lounging place for the convalescent, and to the left a soldier's grave. We have also a scene on the dock at the time of the arrival of a large number of wounded men from Ship Point.

GENERAL HALLECK'S ARMY.

We publish on pages 356 and 357 several pictures which illustrate the state of affairs in the Army of the Southwest, under General Halleck. They are from sketches by our artists, Messrs. Mosler and Simplot. The following bits from the World correspondence may serve to shed some light on the subjects of the pictures:

THE COUNTRY ROUND CORINTH.

The country around Corinth is of a rolling timbered land, emerging in successive ridges and flat boggy hollows for miles in every direction. These latter seem to make it out of difficulty to approach the place with artillery. The wood has been cut down in many of the ridges over which they are encamped. The length of these works is estimated at nine miles, and their appearance is that of natural heavy slopes interspersed with the usual points. There is first a line of rifle-pits, and then a little further on, which, while it will present an obstacle to the passage of our lines, will present an admirable cover for our sharp-shooters. Beyond the timber is a cleared belt, a few hundred yards distance from the guns. Behind this breast-work it is thought the enemy's forces will be drawn after the place is invested. The inner line is a series of ridges and hummocks running from hill-top to hilltop, so very gun being placed to command every approach.

PREPARED FOR DISASTER.

That we may be prepared for any untoward occurrence, such as a stampede, a retreat, or an attempt on the part of the rebels to pierce our line, our men have been employed daily, yesterday and to-day in erecting a strong line of breast-works formed of timber and branches covered with dirt, which are again masked so as to conceal them from the view of the rebels. Other strong commanding positions have been seized, the first line abandoned, miles from Corinth. With a cheered spirit in front and eyes placed in commanding positions the enemy can not approach our line without being subjected to a murderous fire.

THE ROADS—MUD AND DUST.

But a few days since the mud was the great impediment to our progress. We are now at the other extreme. So far from being troubled with too much moisture, we have not enough to drink, much less for other purposes. Our men are digging for water, and the result is, a thick, whitish mixture of nauseous taste in all that can be had potable. Horses are ridden a mile to a muddy, stagnant pool, and not unfrequently the rebels are relieved of the same extremity. Lemons and liquors are in great demand to render the water palatable.

HOSPITALS.

The hospital arrangements are proceeding on the scale commensurate with the expectations of a great battle. A large general hospital has been established at Monterey, in charge of the accomplished brigade surgeon, R. C. Mcrrills, of the Seventh Illinois, who is busy making ample arrangements for the reception of a great number of sufferers. Seven hundred tents, litters, stretchers, ambulances, medicines, and sanitary stores, are being collected in quantities, with a large medical staff. A competent force of the older surgeons, who have been under fire, will accompany the forces to the field, and there, doubtless, save many lives which might be lost by an hour's neglect. The most ample arrangements have been made for obtaining the names of the sufferers in the anticipated battle, and if the friends of such are disappointed, they must attribute the cause not to any want of attention on the part of journalists, but to the confusion which will be rife around the battle-field, within the volume of every regulation, to be the most inconvenient of an anxious public.

MOVING FORWARD.

TUESDAY, May 13.

The cry is still we come, O Corinth! We went back, picked up leg and luggage, swept off leftward, and now occupy a superb spot for camping four miles in direct line from Corinth. The swamp in front is an immense one; they can not cross it, or we, with artillery, except by the great ordinary highway that we have built—a thundering piece of architecture. Could hardly believe my eyes yesterday when I saw the road we had made. Trees cut down, ledges picked out beyond all the efforts and cares a new mile span!

Dolores Bonet's batteries have seen probably not serve than any others, but they contain some very superior guns: among them we saw the long Rodman guns, calculated to throw shells at least three miles. Besides these, the five heavy siege guns, which were of so much use in staying the advance of the rebels at Pittsburg, commanded by Captain Madison, have been moved forward by a team composed of six yoke of oxen attached to each.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We reproduce, on pages 353, 360, and 361, several sketches by our artist, Mr. A. R. WAUD, illustrating the fortunes of the Army of the Potomac. One of them shows us THE UNION TROOPS GOING DOWN INTO THE TRENCHES WITH THEIR ARTILLERY TO CONSTRUCT PARALLELS BEFORE YORKTOWN. McClellan, as General Scott has told us, is at home in the work of "trenching." He did so well at it that in one month he had pushed his parallels against Yorktown as far forward as the Allies pushed theirs before Sebastopol after eleven months labor. When the rebels "skedaddled" the last parallel was almost completed, and the assault was at hand.

Another picture shows us the famous BATTERY NO. 1, composed of one and two hundred pound Parrott guns, the effect of whose practice scared the rebels thoroughly on the morning of 24 May this battery opened on a rebel battery situated on the heights of Yorktown, and very quickly silenced it. The rebels had never seen any thing like the 200-pounder projectiles from the Parrott gun, and asked their officers indignantly "if they were expected to stand such shots as that?"

A third picture shows us the ENCAMPMENT OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC at Cumberland, on the Pamunky River. It is a beautiful scene. A correspondent thus describes the agreeable surprise of our wearied troops as they approached it on their march from Williamsburg:

Just as I was preparing to give up the ghost from sheer exhaustion, and the troops were trudging along under their packs of baggage, beneath a scorching sun and amidst clouds of dust, which at times threatened to put an end to the march by destroying our powers of respiration, we reached the crest of a hill, and below us, upon a plain upon the banks of the river, lay spread before us a sight as beautiful as it was warlike. Two brigades lay in the field upon their arms, and long trains of wagons were finding their way along the serpentine road to the camp ground, and a perfect fleet of shipping lay moored in the stream, where twenty-four hours since floated the "rag of Secesia." The gun-boats had opened the way, and thus enabled our grand army to receive supplies which would have taken weeks to transport by land.

Another correspondent says:

The scenery all along the Pamunky, from its junction with the York River to the point to which the gun-boats ascended, is magnificent. Indeed I have seldom, if ever, seen any thing to equal it. The banks are exceedingly high. In some places, quite frequently, too, these banks form bluffs from fifty to one hundred feet high. In others they slope gradually down to the water's edge. The river is comparatively narrow, yet wide enough and deep enough for the passage of any of our vessels. Its banks are beautified with handsome cottages and buildings of more ambitious pretensions, each one surrounded by lawns and grounds beautifully laid out, and each one, doubtless, inhabited by people of comparative refinement, who must have some enough to deplore the infatuation which has brought the scourge of war to their doors.

All along the banks of the river were seen herds of cattle and sheep, which had been collected by the rebels and driven that far in their retreat from Yorktown.

The results of reconnoissances show that the road and water approaches to Richmond are open to within twenty or fifteen miles of that city, and that the enemy is in force beyond those points. The state of the roads is such that it will require some days to get the army up to those points. Ever since last Monday, now a week ago, the army has been moving from the neighborhood of West Point to this place, a distance of only about twenty miles. Yet steady progress has been made on each day. The nature of the soil is such that it is found necessary to construct "military roads nearly the entire distance in order to transport the artillery and baggage-wagons. This work has been admirably performed by the engineer corps of General Daniel P. Woodbury, whose labors have been incessant. There are some spots in the road, very swampy and narrow, where a mile a day is considered good progress. But those who feel impatient at our slow progress toward Richmond remember this and be content.

On page 365 we give a full-nimile of the CONSCRIPT LETTER of a private of the Massachusetts First indented by a Minié ball at the battle of Williamsburg. The ball penetrated the plate, but did not go through it, fortunately for the soldier.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE STONEMAN, whose portrait we publish on page 353, was born in this State in the year 1825. He graduated at West Point in July, 1846, and entered the First Dragoons as Second Lieutenant. He rose steadily in his profession, and when the war broke out was Captain. The resignation of Southern traitors facilitated his advancement, and in May, 1861, he became Major of the Fourth Cavalry. General McClellan realized his merit, and in September, 1861, he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and given the command of all the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. In the advance upon Richmond from Yorktown he has commanded the vanguard of the army, and conducted his column with judgment and vigor.

General Stoneman married last year a Baltimore belle.

On this page we reproduce a sketch by our artist, Mr. Homer, showing one of our OUTLYING PICKETS ON A DARK NIGHT; and on page 364 we publish a vivid picture from a sketch by Mr. Meyer, showing THE MARCH OF OUR ARMY THROUGH MUD AND THICKET FROM WILLIAMSBURG TOWARD CUMBERLAND. Both these pictures explain themselves.

LOVE *VERSUS* BEAUTY.

VERDICT FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

Love, perched one day
On an orange-tree,
Saw Beauty wishing
She time were;
In a bower of his own red roses,
"Ah!" she sighed to him,
"Here's work for me!"
As he flies where the maid reposes.

"How dare you stare,"
Quoth the lady fair,
"Strutting, and bridling,
And ogling there?
None of your prawns on me!
I'm up to your tricks and your plots, Sir, now!
And I trust I believe your strongest vow,
So let *by-gones bygones* be."

"Oh!" whimpered he,
"Did you used to be
To my sacred rites
Such a devotee,
To all my laws a friend,"
"Well, well," said she;
"Yes, that may be,
But it's never too late to mend!"

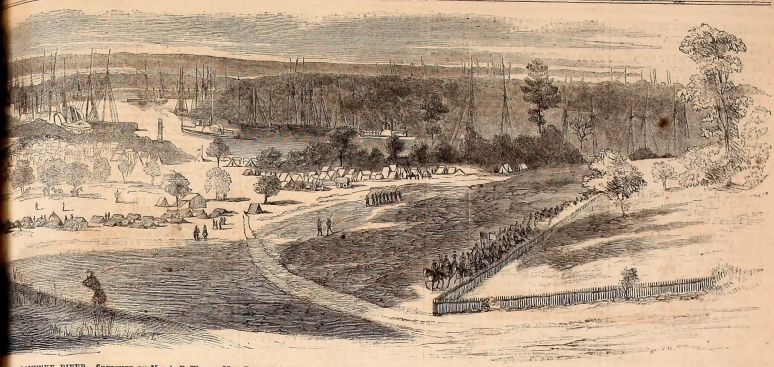
Then aloft he flew,
And his bright bow drew,
And the silver arrow
Went whistling true
To the rapid maiden's breast;
While she, blushing, laughed, with a well-feigned sigh,
"Come, we no use fighting with Destiny,
And 'second thoughts are best!'"



GENERAL McCLELLAN'S CAMP AT CUMBERLAND, VIRGINIA, WITH A VI



BATTERY NO. 1, OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWO HUNDRED POUNDER PARROTT GU



HE PAMUNKY RIVER.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 359.]



OSITE YORKTOWN AND GLOUCESTER.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 359.]

FLIRTING ON THE BEACH.

I STAND again upon the beach
Where first I saw you.
I thought you were beyond my reach,
Yet did adore you.

I thought that ev'ry girl I'd seen
Was far below you;
I looked upon you as my queen,
And longed to know you.

Day after day passed by—the same
The introduction:
And then began your little game—
Right rare destruction!

I see you now—your eyes—your curls:
You were crafty;
So different from other girls.
The more the pity.

That evening when you wept, because
You said "I'd grieved you,
I did not know what pain it was!"
And I believed you!

Ah, well! I'm older now. You know
"Experience teaches;"
And flirting now is all the go
On sea-side beaches.

I can but smile as now I think
On my past folly;
My madness then stood on the brink
Of melancholy.

I shall not quite forget you—nay,
Shall think, sometimes,
But, once forever, bear me say,
Can do without you.

WRECKED ON ISLAND NUMBER TEN.

"I CAN'T stand this any longer, Ned; I shall turn out and go on deck. This stifling heat is bad enough to bear without the stings of the confounded mosquitoes. I could as soon sleep in a kiln with a blister all over me."

I scrambled out of my berth and huddled on my clothes as well as the dim light would allow. The sun had not appeared at the little cabin, or four old friend and kinsman Ned Grunger, merely yawned and stretched himself. Petty annoyances did not trouble him. He had been sleeping as comfortably as if the villainous little den of a cabin close to the engine, which we had been told was the coolest on board the *Two Sisters*, were a cool and airy bedchamber. We had both been contented by the steamboat clerk with "first class" cabins, "we had assured us on his honor that the only disposable cabin left on board the Mississippi packet was a snug and pleasant one, free from bugs and cockroaches, and not in the least hot. And now I was stewed and steamed to the verge of fever, while Ned, whom nothing seemed to hurt, turned over on his pillow with a little sigh, murmuring, "Take it coolly, old boy, don't forget the Fahrenheit!" and the gnats when we got to Cairo and have our breakfast ashore. That is coolly."

I replied rather testily that I wished I could, but that, not being a salamander, I couldn't. And with this withering retort I left him to coolness and stumbled on deck. The hurricane-deck of a Mississippi steamer was a gay scene to one who had had a melancholy and lonely look at I saw it in the feeble moonlight, bare and deserted. The glint in his lofty wheelhouse, intent upon the helm and the bearings, and a solitary deck-hand who filled the office of look-out, appeared to be the only human beings awake save myself. To be sure, from the hatchway of the engine-room there gushed at times a tremendous glare of dull crimson fire-light, and a pitch-black figure crossed the gleam, while a sound as of the dull panting of a great wild beast, told that the furnaces had been supplied with fresh wood. It was very hot and sultry even in the air; but the atmosphere was enlivened when compared with the oven-like oppression of the boat below. The mosquitoes were still pertinacious, but I felt that I could bear their stings better than when I lay in the close cabin.

I leaned over the side rail and gazed upon the yellow river, whose tumid waters stretched for an immense distance on either hand. The moon was now and pale, but I could make out the wide mass of the Tennessee shore, though the low-lying forest of the Missouri bank was hid in dark shadow.

"Tis lonesome here, mister, ain't it?" drawled a tall, gaunt voice at my elbow. I could not help starting.

"I didn't mean to skear you, Mr. Barham;" apologized the voice, which I now recognized as that of a passenger, General Jeremiah Flint, who had taken a fancy to Ned Grunger and myself, and with whom we had struck up a friendly acquaintanceship. General Flint was a thorough-bred Yankee, one of those keen, hawk-eyed shrewd gentlemen who are found in active employment all over the Union. His complete history, of which he now and then favored us with piquant snatches, would have been very amusing even in print, and partook a good deal of the adventurous and shadowy in the career of Haji Baba. Just now the General was at rather a low pitch of the social ton-saw, being on board the boat in no more exalted capacity than that of traveling salesman to a "jobber" of dry goods and clothing.

"It's kinder dull up here, but I couldn't sleep," said the new-comer; "I've got it happened home upon my mind to-night that mischief's on the brew."

"On the what?" said I, laughing.

"On the brew, Sir," answered the General very solemnly. "Young men like you, Mr. Barham, air too apt to ridicule the presentiments of their elders, but Jeremy Flint's no green-horn, and he don't relish the feel of matters."

I had observed before that the General was a little oracular, and, what may seem odder in a Yankee, slightly superstitious; but I knew he was a keen practical person who had seen ten times as much of the world as I, at four-and-twenty, could possibly have done. Therefore, to my queer acquaintance seemed ill at ease, I strongly suspected that his prognostications of coming evil were based on other grounds than those of sentiment.

"I'll let you know, mister, the long and short of it," said he, *dropping* his voice, "this *Two Sisters* we're afloat in is an old craft, old and leaky, and clean worse out from her keelson to her billet, that's just truth. The owners had a talk about giving her up, they did, a month ago, but old Barnabas Bell, the senior partner, he's a queer, she's good for a voyage or two, and if she breaks up, the fixings are no loss—let her rip!"

"Do you mean to say that the steamer has been permitted this boat to sail, knowing she was unsafe?" I said, turning hastily, it is needless to say.

The General nodded. "This child wishes he were in his boots, and his boots ashore, do dose."

And he drummed the devil's tattoo on the rail with his long bony fingers.

I asked what grounds we were. I knew that Flint was familiar with every bend of the river.

"We're past New Madrid," he answered, scanning the blue line ahead; "we're a hundred mile near slow for all our pulling and straining. Let me see—that's Red Bluff on the Tennessee shore. I'm glad to see you now. Get hold of the beam and scramble up where I am."

General Flint was about to crawl to the top of the floating timber, where he sat at ease, with his feet dangling in the water.

"Take first time this child has seen a tiller boat. Apple quillings, I thought it would be a mad consult! I was born in the State of Maine, and Philadelphia were all well insured, that's one comfort, and my notes are in my waistband."

"Raise away, Sir. Then the boat's afloat and, we are alone! The rest of us? Ned Granger?"

"There's no danger there. He's fast asleep, and cut the bull of the steamer afloat yet," said the Yankee. "What's left of her, shrinking like a theatre coffin. If there's a diving Dutchman below aboard her, drowning will be welcome, after the misery they've had, I guess. The water and steam did scald, I reckon?"

A dull pain in my hands attracted my notice. I looked down and could see that they were swollen and red. I remember that I had grasped the side rail at the moment of the explosion, and that I had no doubt that I had been partially injured by the flash of heated water, from which Flint seemed wholly to have escaped.

I do not recollect what followed. I heard Flint's voice very indistinctly—a mere humming of meaningless words—and then I fell into a long weakness. My brain reeled. Then I grew sick and faint, and I remember that I actually fear lest I should tumble off the spar. I remember, too, trying to call to my companion for help, but I could not speak intelligibly. After this I remember no more until I was lying on a heap of trashwood ashore, and Flint was bathing my hands from my lips some drops of whisky from a metal flask.

"Cheer up, you'll do now. It kinder cane over you," said the General, soothingly, pausing the flask to his own lips and imbibing several *nips* of the cordial.

I gave his hand a feeble squeeze.

"I owe you my life; but where are we? And Ned—are we with him?"

Mr. Flint shook his head. "We're on Island Number Ten, and Ned's not here. I got you and gave in we grounded, and I got a grip of a snag, sticking out of the mud, and we're on dry airth. Ay. If you're strong enough, mister, we'd best look for a shelter, for 'tain't wholesome to lie out for much."

I was bruised and weak, and my hands were very painful, but I could walk pretty well. We made our way to a small log-house, which proved to be the General taking rapidly and continually, in his active way, to divert my thoughts from the sad fate of my gallant friend. He told me, then, that the island had no permanent inhabitants, but was occasionally visited by cut lying possessors of this dreary spot; but he made no doubt we should discover a settlement in tolerable repair where we could pass the night.

"And in the morn'n', mister, we'll signal a steamboat and get picked up. We four of our playin' Robinson Crusoe too long here, I guess. We'll have a banyan breakfast, but our appetite for dinner will be a caution to alligators. Ahi! here's a con-venient location."

In effect we were on the threshold of a large and substantial log-house, behind which we could dimly discern the outlines of other buildings. The heavy door was ajar, and yielded sullenly to our touch. We entered. The interior was, of course, quite dark, but a fire had glow presently evoked from some dying embers on the hearth, proving that human beings had been there within a few hours. The General showed no surprise. He merely observed that a night of shelter for New Orleans had probably run aground on the island, and wished the men had remained, that they might have given us a cast ashore in their breadhorn. He stooped, blew the embers to a glow, laid on dry brush and fresh wood, and soon the hut was illuminated by a cheery glare. It was large, in good repair, and contained an old table of sawed boards, and a pair of bedsteads with which had probably served for seats. There were shelves nailed up, but they were empty, and every provision was visible. The in an inner recess, half partitioned off from the larger apartment, were several heaps of brush-wood and fragments of mats, which beds not to be despised when mattresses and pillows were out of the question. I to my surprise, found a British Bible on the front shelf of the French proverb, *qui dort, dine*, but when he showed some sagacity in remarking that when asleep our bodies and minds were alike wasted in less vexatious

"Pull come o' them sassafras boughs over your face, mister; that's the way to cheat the skeeters," said he; "we'll have a good long nap, and wake up in time to hail a steamboat on one of those hemlocks down by the water-side. If a steamer don't see it a-burning, she may."

I lay still a few moments and then rolled restlessly from side to side. My nerves were strung to a painful tension, and my brain was too active to allow sleep to visit me. The accident with all its horrors, rather imagined than actually seen, recurred to me every hour; but it seemed unreal and unnatural, a vivid nightmare rather than a real reality. Poor Ned Granger, too! I shuddered when I ever again in life find such a friend as that early one, now lost?

How long I mused I can not tell, but I was startled by a sound which broke the stillness of the night—a voice, and that voice was no unknown one. Number Ten—the negro of a horse. I shook off my reverie, and half raised myself to listen. The sound was repeated. It was no sun was I that I had been no cheat of fancy that I determined to rouse my companion and tell him the news. It was not until I had shaken Flint, who was a heavy sleeper, that he woke, up, grumbling.

"Jerusalem, Barham, what's afloat? Not a Yankee swarm across, surely—"

"No," said I, somewhat ashamed, "only the neighing of a horse close at hand."

"Impossible—couldn't be. There's no horse beasts here. Couldn't they be down on the island? You must have been dreaming, Mr. Barham."

The General yawned and sank back into the pit of brushwood, nor was it long before his heavy breathing announced that he was fast asleep. I was far from convinced, but I was puzzled; imagination, I knew, does often play us strange tricks. Besides, we had no reason that a horse had neighed on shore, on either the left or right bank, and that was probably unusually acute after the excitement of the night, had caught and exaggerated the distant sound? I pondered yet a while, but it was weary work. My nerves relaxed, my eyelids became heavy, and I sank into deep slumber. Not so deep, however, but that I could still know that a conversation between ideal personages attended my fitful slumber, and that the degree this conversation grew more and more real and audible.

"I don't care a cuss how it kept slight," said some one; "just clap on a nipple more sticks, and I'll blow up the kindlers."

Directly afterward I heard the familiar noise—familiar, at least, to one fresh from prairie travel —of smoothly-planed wood being split up in a blaze, while the sharp crackle of burning wood succeeded.

"Where's Stone's, marm?" asked some one close in a high cracked voice, that contrasted with the deep tones of the first speaker; "wouldn't you like cruller got to, I admire? I'm as starved, for cuss us any will! and there's never a scrap to eat until the brier boy comes. Ten hours' work, and not a man peckish, and we must clear out of this before day."

Vaguely the thought dawned in my half-unconscious mind that I was no longer asleep, and that the General Flint and myself were actually talking of flesh and blood. I opened my eyes. The larger compartment of the log-house was illuminated by a dull red light, which brightened into a clearer glow as the wood, heaped on the fire with a lavish hand, caught the ascending blaze. Around this fire were grouped five or six men, most of whom were the red flannel shirts and coarse homespun of the regular Mississippi boatmen's garb, though one was in a suit of rusty black, of city make. Several more articles of clothing were scattered about the floor, and coming, bringing bags and barrels, which were received by two of the men within. Boatmen, thought I, who are going to fell a tree for a shore, when benighted on the rapid and dangerous river. I was perplexed. Even then, when a thrill might, unmistakably that of a horse this time and close by, was answered so shrilly and distinctly by an equine response.

"Darn them brutes! pinch their nostrils, you hasting cusses! or the whole gang by the place will be blown upon," said a deep and fierce voice from the hut. And a man whom I had not observed, stepped out, and with a vigorous and active across the illuminated space. I rubbed my eyes and cautiously raised myself on my elbow.

The last speaker was of gigantic stature, with a fell of shaggy black hair tumbling on the collar of his red woolen shirt; his face was a stern and forbidding one, like that of some robber soldier in a Flemish picture, he wore a pistol and a bowie-knife, ostentatiously displayed in the black leather belt around his waist.

"All right, boss! 'twar that rampaging black beast, Jem Hudson's colt, that got loose a minin,"

answered a man from without; and very soon several men and two or three women entered the log-house, the most of the new-comers were ruffling figures, with the brass bound handles of knives or pistols peeping out of their pockets, or protruding from the breasts of their homespun coats; but one or two had the air of educated men, though their keen faces showed traces of evil passions and evil habits. One old man—he must have been more than sixty—was of a different order, and his long garments of a respectable Western farmer, and his weather-beaten but mild face contrasted with the fierce and reckless boldness of those around and near him. The man with the high cracked voice, who was a tow-male suit of slaughtered broadcloth, accosted this new-comer as Mr. Stone, and asked if his wife intended to give the company any supper or not?

"The missies is comin' in: you'd best ask her," said the new farmer, philosophically lighting his pipe. Mrs. Stone, a tall, gaunt woman, bustled forward to answer for herself, which she did by telling the hungry guests that she was a lonely, cowardly, troublesome, turkey-buzzard of a Yankee, and that he had better have been helping to cache the horned and unlucked beasts than talking for food, as if he was in some fine city hotel."

While these upbraidings of the man in Yankee indeed seemed to hold a very low position in the esteem of his comrades—Mrs. Stone bustled furiously to and fro, and before long a great frying-pan, full of pieces of pork, was sputtering on the fire, while several junks of beef were roasting and broiling on impromptu spits made of ramrods stuck in the soft clay of the floor. Mrs. Stone was aided in these culinary processes by a fine, decided-looking girl of eighteen, whose pale, and face looked as if sea-sickness had been its frequent guest, and whom I discovered to be her eldest daughter. A younger girl, about fourteen years of age, looked on from the doorway, and I, who had been the slightest inclination to address the members of this group, and hardly knew what to say, when the new farmer's rough voice broke in to their privacy or object, but I instinctively covered down among the brushwood and hid myself as completely as I could. I felt that something was amiss, and that discovery might lead to awkward results. General Flint was asleep, and I feared that every moment he might awake and utter some exclamation, while he was always ready to speak. But my companion might draw the attention of some sharp-eared member of the band. Some of the party had seated themselves on the floor, and, from mere signs of fatigue, but the rest stood watching the pork as it bubbled in the pan, and the cakes as they baked before the fierce fire. Several voices were speaking at once, and I only caught unconnected scraps of the talk.

"Jem Hudson was terrible riled. He set such a tally on that colt, if his gun hadn't had too many charges for it in this cabin would have become coon, I guess."

"I think that same Stout's a deal uglier than Jem. He owes us a grudge, he does. I reckon Tennessee's gettin' too hot to hold us."

"Ay, Tennessee's opinion till it's axed for, greenhorn," said the big man who had been addressed as captain, when he spoke as one having supreme authority. "This nigger don't need a Pennsylvany chicken to tell him when a melon-squash is ripe to cut open."

"Here's your victuals ready, and no lady in Illinoy State could have fixed 'em better, nor quicker!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone in an argumentative manner, as if to challenge contradiction. But none was offered, and presently the meal was formed, some walnut-wood platters and pewter pannikins were produced from a hiding-place, the company drew their knives and forks, and, having carried round the frying-pan, in order that every one might help himself, while the rude repast was followed, one with the steaks still stuck upon the iron-tipped ramrods, the other with some lumps of corn-bread in his hand.

It was at this moment that I felt my wrist cautiously grasped by the left hand of Jeremiah Flint, and could hardly repress an exclamation, when, looking round, I saw that Jeremiah Flint was awake, and was gazing at me intently and steadily, keeping at the same time well behind the screen of brushwood.

"It's wake, Barham. Keep still, and we air." I looked round. I could see by the faint light that my companion's resolute face was very pale. "Keep still, and this—and this—and water, mebbe; we've got into the den of a grizzly, mister, and we carry our scalps out we may be thankful a few."

I began to be seriously alarmed. I was yet a stranger to a few the true character of those whose bounds we seemed to be unwitting trespassers, but I knew that Flint, who had spent years in the wild West, had a keen heart, and that his apprehensions were not likely to be roused without reason.

"Nothing more than one of the Yankees," whispered the General; "that tall fish-rod of a man in the tail-coat comes from Concord, Massachusetts, and is a regular peripatetic lecturer, I'll be bound. That German rogue in the cap is Fritz Vogel, who was nearly hanged at Chicago for foul fish, and—we I never!—but that big chap in the red shirt—the Captain—turns out to be Black Dave."

"Who's he?"

"Ay, Black Dave, or David Jossom, the most desperate villain in Kentucky. Famous for stealing horses, using bogus dollars, robbing stores, and breaking out of prison. Last time I saw him was at Little Rock, Arkansas, under trial, and was then my client as a lawyer—"

Here my friend's reminiscences were cut short by the abrupt question, put by a gentleman whose mouth was very full, and who had a huge chunk of pork in one hand and a pound or two of beef in the other: "Captain Dave, when are we to paddle over with them horses?"

"We'll see about it," answered the chief. "Some one must go over to scout fust. I expect the brute has got a pretty fair scale and can't they git into Missouri, and out of sight of the river."

These words were a revelation. The General pressed my elbow.

"They're horse-thieves, mistaken identity."

This announcement of the quality of our unconscious hosts was by no means calculated to diminish my apprehensions. I listened nervously enough to an animated debate which now ensued among the members of the gang as to the propriety of hurrying over the Mississippi to the nearest ferry, or of lying concealed for some days, until the first fury of the pursuers should be satisfied and public excitement cooled. The captain of the mule sex who took no part in the argument was the old woman, with whom I had heard unfavorably as Mr. Stone. He sat quiet, having finished his meal and resumed his pipe, and we could see through his respectable-looking, gray beard and his silvery wreaths from his soapstone meerschaum, inasmuch as he was on the other side of the fire. Mrs. Stone, his better half and an active part in council, urging a stay on the island, since the place had been "mighty scarcely" by hers and stampeding there for weeks, and her critters were worrited and worn out with it." It was plain, but this notable woman's character appeared little if at all changed by lawless companionship and wild life. In the midst of roving she was still the shrewd, hard-working housewife, and I could see many evidences of her thrift and careful habits. With her daughters it was different. The eldest was evidently melancholy and ill at ease. She was a small, pale, sad-eyed girl with a mousyllable to any remark or rough compliment, and her downcast eyes and colorless cheek told of regrets and heart-sickness that she did not share. The younger girl showed the same mental condition, but in a more degree. Her answers were short, but pert, and she occasionally exploded into a giggle at some jocular ally of the Massachusetts man. The German, who wore the wits of the assembly. But one glance from her sister's sad, dark eyes would check her spirit, and the subsided into gloom again. We guessed with considerable interest to a discussion which manifestly affected our fate, but over which we could exercise no influence whatever. We gathered from the talk that the party were located on the far off, which was assigned to the Stone family, but that the rest of the association had no business on the island save the boat on which it was concealed, and no coubles but these heaps of trash and browning grasses on which we had been lying during the night. The horses, we also learned, were hidden hard by, in a cache due where the scrub and cane thickened, which was ecretally masked from careless eyes by a sort of broad trap-door of osier work and sassafras boughs. Here it was customary to regard them every week all stolen from owners in Tennessee—until an opportunity occurred to run them across the river at or Greenville, in Missouri, where certain accomplices of the band resided, and whence they were sent to the South. Such was the arrangement found for California.

Very unwillingly did we thus acquire possession of the secrets of those desperate men, every fresh admission or unguarded word serving to increase our danger, and at last we heard with dismay the final award of Black Dave, the captain.

"We'll just stop. This business is good, and nobody knows of it [we trembled], and, as Mars Stone says, the gals are tired some, and we'd all be the better of a little rest. We'll just stop for a few days, and then shoulatable with the hosses and scurry for Bolivar."

There was a howl of assent, overtopped by the shrill voice of Mrs. Stone, who clamorously espoused her approval. I glanced at the General's face. It was white but firm; and the compressed lips and brightening eye told of a mind made up.

"It's a mighty pity, Sir, 'tis, but we must gulp it," he whispered; "we must give ourselves up, or a huge cask of water and the first favorable wind we were found cached than if we come out bold."

This was logical, but startling. I demurred for an instant, suggesting the possibility of our making our way out at the back of the island by cutting a hole with our knives in the comparatively thin roof. But our deliberations were unexpectedly cut short. "I go to this time [the captain] announced himself with exiting and reposing, but now a huge can of water and provisions and cooking and some fresh sprigs of mint were produced, and a cry was set up for whisky.

"Where do you keep the stray the store jars with Monongahela, Mars Stone?"

Mrs. Stone replied that the jars were "under the brush of the beds," and bade the Massachusetts man fetch them. He rose at once, took up a pine torch, lighted it, and agreeable, "Very good, Jeff Davistrain, rising to his feet, and we both stepped out into the lighted circle around the fire, under the bearer of the torch to drop the blazing brand in the surprise.

"Drop it all," yelled one of the gang, "the Philistines are on us!"

With wild shouts and curses the ruffians scrambled up and clutched their weapons.

"Hurroo, boys, it's only two spy varmints!" shouted Black Dave, who was quickest to his feet. "Hilt; "kim back, you down-East coward, you! And you, thank you for the Massachusetts man and the German were already in full retreat); they let but two, and without weapons."

When they were quieted by this last reassuring fact, the more timorous of the robbers became allured by moral restraint in their blood-thirsty fury. Pistols and bowie-knives menaced us on every side, and it was with some trouble that the Captain prevented our summary extermination. Black Dave, however, was firm. By his orders our wrists were tightly bound together with handkerchiefs, and we were placed in the centre of a circle of hostile faces and threatening revolvers, and bidden to confess.

"Speak up, ye skunks, who air ye?"

In answer to this query, the General gave a succinct and graphic account of the steamboat accident of escape and immersion, of our landing on the island, and of how we happened to fall asleep in the log-house and become the involuntary auditors of the robbers' council, though this point was rather lightly touched upon. A fellow of fierce incredulity answered this statement.

"Cut out the lyin' snake's tongue!" bawled one.

"Murder 'em both, the ugly spoken, slippery-skinned Yankee eels!" cried another, flourishing his glittering knife within an inch of my nose, while the Captain looked serious-looking of the gang took the side of mercy, and Mrs. Stone's dictum obviously carried great weight with it. Her loud tongue and the masculine energy of her character had made her a potentate in the association; while her husband, though slave of wit, was known to be a brave man and a first-rate judge of a horse. The end of this matter was that we were not killed, but that it was decided that we should be kept prisoners until the evacuation of the island. We were accordingly bound in a sort of undergroundcoagulate, where forage was stored, and within a few inches of the roof, in which the horses were concealed, and to which access was obtained by a trap-door of stout planking.

Our bonds were not tortuous, but not removed, and we were made to give our parole not to attempt to escape until the horse-thieves should quit the island. Mrs. Stone, to whose capricious gratitude we owed our lives, was not unkind to us in her rugged way, and the girls and daughters supplied us with food and blankets, and sometimes deigned to descend and converse with us, besides lending to each of us two well-thumbed books, which constituted the family library. In the course of these conversations the upward progress of the confederacy between the Stones, who seemed decent folks, and the other villains who composed the gang, was solved. Old Stone had been a well-to-do farmer in Illinois, illiterate, but respectable and honest in deed and thought. The eldest girl had been sent to fashionable boarding-school, and the price of his own farm in the purchase of a tempting bargain of landed property, with a total fire in the house, the loss of another hard fist, and the honest dupe, assisted by a few friends, packed up his effects, and had driven himself a beggar. Unhappily Mrs. Stone was a woman of strong will and a warped and one-sided judgment. She unreasonably declared that as she had robbed them of their earnings, the law was in their enemy, and that it was justifiable to wage blinded her; she was ashamed to live poor where she had been well to do, and in the cities of the South she was fully more picked up by negroes whose noble life was one war with society.

It was impossible to make Mrs. Stone comprehend that she was really a transgressor in sharing the perils and profits of wholesale plunder. She had got no property at all judges, governors, lawyers, and men of reputed honesty, as rogues, in league to plague the country, and she considered the work in which the horse-thieves were engaged as reprisals and warfare. Her husband, long used to obey this shrewd and energetic woman who had studied much dominion over him, only saw through his wife's eyes. At last the couple had come to the idea of buying land in Oregon or California, and getting cash on the square," when they should be rich enough. This, which has lured on more than a half reluctant criminal. The daughters, on the contrary, had a different view of the matter. Before they had picked up some instruction in a tolerable school in Chicago, saw nothing but misery and degradation in the companionship to which they were condemned. They pressed their lives in sighing over the old days, the innocence of their first love in Illinois, and never willingly exchanged a word with the outlaws.

"I tell you now what, Mr. Barham," said the General to me one day, "I'd like to give a lift out of the mire to them fresh girls, and I'll not be easy in my mind, be they ever so ungrateful, until the daughters driven out to come to want, or worse. I'm not rich, no more, I suspect, are you; but there's one dear to me in Syracuse, not yet in California, and between us we might buy'em a farm, and let 'em live honest, and repent when grace was borne upon 'em. A farm would be just heaven to 'em, and three thousand dollars would buy and stock it in a year."

I willingly agreed, and we quietly settled with Mary Stone, the eldest girl, that a joy at the time, that a certain sum should be lodged, two months hence, in a certain bank, in her name. She agreed that it was best to communicate this to her mother after the migration of the band. This was soon to occur. We had been prisoners for a fortnight, when one morning we were informed that a general flitting was at hand, and our release imminent.

With much satisfaction we contemplating the horses were led up from the cache, and embarked on board the flat-boats, which were to be towed across by two steamboats, while a third followed with the rest of the party. Dawn was just breaking, no steamers were in sight, and a column of filmy wood-smoke was on the horizon. Once on the Missouri bank, safety would be secured, since the depredations had been confined to Tennessee. We were allowed to come out of our prison, and found ourselves, blinking like owls in the daylight, on the margin of the turbid water. The first flat-boat, full of plunder, was pushed off, and contained only six cars. The two girls and their father were in the stern-sheets, but Mrs. Stone lingered, let the boat go without her. Dave might do so, as she said, "a mischief at parting." But the Captain was in good-humor. He patted us on the back, laughing heartily, and advised us to "stick to Broadway pavement and Philadelphy pork, and we got there."

The last horses were embarked, and the rowers of the breakfasts settled themselves on the benches and grasped their oars. "All aboard, quick, boys!"

"Stay," said Black Dave, looking round, "where's that Massachusetts bird?"

Nobody knew. One said he was in the first boat, but another denied this. He had been last him since the previous evening. Black Dave ground his teeth, and muttered a deep curse.

"He's deserted, the cur! To git the reward them Hogtlers offered!"

"He's stole the third broadhorn. It's gone!" cried a panting scout, running up. There was a movement of suspense, then a rush, and the remaining boat was so crowded that it was sunk gunwale deep in the water. The Captain, rifle in hand, stood in the stern-sheets.

"Pull all! I bear the dip of oars!"

The boat was the six cars into the water, and off went the heavily-laden boat, towing the flat with the horses.

The progress was necessarily slow. But a few yards had been gained before a loud outcry proved that the island was invaded. We were approaching on the shore, waving our hands to Mrs. Stone, who in the hurry of her flight fell into a smile, and who seemed heedless of the danger.

"Dat's him! Bang at 'em, boys—bang the villains air!" howled fifty voices, and a crowd of armed men in grey-flagged hunting-shirts or homespun suits, well armed, came at a run through the bushes. "Down!" cried Flint, throwing me to my knees and stooping himself, then in time to escape death, as the rifle-balls whizzed over us. We looked up. I saw Black Dave drop on his knees, fire his gun, rise again, stagger, and finally roll over into the river mortally wounded by the discharge. So saw one else was hit. Crouching low rope and crouching down as much as possible, the rowers managed to escape further harm, and, abandoning their plunder, reached the Missouri shore.

We were at first roughly handled, and were even in some danger of being promptly hanged or shot by order of Judge Lynch, when two witnesses to character came to our aid. One, on whom I looked with disgust, was the treacherous scoundrel who had betrayed the rest of the party, and the other, wonder of wonders, was—Ned Granger, who caught me in his arms and hugged me like a bear!

"Dear Ned, I thought you were dead."

"That was exactly what I thought of you, Barham, dear old boy, and of the General there. No, I was very little hurt, and was able to help the other unhappy passengers in care for those poor creatures who were scalded or torn by the explosion. Keep quiet, Sam; I like a hug, but it's a shocking business. But though unhurt, you see, I had lost my luggage and money in the crash, and this honest fellow came here to look after me these last weeks. So I came to help him to get back his riches—and, I am thinking when I should find an Island Number Ten."

Flint and I kept our word with Mary Stone.

JEFF DAVIS'S COACHMAN.

We publish on page 365 a portrait of WILLIAM A. CRAWFORD, the COACHMAN of Jeff Davis, who recently eastered our lines at Fredericksburg. Jackson is an extremely intelligent man, reads and writes (as his letters elsewhere show), and is even in a manner which shows that he has been used to good society. He seems well posted in regard to the events of the past year, and to the condition of affairs at the South. He says that the negroes at Richmond and all throughout the South have foreseen the present state of things, and look anxiously for the ultimate triumph of the Union. He says that the rebels dare not trust the negroes with arms, and as to relying upon their fidelity, they are well aware that every negro in the South prays earnestly for the success of the Union armies. He adds that rumors of disaffection have taken place in slave-owners to conceal the news from the negroes, and to deceive them as to the purposes of the Northern men, but are generally well acquainted with the course of events. Jackson represents Davis as a man averse to the tremendous responsibility, as much disheartened and querulous; fond of complaining of the want of popular support, and very apprehensive that the Union men in Jackson dare came into our lines he made a statement to Harper's Weekly which has been published in all the papers. We subjoin the following summary:

The coachman overheard a conversation between Davis and Gen. Beauregard, in which Beauregard was telling Gen. Davis. Davis said he had sent General J. E. Anderson across North Carolina to raise the militia of the Nationals from Fredericksburg, and to delay them long enough for him to get away. Davis said he had ordered Anderson to leave, as the rebels had no confidence in the Union men. Davis said he had ordered Anderson away from the peninsula and from Richmond, because he had heard Anderson say that was they would all be caught. The coachman represents that Mrs. Davis "is the only confederacy man in the family," and "that if Mr Crawford was really taken she had no longer any business in the house." He said he was there; that it was a great pity they had ever attempted to assist Virginia; that the United States Government had not that she said to Mr. B. D. Jones, daughter of Colonel Wright, Fifth Regiment United States Cavalry, now of Subdivision, who was very anxious to get to Washington, that she (Mrs. Davis) was sorry that she had not been of any trouble, but to stay where she was, and when the Yankees came to protect her property.

Mrs. Davis declared that the old negroes who left their books, clothing, and pictures packed up ready to move were ungrateful. Mrs. Davis said that Governor Wise (a secession) and "that being Mr. Brown's father in a letter, he would all the Yankees were coming to Richmond, and the Yankees are looked for with much pleasure, more by the whites than even the colored people. Confederate notes will be worn when it can be avoided.

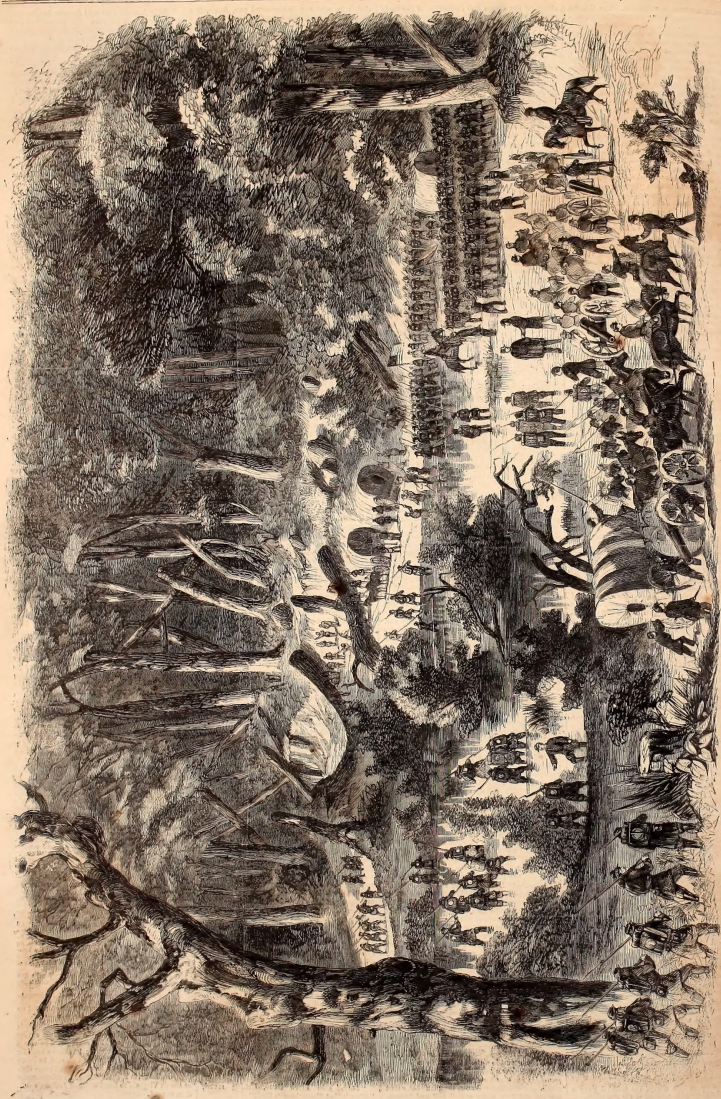
Mrs. Davis has been confined, when she offered a $10 Confederate note, which she did in payment for something purchased in Richmond.

Many of the Richmond people wish the Union troops to come that they are half starved out.

The bank and Government property are all packed up for removal to Danville, near the North Carolina line.

Jackson is a man of thirty years of age. He is or was owned in Richmond, but was hired out by the year by his owner. For some years he was a messenger in one of the courts; he drives a hack for a couple of years, and latterly, as we said, he drove the rebel President. He has a wife and three children, all slaves, in Richmond. He is a mulatto.

At law in Virginia to teach William Jackson's children to read.



GENERAL MCLELLAN'S ARMY ON THE MARCH THROUGH THE WOODS FROM WILLIAMSBURG TOWARD RICHMOND.—SKETCHED BY MR. F. MOMM.—[SEE PAGE 365.]



WILLIAM A. JACKSON, EX-COACHMAN OF JEFF DAVIS.—[See Page 363.]



[1,000-DOLLAR PLATE OF A MASSACHUSETTS SOLDIER, WITH REBEL MINIE BALL IMBEDDED.—*See Page 370.*]



[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the YEAR 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "HEAD HEIRESS," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MCLENAN.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN WRAGGE stopped nearly midway in the one little row of houses composing Rosemary Lane, and let himself and his guest in at the door of his lodgings with his own key. As they entered the passage a carpetbag woman, in a widow's cap, made her appearance with a candle. "My niece," said the captain, presenting Magdalen; "my niece on a visit to York. She has kindly consented to occupy your empty bedroom. Consider it let, if you please, to my niece —and be very particular in airing the sheets. Is Mrs. Wragge up stairs? Very good. You may lend me your candle. My dear girl, Mrs. Wragge's boudoir is on the first floor; Mrs. Wragge is visible. Allow me how to show you the way up."

As he ascended the stairs first the carecworn widow whispered piteously to Magdalen: "I hope you'll pay me, miss. Your uncle doesn't."

The captain threw open the door of the front room on the first floor, and disclosed a female figure, arrayed in a gown of tarnished amber-colored satin, seated solitary on a small chair, with dingy old gloves on its hands, with a tattered old book on its knees, and with one little bedroom candle by its side. The figure terminated at its upper extremity in a large, smooth, white round face like a moon, encased in a cap and green ribbons, and dimly irradiated by eyes of mild and faded blue, which looked straight forward into vacancy, and took not the slightest notice of Magdalen's appearance on the opening of the door.

"Mrs. Wragge!" cried the captain, shouting at her as if she was fast asleep.—"Mrs. Wragge!"

The lady of the faded blue eyes slowly rose to an apparently interminable height. When she had at last attained an upright position she lowered to a stature of two or three inches over six feet. Giants of both sexes are, by a wise dispensation of Providence, created for the most part gentle. If Mrs. Wragge and a lamb had been placed side by side, comparisons, under those circumstances, would have exposed the lamb as a rank impostor.

"You, dear?" inquired Mrs. Wragge, looking submissively down at her husband, whose head when he stood on tip-toe barely reached her shoulder.

"Miss Vanstone the younger," said the captain, presenting Magdalen on her right relative, whom I have met by a fortunate accident. Our guest for the night. Our guest?" reiterated the captain, thinking more, as if the bill had been still fast asleep, in spite of the plain testimony of her own eyes to the contrary, positively.

"Oh, indeed? Please, miss, will you sit down? I'm sorry—I really mean I'm sorry I have. Then I'm glad—" She stopped, and consulted her husband by a helpless look.

Glad, of course," echoed the captain.

"Glad, of course," echoed the giantess of the amber satin, more meekly than ever.

"Mrs. Wragge is not deaf," explained the captain. "She's only a little slow. Constitutionally torpid—if I may use the expression. I am merely loud with her (and I beg you will excuse me by being loud myself) as a physical stimulant to her ideas. Shout at her—and her mind comes up to time. Speak to her—and the drifts miles away from your meaning. Have I Wragge?"

Mrs. Wragge instantly acknowledged the stimulant. "Yes, dear?" she inquired, for the second time.

"Put your cap straight!" shouted her husband. "I beg ten thousand pardons," he resumed, again addressing himself to Magdalen, "the oak truth is, I am a marry to my own sense of order. All untidiness, all want of system and regularity, causes me the acutest irritation. My admiration is distracted, my composure is upset; I can't rest till things are set straight again. Externally speaking, Mrs. Wragge is to my infinite regret, the crookedest woman I ever met with. More to the right!" shouted the captain, as Mrs. Wragge, like a well-trained child, presented herself with her revised headdress for her husband's inspection.

Mrs. Wragge immediately pulled the cap to the left. Magdalen rose and set it right for her. The moon-face of the giantess brightened for the first time. She looked admiringly at Magdalen—looked and smiled. "Do you like dress, miss?" she asked suddenly, in a confidential whisper. "I do."

"Show Miss Vanstone her room," said the captain, looking as if the whole house belonged to him. "The spare-room, the landlady's spare room, on the third floor front. Offer Miss Vanstone all reasonable assistance with the toilet of which she may stand in need. She has no luggage with her. Supply the deficiency; and then come back and make tea."

Mrs. Wragge acknowledged the receipt of those lofty directions by a look of placid bewilderment, and led the way out of the room. Magdalen following her with a candle presented by the attentive captain. As soon as they were alone on the landing outside, Mrs. Wragge raised the tattered old book which she had been reading when Magdalen was first presented to her, and which she had never let out of her hand since, and slowly tapped herself on the forehead with it. "Oh, my poor head!" said the tall lady, in meek soliloquy; "it's Buzzing again worse than ever!"

"Buzzing?" repeated Magdalen, in the utmost astonishment.

Mrs. Wragge ascended the stairs without offering any explanation, stopped at one of the rooms on the second floor, and led the way in.

"This is not the third floor," said Magdalen. "This is not my room, surely?"

"Wait a bit," pleaded Mrs. Wragge. "Wait a bit, miss, before we go up any higher. I've got the Buzzing in my head worse than ever. Please wait for me till I'm a little better again."

"Shall I ask for help?" inquired Magdalen. "Shall I call the landlady?"

"Help?" echoed Mrs. Wragge. "Bless you I don't want help! I'm used to it. I've had the Buzzing in my head, off and on—how many years?" She stopped, reflected, lost herself, and suddenly tried a question in despair. "Have you ever been at Darch's Dining-Rooms in London?" she asked, with an appearance of the deepest interest.

"No," replied Magdalen, wondering at the strange inquiry.

"That's where the Buzzing in my head first began," said Mrs. Wragge, following the new clew with the deepest attention and anxiety. "I was employed to wait on the gentlemen at Darch's Dining-Rooms—I was. The gentlemen all came together; the gentlemen were all hungry together; the gentlemen all gave their orders together—" She stopped, and tapped her head again despondently with the tattered old book.

"And you had to keep all their orders in your memory, I presume, one from the other?" suggested Magdalen, helping her out. "And the trying to do that confused you?"

"That's it!" said Mrs. Wragge, becoming violently excited in a moment. "Boiled pork and greens and apple-pudding for Number One. Stewed beef and carrots and gooseberry tart for Number Two. Cold mutton, and quick dinner it will be, done, and plenty of fat, for Number Three. Cobbs and parsnips, two chops to follow, hot-and-hot, for I'll be the death of you, for Number Four. Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Oysters and gooseberry tart—pease-pudding and plenty of fat—pork and beef and mutton, and eat 'em all, and quick about it—stout for one, and ale for t'other—and stale bread here, and new bread there—and this gentleman like cheese, and that gentleman down't—Matilda, Tilda, Tilda, fifty times over, till I didn't know my own name again—oh lord! oh lord!! oh lord!!! all together, all at the same time, all out of temper, all buzzing in my poor head like forty thousand million bees—don't tell the captain I've told the captain!" The unfortunate creature dropped the tattered old book, and beat both hands on her head with a look of blank terror fixed on the door.

"Hush! hush!" said Magdalen. "The captain hasn't heard you. I know what is the matter with your head now. Let me cool it."

She dipped a towel in water, and pressed it on the hot and helpless head which Mrs. Wragge submitted to her with the docility of a sick child.

"Shall I put some hot water on your feet?" said the poor creature, feeling the relief of the coolness, and taking Magdalen's hand admiringly in her own. "How soft and white it is! I try to be a lady; I always keep my gloves on—but I can't get my hands like yours. I'm nicely dressed though, ain't I? I like dress; it's a comfort to me. I'm always happy when I'm looking at my things. I say—you won't be angry with me?—I should so like to try your bonnet on."

Magdalen answered her, with the ready compassion of the young. She stood smiling and nodding at herself in the glass, with the bonnet perched on the top of her head. "I had one, as pretty as this, once," she said—"only it was white, not black. I wore it when the captain married me."

"Where did you meet with him?" asked Magdalen, putting the question as a chance means of increasing her scanty stock of information on the subject of Captain Wragge.

"At the Dining-Rooms," said Mrs. Wragge. "He was the hungriest and the loudest to wait upon of the lot of 'em. I made more mistakes with him than I did with all the rest of them put together. He used to swear—oh, didn't he use to swear! When he left off swearing at me, he married me. There was others wanted me besides him. Bless you, I had my pick. Why not? When you have a trifle of money left you, that you didn't expect, it that don't make a lady of you, what does? Let's a lady to have her pick! I had my tribe of money, and I had my pick, and I picked the captain—I did. He was the smartest and the shortest of them all. He took care of me and my money. I'm here, the money's gone. Don't you put that towel down on the table—he won't have that! Don't move his razors—don't please, or I shall forget which is which. I've got to remember which is which to-morrow morning. Bless you, the captain don't shave himself! He had me taught. I shave him. I do lift him, and cut his nails—he's awfully particular about his nails. So he is about his trowsers. And his shoes. And his newspaper in the morning. And his breakfasts, and lunches, and dinners, and teas—" She stopped, struck by a sudden recollection, looked about her, observed the tattered old book on the floor, and clasped her hands in despair. "I've lost the place!" she exclaimed, helplessly. "Oh, mercy, what will become of me! I've lost the place!"

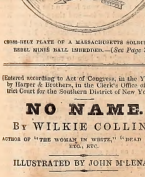
"Never mind," said Magdalen; "I'll soon find the place for you again."

She picked up the book, looked into the pages, and found that the object of Mrs. Wragge's anxiety was nothing more important than an old-fashioned Treatise on the Art of Cookery, reduced under the usual heads of Fish, Flesh, and Fowl, and containing the customary series of recipes. Turning over the leaves, Magdalen came to one particular page, thickly studded with little drops of moisture, half dry. "Curious!" she said. "If this was any thing but a cookery-book I should say somebody had been crying over it."

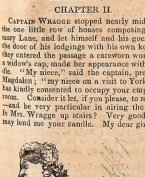
"Somebody?" echoed Mrs. Wragge, with a stare of amazement. "It isn't somebody—it's Me. There's not a kindly thing in the place rare enough. Bless you, I'm used to crying over it! You'd cry too if you had to get the captain's dinners out of it. Ah, come now and sit down to this book the Buzzing in my head begins again. Who's to make it out? Sometimes I think I've got it, and it all goes away from me. Sometimes I think I haven't got it, and it all comes back in a heap. Look here! Here's what he's ordered for his breakfast to-morrow: 'Omelette with Herbs.' Best up two eggs with a little water or milk, and a pepper, cream, and parsley. Mince small.' There! mince small! How am I to mince small, when it's all mixed up and running? 'Put a piece of butter the size of your thumb into the frying-pan.' Look at my thumb and look at the frying-pan, whose size does man? 'Boil but not brown.' If it mustn't be brown what color must it be? She won't tell me; she expects me to know, and I don't. 'Pour in the omelette.' There I can do that. 'Allow it to set,' and when is that, the edge—when done, turn it over to double it.' Oh, the numbers of times I turned it over and doubled it in my head before you came in to-night! 'Keep it soft; put the dish on the frying-pan and turn it over.' Which am I to turn over—the omelette or the cold towel again, and tell me which, the dish or the frying-pan?"

"Put the dish on the frying-pan," said Magdalen, "and then turn the frying-pan over. That is what it means, I think."

"Thank you kindly," said Mrs. Wragge, "I want to get it into my head; please say it again."



"I SAY—YOU WON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME—I SHOULD SO LIKE TO TRY YOUR BONNET ON."



Magdalen said it again.

"And then turn the frying-pan over," repeated Mrs. Wragge, with a sudden burst of energy. "I've got it now! Oh, the loss of omelettes all frying together in my head, and all frying wrong. Much obliged, I'm sure. You've put me all right again; I'm only a little tired with talking. And then turn the frying-pan over. I'll turn the frying-pan, then turn the frying-pan over. It sounds like poetry, don't it?"

Her voice sank, and she drowsily closed her eyes. At the same moment the door of the room below opened, and the captain's multifarious bass notes deadened all stairs, charged with the customary stimulant to his wife's faculties.

"Mrs. Wragge!" cried the captain. "Mrs. Wragge!"

She started to her feet—that terrible summons. "Oh, what did he tell me to do?" she asked, distractedly. "Lots of things, and I've forgotten them all."

"Say you have done them when he asks you," suggested Magdalen. "They were things for me—things I don't want. I remember it all if is necessary. My room is the front room on the third floor. Go down stairs and say I am considering directly."

She took up the candle and pushed Mrs. Wragge out on the landing. "Say I'm considering directly," she whispered again—and went up stairs by herself to the third story.

The room was small, close, and very poorly furnished. In former days Miss Garth would have hesitated to offer such a room to one of the servants at Combe-Raven. But it was open; it gave her a few minutes alone; and it was endurable, even welcome, on that account. She locked herself in, and walked about uncertainly, till a woman's first impulse in a strange bedroom, to the rickety little table, and the dingy little looking-glass. She waited there for a moment, and then turned away again with weary contempt. "What does it matter?" she said to her self, the thought to herself, "Frank can't see me—what does it matter now?"

She laid aside her bank and bonnet and sat down to collect herself. But the events of the day had worn her out. The past, when she tried to remember it, only made her heart ache. The future, when she tried to penetrate it, was a black void. She rose again and began to pace uncurtained window, stood looking out, as if there were no hidden curiosity for her own desolation in the desolate night.

"Norah!" she said to herself, tenderly; "I wonder if Norah is thinking of me? If it is, it could be as patient as she is! If I could only forget the debt we owe to Mistress Vanstone!"

Her face darkened with a vindictive despair, and she paced the little cage of a room backward and forward softly. "Oh, if I could but get debts is paid!" Her thoughts veered back again to Frank. "Still at sea, poor fellow; further and further away from me: sailing farther from me day, sailing through the night. Oh, Frank, love me!"

Her eyes filled with tears. She dashed them away, made for the door, and laughed with a desperate levity as she unlocked it again.

"Any company is better than my own thoughts," she burst out recklessly, as she left the room. "I'm forgetting my ready-made relations—my half-witted aunt, and my uncle the pirate." She descended the stairs as she had risen, lingering on the first floor, and paused there in momentary hesitation. "How shall it call?" she asked herself. "Where is my blindfold journey taking me to now? Who knows and who cares?"

She entered the room.

Captain Wragge was presiding at the tea-tray, with the air of a prince in his own banqueting-hall. At one side of the table sat Mrs. Wragge watching her husband's eye like an animal waiting to be fed. At the other side was an empty chair, toward which the captain waved his persuasive hand when Magdalen came in. "Will he do you like your room?" he inquired; "I trust Mrs. Wragge has made herself useful? Will you take milk and sugar? Try the local bread, honor the York butter, test the freshness of a new and neighboring egg. I offer no apology for the pauper's meal, my dear girl, seasoned with a gentleman's welcome."

"Seasoned with salt, pepper, chives, and parsley," murmured Mrs. Wragge, catching instantly at a word in connection with cookery, and harnessing her head to the omelette for the rest of the evening.

"Sit straight at the table!" shouted the captain. "More to the left, more still—that will do. During your absence up stairs, my conscience had addressing himself to Magdalen, 'my mind has not been unemployed.' I was not only considering your position with a view exclusively to your own benefit. If you decide on being guided to-morrow by the result of my experience, that light is unreservedly at your services. You may naturally say, 'I know but little of you, captain, and that little is unfavorable.' Granted, on one condition—that you permit me to make myself out. My character quite familiar to you when tea is over. False shame is foreign to my nature. You see my wife, my house, my bread, my butter, and my eggs, all of which they are. See me, too, my dear girl, while you are about it."

When tea was over Mrs. Wragge, at a signal from her husband, retired to a corner of the room with the eternal cookery-book still in her hand. "Mince small," she whispered, confidentially, as she passed Magdalen. "That's a Tenzer, isn't it?"

"Down at heel again!" shouted the captain, pointing to his wife's heavy feet as they shuffled across the room. "The right shoe. Pull it up at heel, Mrs. Wragge—pull it up at heel! Pray allow me," he continued, offering his arm to Magdalen, and escorting her to a dirty little horse-hair sofa. "You want repose—after your long journey, you really want repose." He drew his chair to the sofa and surveyed her with a blend look of investigation—as if he had been her medical attendant, with a diagnosis on his mind.

"Very pleasant! very pleasant!" said the captain, when he had seen his guest comfortable on the sofa. "I feel quite in the bosom of my family. Shall we proceed to business—the subject of my rascally self? No! no! No apologies, no protestations, pray. Suppose we make the matter on your side—and depend on me not to mince it on mine. Now come to facts; pray come to facts. Who and what am I? Carry your mind back to our conversation on the Walls of this interesting city, and try to start once more from your point of view. I am a Rogue; and in that capacity (as I have already remarked) one of the most unlucky and possibly have met with. Now observe! There are many varieties of Rogue; but I am not my enemy to begin with. I am a Swindler."

His entire shamelessness was really superhuman. Not the vestige of a blush lighted the sallow monotony of his complexion; the smile wreathed his curly lips as pleasantly as ever; his part-collodged eyes looked at Magdalen with the self-enjoying frankness of a naturally harmless man. Had his wife been there Magdalen looked over his shoulder to the corner of the room in which she was sitting behind him. But the self-indulgent head of Mrs. Wragge was absorbed in her subject. She had advanced her imaginary cookery to the point at which the butter was to be thrown in—that vaguely-measured morsel of butter, the size of your thumb. Mrs. Wragge was in the contemplation of one of her own thumbs, and shook her head over it, as if it failed to please her.

"Don't be shocked," proceeded the captain; "don't be astonished. Swindler is nothing but a word of two letters, S, W, I, N, D, L, E, R,—ler: Swindler. Definition: A moral agriculturist; a man who cultivates the field of human sympathy. Let us call the agriculturist that cultivating man. Narrow-minded medicine, using unusual success to contemptible ends, me a Swindler. What of that? The same low tone of mind assails men in other professions in a similar manner—call them, for example, politicians —great generals butchers—and so on. It entirely upsets the question. Let us, to resume my point, I announce myself intelligibly as a Swindler. Now return the obligation, and adopt a frank line. Have you ever been employed in the exercise of my profession.—Shall I continue to put it bluntly?"

"Yes," said Magdalen; "and I'll tell you frankly afterward what I think of it."

The captain rose, and began, mentally assembled his entire army of words—horse, foot, artillery, and reserves; put himself at the head, and dashed impetuously into the general encroachments of society by a general charge.

"Now, observe," he began, "I am, in a purely object. Very good. Without complicating the question by asking how I come to be in that condition, I shall merely say that whether it is, or is not, the duty of a Christian community to help the helpless, it is the duty of a Swindler to shock me; and there is an end of it. If you say Yes, then I beg to ask, Why am I to blame for making a Christian community do what it ought? You may say, Is a careful man who has saved money bound to assist the first careless stranger who has saved none? Why, of course he is! And on what ground, pray? On Heavens! on the ground that he has got the money, to be sure. All the world over the man who has not got the thing obtains it, in one pretense or another, of the man who has—and in nine cases out of ten the pretense is a false one. What! your pockets are full, and your pockets are empty, and you refuse to help me? Sordid wretch! do you think I will allow you to violate the sacred relations of man to human nature. I won't allow you—I say distinctly, I won't allow you. These are your principles, my good agriculturist. Principles which admit of trickery? Certainly. Am I to blame if the field of human sympathy can be tilled? Are you to blame very? Consult my brother agriculturists in the mere farming interest—they will answer as I am asking? No! they must circumvent arid Nature exactly as I circumvent sordid Man. They must plow, and sow, and harrow, and hoe, and hum-draw, and drop-drain, and surface-drain, and all the rest of it. Why? Because the waste in the vast occupation of deep-draining mankind? Why am I to be persecuted for habitually exciting the human sympathies of one common nature? Infamous!—I can characterize it by no other word—infamous! It is Daddy's confidence in the future I should despair of humanity—but I have confidence in the future. I feel sure of getting my people to the end of the gone, as idea enlarge and enlightenment progresses, the abstract merits of the profession now called swindling will be recognized. The bad day comes don't drag me out of my grave and give me a public funeral; don't take advantage of my having no voice to raise in my own defense, and insult me by a national stone. No! the genial hour will arrive, and you will call in one masterly sentence on my epitaph. Here lies Wragge, Embalmed in the moral consciousness of his species: he plowed, sowed, and reaped his fellow-creatures; and enlightened posterity congratulates him on the uniform excellence of his crops."

He stopped; not from want of confidence, not from want of words—purely from want of breath. "I put it frankly, with a dash of humor," he said, pleasantly. "I don't like to be dull. Dr Weary and heart-sick as she was, suspicious of others, doubtful of herself, the extravagant impudence of Captain Wragge's defense of swindling touched Magdalen's natural sense of humor, and forced a smile to her lips. "Is the Yorkshire crop a particularly rich one just at present?" she inquired, meeting him, in her acutely feminine way, with his own weapons.

"A hit—a palpable hit!" said the captain, joyously exhib ing the tails of his threadbare shooting-jacket, as a practical commentary on Magdalen's remark. "My dear girl, here or elsewhere, the crop never fails; but one man reaps it, and another sows it. In the assistant of intelligent co-operation is. I regret to say, denied me. I have only got as common help in the chimney rank and file of my profession, who convict themselves, before recorders and magistrates, of the want of all efficiency—invariable stupidity in the exercise of their own vocation. Such as you see me, I stand—single-handed—the victim of successful self-dependence, the penalties of celebrity are beginning to attach to me. On my way from the North, I pause at this interesting city for the third time; I consult my Books for the customary information. Where is my audience; I find under the heading, 'Personal position in York,' the initials T. W. K., signifying Tom Will Known. I refer to my Books, and rotate to the surrounding neighborhood. The same initial remarks meet my eye. Leeds, T. W. K.; Scarborough, T. W. K.; Harrowgate, T. W. K., and so on. What is the inevitable consequence? I speak up to proceedings my resources evaporate; and my fair relative finds me at a crisis in my career."

"Stop!" cried Magdalen. "What books do you mean?"

"You shall see," replied the captain. "Trust me or not, as you like—I trust you implicitly. You shall see."

With those words he retired into the back room. While he was gone Magdalen stole another look at Mrs. Wragge. Was she entirely isolated from her husband's deluge of words? Perfectly self-isolated. She had advanced the imaginary omelette to the point of culinary progress; and she was now rehearsing the final operation of turning it over—with the palm of her hand, the frying-pan, the dish, and the cookery-book to impersonate the frying-pan. "I've got it," said Mrs. Wragge, addressing the fire-place at Magdalen. "First put the frying-pan on the dish, and then tumble both of them over."

Captain Wragge returned, carrying a neat black dispatch-box, adorned with a bright brass plate. "Mr. Wragge's Books," he said, as he plump little books, bound in commercial calf and vellum, and each fitted comfortably with its own little key.

"Mind!" said the moral agriculturist, "I take no credit to myself for this. It is my nature to be orderly, and orderly I am. I must have every thing down in black and white, or I should go mad. Here is the commencement of it!—Day-Book, Ledger, Book of Districts, Book of Letters, Book of Remarks, and so on. Kindly throw your eye over any one of them. I flatter myself there is no such thing as a blot or a care less entry in the whole list from end to end. Look at this room—is there a chair out of place? Not if I know it! Look at us. Am I dusty am I dirty? Am I in a perspiration? Is my head a speckless pauper, or am I not? Mind! I take no credit to myself: the management of the man, my dear girl—the nature of the man!"

He opened one of the books. Magdalen was the pages of figures and memorandums with which the accounts inside were all kept, but she could calculate the value of nothing. Advertising, the regularity in the rows of figures, the maintenance of exactness of the ruled lines in red and black ink, the obvious absence of blots, were her sources. Although Captain Wragge's inborn sense of fun was, in him, as it is in others, a sense inconsistently mechanical to exercise any elevated moral influence over his actions, it had produced the salutary effect on his habits which had reduced his rogueries as strictly to method and system as if they had been the commercial transactions of an honest man.

"In appearance, my system looks complicated?" proceeded the captain. "It is not; it is simplicity itself. I merely avoid the errors of inferior practitioners. That is to say, I never let a memory exist, and I never trust to eye-people—both fatal mistakes which the inferior practitioner perpetually commits. Take the case which means sometimes have generous impulses in connection with money—rich people, never. My name plow, and sow, and hum-draw, and hoe, and hum-drain, and drop-drain, and surface-drain, and all the rest of it. What is the result? Failure in the vast occupation of deep-draining mankind? Why am I to be persecuted for habitually exciting the human sympathies of one common nature? Infamous!—I can characterize it by no other word—infamous! It is Daddy's confidence in the future I should despair of humanity—but I have confidence in the future. I feel sure of getting my people to the end of the gone, as idea enlarge and enlightenment progresses, the abstract merits of the profession now called swindling will be recognized. The bad day comes don't drag me out of my grave and give me a public funeral; don't take advantage of my having no voice to raise in my own defense, and insult me by a national stone. No! the genial hour will arrive, and you will call in one masterly sentence on my epitaph. Here lies Wragge, Embalmed in the moral consciousness of his species: he plowed, sowed, and reaped his fellow-creatures; and enlightened posterity congratulates him on the uniform excellence of his crops."

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"I have no doubt you have done yourself full justice," said Magdalen, quietly.

"I am not at all exhausted," continued the captain. "I can go on, if necessary, for the rest of the evening. Come! you have heard myself full justice, perhaps I may leave the remaining points to be developed by the pieces selves at future opportunities. For the present I withdraw myself from notice. Exit Wragge. Ask me to business to-morrow. Say then what effect I have produced on your own mind by what I have said to you. Say whether you trusted you with all his secrets in a Rogue who is bent on taking a mean advantage of a fair opportunity."

"I will wait a little," Magdalen rejoined, "before I answer those questions. I have been close to tea you told me you had been employed you mind for my benefit. May I ask how?"

"By an advertisement," said Wragge. "You shall have the net result of the whole mental process.

Said process ranges over the present and future governesses, the past governesses fixed, and of the lawyers who are helping them to find out their present prospects and their future probability, assuming the following form: The lawyer's clerk has given you up at Mr. Huxtable's, and has also, by this time, given up the other family inquiry at all the hotels. His last chance is, that you may come to see me. Now, my dear young lady, you don't send for it—and there the clerk is to-night (thanks to Captain Wragge and Rosemary Cottage) and there he will remain to-morrow. Well, with communicate that fact to his employers in London, and to my employers (don't be shocked!) will apply for help to my inquisitive sale. Allowing for inevitable delays, a professional eye, with all his wits about him, will reach Britain in York, if you attempt to communicate with Mr. Huxtable, before the end of the week. If, on the other hand, you leave the city before he comes (taking your departure by other means than the railway) you will be safe for a week. Those are my discamant as the clerk—you defy him to find a fresh trace of you. Those are the best shows of your present position. What do you think of it?"

"I think it has one defect," said Magdalen. "It ends in nothing."

"Pardon me," retorted the captain; "it ends in an encouragement for your safe departure, and in a plan for the entire gratification of your wishes on the subject of your future life. Both drawn from the resources of my own experience; and both waiting a word from you, to be poured forth unstintingly. Is that the end?"

"I think I know what that word is," replied Magdalen, looking him steadily in the face.

"Charmed to hear it, I am sure. You here only to say, 'Captain Wragge, take charge of me, and put my plans as you please.'"

"I will take to-night to consider your proposal," she said, rising from her chair hastily. "You shall have my answer to-morrow morning."

Captain Wragge looked a little disappointed. He had not expected the reservation on his side to be met so composedly by a woman who had to be met so composedly by a woman who had "no choice but to say yes or advance?" he remonstrated, in his most persuasive tones. "You have only to consider—"

"I have more to consider than you think for," she answered. "I have another object in view besides the object you name."

"May I ask—?"

"No," said Captain Wragge—you may not ask. Allow me to thank you for your hospitality, and to wish you good-night." And with that word, she left.

Once more the captain wisely adapted himself to the luxury with the ready self-control of an experienced man.

"Worn out, of course!" he said, sympathetically, to Magdalen's departing back. "Worn out—thought of it before. We will resume our conversation to-morrow. Permit me to give you a candle. Mrs. Wragge!"

Frustrated by mental exertion, Mrs. Wragge was pursuing the course of the omelette in dreams. Her head was twisted one way, and her body the other. She snored audibly. At intervals one of her hands raised itself in despair, shook an imaginary frying-pan, and then dropped again with a faint, hollow sound, like that in her lap. At the sound of her husband's voice she started to her feet, and confronted him with her mind fast asleep and her eyes wide open.

"Assist Miss Vanstone," said the captain. And the next time you forget yourself in your chair, fall asleep straight—don't annoy me by falling asleep crooked."

Mrs. Wragge opened her eyes a little wider, and looked at Magdalen in helpless amazement.

"Is the captain breakfasting by candlelight?" she inquired, meekly. "And haven't I done the crockets?"

Before her husband's corrective voice could apply a fresh stimulant Magdalen took her companionably by the arm, and led her out of the room.

"Another object besides the object I know of?" repeated Captain Wragge, when he was left by himself. "Here's a pretty piece of back-ground, after all! Is there mischief brewing in the dark that I don't bargain for?"

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

BEAUTY.—Woman, because beauty is supposed to be mere, is often called the fair sex, but throughout nearly all nations the women are no more beautiful than the men, and most of the men are hideously ugly. In England there are more beautiful women than there are in France; but even there female beauty is so much the reverse of common that a woman herself, meaning to say that another is ugly, will term her ordinary, or, at that word is too generously phrased, crazy.

A beautiful girl, red and white, much resembles an opened peony in bloom; only apple-blossom has more delicate tints. At a venture, beauty, like the Grace-digger's name, "will not you tone your," permits of more or less moor; very likely not so many years' but its decay, though quite unnoticed, is steady. Love and beauty are in much connexion to a wife's fidelity, as a gun used to be to wife's defence; then, if ever so good, it was not of it were not, perhaps, half thankful for not using it. Men are always there for their beauty, and a girl able to get married by mere feminine attractions is one to be happier in marriage without beauty than she would be with it.

Beauty is chiefly a matter of limited roundness of form, and the expression of such in the right place. Or color in the wrong place is not beautiful—for instance, red at the end of the nose. White complexion, though a certain sign of a beautiful girl, is not always a beautiful woman. Beauty is not preserved by moderation in eating, not to say drinking, plenty of exercise, and the use of cold water, without any preparation, in which sense of which the best is yellow. Beauty of feature is kept longest by beauty of the heart. Love and beauty are in much connexion to a wife's fidelity, as a gun used to be to wife's defence; then, if ever so good, it was not of it were not, perhaps, half thankful for not using it. Men are always there for their beauty, and a girl able to get married by mere feminine attractions is one to be happier in marriage without beauty than she would be with it.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD" ATTACKED BY THE RAM "MANASSAS" AND A FIRE-RAFT IN THE MISSISSIPPI.—[See [illegible] 378.]

THE BALLAD OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

I.

In the City of the Crescent, by red Mississippi's water,
Dwells the haughty Creole matron with her daughters and her sisters.
Round her throng the rebel knighthood, flower of word and breed of creed,
Slightly redolent of julep, cocktail, cobbler, and the rest
Of those miscellaneous tipples that the Southern heart must needs have
To the mighty throats of prowess whose dread fly fronts we know so well.
Round the matron and her daughters ring chivalric voices bold:
"Not the meanest soul among them but is sworn to die or die!
"Never to the Yankee Vandal, foul and horrid thing of wood and steel,
Will they have their maids and matrons while a single arm can wield
Arm holds there, and Richmond will be safe!
Perish every Southern scorner! Death! They crave not less nor more!
Then each doctorate knight retires—to his favorite Quadroon!

II.

In the City of the Crescent, by red Mississippi's waves,
Rite the haughty Creole matron with her daughters and her slaves!
But her eye no longer flashes with the fire it held of late,
For, alas! the Yankee Vandals thunder at the city gate.
Proud old Mississippi's waters, booming her the dark levee,
Ride the gallant Northern war-ships, flouts the Banner of the Free!
While a calm-eyed Captain prates through a sea of scowling guns
To demand the full surrender of the city there and then.
Yet the haughty Creole lady's cursed sorrow lies not there:
"I'm not that the Yankee scandrils will pollute her sacred air;
Though her delicate fibres shudder doubtless at the dreadful thought
That her soft and fragrant breathings may by Yankee lips be caught:
Not the ruin of all darkindest—that which makes her heart dissolve—
Is, her knighthood have all "skedaddled," and have left her to her fate!
Yes, no strength of smash or julep, nor the cocktail's bitterest bait,
Kept those perjured warriors steady when they saw the Yankee fleet;
All their daguerreotypes vanished like a mist before the moon—
Left they Creole maid and matron, even left the dear Quadroon!

III.

In the City of the Crescent, by red Mississippi's waves,
Walks the haughty Creole matron with her daughters and her slaves;
Freedom's fire is flaming o'er her, Freedom's sons she hails as brothers,
And the olden scornful fire burns rekindled in her eyes.
How dare Freedom thus insult her? How dare wretch
Walk unto her to her hallowed by the toil-sweat of the slave?
"What! you call that flag your banner? You, Sir, brimming, bonnie, I mean!
That I, right up to your emblem! Let your chart's blood wash it clean!
Down you went your liveried jacket, bleeding brave that you are!
Lawkey, paid to rob and murder in a thin disguised war!"
Then with mercy's bending gesture, and with pity's tear-dew,
Northern brutes
As she thanks along the sidewalk with her daughters and her slaves!
Straight right the Northern soldiers, smiling, though they feel the stings
Of the foul and lustrivious taunts the Southern lady flings.
So she passes, while the venom from her fragrant mouth still slips
Like the loathsome toads and lizards from the enchanted maiden's lips,
And her spotless soul joys doubtless, salt her modest bosom heats,
That she so has sped the harlots in her city's public streets!

IV.

In the City of the Crescent, by red Mississippi's waves,
Walks the haughty Creole lady with her daughters and her slaves!
But her eye no longer flashes with its wonted fire of hate;
Her tongue is strangely silent now, and modest is her gait;
With quiet mien and bonnets she passes soldiers by,
Her eyes on our country's flag turns it slowly to the sky!
What wondrous glamour so hath changed the haughty lady's mind,
The cause of her rebellious heart hath she in errors seen?
Or has her pride been overcome that Yankees have met by Worthy of even a Creole's love? Is hers no longer free?
No! It is one of those who cannot bear the rebel soil;
On each sandhill she, circus, still breathes inward curse and skill
And as for love, save for her knight, no love her heart can stir;
Since ever a lady's engraved brick he swore to die for her;
For though he died not, but preferred another field to seek,
'Twas only, as she knows, because that judge was too weak!
'Twas none of them! A strange cause for change of mien and bel cha!

For spitting nose too often at the Banner of the Free,
And one too oft through her rose lips to hiss the Yankee tiou lions,
The harmless flag whose stars and stripes only—the CASAsconse!

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1862.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WEEK.

WHEN we closed the last number of *Harper's Weekly*, the public mind had been rendered so anxious by the repulse of McClellan, and the alarm which it caused in Washington, that we deemed it necessary to assure our readers that all was not lost; that the entire militia of the North would not be wanted; and that, so far as we could judge, the rebels would not take Washington in the next day or two.

A week has elapsed, and the aspect of affairs is certainly more cheerful.

McClellan's army, after having fought two battles, is within four miles of Richmond. From the balloon in which the General directs the operations of his army he can see the trembling leaders of the rebellion gathering in knots on street-corners in their chosen capital, wringing their hands, and bewailing their destiny. There may be another battle before Richmond, or it may be evacuated as every other place has been which the rebels had said they would hold. But whether they fight or run, Richmond will be ours in a given number of days.

Corinth, the great strong-hold of Beauregard in the Southwest, has been found empty, and is abandoned. The original design of the rebels in falling back from Corinth was probably to gain a safer position in the heart of the Southern States—such as Chattanooga, Atlanta, or Montgomery—where they might be joined by such portions of the army in Virginia as remain organized after the fall of Richmond. But fate disconcerts many well-laid plans. Colonel Elliott has put a stop to the further flight of rebels by way of the Mobile and Ohio Road; and we hear from General Halleck's army that a large number of Beauregard's troops fled westward toward Grand Junction and Memphis. Where and how can Beauregard reunite his scattered regiments? May not the rebel army of the Southwest be completely demoralized, disorganized and disbanded—broken up into guerrilla bands and swamp rangers?

Finally, the news of Banks's reverses is now the scene of Union triumphs. Frémont has crossed the mountains from Franklin to Harrisonburg and engaged Jackson. Another Union army has reoccupied Front Royal, and driven back a rebel force with heavy loss. And Shields himself, strongly reinforced, is pushing up the valley from Martinsburg and Winchester. Unless Jackson has retreated as skilfully and as quickly as Banks, the army which so lately threw the North into a panic will very shortly be an army no more.

THE WORK OF RECONSTRUCTION.

BALTIMORE, Nashville, and New Orleans, are the points where the forces of the United States are experimenting on the reunion of the United States. For to restore the Union of 1860, we can do it throughout the South. If we can not succeed there, the bulk of the white people of the South will have to be exiled, or be rid of in some other way, in order to reconstruct the Union and secure the safety of the North.

We are happy to refer to Baltimore. The action of the citizens of that city will be thoroughly rebel as any city at the South. Our troops were assassinated in passing through its streets. The Mayor, Common Council, and the Police Director, united in a protest against the transit of Union soldiers through Baltimore for the protection of Washington. All classes were in sympathy with disloyalty—so much so that Mr. Cameron, the Secretary of War, desired to bang all the officials of the police on the tree in front of the War Department; and the best men of the North would have been glad to hear that the city had been shelled by the Union fleet—provided there had elapsed, during which we have held Baltimore and Maryland under strict military rule. We have garrisoned the city and the State with loyal troops. We have built forts with guns commanding the city. We have lodged mayors, councilors, and State Legislators in prison. We have suppressed disloyal newspapers. We have shut disloyal mouths. And while we have protected Maryland from being the seat of war, and it would have been if the rebel Marylanders had had their way—every foot of ground in the city and State to earn an honest living. The result of this policy is before us. Baltimore is now as violent on the side of Union as it was on the side of rebellion thirteen months ago. One of the best regiments in our service was recruited in Baltimore, and is now with Frémont in the Baltimore mob. In the terse language of the telegraphic reporter, "Everywhere Secessionists have been forced to bow crooked down by the people." But for the interference of our troops one of them would have been hanged the other day. A meeting of Methodists, believed to be united with treason, created such excitement among the people that the police had to interfere and disperse the meeting by a charge through back streets. There where, thirteen months ago, women calling themselves ladies made a point of hissing the Union troops in the street, thousands of loyal banners and waving handkerchiefs welcomed the march of the Seventh last week. And the manufactured article seems good of its kind.

In Nashville and New Orleans the experiment has not yet progressed so far. We have held Nashville two months, New Orleans one. The results, however, as far as they go, are satisfactory.

In Nashville troops have been enlisted for the Union army. Union meetings have been held, and the best people of the place have attended and indorsed Union resolutions. Confederate notes are uncurrent, and United States notes are eagerly taken. Cotton and other Southern produce have been exported, and are still coming forward. The rebel organs are silenced, and, for the first time since the slavery rebellion began, the people have a chance of ascertaining the facts. Residents say that they would unhesitatingly come forward and declare themselves for the Union but for the fear of the return of the rebels. As soon as they learn that Beauregard has fled toward the Gulf they will probably conclude that the chances of a restoration of the rebel tyranny are too slim to merit consideration. We may then expect to hear of a remarkable development of "original Unionism."

Under the vigorous administration of Major-General Butler, New Orleans is steadily returning into shape. General Butler has been more energetic and less conciliatory than General Dix and Governor Johnson: his iron hand has not been covered with a silken glove. We venture the prediction that his success will be all the more thorough and complete. The good people of Louisiana are already complaining that they have been victimized by the rebels. And no wonder. What could be more outrageous than the destruction of cotton and sugar, while hundreds of thousands of human beings are starving to death for want of the food which could only be purchased with this cotton and sugar? To bring the people of Louisiana entirely to their senses, nothing more is needed than a plain statement of this, and we are glad to see that General Butler has stated it. When one reads of the terrible drug sufferings of the people of the Gulf States—of whole families starving, and every rich man reduced to poverty—one is tempted to wonder that the civilization of the age forbids the infliction of the tortures of the Inquisition upon the miscreant authors of these atrocities. Nothing would require more than Davis, Beauregard, and Lovell should exploit their crimes on the rack or at the stake. Meanwhile, the quiet, steady, and just, the exemplary punishment of traitors by General Butler, is gradually developing a Union sentiment at New Orleans as the policy did at Baltimore.

The arguments ad ventrem is doing the work.

In order to create a Union sentiment at the South, we must satisfy the people of that section that we are stronger than they, and that we are thoroughly in earnest in our purpose of preserving the old of United States undivided. We must then show them that if they persevere in rebellion they can not escape hunger and misery; that they can not escape bankruptcy, anarchy or rights of any kind; that it is a mere question of time how soon they will be hunted like wild beasts; that there is no fear whatever that the negroes have not been armed for insurrection; whereas, on the other hand, if they return to their allegiance they will be received into the Union with the same rights as the people of the North, and will be assisted by a generous Government to recover from their chaos and start afresh in a new and wholesome career of industry. When this is done, the work of reconstruction will be more than half achieved.

THE LOUNGER.

THE JEWEL IN THE TOAD'S HEAD.

SOME weeks since an order was suddenly issued by the Secretary of War for all the troops in Washington to be ready for an immediate movement. The response was perfect. The Mix cavalry, for instance, were in the saddle with forage and two days' rations within a quarter of an hour. The forces were thoroughly informed that the object of the order was to prove their condition, and that it was found to be entirely satisfactory.

The move was a rapid and masterly retreat down the Shenandoah Valley was an equally safe, but still more effective, march and reinforce of the whole country, and the response was equally perfect. It seems almost worth while, saving the suffering of our brave troops, that the alarm should have occurred, for it has revealed to ourselves our continued strength and to the rebels the full of Sumter. revealed their existence. It was a public surprise, but not a panic. There was great indignation, but no fear. The issue of the soul-shocking consternation that immediately, but only temporarily, succeeded the dark day at Bull Run. The Stock market, that most sensitive indicator of panic, varied very slightly; and the regiments marched gayly, not sullenly, to the front, as in the hour of consciousness National peril a year ago.

The retreat has had the valuable effect of showing to the rebels and treacherous sympathizers, and to the most truculent and ferocious of the rebels, that the task they undertook is summoned to achieve it will accomplish, without dismay, without fatigue, without faltering, and at whatever cost of time, and blood and money. The patriotic Vallandigham, and Jeff Davis who wishes only to be let alone, will therefore shed and groan as they heard the murmur of joyful and instant readiness all over the loyal part of the land. All the abettors of intervention who try to paralyze patriotism by calling it abolitionism, must have gazed in dire dismay upon Joseph Johnston tail of a year undone in a moment. Just as they imagined to stagger the country into consenting to its own destruction, by showing how expensive it is to suppress a barbarous rebellion, they see that the country would gladly double its expenditure, if it were necessary, for its salvation. The Southern rebels are fond of citing classical incidents and examples. Let them understand, then, that Sisyphus and Tantalus were idle and contented gentlemen compared with their friends at the North; and that the ladies who hold their aprons in store would have emptied the ocean than the allies of rebels in and

Was it Napoleon who stamped his foot and legions of armed men sprang from the ground? No, it was not; for Napoleon by the most remorseless conscription drew soldiers to his army: So Davis and Floyd, and Cobb scrape the country to swell their starved and sickened ranks of rebellion; and one whisper that more men are wanted brings thousands willing, eager, and rejoiced, to march, to fight, and to fall, if it must be, for our country—our great, generous, and glorious mother.

THE FEROCITY OF THE REBELLION.

THE cruel and inevitable necessities, treachery, and crimes of the rebels every day accumulate the horror. "The *Louisiana* was set on fire and sent down on the rebels while Captain Farragut, following up a capitulation for the surrender of the forts, a flag of truce flying at the time," says Commodore Porter, of the New Orleans. They cut off heads of our dead at Manassas; they boiled the bodies to get the bones separated. They hung our brave brothers with their faces down; they swung their hearts as trophies upon their housetops at Fredericksburg; Tennessee, they drew bayonets and his heroic troop of Maryland with a white flag, then murdered the black and mutilated them; they bayoneted the wounded in the Virginia valley; they blew their heads off with the muzzles of their guns held close; they hung old men and young men in Tennessee guilty of loving their country, making the victim kneel beneath the gallows while they strangled his son, and then with fiendish oaths hung the father beside him; they suspended women and gray haired ladies, and, when the trains as they passed, while women waven handkerchiefs from the windows of the cars; they shot into our ambulances carrying the wounded and dying; women from the Winchester windows fired pistols at our retreating troops; they poisoned wells and cakes; they planted torpedoes at Yorktown and Hilton Head to blow up our soldiers. This is the record of seasons—years of murder, of assassination, of hell!" said Parson Brownlow, and he told the truth.

This is that chivalric, refined, proud people, who are striking gallantly for their liberty against the ruthless Northern hordes who have lost all love of power in the North. This is that gentlemanly, courteous, sensitive people, who can not associate with Yankee tinkers and peddlers. This is the "master race," as De Bow calls it, dealing with the "inferior race" of the North. This is the story of their crimes against God and man is only heard by us as yet in tragic whispers. Dishonor and infamy are very kind. Lincoln and his people could not emulate; superstition, ignorance, and fanaticism could not do anything but have bred and sustained this rebellion, and these are the qualities that slavery breeds. That every rebel is inhuman no one would say. That every rebel is intelligence, no generosity, no honor among the rebels is not asserted. But these are the qualities which of the movement is one of utter ferocity, hate, ignorance, and barbarism is as palpable as its cause is lameness and blindness. The rebel who murdered who would not rather hear that his soldier son was shot dead than that he had fallen wounded into the hands of foes. The rebel who would be horrified to the tender mercies of Nena Sahib as to theirs.

Why, then, do we not treat these rebels as fellow-citizens? For the same reason that the city of New York does not recognize the independence of all its neighbors and scoundrels. Because the trouble and expense of letting them go as enemies are a thousand times greater than that of suppressing, holding, and subduing them into decent citizens. Because if a limb is diseased it is wiser to cure it than to cut it off.

In the rebels we are dealing with blind enemies, with fiends whose very natures mistaken. The Union men in the rebel section are, of course, our friends; but they are not mistaken. Jeff Davis is not our mistaken friend. Nor are Beauregard, nor Mason, nor Slidell, nor Cobb, nor Pierre Soulé. They are more our remorseless enemies than any Englishman or Frenchman who, in the event of war with England or France. The rank and file of the rebel armies are indeed misled, because these leaders by careful falsehood have misled them. But this multitude are none the less our bitter enemies. The very ignorance by which the leaders play makes their followers ferocious in the hate.

Among the whites in the rebel section there are but these three classes: friends, and intelligent and ignorant enemies. The first need political and necessary measure for their relief can alienate. It is not so with the rebellion as among that it will dismay Brownlow or the brave Bedingty of New Orleans? "You needn't hold courts to try such men," said Brownlow, speaking of a Union man there (not Brownlow) to a friend of the Lounger. "there won't be any trailers if you say they'll be executed." It, then, our friends in the rebel section can not be readily alienated, seizure of property is an exceptional, but very rare not heat iron already white hot. The question can not be tortured into one of conciliation; it is simply a question of conquest and police. It will be decided by superior force, and then settled by superior force. The foreign paper says that it doesn't understand how a republic can retain a half dozen millions of unwilling citizens. It has only to wait, and it will learn.

MODERATION.

MR. B. F. THOMAS, of Massachusetts, formerly a distinguished judge in that State, is the present representative in Congress from John Quincy Adams's district. He is a man of unblemished character, and of great accomplishment and ability; and he represents the Whig party splendidly. He was nominated upon the appointment to Congress of his predecessor, Charles Francis Adams, and by virtue of the great majority in that district the fall of

an eminent Republican who was supposed to be the choice of the party for the succession; but the point was not pressed, and Mr. Thomas was nominated as a thoroughly loyal Union man, but moderate and conservative—of which qualifications the sufficient guarantee was the urgent support he received from Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, a gentleman chiefly known in his State by his conspicuous services in enforcing, as United States Commissioner, the Fugitive Slave Law.

Mr. Thomas has been an eminent leader of the moderate party in Congress, except in the *Trent* affair, in which he took a strong anti-English position, and not in the least conciliatory. But his learning, his discretion, his candor, and his intellectual ability, have justly given great weight to his words. On the 10th of April he spoke upon the Confiscation and Emancipation bills, opposing both, but with clearness and good temper. Yet in this speech, which has been regarded as so signal a triumph for the reaction, Mr. Thomas plainly states the right and duty of the Government to require all persons to arm in its defense. Those who loosely say that he favors slavery at the expense of Union have not read his words. It is with him simply a question of time, not of right or power.

Slaves in the military and naval service of the rebels, he says, may be freed.

"The Government may refuse to return a slave to a master who has been engaged in the rebellion, or suffered the slave to be employed in it."

"It may require the services of all persons subject to its jurisdiction by residing upon its territory, when the exigency arises, to aid in executing the laws, in repressing insurrection, or repelling invasion....Nothing but the direst extremity would excuse the use of a power fraught with so great perils to both races." And he thinks we shall triumph without it.

"There is one other exigency in which the relation of master and slave must give way to military exigency. If the Commander of a military district shall find that the slaves within it, by the strength they give to their rebellious masters—by bearing arms, or doing other military service, or acting as the servants of those who do—obstruct his efforts to subdue the rebellion, he may deprive the enemy of this force, and may remove the obstruction by giving freedom to the slaves."

As the slaves build the fortifications from which our friends are slaughtered by the rebels, as they are the servants of the rebels every where, as their labor and presence immensely obstruct our efforts to reduce the rebellion, it would seem that this exigency mentioned by Mr. Thomas had very nearly arrived. One thing at least is clear, the "great perils" to the white race resulting from employing black men to fight for the Union could not possibly be more awful than those the white race already suffers from rebels fighting against the Union. The barbarism of the slaves, whatever it be, can not be worse than that of the mass of the poor whites who compose the rebel army; and in this war, now lasting more than a year, Mr. Thomas has yet to find a solitary instance of cruelty from a slave to his master, even when every circumstance has favored. The history of the infamous wrong of slavery in this country shows that it dehumanizes the master a hundred-fold more than the subject race; nor has it ever been found that free black soldiers, organized and disciplined, have been peculiarly ferocious. Slaves rising in insurrection to save their lives and seize their liberty by destroying their masters are a fearful foe; for their vengeance is proportioned to their wrongs. But slaves freed and regularly drilled are among the best soldiers, as Washington found in the Revolution when he enlisted a regiment of slaves in Rhode Island, freed for the purpose, who were conspicuous for their gallantry, bravery, and military skill at the battle upon Quaker Hill near Newport. The black regiment "distinguished itself by deeds of desperate valor," says Arnold in his History of Rhode Island. Senator Ten Eyck, of New Jersey, says that the Jersey boys would not fight by the side of soldiers of another color. Let us hope that they deserve a higher praise than their Senator gives them; and that Jerseymen do not disdain allies who were honest and brave enough for Washington, and Greene, and Varnum, and the Rhode Island boys of '78.

Yet one thing may be freely conceded to Mr. Thomas. It is impossible to act in a matter of this kind faster than the great public opinion of the country approves, and in that perception is the profound wisdom of Mr. Lincoln. But that public opinion, on the other hand, may ripen too slowly to save the country. When the nation is willing to use every loyal hand it can command it may be too late. Therefore in this emergency the duty of a legislator is twofold; he should endeavor to make the country approve what he thinks ought to be done, and when he is sure of that approval he should vote to do it. The impatient should remember that in this country law merely, as the Fugitive Slave Law shows, will not control a settled public sentiment. The penalty may be paid, but the law will be seldom executed. A law to be just and valid must express a conviction, not an emotion.

AT NEW ORLEANS.

When Major-General Butler arrived at New Orleans the rebels caught a Tartar. He understands perfectly well that the way to develop National sentiment in that city is to show that the nation is supremely powerful. He knows that nothing is done until that is done. Genuine patriotic *sentiment* is doubtless nearly extinct there, while, as a trading city, it will willingly yield its allegiance to the force that proves its superiority. If there be any decided Union feeling in that city it is certainly remarkably modest. We do not deny that it may be there, and that it is awaiting results before it shows itself. It may be that it does not feel the National grasp to be so secure that it can dare to slip from the Confederate embrace. Let us be perfectly willing to wait and see if this be so. But meanwhile General Butler has to keep order, and repossess and hold the property of the United States, and he carries altogether too many guns for the gentry who oppose him.

His brisk orders will not be misunderstood. They clear "secesh" air like lightning. They say exactly what they mean, and are utterly iconoclastic. "The Second Washington" who heads this great and glorious war for the defense of the right of holding other people in slavery is called by the peremptory Butler "one Jefferson Davis." The work expended upon fortifications near the Mint by the Confederate authorities was "idly and inanely wasted." The Mayor of the city complains of an order which he says imperils the peace of the city, so that he will not answer for it; the reply is another order suspending him from his functions and committing him to Fort Jackson. He apologizes and withdraws the letter, and is continued at his post. Then he returns with friends and insists upon withdrawing the apology. The General says, "Very well, you may withdraw it; but we have been playing long enough"—and sends him and friends to Fort Jackson.

This is the method which will apprise the rebellious gentry of New Orleans and the rebel region that this Government is fully in earnest; that the loss and suffering brought upon it by this causeless and ferocious insurrection have put it into no mood to be trifled with; that it has taken up arms to touch no person, no property, no right, which ought not to be touched to secure the restoration of its supremacy, but that when it does touch it will be as with lightning; and that it means to hold every city it occupies with the military hand until its citizens give proof of their willingness to be loyal. Meanwhile, of course, mere severity is not force—a fact which General Butler shows that he fully understands.

BREECH-LOADING RIFLE.

"You will find," said an officer of Berdan's Sharp-shooters to the Lounger, "that this is not a fancy regiment." The whole country now gratefully confesses it. For they are good men with good weapons. Floyd did what he could to steal all our fire-arms—and he can do more in that way than any other American. But not even Floyd could steal our wits. The Yankee will make a gun if he hasn't one; and if he has one he will make a better. He is kinsman of the doughty warrior of whom the song says,

"And when his legs were shot away,
He fought upon his stumps."

In fact, one of the great collateral interests of the war has been its effect upon improvement in weapons, projectiles, and defenses. The principle of fixed ammunition, or water-proof cartridge, is now about as sure to supersede the old style as that iron-clad ships will replace the old wooden walls of our navy. In like manner the whole question of coast defenses is opened by the *Monitor's* exploits.

Among the improvements in weapons, experts agree that there is nothing better than Ballard's breech-loading rifle. It is very simple and very sure. The usual difficulties of construction and management in such arms have been thoughtfully avoided in this. Most weapons of the kind, for instance, separate the barrel from the breech, of course weakening the whole. Ballard's rifle has no such objection. It is, moreover, light, made well, and of the best materials, and is in every respect warranted. It is fitted, also, for the copper water-proof cartridge.

Soldier or sportsman looking for a rifle will naturally remember Ballard's.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Last Fashionable Vice.—Enameling is already on the spread. We suppose the Rachels of this superficial accomplishment will soon copy the example of the photographers in the cheap neighborhoods, and place touters at their doors, whose business it will be to waylay ladies as they go by, and to tempt them with the insinuating inquiry of, "Please, Mum, will you have your face enameled?"

The reward of villains is various; some of them are hung, others cropped and branded—others elected to office.

A large, ferocious dog, finding his way into a dry-goods store filled with lady customers, created considerable alarm; when a raw-looking case remarked that if they'd give him what he wanted likely the dog would leave. What could a dog want in a dry-goods store? Why, he wanted *mus'lin*, of course.

A magistrate of Chicago proposes to marry couples at one dollar a piece, if they will form clubs of twelve, and all get "fixed" at the same time."

A man with a slight attack of fever and ague is "no great shakes any how."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, May 27, in the Senate, a resolution was offered and adopted inquiring of the Secretary of War how many officers and men of the army are now confined in the District of Columbia Penitentiary, to what regiments they belong, and by what authority they were committed. The Tax bill was taken up and several amendments adopted. Without transacting any other business the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a message was received from President Lincoln, of which we give an analysis below. Read and referred. The House then took up, in Committee of the Whole, the bill for the establishment of a soldiers' hospital in the District of Columbia: the Committee rose without taking a vote on the bill. A motion was made to reconsider the vote by which the bill for the confiscation of the slaves of rebels was defeated on the previous day. Pending the motion the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, May 28, in the Senate, the Vice-President presented a message from the President, in reply to the resolution of inquiry in reference to certain arrests in Kentucky, in which the President states that it is not deemed compatible with the public interests to give the information asked at present. The special message from the President, sent into the House on the previous day, was ordered by the Senate to be printed. The Tax bill was then taken up and considered for some time, when, on motion, the Senate went into executive session. The executive session lasted but for a short time, after which the consideration of the Tax bill was resumed, and a long discussion on the question of taxing slaves as property took place, pending a decision on which the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the motion pending at the adjournment on the previous day, to reconsider the vote by which the bill to give freedom to the slaves of rebels was defeated, was, after considerable discussion, postponed. The House then went into Committee on the Whole on the Senate bill to collect Taxes in the insurrectionary districts, which was passed by a vote of 97 yeas to 17 nays. A resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for a statement of the public debt, and the annual interest thereof. A bill was introduced, and referred to the Military Committee, in reference to limiting the number of volunteers to be mustered into the military service, and prohibiting the enlistment of contrabands.

On Thursday, May 29, in the Senate, Senator Willey called up the memorial of the loyal Legislature of Virginia, asking for a division of the State, and spoke in favor of it. The memorial was referred to the Territories' Committee. The Senate then continued the consideration of the Tax bill, and the proposed amendment to lay no tax on slaves in States which have adopted the President's system of gradual emancipation was rejected. An amendment was offered to make the tax on slaves two dollars each, instead of five, as proposed, which, after considerable discussion, was adopted by 28 yeas to 10 nays. The amendment of Senator Simmons, proposing to levy the tax on fewer articles, was then considered, and it was rejected by 14 yeas to 22 nays. The Senate then held an executive session, at the conclusion of which an adjournment took place.——In the House, the bill for the more effectual suppression of the African slave-trade, reported from the Judiciary Committee, was passed by a vote of 63 against 45.

On Friday, May 30, in the Senate, resolutions were offered that the Secretary of War communicate to the Senate a copy of General Hooker's official report of the battle of Williamsburg; that the Secretary of the Interior furnish a copy of the correspondence with the War Department respecting the imprisonment of soldiers in the District penitentiary, together with a copy of the District Attorney's opinion thereon. After some discussion upon the Agricultural College bill, the Tax bill was taken up and debated until the hour of adjournment.——There was no session of the House of Representatives.

On Saturday, May 31, in the Senate, Senator Wilson introduced a bill to enable slaves to establish their right to freedom, under the act of August 6, 1861. A resolution for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the official conduct of Adjutant-General Thomas was offered and laid over. The bill giving compensation to the crew of the gun-boat *Varuna* was passed. The memorial for the admission of Western Virginia as a separate State was considered, but no final action on it was taken. The House bill to allow California three representatives was passed. The bil to legalize all the President's acceptances of volunteers was taken up and considered for some time, some amendments being proposed; but a vote on the subject was not reached at the hour of one o'clock, the time for taking up the Tax bill, when the consideration of that subject was resumed, which, without any definite result, continued till the adjournment.——The House of Representatives was not in session.

On Monday, June 2, in the Senate, petitions were presented in favor of a sufficient enlargement of the canals of this State to fit them for being navigated by gun-boats. A resolution was offered calling on the Secretary of War for copies of the instructions furnished to Governor Johnson, of Tennessee, and Governor Stanley, of North Carolina. The bill providing for the collection of direct taxes in the rebellious States was returned from the House with amendments, and all the amendments excepting one were adopted. The discussion of the Tax bill was resumed. Different amendments were acted on, when the bill was reported complete, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a resolution similar to that offered in the Senate, calling for copies of the instructions to the Provisional Governors of Tennessee and North Carolina, was adopted. Bills were introduced for the organization of the Territory of Lanawa; to prohibit the reduction of free persons to slavery; for the emancipation of Robert Smalls and the other colored men who recently brought the rebel steamer *Planter* out of Charleston harbor and delivered her to the United States naval forces, and making additional appropriations for the postal service, all of which were referred to the appropriate committees. The Senate bill for the appointment of diplomatic agents to Hayti and Liberia was introduced and discussed till the adjournment, without any decision on it being arrived at.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT.

The President sent an important message to Congress on 27th, explaining the measures taken by the Government at the commencement of the rebellion for the protection of the Union and the Constitution. He recounts the history of the chartering of vessels and providing transportation and supplies then adopted, and assumes to himself the responsibility to answer for the honesty of the Administration and the agents they employed. He states that he consulted his entire Cabinet in the emergency, and met a hearty support from them. He says that he is not aware of a single dollar of the public funds intrusted to unofficial persons having been either lost or wasted, and he entirely exonerates Mr. Cameron from the censure implied in the House resolution of the 30th ult. If censure be due, Mr. Lincoln thinks that he himself, and all the heads of the departments should share it with the late Secretary of War.

BATTLE ON THE CHICKAHOMINY.

The following dispatch was received at the War Department on 1st from

Field of Battle, June 1—12 M.

We have had a desperate battle, in which the corps of Generals Sumner, Heintzleman, and Keyes have been engaged against greatly superior numbers.

Yesterday at one o'clock the enemy, taking advantage of a terrible storm which had flooded the valley of the Chickahominy, attacked our troops on the right flank.

General Casey's division, which was in the first line, gave way unaccountably and disunitedly. This caused a temporary confusion, during which the guns and baggage were lost; but Generals Heintzleman and Kearney most gallantly brought up their troops, which checked the enemy.

At the same time, however, we succeeded, by great exertion, in bringing across Generals Sedgwick and Richardson's divisions, who drove back the enemy at the point of the bayonet, covering the ground with his dead.

This morning the enemy attempted to renew the conflict, but was every where repulsed.

We have taken many prisoners, among whom is General Pettigrew and Colonel Long.

Our loss is heavy, but that of the enemy must be enormous.

With the exception of General Casey's division, the men behaved splendidly.

Several fine bayonet charges have been made. The Second Excelsior regiment made two to-day.

George B. M'Clellan,
Major-General Commanding.

THE BATTLE AT HANOVER COURT HOUSE.

The official report of the battle at Hanover Court House was received at the War Department from General M'Clellan on 28th, from which it appears that it was a pretty serious affair, resulting in a complete rout of the enemy. The rebel loss in killed and wounded is set down at one thousand, and our loss at three hundred and seventy-nine killed, wounded, and missing, of whom fifty-three were killed. One hundred of the enemy's dead were buried on the field by our men. Five hundred were taken prisoners, and more were coming in. The rebels in this action were mostly from Georgia and North Carolina.

THE EVACUATION OF CORINTH.

The evacuation of Corinth by the rebel army under General Beauregard was announced officially by General Halleck, in a dispatch received at the War Department on 30th ult. The Thirty-ninth Ohio regiment, the advance-guard of General Pope's brigade, entered the city at a few minutes before seven o'clock on 30th, and planted the Union flag on the dome of the court-house. The enemy had abandoned the place previously. The last display of resistance they made was in responding to the batteries of General Pope on the morning of 29th.

WHAT GENERAL HALLECK SAYS.

Major-General Halleck telegraphs:

Head-quarters, Camp near Corinth, May 31, 1862.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

The enemy's position and works in front of Corinth were exceedingly strong. He can not occupy a stronger position in his flight. This morning he destroyed an immense amount of public and private property, stores, provisions, wagons, tents, etc. For miles out of the town the roads are filled with arms, haversacks, etc., thrown away by his fleeing troops. A large number of prisoners and deserters have been captured, estimated by General Pope at 2000. General Beauregard evidently distrusts his army, or he would have defended so strong a position. His troops are generally much discouraged and demoralized. In all the engagements for the last few days their resistance has been slight.

H. W. Halleck,
Major-General Commanding.

A BRILLIANT AFFAIR IN THE SOUTHWEST.

The following was received at the War Department on 2d:

Halleck's Head-quarters,
Department of the Mississippi,
Camp near Corinth, June 1, 1862.

To Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

The following dispatch has been received from General Pope:

To H. W. Halleck, Major-General Commanding:

It gives me pleasure to report the brilliant success of the expedition sent out on the 28th of May, under Colonel Elliott. With the Second Iowa cavalry, after forced marches, day and night, through a very difficult country, and obstructed by the enemy, he finally succeeded in reaching the Mobile and Ohio Railroad at Booneville at two o'clock P.M. on the 30th.

He destroyed the track in many places, both south and north of the town, blew up one culvert, destroyed the switch and track, burned up the dépôt and locomotives, and a train of twenty-six cars loaded with supplies of every kind, destroyed ten thousand stand of small-arms, three pieces of artillery, and a great quantity of clothing and ammunition, and paroled two thousand prisoners, which he could not keep with his cavalry. The enemy had heard of his movements, and had a train of box cars and flat cars, with flying artillery and five thousand infantry, running up and down the road, to prevent him from reaching it. The whole road was lined with pickets for several days. Colonel Elliott's command subsisted on meat alone, such as they could find in the country.

For daring and dispatch this expedition has been distinguished in the highest degree, and entitles Colonel Elliott and his command to high distinction. Its results will be embarrassing to the enemy, and contribute greatly to their loss and demoralization. He reports the road full of small parties of the retreating enemy, scattering in all directions.

John Pope, Major-General.

RECAPTURE OF LITTLE ROCK.

Refugees who have just arrived at Cairo state that Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, is in possession of our troops. The Governor and the members of the Legislature had fled to parts unknown.

FRONT ROYAL RETAKEN.

A brigade of our troops, with four companies of the Rhode Island cavalry in advance, under Major Nelson, entered Front Royal on Friday morning and drove the enemy, consisting of the Eighth Louisiana, four companies of the Twelfth Georgia, and a body of cavalry, out of the town, and now occupy it. Our advance was so rapid that the enemy was surprised, and was therefore not enabled to burn the bridges across the Shenandoah. A dispatch from General Banks himself states that the Fifth New York cavalry, Colonel De Forest commanding, entered Martinsburg on 30th, and passed several miles beyond, where they encountered the enemy's cavalry, captured several prisoners, a wagon, several muskets, ammunition, and an American flag. Thus it appears that a large portion of the ground lost by the recent attack of the rebels upon the reduced forces of General Banks has been recovered.

FREMONT IN THE FIELD.

The following dispatches are published:

Fremont's Head-quarters,
Near Strasburg, June 1, 1862.

General Frémont, with a strong column, left Franklin on Sunday, 25th ult., and by rapid forced marches has crossed the Shenandoah mountain ranges, marching nearly one hundred miles over difficult roads, with little means of transportation, and no supplies in the country.

This morning, five miles from Strasburg, he overtook General Jackson in full retreat with his whole force, on the road from Winchester to Strasburg.

Colonel Cluserut, commanding the advance brigade, came upon the enemy, strongly posted with artillery, which opened as soon as the head of his column approached.

General Frémont rapidly brought his main column up, and formed in line of battle.

General Jackson declined to fight, and, while holding Cluserut in check with a portion of his troops, withdrew his main forces and continued his retreat.

In the skirmish five of the Eighth Virginia and two of the Sixtieth Ohio regiments were wounded.

The enemy's loss is unknown. Twenty-five prisoners were taken by our cavalry.

Lieutenant-Colonel Downey, of the Third regiment Potomac Home Brigade, in a skirmish on Thursday morning, drove a large party of Ashby's cavalry through Wardensville, killing two and wounding three.

General Fremont's Head-quarters,
Strasburg, June 2, 1862.

General Frémont's advance brigade, under Colonel Cluserut, occupied Strasburg last night without resistance.

Jackson is rapidly retreating before our forces.

A midnight reconnoissance three miles beyond Strasburg came upon a rope barricade and ambush of Jackson's rear-guard, and retired successfully with the loss of only three wounded.

Colonel Figgelmencil, of General Frémont's staff, with only fifteen men, brilliantly charged and put to flight a body of cavalry, commanded by Ashby in person.

GENERAL HUNTER APPROACHING CHARLESTON.

The Charleston papers of the 21st inst. state that four of our vessels had shelled three Islands in the harbor on the day previous—namely, Coles, Kiawah, and Goat Islands—and that the rebels had retired after burning their quarters. Coles Island is situated at a distance of between twelve and fifteen miles from the city of Charleston.

GENERAL BUTLER AT NEW ORLEANS.

General Butler has suppressed the New Orleans *Delta* and the *Bee* for advocating the destruction of produce. He has arrested several British subjects for giving aid to the rebels. He has seized a large quantity of specie belonging to the rebels from the office of the Consul for the Netherlands; has stopped the circulation of "Confederate" paper money, and has distributed among the suffering poor the provisions intended for the support of the rebel soldiers. And more: he has taken the wife of General Beauregard—who was found to be in New Orleans—under his care and protection, just as General M'Clellan has done the wife of the rebel General Lee, in the neighborhood of Richmond.

GUERRILLAS IN TENNESSEE.

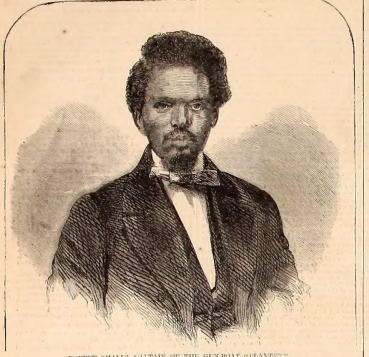
Trouble is breaking out in Western Tennessee, and a considerable force of rebels is said to be at Trenton, ready to march on Union City and Hickman. Union men from Weakley and Obion counties were flocking to Hickman for protection. Four or five hundred rebel cavalry are stationed near the mouth of Obion River, awaiting the draining of the swamp in that region to plant a battery to prevent the passage of our transports on the Mississippi.

PRIZES TAKEN BY OUR CRUISERS.

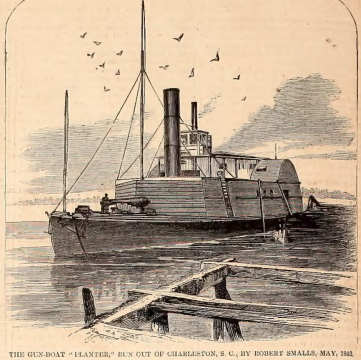
The prize steamer *Patras*, recently captured while attempting to run into Charleston harbor, has arrived here. The vessel and her cargo are valued at $300,000. In addition to this the blockading squadron have already captured the following steamers: The *Circassian* (British), *Bermuda* (British), *Swan*, *Labuan* (British, since restored), *Magnolia*, *Florida*, *Ella Warley*, *Stettin* (British), *Calhoun*, *Lewis*, *Wallace*, *Fox*, and the rebel gun-boat *Planter*, run out of Charleston by loyal contrabands. The aggregate value of these vessels is over $5,000,000.

PERSONAL.

Major-General Dix left Baltimore by steamer on 31st for Fortress Monroe to relieve General Wool from his command at that post. General Wool, it is said, will take the place of General Dix at Baltimore.



ROBERT SMALLS, CAPTAIN OF THE GUN-BOAT "PLANTER."



THE GUN-BOAT "PLANTER," RUN OUT OF CHARLESTON, S. C., BY ROBERT SMALLS, MAY, 1862.

THE STEAMER "PLANTER" AND HER CAPTOR.

We publish herewith an engraving of the steamer *Planter*, lately run out of Charleston by her negro crew, and a portrait of her captain, ROBERT SMALLS—both from photographs sent us by our correspondent at Hilton Head. The following, from the *Herald* correspondence, will explain the transaction:

One of the most daring and heroic adventures since the war commenced was undertaken and successfully accomplished by 8 party of negroes in Charleston on Monday night last. Nine colored men, comprising the pilot, engineers, and crew of the rebel gun-boat *Planter*, took the vessel under their exclusive control, and, passing Sumter and forts in Charleston harbor, hoisted a white flag, run out to the blockading squadron, and thence to Port Royal, via St. Helena Sound and Broad River, reaching the flagship Wabash shortly after ten o'clock last evening.

The following are the names of the black men who performed this gallant and perilous service: Robert Smalls, pilot; John Smalls and Alfred Grady, engineers; Abram Jackson, Gabriel Turner, William Morrison, Samuel Chisholm, Jack Wilson, and David Jones. They brought with them the wife and three children of the pilot, and the wife, child, and sister of the first engineer, John Smalls. The balance of the party were without families.

The *Planter* is a high-pressure, side-wheel steamer, one hundred and forty feet in length, and about fifty feet beam, and draws about five feet of water. She was built in Charleston, was formerly used as a cotton-boat, and is capable of carrying about 1400 bales. On the organization of the Confederate navy she was transformed into a gun-boat, and was the most valuable war vessel the Confederates had at Charleston. Her armament consisted of one 32-pound rifle gun forward, and a 24-pound howitzer aft. Besides, she had on board when she came into the harbor one seven-inch rifled gun, one eight-inch Columbiad, one eight-inch howitzer, one long 32-pound gun, and two hundred rounds of ammunition, which had been consigned to Fort Ripley, and which she would have been delivered at that destination on Tuesday had not the designs of the rebel authorities been frustrated. She was commanded by Captain Relyy, of the Confederate navy—all the other employees of the vessel, excepting the first and second mates, being persons of color.

Robert Smalls, with whom I had a brief interview at General Benham's head-quarters this morning, is an intelligent negro, born in Charleston, and employed for many years as a pilot in and about that harbor. He entered upon his duties on board the *Planter* some six weeks since, and, as he told me, adopted the idea of running the vessel to sea from a plan which one of his companions perpetrated. He immediately cautioned the crew against alluding to the matter in any way on board the boat, but asked them, if they wanted to talk it up in other surroundings, to meet at his house, where they would devise and determine upon a plan to place themselves under the protection of the Stars and Stripes instead of the Stars and Bars. Various plans were proposed, but finally the whole management of the escape was left to the discretion and sagacity of Robert, his companions promising to obey him implicitly. Accordingly, one night last week, when for three days he had kept the provisions of the party secreted in the hold, awaiting an opportunity to slip away. At length, on Monday evening, the white officers of the vessel went on shore to spend the night, intending to start on the following morning for Fort Ripley, and to be absent from the city for some days. The females of the contrabands were notified and came stealthily on board. At about three o'clock the free were all under the hatches, and the vessel steamed quietly away down the harbor. The tide was against her, and Fort Sumter was not reached till broad daylight. However, the boat passed directly under its walls, giving the usual signal—two long puffs and a jerk at the whistle-cord—as she passed the sentinel.

Once out of range of the rebel guns the white flag was raised, and the *Planter* steamed directly for the blockading steamer *Augusta*. Captain Parrott, of the latter vessel, as you may imagine, received them cordially, hoisted their tropet, placed Acting-Master Watson, of his ship, in charge of the *Planter*, and sent the Confederate gun-boat and crew forward to Commodore Dupont. The former will be kept at Hilton Head, and the latter, with their families will make suitable provision for them. The crew will be taken care of by Commodore Dupont.

The *Planter* is just such a vessel as is needed to navigate the shallow waters between Hilton Head and the adjacent islands, and will prove almost invaluable to the Government. It is proposed, I hear, by the Commodore,



FEEDING THE NEGRO CHILDREN UNDER CHARGE OF THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES AT HILTON HEAD, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

to recommend an appropriation of $20,000 as a reward to the plucky Africans who have distinguished themselves by this gallant exercise—$2000 to be given to the pilot, and the remainder to be divided among his companions.

Our correspondent sends us a drawing of an infernal machine, drawn by one of the negro hands of the *Planter* named Morrison. This chattel, Morrison, gives the following account of himself:

"I belonged to Emile Pelschigon; by trade a tinsmith and plumber. He lived all his life in Charleston; was colonel of the first regiment of the Fourth Brigade State militia in Mexico, and, previous to the 20th of last month (1862), a wife and two children in Montgomery, Alabama, from whom he expects to see when the war is over. I can read him how he learned to read and write. Answer: 'I stole it in the night, Sir.'"

OUR BLACK FRIENDS DOWN SOUTH.

We give herewith a couple of pictures of the only allies we have thus far met among the Southerners. Their skin appears, from our artist's sketches, to be black; but their hearts are not nearly as black as those of the white men who dug up the skeletons of our dead at Manassas, and made ornaments of their bones for their sweet-hearts at home. One of our pictures represents a scene on Hilton Head Island, where we have at present several thousand negroes. General Hunter has wisely converted the adult males into soldiers, for the purpose of garrisoning the Southern forts in the unhealthy season at the South; the females are used as washer-women; the children are being educated, so as to form a useful nucleus hereafter for a free black people at the South. Our picture shows the feeding of these negro pickaninnies. Poor little creatures! they are realizing for the first time that they are human beings, and not of the same class in animated nature as dogs and hogs.

Our other picture illustrates a scene which we are told is very common in the States through which our armies have penetrated. The negro woman, hearing of the army's approach, runs out to meet it, and cries: "Oh! I so so glad you is come. Massa says he wish you was in de bottom ob de sea; but you ain't in de bottom ob de sea, you is h'yar, and oh! I so so glad to see yer."

These poor creatures realize plainly enough that we are their friends, and they have never let slip an opportunity of showing us that their friendship is worth having.



THE "HARTFORD" IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

On page 369 we present a picture of the flag-ship *Hartford* in the Mississippi, running the gauntlet of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and attacked simultaneously by a fire-raft and a ram—the *Manassas*. She was set on fire and narrowly escaped destruction. The following account of the transaction will explain it:

In the midst of this awful scene down came a tremendous fire-raft, and the Ram shoved her under our port quarter. The flames caught our rigging and side, and for a moment it seemed we must fall a prey to the ravages of fire. A fire was also burning on the berth-deck. The fire hose was on hand, and we soon subdued the flames, and gave the Ram a dose of rifle shell. She, however, came up for us again, but some other vessel tackled her and she hauled off. During this stage of affairs we grounded, and our fate seemed sealed; but our men worked like bravels, and the engineers soon got the ship astern and afloat. It defies the powers of my brain to describe the scene at this time. The river and its banks were one sheet of flame, and the messengers of death were moving with lightning swiftness in all directions. Steadily we plied shell and grape, interspersed with shrapnel. Jehvidon began to quake; her boats were fast being riddled by well-directed broadsides, and they who were able made for the shore to run them on, so that they could save their lives. Some were on fire and others were sinking. Our boys were cheering with a hearty good-will; and well they might, for we had almost won the day, and we were nearly past the forts. Our ship had been on fire three times, and she was riddled from stem to stern. The cabin was completely gutted, the starboard steerage all torn up, and the armory all knocked into "pi." My clothing was strewn about decks, and I was obliged to pick it up piece by piece. The manuscript of the bombardment came near destruction by a rifle shell, which tore up my room and killed one man.

After being under a terrific fire for one hour and twenty minutes we were past the forts, badly cut up; a shot hole through mainmast, two in stern, and several through up. I frankly confess I am unable to describe the scene. Words are powerless to convey a description of it. Language fails. Whether it was smoke, shot, and bring fired at, dust and shell whistling like locomotive demons around, above, before, and in the rear of you; flames from fireworks encircling you, splinters flying in all directions, and shells bursting overhead! Can you imagine this scene? If you can, it is more than I can describe as I would wish to.

BAKER.

Thou lion-fronted, royal man!
Thou of the swerveless lightning glance,
Whose thunderous eloquence outran,
O'erlapped, the minds it did entrance;
Oh man! made regal by thy might
The many-chorded soul to smite!

The lowly path was not for thee.
Thy mental stature towered above
The wondering eyes upraised to see
The man whose tone and glance could move
A people's heart to love or hate;
Whose touch could guide it like a fate.

The glory of his life was set
Unto a measure high and grand;
The lofty anthem lingers yet
In haunting echoes through the land;
And, greeted with a triumph tone,
He stood, a conqueror—alone!

He fell—and, lo! a mighty wail,
A cry, sublime in grief and strength,
Proclaimed the giant lying pale.
His mighty power undone at length;
And for that wondrous man and strong
Went up a nation's funeral song!

For him a high applauding tone
Shall linger in the halls of Time.
Even as he stood—he fell—alone
A warrior in a strife sublime.
A nation raised his burial stone—
He will not sleep unsung, unknown.



OUR TROOPS MARCHING DOWN INTO THE TRENCHES BEFORE RICHMOND.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]

MY CONTRIBUTION.

I HAD actually subscribed five hundred dollars! Not in all the history of my grivings was there a parallel to this. Five hundred dollars! I looked at the filled-up check, after cutting it free from its blank companion with fond, reluctant eyes ere passing it to my hands; yet was I not the generous fog giver that his invitation implied. My heart was in the cause of national honour and national safety; and in sacrificing something for my country I was but discharging a patriotic duty. This was my contribution to a fund our citizens were raising for hospital and sanitary needs. If double the sum had been required of me, double would have been given.

"So much for my country!" I said in my thought, with a feeling of self-approval. I felt that I was a better and truer man for the act. "If every one would do as well according to circumstances." There came a slight chill to my enthusiasm, consequent on the thought that I was doing so much more, according to my ability, than other people. I had seen the subscription paper. It bore the record of no larger contribution than mine. Two citizens only had put down their names for five hundred dollars.

"I have given equally," I said within myself, "Mr. Harland should have made his contribution a thousand dollars instead of five hundred; and Grant should at least have come in for a thousand."

Five, or dollar, he is quite as well off as I am. Then, as for Tompkins, I can't see how he hit the courage to write down only fifty. It was the act of a dozen poorer men who gave each their hundred. But we have a set of patriots to do this, and know where to place them. Love of country is a fine thing to talk about, but when sacrifice is asked, how rarely do we find soul and flesh equal to it!

It is the most natural thing in the world to let speech betray our thoughts. As I moved about among friends and acquaintances, I was conscious here and a sentence there revealed the secret of my self-approval; and I could see in the diminished attention of what was going on in my mind—how I considered my contribution to the war fund, taking mean into account, as the largest given by any man in the town.

For me, five hundred dollars was a large sum to give away. Tens, twenties, and an occasional fifty, under the pressure of public calls for church or charitable needs, had passed out from my hands in fully-loosened purse-strings, that drew back again with increasing tightness as the sum diminished; but giving after this liberal and exhausting style was altogether a new experience. I felt something poorer on account thereof, and more conscious of economies. When I paid a thousand dollars for a pair of horses impressible like this one, and which I got even when one of them got injured by a fall, and I parted with him for one hundred and fifty dollars. Here was a loss of four hundred and fifty dollars; but in face of it nothing so like a sense of poverty touched me as in face of my contribution to the hospital and sanitary fund. I was not fool poorer for the three hundred dollars expended in pregnancy and sickness of my wife, though the money paid therefor was a sunk investment, every dollar; nor for the six or seven hundred paid for summer-baths, gentlemanly clothes, and fancy work about my grounds and dwelling. All this, long for my own gratification, I would admit. The expense was calculated, and taken as a thing of course. But this five-hundred-dollar gift to our country in the time of pressing need, freely as it was bestowed, left with me a sense of exhaustion, as though I weakened by an effort greater than my strength.

No wonder, such being the case, that I talked rather much on this one subject of my gift. Others, speaking of the war, and the necessity of supporting the Government to the full extent of our means, I referred, in saying "our part," to the various contributions in men and money which the people in our particular locality had made, and especially to the late subscription, which footed up three thousand dollars. Three thousand dollars, of which I had given a sixth part. I could not help this remembrance.

"Yes, and nobly," he answered, with a glow of enthusiasm not often seen blooming his quiet face. "Our people have done nobly, not keeping back their most precious things."

"Three thousand dollars is a liberal sum," I said.

"Yes." His voice dropped the latter.

"And of that sum two men gave a third part." It passed for utterance, and I was not required to let it forth.

Mr. Preston did not answer. "And you were one of them?" No; but said, in a voice that still fell lower and lower, until it expressed a sentiment of reverence, "There is one to whom much will be given more than these two men a hundred-fold. But the gift is not down on any subscription paper."

More precious than silver and gold! Yes, there are things more precious than silver and gold; and I understood Mr. Preston to refer to human life and human love. Shame touched me, and I stood silent and rebuked.

"Come," he said; "walk with me into the next street, only a little way. It is well that we should applaud those questions of sacrifice and patriotism all their leanings. The danger is, perhaps, that we magnify our own burdens and our own loyalty, and in doing so fail to award the honor that is due to others."

I did not answer, but in silence went with Mr. Preston into the next street. It was one in which the poor dwelt. Small houses, a few neat, and with tasteful shrubbery about the doors, but most of them miserably neglected and forlorn, stood on each side for a distance of three or four squares. My visits to this part of the town were of rare occurrence. It was not pleasant to gaze upon, and so to be avoided. All looked poor and mean now as my eyes ranged along the street, and I questioned with myself as to whether I was going, and to what end.

"The widow with three children," he said, "is poorer than those who, of their abundance, poured gold and silver into the treasury." My conscience made the silence with these words as we paused at the door of a small one story and a half cottage, around which every thing was clean and in order, but plain and poor. His knock was not loud, but low and respectful. I did not answer to the name given me on entering, but had some expectancy. A child of ten years opened the door, and looked up into our faces curiously. I saw that she recognized Mr. Preston, but no smile lit up her young face.

"How is your mother to-day?" was asked.

"Not very well. Won't you walk in?"

"Yes, thank you, my dear," and we stepped to inquire about your mother. Is she able to sit up?"

Yes, Sir. She sat up 'most all day yesterday, and says she feels stronger. And she's up again to-day. Won't you come in? Maybe she'd like to see you."

"Not this morning; I'll call round again. Say that Mr. Preston called. I'm glad she's better. Good-by!"

"Good-by, Sir!" I felt the low, almost choking flutter of the child's voice away down in my heart; my eyes were dim as I turned away. What did it mean?

"She has given most of all," said my companion as we walked away.

"What has she given?"

"Her husband."

"He is in the army?"

"He is dead."

"What! Dead!"

"Killed in battle."

"Dead still, in battle?"

"Yes. Three weeks ago the news came. He rests with the brave at Fort Donelson."

"Who and what was he?" I asked, rallying myself, for I felt an overpowering sense of weakness.

"A sober, industrious mechanic; a good husband and a good father. I saw his wife on the day after his name with the regiment that went from here six months ago. The parting had tried her severely; but she was brave with it all, and full of a noble heroism. 'I have given my husband,' said will do his duty,' she said to me: 'and the country must help me to keep my little ones.' I came to him weekly and in tears, as some wives did to their husbands, and held him back when his heart was impatient to go. But I left her with a smile. Men die at home of sickness as well as in battle. I trust in God." Her eyes were full of tears as she spoke, and her voice betrayed the fear and suffering that were in her heart. Ah, Sir, neither you nor I will ever fully comprehend the heroism of the wife endured in parting from a good husband, on whose strong arm she had leaned for many years—the wife and the children.

We walked on again, silent for some moments. He was sad, and I was humbled and perplexed.

"I say half-extorted, because there was really more of the spirit of doing to be seen of men than genuine patriotism in the act. I felt the unfairness of distribution of this poor woman! I had signed a check for five hundred dollars, and with it the full consciousness of the draft that check followed. I did not feel my comforts diminishing; I did not relinquish a single pleasure; I did not even make sacrifice except love of money. But she gave her husband! Ah, Sir, I understood you well. He was the support of herself and her children, had said, when his country called, Go!' And the sacrifice had been complete!

"The blow must have been terrible," I said. "Four weeks ago! That is a long time."

"She staggered and fell," was replied. "For a week the struggle between life and death was almost evenly balanced. Then the reaction came, and the poor crushed heart began to gather up its rent fibres, and to string its quivering nerves for new efforts and new pains. She has a little farm on which she had leased for so many years was broken, and neighbors and friends helped her. Then she faltered and staggered with uncertain steps at first! For hours she would sit and weep. But slowly strength came, and with it a consideration for the child's words, 'She sat up most all day yesterday, and sewed part of the time.' Her needle-work has been laid upon her, and she must walk henceforth with stooping shoulders and weary feet. Her own hands must earn the food with which her children are to be fed, and the garments with which they are to be clothed. Her toil and pain must be more than twice doubled; and with them are the widow's loneliness and the widow's sorrow. What are they worshipped with gold and silver to this? Ah, Sir, there is no room for complaint or boasting. With us the sacrifice is a sore and a bitter one. It is hardest with those who are least thought of, and who get least of public sympathy."

"We must do something for that woman," said I. "Her case touches me deeply."

"Your possessions and mine would look more than half false values when the calamity as the dismemberment of our country to fall," was answered. "Our enemies are in arms against us, and we must oppose man with man in fierce battle. While they fight and die we are at home, and in their blood and suffering we find safety. In there hours is there justice, is there humanity in forgetting this poor widow, and leaving the widows and orphans of our dead soldiers to bear unaided their burdens of want and sorrow? I think not. Yes, assuredly we must do something for her. She has given a brave her all, and if she have no more henceforth in our abundance then are we not guiltless in the sight of Heaven."

How small seemed all the contributions I had made, and of which I was so self-gratulant! My cheeks were hot with shame. Not since have I referred to that last subscription in any conversation, nor has a word about the coming burden of taxes escaped my lips. I would blush at complaint now. Burdens! They who seem to have the largest share feel their pressure lightest. It is the poor, the humble, the too often despised and neglected who bear the heavy troubles will fall. Let us see to it then we not in forgetfulness of what we owe them. That we do not let widows and orphans cast in all their living as the price of our patriotism.

A SEERESS AT FAULT.

"WILL you come out with me to-night?" said Dr. Clay. "There is a seeress come to Chasingles. I am going to have a look at her."

Dr. Clay was a college friend of mine, then about five-and-twenty. I was "on leave" from my professional avocations in London, and had gone down to spend a few days at Chasingles, where he had recently begun to practise, hoping to forget, if possible, the existence of the printer's devil. It was my second night there, and a wet one: I had not much myself to do—a cigar and a book, which I was not going to review, and therefore could enjoy for its unadulterated merits, inasmuch as to a reviewer even a good book is a burden, and the better the book, not unfrequently, the heavier the burden. From such unmerited misery I was loth to be roused even by Dr. Clay, though he was a delightful companion, as young physicians with private ability usually are. So I answered indignantly:

"Nonsense. You do not mean to say that you intend to get wet through and spend half-a-crown in order to see a humbugging female baby played. Stay here, and I will show you half a dozen, quite as good, with a pack of cards."

"I don't believe in Dr. Clay" (I was fain to interest in conjuring tricks till I know how they are done. Now, though I grant you that some of these clairvoyant, mesmeristic, table-turners, and modern magicians of all kinds are the veriest quacks alive, and their jugglery is as transparent as the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood, I have seen things shown and done by my friend, which, if you can explain them, you may make a reputation and a fortune. I have seen excision of the tissues performed on a living subject without remaining perfectly unconscious the while. Not only did she not scream or speak, but the face was in no way altered. I have seen more than one case of life preserved by a mysterious warning given in the form of waking to person or to a vivacious notion of impending danger, and I once was witness to a most extraordinary case of *clairvoyance* (so called), where the subject was unconscious on my mind, from the perfect impossibility of any trick of collusion—but I digress. I will tell you what I suspected who watched the dreamer's face. And the most extraordinary part of the matter is," he added, "that, reflectively, I have since seen the face *from beginning to end.*"

"That," said I, "appears to me the most natural and intelligible result. It will be the same to-night. Do stay quietly by the fire."

"No, I really must go," answered Clay, quietly. "I can not miss even a chance of getting at some fact which may help to confirm or destroy the watery belief I have formed on the subject of *clairvoyance*. So I am going to get wet, and spend three shillings, and probably come back—"

So I put down my book and went out, when the rain speedily deprived me of my cigar. We got drenched, and the Seeress proved to be a quack as I in my impatience had predicted. Dr. Clay had two questions answered, one by a yes or no only, and one to be specially ascertained, viz., "What is my friend's age?" and "What letters have come for me since I left London?" Both were answered glibly, and *both wrong*. The Seeress talked visions of a letter from a friend named Dr. Clay that two letters had come for him—both from ladies—whereas one or two of the little audience imagined, for Dr. Clay is a general favorite, but not exactly a "lady's man," still less a lady's doctor. He got up and walked out, and I with him.

"Well?" I said.

"This is the third mere imposture I have seen to-night," answered Dr. Clay, quietly. "I will go further yet ten such than miss one opportunity of witnessing a case of real *clairvoyance*."

In three days Dr. Clay's friend arrived, skeptically, "for my credulity goes no further than a firm belief in a handful of sovereigns," unwashed face, and incessant craving for 'copy.'"

When you have heard my first experience on the subject, Mr. Vane," he said, "I think you will see that question in a somewhat different tone. Will you come round to my lodgings in the city, and any messages for me? and then we will smoke a pipe at your rooms, and you shall hear the history."

There was no time for the latter, for the old farmer, queerly spabbed and oddly expressed; but we fretted that we think it necessary to go eight miles into the country that night to attend to an attack of gout, to we adjourned to my rooms, where, amidst exhalations of smoke, I heard the following tale:

It was (said the Doctor) about four years ago. I had just passed my first examination, and one or two answers to which questions fortunate enough to attract the attention of old Vane, among whose other peculiarities is a strong penchant towards the investigation of mysteries. He took some notice of me, and I ventured to ask him some questions about a clairvoyant who had created a good deal of considerable curiosity. She was a young and very pretty girl; the mesmerist who had discovered her faculty was a gentleman—which few of them are—a man of means, highly considered in his profession, and a naturalist. Vane answered me, and promised me an introduction to her. I asked him what his experience of her art had been—whether it was a reality or a sham, and whether it seemed capable of being applied to any practical use.

"It is no sham," he said. "The girl herself does not know that she possesses these powers. Arnold never allows clairvoyance to be named in her presence when she is awake. He himself is above suspicion. As to any practical result, it is very doubtful. Hitherto, Elizabeth has never told us any thing previously unknown. She answers correctly regarding things certainly unknown to her, and places she has never seen; but when the answer, except reluctantly and uncertainly, my questions concerning what I myself know also are knowledge. She has told me the exact place of every article in my study, and even the contents of my table drawers, though she never entered my house—nor did Arnold—and we were six hours away from it at the time. She broke down entirely in trying to tell us what was at that moment going on in the House of Commons, in the Times printing-office, and in the Minister Park, three easier to guess, and at least as easy to know, one would think. But you shall see her yourself."

A few days after this a friend of my brother Cleveland by name, returned from a tour he had taken for the benefit of his health in Elizabeth's company. We had not heard from Edward for some ten days or more, and it happened that I dined with the Clevelands that day. Then, hearing that Cleveland had returned unexpectedly, I sought him out, as I inquired where my brother was. He started, and seemed uncomfortable, and then answered:

"We did not agree very well: I was in a hurry, and he preferred to travel slowly; so he left me at the Lapichore, and I came home at once through France."

The answer and Cleveland's manner were a little peculiar. Why did Edward "leave" him, rather than he Edward, seeing that it was he who wished to travel fast? And why did he seem agitated or seeing me? But I was not observant enough at the time to be disturbed. Cleveland had behaved ill, and driven Edward away. I knew this, although I was now ashamed of himself. For he had the reputation of being quarrelsome in the extreme, and was considered by his friends to be peculiarly susceptible to an extraordinary degree. Edward, than whom he more kindly and generous man never lived, had always taken his part; had affirmed that Cleveland was a man of genius, and thoroughly good at heart, and had chosen him for his friend by surprise, as his companion, in the hope that travel, change of scene, and rest from anxiety and worry would bring him better health and spirits. Certainly the experiment had been a complete failure. Cleveland was not ill, but he was in a state between his habitual restlessness greater than ever; the unmistakable expression of nervous suffering as to health, and the gloom of a man in debt. My brother myself, never steady for an instant in their pace, had never meeting mine. His left hand, constantly trembling, was occupied with a paperknife; his right fumbled continually at the book while talking to me, and he was flushed. I was touched by his evident illness, and turned from a subject which I perceived to be painful. I talked about the college examinations; told him of my success; and finally of the *clairvoyance*, for who of us of that evening I had forgotten the account of admission.

"Let me go with you," he said, sharply and suddenly.

"With pleasure," said I. "Only we have little time to lose. I must be back in London at 11, as I am twenty minutes after six, and you have your table to make."

He, though dressed with faultless neatness when he appeared out of doors, Cleveland always spent his days in his dressing-gown and slippers, as he had feet thrust into a pair of worked slippers, his arms and throat bare, his short curled hair combed but not brushed, his face, and he was conscious of it, a sort of sack of red flannel, falling in the knees, and with the pockets full of the dirty clay of his muscular arms. It certainly seemed as if some time would be needed to transform this strange figure into a man of fashion. But it was done in five minutes. He turned the key in the table-drawer in which he had been writing, went into his bedroom, and returned in an incredibly short time in plain black evening-dress, his red hands nervously drawing on a pair of white kid gloves. I, who never wear a "tail-coat" if can help it, was almost ashamed of my attire. He helped it, was almost ashamed of my attire. He helped me, started, however, at the urn, he walking at a pace with which I could scarcely keep up. The afternoon had only been warm enough to call for rain into which we were ushered as a dark one.

"Bring a light, please," said Cleveland, abruptly, after we had entered the servants' hall. I remained in the entrance-hall till the light appeared, and then followed him into the parlour. "I hate darkness," he observed, impatiently. "I always think of death."

The door was opened; we were admitted to the operating-room, where we sat in semicircle, and received with the politeness peculiar to which the patient sat, already in a deep mesmeric sleep. Mr. Arnold stood behind her. She looked scarcely beautiful. A mass of hair, of a dull red, did not attractively fragile. I felt sure, as I saw her, that she was not healthy, and that she required the nervous mentor of her murder. He did not think, of course, that he was injuring her; I did, and I think that he was injuring her. Arnold appeared into the unrefined and uncomprehended state of the nervous system which is peculiar to the subjects of mesmerism, and which I can neither describe nor explain. Mr. Arnold gave permission to me to ask a question, and I requested to be told what was the cause of my having left Chasingles. I left it only remember the three last. After all the letters had been read, I requested to the suitability of the guests, Vane inquired:

"What is there on the table in my study to-day?"

The girl paused a moment—said:

"I have been there before.... Oh!" with a shudder of disgust; "it is a hand—a woman's hand—oh, horrible, horrible!"

Vane whispered across Cleveland, who sat between us:

"She never was there; but she described it all perfectly last time I saw her. To-day I brought a specimen, preserved in spirits, of frightful disease of the hand. She would see, if she saw it, know it for a woman's."

Cleveland's turn was next. He was very pale, and his ungloved right hand was clasped on his heart. The glove had fallen to the ground, and he was absently twisting it with the tasteless motion of his foot.

"How shall I die?" was his question, in a deep, tremulous, husky tone that made us all start with sudden horror.

His effort on the seeress was still more marked. She sprang into a sitting posture, and trembled from head to foot, seeming unable to speak. The question was repeated.

"I—don't—know," she slowly replied: then suddenly, "Oh no, no, no!" the last word rising to a shriek.

Cleveland's face was ghastly beyond description or conception. There was a pause: Mr. Arnold exerted himself to calm the girl, and presently called on me for a final question.

"What has become of my brother?"

A moment's hesitating silence—a strange look of surprise, information, horror unspeakable, succeeding one another on her pale, delicate face; and then a fearful, unearthly scream, which froze the very blood in our veins. I never knew before what "spiritual terror" meant. Assuredly I would rather meet any bodily danger than hear that scream and see that face again. Even Arnold was appalled, or I think he would have interposed before the answer came in words: at first low, tremulous, uncertain; then clear, rapid, agitated, while the girl's whole frame quivered with terrible excitement.

"I see—a mountain of snow, a precipice on one side, a narrow road winding along the edge. Down, down—at the bottom of that precipice, in a dry bed of a stream—there is a body covered with blood—oh, horrible! I can not bear to look. It has been thrown there—thrown down from the road. Wait a moment and I will tell you how. There are two men—they come out of a house, and they are walking up the snow-mountain, along the road, close to the edge of the precipice. One of them turns—he will not go on—he will go back. The other laughs at him: he speaks—I do not hear what they say—he speaks kindly to him. But the pale man is angry; he strikes his friend—oh, God! he has flung him over the precipice; he has murdered him!"

I was horror-struck; I could not rouse myself to think or speak. The girl's look and tone carried conviction, as strong as if the scene she described in these broken sentences had been actually passing before her eyes. Vane's voice it was I heard next:

"What is the murderer like?"

"He is tall, strong, pale—" She sprang suddenly from her seat. "He is HERE!" she screamed, and, laying her hand on Cleveland's shoulder, she exclaimed, with a shriek which rang through the room, "THOU ART THE MAN!"

I need not attempt to portray the scene that followed. Indeed, I could scarcely see or hear. I only knew that Cleveland had sprung from his seat, dashed aside the arms that were stretched out to seize him, and was gone. The girl had fallen back upon her couch in violent convulsions; and the mesmerist, himself trembling in every limb, was trying to awaken her from the unnatural sleep which had been visited with so fearful a vision.

Vane got me out of the room, I do not recollect how; and when I became fully conscious of what was passing we were on our way to Cleveland's lodgings. Arrived there, Vane inquired if he was in, and was answered, "Yes, Sir; he is just gone up stairs. We were quite frightened about him, he looked so ill." We ran up to the sitting-room, which was on the first floor. The table-drawer was open: in it my eye caught sight of some papers tied in a bundle and directed in Cleveland's bold but irregular hand to me. Beside these was the silver-mounted ivory butt of a small pistol. Cleveland's hat and gloves lay on the table; the owner was not there. My hand was on the latch of the bedroom door, and I had just become aware that it was locked, when the report of a pistol rang in my ear. I felt as if it had been fired close to my head. In another moment Vane sprang at the door, burst it open with his weight, and we entered the bedroom.

Cleveland lay on the bed, his white shirt-front soaked with blood. The still smoking pistol—fellow to that left in the drawer—had fallen from his right hand, which hung by his side. Vane tore open his dress, and we saw a small hole, just above the heart, in the scorched vest and shirt, from which the blood had sprung over the clothes. Life was already extinct, of course.

* * * * * *

The papers directed to me were produced at the inquest. They contained an account, incoherent but circumstantial, of the murder of my unhappy brother, committed, said the writer, in a moment of passion, utterly unpremeditated, and bitterly repented. The paper closed with some strange and incomprehensible passages, expressive of gratitude and affection for the murdered man. Vane's evidence induced the jury to return a verdict of insanity, and Cleveland's remains received Christian burial.

It was not till the third night after his death that I was able to sleep. Then my slumber was deep and profound; and it was with difficulty that my landlady roused me at nine the next morning to receive "a large foreign letter, which she thought might—might be of consequence." I jumped out of bed mechanically, and received it at the door.

Good Heaven! it was Edward's handwriting—bore, too, a post-mark only five days old. It must have been posted after his death by some one who had taken possession of his papers. I tore it open. More astonishing still, it bore date the same day on which it was posted. A passage in which Cleveland's name occurred at once attracted my eye. It ran as follows:

"*My unlucky companion de voyage has left me. I was forced to let him go; for he quarreled with me, and would have struck me, on a precipitous path, with a sheer descent of a hundred feet on one side, and an equally steep ascent on the other, where one false step would have cost one or both of us our lives.* He had been moody and restless all morning, and finally, as we reached the most dangerous part of the road, stopped, refused to go any further, and declared that he must immediately return to England. I was surprised, and, when I noticed the expression of his eyes, a little alarmed. I tried, however, to laugh him out of his sudden fancy, but had no success: he grew angry, and, when I persisted, struck at me with his alpenstock. I warded the blow; and he instantly turned, and ran down the hill as if the furies pursued him. I waited till he was out of sight, and then continued my journey. I have left him all the food. But he had been so rapid in his movements; had paid the bill, and was gone an hour before I arrived, not to follow him, for no vehicle or horse was to be left in the place. If he gets safe back to England, my dear fellow, please to look after him; for—though you must keep it to yourself, or only hint it to Dr. Vane—I am firmly convinced that Cleveland is, if not will be, INSANE!

INSANE! here was the solution of the terrible mystery. Edward was safe and well; and the whole story of the murder was the creation of a diseased brain, of which all who heard it had been the dupes, and of which the deluded author was the wretched victim. The words of the *clairvoyante*, coinciding as it did with the story previously written out by the self-imagined murderer, was a mere reflection of his delusion, which hastened his end before Edward's return could dispel the horrible fancy. The event gave me such a shock to Arnold that he never ventured to practice the art again.

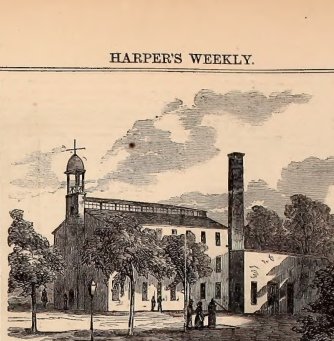
"And has it not had the same effect on you?" I inquired. "I should have thought it would have caused you to shrink from all such mysteries and mummeries for the future."

"Far from it," returned Clay, seriously. "It seemed to throw a certain light on a difficult and abstruse part of physical science; for I need hardly say that I regard the phenomena of mesmerism and *clairvoyance* as purely physical, however abnormal; and, if I intend to follow out the clew, at least till I have learned whether or no all these phenomena may be traced to one cause—which we know to be operative in mesmerism—the influence of one human mind upon another, as metaphysicians would say: or, more properly speaking, of the brain of one human being on the nervous system of another artificially excited and peculiarly susceptible. If it be true, as I suspect, that no *clairvoyant* ever has told us or ever can tell us any thing that has not already passed through the mind of some living and present mortal—that they all are mere receptive mirrors of other minds—such evidence as I shall collect will go far to establish the truth, and to set men's minds at rest about the mystery; perhaps to teach them that, while on the stage of life, we are to be indulged with no real glimpses behind the curtain. You have let your pipe go out; mine is smoked to an end; good-night."

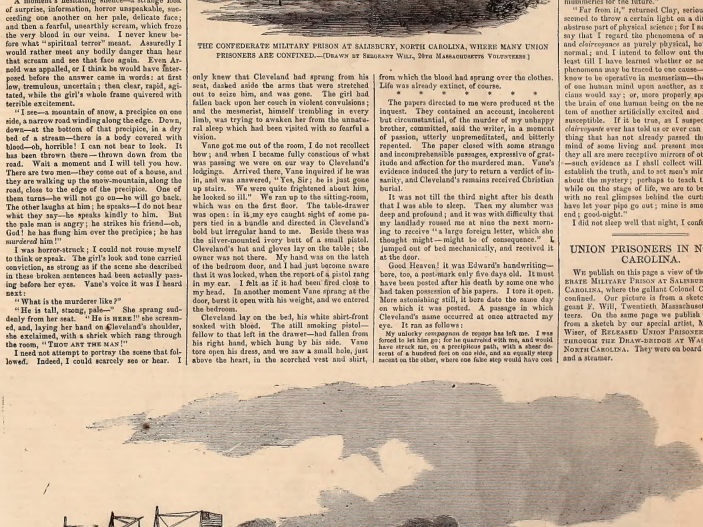
I did not sleep well that night, I confess.

UNION PRISONERS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

We publish on this page a view of the CONFEDERATE MILITARY PRISON AT SALISBURY, NORTH CAROLINA, where the gallant Colonel Corcoran is confined. Our picture is from a sketch by Sergeant F. Will, Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers. On the same page we publish a picture, from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Angelo Wiser, of RELEASED UNION PRISONERS COMING THROUGH THE DRAW-BRIDGE AT WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA. They were on board two scows and a steamer.



THE CONFEDERATE MILITARY PRISON AT SALISBURY, NORTH CAROLINA, WHERE MANY UNION PRISONERS ARE CONFINED.—[DRAWN BY SERGEANT WILL, 20TH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.]



RELEASE OF UNION PRISONERS TO GENERAL BURNSIDE, AT WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY MR. ANGELO WISER.]



NEWS FROM THE WAR.—[Drawn at



[Special Artist, Mr. Winslow Homer.]

NEWS FROM THE WAR.

One of our most ingenious artists, Mr. Winslow Homer, has portrayed in the picture which we publish on pages 376 and 377 the thrilling effect of the News from the War. There is news that is exciting and triumphant: news of battles fought and won; of forts stormed in the teeth of rebel cannon; of brilliant charges with the bayonet, or fierce avalanches of cavalry; of daring reconnoissances and hair-breadth escapes: news which fires the heart and makes the eye glisten and the cheek redden with patriotic ardor. And there is news of defeat; of slaughter and massacre; of gallant Northern boys left to become the prey of Southern ghouls, who will convert their skulls into trophies, and whose daughters and wives will not blush to wear ornaments made of their bones; news which makes the cheek blanch, and nerves the brave man's heart to further encounters, and warns the wise man that the time for half-measures has passed. *News of the war!* We all live on it. Few of us but would prefer our newspaper in those times to our breakfast. To some it comes as the brilliant radiance of sunlight after a gloomy morning, announcing that one who is near and dear to us has fulfilled the hopes of his friends, and has won fame and promotion and a place in history. To many tender hearts news of the war, be it of victory or defeat, merely means the death or wounding of some dear soldier. How little they think, whose lovers or brothers are reported in the fatal list of killed and wounded, of the triumphs or the perils of the Union cause! Little she recks, whose face is buried in her handkerchief in an agony of anguish, of the utter discomfiture of the rebels! Her discomfiture is more complete and more abiding than theirs. And then there is the news of Union victories, conveyed through trumpet-tongued rumor, to gallant Unionists in prison in the South, to cheer their dreary days; to wounded men in hospital and in sorrow, whose pains seem less acute, and whose blood courses more freely as they realize that the cause in which they suffered has received new lustre; to soldiers in the camp, who hear, with half-suppressed jealousy, of glories they did not share, and who vow, as they listen to the news, that when their time comes, they too will make themselves heard of. The only thing which thrills every heart nowadays is the *News of the War*. Mr. Homer, we think, has done justice to his subject.

THE DESERTER.

"Come here a moment, please."

We had only a glimmer of light in the hospital, for the cots were nearly all empty. Most of our wounded had been sent home; but the moon was full, and poured its white stream of radiance right down on the face of the man who had spoken to me.

"What is it you want?" I asked.

"I don't like to be alone. I feel rather strangely."

"You are excited; what is the matter?"

The thin, keen features of the man wore an eager, restless expression; his black eyes shone fiercely.

"I'm a deserter, you know. This wound troubles me a little. You don't think I deserted from cupidity, do you?"

"Really I know nothing about it. You are not well to-night; I shall give you something quieting so that you may sleep."

"No, no, just stay here a moment. Don't leave me."

He looked so eager that I sat down on his cot, felt his pulse again, rearranged his bandages, and placed his pillow more comfortably.

"Your touch is gentle as a woman's," he said, gratefully, sighing as he spoke. I sat still a little while, then rose to order his medicine, but he grasped me by the hand and drew me down again by him.

"This moonlight reminds me of the night I came near losing my sword-arm. I was lieutenant in a Louisiana regiment. We had a pretty hard brush with your fellows, and I found myself face to face with the toughest subject you ever saw. Twice I thought myself gone: our cartridges were out, and with a great shout of 'Liberty and Union!' the Yankee came at me with his sabre, cutting a gash in my arm that laid me low. Fortunately they had to fly just then, or I should have been in the other world. When I came to my senses, I was all alone with just such a glare of moonlight in my eyes as shines to-night. I was very weak and consuming with thirst, and not especially thankful to my brave comrades for thus leaving me in the lurch. You must know that I joined the army without a spark of love for secession: not a jot of principle in the matter—purely from the love of adventure, and with my French blood tingling at the thought of 'la gloire.' I have had different teaching since; so you need not be hasty in thinking me very contemptible. Glory has been the dream of my life."

Pale, wasted as he was, the young lieutenant's face had a strange fascination in it. Now his eyes gleamed again, his proud mouth was tremulous with feeling that, of course, was yet incomprehensible to me. I tried to make him be silent; but so intense was his desire to speak that I found it best to listen calmly—best for more reasons than one: life was low in the chalice, perhaps my listening might sweeten its last few drops.

"Yes, glory has been a bright dream ever since I could listen to old stories of my ancestors in other lands, where our name was a proud one, a name I have tried to keep with honor. Well, I woke in the moonlight with a dim sense of concern for my generous friends who had left me to fate, and a very urgent desire to get water; so I managed to crawl through the woods, sometimes rising to my feet only to fall again, though I had tied my handkerchief round my arm to stop the bleeding. I recollected passing a farm-house before the fray, and as well as I could made my way for it. I was fortunate; though alarmed, the occupants were accustomed to danger and kindly took me in. For some time I was very ill: during my illness our regiment was ordered off; indeed the Federals had gained possession of that part of the country. No one molested me; for the family was a poor Union one, who had been robbed of nearly all their valuables, but who, notwithstanding our ill-treatment, did not make known my refuge. I need not tell you how kind they were, how patient and careful; there was only an elderly woman, a boy of fourteen, and a young woman in the family. From the time I first opened my eyes after the delirium of fever, until—no matter for time—but kindness and tenderest care from both, but principally the younger woman, greeted me. I can see her great, dark, sad eyes looking now at me. 'Dieu!' how beautiful, how tender, how full of love. Love, did I say? adoration! What a life was hers! Poor Nina, poor Nina! She was the daughter of one of the most influential, proudest merchants in New Orleans—her mother a quadroon slave. The father died one day of apoplexy without adjusting his 'property,' leaving Nina a slave. Too proud, too good, too beautiful. She fled, for her *mother* had already named her price—three thousand dollars. I gnash my teeth with rage at our cursed institution—she taught me what I was fighting to perpetuate. She, poor Nina, not even then safe from pursuers. I can not express to you how gentle and tender was her care of me. I can only tell you that it inspired the deepest love." The invalid raised himself on one arm, flashing darker, deeper than ever were his black eyes—a noble brow, white and thin to spirituality—the proud lips quivering again with pain and passion. Again I tried unavailingly to soothe him—he must have felt the strong tide of life ebbing, but it seemed only to nerve him on to speaking.

"I had left in New Orleans rare beauties, my own cousins—proud, elegant women; I have frittered time away over soulless creatures; I have believed myself in love with these moths, glittering, gaudy, vain beings; but never had I loved truly till I saw Nina. You do not know what it cost me to confess this even to myself. I, who had dreamed of glory all my life—I, who had proudest of blood in my veins—I to love a woman tainted with African lineage! I feel wild—the room swims—hush, you must listen! Nina's voice was rich with melody, but it became torture. Her gentle, healing touch distracted me, her light footfall, her winning womanliness and modesty all jarred. I was nearly mad, and because I loved her—loved her whose price was *three thousand dollars!*

"I can see the room where I lay day after day battling dire thoughts—wan and weak, weaker than now, for to-night I am strong. My wound would not heal, for my brain was on fire. So lying there on the nice white pillows, fanned or read to by that beautiful, sad, passionate woman, who, even in her nice sense of beauty and order, in her loving desire to please, in her longing to amuse or change the current of my unhappy thoughts, betrayed the same emotion which was galling me. She wreathed flowers dextrously; she cooked the most delicate birds for my fastidious appetite; she sang softly low-toned ballads, rich and sweet, in old French words. And I, cold, mute, passive, listened with ears intent to hear, eyes aching to drink in her loveliness; for she was lovely—yes, though worth only *three thousand dollars!*

"I will stop soon; you are kind to be patient. I was dreaming one night of past scenes—of my beautiful, fashionable cousins; but their faces became suddenly dark and vicious as imps; their voices taunting, mocking me with my love of glory, my hopes of fame; for it seemed as if Nina had told them of my love for her, and in their impishness it became a matter of rare sport to jeer and mock me with my sudden fall from greatness, from ancestral pride. I suppose I spoke aloud in my dreams, for as I woke a pale face, whose dark eyes were floating with tears, vanished like a vision before me. So I knew that Nina had heard all. The next day I was left all alone. Oh, how long it was! how wearily impatient I became for my kind nurse, my tender friend! The day wore away, and evening came. In the long, tranquil twilight I watched the stars as a sick man will, longing for Nina. She came at last, slowly, feebly, as if very tired, very weary and depressed. For the first time I drew her close to me, her unresisting head down on my bosom, and told her that I loved her better than life, better than fame, better than any human being in the wide, wide world. She was very still; only her soft breath on my cheek, only the beating of her heart close to mine told me that she heard. Again I spoke, more intensely, more impatiently, told her all my struggles; my whole heart poured itself out, and still she knelt at my side in silence.

"'Speak, Nina!' I said; 'only say one word.'

"'I would die for you—I would die; but I can not live and be yours,' was her only reply.

"'But, Nina, you must. Have I not given up all? am I not willing to resign a claim which the world acknowledges—good birth—?' I was going on when she passionately exclaimed,

"'I can not bear it—stop! I can not be beneath even you! I have no tame woman's heart; I have the fire of the South burning, leaping in my veins!' She rose quickly, standing beside me in her beautiful indignation, pride and love struggling together as they had done with me. Her words came wildly fast and almost incoherent. She spoke of her white father bitterly, witheringly; of her slave mother with unmixed contempt; of the world in disdain, almost cursing her Creator. She was in a passion of wild grief; of utter, unsubdued anguish. I tried to allay her sorrow, assuring her of my love. Gradually she calmed down; tears came to her relief. She caressed me as if I had been a little child she had unwittingly injured—all harshness, all reproach ceased to issue from her lips. It was like the hushing of a storm, the gentle rain after flashing electricity and gusts of furious wind.

"I recalled my childish lessons, long forgotten—of humility, of a Heavenly Father's love and mercy, spite of seeming disfavor.

"Poor Nina, how quietly she listened!

"It was late when she bade me good-night, but I thought her happier when we parted.

"I do not know how long I had slept when I was wakened by strange outcries, scuffling noises, remonstrance, rough replies, and, as I staggered weakly to the door, a sharp report. Two men rushed quickly past out of the house, leaving all silent within, excepting a low sound which I knew to be Nina's voice. I called, and presently the elder woman came, very much excited and alarmed, saying that the men were slave-catchers in search of Nina, whom, by their going so hastily away, she feared was injured. The boy came also quaking into my room, where they at last brought my poor Nina. She was indeed wounded, mortally—whether by her own hand I could scarcely determine, though I think it must have been in self-defense.

"She opened her beautiful eyes only once upon me, then closed them with the same tired, weary expression I had noticed in the evening. We watched her through the night, but human aid could not avail. She was gone before morning—to where she could not be sold for three thousand dollars!

"Dieu! do you wonder I deserted? Do you wonder I want to live to meet those wretches? Glory has been my dream—now vengeance has its place!"

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," was my answer, as the deserter's grasp tightened. His pale face glowed suddenly, his proud lips quivered, a convulsive smile played over his fine features—the broad band of moonlight still shimmered over the little cot. The soldier had joined the ranks above.

MAY FLOWERS.

It had been the stupidest evening. A little singing, a little dancing, and a little talking. Singing! Fancy a great guy of a girl making mouths over that divine song of tender sorrow—"Den lieben langen Tag." Actually roaring it out in a hoarse, strident voice—those mournful, melancholy periods! It makes me shiver to think of it now.

And the dancing! Somebody thrumming on a piano the "Leduc Lancers," in a limping, hap-hazard kind of manner; and the choicest partner in the room a youth who performed remarkable bows, and said, "Yaas, chawming!"

That youth—I can see him now! He wore his hair parted in the middle, affected the English drawl, and knew the latest fashion before it was an hour old. You wouldn't be likely to have your heart

> "Whirled by the whirlings of the waltz,
> The fine magnetic manliness,"

in dancing with this specimen. No, I should think not.

But the talking! Talking? Twaddle! A graceless gossip, with now and then a suggestion of slander—just a breath of the malaria.

Don't you know how it's done? A mention of some name, ominous silences, uplifting of eyebrows, compression of lips, and the poison is at work as surely as if a Babel of tongues had proclaimed it.

Why do nine-tenths of the women of our day cry out against Mr. Thackeray? Why do they declare his pictures of society are false and cynical? Because nine-tenths of the women recognize how fearfully and wonderfully they are made by these sharp strokes of Mr. Thackeray's pencil; and the likeness frightens and shames them; so they hide their faces, and cry, "It is false!"

They are not brave enough, not honest enough, not simple enough, many of them, to take the truth and let it teach them better manners, better taste, and more Christian charity. They are afraid of themselves, they are afraid of each other, and they are afraid of Mr. Thackeray.

But I am not going to enter into a discussion of this matter now. I only wanted to give you an idea of the social state that evening; and— Well, to go on, as I said, a little singing, a little dancing, and a little talking; and I had tried all three, and found the yield of amusement and satisfaction dry and barren.

I had just finished a waltz with Tommy Meyrun, the little dandy, and was standing in the embrasure of a bay-window, leaning against the lowered sash with a dull, angry, bored feeling, out of patience with myself and all the world, specially little Tommy, when whiff! white violets and fern leaves—that was the odor. And then such a rush of recollections came!

Don't you understand that? Perfumes, you know, are associations sometimes. You remember what Holmes says in the Autocrat: "Memory, imagination, old sentiments, and associations are more readily reached through the sense of smell than by almost any other channel."

His specialty was marigolds and the yellow everlasting. Mine was the odor of white violets and young fern leaves.

I think if I were asleep, and any one should place a handful of these on my pillow, that I should either awaken at once with the never-forgotten fragrance thrilling my heart, or else my soul would wander off into a dream—and no dream, perhaps, but a vision, who can tell?—of a spring day long past, when a girl, half a child, a girl not yet fifteen, standing by the brink of a river, lost in her vague sweet fancies, suddenly finds herself covered and crowned by May's fresh dainties—white violets and the feathery plumes of the fern. Shaken down in loose bunches, the delicate sprays and slips settled in her hair, her arms, and dropped into her breast. Before a start of surprise can come, she meets a face smiling at her in the smooth water of the river—a boy's face, arch, mischievous, and manly. And a gay frolic ensues. The flowers serve as missiles, and rain harmlessly about, flung by the vigorous young hands.

That was all. The day went, and years went. The boy goes out into the world, and sees a dozen faces, fairer to him perhaps, which erases the girl face of that day from his memory, it may be altogether. And the girl, as years flowed on, ceased to think of the boy-lover, or admirer—it was hardly a passion. A score of friends—maybe lovers, maybe admirers—had taken his place. But an odor of white violets and fern leaves breathes up from woods and dells, and straightway the most curious sense of loss and desolation pierces and thrills. A flash, and the picture comes: the spring day, the smooth flowing river, and the young faces meeting there. This was my experience over and over again. This was my experience now, standing there in the window embrasure, leaning against the lowered sash.

A curious sense of loss and desolation. That was the oddest part of it. Why should I feel that invariably with the remembrance? No doubt you will think I am very missyish and sentimental when I tell you my fancy about it. If regret was in it, it was not for the time, nor the emotions of the time, but rather for the promise of splendid manhood and the possibilities lying in that promise. Possibilities and realizations which had never— Ah, well! I was standing by the window there, you know, when all this came again with that whiff of violets and fern leaves. But whence came the violets and ferns?

I looked out into the May night. No, never in that trim lawny garden space. I did not think of looking within. Within! Where, drooping in the button-hole of Tommy Meyrun's faultless coat, or withering in the bosom of one of those chattering magpies?

Violets here! So I kept my eyes down and mused. Whiff—again—nearer, sweeter. A shadow between me and the lights beyond. I glanced up.

Marmaduke Evan.

"How do you do, Duke?" and I put my hand out to meet his.

"How do you do, Daphne?"

My name was Margaret, but he had an odd fancy of calling me Daphne. And there in his left hand, swinging idly at his side, hung the fern feathers and a bunch of white violets. He lifted them to view.

"I've been Maying, you see."

"Yes; how lovely!" and I eyed them wistfully.

He surveyed my dress a moment, then held out his flowers.

I knew he had a peculiar sense of fitness. What you would call artistic.

"They quite suit you," he said; "will you wear them?"

My dress was all white—a vapory muslin with soft puffs of lace half covering the material—and not an ornament nor a suggestion of ribbon.

While I fastened them at my bosom he went on talking about them.

"I have a fancy for this odd combination of tree and flower," he said, musingly. "They have a peculiar charm for me."

I looked up curiously, half disappointedly too, I believe. A sense of invasion, as if it had been my exclusive right and privilege to have associations connected with these odors. But he did not answer the look—he gave no explanation; instead, kept on:

"There must have been a spell upon me to bring these here to-night. You were no doubt waiting for them;" and he smiled half dreamily, half archly, at his own words.

"I know the combination well," I remarked, as I mused over the slender pointed lances, striking against my white dress its pale green blades.

"That is rather odd," he returned, apparently surprised.

"Odd—why?" and *I* was surprised.

What mutual mystery were we running darkly against through this foliage of flowers.

"Why? Well, it's a singular combination; don't you think so? Violets and ferns?"

"I don't know—is it? How did the fancy come to you?" I questioned.

"Oh, it is a simple accident of association. I had a cousin who was fond of them. A splendid good fellow, always in the woods, and knew every thing about nature. You should have heard him talk. He had multitudes of stories of trees and plants; associations of course followed, and this was one. Yes, a splendid good fellow. I always think of what one of his friends said of him, the only perfect bit of inscription I ever heard applied to such a soul. 'His heart lies so close to Nature that he feels every throb she gives, and so his life has become regulated by her sweet and pure pulsations.'"

"A flower soul," I said.

"Yes, just. Perfectly manly, yet as delicate and sensitive as a woman in his tastes and habits."

A full, sweet breath came wafting up then from the violets, and I thrilled again with my sense of loss.

Perfectly manly, yet as delicate and sensitive as a delicate woman in his habits and tastes. That was what I had lost. That was the possibility of my boy-lover—I like the word "lover" for its earnestness. That was what he might have been if he had lived, I felt sure.

But coming back from the past to the present, I asked:

"And this cousin, where is he now?"

"Where is he? Oh, dead long ago—three years or more."

The extreme regret, the yearning meaning of this, told more than any thing what he was to him—"dead long ago—three years or more." That three years was an age to him; very long indeed in separation. And do you believe actually that I felt bereft too? "Dead, both dead! The type was rare. We shall not be likely to see their like again," I mused over to myself.

I wanted to know more of this cousin but did not care to cross into his shadow again.

There is something about Duke Evan that makes it difficult to follow up a subject when once he gets silent and thoughtful. Not so much the preoccupation stays you as an assertion of reserve, quite unexpected and positive. Unexpected, because

Duke Evan is ordinarily the most insouciant person—toasted easy and indifferent, and pleasant-tempered. A wit too, and altogether delightful. So you see this trait of reserve in the midst of such a one surprised you. I had never felt very near selfishness myself, I was closely acquainted, though not called such other Duke and Daphne from the first, and the first two years or so. But who felt near to Duke Evan? Easy and indifferent, and pleasant-tempered, there was a glittering thread of sensibility running through all. He didn't like to show silent dreams which drew little invisible lines between himself and his companions.

I imagined the cause of this one, the hero-cousin of the flower association, and I looked at the statuesque Daphne and thought, "Ah, that's why she wants your life in dreams—why not make a hero of yourself? Plenty of material—youth, health, and tolerable looks." But I was not to be drawn in the dull routine of elegant leisure. Wit filtered out in the frightening manner society by satire and ridicule only. Manly muscle and robust health employed for easeful personal pleasures merely."

But I was not thought of then.

Day after day, week after week, month after month, and still I held my tongue. Daphne had a reservation of regard which I had not felt before. From that night of the violet remembrance Duke Evan and I had grown together more cordially. We were friends—*friends*, that was all. So the time went on. The wood, of course, was cleared, and the fine evening gave it a warmer name, gave us to each other; but it did not change our relation. Duke Evan was the same as ever—easy friend, my brother—not the man of resolute aims who should rule my life. Idle, purposeless, he drifted with the tide held to the splendid possibility of manhood, which I had conceived, which alone would fill my heart, content me. I thought then no one knew Duke Evan so well as I. I who had discovered, or to whom accident, circumstance, had discovered the deep, hidden nature under the careless exterior, underlying the careless exterior. A breath of violets, a touch of the hand—I was sure about it. Yes, I knew him well, and I liked him much, all the time deploring the purposeless life. But it was a pleasant friendship.

"You'll marry him yet," my Aunt Deane said, in her wise, provoking way.

I laughed.

"You don't know Duke Evan and me," I returned.

"I know Duke Evan is just the man for you," she retorted, "and you'll find it out some day. I forgive it you in this. But that's just the way you girls go playing with happiness. You don't know it is there or it straight before you. Now, I fancy some marvelous destiny when a fair face outlies at your feet. You know the verse:

"Oh, why should we change by foreign sighing
For the far-off unattained and dim,
While the joys all around us are lying
Often up to love, perpetual hymn?

Remember, I say, what you are fancying in the wonderful distance is here at your feet."

I laughed at the idea of Duke Evan's lying at my feet; a man to whom I had been almost as even in the words of gallantry or sentiment. A thoroughly good friend, nothing more nor less; and I told her so. Daphne and he had become such friends as

"The very man for you. Your ideal hero."

My Aunt Deane mildly chorded this suggestion this presumptuous assertion.

My hero! was he like Duke Evan? And before my mental eyes there arose a vague dream of possibilities. I did not tell it to my aunt, she would have called me foolish.

And it was that very night that I talked over this matter of heroes with Duke Evan himself, which gave me the key to his character. Which was here.

He had come in dressed for a party, handsome, idle, elegant, *ennui*. And sitting there, drawing on a pair of maize-colored gloves, he suddenly asks,

"Daphne, Jessie, what is love?"

I gave a gaze of surprise. I didn't know what he meant.

"Reading for?" I said, puzzled.

"Yes.

"For still within her deep she lies,
The sealed heart, the sealed eyes,
And love, love is the spell to raise,
To find her locked in silence dumb."[1]

Oh, I knew now. Perhaps to some persons, to most persons, this would have been an answer to this, or at least no serious answer; but Duke and I were such good friends, you know, I could say my thing to him. So I said now, laughing a little and coloring, "I'm waiting for my hero, Duke."

"For your hero! Why, you have him. What is he like, Daphne? A fairy prince?"

"Don't get satirical, Duke, with me," I retorted.

"Satirical, Margaret? I'm in serious, solemn earnest. Is love a fairy prince? Answer it."

He always called me "Margaret" when he wished to be particularly grave.

"Well," I began, musingly, thinking not so much of my words as my fancies, "he is no fairy prince, but a true and simple soul—a man to rely upon."

A moment after and I was sorry that I had spoken of myself, and I blushed like a hot-proof spun his peculiar weakness. And I thought I saw a look of pain in his face, but I could not be sure, and I was ashamed for some time, then he said, slowly,

"I to conquer fate! Do you think that an easy thing to do, Daphne?"

"Not easy, perhaps, but a necessity to some nature," I felt constrained to answer.

"But when one sees nothing fit to conquer. A man must hide his time, you know," he said wistfully.

"Yes, but often in the hiding he loses it altogether," I answered, with, I am afraid, more vexation than I should have felt.

For some time he did not speak. I raised my eyes and I had it was looking back amidst the cushions of the couch, whistling softly one of the Strauss waltzes. By-and-by he spoke, as if he had been speculating on the matter:

"Margaret, you should have married my cousin. You would have found your hero then."

"And lost him," I concluded.

"And lost him—for a while—yes. Perhaps it would have saved him, though. His flung his life away on the Alps there. A splendid good fellow, but never content—never at rest. Your admiration for achievement must have been satisfied in him. The heroism that never lies idle, that throws on its explorations—and yet always athirst! If he had lived the world would have been richer for his experience."

A soft sigh escaped him, the mournful wistfulness returned to his face, and he rose to go, buttoning the maize-colored gloves with that weary air he had worn now and then, which is so melancholy and painful.

This was the man whom my Aunt Deane had prophesied I should marry! You see how much better I understood the matter. How much better I understood Duke Evan than she did.

Not many days after this he came in with the announcement, "Daphne, I'm going to Europe."

"No!"

"Yes!" And he laughed at my amaze.

"When?"

He then received my passage for the next steamer. She sails on Monday."

This was Thursday.

I was conscious of a sharp thrill—a thrill of regret. I should miss this pleasant friend.

"I'm sorry you're going, for my own sake, Duke," I said.

"Are you?" he asked, with his rare, wistful expression.

"Yes, I shall miss you; and the violets, Duke. Who will remember my violets next May?"

"Oh, perhaps next May will find me here again. Perhaps never—and many a time; the world will have a vacancy that I can fill. I seem to be of little use now. Good-by?" holding out his hand.

"But I shall see you again?" I exclaimed.

"No, I must go to the city to-night; my arrangements will probably detain me there until I leave."

"How very sudden!" I broke in.

"No, not very. I have been contemplating the journey for some time."

"And no confidence of it until now."

"No; that is my way, Daphne. I never talk of action until I am ready to act.

"Well, then I am ready for me to learn in Duke Evan, after all. Here was a quality I had never suspected.

But he smiled, holding out his hand.

"Good-by!" and I put my own within it.

The next moment he had stooped over me and touched my cheek with his lips. "You would have been my cousin, you know," he said, with a little sad smile, a recollection which touched me strangely; and in another second he was gone.

This was the last time—the November of 1860. In the winter that followed I missed him more than I can tell—missed his pleasant talk, his gracious manner, his light and airy humor. Always kindly, always kindly and considerate.

The war had begun, and during thought of another nature too. War brooded in the atmosphere, and fluttered its dark wings with boding, invisible threatenings over the land. And as battle after battle preached, and the crisis drew nearer, it was fine to hear the brave, hot words men spoke here in the North; to feel that, spite of the party faction that had raged, there was a splendid majority of loyal hearts!

In the midst of this enthusiasm I fancied the wistful, half-static stand, the easy, smiling outlook, which Duke Evan had taken upon himself. I knew his way.

But in the time I had heard nothing from him; no one had heard any thing from him. That was his way too. I wondered when he would come back, and where. Perhaps; perhaps never! It was getting into May now rapidly, and I should miss my May flowers.

May—and throughout the North rang the notes of preparation! The "blood-red blossom of war" had burst into full bloom and flower!

All alone one night I sat waiting and watching for the boy who was to bring me some violets, sick of arms, the call of the bugle, and the long, low roll of the drum came distinctly to me on the sweet May wind.

Waiting and watching!

Then a step, a ring, a step grated on the walk. "The news-boy!"

I ran to the door, out upon the steps, to be met by a man in a long cloak and shuffler. I turned, startled, disappointed. I wanted the paper, and who was this? It was too dark to distinguish.

"Daphne!"

"Oh! is it you, Duke?" and I gave him both my hands in the joy of all about the past.

"What were you rushing out here for," he said, "like a child, bareheaded in black," touching my dark dress. "You look uncanny;" and he laughed lightly in his old manner, as if he had gone back to his accustomed ease.

Going in with me, under the gas-light he stopped and said, smiling, "I have come back to bring your May flowers, Daphne;" and he held out the well-remembered combination—the violet and fern.

"Have you kept their spell?" I took them, I scented the well-known odor, but the association came not as vividly as before. Instead, a sense of pleasure in the present hour alone possessed me. I was glad to get my friend again, and I told him so.

"Then you have missed me, Daphne?" he asked.

"Yes, and it is pleasant to welcome you home."

"But, Daphne, I have only come to say good-by again."

I glanced up surprised.

"Where now?"

He wheeled a chair for me near the wood-fire that sparkled on the hearth, and came and sat beside me.

"Margaret," he began, earnestly, "when I went away I said to you, 'Perhaps next May will find me here again.' Perhaps some need may arise—the world may have a vacancy that I can fill.' The need has arisen. There is a vacancy. I have found my place, Margaret."

I started. "What is it? You don't mean—Where are you going?" I uttered, confusedly.

"I am going to put myself in the ranks of those who are called to save the country from utter ruin and dissolution," he answered.

I was silent with surprise. This is not what I had expected. I thought I knew him so well!

"It is a solemn need which has arisen," he went on. "I think God that I have lived to serve in it. If I may live to see the old flag floating freely once more, and the nation purged of its sin, I shall feel that life has not been in vain." He, on the contrary, I go to meet death, I am sure that it is not a useless sacrifice."

I looked upon the earnest, thoughtful face as these words were uttered.

A flash went over me. A mist rolled from my mental vision.

A dull cudgeon we sat there talking gravely and quietly of his purpose. When he rose to go he took from his breast-pocket a little package, saying,

"Margaret, I have to leave this in your charge. If I come back, I shall reclaim it; if not, I wish you to keep it."

He unfolded the wrappings—a miniature likeness in water-colors of a fine manly face met my gaze, and lying against it a tiny bunch of pressed leaves and flowers. What? Yes, the violet sent Eva. And I saw now the connection between the face. It was shaded and disguised now by a full, flowing beard, but—

"Who is it?" I asked, quickly.

"The cousin I have told you of."

"And his name?"

"His name? Did I never tell you? Lorrimer, Max Lorrimer."

I sat down stupefied.

"And these flowers?"

"He had a passion for them, and these were of his own cultivation in Switzerland. He sent them pressed as you see them."

"Did you know I was here—I thought he died in boyhood; I heard so," I said, in a dream. My companion looked at me amazed.

"You thought—how did you ever know?"

I told him what I knew.

"So," he said, his eyes fixed with that old wistful expression, "I think you would have been my little cousin in reality, Margaret, if Fate had been kinder to me. But I am glad I have found my cousin's betrothed-mate, who used to remind him of a white violet. I am glad to know that the violet love one day, he found her standing by the river's brink, and crowned her with the very flowers. How strange that I, who have had so little share in this love mystery all this time! And you will never find your hero now, Daphne."

I looked at him. A hero! What makes a hero? I thought. An image of simple courage and unconsciousness without a shadow of envy to a successful companion. A soul that, while comprehending and feeling fine, could calmly face the present emergency with a deep and solemn sense of duty. Did not this make a hero?

And there flashed over my mind the words:

"Oh, why thus longing, why forever sighing
For the far-off unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers its low, perpetual hymn?"

As I looked up his eyes, Duke Evan's eyes, met mine.

The old wistful expression. What if my aunt was right—what if he—

"No, Margaret," he said again, breaking the silence, "you must find your hero now."

Some impulse made me utter quickly, "I have found him!"

A sudden spasm went over his face. In it I read, how much? and he never suspected even now: but in his eyes I read only what he chose to show me, constrained the crimson color that surged to my brow, nor was my self-control put to a severer test.

"Margaret!"—he leaned forward—"am I in a dream: do I read rightly?"

I put out my hand. "I have found my hero, Duke." I saw him smile in modest depreciation; but he was content, for he was sure, and he knew that I loved him. The nine years' old romance lies sweet and calm with the dead white violets here. I had pursued a shadow while the substance waited at my door.

May, 1862—and again on my breast blooms the violet and the fern; and a young soldier writes me:

"The May flowers in your letter, Daphne, still keep their perfume. Ah, Daphne, Daphne, when they come again I may gather them with you. In the mean time, the good work goes on. The nation is being purged of its sin. And I, Margaret, am content, for I have found my place in love and life."

THE POOL AND THE BROOK.

How silently it slumbereth,
The deep and silent pool,
Without a ripple on its face
To make its shadows cool;

While from it trills a noisy brook,
With wavelets sparkling bright,
Whose shallow waters waste and dry
When summer's at its height.

The one, like envious emotion, deep
Within the silent heart;
The other, trifling feelings, which
Dry up as they depart.

[1] Longfellow.



THE STARVING PEOPLE OF NEW ORLEANS FED BY THE UNITED STATES MILITARY AUTHORITIES.—[See Page 383.]



HON. MOSES F. ODELL, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM BROOKLYN, N. Y.—[PHOT. BY WILLIAMSON.]

HON. MOSES F. ODELL.

THE HON. MOSES F. ODELL, the patriotic Member of Congress from the Brooklyn District, was born at Tarrytown, Westchester County, on the 16th of February, 1818. His family removed to New York City shortly after his birth, and here and in Brooklyn Mr. Odell grew up, receiving his education in the common schools of the city. Early in life he received an appointment in the Customhouse, where he soon proved himself a peculiarly valuable public servant, and for twenty-six years passed step by step till he was made Assistant-Collector, which post he held during the Administration of President Polk. Being a Democrat, when the Taylor Administration came in Mr. Odell was removed from his post and put to smaller duty. He was, however, shortly replaced, notwithstanding his politics, the Collector finding him indispensable. He continued to hold his place under Collectors Bronson and Redfield till he resigned, under the latter. During this long term of responsible, laborious, and often irksome office, he gained and retained the esteem of the merchants of this city, and achieved a reputation for clear-headedness and the ability to transact a great amount of business, in a manner satisfactory to all with whom it came in contact, and which has made him a great favorite with the business community of New York. Under the Administration of Mr. Buchanan he held the post of Public Appraiser in this city.

Mr. Odell has always been a Democrat. In early life he was for a short time President of the Brooklyn Empire Club, and all his life he has taken a strong interest in the success of the Democratic party, though never seeking office. Last fall he was nominated, on the Douglas ticket, for Congress. The chances for his election were not good. The member of Congress from the District, Mr. Humphreys, was a Republican, and a gentleman of unexceptionable character, personally liked by his constituents; and the Breckinridge wing of the Democratic party nominated a candidate, and thus caused that horror of politicians, a "split ticket." Nevertheless, Mr. Odell was elected over both his competitors, his sterling character and great personal popularity carrying him far ahead of his ticket. He was, we believe, the only Democrat elected on the ticket.

He did not take his seat in Congress till the meeting of the extra session, on July 4, 1861. Meantime the rebellion had broken out. Brooklyn hastened to send a regiment to defend the capital and the Union; and in those first days, when Democrats and Republicans mingled more still and looked at with some degree of suspicion, he took his stand in a speech delivered to his constituents and to the soldiers going away to the war. The following short extract from that speech is an index to his conduct ever since. He said: "The position I stand in toward the Government and toward you, makes it right that you should hear my views. . . . I am for the Constitution of the country and for the enforcement of the laws—for the Stars and Stripes—for the flag which has protected us all. That flag has been trailed in the dust and spit on by those whom it protected. I have no apology to make for those who did this, and I have no quarter to give until that insult has been avenged. It is well known, to you, gentlemen, that I was elected as a Democrat. I have been identified with that party since I came to Brooklyn—more than twenty years ago; but I have no party here to-night. I stand by the Union; I shall be summoned to Washington, and there I shall get there [it was doubtful at that time]—and I shall give my support to any measure that will defeat the foes of the Government. I did what I could to prevent the election of the President. I labored as earnestly against him as many of you did for him. But he was elected—legally, fairly, honestly elected President of this country. He is My President. I shall sustain the President in every thing which I believe to be right, and calculated to put down the men who have made war upon our flag and trampled it under foot. . . . I am with you in this inspiring movement which has spread over the North. My prayers are with those who have gone forth to defend the country, and I believe and pray that God will defend them; for the right is with them, and they will prevail."

His acts will kept his word. When Congress met it was expected by many who knew his peculiar experience and abilities that he would be placed upon the tariff and tax committees. This was not done, probably because the Speaker did not know him. But he was reserved for as important a work. His patriotic speech attracted attention, and, we have heard, gathered around him quite a number of Congressmen, Republicans as well as Democrats; and when it was determined to appoint a Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, Mr. Odell was wisely selected as one of its members. Here he has labored earnestly and effectively ever since, to improve the effectiveness of the army, to expose and prevent frauds, and to aid the Government in its immense labors. We have reason to know that his conduct has secured him the affectionate regard of the President, who values his advice as that of an honest, clear-headed, and single-hearted man, such as Mr. Lincoln is himself.

Mr. Odell is not a speaker, but a man of action. He has not made a speech, in Congress, yet; but he has given all his time to the important labors of the Committee room. During his residence at Washington he has greatly endeared himself to the soldiers by his constant and personal care for their comfort. After the battle of Bull Run he looked after the sick and wounded who crowded the city, and especially those of the gallant 14th (Brooklyn) regiment, many of them young men who had grown up under his eye, in business and at the Sunday-school of the Sands Street Methodist Church, of which he has been for many years the efficient and beloved superintendent. The following paragraph from a recent number of the Washington *Intelligencer* shows that it is not only soldiers whom his active benevolence seeks to help:

"We referred yesterday to the commendable zeal and ability of Senator Wright in the Sabbath-school and other benevolent enterprises. It is our pleasure now to add to the list worthy ones of Christian philanthropists the name of Moses F. Odell, who represents the Brooklyn District, New York, in the House of Representatives, and resides on Capitol Hill. Sunday very materially to the interests of Sabbath-Sunday very materially to the interests of Sabbath-schools in this city, which he has for some time conducted with zeal. Mr. Odell has been a member of the Bible Class in the same school ever since their residence in Washington."

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER III.

TOWARD six o'clock the next morning the light peering in on her face awoke Magdalen in the bedroom in Rosemary Lane.

She started from her deep dreamless repose of exhaustion again, with that mental sense of bewilderment on first waking which is familiar to all sleepers in strange beds. "Norah!" she called out mechanically, when she opened her eyes. The next instant her mind roused itself, and her senses told her the truth. She looked round the miserable room with a loathing recognition of it. The sordid contrast which the place presented to all that she had been accustomed to see in her own bedchamber—the practical abandonment implied in its scanty furniture of those elegant purities of personal habit to which she had been accustomed from her childhood—shocked that sense of bodily self-respect in Magdalen, which is a refined woman's second nature. Contemptible as the influence seemed when compared with her situation at that moment, the bare sight of the jug and basin in a corner of the room decided her first resolution when she woke. She determined, then and there, to leave Rosemary Lane.

How was she to leave it? With Captain Wragge, or without him?

She dressed herself, with a dainty shrinking from every thing in the room which her hands or her clothes touched in the process, and then opened the window. The autumn air felt keen and sweet, and the little patch of sky that she could see was warmly bright already with the new sunlight. Distant voices of bargemen on the river, and the chirping of birds among the weeds which topped the old city wall, were the only sounds that broke the morning silence. She sat down by the window, and searched her mind for the thoughts which she had lost when weariness overcame her on the night before.

The first subject to which she returned was the vagabond subject of Captain Wragge.

The "moral principles" had failed to remove her personal distrust of him, cunningly as he had tried the plea against it by openly confessing the impostures that he had practiced on others. He had raised her opinion of his ability; he had amused her by his humor; he had astonished her by his assurance, but he had left her original conviction that he was a Rogue exactly where it was when he first met with her. If the one design then in her mind had been the design of going on the stage, she would at all hazards have rejected the more than doubtful assistance of Captain Wragge on the spot.

But the perilous journey on which she had now adventured herself had another end in view—an end distant and distant—an end with pitfalls hidden on the way to it, far other than the pitfalls which lay in the way to the stage. In the mysterious stillness of the morning her mind looked on to its second and its deeper design, and the dangerous figure of the swindler rose before her in a new view.

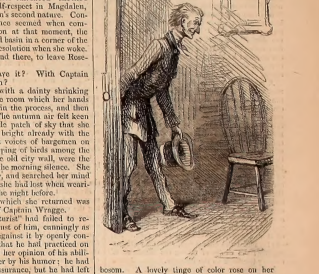
She tried to put him out—to feel above him and beyond him again, as she had felt up to this time.

After a little trifling with her dress, she took from her bosom the white silk bag which her own hands had made on the farewell night at Combe-Raven, and drew together at the mouth with delicate silken strings. The first thing she took out, on opening it, was a lock of Frank's hair, tied with a morsel of silver thread; the next was a sheet of paper containing the extracts which she had copied from her father's will and her father's letter; the next was a closely folded packet of bank-notes, to the value of nearly two hundred pounds—the produce (as Miss Garth had rightly conjectured) of the sale of her jewelry and her dresses, in which the servant at the boarding-school had privately assisted her. She put back the letter at once, without a second glance at them, and then sat looking thoughtfully at the lock of hair as it lay on her lap. "You are better than Judy," she said, speaking to it with a girl's fanciful tenderness. "I can sit and look at you sometimes till I almost think I am looking at Frank. Oh, my darling! my darling!" Her voice faltered softly, and she put the lock of hair, with a languid gentleness, to her lips. It fell from her fingers into her bosom. A lovely tinge of color rose on her cheeks, and spread downward to her neck, as if it followed the falling hair. She closed her eyes, and let her face bend droop softly. The world passed from her, and for one enchanted moment Love opened the gates of Paradise to the daughter of Eve.

The trivial noises in the neighboring street, gathering in number as the morning advanced, forced her back to the hard realities of the passing time. She raised her head with a heavy sigh, and opened her eyes once more on the mean and miserable little room.

The extracts from the will and the letter—those last memorials of her father, now so closely associated with the purpose which had possession of her mind—still lay before her. The transient color faded from her face as she spread the little manuscript open on her lap. The extracts from the will stood highest on the page; they were limited to those few touching words, in which the dead father begged his children's forgiveness for the stain on their birth, and implored them to remember the untiring love and care by which he had striven to atone for it. The extract from the letter to Mr. Pendril came next. She read the last melancholy sentences over to herself: "For God's sake, come on the day when you receive this—come and relieve me from the dreadful thought that my two darling girls are at this moment unprovided for. If my thing happened to me, and if my desire to do their mother justice existed (through my miserable ignorance of the law) in leaving Norah and Magdalen disinherited, I should not rest in my grave!" Under these lines again, and close at the bottom of the page, was written the terrible commentary on that letter which had fallen from Mr. Pendril's lips: "Mr. Vanstone's daughters are Nobody's Children, and the law leaves them helpless at their uncle's mercy."

Helpless when those words were spoken—helpless still, after all that she had resolved, after all that she had sacrificed. The assertion



"WHO THE DEVIL WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT? SHE CAN ACT, AUNTIE ALL!"

of her natural rights, and her sister's, sanctioned by the direct expression of her father's last wishes; the recall of Frank from China; the justification of her desertion of Norah—all hung on her desperate purpose of recovering the lost inheritance, at any risk, from the man who had beggared and insulted his brother's children. And that man was still a shadow to her! So little did she know of him that she was even ignorant at that moment of his place of abode.

She rose and paced the room with the noiseless, negligent grace of a wild creature of the forest in its cage. "How can I reach him in the dark?" she said to herself. "How can I find out—?" She stopped suddenly. Before the question had shaped itself to an end in her thoughts Captain Wragge was back in her mind again.

A man well used to working in the dark; a man with endless resources of audacity and cunning; a man who would hesitate at no mean employment that could be offered to him, if it was employment that filled his pockets—was this the instrument for which, in its present need, her hand was waiting? Two of the necessities to be met, before she could take a single step in advance, were plainly present to her—the necessity of knowing more of her father's brother than she knew now, and the necessity of throwing him off his guard by concealing herself personally during the process of inquiry. Resolutely self-dependent as she was, the inevitable spy's work at the outset must be work delegated to another. In her position was there any ready human creature within reach but the vagabond down stairs? Not one. She thought of it anxiously, she thought of it long. Not one! There the choice was, steadily confronting her: the choice of taking the Rogue or of turning her back on the Purpose.

She paused in the middle of the room. "What can he do at his worst?" she said to herself. "Cheat me. Well! if my money governs him for me, what then? Let him have my money!" She returned mechanically to her place by the window. A moment more decided her. A moment more, and she took the first fatal step downward—she determined to face the risk and try Captain Wragge.

At nine o'clock the landlady knocked at Magdalen's door, and informed her (with the captain's kind compliments) that breakfast was ready.

She found Mrs. Wragge alone, attired in a voluminous brown holland wrapper, with a limp cape, and a trimming of dingy pink ribbon. The ex-waitress at Darch's Dining-Rooms was absorbed in the contemplation of a large dish, containing a leathery-looking substance of a mottled yellow color, profusely sprinkled with little black spots.

"There it is!" said Mrs. Wragge. "Omelette with herbs. The landlady helped me. And that's what we've made of it. Don't you ask the captain for any when he comes in—don't—there's a good soul! It isn't nice. We had some accidents with it. It's been under the grate. It's been spilled on the stairs. It's scalded the landlady's youngest boy—he went and sat on it. Bless you, it isn't half as nice as it looks! Don't you ask for any. Perhaps he won't notice if you say nothing about it. What do you think of my wrapper? I should so like to have a white one! Have you got a white one? How is it trimmed? Do tell me!"

The formidable entrance of the captain suspended the next question on her lips. Fortunately for Mrs. Wragge her husband was far too anxious for the promised expression of Magdalen's decision to pay his customary attention to questions of cookery. When breakfast was over he dismissed Mrs. Wragge, and merely referred to the omelette by telling her that she had his full permission to "give it to the dog."

"How does my little proposal look by daylight?" he asked, placing chairs for Magdalen and himself. "Which is it to be: 'Captain Wragge, take charge of me?' or, 'Captain Wragge, good-morning?'"

"You shall hear directly," replied Magdalen. "I have something to say first. I told you last night that I had another object in view besides the object of earning my living on the stage—"

"I beg your pardon," interposed Captain Wragge. "Did you say, earning your living?"

"Certainly. Both my sister and myself must depend on our own exertions to gain our daily bread."

"What!!!" cried the captain, starting to his feet with a blank stare of dismay. "The daughters of my wealthy and lamented relative by marriage reduced to earn their own living? Impossible—wildly, extravagantly impossible!" He sat down again, and looked at Magdalen as if she had inflicted a personal injury on him.

"You are not acquainted with the full extent of our misfortune," she said, quietly. "I will tell you what has happened before I go any farther." She told him at once, in the plainest terms she could find, and with as few details as possible.

Captain Wragge's profound bewilderment left him conscious of but one distinct result, produced by the narrative on his own mind. The lawyer's offer of Fifty Pounds Reward for the missing young lady ascended instantly to a place in his estimation which it had never occupied until that moment.

"Do I understand," he inquired, "that you are entirely deprived of present resources?"

"I have sold my jewelry and my dresses," said Magdalen, impatient of his mean harping on the pecuniary string. "If my want of experience keeps me back in a theatre I can afford to wait till the stage can afford to pay me."

Captain Wragge mentally apprized the rings, bracelets, and necklaces, the silks, satins, and laces of the daughter of a gentleman of fortune, at—say a third of their real value. In a moment more the Fifty Pounds Reward suddenly sank again to the lowest depths in the deep estimation of this judicious man.

"Just so," he said, in his most business-like manner. "There is not the least fear, my dear girl, of your being kept back in a theatre if you possess present resources, and if you profit by my assistance."

"I must accept more assistance than you have already offered or none," said Magdalen. "I have more serious difficulties before me than the difficulty of leaving York, and the difficulty of finding my way to the stage."

"You don't say so! I am all attention; pray explain yourself."

She considered her next words carefully before they passed her lips.

"There are certain inquiries," she said, "which I am interested in making. If I undertook them myself, I should excite the suspicion of the person inquired after, and should learn little or nothing of what I wish to know. If the inquiries could be made by a stranger, without my being seen in the matter, a service would be rendered me of much greater importance than the service you offered last night."

Captain Wragge's vagabond face became gravely and deeply attentive.

"May I ask," he said, "what the nature of the inquiries is likely to be?"

Magdalen hesitated. She had necessarily mentioned Michael Vanstone's name in informing the captain of the loss of her inheritance. She must inevitably mention it to him again if she employed his services. He would doubtless discover it for himself, by a plain process of inference, before she said many words more, frame them as carefully as she might. Under these circumstances was there any intelligible reason for shrinking from direct reference to Michael Vanstone? No intelligible reason—and yet she shrank.

"For instance," pursued Captain Wragge, "are they inquiries about a man or a woman, inquiries about an enemy or a friend—"

"An enemy," she answered, quickly.

Her reply might still have kept the captain in the dark, but her eyes enlightened him. "Michael Vanstone!" thought the wary Wragge. "She looks dangerous; I'll feel my way a little farther."

"With regard, now, to the person who is the object of these inquiries," he resumed. "Are you thoroughly clear in your own mind about what you want to know?"

"Perfectly clear," replied Magdalen. "I want to know where he lives, to begin with."

"Yes? And after that?"

"I want to know about his habits; about who the people are whom he associates with; about what he does with his money—" She considered a little. "And one thing more," she said; "I want to know whether there is any woman about his house—a relation, or a housekeeper—who has an influence over him."

"Harmless enough, so far," said the captain. "What next?"

"Nothing. The rest is my secret."

The clouds on Captain Wragge's countenance began to clear away again. He reverted with his customary precision to his customary choice of alternatives. "These inquiries of hers," he thought, "mean one of two things—Mischief, or Money! If it's Mischief, I'll slip through her fingers. If it's Money, I'll make myself useful, with a view to the future."

Magdalen's vigilant eyes watched the progress of his reflections suspiciously. "Captain Wragge," she said, "if you want time to consider, say so plainly."

"I don't want a moment," replied the captain. "Place your departure from York, your dramatic career, and your private inquiries under my care. Here I am, unreservedly at your disposal. Say the word—do you take me?"

Her heart beat fast, her lips turned dry, but she said the word.

"I do."

There was a pause. Magdalen sat silent, struggling with the vague dread of the future which had been roused in her mind by her own reply. Captain Wragge, on his side, was apparently absorbed in the consideration of a new set of alternatives. His hands descended into his empty pockets, and prophetically tested their capacity as receptacles for gold and silver. The brightness of the precious metals was in his face, the smoothness of the precious metals was in his voice, as he provided himself with a new supply of words, and resumed the conversation.

"The next question," he said, "is the question of time. Do these confidential investigations of ours require immediate attention, or can they wait?"

"For the present they can wait," replied Magdalen. "I wish to secure my freedom from all interference on the part of my friends before the inquiries are made."

"Very good. The first step toward accomplishing that object is to beat our retreat—excuse a professional metaphor from a military man—to beat our retreat from York to-morrow. I see my way plainly so far; but I am all abroad, as we used to say in the militia, about my marching orders afterward. The next direction we take ought to be chosen with an eye to advancing your dramatic views. I am all ready, when I know what your views are. How came you to think of the theatre at all? I see the sacred fire burning in you; tell me, who lit it?"

Magdalen could only answer him in one way. She could only look back at the days that were gone forever, and tell him the story of her first step toward the stage at Evergreen Lodge. Captain Wragge listened with his usual politeness, but he evidently derived no satisfactory impression from what he heard. Audiences of friends were audiences whom he privately declined to trust, and the opinion of the stage-manager was the opinion of a man who spoke with his fee in his pocket and his eye on a future engagement.

"Interesting, deeply interesting," he said, when Magdalen had done. "But not conclusive to a practical man. A specimen of your abilities is necessary to enlighten me. I have been on the stage myself; the comedy of The Rivals is familiar to me from beginning to end. A sample is all I want, if you have not forgotten the words—a sample of 'Lucy,' and a sample of 'Julia.'"

"I have not forgotten the words," said Magdalen, sorrowfully; "and I have the little books with me in which my dialogue was written out. I have never parted with them: they remind me of a time—" Her lip trembled, and a pang of the heartache silenced her.

"Nervous," remarked the captain, indulgently. "Not at all a bad sign. The greatest actresses on the stage are nervous. Follow their example, and get over it. Where are the parts? Oh, here they are! Very nicely written, and remarkably clean. I'll give you the cues—it will all be over (as the dentists say) in no time. Take the back drawing-room for the stage, and take me for the audience. Tingle goes the bell, up runs the curtain, order in the gallery, silence in the pit—enter Lucy!"

She tried hard to control herself; she forced back the sorrow—the innocent, natural, human sorrow for the absent and the dead—pleading hard with her for the tears that she refused. Resolutely, with cold, clenched hands, she tried to begin. As the first familiar words passed her lips Frank came back to her from the sea, and the face of her dead father looked at her with the smile of happy old times. The voices of her mother and her sister talked gently in the fragrant country stillness, and the garden-walks at Combe-Raven opened once more on her view. With a faint wailing cry she dropped into a chair, her head fell forward on the table, and she burst passionately into tears.

Captain Wragge was on his feet in a moment. She shuddered as he came near her, and waved him back vehemently with her hand. "Leave me!" she said; "leave me a minute by myself!" The compliant Wragge retired to the front room, looked out of window, and whistled under his breath. "The family spirit again!" he said. "Complicated by hysterics."

After waiting a minute or two he returned to make inquiries.

"Is there any thing I can offer you?" he asked. "Cold water? burned feathers? smelling salts? medical assistance? Shall I summon Mrs. Wragge? Shall we put it off till to-morrow?"

She started up, wild and flushed, with a desperate self-command in her face, with an angry resolution in her manner.

"No!" she said. "I must harden myself—and I will! Sit down again and see me act."

"Bravo!" cried the captain. "Dash at it, my beauty, and it's done!"

She dashed at it with a mad defiance of herself, with a raised voice and a glow like fever in her cheeks. All the artless, girlish charm of the performance in happier and better days was gone. The native dramatic capacity that was in her came, hard and bold, to the surface, stripped of every softening allurement which had once adorned it. She would have saddened and disappointed a man with any delicacy of feeling. She absolutely electrified Captain Wragge. He forgot his politeness; he forgot his long words. The essential spirit of the man's whole vagabond life burst out of him irresistibly in his first exclamation. "Who the devil would have thought it? She *can* act, after all!" The instant the words escaped his lips he recovered himself, and glided off into his ordinary colloquial channels. Magdalen stopped him in the middle of his first compliment. "No," she said; "I have forced the truth out of you for once. I want no more."

"Pardon me," replied the incorrigible Wragge. "You want a little instruction, and I am the man to give it you."

With that answer he placed a chair for her, and proceeded to explain himself.

She sat down in silence. A sullen indifference began to show itself in her manner; her cheeks turned pale again, and her eyes looked wearily vacant at the wall before her. Captain Wragge noted these signs of heart-sickness and discontent with herself after the effort she had made, and saw the importance of rousing her by speaking, for once, plainly and directly to the point. She had set a new value on herself in his mercenary eyes. She had suggested to him a speculation in her youth, her beauty, and her marked ability for the stage, which had never entered his mind until he saw her act. The old militiaman was quick at his shifts. He and his plans had both turned right about together when Magdalen sat down to hear what he had to say.

"Mr. Huxtable's opinion is my opinion," he began. "You are a born actress. But you must be trained before you can do any thing on the stage. I am disengaged—I am competent—I have trained others—I can train you. Don't trust my word: trust my eye to my own interests. I'll make it my interest to take pains with you, and to be quick about it. You shall pay me for my instructions from your profits on the stage. Half your salary for the first year; a third of your salary for the second year; and half the sum you clear by your first benefit in a London theatre. What do you say to that? Have I made it my interest to push you, or have I not?"

So far as appearances went, and so far as the stage went, it was plain that he had linked his interests and Magdalen's together. She briefly told him so, and waited to hear more.

"A month or six weeks' study," continued the captain, "will give me a reasonable idea of what you can do best. All ability runs in grooves; and your groove remains to be found. We can't find it here—for we can't keep you a close prisoner for weeks together in Rosemary Lane. A quiet country place, secure from all interference and interruption, is the place we want for a month certain. Trust my knowledge of Yorkshire, and consider the place found. I see no difficulties any where, except the difficulty of beating our retreat to-morrow."

"I thought your arrangements were made last night?" said Magdalen.

"Quite right," rejoined the captain. "They were made last night, and here they are. We can't leave by railway, because the lawyer's clerk is sure to be on the look-out for you at the York terminus. Very good; we take to the road instead, and leave in our own carriage. Where the deuce do we get it? We get it from the landlady's brother, who has a horse and chaise which he lets out for hire. That chaise comes to the end of Rosemary Lane at an early hour to-morrow morning. I take my wife and my niece out to show them the beauties of the neighborhood. We have a picnic hamper with us which marks our purpose in the public eye. You disfigure yourself in a shawl, bonnet, and veil of Mrs. Wragge's; we turn our backs on York, and away we drive on a pleasure-trip for the day—you and I on the front-seat, Mrs. Wragge and the hamper behind. Good again. Once on the high-road what do we do? Drive to the first station beyond York, northward, southward, or eastward, as may be hereafter determined. No lawyer's clerk is waiting for you there. You and Mrs. Wragge get out—first opening the hamper at a convenient opportunity. Instead of containing chickens and Champagne, it contains a carpet-bag with the things you want for the night. You take your tickets for a place previously determined on, and I take the chaise back to York. Arrived once more in this house I collect the luggage left behind, and send for the woman down stairs. 'Ladies so charmed with such-and-such a place (wrong place, of course) that they have determined to stop there. Pray accept the customary week's rent in place of a week's warning. Good-day.' Is the clerk looking for *me* at the York terminus? Not he. I take my ticket under his very nose; I follow you with the luggage along your line of railway—and where is the trace left of your departure? Nowhere. The fairy has vanished, and the legal authorities are left in the lurch."

"Why do you talk of difficulties?" asked Magdalen. "The difficulties seem to be provided for."

"All but ONE," said Captain Wragge, with an ominous emphasis on the last word. "The Grand Difficulty of humanity from the cradle to the grave—Money." He slowly winked his green eye, sighed with deep feeling, and buried his insolvent hands in his unproductive pockets.

"What is the money wanted for?" inquired Magdalen.

"To pay my bills," replied the captain, with a touching simplicity. "Pray understand! I never was, and never shall be, personally desirous of paying a single farthing to any human creature on the habitable globe. I am speaking in your interests, not in mine."

"My interests?"

"Certainly. You can't get safely away from York to-morrow without the chaise. And I can't get the chaise without money. The landlady's brother will lend it, if he sees his sister's bill receipted, and if he gets his day's hire beforehand—not otherwise. Allow me to put the transaction in a business light. We have agreed that I am to be remunerated for my course of dramatic instruction out of your future earnings on the stage. Very good. I merely draw on my future prospects; and you, on whom those prospects depend, are naturally my banker. For mere argument's sake estimate my share in your first year's salary at the totally inadequate value of a hundred pounds. Halve that sum; quarter that sum—"

"How much do you want?" said Magdalen, impatiently.

Captain Wragge was sorely tempted to take the Reward at the top of the hand-bills as his basis of calculation. But he felt the vast future importance of present moderation; and actually wanting some twelve or thirteen pounds, he merely doubled the amount and said, "Five-and-twenty."

Magdalen took the little bag from her bosom and gave him the money, with a contemptuous wonder at the number of words which he had wasted on her for the purpose of cheating on so small a scale. In the old days at Combe-Raven five-and-twenty pounds flowed from a stroke of her father's pen into the hands of any one in the house who chose to ask for it.

Captain Wragge's eyes dwelt on the little bag as the eyes of lovers dwell on their mistresses. "Happy bag!" he murmured, as she put it back in her bosom. He rose, dived into a corner of the room, produced his neat dispatch-box, and solemnly unlocked it on the table between Magdalen and himself.

"The nature of the man, my dear girl—the nature of the man," he said, opening one of his plump little books bound in calf and vellum. "A transaction has taken place between us. I must have it down in black and white." He opened the book at a blank page and wrote at the top, in a fine mercantile hand: "*Miss Vanstone the Younger: In account with Horatio Wragge, late of the Royal Militia. Dr.—Cr. Sept. 24, 1846. Dr.: To estimated value of H. Wragge's interest in Miss V.'s first year's salary—say £200. Cr. By paid on account £25.*" Having completed the entry—and having also shown, by doubling his original estimate on the Debtor side, that Magdalen's easy compliance with his demand on her had not been thrown away on

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—he captain pressed his blotting-paper over the wet ink, and put away the book with the air of a man who had done a virtuous action, and was above boasting about it.

"Excuse me for leaving you abruptly," he said; "Time is of importance; I must make sure of the chaise. If Mrs. Wragge comes in and her mother—she is not sharp enough to be told her mother's dead—you must say I'm gone for a walk. If she presumes to ask questions exaggerate her immediately. You have only to be firm. Pray take my authority into your own hands and be as hard with Mrs. Wragge as you can." He snatched up his tall hat, bowed, and, tripped out of the room.

Smallpiece's alibi gave her relief of being dead, feeling no more distinct impression than the vague sense of some serious change having taken place in herself and her position, Magdalen let the events of the morning come and go like shadows on her mind, and waited vaguely for what the day might bring forth. After the heat of the day the door opened softly, and the figure of Mrs. Wragge stalked into the room, and stopped opposite Magdalen in solemn astonishment.

"Where are your Things?" asked Mrs. Wragge, with a burst of incontrollable anxiety. "I have my stairs looking in upon me directly. Where are your night-gowns and your petticoats and stockings? Where are your pins and your dress, and all the rest of it?"

"My luggage is left at the railway-station," said Magdalen.

Mrs. Wragge's moon-face brightened dimly. The incalculable female instinct of Curiosity tried to sparkle in her faded blue eyes—flickered piteously—and died out.

"How much luggage?" she asked, confidentially. "The captain's gone out. Let's go and look at it!"

"Mrs. Wragge!" cried a terrible voice at the door.

For the first time in Magdalen's experience Mrs. Wragge was deaf to the customary stimulus. She actually ventured to try the experiment once more in the presence of her husband.

"Oh, do let her have her Things!" pleaded Mrs. Wragge. "Oh, poor soul, do let her have her Things!"

The captain's inexorable forefinger pointed to a corner of the room—dropped slowly as his wife retired before it, and suddenly stopped at the region of her shoes.

"Do I hear a clapping on the floor?" exclaimed Captain Wragge, with an expression of horror. "Yes, I do. Down at heel again! The left shoe this time. Pull it up, Mrs. Wragge, pull it up! The chaise will be here incorrectly morning at nine o'clock," he continued, addressing Magdalen. "We can't possibly wait for the claiming your box. There is note-paper. Write down a list of the necessaries you want. I will take it myself to the shop, pay for it, bring it home, and bring back the parcel. We must sacrifice both—we must indeed."

While her husband was addressing Magdalen Mrs. Wragge had stolen out again from her corner, and had ventured to draw nearer to the captain to hear the words "shop" and "parcel." She clapped her great hands together in supernatural ecstasy, and had all control over herself immediately.

"Oh, I'm shopping, let me do it!" cried Mrs. Wragge. "She's going out to buy her Things! Oh, let me go with her—please let me go with her!"

"Sit down!" shouted the captain. "Straight! Down to the right—more still. Stop where you are!"

Mrs. Wragge crossed her helpless hands on her lap and subsided quietly into tears.

"I do so like shopping," pleaded the poor creature, "and I get so little of it now!"

Magdalen completed her list, and Captain Wragge at once left the room with it. "Don't let my wife bore you," he said, pleasantly, as he went out. "Cut her short, poor soul—cut her short!"

"Don't cry," said Magdalen, trying to comfort Mrs. Wragge by patting her on the shoulder. "When the parcel comes back you shall open it."

"Thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Wragge, meekly drying her eyes; "I thank you kindly. Don't notice my handkerchief, please. It's such a very little one! I had a nice one, but my husband lice borders. They're all gone now. Nevermind! It will comfort me to squeeze it. Things are very good to me. I like you, I say—you won't be angry, will you? Give us a kiss!"

Magdalen stooped over her with the frank grace and gentleness of past days, and touched her forehead coldly. "Let me do something for you then!" she thought, with a pang at her heart—"oh, let me do something innocent and kind for the sake of old times!"

She felt her eyes moistening, and silently turned away.

That night no rest came to her. That night she roused forces of Good and Evil fought their terrible fight for her soul, and left the strife between them still in suspense when morning came. As the clock of St. Clement's struck nine Mrs. Wragge followed Mrs. Wragge to the chaise, and took her seat by the captain's side. In a quarter of an hour more York was in the distance, and the sad road lay bright and open before them in the morning sunlight.

THE END OF THE SECOND SCENE.

FEEDING THE REBELS.

AMONG other outrages committed by General Butler at New Orleans, which have elicited the fiercest indignation of General Beauregard and his army, is the feeding of the starving people whose husbands, brothers, and sons are mostly in the rebel army. We illustrate the scene on page 380. The following description from the *Herald* correspondence will serve to explain it:

In accordance with notice, Captain John Clark commenced the distribution of the beef this morning, and issued eight hundred liberal rations for hungry families. A right more fearful and harrowing I do not wish ever again to witness, and it is no discredit to Captain Clark to say that, in the arrangements he had made which he supposed ten rations would serve, he is frequently deeply moved at the sad countenances of the poor people and increased the amount of the distribution to twelve hundred, which was all he could command by his previous calculations.

At the hour appointed for the beef there were thousands of eager, hungry men, women, and children crowded around the Custom-house. A very large number of this people were women, all carrying either baskets or aprons. Some were old and sickly—others infirmity; others decidedly, wearily enough, a babe at the breast; and many, God help them! bore the evidence of another claim on their support soon to come.

The sun was pouring down his rays with an intensity greater than we have before experienced since our arrival, and the poor creatures huddled and jammed each other to get into the office; and finally getting to the desk, breathless from fatigue and excitement fell upon the counter in sheer exhaustion. If the leaders of this accursed rebellion could have seen the sight which was presented this morning in front of the Custom-house, it would have been strange if they had not experienced some dark forebodings of the terrible punishment which is in store for them in another world, however easily they may escape a just retribution in this.

DROPPINGS.

THE leaves that fall on the grassy wall,
And the rain dropping out of the apple-tree
Call it to sigh: a passing thought
For, I know not why, but these things seem
To call new memories to my mind to me.

THE leaves that fall on the grassy wall:
Fast drops the rain from the apple-tree;
And I think of my feal what I have been.

But a moment longer, I think I should know
Who thus can read me, and why I read me well.

Wherefore? Leaves fall all day on the wall,
All day drops rain from the apple-tree.
And never before did I feel the rain and fall.
And they doubtless will never, never again,
Seem about to impart such a secret to me.

More leaves that fall on yonder wall!
More rain dropping down out of yonder tree!
What matter? If Nature has something to say,
Let her take her time, in the hours her own way!

So long as at last she will say it to me.

Ah! but leaves will fall, as now, on the wall,
And rain, as now, drop down out of the tree.
Many, many a day, while the chaster, I know,
Is lost. I have missed a word, a moment ago.
The leaves and the rain had confided to me.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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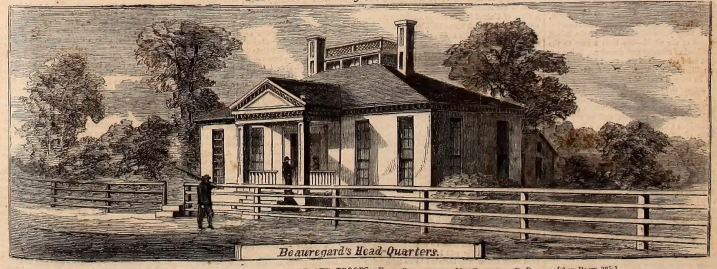
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CORINTH, MISSISSIPPI, NOW IN POSSESSION OF OUR TROOPS.—FROM SKETCHES BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 395.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1862.

REOPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE great work of *suppressing* the rebellion is in effect achieved. We have "reopened" the great artery of the country—the Mississippi River; with the possible exception of some settlements in the neighborhood of Vicksburg, from which we have no late intelligence, but which can not hold out against attacks from both sides, every town and village on the river is in our hands. Our gun-boats are doing sentinel duty from the Southwest Pass to St. Louis.

It is impossible to exaggerate, and scarcely possible to realize the importance of this achievement. The possession of the Mississippi River, with its tributaries, secures to the United States fing 30,000 miles of inland navigation, which before the war carried more steam tonnage than all the waters of Europe and Asia combined.

The possession of the river not only divides the rebel States, shutting off Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas, or nearly one half the territory of the so-called Southern Confederacy, from the remainder of Jeff Davis's dominion; but, as we pointed out in a recent number, it insures, in a given period of time, the surrender of the rebel armies in Virginia and Mississippi from famine. In the rebel realm as inclosed by the river with Mr. McClellan and Halleck, by the south, and by the Mississippi River, there is no food. We turn out both rebel armies can not fight. Pork and corn may answer for a while; but unless the rebel commissaries can within a few months renew their precipitous raids into the interior States, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee, their armies will scatter. It was on this account that Davis stole his colleagues and people, over which they could not perform;" namely, to force the Border States into their secession scheme.

Thus the great drama of the war is slowly to a close. Twelve months ago the rebels held all of Virginia, all of Tennessee, half of Kentucky, the valleys of Missouri, their flag floated in sight of the White House and in sight of Cairo; their forces were to be boast-fully in the whole Southern Confederacy at first constituted Port Pickens was the only spot on which the Stars and Stripes still waved; the danger in which Washington, St. Louis, and Louisville stood was such as to appall the stoutest hearts. Twelve months have rolled up, and we hold all of Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee; the most important parts of Virginia, Louisiana, and Arkansas; the coast of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Mississippi; the uplands of Alabama; and, greatest and best of all, the Mississippi River and its tributaries. No rebel soldier is within a hundred miles of Washington, but our troops are thundering at the gate of Richmond, Charleston, Mobile, and Savannah. The finances of the rebel Confederacy have collapsed; the premium on United States security advances daily; the rebel army of the Mississippi has scattered: our army is over half a million in number, and unequaled in discipline and efficiency. Indeed, only a year ago was exultant over the destructions of the American Union, now stands smeared at the vitality and power which the national system has developed, and, so far from aiding the rebels, has long since set down their cause as hopeless.

Well may we thank God for the year's work!

THE MEXICAN QUESTION.

MEXICAN affairs are distressing many people just now. This arises chiefly from the wholesale lying and blundering of the newspapers. There is in reality no cause at all for distress, but, on the contrary, some ground for hope.

For forty years Mexico—one of the fairest portions of the world—has been a prey to the worst kind of anarchy and disorder. It has enjoyed brief intervals of peace and prosperity under military despotism. But revolution has been its normal condition, and highway robbery and murder the most usual forms of social state. This shocking condition of affairs has resulted from the antagonism between the Mexican people on the one side, and the clergy and the Mexican Church, which owns a large proportion of all the productive property in the country, and has persistently and most unscrupulously and maintain a theocratic government. Sometimes the people have succeeded in organizing a Government, which has been overthrown by the intrigues of the clergy; and sometimes the Church party have obtained power, and have in their turn been overthrown by popular outbreaks. Each party has been strong enough to prevent the other from securing undisputed sway. But neither has yet been able to crush its opponent finally and forever.

Five years ago the maritime powers of Europe, "the guardians of civilization," as the British complacently style them, proposed to the United States to intervene in Mexico, in the interest of peace and commerce. Mr. Buchanan acquiesced in the proposal, and recommended to Congress an armed occupation of certain States of Mexico. The recommendation remained without effect. Congress was unwilling to intrust a signer of the Ostend manifesto, and a confidant of John Slidell, with power to encroach upon the territory of a friendly neighbor, under any pretense whatever.

Last year, this country being plunged into a conflict which rendered us powerless against Europe, three leading powers—England, Spain, France, and Spain—agreed to intervene in Mexico without us, and by a joint occupation to enforce peace to that distracted country. Each had private and peculiar scores to settle with the Mexicans. But the sole object of the joint expedition was formally and solemnly declared to be the pacification of the country. Each of the contracting powers absolutely renounced all idea of conquest, aggrandizement, or acquisition of territory.

The convention was so far carried into effect that a joint expedition—Spanish, French, and English—military and naval—sailed to Vera Cruz, seized that port without bloodshed, and prepared to invade the country. Some preparations were in a forward state when the progress of the Government of the United States in the work of suppressing the rebellion became so obvious that the British and Spanish Powers drew back from the enterprise, wisely foreseeing a future collision with this country in the event of a European occupation of Mexico. The French general is understood to have persisted in his undertaking; to have marched on the city of Mexico; and to have been repulsed with loss by the Mexicans.

This is the present condition of affairs. We entreat the public not to be misled by the trash in the newspapers about a French occupation of Mexico for three years, a kingdom there to Isons, and the establishment by French arms of an Austrian Archduke on a Mexican throne. There is not the least foundation for any of these stories. They are the offspring of the fertile brain of newspaper correspondents who, in a branch of facts, deal in fiction. It is simply absurd and preposterous to suppose that the Emperor Napoleon, who has never yet, in his long career at the head of the French nation, committed a fatal error, should now run his power and prestige by undertaking enterprises in Mexico which could not, even if successful, possibly prove useful to him or his country, but which would almost inevitably plunge France into wars of indefinite length and expenses of formidable magnitude.

The truth of the matter is simply this: Napoleon wants to sell his surplus cotton, and an active consumer of French wines, silks, and other manufactures. To achieve this end he is willing to lend the strength of his arms to Mexico the use of a few thousand French soldiers. When he first undertook the enterprise the United States were in a position to give aid or resist him. Within a few weeks their condition will be entirely changed. They will have the power either to help France in the affairs of Mexico, or to assist them in their most sensible and worthy undertaking. We hazard little in predicting that they will adopt the latter alternative. Indeed, if we are not mistaken, the Government of the Emperor has already made known to Mr. Lincoln that it is willing to join against Mexico has no other object than the restoration and protection of a stable native Government in that country, and that the Emperor seeks and ardently desires the co-operation of the United States. Nor shall we be for wrong if we add that Mr. Lincoln has already replied that the object of the French is one that commends itself to the approval of the people of the United States, and that while a rebel power of any time this country may be in a position not only to co-operate with the French, but to relieve them altogether of the expense and trouble of intervening in Mexico, by placing at the disposal of the liberal Government of that country a force of United States troops sufficient to secure the ends which alone have led the Emperor to dispatch his armies across the Atlantic.

THE LOUNGER.

FORECASTING.

IT seems at present as if the serious fighting in the war of the country would be almost entirely over by mid-summer. But it is by no means sure. Just as a year ago we stated that General Scott meant to dine in Richmond on the 4th of July, so this year it is believed that General M'Clellan will. But the terrible fact is that the rebels are not certain that the rebels are neither cowardly nor unskilful. They have sometimes run. But we have also proved, upon occasion, that they can fight. Let us candidly confess that the rebels fought well at Bunker Hill, at Pea Ridge, at Shiloh, at Williamsburg, and at Fairoaks.

And it is well that they did so. It is best for all sides and for a lasting peace that they were plucky, that they did all they could, and that they were utterly defeated at last. For then there will be no subterfuge or illusion. They will not think that the country conquered them by tricks and chances and surprises. They will know that they have been fairly and soundly thrashed by an immensely superior and resolute and intelligent force. We shall know that we are the strongest, and they will understand that they must submit.

How will they submit? Will Jeff D. sue for mercy by publishing? Will he come to Washington and ask to be hung? Will the "Confederate Government" formally dissolve? Clearly not. The war will be really over long before we are aware of it. The rebellion will disappear as Johnston melted from Manassas and Beauregard from Corinth, while our embattled lines are still bristling and ready. The huge web of rebel war, spread to catch the eagle, as a spider spins for a fly, will rent out into miller guerrilla fighting. Desperate bands will take to the hills. They will attack and murder. The lower civilization of the rebel section will show itself in the character of the ending as in the beginning and the duration of the war.

The leaders, of course, are desperate. One of the rebel newspapers urged before Richmond said that we could take that city only over the bodies of fifty thousand dead men. Doubtless he said what he felt. Doubtless the leaders will do so. But the soldiers do not. With every lost battle which they bravely contest their cause becomes more hopeless. The moment hostess when they will see that even desperate courage does not avail against a calm and composed and persistent superiority. They will have no more to fight for. Their hope is in a confession of conquest. But the same conquest is death to their cause.

Floyd, for instance, and Davis, and Wigfall, and all Texas, and Governor Pryor, and Governor Letcher—what a scurvy set they are!—what have these men to hope for? What is it to them if fifty thousand of their countrymen die in the ditches? Have even from the halter? The only resources left to them is the impoverished country. They will not how much blood they shed, or how the fire ravages, or the land is ruined. Since they must fall they would rather have all fall in the general ruin.

If, therefore, Beauregard's army is dispersing—if Richmond shall be evacuated or captured—it is still possible and probable that Davis will withdraw to some point within the rebel lines and maintain himself for the summer—so long as he has a ship ran exit clear. That, however, must be the subject of his vessels. He will not risk his neck. Should all escape from the sea-board or the Mississippi be shut up, he will still have his way across the Free States to Canada. These imaginative fellows him to England, the melancholy pet of the world that finds in the wildest, wanton, inhuman war which he has waged for the right of human slavery, the best only the sympathy of a refined and oppressed people against a brutal lust of power.

He completes the trio of names infamous in our history—Arnold, Burr, Davis. But how infinitely inferior is Davis to either! Arnold was a soldier Arnold and as an intriguer to Burr! He is not infamous because he is a rebel; for Cromwell and Washington were rebels. But for organizing aggression for which there was no hope of remedy left in arms. Catiline and Davis also are rebels But they rebelled against governments which they despaired of corrupting.

We now entertain no reasonable doubt that the rebellion in arms is ending. Now comes the great and grave task of securing the peace we are conquering.

M'CLELLAN.

UP to the moment of writing General M'Clellan has suffered no defeat. Since the campaign opened his rebels have been driven before him at Manassas and at Yorktown; while his army has been engaged in four severe battles—at Williamsburg, Fort Pooh, Hanover Court House, and Fairoaks—besides several brilliant skirmishes, in all of which it has been successful. The estimate of the country is, that, with the sole exception of the hapless division of General Fremont, General M'Clellan has been worthy its character and the cause it defends.

When the story of the whole war can be told it will not be found that any great mistake made by M'Clellan would have been an immediate and overwhelming disaster to the National cause, and that he was therefore compelled to be certain of every step. Heroic rebs, brilliant dashes, dazzling but dangerous manœuvres were not for him. He was to be content to be the successful, not the romantic, hero of the war. For he was not only before Richmond but before Washington. He was not merely attacking the rebel capital, he was defending his base. He was not merely to conduct a thousand men across an enemy's country already stripped, and with the intrenched head-quarters of rebellion, defended by the most desperate, the most skilful, and the best armed of the enemy. Risk, dash, brilliancy, were not necessary—however captivating, but successes was indispensable. He had gone to Richmond. Not to take it was to disclaim the country, to invite the rebels to march upon Washington all that is most sacred and precious to a loyal American. He was not there to wonder what Hinton, or Don Carlos of Austria, or Frederick the Great, or Napoleon would have done; but to do what the country and the rebels would think him to do with the means his country had provided.

Their coward spec. If Richmond is taken, it is useless to say that it might have been taken by a dash in another way, because the value of this way is proved, and that is the only way to do it.

General M'Clellan is a soldier. As a soldier he has made his name; as a soldier he is to write it on our history. And to understand practically does he show his soldierly genius than in adopting this movement by the peninsulas of the campaign. A year ago, upon guerrilla duty, as it were, in Western Virginia, his daily bulletins sparkled like rhocket from an electrical battery. Nobody complained that he was too slow, or loved to-morrow better than to-day. In Eastern Virginia for the last two months he has been upon other than guerrilla duty. He is not carrying a mountain pathway, but a fortified empire. Not for every step has been a sure advance; and when his headquarters are in Richmond, we may believe indeed that other greater words than these will have won victory, but M'Clellan will have won it.

Earnest, devoted, successful—silent as fortune usually is—such is the soldier of whom complaint M'Clellan is one of the smallest figures of the war. "Oh, that man which I described," writes a correspondent of the *Tribune* (which has not praised the General); "had it not been for that, M'Clellan would to-night have been in Richmond. His plans were matured, and our march in overwhelming force and vigor could not have been stopped. The it is only a question of time with the commander. I felt to-day for the first a full sense of the terrible responsibility which the overwhelming heavy burden of the responsibility which weighs down his heart and his brain, when I saw him dismounted from his horse at a cottage door, and ask for a cup of cold water, which was scooped up in the hollow of a dirty hand. Surrounded, hampered as he is, may the God of Battles give you success and give you rest!

IMPORTANT FOR THE FUTURE.

THE conduct of Mr. Stanly, the new military Governor of North Carolina, has naturally excited great attention. It has raised the profoundly important inquiry whether the United States may, in a loyal section of the country, hold and govern without the authorities at Washington. We will have disposed of Governor Stanly's action before this paragraph is written. But the principle involved ought to be clearly understood by every citizen.

The United States have taken military possession of the State of North Carolina. They govern it by martial law. In other words, the supreme power for the authorities duly chosen by the State Government is suspended, and they act solely from all laws of the State which interfere with the national supremacy.

Mr. Stanly is sent by the United States as Military Governor, and he begins by closing the school for the education of the colored people who are willing to go through the farce of an effort to kidnap any body whom they choose to call their slave. The reason for this extraordinary action is that, by law of North Carolina recognizes slavery, and does not permit slaves to be taught. Possibly; but the law of North Carolina is the law of Mr. Stanly, to be Governor. If he is only anxious to obey its behests he will then return to California and we will the State chooses him.

He misconceives his duty. Mr. Stanly was not sent to North Carolina to enforce the laws of the State. He was sent there, as all military Governors are sent, to enforce obedience to the laws of the United States, and to repudiate and annul any of the State whenever they are in conflict with them. So long as the laws of the State by military power it is entirely within its discretion what State laws it will suffer to be effective. Whatever law, in the judgment of the United States, interferes with the suppression of the rebellion "may rightfully and actually be annulled by force." Slavery, for instance, exists every where in this country only by the force of State laws. But no one can say at the time execute that law, and abolish slavery by military power, is either a usurpation.

The same authority which by the necessity of the case it has over the State law recognizing slavery, it has over every other State law. In fact, its exercise is simply a question of policy and special is expedient. The President defined General Butler's proclamation upon the ground that in act we once which he reserved to himself not for the reason that slavery was recognized by the State law of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. The supof his modification was merely that he did not think the time for interference had arrived. Governor Stanly's case he will doubtless say that the time has arrived. But in this instance it is a question of policy, not of right or power, which an both beyond question.

But, indeed, Mr. Stanly has not even the State law upon his side. The law of 1830 in North Carolina which all appeals to Mr. Stanly's zeal to read or write. Mr. Stanly's order assumes that all blacks in the State are slaves. But they are not so, for the law upon which the assumption of his proceeding is unjustified. The United States, however, as he is, does not assume that any one is a slave or a criminal until he is proved to be so.

Moreover the difficulties of such a terrible attempts and exercise of power as Mr. Stanly's act, which frees all slaves that have been used by the rebels against the country. What right has Mr. Stanly to say that any slave has been used by the rebels against the country, that fortification, the liberty, forcibly or by fraud, of any slave, or any slaves, that he is a Union man, and that they have never been used against the Government? How does Mr. Stanly know all this? How can he know it without investigation? Is a Mr. Brey's statement to be only proof for an act of such infinite moment to the welfare of those concerned, and to the character and peace of the nation?

By what authority, also, does Mr. Stanly, also, does Mr. Stanly return any North Carolina slave to the country who does not leave the State. The business it leaves to the local law, and Mr. Stanly is not the administrator of that law without express instructions, which he has not received.

There is no reason whatever, legally, politically, or morality, for Mr. Stanly's action, except to appropriate the citizens of North Carolina by showing them that the Government will not touch their local laws. But how are they to be conciliated by any action whatsoever of a man whose authority rests upon force and who is itself the annihilation of their local law?

THE MASK OF "CONSERVATISM."

WHENEVER any especially inhuman and repulsive measure is proposed in Congress or elsewhere it receives the support of people who call themselves, and are called by their friends, "the con-

servative party." Whenever a base and disgraceful interpretation is given to any clause of the National Constitution it is called by the same persons "the conservative view." Whenever any rigorous and radical means of suppressing this cruel rebellion are suggested, they are malignantly resisted by the same "conservative" party and papers. The persistent political allies of the rebels, like Vallandigham, Powell, Bayard, and Saulsbury, are leaders of this "conservative" movement. While the newspapers which openly supported the rebellion until the Government took it in hand, or which from their continued support of it received a very significant warning, are the organs of the same faction.

The same "Conservatives" during the last Presidential canvass solemnly warned the country that they could not allow any body but their own candidates to be elected; and they brought eminent "Conservatives" from the Southern States to confirm what they said. The same "conservative" gentry at the South when the new administration was constitutionally chosen, took up arms and have maintained a desperate and bloody war for more than a year. The same "conservative" citizens at the North are now most anxious to make compromises with their friends who are red to the neck in the blood of the brave and hardy youth of the loyal part of the land. Peace at any price, whether of civil order, of national existence, of human rights, of individual honor, or of common decency, is the heart's prayer of this "conservatism." If a man shows himself false to our common humanity, or indifferent to our national unity, they hail him as a "Conservative." If any law aims to destroy or abridge the equal rights which the Government was founded to protect, they rally to it as a "conservative" measure. If a man is faithless to the Democratic principle he is "sound." If he sneers at justice, and manliness, and honor, he is "prudent."

These gamblers are still busy, but their game is played out. It is transparent. "Conservatism" has been used as a convenient and alluring name with which to conceal the effort to sustain the predominance of a single class in this country over all other men and classes. James M. Mason, famous for fathering the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850, and for nothing else but a futile endeavor to implicate his political enemies with John Brown; John Slidell, famous for the Plaquemine election frauds, and for nothing else but the most unscrupulous political intrigue; John B. Floyd, famous for stealing and running away, and for nothing else; Wigfall, famous for whisky-drinking; Pryor, famous for not fighting with Potter; Cobb, famous for emptying the Treasury and imperiling the credit of the country; Toombs, famous for idiotic bellowing in the United States Senate; Jefferson Davis—these, and an endless string more, are the representative "Conservatives" of the present epoch in our history, and their "conservatism" consisted and consists in the effort to destroy all the safeguards which our Constitution throws around the rights of all men; and, baffled in that, in the fierce and furious armed attempt to overthrow that Constitution and ruin the country.

This game of "Conservatism" is up. Meanwhile the great and true Conservative party of the country—the party of all faithful citizens who, to whatever political band they may have hitherto belonged, are daily learning that national peace can be preserved only by maintaining, by conserving the cardinal and distinctive principles of our Government—is engaged in the triumphant suppression of the rebellion instigated by these pseudo "Conservatives" and their abettors at the North in Congress and the press; and having preserved the country from the military blows which rebel treason strikes at its heart, it will equally save it from the political plots of rebel "Conservatism."

TRUTH *VERSUS* TWADDLE.

THERE is a lively piece of twaddle afloat. It is the ineffably and silly assertion that this is a nation of white men, or a white man's government. Of course it is only one of the mean appeals to the hate that people always feel for those they have injured. Its intention is to quench any sympathy for black men. It is the kind of argument that does duty in bar rooms, and is very effective in the mouths of politicians whose success depends upon the ignorance and not upon the intelligence of the people.

The assertion is false in whatever way you look at it. It is false theoretically and practically. It is false historically and in current experience. This Government is founded upon the doctrine of equal human rights. The Declaration of Independence holds it to be self-evident that "all men are created equal"—not equal, of course, in capacity, or circumstance, or condition, any more than in the height, or weight, or the color of their hair and eyes—but equal in the right to a guarantee from society of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The men who made the Declaration said this. Did they mean it, or did they solemnly assert what they thought to be false? Did they mean that "all" men, or "some men" are created equal? In other words, did they mean to say that all men are *not* created equal? No; they meant what they said; and they said "men." Not white men, nor black men, nor yellow, red, brown, or motley men; not Americans, nor Englishmen, nor Frenchmen, nor Germans, nor Irishmen, nor Italians, nor Hindoos, nor Chinese, nor Malays, nor Africans, nor East or West Indians. Not short men, nor tall men, nor fat, lean, or dumpy men; not smart men, nor stupid, mean, foolish, good, bad, or indifferent men. The fathers said what they meant, and meant what they said. They meant *all men*, and calling God and the world to witness, they said all men. Their doctrine may have been false, but they believed it to be true—and acting upon it they published the Declaration, and upon the principles of the Declaration the Constitution was founded.

Our National Government, therefore, is a Government of all men who, living in the country, obey the laws and behave themselves. The yellow Chinese, and the olive Spaniard or West Indian, or the red Turk or Hindoo, or the white Englishman or Irishman, or the African or Creole of any race, may be a citizen of the United States, subject to the conditions of the State law. As a matter of fact the paler complexions predominate among the citizens; but the ballot of the voter of tawny Spanish descent in New Orleans, or of dusky African descent in Boston, counts just as much in this Government as the vote of the Honorable Mr. Cox, for instance, of Ohio.

The glory of this Government is not in the color of the skins of the citizens, but in the justice with which its laws are made and the fidelity with which they are executed. If the laws be unjust, the Government is mean and inglorious and the nation disgraced, although the face of every citizen were as white as snow.

A HINT TO THE IMPATIENT.

THE following extract from a letter of an officer at Fort Macon hits off admirably the impatience of the slowness of military operations which is so constantly felt and expressed by those who have had no experience of such movements:

"You people that stay at home are in such a confounded hurry that you think that all is lost if a General has to besiege a place twenty-four hours. The newspapers say "Great Success! Fort Macon taken after ten hours' bombardment"—so you all think that General Parke breakfasted early one morning; took a hand-car; came down from Newbern; crossed over; put eight mortars and four siege-guns behind a sand-hill; fired away; took the fort; paroled the prisoners; hoisted the flag; and returned to Newbern to dinner, getting there five minutes after the dinner-bell rang, and was reprimanded for being late. Whereas we besieged the place for a good month; worked like dogs and made half our regiment sick; were on picket duty every third day, besides furnishing camp guard, fatigue parties to work in trenches, and patrols. Whenever you hear again that a thing is done in ten hours, understand that doing the thing is easy work, but getting ready to do it is confounded hard work. And now, instead of supposing that we are ready to go somewhere else because we have taken Fort Macon, know that is the very reason why we are not able to move. We need rest, and the fort needs to be put in proper condition again."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

COMMENCING EARLY.—A brutal teacher whipped a little boy for pressing the hands of a little girl who sat next to him at school, after which he asked the child "why he squeezed the girl's hand?" "Because," said the little fellow, "it looked so pretty I couldn't help it." How very natural!

The bard of Twickenham, though very short and deformed, was nevertheless very partial to his person. One day he asked Dean Swift what people in Ireland thought of him.

"They think," says the Dean, "that you are a great poet and a very little man."

Pope exclaimed, passionately, "And, Mr. Dean, the people in England think quite the reverse of you!"

A correspondent with a mathematical turn sends us the following:

"I heard some one say the other day that *Harper's Weekly* has a regular circulation of 130,000 copies. At this rate it would soon cover the whole land. I amused myself by making a few calculations as to the progress you are making in this attempt.

"The *Weekly* measures 46 by 33 inches, and contains 1518 square inches. There are 6,272,640 square inches in an acre; so that 130,000 papers will carpet a farm of 31 acres and a little more: the 52 numbers in the year will therefore cover (disregarding fractions) 1612 acres.

"Again, the length of the paper being 46 inches, the 130,000, laid lengthwise, would reach 94 miles, with 2004 feet to spare; the 52 yearly numbers will then extend to within a few rods of 4910 miles. The circumference of the globe being, in round numbers, 25,000 miles, it would require a little more than five years to 'put a girdle [of *Harper's Weekly*] round the globe.'

"Again, I find that 30 numbers of the *Weekly*, when folded and pressed, measure an inch in thickness. So that the whole edition for a single week would make a pile 362 feet high—say one-third higher than the steeple of Trinity Church."

THE SEX.—A parson, reading the funeral service at the grave, forgot the sex of the deceased, and asked one of the mourners, an Emeralder, "Is this a brother or a sister?" "Neither," replied Pat, "only a cousin."

NOT SO DUSTY.—"Dost thou clean my furniture, fair handmaiden?" asked X., of the pretty servant who was polishing his escritoire. "I Dust," replied the handmaiden.

A mechanic having taken a new apprentice, awoke him the first morning at a very early hour by calling out that the family were sitting down to table. "Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in bed to adjust himself for a new nap, "thank you, but I never eat any thing during the night."

A surgeon aboard a ship of war used to prescribe salt-water for his patients in all disorders. Having sailed one evening on a party of pleasure, he happened, by some mischance, to be drowned. The captain, who had heard of the disaster, asked of the tars next day if he had heard any thing of the doctor. "Yes," answered Jack, after a turn of his quid, "he was drowned last night in his *medicine chest*."

In chemistry the best way to separate two bodies is to introduce a third. The same holds true in other departments. To increase the distance between a pair of lovers all that's required is to let Willie walk into the "back parlor" with a lighted candle in his hand.

A gentle heart is like ripe fruit, which bends so low that it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach.

When the telegraph poles were first stationed through the valley, a green 'un drove into a village and tied his horse to what he supposed was a spruce pole. He was accosted by a precocious urchin with, "Mister! mister! what have you done?" "Done," said the fellow; "what do you mean? I hain't done nothin' as I knows on." "Why, yeth you have, thir; you have just hitched your horse to the Magnetic Telegraph, and you'll be in New York in less than two minutes if you don't look out." The man untied his horse with nervous anxiety, and jumping into his sleigh, drove hastily down the street.

An Englishman and Yankee being in a promiscuous company, the latter was so much struck with some bold air sung by the former, that he asked the name of it. "Oh nothing but the tune the old cow died on," was the response. The Yankee struck up Yankee Doodle. "What is that?" asked his companion. "This is the tune old bull died on!" was the prompt reply.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, June 3, in the Senate, communications relative to soldiers imprisoned in the District penitentiary, and transmitting the instructions given to the provisional Governors of Tennessee and North Carolina, were received. A joint resolution was adopted allowing hereafter a premium of two dollars for every accepted recruit to the regular army, and allowing soldiers enlisted as volunteers or in the regular army to receive their first month's pay in advance. The Tax bill was then taken up, and occupied the Senate till the adjournment.——In the House, the motion to reconsider the vote whereby the bill to free from servitude the slaves of rebels was rejected was taken up, and, after debate, the subject was recommitted to the Select Committee, with instructions to report a substitute in effect liberating the slaves of the leading conspirators against the Government. A bill declaring all persons holding office under the Confederate government forever ineligible to office under the Government of the United States was passed. The House then adjourned.

On Wednesday, June 4, in the Senate, the House bill punishing polygamy in the Territories, with an amendment of the Senate annulling acts of the Legislature of Utah with regard to the practice, was passed by a vote of 37 to 2. The consideration of the Tax bill was then resumed, and continued till the adjournment.——In the House, a petition asking that Western Virginia be admitted into the Union as a new and independent State, was referred to the Territorial Committee. The Senate bill recognizing the independence of Hayti and Liberia and providing for diplomatic relations with those republics was then passed by a vote of 86 against 37. Mr. Blair introduced a bill providing for the removal of the Mint at New Orleans to St. Louis. A joint resolution that Congress finally adjourn on the 16th inst. was adopted, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, June 5, in the Senate, the bill providing a government for the Territory of Arizona was discussed. A motion to take up the resolution providing for the expulsion of Senator Stark, of Oregon, who is charged with disloyalty, was rejected by a vote of 13 yeas against 20 nays. The consideration of the Tax bill was then resumed. The plan of the Boston Board of Trade and the substitutes of the Finance Committee were both rejected. Senator Sumner proposed a tax of two dollars per head on slaves, the slaves in no case to be sold for said tax, which was adopted by a vote of 19 against 16. The Senate then adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Wickliffe asked leave to introduce a resolution inquiring whether General Hunter has organized a regiment of blacks and fugitive slaves in South Carolina, but objection was made, and the subject was therefore not entertained. The bill appointing a Board of Fortifications for sea-coast and other defenses was discussed in Committee of the Whole. Mr. Stevens moved to strike out the enacting clause, which was agreed to. The House subsequently confirmed the action of the committee, so the bill was lost. The House then adjourned.

On Friday, June 6, in the Senate, official reports of the operations of the naval forces on the Mississippi, the capture of New Orleans, etc., were received from the Secretary of the Navy. Senator Sumner offered a resolution in effect calling for the removal of Edward Stanly from the post of Military Governor of North Carolina. Objection was made, and the resolution lies over. Senator Sumner also offered a resolution declaring the office of Military Governor contrary to the Constitution and laws, destructive to the civil authority, and contrary to the spirit of our institutions. This was likewise objected to, and lies over. Senator Sumner moved to take up the resolution for the expulsion of Senator Stark, of Oregon, charged with disloyalty; but the Senate refused, and recommenced the consideration of the Tax bill. The vote of Thursday levying a tax of two dollars per head on slaves was, after considerable debate, reconsidered—twenty-two against eighteen. A proposition to tax slaves under ten and over sixty-five years of age was defeated—seventeen against twenty-three. The Tax bill was then passed, by a vote of thirty-seven against one, Senator Powell, of Kentucky, casting the negative vote.——The session of the House was devoted to the consideration of private bills and general debate, in which no matters of general interest transpired.

Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, June 9, the Senate resolved itself into a High Court of Impeachment for the trial of Judge Humphreys, of Tennessee, charged with treason and other high crimes. Proclamation was made, calling on West H. Humphreys to appear and answer to the charges, and no response being offered, the Court adjourned till the 26th inst. The Senate then resumed legislative business, and the House bills prohibiting slavery in the Territories, and prescribing an additional oath to grand and petit jurors, were passed, the first named by a vote of 28 to 10. The Pacific Railroad bill and amendments were ordered to be printed, and the subject was then postponed.——In the House, a memorial asking the admission of Utah into the Union was presented by the delegate from that Territory. The document, together with the constitution of Utah, were appropriately referred. The Tax bill and the Senate's amendments thereto were referred to the Ways and Means committee. A resolution calling for information as to whether General Hunter has organized a regiment of negroes in South Carolina, was adopted. Mr. Vallandigham offered a resolution tendering the thanks of the House to General Halleck and his army for the occupation of Corinth without loss of life, and declaring that the House would rejoice to see the Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was, maintained and restored every where without any further effusion of fraternal blood. Mr. Vallandigham demanded the previous question on the resolution, but objection was made, and the subject was laid over. The resolution appropriating $35,000 for the purchase, from Gales & Seaton, of sets of Annals of Congress and Register of Debates, was repealed. Mr. Julian offered a resolution for repeal of the Fugitive Slave law, which was referred to the Judiciary Committee. A resolution was offered by Mr. Colfax, instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill modifying the Fugitive Slave law, by giving trial by jury to any person denying under oath he is a slave, etc. A resolution declaring that the President should instruct the commanding Generals in the rebel States to issue a proclamation that the army of the republic will be subsisted, as far as practicable, upon the property of those in rebellion and those who gave aid and comfort to the enemies of the U. S., was adopted by a vote of 83 against 39.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN TO HIS SOLDIERS.

The following address was read to the army on 3d at dress parade, and was received with an outburst of vociferous cheering from every regiment:

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR NEW BRIDGE, VIRGINIA, *June* 2, 1862.

SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC!—I have fulfilled at least a part of my promise to you. You are now face to face with the rebels, who are held at bay in front of the capital. The final and decisive battle is at hand. Unless you belie your past history the result can not be for a moment doubtful. .. the troops who labored so faithfully and fought so gallantly at Yorktown, and who so bravely won the hard fights at Williamsburg, West Point, Hanover Court House, and Fairoaks, now prove worthy of their antecedents, the victory is surely ours. The events of every day prove your superiority. Wherever you have met the enemy you have beaten him. Wherever you have used the bayonet he has given way in panic and disorder. I ask of you now one last crowning effort. The enemy has staked his all on the issue of the coming battle. Let us meet him and crush him here in the very centre of the rebellion.

SOLDIERS!—I will be with you in this battle, and share its dangers with you. Our confidence in each other is now founded upon the past. Let us strike the blow which is to restore peace and union to this distracted land. Upon your valor, discipline, and mutual confidence the result depends.

GEO. B. M'CLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

JEFF DAVIS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

We find the following in the Richmond *Inquirer* of June 4:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, *June* 2, 1862.

TO THE ARMY OF RICHMOND.

I render to you my grateful acknowledgments for the gallantry and good conduct you displayed in the battles of the 31st of May and 1st inst., and with pride and pleasure recognize the steadiness and intrepidity with which you attacked the enemy in position, captured his advanced intrenchments, several batteries of artillery, and many standards, and every where drove them from the open field.

At a part of your operations it was my fortune to be present. On no other occasion have I witnessed more of calmness and good order than you exhibited while advancing into the very jaws of death, and nothing could exceed the prowess with which you closed upon the enemy when a sheet of fire was blazing in your faces!

In the renewed struggle in which you are on the eve of engaging, I ask and can desire but a continuance of the same conduct which now attracts the admiration and pride of the loved ones you have left at home.

You are fighting for all that is dearest to men; and though opposed to a foe who disregards many of the usages of civilized war, your humanity to the wounded and the prisoners was the fit and crowning glory to your valor.

Defenders of a just cause, may God have you in His holy keeping!

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The general will cause the above to be read to the troops under his command.

OUR LOSS AT FAIROAKS.

General M'Clellan has furnished to the War Department a statement of the killed, wounded, and missing at the battle of Fairoaks, which he estimates in the aggregate at 5739, which were divided among the different corps engaged as follows:

Corps.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
General Sumner (second)	183	894	146
Heintzelman (third)	259	980	155
Keyes (fourth)	448	1753	921
Total..............	890	3627	1222

THE PURSUIT OF BEAUREGARD.

The following dispatch was received on 4th at the War Department:

HALLECK'S HEAD-QUARTERS, *June* 4, 1862.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

General Pope, with 40,000 men, is thirty miles south of Corinth, pushing the enemy hard. He already reports 10,000 prisoners and deserters from the enemy, and 15,000 stand of arms captured.

Thousands of the enemy are throwing away their arms. A farmer says that when Beauregard learned that Colonel Elliott had cut the railroad on his line of retreat he became frantic, and told his men to save themselves the best way they could.

We have captured nine locomotives and a number of cars. One of the former is already repaired, and is running to-day. Several more will be in running order in two or three days.

The result is all I could possibly desire.

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General Commanding.

General Pope telegraphs on 9th from the advance, that the prisoners who first deserted to be exchanged now want to take the oath. The rebels drove and carried off every thing for miles around. The wealthiest families are destitute and starving. Women and children are crying for food, and all the males are forced into the army.

THE CAPTURE OF MEMPHIS.

The particulars of the capture of Memphis were received in Washington on 7th from Commodore Davis, in which he states that a battle took place between his fleet, aided by Colonel Ellet's ram flotilla, and the rebel fleet of eight gun-boats and rams. The engagement commenced at half past five on the morning of the 6th instant, and ended at seven in a running fight, the end of which was the capture of four vessels of the rebel fleet, the sinking of two, and the burning of one. One escaped by superior speed. Colonel Ellet, who is seriously but not dangerously wounded, is highly complimented for his gallantry and skill. Memphis was surrendered by the Mayor immediately after the engagement, and was placed under military authority.

THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.

Dispatches received from General Mitchell, on 7th, dated at Huntsville, Alabama, state that General Negley, with a portion of the forces under his (Mitchell's) command had driven the rebels under General Adams from Winchester to Chattanooga, and at that place had utterly routed them and captured all their baggage wagons, supplies, and ammunition.

MOBILE ATTACKED.

A dispatch from Mobile to the Petersburg *Express* states that the Union fleet has passed the lower batteries on the river and attacked Fort Morgan.

THE MOVEMENT AGAINST CHARLESTON.

Dispatches from Flag-Officer Dupont state that the gunboats have possession of Stono, near Charleston.

General Stevens, with an expedition, went from Port Royal to Pocotaglio, a railway station on the road between Charleston and Savannah, and tore up the track, thus cutting off communication between those two cities.

Southern papers report that our troops landed on the 4th instant at James Island, opposite Charleston; that a battle took place there, and they claim a victory. Later dispatches, dated the same day, say that our men landed in large force on Battery Island and John Island, and were then in front of General Gist, the rebel leader, under cover of our gun-boats. An immediate advance on the city was then considered imminent.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

The whole Shenandoah valley has been cleared of the rebels by the combined movements of General Shields, General Frémont, and General M'Dowell, from whose force a brigade of cavalry, under General Bayard, reached Strasburg on 1st, and was ordered by General Frémont to join in the pursuit of Jackson's army, who made three attempts to maintain a position at different points, but were driven from each with great loss. The rebels were attacked at Strasburg by Frémont's forces on the evening of 1st, and rapidly pursued on Monday morning by the troops of Frémont, Shields, and Bayard. Their dispersion was complete.

General Frémont reached Harrisonburg on 7th, and drove Jackson's rear-guard from the place.

ANOTHER UNION MEETING IN TENNESSEE.

The Union meeting announced to be held in Shelbyville, Tennessee, has come off. Three thousand people were present, and the Union sentiment was strongly manifested. Governor Johnson, Colonel May, and J. L. Scudder addressed the meeting, the latter gentleman having been a prominent secessionist previously, and an official under the rebel Governor Harris.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE SLAVE-TRADE TREATY.

IN the House of Lords Earl Russell has laid upon the table the new treaty with the United States for the suppression of the slave-trade. He briefly explained its objects, and bore testimony to the efforts of the Government of President Lincoln to put a stop to the traffic.

TURKEY.

NO REBEL FLAG IN TURKISH WATERS.

As a singular contrast to the action of the Christian Powers of Europe with regard to the reception given and aid afforded to rebel vessels in their ports, we have the fact demonstrated, by recent official communications between Mr. Seward and the Government of the Sultan of Turkey, that the latter has refused admission into Turkish ports to any vessel bearing the rebel flag.

MEXICO.

RUMORED REPULSE OF THE FRENCH.

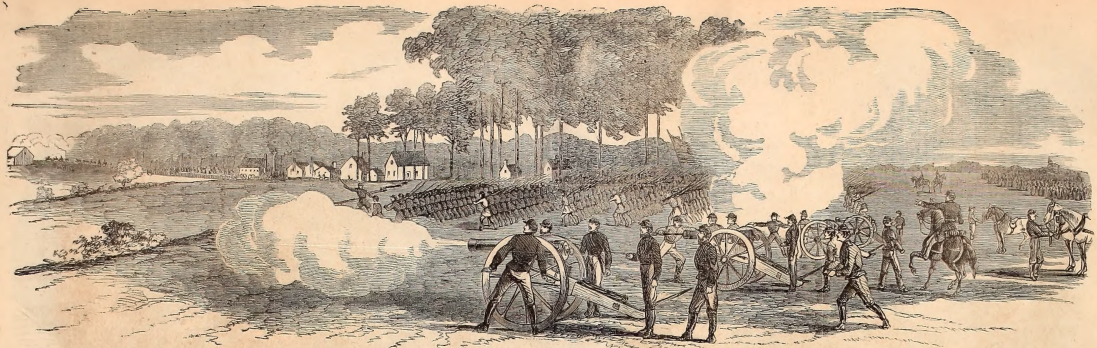
News from Vera Cruz comes to us to the 14th ult. Reports were circulating to the effect that the French had met with a severe repulse at Puebla, losing about twelve hundred men; but many were slow to believe it; and other rumors say that the invaders occupied Puebla without any resistance. Preparations for defending the capital were continuing.



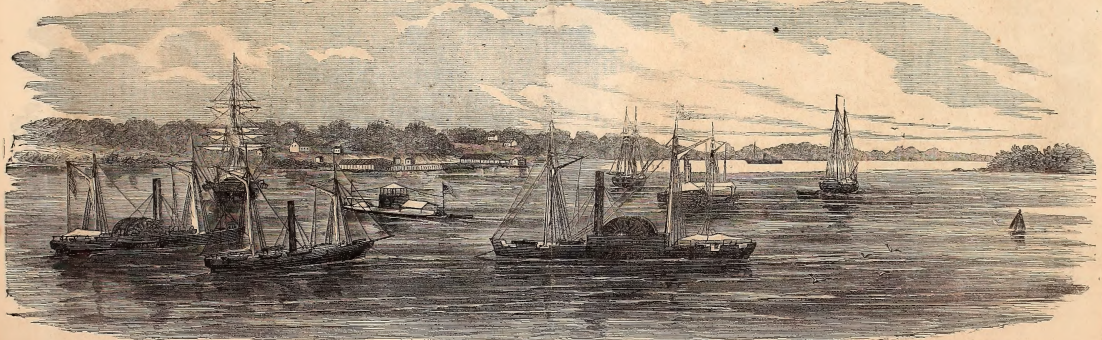
ADVANCE-GUARD OF MAJOR-GENERAL POPE'S ARMY ENTERING CORINTH, MAY 30, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—THE REBELS EVACUATING MECHANICSVILLE UNDER THE FIRE OF UNION BATTERIES.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 385.]



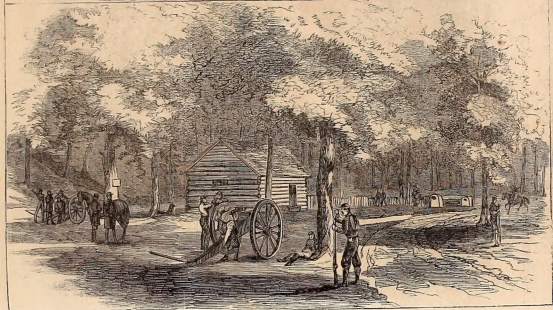
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL DAVIDSON'S BRIGADE TAKING POSSESSION OF MECHANICSVILLE, NEAR RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, MAY 24, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. MEAD.—[SEE PAGE 385.]



RENDEZVOUS OF OUR FLEET IN JAMES RIVER, OFF CITY POINT.—DRAWN ON THE SPOT, MAY 29, 1862.—[SEE PAGE 385.]

THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—LOOKING INTO CORINTH FROM GENERAL POPE'S OBSERVATORY.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 395.]

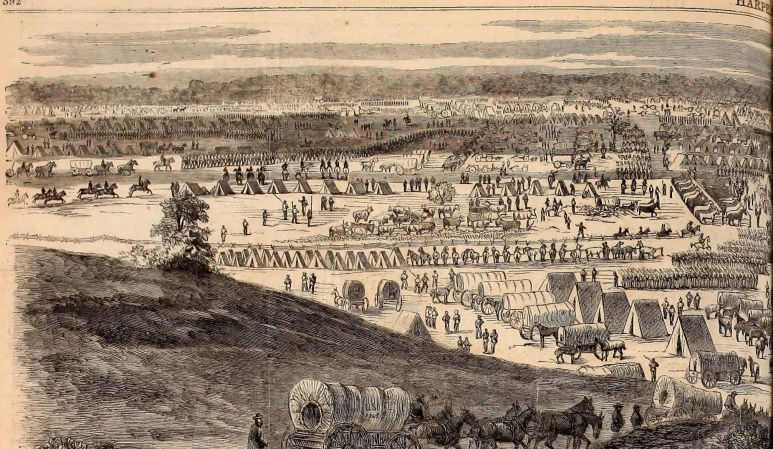




OUR PICKETS AT FARMINGTON CHURCH, TWO MILES FROM CORINTH.



GENERAL POPE'S TROOPS THROWING UP A MAGAZINE NEAR FARMINGTON.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CAMP AT CUMBERLAND LANDING, ON T



CHARGE OF GENERAL SICKLES'S BRIGADE UPON T



General M'Clellan's Head-quarters.

CHICKAHOMINY RIVER.—SKETCHED BY MR. MEAD, OF THE VERMONT BRIGADE.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



REBELS AT THE BATTLE OF FAIROAKS.—[SEE PAGE 395.]

A POOR BROTHER OF SAINT CROSS.

I was little more than sixteen years old when the murder—the unsparing extermination of the Mars and Williams families, of Ratcliffe Highway, London, sent a thrill of horror through the nation; from which my own boy-mind received so deep an impression, that, though the effacing hand of more than half a century has since done its work upon me in regard of other occurrences, the Mars and Williams tragedies, with the surrounding circumstances, are fresh and vivid in my memory as ever. It will be seen that an influence unshared by the public greatly helped to burn that impression into my brain.

The feature of the ferocious deed which more especially terrorized timid, nervous people, was, that no conceivably-adequate motive could be assigned for the assassination of those men, women, children, babes—for the wholesale destruction of two families who, though near neighbors, were unconnected by any tie of blood, friendship, or even of a common acquaintance. Quite inoffensive people, they could not have incurred the personal vengeance to be appeased only by such a horrible massacre; while, as to plunder, but a few shillings—if a few shillings—were carried off. What before unheard-of demon-spirit, hot from hell, had been loosed upon the earth? The excitement and alarm were, as I have said, intense in their exaggeration—ludicrous, absurd it may be; but it was long before a cool, reasonable appreciation of the horrible events took place of that excitement and alarm.

The topic had, however, almost ceased to be discussed, when it was revived at our fireside under strange conditions. Our family consisted only of my father, mother, myself, and a woman-servant. Our dwelling, completely isolated, was situate about half-way between the city of Winchester and the village of Otterbourne, distant from Winchester about four miles, on the Southampton road. My father was a lay-vicar of the Cathedral, a good musician, had a lucrative teaching practice, and was possessed of eight houses—tenements would be the more suitable expression—yielding in all about a hundred pounds yearly. Those rents, which were punctually paid, he himself collected, being a singularly methodical man in business matters, exactly on the day fortnight after they fell due—that is to say, on the 8th of July and the 8th of January. On these occasions my father dined at the "Hare and Hounds," Otterbourne; and it was often not till the small hours of the morning chimed that he found his way home—occasionally fresh, no doubt, but never in any degree intoxicated. He was of a genial disposition, and sang so agreeably, that he could not be so churlish as to leave tenants and other friends whom he was delighting, at what they would have deemed an unreasonably early hour. This practice of collecting his rents, and walking home alone at the dead of night with about fifty pounds in cash about him, was of course well-known in the locality, and often warningly remonstrated against—the road in many places being a lonely one. But he was a man of fearless temper; and nearly twenty years of impunity had banished apprehension, if any he had ever felt.

The Hospital of Saint Cross, where to this day a manchet of white bread and a cup of ale can be demanded by every wayfarer, was as nearly as possible midway between our abode and Winchester city. The Poor Brethren dwelling there, uniformed with loose blue overcoats and cocked hats, were familiar objects—passing, as they frequently did, our door. One of them—a new-comer—known as Richard Cheyne, happened to render my mother an essential service. She was driving alone in a chaise on the Southampton road, when the horse first shied, then bolted, dashing off at a fearful pace. My mother, panic-stricken, could only scream for help; and she would probably have been either killed outright, or received serious injury, but for the opportune appearance of Cheyne—who, a resolute, powerful man, succeeded, at considerable risk to himself, in stopping the terrified animal, and delivering my mother from a great danger.

So great a service, of course, secured him a welcome to our house at all times—a privilege or right of which he was not slow to avail himself. Richard Cheyne might be about fifty years old—certainly not older; a hale, vigorous, instructed man, with a vehement flow of words if in the least degree excited—always at such times monopolizing the conversation, or nearly so, and pouring forth a torrent of declamative comment upon affairs in general, mainly sarcastic, vituperative, mixed up with a profusion of anecdote, the whole strung together, I have heard my father more than once remark, in a loose, dislocated fashion, but always commanding the close attention of his hearers. His physiognomy was remarkable. Such a face, from its mobile, varying expression, would be, I should imagine, the despair of portrait painters. There was, however, about it one never-changing and by no means agreeable peculiarity. No one could ever *fix* for a moment his restless, fiery eyes. They were invariably turned away from the individual addressed, and directed toward a window, wall, or vacancy.

My father, I quickly discovered, while grateful for the service he had rendered, felt a growing antipathy toward the man—shrank with almost a shudder from only the slightest bodily contact with him. I do not believe they once shook hands after the first meeting. It was equally clear to me that Cheyne felt and resented my father's coldness and reserve—to use mild terms—though he never hinted in words that he did so. My mother remonstrated; but the reply of her husband always was, that he felt in Cheyne's presence as if confronted by an embodied, undefinable, but not the less real, peril—that there were dark depths in his mind unfathomable by human eyes, and concealing strange monsters, which at times rose shadowily to the surface, and as instantly disappeared again—in short, that to travel along the journey of life but casually with the Poor Brother, Richard Cheyne, required wary walking.

Boy as I was, this feeling of my father's was perfectly intelligible to me, needing no non-natural interpretation. Cheyne was possessed by a mastering passion for relating horrible stories. A morbid mania for dwelling, dilating, upon greatly revolting crimes—extraordinary murders especially—had obtained such irresistible ascendency over him, that, upon however different a topic his voluble headlong discourse first started, it was always sure to diverge into some thrilling story of atrocious, *triumphant* crime—foul murders, the secrets of which had died with the successful perpetrators. I have now no doubt whatever that the mass of those blood-curdling narratives were inventions—the creations, or, might I say, *fumes*, of an imagination heated to a very unusual degree by the fascination in which the terrible blood-blots that stain and richly illume the histories of all nations exercises over most minds, rendering Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors the most attractive part of her Exhibition, for admission to which a double fee is demanded, and readily paid.

How the man gloated over, analyzed, dissected, placed in every possible light the murder of the Mars and Williams families! Full six months had passed since that occurrence. It was, I have remarked, becoming stale to most people. Not to him; he never wearied of it. It was his daily bread. Many of the melodramatic incidents with which he tinseled the terrible tale were, I am quite sure, if not absolutely false, most grossly exaggerated for effect, he being wonderfully vain of his genius for word-painting. Still, he having been in London at the time, and, from his predilection for such unwholesome excitement, zealously engaged in the self-assumed character of amateur policeman in hunting up and sifting the revolting details, his claim to superior information upon the subject could not be disputed—at least, not openly.

How graphically, with what nervous emotion, the Poor Brother of St. Cross dwelt upon, gloated over, those details—described where, in what position the bodies were found! A father doubled up behind his shop-counter!—a servant-girl that had gone to fetch oysters for supper fallen across the threshold of the parlor she was entering!—a mother killed while dozing, it might be, in an arm-chair!—daughters when partly undressed for bed!—children, mere babes, while their eyes were closed in sleep! And the lodger who, awakened by a noise below on the night of the *second* massacre, stole softly, in his shirt, with loaded pistols in his hands, down stairs, saw a man bending over the dead body of a woman, and apparently rifling the pockets; and how that armed craven stole up back again as softly as he had descended, tied the sheets of his bed together, and by that means gained the street in safety!

This, and much more which I forbear to repeat, Richard Cheyne poured forth with exultant, frothing fury—if I may so express myself—one evening when there were present only my father, a Mr. Woolgar, and myself. He seemed like one possessed, demented, carried out of himself by the spirit of a fiend.

My father listened in silence, and with watchful astonishment as it were. Mr. Woolgar, at a momentary pause in Cheyne's boiling, turbid torrent of description, said:

"Don't you then believe, Mr. Cheyne, that the fellow apprehended upon suspicion, and who destroyed himself in jail, was the assassin, or at least the principal murderer?"

"He, miserable coward, the principal murderer!" shouted Cheyne, as if Mr. Woolgar's words had been oil cast upon the flame of demoniac triumphal passion. "No! Never, Sir! He who planned—he who mainly consummated that act of hate, that act of vengeance upon the human race, was—*must* have been—*a criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, or some other mad-house!*"

The words had no sooner left the man's lips than his face, the suddenly variable expression of which I have before noticed, changed to a deathly pallid hue; beads of perspiration burst out upon his forehead; his eyes were cast down; his whole frame trembled in, it seemed, a paroxysm of terror, as a man would look and tremble, I should fancy, who, having taken a wild, drunken leap in the dark, finds that he has landed himself upon the crumbling edge of an abyss.

"A criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, or some other mad-house!" said my father, slowly, and with the air of one upon whom a startling light had fallen. "A criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, or some other mad-house! That is a singular guess, *if it be a guess*, to be so confidently put forth."

Cheyne, as my father spoke, raised his eyes and looked the speaker keenly in the face—the very first time I had seen him do so. It was necessary to understand the significance of that slow, solemn interpretation of his own words. He did understand its significance, and my father must have felt that he did.

The head of the Poor Brother was again bowed down; the eyes shaded by his outspread palms. There was a silence of some minutes' duration, broken by the placid tones of Mr. Woolgar:

"A very extraordinary guess, or surmise, Mr. Cheyne—an absurd one, if I may say so without offense. Criminal lunatics, I have read, have always a method in their madness—seek to accomplish some long-meditated atrocity, displaying very often much cunning in carrying out that preconceived object: or their flawed minds have been attracted toward some prominent celebrated personage—a Prince, General, or other person—who occupies an unusually large place in the world's eye; by which a notion has been engendered in their brain which connects them with that great personage, and that they will achieve some kind of desirable notoriety by destroying him. But how could it have occurred to a criminal lunatic to compass the destruction of two humble families, with whom, from all that has transpired, he could not have had the slightest acquaintance? Your proposition or guess, Mr. Cheyne, though, I can not doubt, sincerely entertained, has not a leg to stand upon: to me it is absolutely absurd."

"I do not agree with you," said my father, in his coldest, sternest tones: "I do not agree with you, Woolgar, in this instance. You may be right in a general sense—I dare say you are. It is a subject to which I have given no attention. There are exceptions to all rules. I believe, with Mr. Cheyne, that he who planned, he who mainly consummated the murder of those two unfortunate families, *was* a criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, or some other mad-house."

Again my father's and the Poor Brother's eyes met. Had a shred of doubt remained in the mind of Cheyne that my father had seized his terrible secret, that look—though, being so young, it did not at the time strike me so forcibly as upon after recollection—must have dissipated that shred of doubt. Still, my father's suspicions, aroused by his own maniacal imprudence, would avail little or nothing, he must have argued; and if, when called up to the session of cooler thoughts the next morning, he espied danger in those injurious suspicions, some mode of silencing them might be found. Meanwhile, not to throw away a chance, Richard Cheyne—commencing, in, for him, a cool, deliberate style, and continuing so to speak till constitutional infirmity of uncontrollable passion confirmed the self-betrayal of his true character to the watchful observance of the lay-vicar of Winchester Cathedral—favored his auditors with a narrative in very nearly the following words:

"I disagree with Mr. Woolgar's theory of the determinate action of insanity. No man, however well studied in the phenomena of cerebral disorders, can predicate what course of action under any circumstances a lunatic must take. There is a profound truth, ludicrously conveyed, in Hamlet's speech, that 'he is only mad nor-nor-west, and when the wind is southerly he knows a hawk from a heron—'"

"And yet, Mr. Cheyne," interrupted my imprudent father—not knowing, or unmindful, that his words were goads striking deep into the flesh of a ferocious human tiger—"and yet, Mr. Cheyne, you but two or three minutes since pronounced dogmatically, assuredly, that those dreadful murders, with the details of which you are so familiar, and to which your mind, as if haunted by them, reverts, must have been perpetrated by a criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, or some other mad-house. That positive assertion, unless based upon facts within your own exclusive knowledge—for certainly the general public entertain no such suspicion or notion—is, as it seems to me, very much at variance with your theory."

Mr. Richard Cheyne, disdaining or avoiding a direct reply, continued his narrative:

"Hamlet's remark hints, I say, an unquestionable truth, that cerebral disease, except it be a decay or disorganization of the texture of the brain, is a hallucination—a delusion—a passion confined, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases of one thousand, to one particular hallucination, illusion, passion. Now it happened to me, about four months previous to my nomination as a Poor Brother of Saint Cross by the Earl of Guilford, that I found myself at a mean public house, at an out-of-the way village, not far from Dudley, in Staffordshire. My means were slender, and I was therefore obliged to content myself with the mean lodging and coarse fare which such slender means could command. In the same house was another lodger—poor as I, or poorer; and he, a climax of calamity, was hunted by the blood-hounds of the law. He kept very close; but I had at last met with him in the yard of the public, and recognized William Parsons immediately, having been present when he was tried at Chelmsford, Essex, for willful murder. He had killed and robbed a farmer who insulted him a few hours before the avenger met him in a solitary part of the road from Chelmsford to Brentwood."

"I remember the case very well," said Mr. Woolgar.

"So do I," added my father. "William Parsons, a blood-thirsty ruffian, if there ever was one, was acquitted by the jury on the ground of insanity—ordered to be confined during his Majesty's pleasure, and when you met him was a criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, after murdering one of the keepers. Is it him you suspect of having plotted and perpetrated the destruction of the Mars and Williams families?"

"I do not permit myself to suspect without reasonable grounds of suspicion," replied Cheyne, recovering his sarcastic tone. "To do so is to stamp one's self a coward or a bully—likely enough both. I have no right to suspect William Parsons of those particular crimes; I am only about to explain how it came to be strongly borne in upon my mind that such seemingly motiveless murders, carried out with consummate cunning and success, may be fairly presumed to be the work of a criminal lunatic—"

"Escaped from Bedlam, or some other mad-house," interjected my father.

"Escaped from Bedlam, or some other mad-house. There is certainly not much logic in the deduction arrived at, when, fresh as it were from listening to William Parsons's confessions—confidences would be the fitter term—I came to the conclusion that only such a man could have conceived and carried out, influenced only by an overpowering mania for murder, those else unaccountable atrocities."

"William Parsons made you his confidant?" said Mr. Woolgar. "I am not much surprised at that. He did not imagine, I dare say, that you would actively assist in the hunt after him. And from all I have heard, there seems to be an overruling necessity compelling great criminals—those especially who have broken into the sacred temple of human life—to perpetually revert to, and babble of, the crimes ever present to their affrighted consciences. William Parsons drowned himself, did he not?" added Mr. Woolgar.

"About a month after I left him at the obscure village in Staffordshire he was found drowned in the Mersey."

"I have seen it so reported," said my father; "but such reports are easily inserted in newspapers. They serve to slacken pursuit."

"The story of his life, confided to me by William Parsons," continued Cheyne, with constrained calmness, "was a terrible one. His name was not Parsons—at least, that was not the name of his reputed father, a wealthy squire of Lancashire, and which he, the supposedly legitimate son and heir, bore unquestioned till he had passed his twentieth year. The father died. The validity of his marriage with the young man's mother was disputed by the next of kin. In the end, William Parsons—as, for sufficient reasons, he called himself in after-years—was legally branded bastard, and cast forth a penniless vagabond into the mocking world: he who had been reared in luxury, taught to regard himself as the undoubted heir to estates yielding a clear yearly rental of twelve thousand pounds. The fall from that splendid height to such a depth of darkness and despair flawed his intellect. The disease took the form of a tiger-thirst for vengeance—a thirst for blood. Eagerly, untiringly, did he, with lolling tongue, dog those who had despoiled him, in search of an opportunity for slaking that hellish thirst. For years—long, weary years—in vain. At last occasion called, and he was ready. The father and son who reveled in his rightful heritage all at once conceived a caprice for the sea. A yacht, the *Zephyr*, fitted with all luxurious appliances, was built for them, and on a fine summer afternoon they set sail with a favoring breeze for the Mediterranean—Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm. Had they known that the Avenger, habited and working as a common seaman, was on board the *Zephyr*, the joyous insolence of merriment indulged in by the silken fools would have been checked. More than once William Parsons imagined he was recognized. A vain fear!

"One night a solitary sailor, when the *Zephyr* was becalmed in the Mediterranean, slid down quietly into a boat used sometimes by the *gentlemen* for fishing in calm weather, and then towing astern. In the boat, as they would probably resume their fishing should the weather continue favorable, was placed an abundant supply of daintiest provisions, wine, etc. The night was dark. The solitary sailor cast off unobserved—quietly shipped the boat's mast, loosed the sail, the faint air blowing sufficed to waft the light skiff away from the slumbering ship, and in some ten minutes a sufficient distance had been gained. The sailor then furled his sail, and lay rocking on the gently-breathing sea, impatient for the dread catastrophe which he believed—with such patient skill had he laid the train—would be inevitable. The *Zephyr* (though the war with the revolted States of America was concluded, that with revolutionary France not commenced) carried four pieces of brass ordnance, and the magazine was sufficient to blow the yacht into chips—the men on board to heaven or hell, according to the premises.

"The sailor had not very long to wait. He had won the game. The slight, tortuous, serpent train of fire, as it runs sparkling on its deadly mission, meets with no check from material obstacles of human watchfulness on board a vessel in which discipline is of the laxest kind. The licking tongue of fire reaches the magazine; a pyramid of flame, accompanied by the roar as of a thousand thunders, leaps up into the dark night. Presently afterward the heavy fragments of the *Zephyr* fall with sullen splash into the water, and all is over! The usurping father and son and William Parsons have at last finally settled accounts; the great estates in Lancashire have slipped from their grasp as irretrievably as they did from that of the Bastard. Ha! ha! That, now, if you like, was a triumph—though no money was obtained by it—the remembrance of which would heat the icy blood of infirm age to flame."

"Do you mean to seriously state that the misbegotten villain really committed the fiendish act you describe? It is impossible! Parsons must have been abusing your ears with the recital of a devilish fiction."

"The *Zephyr*, at all events, has never since been heard of. I have no doubt Parsons told me the simple truth. He was mad, you know—his particular craze being the lawfulness of slaying your enemies whenever the opportunity occurs. A right royal doctrine, you can not but admit. Besides, a jury decided that Parsons was not an accountable being. In the case of the farmer he did not, they in substance declared, know what he was about—had no distinct conception that he was killing the fool who insulted him. By parity of reasoning it must be held that he did not know that a cleverly-contrived train of gunpowder, if it reached the magazine, would make splinters of the yacht—beatify or damn the souls of all on board. Dangerous men, no doubt, are madmen—and to be locked up for life; but innocent, oh! perfectly innocent in intention. They know not what they do. Ha! ha! It is a sound, wholesome doctrine. Good-night, gentlemen. I must be off, or the gate of Holy Cross will be closed before I reach it."

"Cheyne"—gravely remarked Mr. Woolgar, as he also rose to leave—"Cheyne talks as if he himself was as mad as Parsons."

"I have no doubt, friend Woolgar, that Cheyne *is* every whit as mad as Parsons. I will speak with you further on the subject," added my father, "in a day or two. The matter is a serious one, and must be looked to."

"Mention not a word to your mother, James," said my father, "of what we have heard to-night; it would only distress her to no purpose. My own opinion is fixed. Cheyne is a madman and a murderer. As I said to Woolgar, the matter is a very serious one, and *must—shall* be sifted. Meanwhile keep guarded silence."

The next day but one was the 8th of July. My father, as usual, betook himself to Otterbourne; and I, as was the custom, waited up for his return. One—two—three struck. He had never been so late before; and as it was quite light I, without disturbing my mother, set off toward Otterbourne

to make inquiry. I had not far to go. In a ditch not more than two hundred yards away I found his self-styled, cold! He had been stabbed with body—stark, cold! He had been stabbed with bayonet—instrument from behind. Robbery had been added to murder. His money and watch were gone. The zealous investigation immediately set out first elicited no reliable particle of evidence, so much as suggested a suspicion of who the assassin or assassins might be. No one exhibited more anxiety to discover a clue to the perpetrator of the deed than Richard Cheyne's son. Had he not received by that show of zeal, and consulted with Mr. Woolger as to whether he could not, by paying or obtaining a warrant to search the Poor Brothers's apartments in the Hospital. He strongly demurred on from attempting such a thing. The lawyer, however, persisted; communicated my suspicions, and the grounds of them, to the Mayor of the borough, and a search-warrant issued. Nothing was found to criminate the Poor Brother; and the only result of the search proceedings was that I had aroused myself the enmity of a man whose enmity was death. He did not openly manifest any displeasure on the occasion by any manner toward me had never been so friendly, so apparently cordial—which friendliness and cordiality but the more convinced me I was a marked victim.

The months rolled on. We were again in the dark days and nights of January. My mother, shrinking in any unfavorable, had sought the quiet nests in Otterbourne. The money was in our hands, we were to leave for Australia in March, ourselves, and a few more general relatives, in a few days.

My mother, who was much indisposed, had gone to Winchester to consult a Dr. Lyford, accompanied by the woman-servant, and would sleep there. Anticipating that I should remain up to read the immediate reach, at all events, of Richard Cheyne, I had retired to my bedroom early.

Again and again, while vainly attempting to fix my attention upon a book, I passed over in review the whole of the succeeding time, the circumstances attending the murder of my father—thought over again the unsatisfactory visit to the Poor Brother, Richard Cheyne; wondered if the popular notion that "murder will out" would prove true; wondered also how far the public communication had reached us from Lavender, the Bow Street Runner, who had inserted a notice of the matter in the principal newspapers offering a reward to whoever would give information that might lead to the discovery of the escaped criminal, William Parsons. I had answered the advertisement, describing Richard Cheyne, and hinting my own belief that he was the man wanted. No answer had been returned, and I concluded that my pen-portrait of the Poor Brother had not struck Mr. Lavender that Richard Cheyne was not the man wanted.

It was getting somewhat late for country-folk, and I was thinking of locking up and going to bed, when the night-bell rang, and in glided Richard Cheyne!—all the demon in his nature roused in action, and flaring with flame from the bottomless pit in his wild, glittering eyes.

He closed and locked the outer door before my shocked paralyzed senses had acquired the faculty to shout of triumph advanced toward me, a bright, thin poniard (the instrument, I should think, with which he had slain my father) glittering in his hand. "I have thee now, young viper! thou and thy father shall be my victims!" he hissed, as I started the stroke by leaping backward, seized a chair, successfully warded off his furious poniard strokes, and endeavored to gain the window, or the door of the room—once out, my legs would save me. I kept shouting the while, "Murder! murder! Help! help!" Furious—mad—Cheyne flung down the dagger, with his hands seized the chair, and was wrenching it from me, when, just at the right moment, I felt the full bitterness of death, the side-door was opened, and in rushed Lavender and a brother officer—both recognized with a shriek of terror by Cheyne. They also recognized him. "All right," almost shouted Lavender; "this is our man! No nonsense, Parsons."

The fiend-lunatic seemed to have vanished—that was effectually secured and relodged in Bedlam, where he died about three years afterward. It is not, certainly, quite clear that he was one of the murderers of the Mars and Williams families, but the probabilities favor the assumption that he was; and my own conviction upon the point five weeks out born out of me.

THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

We are enabled to give in this number three pages of illustrations of the ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI, from sketches by our special artists, Messrs. DAVIS and BARNETT.

On page 385 we reproduce three of Mr. DAVIS's sketches of Corinth. Mr. DAVIS was enabled, through the kindness of the officers, to visit this fine place on the evacuation, and he accordingly introduces us to a GENERAL VIEW OF CORINTH; BRAGG'S HEAD-QUARTERS there, and the JURNEY JUNCTION which gave the point its strategical importance. On page 384 is a very graphic picture, also from a sketch by Mr. DAVIS, showing the ADVANCE OF THE ARMY UNDER GENERAL POPE ENTERING THE REBEL WORKS. This was in all probability the outlaying point of the war in the Southwest, and the sketch therefore possesses historical interest. The picture shows the rude breast-works erected by the enemy for the defense of their position.

We publish on page 391 three illustrations of GENERAL POPE'S ARMY, from sketches by our artist, Mr. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT. FARMINGTON, which is shown in the sketches as this described by a correspondent of the *World:*

> Farmington, that I write in—that Pope took from the rebels, which they rebel took from Pope, and which they now are not left with, and that we now have securely under our left wing—is a mere mass of ruins, deserted even by its savage-like inhabitants; old, dilapidated, and solitary, situated to the east of Corinth about three miles and a quarter, and to the north of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad some two miles and a half. On the log tree at the cross-roads hard by it is written, "To Pretty 32 Miles." The only sign-board left in Farmington reads, "Hyrtle & Hartle." What manner of wares Hyrtle & Hartle were the disposers of their sign does not signify.
>
> Farmington is not only utterly and absolutely wanted of its inhabitants, but presents the appearance, moreover, and in, of having been in this state and condition behind the rebel lines.
>
> Still unsapped, insignificant Farmington, all deserted and ruinous, is yet one of the most delicious spots on earth. I found it so. Here is the first running water in the neighboring hill. The moment you set foot within this delicious ruin, you are struck by the extraordinary and exalted fashion of every thing around you. The whole area is in a grand forest of oak, and yet I venture to assert to presume that Greenwood or Mount Auburn do not equal and outclass the wealth of the forest scenery at at this little rural grave-yard. Old Mortality might find employment here for years. Others will, without doubt, look of experience or the age of the inscriptions, made but of the second fall of Farmington.
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> The trees, of pilings that had never known the ordinance of human hands, are of the first order of beauty. I also the rule, shall these but here and there cover from the sight of the passer-by the fact that Farmington has had once looked after it, and that there are fallen trees and overgrown with moss. A deep ravine runs through the town below the cross-roads, and the rude bridges or the tenacious evergreen peps on in testimony of a lovely cove of the time, long ago, when Farmington was while every ten square feet contains a lofty and venerable oak. Two years ago it was more and more verdant than the trees, occupies the centre of the cemetery, and spreads its vast arms in benediction over the graves around them. Some of the graves are surrounded by a small post and rail or iron supporting, and are thickly covered with myrtle or pillin pallage. Most are destitution of designation save a simple wooden head-board, and the graves of several of the dead are circled on marble tombstone.

THE ARMIES OF THE POTOMAC.

We devote the bulk of our pages this week to illustrations of the ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, from sketches by our artists, Messrs. A. R. WARD and WALL.

On page 390 we give a picture, from a sketch by Mr. Ward, of the BATTLE OF MECHANICSVILLE. A small village of that name is made much of therefore they ran toward Richmond; and on page 387 another picture, from a sketch by Mr. Ward, of the retreat forces from the place, from a sketch by Mr. A. R. Ward. The affair is thus described in the correspondence of the *Philadelphia Inquirer:*

> The morning at daybreak the rebels opened upon the fifth land their artillery from the other side of the bridge. The cavalry and artillery were encamped across the river, and commenced the fight with the enemy without in supporting distance. To our right was a little village called Mechanicsville, on the road to Richmond, a force of four guns commenced to fire said shot; before or was to open fold, and the fight was commenced. Some damage being done in half an hour, or the firing being intermittent, the rebels opened with a battery of eight guns, and a rifle-gun of large calibre. Our artillery replied with York, Colonel J. R. M'Knee; Thirty-third New York, Forty-ninth New York, and Fifth Maine. Our infantry were ordered to take the battery. They at once marched up half a mile, when the rebel infantry were seen drawn up in line of battle in front of the battery. Nowhere but they at once halted and opened fire, which was kept up a terrific fire of canister and shell. It was returned with such a will that in a very few minutes the rebels broke ranks and ran in all directions through the woods. Down went hundreds of rebels, apparently dead. Our troops supposed them cautiously, and found one wounded man by the battery. Our troops then advanced, capturing the killed and wounded were taken away with them with the exception.
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> On pages 392 and 393 we publish a picture representing the ENCAMPMENT OF THE ARMY AT CHAMBERLAIN'S, ON THE PAMUNKEY, from a sketch by Mr. Mead, of Vermont. This summary must was a very important point in the line before in this country had so many men of various arms been collected on one plain. The site of the camp itself was one of natural beauty. On the one the river numbers of transports, steamers, and sailing craft, were constantly hovering, bringing up troops and munitions of war. The quiet little stream was never so busy since it first flowed through the forest. Here the commissariat of the army moved forward to the Chickahominy and the front of the battle-field.

On the same pages we illustrate one of the terrible BAYONET CHARGES BY SICKLES'S BRIGADE, in the Battle of Fair Oaks, from a sketch by Wall. *The Herald* correspondent wrote:

> Now the heavens poured forth a broad along the line of the battle-field. Sickles's brigade, and the brigade of Gen. Hooker, on the right of the day on the ground, and well directed and severe. But it was returned with certainly loud effect, and the enemy's infantry broke from the railroad and fired into the swamp; and now the order to his men was given, and with a loud hurrah Sickles and the men could not at all times keep the line, and were broken by the nature of the ground, but they entered the swamp. Yet still they kept on. Sometimes, waist-deep in water, sometimes on dry ground, but the gallantry of the officers kept the men up to it. This was the first time the rebels had ever fought Sickles's brigade here, by his own gallantry, gave an example that restored the men to their former confidence in their leader, and he and he required two rifle-balls in his right arm, and he was carried to the rear. Still the men kept on, and the rebels broke and fled in confusion, and the swamp was passed up and down the lines on either side, no order could be heard, and no command given. Still the brave officers were compelled to keep ahead in the advance of their men, or they could not lead.
>
> There was the Irish brigade in all the glory of a fair fore fight. Some of the men were drunk, and fought indifferently, but the only man that really loves it shot down. The regiment suffered severely. Before the trees fails from the old sod, with the chosen Meagher at their head, laughed and shouted as they went. It was a splendid fun in the world. We saw one sitting on the edge of a fallen, with his feet in the water, and his face in his hand, waited too very hot—and he apparently wounded—and we said, "We could not to know if we had ever seen a better Irishman."
>
> Then Richardson's division the fire spread around to the New Jersey brigade, on the front which the enemy had pushed on for the day before. Soldy did the Jerseymen stand up to their work. Their line was broken, and earnest fell back, through the thick swamp, slowly and steadily. In front the fire was severe, and the men were compelled, but still it told heavily on our brave fellows, though it did not materially check them.
>
> Still farther to the left was the Excelsior brigade, and General Sumner in person. Here, as on every part of the battle-field, the General had not the air or manner of a novice. He was all activity, and thought only of the way to win.
>
> Sickles's men apparently lost their patience, and we suppose the officers did, and General Sickles especially. When men advance across a battle-field, loading and firing as they go, they naturally do not go very fast, and the Sickles brigade voted the gait to be decidedly slow. So the order was given to fix bayonets and charge, and they did it not mikingly at all, but in terrible earnest and with a glorious result. Some of the rebels stood to and their places; some stood long enough to fire their pieces, and then ran. Some ran at once. The charge spread away through the woods like so many squirrels.
>
> The rebels fled in the most opposite direction, for in their wild rush to the rear they rushed to the left of the woods. We didn't see the encampments of our enemy, for, as a matter of right here must follow the Sickles men, so with a wise caution the Sickles brigade was kept in front of the rest of the wood, and told not to pursue; and there it spent its Sunday ready for visitors. Some of the men did go into the rebel encampments that had the enemy threw into the wood over their heads.

On page 396 we reproduce one of Mr. WARD's sketches, representing GENERAL MCCLELLAN RECONNOITRING THE TURNPIKE FROM MECHANICSVILLE TO RICHMOND. He has been within half an hour's ride of the rebel capital for several days! One can easily imagine the feelings with which he must have reconnoitred. A few days more and we will realize the aim of his expedition—On to Richmond!

Lastly, on page 397 we give a picture of the commencement of the BATTLE OF HANOVER COURT HOUSE, from a sketch by our correspondent engaged, which was kindly presented to our artist. We take the following account of the transaction from the *Herald* correspondence:

> Within about three miles of Hanover Court House the road turns to the left, and to the left there branches off another road which leads to Ashland. It was at this point that the cavalry of the Hanover Court House woods, apparently in force, near the Hanover Road, while at the same time he was drawn up in position near the Ashland Road to the left. General Porter immediately made a proper disposition of his forces, and Colonel Emory's cavalry were speedily placed in position to meet the enemy. Before the cavalry charged, Captain Martin's battery of artillery and shots were exchanged between the opposing forces. At the forks of the road General Martindale was ordered to support Emory. Then the enemy fired a battery, on the left of the telegraph wires, and pull up a portion of the Virginia Central Railroad, between the Peake's Station, and less than half a mile distant, while the Twenty-fifth New York went in front. General Martindale's brigade, consisting of Twenty-second Massachusetts, Colonel Gove, and the Second Maine, Colonel Tilton, to execute the order. The Twenty-second Massachusetts being directed to support the battery of artillery, the Second Maine, accompanied by the artillery in person, skirmishers were thrown out in front and on each side, the remainder of the regiment marching in line of battle behind the battery. The skirmishers soon met the enemy's pickets, and a brisk fire was kept up by this, similar orders were given to the Twenty-fifth. Companies was ordered to the left of the battery, which opened fire shell in the direction in which the enemy were seen, at the same time the Second Maine being thrown to the right to support the skirmishers.
>
> In the mean time the section of battery was relieved by Captain Martin, and moved between the regiments and opened a vigorous fire on the enemy, while the latter had been engaged with musketry and shell, and now opened quite an artillery engagement. It was subsequently found that the enemy had battery exploded one of the enemy's caissons. The pioneers of the Second Maine were ordered to the right of the wire, which is cut about 12 rails from the railroad track, and, in conjunction with the pioneers of the Twenty-second Massachusetts, tore up the railroad track and destroyed the telegraph wire. The regiments were withdrawn and directed to join the remainder of the brigade, which was halting on Hanover Court House.
>
> The above operations had transpired on the left the Twenty-fifth New York, in General Martindale's brigade, had been ordered to the front, and marched into the Hanover road. When debouching from the woods, skirmishers were thrown out in front, the enemy opened a vigorous fire of musketry from the woods to the left, about 200 yards distant, which was kept up for about half a day. At this fire Lieutenant-Colonel Savage was wounded in the arm, Lieutenant Elder was killed, and the regiment then advanced through the fields, fired right and left, driving the enemy before them. Some of the rebels broke from their cover and fled in confusion, but the valleys were exchanged. Lieutenant Thompson and four men were wounded by this fire. Advancing through the detachments, the enemy succeeded in cutting off and capturing Lieutenant Colonel Savage and Lieutenant Elder's men. Declare sharp-shooters were incessible engaged. Colonel Johnson, of the Twenty-fifth, then withdrew his small command to give the enemy battle near his reserve, and which was then engaged with the enemy, as the other troops arrived on the ground at this suspicious moment.
>
> Those troops consisted of a portion of General Butterfield's brigade, which received information from the Commanding General that his troops were required in front, and immediately marched to the support of the Twenty-fifth New York. The first line consisted of the Twenty-eighth New York, Colonel Lansing, on the right, and the Eighty-third Pennsylvania, Colonel Dwight, on the left; and the second, of the Twelfth New York, Colonel Weeks, on the right, and the Sixteenth Michigan, Colonel Stockton, on the left, the two latter regiments being in close column of divisions. A strong force of skirmishers were thrown out in advance. In this order the regiments went through the woods, at the edge of which they were halted till the line was perfectly formed and the position of the enemy ascertained. In the mean time command emerged from the woods, the skirmishers firing in front. The Eighty-third Pennsylvania of the brigade as in charge of the skirmishers, and the vigorous fire of the skirmishers had the effect of driving the enemy from the rebels and the woods, and the Twenty-fifth New York, on the front on the right, took one of the enemy's guns—a brass 12-pounder—which appeared as the most prominent object from the battle-field. Lieutenant-Colonel Morris, of the Twenty-fifth, was wounded in the leg, Lieutenant Hall, one of the Ninety-third, being sick, was requested by the Colonel to take charge of some prisoners who had been taken near Dr. Kenny's house. When the enemy was advancing on the Ashland road Lieutenant Hall with the prisoners took away the captured cannon, which, for the want of horses, could not be taken. Captain Martin's battery, and turned upon the rebels.
>
> The fire was then opened from now on the ground, and orders were given for the troops to follow, as well in pursuit of the enemy, who was to take the Hanover Ashland station, and participate in the capture action in the vicinity of Hanover Court House. These regiments preserving their first formation still steadily advanced, at shoulder arms, across the extensive fields, over a rough and broken country, for two miles. The enemy, however, occupied the railroad station to the left, where cars of the Virginia Central Railroad were standing, and, abandoning the track, a number of the enemy's tents, and other articles of value, and the Hanover Court House Cavalry, from intelligence was received that the enemy had reappeared in our rear, and orders were given to return.

OUR FLOTILLA IN THE JAMES RIVER.

We publish on page 390 an illustration of OUR FLOTILLA IN THE JAMES RIVER, near RICHMOND, from a sketch by our artist on board one of the vessels. The artist writes as follows on the subject of his picture:

CITY POINT.

City Point is, or rather has been, the "port of entry" to Petersburg. It is situated on the right bank of the James River, about fifty miles below Richmond. It can hardly be called a town, having at the best of times not more than two or three hundred inhabitants, and these mostly negroes; at present it is almost entirely deserted. Being the terminus of the Petersburg Railroad, the cars frequently arrive, and are met by the United States steamer *Massachusetts*, both under the charge of effect the exchange of prisoners. It is daily expected that Colonel Corcoran will here be restored to his command.

A letter from City Point says:

> While coming up the river the height of the tide indicated that the banks were not about a foot. The water was very high, and the river presented a most picturesque scene of boats, large pieces of wreck, etc., floating down with the current, and being driven by the force of the current. So strong is the tide that it is with great difficulty a boat keeps off the towns to ever down can reach another higher up the river. Yesterday a vessel's bank, and soon after a schooner, with all the stores, were drafted down, and the corpse of a man floated past, face downward, and legs extended. The corpse was clad in a white shirt and white trousers or drawers. As the face was downward, we could not tell whether the body was that of a white or a black man.
>
> The appearance of the dead floating on broad boats were not unfrequent, and by the force of the current, and the appearances seem to indicate that the obstructions placed by the rebels across the river from Dutch Gap to the rebels site be gradually washed away by the freshet; but it is exceedingly doubtful whether they will have been so far removed as to admit of the passage of our vessels, so effectually have the rebels driven vessels loads of stone between piles driven into the river, and such large quantities of stones have been sunk between the interstices. The current is threatening and the current in full force, with a rushing sound like that of a waterfall, and there is no doubt that the freshet subsiding for some time.

DR. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THE GREAT REMEDIES FOR THE MILLION.

THESE Medicines are confidently offered to the Public as a Remedy for the following Complaints:

Ague	Fevers of all kinds
Asthma	Female Irregularities
Bilious Complaints	Gout
Blotches on the Skin	Head-ache
Bowel Complaints	Indigestion
Colds	Inflammation
Constipation of the Bowels	Jaundice
Consumption	Liver Complaints
Debility	Lumbago
Dropsy	Piles
Dysentery	Rheumatism
Erysipelas	Retention of Urine
Fever and Ague	Scrofula, or King's Evil
Fever, Bilious	Secondary Symptoms
Fever, Scarlet	Sore Throats
Fever, Typhus	Stone and Gravel
Fever, Yellow	Tic Doloureux
Fever, Low	Ulcers
Fever, Nervous	Venereal Affections
Fever, Putrid	Weakness, from whatever cause arising
Fever, Remittent	Worms of all kinds

Sold at the Manufactory of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244 Strand, (near Temple Bar), London, and by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the Civilized World, at the following prices:

1s. 3d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each.

There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each Pot and Box.

Purchasers should look to the Address of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244 Strand, (near Temple Bar), London, as spurious imitations are sold of the Ointment, purporting to come from Malta, Leghorn, and other places abroad.

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OH, MY DOVE, WHERE DOST THOU GO?

AN ANSWER TO "MOTHER, CAN I COME?" PUBLISHED IN HARPER'S WEEKLY OF MARCH 29.

Go, my boy, and Heaven bless you! I have read each line
Of your heart's responsive throbbings to a Higher Call
God hath spoken—you have heard Him—and though
Your affection for your mother shall not mar your love
For Him,
Could I but stay those tendrils, when the ever-ruling Hand
Makes your path to duty clearly for the safety of your land?
No! 'tis yours to be a patriot, and 'tis mine to prove us true;
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you!

Go in faith, and feel protection in a Power Supreme, Divine;
Should a bullet pierce your body it will also enter mine.
Should a sabre fall to sever? Then its keen edge I will have severed
Ere it reach your heart. Do you doubt me? Do you doubt me, my brave one?
No, my son; no more than you.
Dear is every pathway where your precious feet have trod;
But I gaze fondly, freely, to my country and my God.
You and I shall never falter in the work we have to do;
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you!

I shall pray for you—how often—with the waking hour of morning,
Through the labors of my household, and when night is coming on.
At evening in prayer can keep you 'mid the dangers you incur,
God will surely bring you back again to happiness and her.
I will not doubt the goodness that has kept you until now,
That has kept the evil from your heart, the shadow from your brow;
And I know I shall keep you in the path you must pursue;
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you!

If my boy were less a hero, less the man in thought and deed
I had less to give my country in her trying hour of need;
And I'm glad to-day in knowing that to serve that land
Divine,
From the hearth-stone more to me than from the mine.
I have loved you from the hour that my first fear pressed your cheek,
Ever tenderly, but never quite as tenderly as now.
I have loved you from the day you, in whatever life into me;
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you!

I shall miss you through the spring-time, when the orchard is in bloom,
When the living face of Nature bathes its beauty in perfume;
When the birds are sweetly singing by the door and on the wing,
I shall miss you where you always loved to pause and hear them sing.
Ever, ever, through the dreary hour through the dreary summer day,
While you fly exposed to dangers on a soil so far away.
But my spirit shall not murmur, though a tear bedim my eye
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you!

You will come and see your mother, come and kiss her, as you say,
From her lips receive the blessing that shall cheer you on the way.
From her fond embrace go forward to resist your country's foe
With the comforting assurance that your mother backs you go.
Heaven protect, and bless, and keep you; holy angels your way,
Keep your spirit from temptation, and your feet from stumbling stay.
To your mother ever faithful, to your country ever true—
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you!

May 26, 1862.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CAPTAIN PORTER'S MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY SHELLING THE REBELS ACROSS THE SWOLLEN CHICKAHOMINY.
[SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WARD.]

ACROSS THE CHICKAHOMINY.

WE reproduce above a sketch by Mr. A. R. Ward representing CAPTAIN PORTER'S BATTERY SHELLING THE REBELS ACROSS THE CHICKAHOMINY. The picture gives a good idea of the scenery of the region. Mr. Ward, the author of the picture, thus describes it: "The sketch gives a good idea of the scenery of this stream, flowing through rich, flat meadows, and bordered by a fringe of trees—alns, willows, tulip-trees, etc. From the fields rise gentle hills, partly under cultivation, and in part covered with woods. The Richmond turnpike crosses the streams—or swamp, as the natives call it—upon a bridge near Mechanicsville, which the rebels have burned, and now guard by artillery placed upon the hill. Along the river our pickets are thickly posted, under cover of trees and bushes or in the open fields. Occasionally the artillery posted on the heights commanding the valley fire shot and shell with varying effect upon the enemy's position."

The *Tribune* correspondent says:

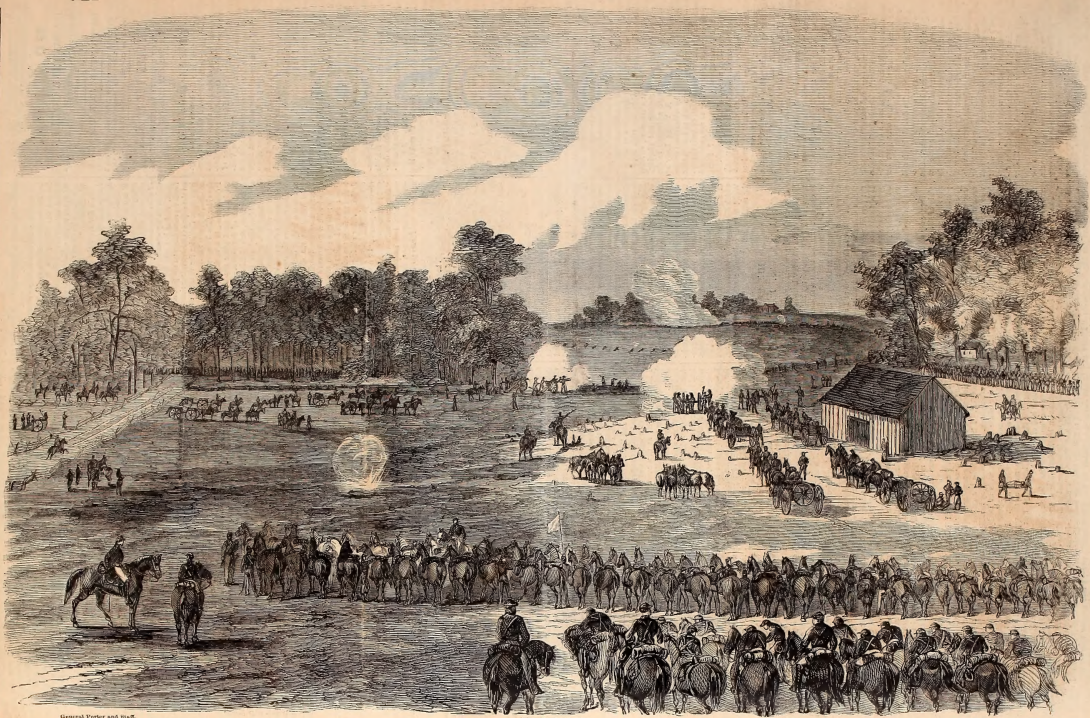
The Chickahominy is the drain of a swamp. The stream is deep, though sluggish. Densely timbered, marshy land fringes it on either bank. The Rebels had gathered enormous reservoirs of water by the use of dams, as a weapon of military offense north of the Richmond and York River Railroad bridge. When the awful rains of last Wednesday and Friday had set every square rod of this part of the peninsula to work to contribute the elements of a flood to the Chickahominy, there was glee in Richmond, and mutual congratulations among military men. They surely reckoned that Bottom Bridge would be afloat, and that on the other side of the swollen stream, wherever McClellan had made passage ways for his troops and his transportation, his artillery would be motionless, bog-deep in the mire, and his trains of ammunition and of food inaccessible, and from 40,000 to 50,000 of the best troops in the army standing useless upon the brink of a river, beyond which the brothers in arms were being crushed in their rush by overwhelming numbers, or driven at the point of the bayonet to death by drowning before their eyes.

On Friday night the reservoirs of accumulated water at the Upper Chickahominy were cut open. On Saturday morning Bottom Bridge was afloat.

The Chickahominy is still a lake.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL MCLELLAN RECONNOITRING THE TURNPIKE TO RICHMOND FROM THE PEACH ORCHARD AT MECHANICSVILLE.
SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—COMMENCEMENT OF THE BATTLE OF HANOVER COURT HOUSE, 1.45 P.M.—THE ENEMY ON THE HILL IN THE DISTANCE.—FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER WHO WAS PRESENT.—[SEE PAGE 395.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

BETWEEN THE SCENES.

CHRONICLE OF EVENTS: PRESERVED IN CAPTAIN WRAGGE'S DISPATCH BOX.

I.

[*Chronicle for October*, 1846.]

I have retired into the bosom of my family. We are residing in the secluded village of Ruswarp, on the banks of the Esk, about two miles inland from Whitby. Our lodgings are comfortable, and we possess the additional blessing of a tidy landlady. Mrs. Wragge and Miss Vanstone preceded me here in accordance with the plan I laid down for effecting our retreat from York. On the next day I followed them alone with the luggage. On leaving the terminus, I had the satisfaction of seeing the lawyer's clerk in close confabulation with the detective officer whose advent I had prophesied. I left him in peaceable possession of the city of York, and the whole surrounding neighborhood. He has returned the compliment, and has left us in peaceable possession of the valley of the Esk, thirty miles away from him.

Remarkable results have followed my first efforts at the cultivation of Miss Vanstone's dramatic abilities.

I have discovered that she possesses extraordinary talent as a mimic. She has the flexible face, the manageable voice, and the sharp dramatic perception which fit a woman for character-parts and disguises on the stage. All she now wants is teaching and practice to make her sure of her own resources. The experience of her, thus gained, has revived an idea in my mind, which originally occurred to me at one of the "At Homes" of the late inimitable Charles Mathews, comedian. I was in the Wine Trade at the time I remember. We imitated the Vintage-processes of Nature in a back kitchen at Brompton; and produced a dinner-sherry, pale and curious, tonic in character, round in the mouth, a favorite with the Court of Spain at nineteen and sixpence a dozen, bottles included —*Vide* Prospectus of the period. The profits of myself and partners were small; we were in advance of the tastes of the age, and in debt to the bottle merchant. Being at my wit's end for want of money, and seeing what audiences Mathews drew, the idea occurred to me of starting an imitation of the great Imitator himself in the shape of an "At Home," given by a woman. The one trifling obstacle in the way was the difficulty of finding the woman. From that time to this I have hitherto failed to overcome it. I have conquered it at last; I have found the woman now. Miss Vanstone possesses youth and beauty as well as talent. Train her in the art of dramatic disguise, provide her with appropriate dresses for different characters, develop her accomplishments in singing and playing, give her plenty of smart talk addressed to the audience, advertise her as A Young Lady at Home, astonish the public by a dramatic entertainment which depends from first to last on that young lady's own sole exertions, commit the entire management of the thing to my care—and what follows, as a necessary consequence? Fame for my fair relative, and a fortune for myself.

I put these considerations, as frankly as usual, to Miss Vanstone, offering to write the Entertainment, to manage all the business, and to share the profits. I did not forget to strengthen my case by informing her of the jealousies she would encounter, and the obstacles she would meet, if she went on the stage. And I wound up by a neat reference to the private inquiries which she is interested in making, and to the personal independence which she is desirous of securing before she acts on her information. "If you go on the stage," I said, "your services will be bought by a manager, and he may insist on his claims just at the time when you want to get free from him. If, on the contrary, you adopt my views, you will be your own mistress and your own manager, and you can settle your course just as you like." This last consideration appeared to strike her. She took a day to consider it, and when the day was over gave her consent.

I had the whole transaction down in black and white immediately. Our arrangement is eminently satisfactory, except in one particular. She shows a morbid distrust of writing her name at the bottom of any document which I present to her; and roundly declares she will sign nothing. As long as it is her interest to provide herself with pecuniary resources for the future, she verbally engages to go on. When it ceases to be her interest, she plainly threatens to leave off at a week's notice. A difficult girl to deal with: she has found out her own value to me already. One comfort is, I have the cooking of the accounts; and my fair relative shall not fill her pockets too suddenly, if I can help it.

My exertions in training Miss Vanstone for the coming experiment have been varied by the writing of two anonymous letters in that young lady's interests. Finding her too fidgety about arranging matters with her friends to pay proper attention to my instructions, I wrote anonymously to the lawyer who is conducting the inquiry after her; recommending him in a friendly way to give it up. The letter was inclosed to a friend of mine in London, with instructions to post it at Charing Cross. A week later I sent a second letter, through the same channel, requesting the lawyer to inform me, in writing, whether he and his clients had or had not decided on taking my advice. I directed him, with jocose reference to the collision of interests between us, to address his letter: "Tit for Tat, Post Office, West Strand."

In a few days the answer arrived—privately forwarded, of course, to Post-office, Whitby, by arrangement with my friend in London.

The lawyer's reply was short and surly: "Sir,—If my advice had been followed, you and your anonymous letter would both be treated with the contempt which they deserve. But the wishes of Miss Magdalen Vanstone's eldest sister have claims on my consideration which I can not dispute; and at her entreaty I inform you that all further proceedings on my part are withdrawn—on the express understanding that this concession is to open facilities for written communication, at least, between the two sisters. A letter from the elder Miss Vanstone is inclosed in this. If I don't hear, in a week's time, that it has been received I shall place the matter once more in the hands of the police.—William Pendril." A sour man, this William Pendril. I can only say of him, what an eminent nobleman once said of his sulky servant—"I wouldn't have such a temper as that fellow has got for any earthly consideration that could be offered me!"

As a matter of course I looked into the letter which the lawyer inclosed before delivering it. Miss Vanstone the elder described herself as distracted at not hearing from her sister; as suited with a governess's situation in a private family; as going into the situation in a week's time; and as longing for a letter to comfort her before she faced the trial of undertaking her new duties. After closing the envelope again, I accompanied the delivery of the letter to Miss Vanstone the younger by a word of caution. "Are you more sure of your own courage now," I said, "than you were when I met you?" She was ready with her answer. "Captain Wragge, when you met me on the Walls of York I had not gone too far to go back. I have gone too far now."

If she really feels this—and I think she does—her corresponding with her sister can do no harm. She wrote at great length the same day, cried profusely over her own epistolatory composition, and was remarkably ill-tempered and snappish toward me when we met in the evening. She wants experience, poor girl—she sadly wants experience of the world. How consoling to know that I am just the man to give it her!

II.

[*Chronicle for November*.]

We are established at Derby. The Entertainment is written, and the rehearsals are in steady progress. All difficulties are provided for but the one eternal difficulty of money. Miss Vanstone's resources stretch easily enough to the limits of our personal wants; including piano-forte hire for practice, and the purchase and making of the necessary dresses. But the expenses of starting the Entertainment are beyond the reach of any means we possess. A theatrical friend of mine here, whom I had hoped to interest in our undertaking, proves unhappily to be at a crisis in his career. The field of human sympathy, out of which I might have raised the needful pecuniary crop, is closed to me from want of time to cultivate it. I see no other resource left—if we are to be ready by Christmas—than to try one of the local music-sellers in this town, who is said to be a speculating man. A private rehearsal at these lodgings, and a bargain which will fill the pockets of a grasping stranger—such are the sacrifices which dire necessity imposes on me at starting. Well! there is only one consolation. I'll cheat the music-seller.

III.

[*Chronicle for December. First Fortnight.*]

The music-seller extorts my unwilling respect. He is one of the very few human beings I have met with in the course of my life who is not to be cheated. He has taken a masterly advantage of our helplessness, and has imposed terms on us for performances at Derby and Nottingham, with such a business-like disregard of all interests but his own, that—fond as I am of putting things down in black and white—I really can not prevail upon myself to record the bargain. It is needless to say I have yielded with my best grace, sharing with my fair relative the wretched pecuniary prospects offered to us. Our turn will come. In the mean time I cordially regret not having known the local music-seller in early life.

Personally speaking, I have no cause to complain of Miss Vanstone. We have arranged that she shall regularly forward her address (at the post-office) to her friends as we move about from place to place. Besides communicating in this way with her sister, she also reports herself to a certain Mr. Clare, residing in Somersetshire, who is to forward all letters exchanged between herself and his son. Careful inquiry has informed me that this latter individual is now in China. Having suspected from the first that there was a gentleman in the back-ground, it is highly satisfactory to know that he recedes into the remote perspective of Asia. Long may he remain there!

The trifling responsibility of finding a name for our talented Magdalen to perform under has been cast on my shoulders. She feels no interest whatever in this part of the subject. "Give me any name you like," she said; "I have as much right to one as to another. Make it yourself." I have readily consented to gratify her wishes. The resources of my commercial library include a list of useful names to assume; and we can choose one at five minutes' notice, when the admirable man of business who now oppresses us is ready to issue his advertisements. On this point my mind is easy enough: all my anxieties centre in the fair performer. I have not the least doubt she will do wonders if she is only left to herself on the first night. But if the day's post is mischievous enough to upset her by a letter from her sister, I tremble for the consequences.

IV.

[*Chronicle for December. Second Fortnight.*]

My gifted relative has made her first appearance in public, and has laid the foundation of our future fortunes.

On the first night the attendance was larger than I had ventured to hope. The novelty of an evening's Entertainment, conducted from beginning to end by the unaided exertions of a young lady (see advertisement), roused the public curiosity, and the seats were moderately well filled. As good-luck would have it, no letter addressed to Miss Vanstone came that day. She was in full possession of herself until she got the first dress on and heard the bell ring for the music. At that critical moment she suddenly broke down. I found her alone in the waiting-room, sobbing and talking like a child. "Oh, poor papa! poor papa! Oh, my God, if he saw me now!" My experience in such matters at once informed me that it was a case for sal-volatile, accompanied by sound advice. We strung her up, in no time, to concert pitch, set her eyes in a blaze, and made her outblush her own rouge. The curtain rose when we had got her at a red heat. She dashed at it, exactly as she dashed at it in the back drawing-room at Rosemary Lane. Her personal appearance settled the question of her reception before she opened her lips. She rushed full gallop through her changes of character, her songs, and her dialogue; making mistakes by the dozen, and never stopping to set them right; carrying the people along with her in a perfect whirlwind, and never waiting for the applause. The whole thing was over twenty minutes sooner than the time we had calculated on. She carried it through to the end, and fainted on the waiting-room sofa a minute after the curtain was down. The music-seller having taken leave of his senses from sheer astonishment, and I having no evening costume to appear in, we sent the doctor to make the necessary apology to the public, who were calling for her till the place rang again. I prompted our medical orator with a neat speech from behind the curtain; and I never heard such applause, from such a comparatively small audience, before in my life. I felt the tribute—I felt it deeply. Fourteen years ago I scraped together the wretched means of existence, in this very town, by reading the newspaper (with explanatory comments) to the company at a public house. And now here I am at the top of the tree.

It is needless to say that my first proceeding was to bowl out the music-seller on the spot. He called the next morning, no doubt with a liberal proposal for extending the engagement beyond Derby and Nottingham. My niece was described as not well enough to see him; and, when he asked for me, he was told I was not up. I happened to be, at that moment, engaged in putting the case pathetically to our gifted Magdalen. Her answer was in the highest degree satisfactory. She would permanently engage herself to nobody—least of all to a man who had taken sordid advantage of her position and mine. She would be her own mistress, and share the profits with me, while she wanted money, and while it suited her to go on. So far so good. But the reason she added next for her flattering preference of myself was less to my taste. "The music-seller is not the man whom I employ to make my inquiries," she said. "You are the man." I don't like her steadily remembering those inquiries in the first bewilderment of her success. It looks ill for the future; it looks infernally ill for the future.

V.

[*Chronicle for January*, 1847.]

She has shown the cloven foot already. I begin to be a little afraid of her.

On the conclusion of the Nottingham engagement (the results of which more than equaled the results at Derby), I proposed taking the Entertainment next—now we had got it into our own hands—to Newark. Miss Vanstone raised no objection until we came to the question of time, when she amazed me by stipulating for a week's delay before we appeared in public again.

"For what possible purpose?" I asked.

"For the purpose of making the inquiries which I mentioned to you at York," she answered.

I instantly enlarged on the danger of delay, putting all the considerations before her in every imaginable form. She remained perfectly immovable. I tried to shake her on the question of expenses. She answered by handing me over her share of the proceeds at Derby and Nottingham—and there were my expenses paid at the rate of nearly two guineas a day. I wonder who first picked out a mule as the type of obstinacy? How little knowledge that man must have had of women!

There was no help for it. I took down my instructions in black and white as usual. My first exertions were to be directed to the discovery of Mr. Michael Vanstone's address: I was also expected to find out how long he was likely to live there, and whether he had sold Combe-Raven or not. My next inquiries were to inform me of his ordinary habits of life; of what he did with his money; of who his intimate friends were; and of the sort of terms on which his son, Mr. Noel Vanstone, was now living with him. Lastly, the investigations were to end in discovering whether there was any female relative, or any woman exercising domestic authority in the house, who was known to have an influence over either father or son.

If my long practice in cultivating the field of human sympathy had not accustomed me to private investigations into the affairs of other people, I might have found some of these queries rather difficult to deal with in the course of a week. As it was, I gave myself all the benefit of my own experience; and brought the answers back to Nottingham in a day less than the given time. Here they are, in regular order, for convenience of future reference:

(1.) Mr. Michael Vanstone is now residing at German Place, Brighton, and likely to remain there, as he finds the air suit him. He reached London, from Switzerland, in September last; and sold the Combe-Raven property immediately on his arrival.

(2.) His ordinary habits of life are secret and retired; he seldom visits or receives company. Part of his money is supposed to be in the funds, and part laid out in railway investments which have survived the panic of eighteen hundred and forty-six, and are rapidly rising in value. Since his arrival in England, he has also speculated with great judgment in house property. He has some houses in remote parts of London; and some houses in certain watering-places on the East coast, which are shown to be advancing in public repute. In all these cases he is reported to have made remarkably good bargains.

(3.) It is not easy to discover who his intimate friends are. Two names only have been ascertained. The first is Admiral Bartram; supposed to have been under friendly obligations, in past years, to Mr. Michael Vanstone. The second is Mr. George Bartram, nephew of the Admiral, and now staying on a short visit in the house at German Place. Mr. George Bartram is the son of the late Mr. Andrew Vanstone's sister, also deceased. He is therefore a cousin of Mr. Noel Vanstone's. This last—viz., Mr. Noel Vanstone—is in delicate health, and is living on excellent terms with his father in German Place.

(4.) There is no female relative in Mr. Michael Vanstone's family circle. But there is a housekeeper, who has lived in his service ever since his wife's death, and who has acquired a strong influence over both father and son. She is a native of Switzerland, elderly, and a widow. Her name is Mrs. Lecount.

On placing these particulars in Miss Vanstone's hands she made no remark, except to thank me. I endeavored to invite her confidence. No results; nothing but a renewal of civility, and a sudden shifting to the subject of the Entertainment. Very good. If she won't give me the information I want, the conclusion is obvious—I must help myself.

Business considerations claim the remainder of this page. Let me return to business.

Financial Statement.	Third Week in January.
Place Visited. Newark.	Performances. Two.
Net Receipts, In black and white. £25.	Net Receipts, Actually realized. £32 10s.
Apparent Division of Profits. Miss V............£12 10 Self..............£12 10	Actual Division of Profits. Miss V............£12 10 Self..............£20 00
Private Surplus on the Week, Or say, Self-presented Testimonial. £7 10s.	
Audited, H. Wragge.	Passed correct, H. Wragge.

The next stronghold of British sympathy which we take by storm is Sheffield. We open the first week in February.

VI.

[*Chronicle for February*.]

Practice has now given my fair relative the confidence which I predicted would come with time. Her knack of disguising her own identity in the impersonation of different characters so completely staggers her audiences that the same people come twice over to find out how she does it. It is the amiable defect of the English public never to know when they have had enough of a good thing. They actually try to encore one of her characters—an old north-country lady—modeled on that honored preceptress in the late Mr. Vanstone's family to whom I presented myself at Combe-Raven. This particular performance fairly amazes the people. I don't wonder at it. Such an extraordinary assumption of age by a girl of nineteen has never been seen in public before in the whole course of my theatrical experience.

I find myself writing in a lower tone than usual; I miss my own dash of humor. The fact is, I am depressed about the future. In the very height of our prosperity, my perverse pupil sticks to her trumpery family quarrel. I feel myself at the mercy of the first whim in the Vanstone direction which may come into her head—I, the architect of her fortunes. Too bad; upon my soul, too bad!

She has acted already on the inquiries which she forced me to make for her. She has written two letters to Mr. Michael Vanstone.

To the first letter no answer came. To the second a reply was received. Her infernal cleverness put an obstacle I had not expected in the way of my intercepting it. Later in the day, after she had herself opened and read the answer, I laid another trap for her. It just succeeded, and no more. I had half a minute to

look into the envelope in her absence. It contained nothing but her own letter returned. It was not the girl to put up quietly with such an insult as this. Mischief will come of it. He wrote to Michael Vanstone—which is of no earthly consequence; mischief to me—which is a truly serious matter.

VII.

[Chronicle for March.]

After performing at Sheffield and Manchester, we have moved to Liverpool, Preston, and Lancaster. Another change in this weather-cock of a girl! She has written no more letters to Michael Vanstone,and she has become as anxious to make money as I am myself. We are realizing profits, and we are worked to death. I don't like this change in her: she has a purpose to answer, or she would not show such extraordinary eagerness to fill her purse. Nothing I can do—no cooking of accounts, no self-protected sentimentalism—can keep that purse empty. The success of the Entertainment, and her own sharpness in looking after her interests, literally force me into a course of compensating economy. She puts into her pocket more than a third of the profits, in defiance of my most arduous assertions to prevent her. And this at my age! this after my long and successful career as a moral agriculturist! Marks of admiration have very little things; but they express my feelings, and I put them in freely.

VIII.

[Chronicle for April and May.]

We have visited seven more large towns, and are now at Birmingham. Consulting my Books, I find that Miss Vanstone has realized by the Entertainment, up to this time, the enormous sum of nearly four hundred pounds. It is quite possible that my own profits may amount to one miserable hundredth more. But I am the architect of her fortunes—the publisher, so to speak, of her books—and of my fitting I am undespaid.

I made the above discovery on the twentieth of the month—anniversary of the Restoration of my royal predecessor in the field of human sympathy, Charles the Second. I had just finished locking up my dispatch-box when the ungrateful girl whose reputation I have made came into the room, and told me in the plainest words that the business-connection between us was for the present at an end.

I attempt no description of my own sensations: I merely record facts. She informed me, with as apparently perfect composure as if she had decided rest, and that she had "new objects in view." She might plainly want me to assist those objects; and she might possibly return to the Entertainment. In either case it would be enough if we exchanged addresses, and that we could write to each other in case of need. Having no desire to leave me so abruptly, she would remain the next day (which was Sunday), and would take her departure on Monday morning. Such was her explanation in her own words.

Remonstrance, as I knew by experience, would be thrown away. Authority I had none to exert. My one sensible course was to take in this emergency was to find out which way my own interests pointed, and to go that way without a moment's unnecessary hesitation.

A very little reflection has since convinced me that she has got a decisive purpose in view—and Vanstone in view. She is young, handsome, clever, and unscrupulous: she has a strong desire to live on, and has time at her disposal to find out the weak side of an old man; and she is going to attack Mr. Michael Vanstone unarmed with the legitimate weapons of her sex. As she likely to start so far such a purpose as this? Doubtful. Is she merely anxious to get rid of me on easy terms? Probable. Am I the sort of man to be treated in this way by a young simpleton? Decidedly not: I am the man to see my way through a neat succession of alternatives; and here they are:

First alternative. To announce my compliance with her proposal: to exchange addresses with her; and then to keep my eye privately on all her future movements. Second alternative. To express fond anxiety as a paternal capacity; and to threaten giving the alarm to her sister and the lawyer if she persists in her intention. Third alternative. To turn the information I already possess to the best account, by making it a marketable commodity between Mr. Michael Vanstone and myself. At present, I incline toward the last of these alternatives; but my own decision is far too important to be hurried. To-day is only the twenty-ninth. I will suspend my Chronicle of Events until Monday.

May 31.—My alternatives and her plans are both overthrown together.

The newspaper came in, as usual, after breakfast. I looked it over, and discovered a remarkable entry, among the obituary announcements of the day:

"On the 29th inst., at Brighton, Michael Vanstone, Esq., formerly of Zurich, aged 77."

Miss Vanstone was present in the room when I read those two startling lines. Her bonnet was on; her gloves were packed; she was waiting impatiently until it was time to go to the train. I handed the paper to her without a word on my side, but without a word on hers, she looked at it, pointed, and read the news of Michael Vanstone's death.

The paper dropped out of her hand; and she suddenly pulled down her veil. I caught one glance at her face before she hid it from me. The effect on my mind was startling in the extreme. To put it with my customary dash of humor—her face informed me that the most valuable action which Michael Vanstone, Esq., formerly of Zurich, had ever achieved in his life, was the action he performed at Brighton on the 29th instant.

Finding the dead silence in the room singularly unpleasant under existing circumstances, I thought I would make a remark. My regard for my own interests supplied me with a subject. I mentioned the Entertainment.

"After what has happened," I said, "I presume we go on with our performances as usual?"

"No," she answered, behind the veil. "We go on with my inquiries."

"Inquiries after a dead man?"

"Inquiries after the dead man's son."

"Mr. Noel Vanstone?"

"Yes; Mr. Noel Vanstone."

Not having a veil to let down over my own face, I stooped and picked up the newspaper. Her devilish determination quite upset me for the moment. I actually had to steady myself before I could speak with composure.

"Are the new inquiries as harmless as the old ones?" I asked.

"Quite as harmless."

"What am I expected to find out?"

"I wish to know where Mr. Noel Vanstone remains at Brighton after the funeral."

"And if you succeed?"

"If not, I shall want to know his new address, wherever it may be."

"Yes. And next?"

"I wish you to find out next if all the father's money goes to the son."

I began to see my drift. The word money relieved me: I felt quite on my own ground again.

"Any thing more?" I asked.

"Only one thing more," she answered. "Make sure, if you please, whether Mrs. Lecount, his housekeeper, remains or not in Mr. Noel Vanstone's service."

Her voice relaxed a little as she mentioned Mrs. Lecount's name: she is evidently sharp enough to distrust the housekeeper already.

"Your expenses are to be paid as usual?" I said.

"As usual."

"When am I expected to leave for Brighton?"

"As soon as you can."

She rose and left the room. After a momentary doubt I decided on executing the new commission. The more private inquiries I conduct for my fair relative the harder she will find it to get rid of hers truly, Horatio Wragge.

P.S.—I propose to prevent my starting for Brighton to-morrow. So to-morrow I go. If Mr. Noel Vanstone succeeds to his father's property he is the only human being possessed of pecuniary blessings who fails to give me with a feeling of unmitigated envy.

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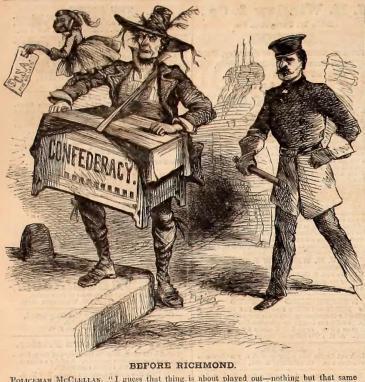
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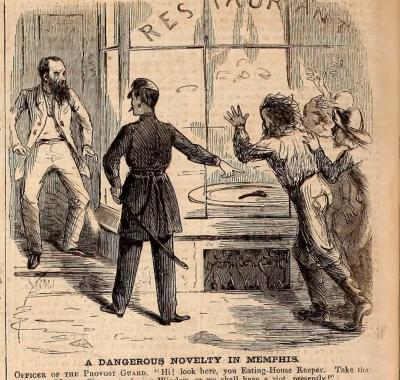
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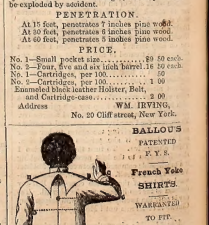
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

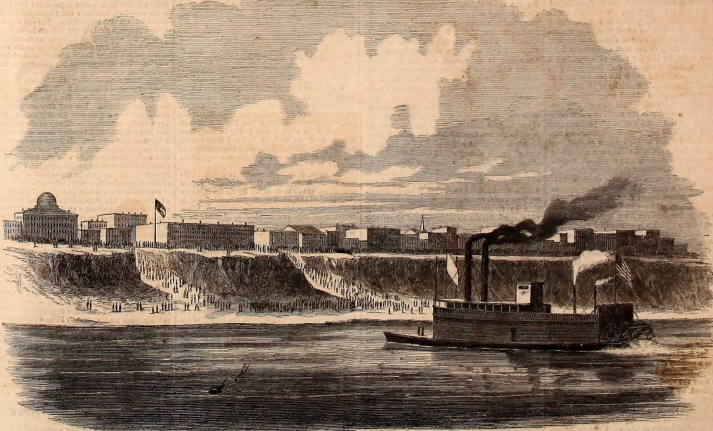
VOL. VI.—No. 287.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3 00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Van Dorn escaping. Federal Fleet in pursuit. Captured Rebel Sumter. Beauregard sinking. Jeff Thompson blowing up.

CLOSING SCENE OF THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT BEFORE MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.—[SEE PAGE 411.]



COLONEL ELLET'S RAM APPROACHING THE CITY OF MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, TO DEMAND ITS SURRENDER.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.

[SEE PAGE 411.]

BUNKER HILL.

JUNE 17.

OUR patriot's name is on our lips,
Who fell before the foe,
Upon the field of Bunker Hill
Eighty-six years ago.
His dying words we say again,
Still thinking of *our* heroes slain.

We have seen many a brave one fall
Since we took up the sword:
Not dreaming how much blood would flow
Ere peace should be restored.
We should not dare to count our dead
But for those words that Warren said.

Then raise the Stars and Stripes to-day,
Now England, over thee!
Lift up the land—one more give out
The watch-word of the free!
Whene'er our country's foes are nigh,
'Tis *yours*—'tis hers—and for her to die!

Ay, wheresoever floats our flag
Beloved of Freedom still,
Let all her brave defenders shout,
"Remember Bunker Hill!"
"Our country calls"—'tis *ours* to try
How sweet it is for her to die!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1862.

SHALL WE CUT OFF OUR NOSES?

CONGRESS and the Administration of Mr. Lincoln seem to be traveling in a direction which must lead to mischief. In the Act passed by Congress for the collection of taxes in insurrectionary districts, a portion of the revenues to be derived from lands seized under the Act is to be appropriated for the purpose of exporting emancipated negroes to Hayti or Central America. This Act passed by Congress, or by one branch of the national legislature, indicates a similar purpose to expatriate the negroes as soon as they are freed. Mr. Lincoln has expressed the opinion that colonization should go hand in hand with emancipation, and Judge Montgomery Blair, a leading member of his Cabinet, has emphatically pronounced against abolition without colonization. The purpose of these statements and of the present Congress evidently to get rid of the negroes as speedily as possible, and at whatever cost.

We wish to keep within bounds; but we think the future historian of the period in which we live will be somewhat embarrassed to decide which was the more insane, the conspiracy of Jeff Davis to divide the Union, or the efforts of the loyal Government to deprive the country of labor.

If there is one thing which we in these United States need, it is raw labor. We have a country of boundless magnitude and unequaled fertility. We have an excellent system of government, and every natural element of wealth. Millions of acres of the best agricultural land in the world lie idle for want of hands to till them. Countless mines of coal, iron, lead, copper, silver, and gold await the hand of man to yield their produce. Factories of all kinds are grievously wanted in almost every State of the Union, yet we are established far west of labor. There is no country in the world in which labor is so much wanted, and is so highly paid as here. In the South we pay unskilled laborers on the average four times as high wages as they can command in Europe, and eight times as much as they command in Asia. In the South, the demand for labor has raised the price of slaves 400 per cent. in a generation. Our whole legislation, for half a century, has been an expression of the popular demand for "more men." In the free States we have strained every nerve to encourage immigration from Europe. We have offered our public lands at nominal prices, and granted rights to squatters which enabled the veriest paupers to acquire homesteads. We have offered the privileges of full citizenship to every man who lived here five years, and in some States no even better time than that. When we have pitted Germans and Irishmen, because we wanted their thews and sinews; we have framed our debtor and creditor laws so as to assist the needy; we have frowned down discussions of race and faith; we have done every thing, in fact, which could possibly be done to attract to the country men of every race and of every grade in society. So at the South. There the want of labor has been so keenly felt that the character of a century the labor question which, in that section, takes the name of the slavery question, has been that, still, the only question of the day. Deprived, by United States law, of the right of recruiting their supply of labor by immigration, the leading minds of the South have been exclusively devoted for twenty-five years to fostering its development at home. Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky—which, had their own interests alone been consulted, would long ago have been free States—have been kept in the slave ranks because the great producing States of the South could not dispense with the annual supply of raw labor derived from thence. One by one all other political issues at the South have given place to the vital question of labor. This question at last, in 1860–'61, became so overwhelmingly paramount; the want of labor grew so imperative that the leading Southern States actually sought to arrest the monetary drain in the hope of escaping from the dangers which menaced their supply of labor, and of attending thoroughly to emigration from Africa. In the words of one of the leading conspirators:

"Cotton is King: when we have achieved our independence, we shall say to England, 'Open out the slave-trade we can not grow cotton.' The Europeans will demur at first, but finally they will acquiesce, and will then receive more negroes from Africa than the North receives white laborers from Europe."

It must hardly escape the eye in view of these facts, these necessities, and this policy uniformly pursued both by the North and by the South for more than a quarter of a century, that labor must be gravely proposed by any person of responsibility deliberately to give away, or to pay for the privilege of getting rid of it, is a thing too absurd to be much, and which we have striven for so many years and at such sacrifices to procure.

Other nations have done so. Denmark offers to take all our contrabands off our hands and guarantee their well-being on the island of Santa Cruz. Hayti offers to the same end to take all the contrabands at Fortress Monroe, and feed and clothe them at her expense there until they could be transported to the Dominican Republic. Jamaica has begged at intervals, for six years, the privilege of being allowed to relieve us of some of our blacks, who, according to our leading papers and some of our politicians, are such a nuisance. Venezuela is our earnest suitor for some of the same kind of help that we seek to get rid. Other nations have, in various ways, testified their perfect willingness to receive the freedmen which we appear so anxious to throw away. These regions—the Danish and British West Indies, Hayti, Venezuela, etc.,—know what we do not, the value of labor. They have suffered acutely from the disease of which we have merely had premonitory twinges and distempers. They know what it is to see noble estates and gorgeous valleys abandoned to wild beasts, birds, and weeds, away from every trace of man.

An account of the efforts which have been made, within the past ten years only, by France, England, and Spain, to supply their colonies with labor without shocking the moral sense of Christianity, would form a useful and valuable historical volume. From the coast of Africa in Senegal, laid on lines of packets, and exhausted ingenuity in efforts to seduce negroes to the plantation on Reunion, Martinique, Guadeloupe, Marie-Galante, and Guiana; England has kidnapped coolies in Hindostan, and winked at the kidnapping of others in China; and Spain, with seven or eight thousand miles across the water, and planted them in Trinidad, Guiana, etc., under the name of apprentices, without changing in their physical and moral nurture, for their apprenticeship, and subsequent wages, and finally, for their return, if they should wish to go back to their country. Thus far the labor secured by these elaborate and expensive schemes has been a mere drop in the bucket, but it is a steady bucket and more piercing than ever, from all these tropical countries—the natural garden and granary of the world—for more men, more men, more men!

If Mr. Blair and his friends should carry out their present purposes, and expatriate a portion of our negroes from the Southern States to the West Indies and Central America, those foreign islands and States would be the last which we could count a place in history would then become prosperous and rich, and our Southern States which, for many years, have clothed and fed one hundred hundreds of millions annually to our national wealth, would sink into the condition of Jamaica, Venezuela, and Hayti. Nothing is more certain to be reversed. It would be this country which would fill the air with cries for labor: and it would be the tropical islands and the negroes . . . and which would claim to be the seat of commercial empire.

This matter of getting rid of the laborers at the South because their skin is black is merely a revival of the old prejudices of race which induced so many European nations in former centuries to enact penal laws against Jews and heretics. When Louis XIV. of France revoked the Edict of Nantes, and drove into exile many thousand of the best people of his country to America, England, and Belgium, he acted on precisely the same principle which Mr. Blair exercises to-day. Prejudice, in every case, is the parent of folly and of crime. Had the Constitutional Convention of the State of Illinois, following the example of Indiana, prohibited negro immigration within the borders of the State. The white people of the United States will not live side by side with black men as their equals."

The original of this doctrine may be found in any history of England. The sentiments of Mr. Blair are precisely those which the Norman Conquerors of England expressed when the Saxons clearly first claimed civil and political rights. In fact, it has been the sentiment of every dominant race in every country at every time when its domination was called in question. When the French Revolution cut down the old servility to a level with the people, the Marquises and Counts declared that it was utterly impossible that they could live side by side with their former equals. If they had had the power, they would have proposed to export the vassals just as Mr. Blair wants to export our negroes: simply because they are in a decided minority that it was cheaper to export themselves; and they did so. But their children have completely grown up side with the progeny of the vassals.

We have got, in this world, from the cradle to the grave, to go on unloosing prejudices, acquiring toleration. Every one of us can put his finger on some wrong which he patiently tolerates, though at one time he considered it perfectly intolerable. Every one has learned to live with people whose society he at one time deemed incompatible with happiness and even existence. Every man, as he grows old, acquires the capacity of submitting to petty inconveniences which, in his youth, he would have died rather than endured. So with nations. Our weakness, in our present national childhood, is that we do not like to tolerate negroes except as slaves. We can't bear them. We don't want them in our houses. We won't meet them in public assemblies or eat with them in our eating rights whatever, except the bare right of living and working for us, sometimes for wages, generally without. Common sense rather than a canjoy the rights of manhood, say Mr. Blair and his friends, we had better part with that labor which has been the source of half our past prosperity, and without which the fairest portions of this continent would relapse into a wilderness, the abode of wild beasts and savages.

We have got, North as well as South, to unlearn this silly, unchristian nonsense. It is our destiny, in the history of the world, to show how educated and humane people can rise superior to prejudices which have proved an insuperable obstacle to the highest pleasures of life in the tropic Islands. It is our business to demonstrate that two races which have lived peacefully and prosperously side by side under a system which was a compound of the most brutal selfishness, the basest cruelty, and the most outrageous injustice, can get along at least as well when the selfishness, cruelty, and injustice are replaced by humanity, kindness, and fair-dealing. No race but the American could appreciate the value of the American nation can have ways for the result.

THE LOUNGER.

POLITICAL "GAS."

WHENEVER a vigorous military measure is proposed there is a cry from certain people and papers that the war is for the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union—you-know. Certainly it is; but what then? What is the Union-as-it-was? It is the union of the people living in thirty-four States under one supreme national government, which by the Constitution-as-it-is is empowered to levy obedience to its authority from every citizen of the land, by military force if necessary.

That is what the Government is doing. This war is the effort of the Government to reduce armed rebels to its authority. By the Constitution-as-it-is the Government is empowered to use its military power to suppress insurrection. When the last military force of the rebels has laid down its hands, and confronted by hundreds of thousands of armed rebels, when bloody battles are fought, cities taken, and a rebel blockade established, there is war between the Government and the insurgents, but we do not use the word enemies, and who are to be subdued by every means known to war.

When the Government acts under the clause of the Constitution which authorizes the temporary suspension of the rebellion, all constitutional rights inconsistent with a state of war are suspended. For instance, the clause of the United States which is a constitutional immunity against the taking of his life by the Government, except after due process of law; meaning indictment, trial, etc. But the Government took the life of Sydney Johnson, at Shiloh, without any indictment or trial whatever. Was it as unconstitutional act? Not at all. It was perfectly constitutional as the hanging of Gordon. For the Constitution-as-it-is authorizes the use of military measures, after due warning, as much as military measures are ever authorized, and when the Union-as-it-was is restored, every citizen who has not lost his life by military necessity will enjoy all the civil guarantees for it.

And so with whatever else may fall within the scope of military necessity. By the late law passed in the House our army is to be fed at the expense of the rebels. Every citizen has a right to his own property, but the grain and the cattle of the rebels will be peremptorily seized and appropriated to the use of the Government wherever they are needed in the Constitutional Convention of the State of Illinois, following the example of Indiana, prohibits negro immigration within the borders of the State. The white people of the United States will not live side by side with black men as their equals."

it. Does that interfere with the Union-as-it-was? No; it is simply an integral part of the necessary operations to restore the Union-as-it-was. In like manner, the slaves of every rebel who has been used against the Government are liberated. Does that interfere with the Union-as-it-was? Not at all. It is only part of the constitutional means necessary to restore the Union-as-it-was.

By-and-by it may become necessary to summon all loyal people to the defense of the Government, and to levy a tax for the purpose. Will *that* interfere with the Union-as-it-was? Not at all; it will be only another blow which may be constitutionally struck at the rebellion. It is true that in the Union-as-it-was there were slaves and a Fugitive Slave Law, and slavery was in the District of Columbia. But when the war is over, if it ends to-morrow, the Union-as-it-was is lawfully there. Must the Declaration likewise be re-enacted, lest otherwise we shall not have the Union-as-it-was? The Declaration of the American Government clearly fulfills the purposes for which it was expressly created, and every man assigns it this Government—if open to any doubt which the Declaration of Independence declares to be given that Government—if open to any doubt which the Declaration of Independence declares to be given by God's gift upon the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the crack of the liberty-bell heard no more, and universal peace and prosperity reign, as they will, like red and white roses from these bright trees of June, will it be the wrest and slaves of the nation?

No, and forever no! It will be the Union-as-it-was in the very intent and words of the father, the Union-as-it-was meant by the God in the Unity, by God's blessing, as the children of those fathers mean it shall be.

AN EVENING AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC

THERE was lately an unheralded début at the opera. It was that of a singer entirely unknown to New York. He was a young Frenchman in Lucresa, and who sang the part as it has not been sung here since Grisi.

It seems, according to the bill of the play, that Mr. Ullman, the manager, had promised the public a benefit for every evening of opera. They were to be directed by Mr. Grau, who, for some reason, on the twenty-four which Mr. Ullman was absent in Europe, was the return of that gentleman he was not upon the wharf by the astounding intelligence that his six months' salary was paid due to the Public. He was overwhelmed with amazement. He had heard, of course, nothing of it. It was shameful. Such news at a time. He must make reparation.

He therefore hastily prepared a programme of six nights. The best opera company in the country, Gottschalk and Hermann, were all to appear, and the first night was to be "for the use to the public," said the ingenuous Ullman. "I am nothing, and I have no use for the use for my private advantage. I must sacrifice at fifty cent admission." He said in the bills that the performances would be under the "sole direction." That was a mistake springing from his Parisian habits. For an opera manager in this country there has to be one chief, and that chief is the way to come in.

The manager's self-sacrifice was rewarded. The evening came, and so did the crowd. The hous was overflowing. It is not for any Lounger to inquire whether the receipts equaled fifty cents each in the cash-box, because a strict survey of the situation forbids that supposition. But in consequence persuade the Lounger that the hands which just behind him clapped violently upon the last chance had paid any more than the fee for the price of entrance. These hands literally worked their way in. The manager was not swindled in the transaction.

Was there any swindling at all?—say in the matter of the performance? Not at all. It was a splendid, but only prestidigitation. Mr. Ullman is a theatrical prestidigitator. You pay fifty cents unless you are a free-and-easy sort of Lounger. Yes you also fifty cents to go to Albany by the steamer. And you pay fifty or a hundred dollars more to go a berth or a state-room. It is an extremely ingenious prestidigitation, whereby the admission is fifty cents, but every body pays at least a dollar. The excellent *Herald* calls Mr. Ullman a "Napoleon." But he is at the bottom of the bill of the play you will see why.

But the house was full, and what electricity it did house! The first night was to be a grand one with after the first five minutes of the opera. Dazzling dashing across the stage—the most beautiful of Ormisti—had given the performance an impetus which was felt until the end. How romantic the opera is! How fantastic and the Italian gaiety—the revelry—the gay costumes—the mysterious city—the gondola—the masked lady! The mysterious lady in Lucresa Borgia! She is clad in red velvet with a black mantilla. She moves in mystery and disappears.

In interesting variety of action and of genuine tragic intensity no Italian opera is so striking as *Lucresa Borgia*. And in the other and more material sense so truly a master. Certainly in no other of his is the scenery so various a few and so beautiful and delightful melody. The *debutante*, Mr. Ullman hid ill in the hill, had just emerged from a brilliant career in New Orleans. The Lounger says that would not have counted here. But her admirable conception of her character—her fine delicacy—her conception of her delineation—her pure, supple, and flexible voice, and her polished and exquisite vocalization, showed her to be the only one of excellent lyrical artist we have had since La Grange, and in many points—as repose and largeness of style—she is superior to La Grange.

The audience was cool, but evidently not that Madame Borchard was satisfactory and successful. Why then was it cool? Simply because she was not known. Had her personal equation been well known, the cool would have had a warm-shaking enthusiasm. Yet to an old stager (for there were doubtless such in the house) it must have been

consoling to remember, as some of her really fine points passed unrecognized, that *la diva*, Grisi herself, had endured the same reception in the same house.

Between the first and second acts Mr. Gottschalk prestidigitated upon the piano; and between the second and third Mr. Hermann upon handkerchiefs and huge rings. Each was a most perfect and most elegant legerdemain. Certainly neither Thalberg nor Liszt could do such wonders at the key-board as Gottschalk; and in the simpler passages there is a clear, sonorous precision in his playing which almost rivals Thalberg. It is inconceivable that any one should do more with the piano than he does. Yet doubtless we always interpret the character of piano-playing by our knowledge of the player. If we know him to be imaginative, generous, creative, simple, we find these qualities in his performance. If we think him shallow, conceited, sensual, then that is all heard at the instrument. The mere skill of the two players may be almost indistinguishable; but the spirit and effect of their performance are as different as simplicity and conceit.

Hermann is a master. He ought to wear a red skull-cap with a cock's feather. Then he would look the mysterious Mephisto he is.

MORE MEN.

That a nation entirely unused to war should make mistakes was most natural. But we have made but one serious, and that by no means irretrievable, mistake in ours. That was in declining the service of any man who offered. We have never had men enough. Perhaps we have had as many men as arms. But we might have had large reserve camps of drilled soldiers to supply the vacant places of the various divisions; and arms can be procured easier than skilled men, many and willing as they are.

It is not that we have not men enough to defeat the enemy, but we want to defeat them overwhelmingly and finally. M'Dowell and M'Clellan should have been reinforced without weakening Banks. His retreat, although masterly in itself and in no way disastrous, still lengthens the war. Hunter may capture Charleston, but more men would have made it easier. M'Clellan will probably take Richmond, but with fifty thousand more men the immediate capture would have had a moral effect in weakening the rebellion and in shortening the war, which it can not now have.

Of course it is easy to say "more men." But we shall be reminded that armies cost money. That is true; but in war speed is cheapness. A man will readily pay a dollar more fare if he can go to a place, transact his business, and return the same day, for he saves a dollar in his lodging. The nation is ready and willing to put down the rebellion speedily, at any cost, because it knows that cost now is saving in the end. Vallandigham and Co. talk about the extravagance of the Government because they want to paralyze our military operations by frightening people with the expense already incurred. The truth is, as a friend expresses it, "The People meant to finish up this war in one campaign, and they are ready to do every thing that is required for the purpose, and it will be the fault of our generals (political as well as military) if it be not done."

MR. COLLYER.

In their late eagerness to prejudice the public mind, the newspapers which think that the valuable and lovely thing in American institutions is not liberty but slavery incessantly spoke of Mr. Collyer as Doctor Collyer or the Reverend Mr. Collyer. The intention was to make him appear a penniless missionary, a needy clerical adventurer, or impracticable visionary.

The truth is that Mr. Collyer is an artist of this city of great repute as a crayon draughtsman among all who are interested in art. His penciled female heads in past Academy Exhibitions have been justly among the most noted and admired. Just before the beginning of the war made upon this Government in the interest of slavery, Mr. Collyer, who is richer than many of his brethren of the pencil, was proposing to visit Europe with his family. But fortunately his wealth is not of one kind only. Hearing the call of his country upon all her children, and looking to see how he could most effectively serve her, he resolved to devote himself to the care of the soldiers.

It was in pursuance of this humane and patriotic duty that he was in North Carolina. The instruction of the friendless colored people was a service not less humane and patriotic, and he readily united that with his other cares. Like the noble Colonel Howland, of the 16th regiment of this State, who willingly turned away from all the ease and delight which wealth, cultivation, taste, and a generous soul secured, and whose late gift of a thousand dollars to the Sanitary Commission was but a single drop in the ample offering he has made to his country, Mr. Collyer is no fanatical enthusiast, or well-meaning inefficient brother, but an American gentleman, who gives his time, his labor, his talent, and his money, to the great cause of human liberty and enlightenment to which this Government was consecrated, for which it is struggling, and which is instinctively the cause of every gentleman in the land.

THE SANITARY SHIP.

The noble work of the Sanitary Commission is deeply appreciated by the country. Its services to our soldiers have been invaluable. Its energy, faithfulness, and comprehensiveness in doing its work are among the most grateful and hallowed events of the war. Nor has the practical public recognition been either slow or niggardly. A great many thousand dollars have been gladly contributed, while loyal hands of innumerable women and children have been busily toiling to aid its work.

In expectation of the increased sickness of the season and of the crowds of wounded and suffering whom the imminent battle before Richmond will throw into its charge, as well as to provide still ampler accommodation for those already under its care, the Sanitary Commission has fitted up the first-class clipper ship *St. Marks* as a floating hospital or a transport for the sick and wounded, to be stationed in York River or Hampton Roads. The experiment of the hospital ship *Florence Nightingale* has been so entirely satisfactory that there can be no doubt of the wisdom and beneficence of this act.

It is another indication of the fidelity and sagacity of the Sanitary Commission.

ANOTHER TROLLOPE UPON AMERICA.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, the pleasant and shrewd novelist, has been writing a book about us. It was known that he was here last year, and he did not disguise his literary intention. The work comes at last, and with a peculiar interest as the view of an unusually good-tempered Englishman, who has seen us and chatted with us during the war.

The book is evidently thoroughly English and really friendly. There is a blunt honesty in it which will not surprise those who have read his "West Indies and the Spanish Main," and there is that total want of enthusiasm which marks the true Briton. Mr. Trollope constantly talks of the war, and he understands much more than most strangers who write of it. He makes some capital social criticisms, and all he says is said with that easy, genial humor which disarms all suspicion of bitterness or satire. The work is very entertaining, as every thing he writes must be.

We speak from a taste here and there in various parts; but the flavor is excellent, and will go far to take the taste of the earlier Trollope book out of our mouths. Published by Harper & Brothers.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

OLD PROVERBS IN MODERN LIGHTS.

The early bird goes to bed the earliest.
The wise child dies the youngest.
The rolling stone sees most of the world.
To be poor in purse and proud in heart is the highest proof of gentility.
Maidens—*at present*, young ladies—must be cool and forward; the want of ears to be made amends for by the length of tongue.
Would you be a great man in the world's estimation, never hesitate to tell a lie or be dishonest when you are pretty sure of not being found out.
Never pay what you owe; it is the height of snobism.
The gift of a slippery tongue makes a man more admired than a tenpenny income-tax makes him disliked.

Jones thinks that the adoption of crinoline has tended to keep marriageable young men on the outskirts of female society. No doubt, while the fashion lasts, milliners' bills must continue to be a good round sum.

All the Difference.—What is the difference between man and his mother earth? The latter shows its furrows in spring, the former his in autumn.

Great Confederate Loss.—We fancy by this time that it must be loss of heart.

Any sort of lecture is a bore that tells you nothing but what you knew already, and if every preacher bore this in mind no congregation would ever be bored with a sermon. Some gentlemen denounce as a bore any speech or writing which informs them of what they don't want to know, and which, making them no wiser than they were, they ironically call didactic. What is one man's bore is another man's hobby. What a bore is music or poetry to a man who has none in his soul—that is to say, in his animal nature! Dancing is as great a bore to one man as moral philosophy is to another. Small talk bores some men worse than metaphysics or even than theology. The most insufferable of all bores are wife to husband and husband to wife, between whom the most ardent affection does not exist; but when it does they are tormented with anxiety on one another's account, and that is a bore.

NOTES BY A HORRIDLY SATIRICAL CREATURE.

Women first resorted to tight lacing to prove to men how well they could bear squeezing.

Tim works wonders on the faces of Mrs. Tittyvate's friends, but Time never touches Mrs. T.

How beautiful is woman when adversity frowns upon her sister! It is touching to behold the resignation with which a woman sees her best friend compelled, by circumstances, to put down the carriage and suppress her lady's maid.

Widows' Weeds are easily got rid of by planting a late variety of the *Seringa*—perhaps better known as orange-blossom.

Love at first sight often leads to marriage with the eyes shut.

When I see a bee in the cup of an orange-blossom, he reminds me of the day when the confectioner called for his bill for a certain wedding breakfast.

We are told that "Use is Second Nature." This may be the case with many, but we think with a rare number of people, inasmuch as our enemies generally exceed our friends, it should be, "Abuse is Second Nature."

A woman living up in Jackson County has lost, within eighteen months, two husbands. The first was a common farm hand, able to earn ten dollars per month—the latter, a mill-wright, who earned two dollars a day, but was killed the second week after he had got a steady job for a year. She said to a consoling friend the other day: "It seemed so hard to lose him, just after he'd got a good job, too!"

Nelly Gwynn's First Love.—"My first love, you must know, was a link-boy." "A what?" "'Tis true," said she, "for all the frightfulness of your *what;* and a very good soul he was too, poor Dick! and had the heart of a gentleman. God knows what has become of him; but when I last saw him he said he would humbly love me to his dying day. He used to say that I must have been a lord's daughter for my beauty, and that I ought to ride in my coach, and behaved to me as if I did. He, poor boy, would light me and my mother home, when we had sold our oranges, to our lodgings in Lewkenor's Lane, as if we had been ladies of the land. He said he never felt easy for the evening till he had asked me how I did; then he went gayly about his work, and if he saw us housed at night he slept like a prince. I shall never forget when he came flushing and stammering, and drew out of his pocket a pair of worsted stockings which he brought for my naked feet. It was bitter cold weather, and I had chilblains, which made me hobble about till I cried; and what does poor Richard do but work hard like a horse, and buy me these worsted stockings. My mother bade him put them on; and so he did, and his warm tears fell on my chilblains, and he said he should be the happiest lord on earth if the stockings did me any good."

A lazy fellow begged alms, saying that he could not find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic; "I am obliged to work for it."

The following epitaph is on a tombstone in Berkeley church-yard. The subject of it died in June, 1725, aged 63 years:

Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool;
Men called him Dicky Pearse:
His folly served to make folks laugh
When wit and mirth were scarce.
Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone;
What signifies to cry?
Dickys enough are still behind
To laugh at by-and-by.

Why can not two slender persons ever become great friends? Because they will always be slight acquaintance.

A man may be called poverty-stricken when knocked down by a beggar.

"What was the matter with Brown who died yesterday?" "Oh, he drank too much beer; that's what *aled* him."

We are told to have hope and trust, but what's a poor fellow to do when he can no longer get any trust?

Why is a man who beats his wife like an exquisitely formed dog? Because he's a perfect brute.

When is a boy more than a boy? When he is a lad-der.

A young man who was desirous of marrying the daughter of a well-known Boston merchant, after many attempts to broach the subject to the old gentleman, in a very stuttering manner commenced, "Mr. Owen, are you willing to let me have your daughter Jane?" "Of course I am," replied the old man; "and I wish you would get some other likely fellows to marry the rest of them."

The individual who broke the ice by his speech was drowned by applause.

A countryman recently came to town to purchase an article of household necessity, and in passing a music-shop observed "All sorts of wind instruments for sale here." He forthwith stepped in and asked for a *pair of bellows.*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, June 10, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted calling for information as to whether any claims have been made by citizens of the United States for property destroyed by the Federal army, and whether any measures have been taken to ascertain the actual damages in such cases; and if so, what. The treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the African slave-trade, together with the correspondence on that subject, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. A memorial from citizens of Utah, asking admission into the Union as a State, under the title of the State of Deseret, was referred to the Committee on Territories. The bill making additional appropriations for civil expenses, including the Haytien and Liberian missions, was passed. The Naval Appropriation bill was reported back by the Finance Committee with amendments. A motion to take up the bill amending the Fugitive Slave Law was agreed to by a vote of 25 to 10, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill to punish fraudulent government contractors was reported by the Judiciary Committee. The bill transferring the Western gun-boat fleet from the War to the Navy Department, was passed.

On Wednesday, June 11, in the Senate, a resolution admitting Messrs. Cannon and Hooper, Senators elect from Deseret, to the floor of the Senate, was laid over, as was also a resolution declaring null and void all acts or ordinances of secession passed by any Legislature or convention, and that loyal citizens of seceded States are entitled to all the privileges guaranteed and conferred by the Constitution of the United States. The Judiciary Committee reported a bill to establish provisional governments in certain cases. The bill amending the Fugitive Slave Law was postponed, and that for the construction of the Pacific Railroad was taken up. Senator M'Dougall explained its provisions, when it was postponed.——In the House, Mr. Stevens, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill authorizing the issue of $150,000,000 of Treasury notes, not bearing interest, of a denomination not less than five dollars. It was ordered to be printed. Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, presented a preamble and resolution declaring that information has been received by the Government that Hon. Benjamin Wood, a member of the House from New York city, has been engaged in communicating, or attempting to communicate, important intelligence to the rebels in arms against the Government, and directing the Judiciary Committee to investigate the subject and report upon the facts. After some debate, during which Mr. Wood favored the adoption of the resolution, it was adopted.

On Thursday, June 12, in the Senate, Senator Davis, of Kentucky, offered a resolution that the rebel General Buckner, captured at Fort Donelson, and now a prisoner at Fort Warren, ought to be transferred to the civil authorities to be tried for treason, whereof he stands indicted, in the Kentucky District Court. After some discussion, during which Senator Davis said Buckner ought not to be exchanged, but taken to Kentucky and hanged, the subject was laid aside. The bill for the relief of General Grant was passed. The Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up and discussed, and, after an executive session, the Senate adjourned.——In the House the Tax bill was reported back from the Committee on Ways and Means. Mr. Stevens recommended a general non-concurrence in the Senate's three hundred and fourteen amendments, and a committee of conference on the points in dispute between the two Houses. This was agreed to by a vote of 80 against 58. The bill defining the pay and emoluments of certain army officers, conferring citizenship upon all volunteers who serve and are honorably discharged on proving one year's residence, and punishing fraudulent contractors by court-martial with fine and imprisonment, and bringing all contractors under the Articles of War, was passed. The report of the Conference Committee on the bill appropriating five million dollars for bounties for volunteers was accepted.

On Friday, June 13, in the Senate, a bill to carry into effect the new treaty for the suppression of the African slave-trade was reported by the Committee on Foreign Relations. The bill provides for the appointment of United States officers at mixed courts at New York, Sierra Leone, and Cape of Good Hope; each of the three Judges to receive $2500 per annum; also, for the arbitrator at New York to receive $1000 per annum, and the others $2000 each; also, for the clerk of the court at New York to receive the fees pertaining to the office. The appropriations for the Naval Academy, temporarily located at Newport, Rhode Island, and for repairs to the Academy buildings at Annapolis, Maryland, were, after considerable debate, adopted, thus indicating that the Academy will again be restored to Annapolis.——In the House, the Committee on Foreign Affairs made a report that no exigency seems to exist to require the interposition of the Government in behalf of the suffering people of Ireland. The bills to secure more prompt payment of officers and volunteers, and adding 40 surgeons and 120 assistant-surgeons to the army medical corps, was passed; also the bills indemnifying the citizens of Delaware for war expenditures, and prescribing an additional oath to grand and petit jurors serving in United States courts.

On Saturday, June 14, in the Senate, a message was received from the President calling attention to the subject of enlarging the Erie and Oswego canals and locks, so as to admit of the passage of gun-boats. The House bill providing for the more prompt payment of the volunteers was passed. An executive session was then held, and the Senate adjourned.——The House was not in session.

On Monday, June 16, in the Senate, the Naval Appropriation bill was taken up, and Senator Wilson's amendment, that no slaves shall be employed in the navy-yards, dock-yards, etc., was rejected, by a vote of 17 yeas to 18 nays. The appropriation for repairs at the Naval Academy buildings at Annapolis was adhered to, and the bill passed. A joint resolution authorizing the President to purchase Jones's improvement for operating heavy guns was presented. A debate ensued relative to changing the hour of meeting, and it was resolved that the Senate, on and after the 19th instant, meet at eleven o'clock.——In the House, the Committee on Elections reported against the claim of Charles Henry Foster to represent the Second Congressional District of North Carolina. A joint resolution was introduced creating the grade of Lieutenant-General of the army, to be filled, on the restoration of peace, by such eminent Major or Brigadier General as may be nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate, the grade to continue only during the life or service of the person appointed. Resolutions were adopted directing inquiry as to whether our wounded soldiers at Port Republic have been subjected to unnecessary neglect; whether rebel prisoners at Port Royal have been treated better than our own troops; and whether General Banks, while on his retreat, provided transportation for negroes, making our sick soldiers walk; also requesting the Secretary of War to inform the House by whose orders the rebel General Lee's house, near Richmond, is guarded and withheld from hospital purposes. The bill to establish and equalize the grade of line officers of the Navy was then taken up and passed. By this bill admirals take rank with major-generals, commodores with brigadier-generals, etc. The Senate bill reorganizing the Navy Department was also passed, and the House adjourned.

THE FLIGHT OF BEAUREGARD.

Dispatches from General Halleck, dated on Thursday the 12th, state that spies and deserters from Beauregard's army represent the whole force to be greatly disorganized. Several of the regiments had mutinied, and refused to serve any longer, as their term of enlistment had expired. These troops had accordingly been disarmed, and numbers of them shot for mutiny. A large amount of valuable stores had been destroyed by the retreating rebels. Locomotives and cars in a half consumed state have been found at various points, all showing that the enemy had made a precipitate flight. The whole country south of Corinth has been completely devastated by the rebels to such an extent that the population are in a starving condition.

At latest dates General Pope had reached Okelona, and reports that Beauregard is still retreating. General Price was with him, and Jeff Thompson was at Grenada. General Hindman was said to have gone into Arkansas.

THE BATTLE OF CROSS KEYS.

Jackson's army attacked General Shields's advance on Monday morning, near Port Republic. The conflict was maintained for four hours by about two thousand of our men against the main body of General Jackson's army. The enemy's force became so overwhelming in numbers that our advance was compelled to fall back, which it did in good order, until it met the main body of General Shields's command, near Conrad's store. As soon as this was effected the enemy in turn retired.

The subsequent advance of our army from General Frémont's head-quarters to Port Republic, Virginia, ascertained the fact that none of the enemy were in the way except the wounded, who lay in every house. The dead found in the road shows that the rebels lost five hundred in that fight. Ambulances and wagons, arms and accoutrements were strewn along the route. A dispatch received at the War Department puts our loss at 125 killed and 500 wounded. Our own loss in officers was severe.

AFFAIRS AT MEMPHIS.

The condition of Memphis at the latest accounts was most satisfactory. The people generally seem rejoiced to enter once more under the protection of the Government. The stores are being opened, and many of the merchants are starting for the Northern cities to buy goods in the old fashion, and applications to ship 6000 bales of cotton have already been made to our authorities; while at the same time the rebel cavalry, who are scouring the country in the vicinity of Grand Junction, are wantonly destroying as much of the staple as they can. The people of Memphis treat our soldiers with kindness and cordiality.

The Post-office and Adams's express office have been opened and business resumed. The state of affairs in the city were thus much improved.

AT NEW ORLEANS.

Affairs at New Orleans seem to be progressing satisfactorily. The New Orleans *Bee*, which was previously suppressed by the General for its advocacy of cotton-burning, has reappeared with an apology and explanation, assuring General Butler that it never intended to recommend the destruction of the crops of the Southern people. Upon this assurance the Commanding General has permitted the issue of the paper.

AT NORFOLK.

The Union feeling in Norfolk is progressing. Trade is reviving there, and the sentiments of the citizens in favor of the flag is becoming manifest in public meetings and processions. General Viele has been offered and has accepted a fine house for his head-quarters.

THE REBEL LOSS AT FAIROAKS.

The Richmond *Dispatch* gives a terrible record of the rebel loss of officers at the battle of Fairoaks. While it puts down the killed in the aggregate, on their side, at only 8000, which is, doubtless, considerably below the mark, it says that they lost a vast number of officers, including five generals, twenty-three colonels, ten majors, and fifty-seven captains, either killed or captured. The same paper makes the important admission that our army can at any time cut off the retreat of the rebels South by seizing the railroads at Petersburg, and intimates that a retreat to Lynchburg and the mountains was the only one left to them.

REACTION AGAINST JEFF DAVIS.

The Charleston *Courier* says that men in high official positions in the South are at present engaged in a crusade against Jeff Davis, and are calling for a convention of the Confederate States to depose the rebel President and put a military dictator in his place.

ANOTHER SLAVER PUNISHED.

The jury in the case of Appleton Oaksmith, whose trial at Boston, upon the charge of fitting out a slaver, has been in progress during the past week, on Friday, after thirty minutes' deliberation, rendered a verdict against the prisoner on eight out of the ten counts in the indictment. The penalty for the crime is imprisonment for five years, and five thousand dollars fine, and one year's imprisonment for each one thousand dollars of the fine not paid.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MORE STEAMERS TO RUN THE BLOCKADE.

Steamers running the blockade were insured at Lloyds at from thirty to forty guineas.

FRANCE.

THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

The Paris *Moniteur* of the 7th of June notifies the blockade of the Mexican ports of Tampico and Alvarado by the Emperor. A French protectorate for the republic was spoken of.

SPAIN.

MEXICAN AFFAIRS.

The Spanish documents relative to the affairs of Mexico have been submitted to the Cortes. The impression is reported as unfavorable to General Prim.

MEXICO.

THE DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH.

The papers publish some very important news from Mexico, fully confirming previous reports of the defeat of the French on the 4th and 5th of May last. The battle was a sanguinary one, and the French Zouaves, who must have fought with great gallantry, suffered severely. The French were only 4000 strong; but the numbers of the Mexicans are not given, though they may be computed at from fifteen to twenty thousand men.



FRONT ROYAL, VIRGINIA, LOOKING SOUTH.—SKETCHED BY C. L. E.—[SEE PAGE 411.]



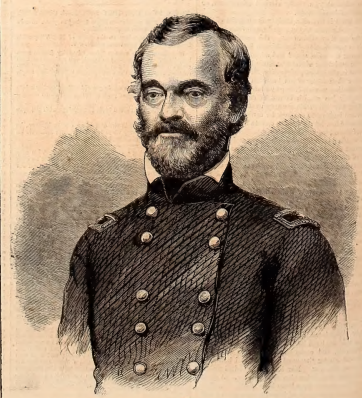
SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF FRONT ROYAL BETWEEN THE FIRST MARYLAND REGIMENT AND THE REBEL ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 411.]



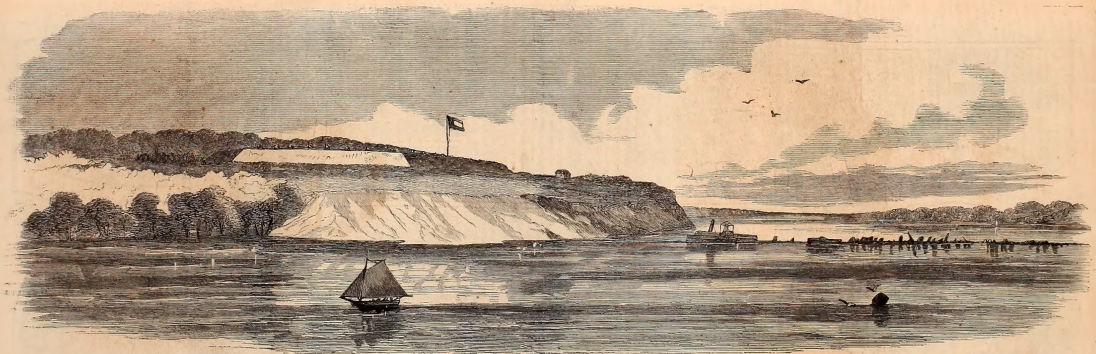
BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDWIN V. SUMNER, U.S.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]

GENERAL SUMNER.

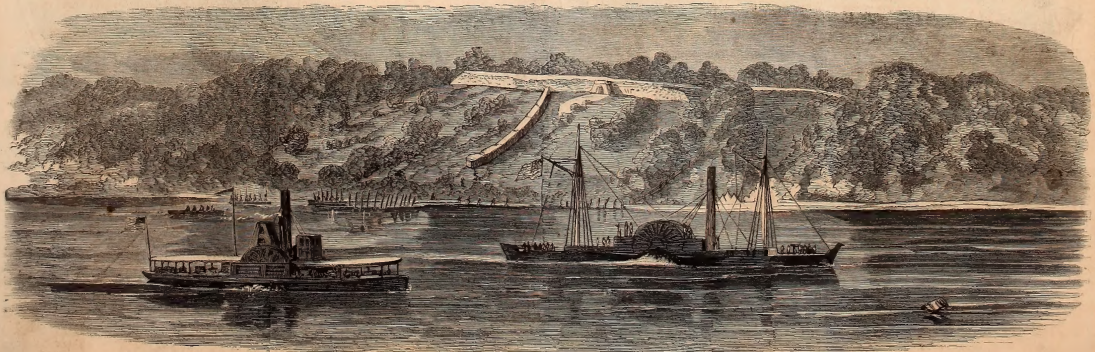
GENERAL EDWIN V. SUMNER, commander of an army corps in the ARMY of the Potomac, was born in Massachusetts, about the year 1797, and was appointed to West Point, from New York, in 1815. He served in the infantry for eighteen years; in 1833 he was appointed Captain of Dragoons, and Major in 1846. He served in the Mexican war, and was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant and meritorious conduct at Cerro Gordo; and Colonel for the same behavior at Molino del Rey. In 1848 he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Dragoons. When the troubles broke out in Kansas a force of cavalry was sent to preserve the peace, and Colonel Sumner was placed in command. He discharged the delicate duties of his office with skill and success. On the election of Mr. Lincoln he was one of the four officers (Generals Pope and Hunter being two of the remainder) who were appointed by the War Department to escort the President-elect to Washington. The famous night-journey through Baltimore, which was undertaken in order to frustrate a plot for the assassination of the President, was resolved upon, against his counsels and in spite of his entreaties. After the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln Colonel Sumner was appointed to supersede General Albert S. Johnson (who turned rebel) in command of our force on the Pacific. He speedily set matters straight in that section of the country, and returned home, signalizing his return by the arrest of the traitor Gwin, of California, on the way. The authorities of New Granada attempted to prevent the passage of Gwin as a prisoner through their territory; but Sumner took the responsibility, and marched him across the Isthmus with a battalion of United States troops. On his arrival at Washington General Sumner was appointed to the command, first, of a division and next of a corps in General M'Clellan's army. His conduct at Williamsburg has been the subject of much criticism, but at Fairoaks he certainly vindicated his reputation for good soldiership and gallantry.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL P. HEINTZELMAN, U.S.A.—[SEE PAGE 411.]



FORT DARLING, DRURY'S BLUFF, ON THE JAMES RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 411.]



RECONNOISSANCE ON THE JAMES RIVER BY UNITED STATES GUN-BOATS.—[SEE PAGE 411.]

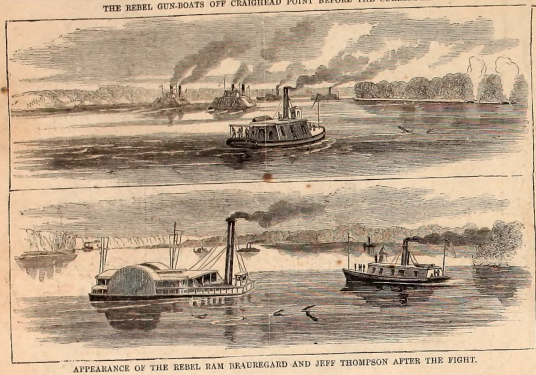


THE SIGNAL CORPS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.—Drawn by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 411.]

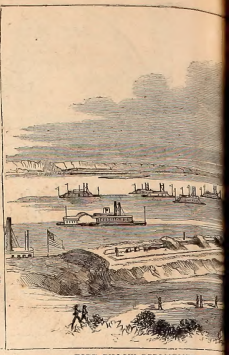


MAP SHOWING THE EXTENT OF UNITED STATES TERRITORY STILL UNDER INSURRECTIONARY CONTROL.

THE REBEL GUN-BOATS OFF CRAIGHEAD POINT BEFORE THE SURRENDER.



APPEARANCE OF THE REBEL RAM BEAUREGARD AND JEFF THOMPSON AFTER THE FIGHT.



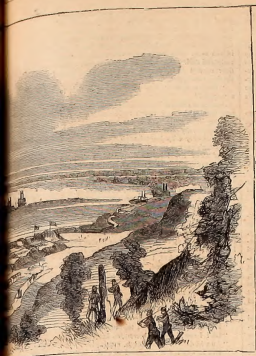
FORT PILLOW REPOSSESSED BY THE



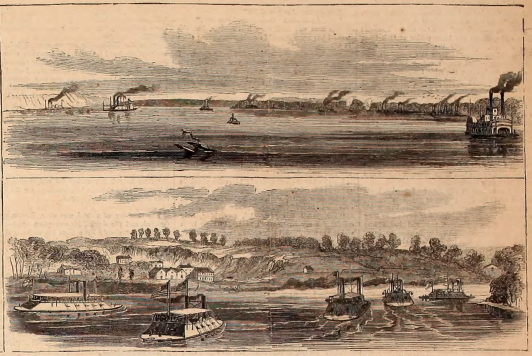
Federal Ram Queen of the West disabled. Rebel Ram General Price. Rebel Flag-ship Little Rebel. Rebel

THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE BEFORE MEM

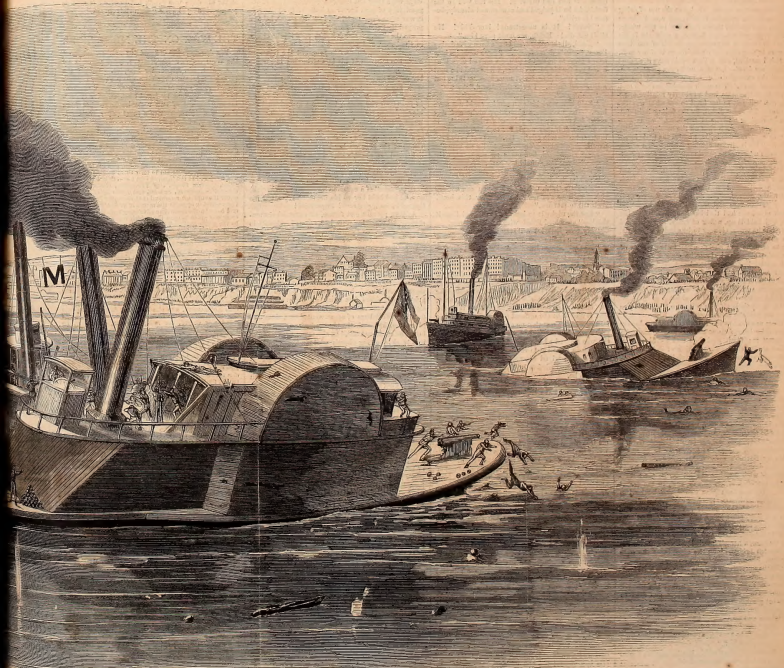
OUR FLEET OFF FORT PILLOW ON THE EVE OF THE EVACUATION.



…AT FLEET ON THE MISSISSIPPI, JUNE 5, 1862.



THE UNION FLEET PASSING FORT RANDOLPH ON THE WAY TO MEMPHIS.



…ttoral Ram Monarch running down the Beauregard.
…NE 6, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 410.]

LOVE AS A CLAIRVOYANT.

A chilly wind sighing through leafless boughs, rain pattering against the windows, river and sky a gray blank—such had been the day. Twilight came early, filling the little parlor at Oak Glen with shadow. Already the flower-stands were scarcely distinguishable from the sea-green curtains against which they stood, the tall Indian vases, the book-cases, the wide fauteuils, the gay pastels on the walls looked alike but so many dim ghosts, and Barton Ethicke's weird, uncanny music seemed sounding out from shadow-land itself.

He sat, with head bent down, playing low, as if to himself—the music, evidently only the half unconscious expression of his thought, ceasing presently altogether. Little boot-heels on a sudden clicked sharply on the marble tiles without, a fresh young voice hummed "Oh liberta gradita!" just without the door, and then with a swish of silken flounces came straight toward him an airy, slender figure. Close upon him Ethel Herrick started and tossed her saucy head.

"Oh! it is you, Mr. Ethicke! I hardly knew what it could be sitting there in the dark."

Barton's thought stood before him, and the golden opportunity for which he had prayed so long was in his grasp. For weeks she had eluded him; always tantalizingly kind, but innocently inaccessible. Now he had her—with no elderly relatives of dull perceptions as a shelter, no child, not even a spaniel, with which to effect a diversion. Sunbeams and mist wreaths had been as easily trapped as she—and now there she was, alone with him and the shadow, shrinking, uneasy; outwardly demure, inwardly, he knew, divining his intention and plotting to defeat it.

"Ethel."

"Mr. Ethicke."

"Don't call me that."

"What then?"

"I have another name."

"Oh! Mr. Barton Ethicke."

"Give me my first name," he remonstrated, with ominous meekness.

"Well then, Mr."

With such an enemy what was the use of firing at long range, thought Barton, and sent Patience to the right-about, threw reticence to the winds. Long repressed emotion flamed up suddenly in his face; *vi et armis* he possessed himself of the little fingers toying nervously with the ends of her sash.

Ethel recoiled, and as Fate would have it, against a light music-stand, which, under the pressure, followed the example of certain commercial houses, and went down. The crash sounded out with melancholy distinctness, and an elderly relative crossing the hall put in her head to see what was the matter. There sat Ethel, by the fading light diligently reading "Idylls of the King," while Barton was guiltily gathering up the music.

"It was Mr. Ethicke," explained the little hypocrite. "He is always coming down with a crash. For some unfortunate people this world seems really only one great stumbling-block."

Virtuous indignation, polite resignation, sounded in her voice. The elderly relative hemmed, hesitated, and like most neutrals, finding her position untenable, retired. The door had scarcely closed when Barton rose and walked over to her. As quick as he, she had tied her handkerchief on her fan, and held it up, a flag of truce, as he reached her; but he was no longer to be evaded with jests. He sat down close beside her—useless then for her to tremble and shrink away in her corner of the sofa; closer and closer he drew her, till her full scarlet lips were pressed against his, and he could feel the beating of her poor heart. She tried to cover her glowing face with her hands, but they were seized and imprisoned at once, leaving no hiding-place but on his shoulder.

"You shy little elf," he whispers, "how did you have the heart to torture me so long?"

What need to go on? It is the old story. Lovers know it by heart; pater and mater familias smile to recall it; fossil bachelors and awful maiden ladies are shocked even to think of it. Besides, more serious matters presently claimed the attention of our young couple.

Their engagement was hardly viewed with pleasure by Ethel's family, for Barton Ethicke, desirable in other respects, was a Northern man, and his Union sentiments made Alabama no longer a safe residence for him.

The marriage, if marriage there was, must take place at once; the separation of Ethel from her family be immediate, perhaps final. Mother's and brother's love, political sentiment, Ethel's natural hesitation, all barred the way, only to be swept aside by Barton's indomitable energy. Monday was the day fixed; "four days more," Ethel said to herself with flushing cheeks, as she sat watching for the click of his horse's hoofs on the gravel walk. He had been gone two days—detained in the city on business. She had expected him early in the afternoon, and now it was twilight, so a few minutes more must bring him, and her heart beat high at the very thought.

Sounded out, sharp and suddenly on the evening stillness, a horse's hurried gallop: over the little wooden bridge, along the road, in at the gate it came. She ran gleefully out on the piazza, waving her handkerchief; but the rider, who had slackened his furious pace, and was coming slowly up the avenue of oaks, was not Barton, but her brother Ralph. He looked pale and anxious, and came in without speaking, seeming scarcely to see her. She followed him to the library.

"Have you seen Barton?"

"Yes."

"Where is he? What keeps him?"

"He is—detained."

"Detained! How odd! But he sent me a message—you have a letter for me?"

"No—nothing."

He sat down as he spoke in the most shadowed part of the room. Ethel instantly drew away the curtains to let in the feeble light, and going up to him looked searchingly in his face.

"Ralph, what is it? What is the matter?"

"Nothing."

"There is. Are you sick?"

"No, I tell you! How absurd you are!"

His tone and look were half savage, but she wound her arms about his neck, murmuring close in his ear,

"Ralph, you can not deceive your sister. I know that something troubles you. What have you been doing? Tell me. When did I ever fail you, or betray your confidence? Trust in me once more, and perhaps I can help you. You know the mouse gnawed the lion's net."

No answer, only the closer pressure of his arm. Appalled at the silence, she bent her head back, and met the solemn, ominous pity of his eyes. All at once she began to tremble and grow white.

"Is it—is it—something has happened to Barton! He is dead—they have killed him!"

"No, but he is in prison."

"Well, why do you stop?" I am calm, Don't you see, perfectly calm."

Ralph's broad chest heaved; his voice shook in spite of himself.

"My poor Ettie! shall I tell you? Have you courage to hear?"

"Yes, yes, I tell you. All, any thing, only quick! for my heart won't beat. I think it is waiting to hear." All this spoken low, with white, dry lips and a curious, strained distinctness of utterance, as though each word were forced out by a mighty effort of will.

"Ethel, it would be better if he were dead this moment with a bullet through his heart. Our boys had planned a surprise for the Federals, and how Barton got wind of it Heaven only knows, for it was kept secret, and why he must meddle with it, is a still deeper mystery. He must have counted on capture and detection, for the train filled with soldiers was positively in sight as he was tearing up the track."

"Is that all? The destruction of a few rails!"

"All! He might have murdered his father with more impunity. Our long-cherished and well-planned scheme was foiled; the Federals saved incalculable loss and disaster! His life will be the forfeit, for he is judged and condemned already, before his trial."

"Never! It is monstrous! incredible! He shall not die! Ralph, we must save him."

"Ethel, all this afternoon I have been with Judge Percy, father's oldest friend. I have told him how near he was to us and to you. I offered myself as a hostage for his good conduct, till he could be sent North. I pleaded for imprisonment—any thing but a shameful death. I even threatened."

"And he—"

"Said if it were his own son he could not save him. The mob were clamoring night and day about his prison; they thirsted for his blood. It was doubtful if they would not tear him limb from limb on his way to trial. He dared not, even if he would, acquit him. There is actually no hope."

Ethel shuddered, but made no comment, only rose quietly. Ralph held her back.

"Where are you going?"

"To him."

"My dear child, not to-night; you can not see him. Visitors are not allowed after this hour. Wait till to-morrow."

"But the night is so long and still, and I shall think—" answered Ethel, with a look of terror.

"My poor Ettie! I will stay with you."

"And we shall start very early?"

"As early as you like." And with that she was forced to be content.

Says George Herbert, "Closets are halls, and hearts highways to God's affections." And all Ralph's tender sympathy, all her desperate striving, nowise softened her fearful suffering. She paced the floor, she knelt down, she fairly groveled at times, as if enduring acutest physical anguish. With the first ray of light she ordered the carriage, and her misery was so great that no one had the heart to oppose her. She drove straight to the prison, where she was refused admittance, as she had expected; back again she went to the house of Judge Percy. The old man wiped his spectacles, blew his nose vigorously, and tried to look all judicial sternness. Quoth he,

"My dear Miss Ethel, a Roman or a Spartan maiden would have tied the noose with her own hands, were he twenty times her lover;" but Ethel burst out with a pitiful cry,

"Oh! Mr. Percy, I am neither Roman nor Spartan, only a poor, weak girl, and so utterly miserable. See, I will carry nothing to him. Search me if you will. I can not help him to escape; the words that we speak will harm no one; but I must see him—I must! Do not shake your head. You will not refuse, oh! you can not, for you are not of stone;" and she fell down on her knees before him, and her beautiful golden hair, loosed from the comb, dropped about her like a shining veil.

The Judge cleared his throat vigorously.

"I have no sympathy with the traitor," he said, half apologetically to Ralph, "but for her sake—here is the order for your admittance. After all a couple of hours will do no harm."

Ethel clutched the paper with desperate eagerness, stopped for no thanks, not even to look if Ralph were coming, but hurried back to the carriage again. To her burning impatience minutes were ages of torture. She sat leaning forward, her hand on the door, her eyes devouring the streets through which they rolled.

They were admitted. The door of Barton's cell opened. "At length!" she said, and sprang in with a cry. He turned quickly—opened his arms wide.

"My darling! my pet!" he said, low.

For the last time she was folded to his heart. Oh! the unutterable bitterness of the thought! His last kisses! his last words to her on earth! So precious, yet melting away like the air, to leave her only their remembrance.

"But there is another world," he said, softly.

"Ah! but I haven't faith like you."

"My darling, Christ will come to you I am persuaded. You see my death is for the best. He might not if I had lived."

"But oh, Barton, to die in this way! If you had been shot in battle, or stricken by God, I must have mourned; but by the hangman's hands;—horrible!"

"For the Union—for our country, Ethel. Is not that glorious? Could I do less than offer up my life? The meanest hireling in the ranks does that. I counted the cost beforehand. I acted deliberately. I knew that capture was almost certain, but I felt that God, who sent me knowledge of the plot in a way of which the conspirators little dream, destined me also to foil it."

Ethel answered by mute caresses, she had no heart for words. Two hours slipped away like a dream. Ralph called her, but she clung frantically to Barton.

"Oh, I can not, I can not! or if it must be, grant me annihilation! Let not one atom of my being remain to throb with this intolerable anguish!"

"Poor heart! ask rather for resignation," he whispered; but she was past hearing—for the first time in her life she had fainted.

The mockery of a trial was over, Barton condemned, and the day of his execution fixed—the Monday that should have been his wedding-day. Ethel had left the city because her thoughts wandered out continually, and went up one street and across another, and so on, till they came to the prison, outside of whose bars they clamored, crying out "that they were spirit, and it but senseless matter, and they must pass; that he was alone, perhaps despairing, and they were one with him, and must go to him—they must, they must!" till she fancied herself going mad.

The journey and alternate trances of sleep and paroxysms of agony wore out the wretched Saturday, and the Sabbath brought with it a new phase of feeling; an utter incredulity, born out of the fragrance and stillness about her. The tranquil fields, the peaceful sunshine, the very bird swaying and balancing on the slender twig near her window, what were they but nature's contradictions of the possibility of such horror as haunted her? Surely it was some dream, and oh, how she struggled and prayed that she might wake! She knew nothing about the time, for Ralph had stopped all the clocks in the house, and possessed himself of her watch, that she might be unable to count the hours or know the moment of his last struggle; but somewhere late in the wane of the long golden day she lay down, utterly wearied in body and mind, but with the unbelief in her coming desolation still strong upon her. There were the roses blooming in the rustic flower-stand that he had given her; his miniature rose and fell on her bosom with every pulse of her heart. She opened the little golden case and looked at it. There was no foreshadowing of evil, no foreboding in the clear-cut face. As she closed it the ring on her third finger caught the light, and flamed out with red and violet hues. She remembered so well when he placed it there; he who was to die the death of a felon, of those loathsome degraded beings whom she hesitated to believe possessed of a common humanity with herself, he who had held her to his heart and pressed his lips on hers—monstrous! impossible!

At last, present and future, all outward circumstances, all thoughts were lost, merged suddenly in a sense of nervous exaltation, a rapid, awful thrill, as if soul and body were parting. She was not asleep, she was not dreaming, but she was with him floating on to the wild music of the Hirten Spiele, filled with an unearthly pleasure that was half the delicious whirling harmony, half the clasp of his loving arm. Suddenly sepulchral air chilled them through and through, and they were in his prison cell, doors fast shut, all hope gone, and again her whole soul rose up in wild rebellion; before its revolt bars of sense went down, time and place vanished—whether in the body or out of the body she could not tell, but she *saw* a road with its iron track, showing ghostly white in the dim night, cut in two by a wide and rapid stream. The faint air was alive with the low hum of voices, the clatter and ring of arms. Men swarmed like bees rolling huge bales to the banks, tearing up the iron rails, prying open ropes, binding the bales together, and hurling them into the dull water. Each worked with vim, with intensity, as though he alone were the saviour of his cause. Now and then lantern gleams caught the glitter of bayonets or of an epaulet, and high above them, a dim form in the darkness, floated the flag for which Barton was to die—the Stars and Stripes.

Foremost among them worked Mayne Ethicke, Barton's cousin, often enough before the bitter war of brother against brother, a guest in Ethel's father's house. If he but knew—and she struggled incredibly to speak. She would have given her life for a moment's power of speech, but voice and words were denied her. She could only look and watch. Barton died to her a hundred times while the bridge was building, and the great host passing over. To her his life seemed hanging on the stumble of every foot, each slipping of a board, whatever caused delay.

The dawn came at last, haggard and threatening. It looked in on Barton sleeping quietly and woke him. Only a few hours now and for him all mysteries would be unveiled; he was going fast over the little strip of time that separated him from eternity. Solemn excitement possessed him. Something that was almost triumph shone out in his face except when he remembered Ethel; but he put away the thought of her as fast as possible, lest the gush of tenderness with which he looked at and kissed the soft hair lying on his heart might unman him.

On the cool morning air grew a murmur, coming at first with an occasional sigh and sweep of the wind, deepening, nearing, resolving itself at last into a heavy measured tramp of feet and roll of wheels. Suddenly three or four shots sounded out sharply—a rush—a sudden flurry and terror in the streets—a shout,

"The Federals are upon us! Mitchell's advance-guard are already in the town!"

Barton heard indistinctly the tumult surging about his prison, but speculated little about it; it mattered nothing to him. The time dragged on—time that is always in such haste with criminals and dying men! On late in the day the key turned in the lock. His heart gave one mighty bound and stood still. "At last," he said, and rose. The door opened wide, Mayne Ethicke's arms were thrown about him.

"Barton, dear old boy, we were just in time to save you!"

And then a strong hand was laid on his shoulder, and turning he saw Ralph trying to laugh and choking in an extraordinary manner.

"Barton, my dear fellow, I never thought before to rejoice over a Yankee triumph."

Barton's answer was, "Ethel?"

Far away Ethel lay in deep, stirless sleep, so like that of death that her mother, anxiously watching, bent more than once in sudden terror lest the breath had departed. Horses' hoofs rang out on the road, came clattering up the carriage-way.

"Ethel! Ethel!" called a strangely joyful voice in the hall below.

"Is Ralph mad?" murmured Mrs. Herrick, as Ethel opened wide her violet eyes, soft and dark with the sweet mystery of a happy sleep. Some one ran lightly up the stairs—it was Barton's step, his head looked in at the open door. Mrs. Herrick recoiled and shrieked, but Ethel sprang forward with hands outstretched.

"My darling, I knew you were safe and coming back to me."

Half an hour after she said to Mayne Ethicke,

"How you worked when you were building that bridge!"

He looked surprised.

"How did you know? I told no—"

"Oh! I saw," and she recounted her vision.

"An odd dream," said Ralph, musingly.

"But it was not a dream—I saw it," insisted Ethel.

"Easily explained," laughed Barton. "Love in the old days was blind, but in this our modern progressive age he has grown clairvoyant."

THE WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

We devote pages 408 and 409 to illustrations of the War on the Mississippi, from sketches by our artist, Mr. Alexander Simplot. One of the pictures represents the Gun-boat Fight on the Mississippi opposite Memphis. As a contrast to the descriptions by loyal men, we give the following account of this remarkable combat from the pen of the reporter of a rebel paper, the Memphis *Argus*, of June 6:

As was generally anticipated, several gun-boats of the Lincoln fleet made their appearance around the bend above the city this A.M., arriving below the island a little before 6 o'clock. Their appearance created an immediate movement in our fleet, under the brave Commodore Montgomery, who had been awaiting them, and his boats were at once headed up stream to offer them battle. Our fleet was composed of the *General Van Dorn*, flag-ship, *General Price*, *General Bragg*, *Jeff Thompson*, *General Lovell*, *General Beauregard*, *Sumter*, and *Little Rebel*, all rams, under the supreme command of Commander Montgomery. Upon arriving opposite the mouth of Wolf Creek, the Federal boats in the mean time advancing from the island, the order was given to open fire, which was accordingly done by the *Little Rebel*. Three shots were fired from the Confederate fleet before any reply was made by the enemy, who, however, continued advancing. A short time afterward fire was opened by the advancing boats of the Federal fleet, and a brisk interchange of cannonading was kept up for some time, the shots from both sides generally falling wide of the mark. Up to this time no damage had been done. The engagement had then continued probably twenty minutes.

Several more of the enemy's gun-boats now came in sight. Aware that upon their arrival, which would give the enemy great superiority, he could not continue the engagement at this point with any hope of success, Commodore Montgomery, who was using the *Little Rebel* as his flag-vessel, ordered the fleet to fall back. The order was reluctantly obeyed, the firing, however, being kept up vigorously.

Our fleet retired to opposite Beal Street, no longer in line of battle, when one of the Federal rams shot ahead of the remainder of the fleet in pursuit. Upon reaching the vicinity of our fleet, preparations were made to receive her. The *Beauregard* at once prepared to strike, and they both bore down on each other in gallant style. The contest was of short duration, as the *Beauregard*, avoiding the blow intended for her, struck her adversary forward of her wheel-house. The blow placed the Federal adventurer *hors du combat*, and she hauled off and made for the Arkansas shore, where she remained during the rest of the engagement.

In the mean time another Federal ram, the *Monarch*, started to the first's assistance, rapidly passing the city under full head of steam. The *Beauregard*, having disabled her first adversary, turned about to run into the *Monarch*. The *Price* was also moved up, and the three boats were rapidly coming together.

A heavy blow aimed by the *Beauregard* at the *Monarch* missed and struck the *Price*, which was unable to get out of the way. She was struck squarely on the wheel-house, which was torn completely off, leaving the boat nearly a wreck. She at once made for the Arkansas shore, and sunk as deeply as the shallow water would allow. A number of persons on board were killed and wounded by the enemy's sharp-shooters.

Just at this period the four iron-clad gun-boats of the enemy, none of which had yet taken any other part in the engagement than firing at long range as they slowly advanced, moved down for the scene of the action. The cannonading on their arrival was fiercely renewed, and in a short time the *General Lovell* was pierced by a large shot, which caused her to fill rapidly and settle down. We had by this time lost two boats, and the fighting was at close quarters.

The *Little Rebel*, which was all the time in the thickest of the fight, was soon afterward struck by one of the Federal shots, and she at once started for the Arkansas side, and stopped near the *General Price*.

Commodore Montgomery and a majority of the officers and men escaped.

The *Beauregard*, nothing daunted by the disaster which had befallen the others, still continued vigorously firing. As she retired toward the point two or three of the enemy's large boats closed in on her, pouring in broadside after broadside. She was struck several times by shot which raked her fore and aft. A Federal ram also coming up dealt her a blow, and she commenced sinking rapidly in deep water opposite Jackson Mound. A Federal tug was sent to her assistance, in which the officers and men were conveyed to the Arkansas shore as prisoners of war.

The remaining Confederate boats, the *Jeff Thompson*, *Van Dorn*, *Sumter*, and *Bragg*, now rapidly moved down the river, aware that their only hope of safety, after the loss of the other four and the arrival of the remainder of the Lincoln fleet, was in further continuing to retreat; they soon rounded the point, and from Memphis could no longer be seen. But our reporter, who witnessed their

GENERAL HEINTZELMAN.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL P. HEINTZELMAN, whose portrait we publish on page 404, was born in Pennsylvania about the year 1806, and is consequently about fifty-six years of age. He entered the army from West Point in 1826. During the Florida war he, as Quarter-master, disbursed $3,000,000, without the loss of a dollar to the Government. During the early part of the Mexican war he was detailed to muster in volunteers on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. But his active duplications he was relieved from that duty, and reported to the commander at Vera Cruz, where he was assigned to the duty of forming the new regiments soldiers, and took up his march for the city of Mexico. His first active service was with the new regiments—a severe one at Huamatta, where Major Walker, of the Texas Rangers, was killed; for this engagement he was brevetted.

At the close of the war Major Heintzelman was sent to the command of the southern district of California, where he remained about five years, having charge of the Indian relations of that State, and made a personal reconnaissance of some two hundred miles of the Colorado River. He put the first steamer on the Colorado River.

During the time he was in command of this district the mutinous conduct of the Mormons in the neighborhood became hostile, and caucussed murderous acts and insurrectionary movements, who were raising the great Southern route to California. Major Heintzelman was charged with the suppression of these movements. This he did it to his own credit and the satisfaction of his Government the following extract from the report of General Hitchcock will show:

"The General commanding congratulates you and the officers of your command on the successful close of your war in the south. To your good judgment and untiring energy and perseverance, combined with your gallantry, he ascribes for its successful termination."

Major Heintzelman left Texas a few weeks previous to the battle of Twigs, Texas, on the Trinity, although "on leave," he was put on duty as Inspector-General at Washington. On the 14th day of July last he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, "for service in an Indian campaign in 1851," and on the 15th of the same month to the command of the 17th Infantry, and ordered to the command of a brigade consisting of four regiments of infantry, and one of cavalry, composed of regular cavalry and artillery, at Alexandria.

He was subsequently appointed to the command of the 3d Brigade of the 1st Division of the Potomac under General M'Dowell. At Bull Run he distinguished himself and was severely wounded, but was among the last to leave the field. On the division of the Army of the Potomac into army corps he was assigned to the command of the 3d army corps which suffered most at the terrible battle of Fairoaks. Their performance on that occasion received the highest encomiums from General Sumner. He has taken his place among the heroes of the day.

THE BATTLE AT FRONT ROYAL.

On page 404 we publish a view of FRONT ROYAL, VIRGINIA, and another of the FIELD IN WHICH GENERAL SHIELDS FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF CEDAR RUN. Both are from sketches by an officer who accompanied the forces of Major-General Banks, in his official report of the affair, says:

FRONT ROYAL is in itself an indefensible position. Two mountain ranges, a hilly country and a river lie between it and the south, commanding it by almost inaccessible hills; and the Shenandoah Mountains, with their numerous passes, and other mountain valleys, via Strasburg on the west and Chester Gap on the east.

The only practicable defence of this town would be by the line of the river, which is fordable in many places, and gains noise in advance. Such a defence would require a force of at least 10,000 men. Rebel forces were estimated from the best information we could obtain at from 15,000 to 20,000, and not an organized and well-appointed army that we have encountered.

On the 23d of May it was discovered that the white force was in motion on the mountain road in the valley of the Shenandoah, between the Massanutten Mountain and the Blue Ridge, and Colonel Kenly, of the First Maryland Regiment, had captured a considerable number of our pickets before the information reached us. The General at once made dispositions with the protection of the railroad and bridges bound itself immediately to concentrate his force at the most favorable retreat or a contest with the enemy against overwhelming numbers. Colonel Kenly was ordered to retire on the main force, at whatever cost. He immediately set out with his command, and was successful in the execution of one of the most important movements of the campaign. He brought off his entire command, and maintain a force equal to his own and the best, in the open field, and in the face of a superior force, without losing one man.

The order to fall back on the storm was given that the enemy was advancing on the town in force. The infantry commenced their march at once, and the cavalry left the rear in the rear of the town. Five companies were detached from the First Maryland Regiment, and formed the rear guard of a hill commanding a meadow of some extent, over which the enemy would be obliged to pass. Two companies were posted guarding the regimental camp, nearer to the river, on the left of the town.

The companies, three in number, then in charge of the rear guard, were posted in the following order, upon the main force. There were three four companies on the right of the battery of Captain Knapp, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dudsane, and five companies on the left under Colonel Kenly. The battery, Lieutenant Atwell commanding, opened fire upon the enemy advancing from the hills on the right and left, well supported by the infantry, being much damage. A detachment of the Fifth New York cavalry was ordered to advance upon the road, which was attempted, but did not succeed. The enemy's force held their position, and they were compelled to retreat across the river, which was done in good order, their camp and stores having been first destroyed.

On the opposite side their lines were again formed, and the battery, Captain Knapp, opened its fire upon the enemy while fleeing the river. They were again ordered to move, and fell back, the enemy pressing on in force, numbering about two miles when they were overtaken by the enemy's cavalry, and a fearful fight ensued, which ended in the complete destruction of the command. Colonel Kenly, at the head of his command, was killed in this action. The gun was brought into action and captured. The gun was brought within five miles of Winchester, and about two miles from Mount Atwell only when his horses were broken down. The enemy's force is estimated at eight thousand. The battle was fought principally on the cavalry on the side of the rebels, with active support from the infantry and artillery. Our force was about one thousand nine hundred men. We held their ground manfully, yielding only to the irresistible force of numbers. Colonel Kenly's command sustained since the affair represent that our troops fought with great bravery, and that the conduct of the enemy were base. A flag of truce captured near Martinsburg, who was in the front of the battle, reported that Colonel Kenly fell, as he fell, severely wounded. Lieutenant Atwell reports that of thirteen men in command at his battery but twelve were supported. The cavalry was more formidable, and suffered proportionately more than the infantry. Lieutenant Atwell, the command with yet return, but it impossible to speculate upon the number.

OUR FLEET IN THE JAMES RIVER.

We devote page 405 to illustrations of the operations of OUR FLEET IN THE JAMES RIVER. One of our pictures represents Fort Darling, which was lately attacked by Commander Rodgers with the *Galena*, *Monitor*, and other vessels. A full description of his ships engaged said:

The *Galena* is a vessel of the battery called Fort Darling, situated just beyond a sharp turn in the river, which makes it impregnable to a fleet that moves in the upper part of the river. Her sides are covered with railroad iron, and she mounts seven guns, viz.: two 9-inch guns, two 8-inch guns, one rifled 32-pounder and two 24-pounder howitzers. The fleet now approached in the following order: The *Dragon*, Lieutenant-Commanding Rhind, opened the battery. The vessel was very narrow, and the channel was so obstructed by reefs in width, that it was obstructive. The vessels, therefore, could not shift positions rapidly, but were compelled to fight in single file and pass onward.

The commencement of the fight, with the details of which our readers are familiar, he adds:

"Too much praise can not be given to Commander Rodgers and the officers of the ironclads engaged. He pilot manner in which the boats were handled, and for the skill and judgment displayed in the fight. Indeed, they were at anchor in a narrow channel to a heavy plunging fire from the enemy's batteries, and were subjected to many hits. The enemy's shot and shell were some of the coolest and the engagement with the gun-boats by—being only 1,000 yards distant from the batteries. The fight was one of the most brilliant actions of the war, and the result has given us the James River."

Of the reconnoissance the author of the sketch which we reproduce says:

On the morning of Friday, May 30, the United States steamers *Mohawk*, Captain N. B. Harrison, and *Jacob Bell*, Captain E. P. Miles, ran down the river from our encampment at City Point about eighteen miles, to take and spike the guns of the battery at Fort Powhatan. Having arrived in position, an armed boat, with a small detachment of marines, was sent ashore from the *Mohawk*, followed by another from the *Bell*; but the latter, after sealing the bank, which is here about thirty feet high, found the fort deserted, and a few days have been deserted. The battery is partially concealed behind a large wood-pile on the top of the bank. The fort, properly so-called, is on the summit of Fort Powhatan, a Revolutionary ruin of no little interest.

CAMP PUNISHMENTS.

Of page 412 we illustrate two of the punishments adopted in our army. One of the pictures represents the "Wheelbarrow Drill" in the 79th Regt. GENERAL BERNSTEIN'S ARMY. The fellow was marched through the lines between a file of soldiers, each of whom gave him a kick with the word "coward" affixed to his back, while the band played the "Rogue's March." The other picture represents one of the punishments for drunkenness adopted in General Halleck's Army of the Mississippi. "Drunkenness" is made to get into a barrel, which is so suspended that his head and his feet project, and locomotion, if not impossible, is rendered difficult and painful is labeled, "Too fond of whisky." Thus accounted, the miserable fellow is the butt of the jeers of the Army of Tennessee for a day, and learns a lesson which ought to teach him the virtue of temperance for the rest of his life.

THE SIGNAL CORPS.

THE sketches on page 406 will be particularly interesting at this time, when so much is heard of the Signal Corps. Major Myer, the Signal Officer of the Army and Chief of the Corps, was appointed in the Army of the Potomac, and entered the army in 1854. For many years he has worked in assisting his system, now the most complete army system in the world, when he received his commission as Major, indorsed by the highest military talent, and with authority to organize the department as he has now code, it is a noticeable fact that his appointment was violently opposed by Jeff Davis.

With the means now at his disposal, Major Myer can have an uninterrupted line of signals established from the blockade of the Potomac to the extreme right of the army in six hours, each telescope sweeping the field of vision of those on the adjacent stations.

There are now signal officers detailed to the armies in Kentucky, in South Carolina, and with Burnside in North Carolina, and a party will soon be sent to the expeditions on the Mississippi. To prevent such accidents as have occurred, by our troops firing into each other, Major Myer should, without a day's delay, be provided with the means of introducing the countersign signals throughout the whole army. The value and necessity of this system has been fully demonstrated in official reports.

The centre picture of the engraving represents an officer, accompanied by his flagman, at his station on the field of battle, his telescope slung to a tree for steadiness, and a signal flag in square on his flag, denoting that it has already been carried to the rear of the enemy's lines. A particular mention for service on the battle-field. On the left is a party using torch signals. To the right, standing at his ease, above, an officer is represented who has climbed a tree, by the assistance of a lariat, and takes his observations following every movement. In the centre is a signal officer reconnoitring with his glass, his flag kept working out of sight of the enemy; and on the left platforms are erected from to form a station. In the lower compartments an officer standing on a limber gets a view over the line of men moving at the double quick; a party running the gauntlet of the enemy's skirmishers to clear up a position for another party signaling on horseback, the large figures representing signalmen equipped and prepared to go into duty.

In making these sketches I have received valuable assistance from Lieutenant N. Dunick, signal officer, for which mere courtesy I here tender my acknowledgments. WARD.

THE BATTLE AT TRANTER'S CREEK, NORTH CAROLINA.

OUR artist with General Burnside's expedition has sent us a sketch of the battle at TRANTER'S CREEK, fought on June 5; we reproduce it on page 413. The enemy it seems had been gathering in force at the old Indian village of Washington, North Carolina, and after awaiting an attack for some time, our officers determined to assume the offensive. The *Herald* correspondent thus tells the story:

The Union gunboat *Commodore Jones*, a reconnoissance in force started from here (Washington) and consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel Amory's cavalry, consisting of the Second Massachusetts regiment, accompanied by Colonel Foster of the Third New York, Colonel Hawkins's Union Home Guards, and Major Pendleton, the two latter officers acting as aids to Colonel Amory. Also the Fifth Massachusetts Battalion regiment, Company C of the Third New York regiment, a detachment of Lieutenant Howard's Light Artillery, and a detachment from Colonel Howard's Union Home Guards, under command of Lieutenant Lee.

The infantry and artillery were transported in open barges, formed a junction with the cavalry on the outskirts of the town, when all started on the double quick. Tranter's Creek, which empties into the Pamlico river, is reached by the Washington and Greenville road.

After marching some distance, a sight of the enemy was at length obtained. The same correspondent writes:

In order to understand the progress of the fight, it may be well here give a brief description of the vicinity. Tranter's Creek is a small stream, about twenty-five yards wide, which empties into the Pamlico river by the Tranter's Creek is a small stream, about twenty-five yards wide, which empties into the Pamlico river by the high, chains along by the edge of the creek, which at this point is more narrow, and is crossed by a bridge with a span of trees." On the bridge are a six-mill and cotton gin, also, a grocery store and a few dwelling houses. The rebels had taken up the boards of the bridge between the two buildings, and with them had erected a breastwork, if it might be so called, near the cotton gin.

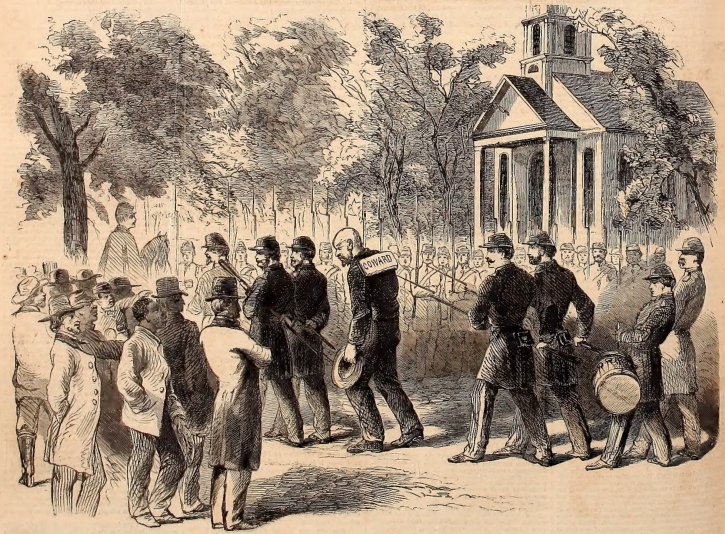
The colonel, with the cavalry, the artillery with the whole house, and the skirmishers, having demanded the enemy, endeavored to proceed toward the bridge. The advance guard was from Company A, and under command of Lieutenant Lee, and Company C, Third regiment New York, which moved up the inclined plane at the foot of the bridge, and immediately on reaching the top of the bridge, the enemy opened a heavy fire upon them from the cotton gin. Sergeant Shepard and a companion fired, and a heavy discharge of musketry followed, which soon fell at the first fire. The rest of the advance returned the volley, and when fell back to the main body. Lieutenant Lee immediately ordered forward the artillery, and in less time than it takes to record it, the piece was unlimbered, and Sergeant Avery, came dashing down the hill with their guns, took their stations, and opened a heavy fire of shell through the arch of the saw-mill, the other to the left of the bridge, and the cotton gin and the rebel breast-work. The main body of the infantry also came forward on the double-quick. Captain Gardner, of Company A, was among the brave of the hill, ready to charge the enemy at the point of the bayonet, but the enemy, seeing nothing to the nature of the affair. On account of the narrowness of the road, only a few men composing the advance could be brought into action at once, and the rest were disposed of in the rear, where they could not be of any use. With one company in the road, and one on either side, the encouragement of the enemy, a few of the rebels, who had discharged several rounds of shell and canister at the enemy's position, and who had fired the cotton gin, fled, and behind the trees so to be completely out of sight. The enemy's fire was terrific fire several times, and as soon as the bridge, the riddled beams and posts of which scarcely a man could be seen, the order was given to charge. The opportunity was not given, however, for the rebels, on the left of the cotton gin, and were firing very briskly from a dense cover of trees, which effectually kept injured by the building. Others again were discovered concealed in the trees on the right of the cotton gin. Sergeant Avery elevated his pieces, and fired a couple of rounds of shell through the building, whereupon several bodies were seen to fall to the ground, at sight of which heavy, though it is impossible to ascertain the full extent, as they carried off all their dead and wounded except the three bodies above referred to. Some of our artillery on the road fences owing to the heavy fire of the enemy.

Colonel Amory, who was on the opposite side of the bridge with the rebels had thrown up a temporary breast-work of cotton bales in an angular shape, with the corner nearest the approach from the bridge; but it failed to serve him as a means of defence.

Our loss on the battlefield was four killed and twelve wounded; but three of the latter died soon after the fight, so that our loss now stands seven killed and nine wounded.



CAMP PUNISHMENTS—TOO FOND OF WHISKY.—SCENE IN THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 411.]



CAMP PUNISHMENTS—DRUMMING A COWARD OUT OF THE RANKS.—SCENE IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—[SEE PAGE 411.]



THE BATTLE OF TRANTER'S CREEK, NEAR WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA, ON JUNE 5, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. WISER.—[SEE PAGE 411.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MCLENAN.

CHRONICLE OF EVENTS: PRESERVED IN CAPTAIN WRAGGE'S DISPATCH BOX.

IX.

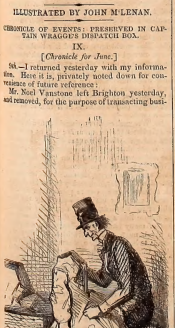
[Chronicle for June.]

9th.—I returned yesterday with my information. Here it is, privately noted down for convenience of future reference:

Mr. Noel Vanstone left Brighton yesterday, and removed, for the purpose of transacting business in London, to one of his late father's empty houses in Vauxhall Walk, Lambeth. This singularly mean selection of a place of residence, on the part of a gentleman of fortune, looks as if Mr. N. V. and his money were not easily parted.

Mr. Noel Vanstone has stepped into his father's shoes under the following circumstances. Mr. Michael Vanstone appears to have died, curiously enough, as Mr. Andrew Vanstone died—intestate. With this difference, however, in the two cases, that the younger brother left an informal will, and the elder brother left no will at all. The hardest men have their weaknesses; and Mr. Michael Vanstone's weakness seems to have been an insurmountable horror of contemplating the event of his own death. His son, his housekeeper, and his lawyer, had all three tried, over and over again, to get him to make a will; and had never shaken his obstinate resolution to put off performing the only business-duty he was ever known to neglect. Two doctors attended him in his last illness; warned him that he was too old a man to hope to get over it; and warned him in vain. He announced his own positive determination not to die. His last words in this world (as I succeeded in discovering from the nurse, who assisted Mrs. Lecount) were: "I'm getting better every minute; send for the fly directly and take me out for a drive." The same night Death proved to be the more obstinate of the two, and left his son (and only child) to take the property in due course of law. Nobody doubts that the result would have been the same if a will had been made. The father and son had every confidence in each other, and were known to have always lived together on the most friendly terms.

Mrs. Lecount remains with Mr. Noel Vanstone, in the same housekeeping capacity which she filled with his father, and has accompanied him to the new residence in Vauxhall Walk. She is acknowledged on all hands to have been a sufferer by the turn events have taken. If Mr. Michael Vanstone had made his will, there is no doubt she would have received a handsome legacy. She is now left dependent on Mr. Noel Vanstone's sense of gratitude; and she is not at all likely, I should imagine, to let that sense fall asleep for want of a little timely jogging. Whether my fair relative's future intentions in this quarter point toward Mischief or Money is more than I can yet say. In either case I venture a prediction that she will find an awkward obstacle in Mrs. Lecount.



So much for my information to the present date. The manner in which it was received by Miss Vanstone showed the most ungrateful distrust of me. She confided nothing to my private ear but the expression of her best thanks. A sharp girl—a devilish sharp girl. But there is such a thing as bowling a man out once too often, especially when the name of that man happens to be Wragge.

Not a word more about the Entertainment: not a word more about moving from our present quarters. Very good. My right hand lays my left hand a wager. Ten to one on her opening communications with the son as she opened them with the father. Ten to one on her writing to Noel Vanstone before the month is out.

23*d*.—She has written by to-day's post. A long letter apparently, for she put two stamps on the envelope. (Private memorandum, addressed to myself. Wait for the answer.)

23*d*, 23*d*, 24*th*.—Private memorandum continued. Wait for the answer.

25*th*.—The answer has come. As an ex-military man I have naturally employed stratagem to get at it. The success which rewards all genuine perseverance has rewarded me—and I have got at it accordingly.

The letter is written, not by Mr. Noel Vanstone, but by Mrs. Lecount. She takes the highest moral ground, in a tone of spiteful politeness. Mr. Noel Vanstone's delicate health and recent bereavement prevent him from writing himself. Any more letters from Miss Vanstone will be returned unopened. Any personal application will produce an immediate appeal to the



"NO BUZZING IN MY HEAD! NO CAPTAIN TO SHAVE TO-MORROW!"

protection of the law, Mr. Noel Vanstone having been expressly cautioned against Miss Magdalen Vanstone by his late lamented father, has not yet forgotten his father's advice. Consider as a reflection cast on the honored memory of the best of men to suppose that his course of action toward the Miss Vanstones can be other than the course of action which his father pursued. This is what he has himself instructed Mrs. Lecount to say. She has endeavored to express herself in the most conciliatory language she could select; she has tried to avoid giving unnecessary pain, by addressing Miss Vanstone (as a matter of courtesy) by the family name; and she trusts these concessions, which speak for themselves, will not be thrown away.—[Such is the substance of the letter—and so it ends.]

I draw two conclusions from this little document. First, That it will lead to serious mischief. Secondly, That Mrs. Lecount, with all her politeness, is a dangerous woman to deal with. I wish I saw my way safe before me. I don't see it yet.

29th.—Miss Vanstone has abandoned my protection, and the whole lucrative future of the dramatic Entertainment has abandoned me with her. I am swindled—I, the last man under Heaven who could possibly have expected to write in those disgraceful terms of myself. I AM SWINDLED.

Let me chronicle the events. They exhibit me, for the time being, in a sadly helpless point of view. But the nature of the man prevails; I must have the events down in black and white.

The announcement of her approaching departure was intimated to me yesterday. After another civil question about the information I had procured at Brighton, she hinted that there was a necessity for making our agreement of Friday last further. I immediately offered to undertake them, as before. "No," she said: "they are not in your way this time. They are more delicate than to a woman, and I mean to make them myself." Feeling my entire confidence in her to be unshaken, I again pointed straight at Mrs. Lecount, I tried a few innocent questions on the subject. She quietly declined to answer them. I asked politely if she proposed to leave? She would leave on the twenty-eighth, for what destination? She declined. For long? Probably not. By herself? No. With me? No. With whom then? With Mrs. Wragge, I had no objection. Could I be useful for what possible purpose? For the purpose of getting a respectable lodging, which she could hardly expect to accomplish unless she was accompanied by an elderly female friend. And was I, in the capacity of elderly male friend, to be left out of the business altogether? Impossible to say at present. Was I not even to forward my letters? Which might come by the first present address? No; she would make the arrangement herself at the proper time. And she would ask me at the same time for an address, at which I could receive a letter from her, in case of necessity for future communication with me. In her inquiries, after this last answer, could lead to nothing but waste of time. I saved time by putting no more questions.

It was clear to me that our present position toward each other was what our position had been previously to the event of Michael Vanstone's death. I accepted the position, to my choice of alternatives. Which way did my immediate interests point? Toward trusting the chances of her winning me again? Toward communicating at once with the interference of her relatives and friends? Or toward making the information which I possessed a marketable commodity to the rich, wealthy branch of the family and myself? The last of the three was the alternative I adopted, in the case of the father. I chose it once more in the case of the son.

The time I wanted for London nearly four hours since, and took her away in it, accompanied by Mrs. Wragge. My wife is a fool, a born fool, not to be actively valuable in the present emergency; but she will be passively useful in keeping up Miss Vanstone's connection with me—and, in consideration of that circumstance, I consent to brush up my temper, leave my own chin, and submit to the other inconveniences of waiting on myself for a limited period. And that glimmering of sense which Mrs. Wragge may have formerly possessed appears to have so entirely taken their leave of her. On receiving permission to go to London, she favored us immediately with two inquiries: Might she do some shopping? and might she take her cookery-book behind her? Miss Vanstone said Yes to one question, and I said Yes to the other; and from that moment Mrs. Wragge has vanished in a state of perpetual laughter. I am still hoarse with windy-expended ejaculations of surprise stimulant; and I left her in the railway carriage, to my inexpressible disgust, with both shoes down at her feet. Under ordinary circumstances these absurd particulars would not have dwelt on my memory. But, as matters actually stand, my unfortunate wife's imbecility may, in her present position, lead to consequences which we men of the business, like to notice. Is she to be more than a grownup child; and I can plainly detect that Miss Vanstone trusts her as a woman who not have trusted a sharper woman on that very account. I know children, little and big, rather better than my fair relative does; and I am not aware of all forms of human innocence when it happens to be your interest to keep a secret to yourself.

Let me return to business. Here I am, at two o'clock on a fine summer's afternoon, left entirely alone, to consider the safest means of approaching Mr. Noel Vanstone on my own account. My private suspicions of his moral character produce no discouraging effect on me. I have extracted cheering practical results in my time from people quite as fond of their money as he can be. The real difficulty to contend with is the obstacle of Mrs. Lecount. If I am not mistaken, this lady merits a little serious consideration on my part. I will close my chronicle for to-day, and give Mrs. Lecount her due.

Three o'clock.—I open these pages again, to record a discovery which has taken me entirely by surprise.

After completing the last entry, a circumstance revived in my memory which I had noticed on entering the ladies this morning to the railway. I then remarked that Mrs. Lecount had only taken oneof her three boxes with her, and it now occurred to me that a private investigation of the luggage she had left behind might possibly be attended with beneficial results. Having at command a key which has made a habit of cultivating friendly terms with strange locks, I found no difficulty in unlocking myself on a familiar footing with Miss Vanstone's boxes. One of the two presented nothing to interest me. The other—devoted to the preservation of the costumes, articles of toilet, and other properties used in the dramatic Entertainment—proved to be better worth examining, for it led me straight to the discovery of one of its owner's secrets.

I found all the dresses in the box complete—with one remarkable exception. That exception was the dress of the Fourth-century lady: the character which I have already mentioned as the best of all my pupil's impersonations. It modeled in voice and manner on her old governess, Miss Garth. The wig; the eyebrows; the bonnet and veil; the shawl—all made inside to disfigure her back and shoulders; the paints and cosmetics used to age her mother's face and complexion—were all gone. Nothing but the gown remained; a grossly flowered silk, useful among her other properties as a means of exaggerating in color and pattern to her inspection by daylight. The other parts of the dress are sufficiently quiet to pass muster. The gown and veil are only old-fashioned, and the cloak is of a lively color. But one of the articles must have been drawn from such a discovery as this. As certainly as I sit here, she is going to open the campaign against Mrs. Lecount with a Miss Garth, in a character which neither of those two persons can have any reason to suspect assuming at the outset—the character of Miss Garth.

What course am I to take under these circumstances? Having got a clew, am I to keep it to myself, or to work it? These are awkward considerations; I am rather puzzled how to deal with them.

It is something more than the mere fact of her choosing to disguise herself to forward her own private ends that is startling to my sense of propriety. Hundreds of girls take fancies for disguising themselves; and hundreds of instances of it are related, year by year, in the public journals. But my ex-pupil is not to be considered, for one moment, in the light of one of the ventures of the newspapers. She is capable of going a long way beyond the limit of dressing herself like a man, and of acting in a man's voice and manner. She has a natural gift for assuming a character, and for sinking her own identity. A girl who takes the sharpest people unawares by using such a capacity as this to help her own ends in private life, and who develops that capacity by a determination to fight her way to her own purposes with a high hand, is a very different thing before it, so to this time, is a girl who tries an experiment in deception, new enough and dangerous enough to lead, one way or the other, to very serious results. This is my conviction, founded on a knowledge of the girl's past life and posing on my fellow-creatures. I say of my fair relative's enterprise what I never said or thought of it till I contemplated opening the inside of her box. The chances for and against her winning the fight for her lost fortune, single-handed and unbalanced, that I can not for the life of me see on which side the scale inclines. All I can discern is, that it will be certainly, one way or the other, on the day when she passes Noel Vanstone's door—and not before.

[Which way do my interests point now? Upon my honor, I don't know.]

Five o'clock.—I have effected a masterly compromise; I have decided on turning myself into a sick-nurse by the bedside.

By to-day's post I have dispatched to London an anonymous letter to Mrs. Wragge. The letter will be forwarded to its destination by the same means which I successfully adopted to mystify Mrs. Pendril; and it will reach Mrs. Wragge, at Lambeth, by the afternoon of to-morrow at the latest.

The letter is short, and to the purpose. It warns Mr. Noel Vanstone in the most alarming language that he is going to be made the victim of a conspiracy, and that the prime mover in the business is a young lady who has already held serious communication with his father and himself. It offers him the information necessary to secure his own safety on conditions which it makes it worth the writer's while to run the serious personal risk which such a disclosure will entail on him; and it ends by stipulating that the answer shall be advertised in the *Times*, shall be addressed to "Fair Play," and shall briefly shall state plainly what remuneration Mr. Noel Vanstone offers for the priceless service which it is proposed to render him.

Unless some unexpected complication occurs, this letter places me exactly in the position which it is my present interest to occupy. If the advertisement appears, and if the remuneration offered is large enough to induce me to go over to the camp of the enemy, over I go. If the advertisement appears, and if Mr. Noel Vanstone rates my invaluable assistance at too low a figure, here I remain, biding my time till my fair relative wants me, or till I make her want me, which comes to the same thing. If the anonymous letter falls by any accident into her hands, she will find disparaging allusions in it to myself, purposely introduced to suggest that the writer must be one of the persons whom I addressed when conducting her inquiries. If Mrs. Lecount takes the business in hand, and lays a trap for me—I decline her tempting invitation, by becoming totally ignorant of the whole affair the instant any second person appears in it. Let the end come as it may, here I am ready to profit by it; here I am, facing both ways with perfect ease and security—here, agriculturist, with his eye on two crops at once, and his swindler's sickle ready for any emergency.

For the last week to come the newspaper will be more interesting to me than ever. I wonder which side I shall eventually belong to?

THE THIRD SCENE.

VAUXHALL WALK, LAMBETH.

CHAPTER I.

THE old Archiepiscopal Palace of Lambeth, on the southern bank of the Thames—with its Bishop's Walk and Garden, and its terrace fronting the river—is an architectural relic of the London of former times, precious to all lovers of the picturesque in the nineteenth London of the present day. Southward of this venerable structure lies the street labyrinth of Lambeth; and nearly midway in that part of the town are houses which is placed nearest to the river runs the dingy district called Vauxhall Walk. In former days, known by the name of Vauxhall Walk.

The net-work of dismal streets stretching over this surrounding district presents a strong population for the most part of the poorer order. In the thoroughfares, even those frequented the social struggle with poverty shows itself unreservedly on the filthy pavement, gathers its forces through the day, and, intensifying itself in a tumult on Saturday night, sees the Sunday morning dawn in murky gaslight. Miserable women, slipshod and slatternly, haunt the butchers' shops in such London localities as these with little of the money in their pockets but the public house clutched fast in their hands, with eyes that devour the meat they dare not buy, with eager fingers that grope covetously, in the lappets of their ticker sisters touch a precious stone. In this district, in one respect, it resembles also the wealthy quarters of the metropolis, the hideous London vagabond—with the filth of the street contrasted in his squalid person, the mud of the street outdirted in his clothes—lounges, lowering and brutal, at the street corner and in the gin-shop door. The public disgrace of his country, the unceasing warning of social treason, the peril of the State, find but little welcome reception at the hands of Progress—which has reformed so much in manners, and altered so little in men—among the dregs of humanity that scatters its pestiferous to the winds. Here, while the material prosperity flows like another Pelshazzar, on the spectacle of its own magnificence, is the Writing on the Wall, which warns the proud nation that it is found wanting in the balance, and his power found wanting.

Situated in a neighborhood which in former days hall Walk gains by comparison, and establishes claims to respectability which no impartial observation can deny. The main feature in the prosperous section of the Walk is still composed of private houses. In the scattered situations where shops appear, those shops are not thronged by the crowds of more populous thoroughfares. Commerce is not outwardly there, nor is the public money besieged by loud invitations to "buy. Bird-fanciers have sought the congenial tranquillity of this scene; and have established a singing-school in Vauxhall Walk. Second-hand carts and cabs, friends of all weathers, and second-hand carriage wheels for those who may want one to make up a set, are all to be found here in the same repository. One house, and one only, turns its back on the other, on the day when she passes Noel Vanstone's door—the house in question.

Vauxhall Walk is the most charming of all Walks in the city of Lambeth. Here, in the days when the Archbishops of Canterbury were the great people of the district, the dignitaries of the Archiepiscopal Palace were accustomed to take their pleasure during the summer seasons of a century—spreads, at this day, an awful stillness of mud and rubbish. Only the second half of Vauxhall Gardens meandering in the open air.

On the same day when Captain Wragge completed the last entry in his Chronicle of Events, a woman appeared at the western door of the houses in Vauxhall Walk, and removed from the glass a printed paper which had been tendered to it, announcing that Apartments were to let. The apartments consisted of two rooms on the first floor. They had just been cleaned, as a word certain, by two ladies who had paid in advance. Those two ladies being Magdalen and Mrs. Wragge.

As soon as the mistress of the house had left the room, Magdalen looked at the paper which she cautiously looked out from it at the row of building opposite. They were of superior pretension in size and appearance to the other houses in the Walk: the date at which they had been erected was inscribed on one of them, and was stated to be the year 1759. They stood back from the pavement, separated from it by little strips of garden ground. The peculiarity of position, added to the breadth of the roadway interposed between them and the houses on the opposite, made it impossible for Magdalen to see any one who might come to the windows from the bare general outline of dress and figure. Nevertheless there she stood, anxiously fixing her eyes on one house in the row, nearly opposite to her—the house she had looked for before, entering the neighborhood; the house inhabited at that moment by Noel Vanstone and Mrs. Lecount.

After keeping watch at the window in silence, for ten minutes or more, she suddenly looked back into the room, to observe the effect which the prospect might have produced on the hurrying companion.

The slightest cause appeared for any apprehension in that quarter. Mrs. Wragge was seated at the table, absorbed in the arrangement of a series of cookery-books, with their prize lists, issued by advertising tradespeople, and flying in at the pub-inviting doors as they left the London terminus. "I've often heard tell of the cooking," said Mrs. Wragge, resitously shifting the positions of the cookeries, as a child resitously shifts the positions of a new set of toys. "Here's bath reading printed in pretty colors. Here's all the Things I'm going to buy when I'm up shopping to-morrow. Lend us a pencil, please —you don't be angry, will you?—and let me do so with to mark 'em off." She looked up at Magdalen, knocked joyfully over her own altered circumstances, and beat her pencil-handle on the table in irrepressible delight. "O No cookery-book!" cried Mrs. Wragge. "No Burning in my bed: no Captain to shave to-morrow! I'm all bed, at bed; my cap's on one-side; and nobody bein' by, I'm a-going to practise a little swearing for mistake!" Her handkerchief to drum again on the table before she could put Magdalen quite ed them by presenting her with a pencil. Mrs. Wragge instantly recovered her dignity, squared herself to the table, and began to write like a legitimary shopping for the rest of the evening.

Magdalen left the window. She took a chair, seated herself behind the fugitive, and steadily fixed her eyes once more on the house opposite.

The blinds were down over the windows of the first floor and the second. The window of the ground floor was open, but only partially screened by curtains of the commonest material and partly open, but no living creature came near it. Doors opened, and people came out from the houses on either side; children by the dozen poured out on the pavement to play, and invited the whole neighborhood to the entertainment by balls and shuttlecocks; streams of people passed backward and forward incessantly; heavy wagons, piled high with goods, lumbered along the road, on their way to, or their way from, the railway station at the end of the Walk; but the district stirred with its ceaseless activity in every direction but one. The house passed—and there was the house opposite with its blinds down, still not a sign of human existence, inside or out. The one object which had attracted Magdalen's personally venturing herself in Vauxhall Walk—the object of studying the looks, manners, and habits of the living people of the house from a post of observation known only to herself—was, thus far, entirely baffled in its purpose.

Shortly after six o'clock the landlady dated Mrs. Wragge's attention to the preparations for tea for dinner. Magdalen placed herself at the table, in a position which still enabled her to command the view from the window which Mrs. Wragge's ed. The dinner came to an end; Mrs. Wragge (lulled by the sarcastic influences of anointing herself with the contents of a pint pot) was in appetite sharpened by the captain's absence) with drew to set about it, and Magdalen was in attitude which would have caused her husband the acutest mental suffering; seven o'clock struck in shadow on the pavement, and the shadow crept stealthily on the gray pavement and the brown house window and still the blinds opposite remained shut; still the one window open showed nothing but the black blank of the room in the background, and still not a living head was seen a tomb.

Mrs. Wragge's meek snoring deepened in tone: the evening wore on drearily; it was close on eight o'clock—when an event happened at last to break the monotony which enclosed the position of the house opposite.

The window of the first floor was thrown open. Two servant-girls appeared on the balcony. The first came to her shoulders, and looked like a servant. She had a large door-key in her hand, and was evidently going out on an errand. She stood. Roused, partly by curiosity—partly by the impulse of the moment, which urged her always to use natural means of relief from the constant existence of many hours past—Magdalen ventured to open the door, and encouraged by a look from the servant to her destination, wherever it might be.

The woman led her to the great thoroughfare at the end of the Walk, called Vauxhall Walk. After proceeding some little distance, and hearing about her with the bustling noise of a busy street, well acquainted with the neighborhood, the servant crossed the road, and entered a stationer's shop. Magdalen crossed the road after her, and followed her in.

The inevitable delay in entering the shop under these circumstances made Magdalen too late to hear what the woman asked for. The first words spoken which reached her ears were from the counter reached her ears, and informed her that the servant's object was to buy a railway Guide.

"Do you mean a Guide for this month? or a Guide for July?" asked the shopman, addressing his customer.

"Master didn't tell me which," answered the woman. "All I know is, he says he's going to-morrow by the first train."

"The day after to-morrow is the first of July," said the shopman. "The Guide your master wants is the Guide for the new month. It won't be published till to-morrow."

Engaging to call again on the next day the servant left the shop and took the way that led to Vauxhall Walk.

Magdalen purchased the first trifle she saw on the counter, and hastily returned in the same direction. The discovery she had just made was of very serious importance to her; and she felt the necessity of acting on it with as little delay as possible.

On entering the front room at the lodgings she found Mrs. Wragge just awake, lost in drowsy bewilderment, with her cap full of her own shoulders, and with one of her shoes missing altogether. Magdalen endeavored to persuade her that she was tired after her journey, and that her wisest proceeding would be to go to bed. Mrs. Wragge was perfectly willing to profit by this suggestion, provided she could find her shoe first. In looking for the shoe she unfortunately discovered the circulars, put by on a side-table, and forthwith recovered her recollection of the earlier proceedings of the evening.

"Give us the pen-oil," said Mrs. Wragge, shuffling the circulars in a violent hurry. "I can't go to bed yet—I haven't half done making down the things I want. Let's see; where did I leave off? *Try Finch's feeding-bottle for Infants.* No! there's a cross against that: the cross means I don't want it. *Comfort in the Field. Buckler's Waterproof Hunting Breeches.* Oh, dear, dear! I've lost the place. No, I haven't! Here it is; here's my mark against it. *Elegant Cashmere Robes: strictly retail, very great quantity to be run passed, nineteen, and sixpence. Die in time, Only three left.* Only three! Oh do lend us the money, and let's go and get one!"

"Not to-night," said Magdalen. "Suppose you go to bed now, and think the matter to-morrow? I will put them by the bedside for you; and you can go on with them in the morning." She rose as she spoke, and began to collect the circulars.

This suggestion met with Mrs. Wragge's immediate approval. Magdalen took her up the next room, and put her to bed like a child—with her tory by her side. The room was so narrow and the bed was so small, that the latter, being arraged in the white apparel proper for the occasion—with her mouse-like frizzled cap on, and spacious halo of night-cap—looked so hugely and disproportionately large, that Magdalen, anxious as she was, could not repress a smile at the grotesque of her traveling companion for the night.

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Wragge, suddenly, "how well have that Cashmere Robe to-morrow. Come here! I want to whisper something to you. Just you look at me—I'm going to sleep, I suppose, and the captain's not here to bawl at me?"

The front-room at the lodgings contained a sofa-bedstead, which the landlady arranged before for the night. This done, and the night-cap brought in, Magdalen was left alone to shape her future course as her own thoughts counseled her.

The questions and answers which had passed in her presence that evening at the stationer's shop had plainly to her mind's eye pointed out the more would bring Noel Vanstone's present term of residence in Vauxhall Walk to an end. Her first cautious inquiries had been directed to whether in unsuspected observation of the house opposite before she was exposed openly inside was entirely frustrated by the turn events had taken. She was placed in the dilemma of running all risks heading on the best way—of not knowing what the future opportunity, which might never occur. There was no middle course open to her. Once she had seen Noel Vanstone with her own eyes, and had discovered the worst there was to fear from Mrs. Lecount—until she had learned all that doubt, with the needful precaution of keeping her own identity carefully in the dark—at a step could she advance with safety to the accomplishment of the purpose which had brought her to London.

One after another the minutes of the night passed away; one after another the thronging thoughts followed each other over her wakeful mind—and still she reached no conclusion; still she faltered and doubted, with a helplessness new to her in her experience of herself. At last she passed the room impatiently, to seek the trivial relief of looking for trunk, and of opening it—at the few things that she wanted for the night. Captain Wragge's sanguine had not deceived him. There, hidden between two dresses, were the articles of costume which he had missed from her box at Birmingham. She turned them over, one by one, to satisfy herself that nothing she wanted had been forgotten, and returned once more to her post of observation by the window.

The house opposite was dark down to the parlor. There, the blind, previously raised, was now drawn over the window: the light burning behind it showed her for the first time that the room was inhabited. Her eye brightened, and her color rose as she looked at it.

"There he is!" she said to herself, in a low, angry whisper. "There he lives on our money, in the house, with his father's warning his closed against me!" She dropped the blind, and, with her head raised to look out, returned to her trunk, and took from it the gray wig which was part of her dramatic costume in the character of the North-country lady. The wig had been crumpled in packing: she put it on, and went to the table to comb it out. "His father has warned him against Magdalen Vanstone!" she said, repeating the passage in Mrs. Lecount's letter, and laughing bitterly as she looked at herself in the glass. "I wonder whether his father has warned him against Miss Garth? To-morrow is sooner than I bargained for. No matter, to-morrow shall show."

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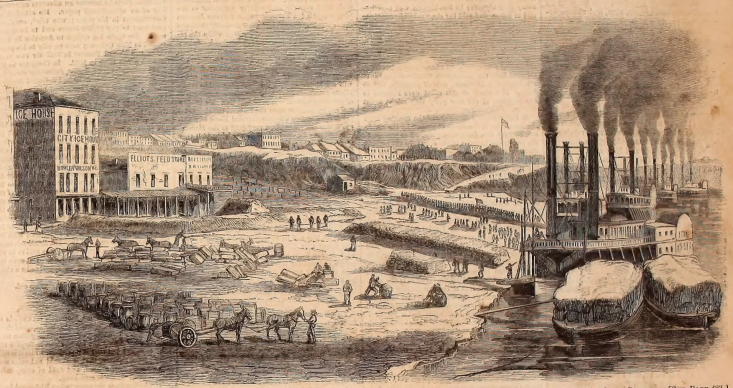
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE LEVEE AT MEMPHIS, TENN.—HAULING SUGAR AND COTTON FROM THEIR HIDING-PLACES FOR SHIPMENT NORTH.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEX. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 423.]



A. Fort Slate Corner.—B. Fort (Not named).—C. Fort Colonel Churchill.—D. The Gap.—E. Fort Colonel Bailey.—F. Fort Colonel Mallory.—G. Stockade and Rifle-pits.—I. Lewis' Gap.—L. Fort Colonel Hunter.—M. Kentucky Road through Gap.—O. Baptist Gap.—P. Earth-works recently constructed.

GENERAL VIEW OF CUMBERLAND GAP, TENNESSE.—SKETCHED BY DR. B. HOWARD, U.S.A.—[SEE PAGE 419.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1862.

BEFORE RICHMOND.

IN all human probability the decisive battle of the war will be fought before Richmond before this paper reaches our subscribers. On Friday last, 20th, General M'Clellan was ready. He had his works complete, and his artillery massed. He was prepared at any moment to open an artillery fire upon the rebels which they could not answer. Every soldier in the army of the Potomac knew well that day that the battle was only a few hours distant.

Most of the correspondents appear calmly confident of the result. The army is in such splendid condition, it is led by a commander who inspires such unbounded confidence, it is accompanied by so enormous a force of artillery, and it is so thoroughly impressed with the fact that we are sincere, that officers, men, and newspaper-writers all predict a triumph—bloody, it may be, but decisive. We need not say that we most earnestly and prayerfully trust these hopeful presages may be fulfilled.

In the event of success before Richmond, the war on the Atlantic, like the war on the Mississippi, will virtually be over. There will still remain small armies to be dispersed and overcome, forts to be taken, guerrillas to be shot, but the critical question of the division of the country will have been determined.

For there is no section of country south of Virginia and Tennessee in which the rebels can embody such an army as could begin to resist the Union forces. Davis and Lee, retreating into North Carolina or the Gulf States, will perish in a given period of time from want of subsistence and, just as Beauregard's army is scattering in Mississippi from the same cause, the corresponding disbandment contracted for the army to fly in Mississippi, of 200,000 head of cattle and sheep from the States lying north of the Gulf coast. It is in effect to protect these cattle across the river that Vicksburg is so resolutely holding out. By this time Farragut has probably given a good account of that obstinate city, and not another head of cattle will cross the river.

The result will be the same if the rebels should evacuate instead of fighting before Richmond. If they are going to carry on this war, they must begin the organization of enormous granary and great country to subsist a large army. This involves, as a necessity, a continued and undisputed rebel occupation of the plains and valleys of Virginia.

IMPORTANT POLITICAL MOVEMENT.

We have obtained information of a very important political movement which has taken place in this city, and which is likely to exercise no small influence upon the destinies of this State and the Union. It seems that, a few evenings since, a select party of bankers, shipping-merchants, publishers, lawyers, and editors met in a private room at one of our hotels, and resolved to organize a new party to be known as THE ANTE-BELLUMS.

A PROMINENT BANKER observed that, in his opinion, things were going from bad to worse for many years. The encroachments of the executive were becoming intolerable: witness the expedition of the navy yard to Port Royal. He believed in leaving rebeldom entirely free, and if a man was found in arms against the Union as his condition; it was necessary that the spiritual condition of the slaves in South Carolina was for superior to the bodily welfare of the negroes in Ashantee. He went in for saving souls where he could. He thought the legislature of South Carolina was right, and advised a recurrence to the old colonial laws, under which his ancestors in Rhode Island had done uncommonly well for several generations.

AN EDITOR, in reply, wished to say that he was for the speedy termination of the war. But he wished to proceed with some regard to humanity. He was opposed to the shedding of blood, especially on the part of our young men, the Native States. He could wish that General M'Clellan should be driven to his sweet retirement on Hawk earthquake in the direction of Richmond, after which a deputation should be sent to Jeff Davis to offer him the command of the Presidency over the river of peace. His blood boiled when he thought of the murder of those who had escaped from their masters during the present war. He understood that General Lee, whom he was proud to call his friend, had offered to shoot any of his own slaves. Why were they not returned? Was the Government a common thief? He was not a churchman himself, but he had a friend who went regularly to meeting and who informed him that in Deuteronomy—

Here the SPEAKER was interrupted by a boy, who came in with a list of our killed and wounded at Fairoaks, which the editor began to copy for his paper.

A LAWYER remarked that the authors of the war were the people of New England, and that they were the real disunionists. A popular impression existed that it was the people of South Carolina who fired the first gun in the war. This was a mistake. It was Buchanan's administration which gave arms to the people of South Carolina. He was bound to admit that the former had sent a few troops to support the President, while the latter had dispatched her volunteers against Sumter. But appearances were often deceitful. The South Carolinians were a whole-souled people, incapable of dishonest dealing; whereas he knew from experience that the New Englanders were rogues. He had a case—

Here he was called to order by THE CHAIRMAN, who remarked, that while he was glad to hear that their friend the Lawyer had got a case at last, it had nothing to do with the object of the meeting. They had met there to see if something could not be done to save the life of human civilization, which was sweeping before it the whole-hearted citizens, and the whole country in which they all naturally clung. He would call upon his neighbor, the Banker, to ventilate his opinions.

THE BANKER remarked that the great trouble in this country was its extraordinary financial inaccuracy. His friend, Lord Timgumbob, had told him so when he met him in Pall Mall, and he was convinced of the fact. In England, where the large slave-owners constituted an aristocracy; not to build a house was to be wicked, to defraud, and many of the young men at the Bath were apt to gamble away their niggers: he had himself won a yellow girl at poker, and sold her six months afterward for $2500 (ha! ha!); but still the South had an aristocracy, and this was the secret of the disinclination of Southern men to Northerners. He was decidedly in favor of the organization of a new party at the North headed by Governor Seymour. He thought the United States required a hereditary aristocracy selected from the . . . bankers, merchants, . . . bankers, lawyers, . . . gentlemen of property, and so forth. If a plank to this effect were inserted in the platform of the new party they might count him in.

A POLITICIAN congratulated the meeting upon the unanimity of the views expressed by his speakers, and the firm front they proposed to present to the pernicious principles of the day. The present disastrous crisis of the country he had taken his side some time since, and proposed to stand by it. He was in favor of the war. He was for the way he wanted the *stein qua non* fathom absolutely required. He wished to see his friend Governor (now General) Toombs, of Georgia, in his place in the Senate; his friend and correspondent Senator Mason, now abroad in Europe, at the head of the Senate Committee on foreign relations; his old acquaintance, Mr. Slidell, in the position of chief control of the Committee on Military Affairs, which his experience during the present war will so admirably fit him; and Judge Campbell re-appointed United States Commissioner of Lotteries, with a large percentage on the sale of policies. He agreed with his friend the Lawyer in the opinion that the North was at least as largely responsible for the war as the South. He could see no difference himself between an Abolitionist and a Secessionist—a friend of freedom and a friend of slavery—a friend of the Government and a traitor. They were all one to him. With these few remarks he moved the following resolutions:

Whereas, the rascality and diabolical conduct of the North, are States, and especially Massachusetts, Vermont, and Michigan, have plunged this country into a horrible civil war; and whereas the blood-thirsty representatives from these States openly proclaim by votes and by speech, during the advice of such pure patriots as Breckinridge, Vallandigham, and Fernando Wood, giving up every thing demanded by the Southern people:

And whereas, The Southerners have already proved their valor, and the superiority of subjugating them by force of arms:

Be it resolved, 1. That the times call for the establishment of a new Northern party consisting of all the virtue and worth, and the whole property of the North, to stand out and keep down the rascally, Jacobinical, radical faction.

2. That the cardinal principle of this party be THE NEGATIVE OF WHAT WE ARE OPPOSED TO, viz., Slidell, Breckinridge, Davis, and Buchanan, in the Senate, Fryer, Pendleton, and Vallandigham in the House, Seymour in law in full operation throughout the North, and slavery in all the Territories present and future.

3. That with a view to conciliate the Southern brethren, the officers of the Southern army should be admitted into the United States army on the footing they were before the war, and that the supreme command be given to General Beauregard, who should be appointed Lieutenant-General for life.

4. That Major-General Lovell be invited to resume his position as Street-Inspector in this city.

5. That the Legislature be called for treason, and, if possible, hanged.

6. That a monument be raised in the city of Boston to the memory of the late Preston Brooks, whose Christian character was so beautifully prototype of the conduct of the Southern friends during the present crisis.

7. That Robert Smalls, the nigger who ran away from his owners in South Carolina with a valuable vessel, be returned under a flag of truce, and Commodore Dupont, who detained him in the service of the United States, be dismissed from the service.

8. That the negro who gave Colonel Ready information of the approach of the enemy at Front Royal receive one hundred lashes well laid on from the cowhide of his particular pet.

9. That the true object of the establishment of the Government of the United States was the protection and maintenance of the rights of the Southern people, and whereas a law of Congress should render it penal, from whatever motive, to speak censoringly; in any public discourse, of freedom of thought, of the press, of religion, or of secret should be appointed by Congress, on each Fourth of July, to explain to the people the true principles of the claims of the whipping-post, the advantages of the iron collar, the merits of the branding-iron, the virtues of the cowhide, and the general common sense of making people work without wages.

10. That Russia having announced the emancipation of her serfs, Alexander should no longer be looked upon as that Spain be warned that if she carries out the project of her leading statesmen for the emancipation of the negroes in Cuba and Porto Rico, the United States will consider it a casus belli; and that any and case treaties of friendship and amity be concluded with the Emperor of Dr. til, the King of Dahomey, and the Sultan of Turkey.

11. That it being the deliberate sense of the members of this party that the world is going headlong to rot—that civilization is a failure—that Christianity is chaotic—we take the name and title of THE ANTEDILUVIANS.

These resolutions, having been put to the vote, were carried now-nem. con.; and the meeting separated in high good-humor.

THE LOUNGER.

A LOOK IN THE LULL.

SINCE the battle of Fairoaks there has been a lull. It may be broken at any moment, and may occupy Richmond either by the evacuation of the enemy or by a bloody engagement.

Yet one thing is now so clear that it should be included in every estimate of the future. It is that the rebellion will exist with an organized power, or state, or government, which, when it has lost its capital and is universally defeated, proposes terms of submission. Even with a vast horde of bandits. Practically they are that. They are none too hard for civilization to crush in arms. If they derive from one point, as at Corinth, they reappear, either together or separately, elsewhere. At this every intelligent mind will be surprising to see that the large slave-traders now Orleans, or has reinforced Charleston, or Richmond, or Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley. If they retire from Richmond they may secretly and rapidly withdraw to the Gulf States, and reappear before them at Jackson drove Banks. How do we know that fifty thousand men have not been sent to Jackson while the remainder hold the attention of M'Clellan? At any moment we should not be surprised at a rebel force, and for a fall retreat. In Congress he was a vehement slavery agitator, defending slavery in America at zealously as he had defended liberty in France. Now he has been sent home as Minister to Spain.

In Madrid he shot the French Embassador in a duel; helped the insurrection of August, 1854; went to Ostend, and prepared the manifesto which, in that hole, Pierce, Buchanan and Mason, with the scope of which was to justify stealing Cuba from Spain. That could not be bought in order to secure the dominance of the slaveholding interest in the government of the country. Meantime, but the American people would feel about Mr. Soulé Spain, and be unwilling to commit so infamous an injustice even for the advantage of the Northern interest. Mr. Soulé consulted from the State Department a reciprocity treaty of trade between the United States and Cuba which, during the absence of the Minister, the Secretary, the Lieutenant Chargé d'Affaires—had negotiated with the foreign Government. In 1857 Mr. Soulé returned. When the rebellion broke out he was said to be opposed to the secession of Louisiana. But upon the capture of New Orleans he was found to be a chief of the rebels.

Mr. Soulé must be nearly sixty years old.

CONCILIATION AND EXASPERATION.

WHILE we are fighting the rebels let us fight as fiercely as we can. When we have conquered them we may be as lenient as we will. The nation may then afford to be generous. But while they are in rank and file; but that is no reason, while she still fighting for success, that it should not miss and the most effective. Suppose that all of every individual rebel which it may need.

The letter from the army before Richmond have seemed with studious care to expurgate all who openly and scornfully announced their treason and their purpose to protected the rebels and our soldiers lay dying in agony upon the roads and fields from wounds received from the friends of such traitors. Is that right? From the correspondence. If these stories are true it is a sad business. It is not to be charged, and it is very ill to be believed. The presence of the National army teaches such a property-holder only contempt for the Government. It is not to be made to find the courage of rebellion? Yes, and in what way is it dangerous to be made? Does one doubt that, if the rebels be occupied every house upon the road and put the overs under the strictest surveillance, the main communications of M'Clellan would be secure? would not have been almost cut off. If the rebels are not taught to fear us, they never certainly will see us respect us in peace. Ravages from their own men they forgive from sympathy with the cause. Our conciliation is contempt. Our war is severe. In fact. Do you think another kind of treatment would "exasperate" them? Will suppose they were exasperated, would they "conciliate" us? Was a more desperate and ferocious war than they are waging now?

When they are conquered, you may do what you will. But you can not conquer them so long as they think you can. Then you conquer the war of fire-arms at all, it requires that they shall be beaten till hall and cannot fight any more. A soldier who means to aim ever fires over the head of his enemy. In Winchester, when a Union lady was remonstrated with upon the rebels in the hospital, she asked him if he did not think the rebel wounded in our hands were not well treated. He replied fiercely, "Of course, you don't dare to treat us otherwise."

The wounded and sick whether loyal or false, can not be too carefully treated. But why should they be rebels, when they have to be such enemy goes straight to the support of the rebel army, have their houses carefully protected and their clover fields scrupulously respected?

HANGING.

DURING the early spring, just after we had occupied Nashville, a Union man from the Border States was talking in a circle of persons of secession sympathies in a hotel in the city. "Very well," said he, "I am glad we have got so far; but I don't think our Generals understand how to develop Union sentiment. I know an infallible method."

The round table turned their inquiring eyes upon the speaker, and one of them asked the recipe.

"It's very simple," was the answer. "I would

take military possession, for instance, of Nashville. The moment I was established I would order an election. The ballots should be printed 'Union' and 'Disunion.' The election should be absolutely free. No coercion should be attempted. Every man's name should be recorded as he delivered his ballot, and his vote with it. Then I would carefully examine them all; and every man who voted for disunion should be hung—every man."

Secesh listened with open mouths.

"Then," continued he, "I would advance to the next city, and pursue the same method. The third city would be unanimous for the Union before I reached it."

General Butler evidently proposes to develop Union sentiment in New Orleans in a somewhat similar manner; not indeed by indiscriminate hanging, but by showing no fear of resorting to that extremity upon proof of dangerous guilt.

War is tragical business. Whoever appeals to it as a remedy must be very sure that his grievance hurts more than the cure. This is the lesson General Butler is teaching. War, at its best, has no amenities. What are called so are actions that are not warlike. War is essentially brutal; it is the appeal to superior physical force. The amenities of war are the interpolations of humanity, because men can not be altogether brutes.

It is a terrible thing that a criminal should be hung, but it is much more terrible that thousands of brave and honest men should die of ghastly wounds and frightful pestilence because that criminal, and men like him, have, without a decent pretext even, drawn the sword and forced society to defend itself. A man hanging from a window is an argument such persons can understand. Loss of life, of limb, of property, of liberty—this is war, this is the tribunal to which these persons appealed. It is for wisdom to determine how much life, limb, property, and liberty shall be lost. Human experience shows that a fierce rebellion once subdued by arms is finally most effectually suppressed by punishing the leaders and pardoning the followers. Mumford was hung for precisely the same reasons that Davis, Beauregard, Cobb, Benjamin, Floyd, Walker, Randolph, Lee, and the rest would be hung. If they should be pardoned, Mumford should have been.

JOHN BULL BACKING A FRIEND.

The London *Times* is confessedly the peculiar organ of John Bull. It defended and justified this rebellion in every way so long as it had a chance of success. The rebels were taken at their own valuation. They were a high-spirited, refined, and generous people, struggling for liberty against a brutal lust of power. The day of darkness for the insurrection comes, and behold the value of John Bull's sympathy! Contemplate the high-spirited, refined, and generous soldiers of liberty (see A. H. Stephens's speech) as now painted by their great ally the *Times*:

"Thus have fared the secession agents in their own chosen field of action—European agitation. Their adversity is entirely unconnected with the fortunes of war. Their manœuvres began at least half a year before any State seceded; and this correspondence bears earlier dates than that of any Confederate reverse in the war. They are a set of ignorant, narrow-minded, conceited slaveholders, and agents of slaveholders—infirm in judgment and reckless about truth, as slaveholders get to be in all countries and all times. They despised the strength of the Free States, not understanding the causes of that strength; and they partly blinded themselves, in the desire to blind others, to the weakness of their own enterprise. Though their defeats in the field had not begun, they must have been more or less discouraged by their own failure to obtain support in Europe, even by such reckless promises and such delusive representations as they did not scruple to offer; and now the exposure of their correspondence through the press must crown their mortifications."

Is it wonderful that every nation in the world so dearly loves John Bull?

OBEYING LAW.

Those who are so profoundly troubled at the eternal difficulty in executing the Fugitive Slave Law would profitably spend a moment in answering the question, Why is it always so difficult? There are people who seem to think that no man can possibly have a real love of his country, of the Union, and of constitutional liberty, if he does not rush with the utmost glee to the enforcement of this law. A hundred years ago it was the English law in Ireland that if a son informed against his father as a papist, his property should be taken from him and given to the son. It was the law of Herod that all children under two years of age should be murdered. Don't you think the people of Jerusalem would have shown their good citizenship by running round and stabbing each other's children?

There is no need of taking leave of common-sense in any question. A law is not necessarily a good or wise or honorable regulation because it is law; and wherever it violently contravenes the moral instincts of the people it will become obsolete, even if it be not repealed. Cruel or unjust laws—those which the popular heart rejects—can never be easily enforced. In a despotism or monarchy they will lead to rebellion if the attempt is persistently made. In a popular government like ours they will fall into desuetude by common consent, and will at last be repealed.

To return a helpless, hopeless, innocent man to a worse condition than that which he risks his life in trying to escape, can not possibly be made decent, honorable, gentlemanly, humane, or manly. But it may be law—and obedience to law is essential to the peaceful existence of civil society. What, then, is to be done? How are we to maintain the authority of law and yet avoid doing a mean injustice? This is the question that has perplexed many a sincere and candid youth in this country—in Boston, say, ten years ago, when he shouldered his musket and, with crimson cheek and accusing heart, escorted Anthony Burns back to the slave-whip. It is a terrible law, he said; but if law is not enforced where are we?

And yet the solution is easy. Law is obeyed either by following its behest or suffering its penalty; and in this country, where discussion is free and the people make the laws, if there be a bad law—not an inconvenient law, but a wicked one—the duty of a good citizen is, not to invoke anarchy by violent resistance to it, but while he bears the penalty of disobedience, to exhort other citizens to do the same, and to show why the law should be changed. Thus he shows respect for the authority of law, yet keeps his hands and heart pure.

Take the Fugitive Slave Law as an illustration. Of course every honorable man would as soon strike his mother because the law ordered it as run after a fugitive. If he were summoned he would say, as Henry Clay did, that he was a man not a bloodhound. If he were charged in the name of the law to assist, he would say, "I yield to the penalty, and so acknowledge the authority of law." If he were imprisoned, and the law were executed by protesting soldiers, how long before a law which honorable men repudiated, and which only military force could execute, would be repealed or become obsolete? Washington once sought to recover a fugitive slave, but finding that the claim produced popular excitement, he begged that it might not be pressed. Why? Because he knew that this law, unlike other laws which affect only material interests, touched the moral instincts.

If those people at the North who own no slaves, and who think that the eager return of fugitives is the grand bond of union in this nation, were as wise as Washington, who did own them, and in this case reclaimed one, they would see why it is so difficult to execute such a law. It is a matter of feeling which every honorable man understands. Among an intelligent, prospering, moral, free, and therefore law respecting, people, the execution of a cruel law is constantly more and more impracticable, and that fact is an unerring sign of the stability and security of that people.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S BOOK.

This book is as remarkable as the speech of the author at the Academy of Music, of which we have already spoken in these columns. It is the fiery record of the sufferings of a true-hearted American citizen guilty of loving his country, and reveals the essential character of the rebellion. It also shows in its trenchant vituperation, its deep, bitter craving for retaliation, the influence and consequence of the social condition in which the writer was born and has lived. No man can read it without a renewed vow that this unholy insurrection against law, humanity, and liberty, shall be utterly crushed at any cost. Nor is there any work whose universal circulation among the mass of Northern and loyal citizens would be more inspiring and valuable than Parson Brownlow's book.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Pitts's Proposal.—Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, and a man of business tact. When Pitts goes to make a purchase, he always gets the lowest cash price; and then says, "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find any thing that suits me better, I'll call and take this." Pitts, like all fast men, is partial to the ladies, young ones in particular. Now, lately, Pitts says to himself: "I am getting rather long in years, and so I'll marry." His business qualities wouldn't let him wait; so off he travels, calls upon a lady friend, and opens conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married. "Oh, Mr. Pitts, that is an affair in which I am not very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself." "But," says Pitts, "you are interested; and, my dear girl, will you marry me?" The young lady blushed very red, and hesitated; finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and of good standing in society, she accepted him. Whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded: "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find any body that suits me better, I'll come back."

Dandies and nanny-goats never fail to pride themselves upon their kids.

"My wife tells the truth three times a day," remarked a jocose old fellow, at the same time casting a very mischievous glance at her. "Before rising in the morning, she says, 'O dear, I must get up! but I don't want to.' After breakfast she adds, 'Well, I suppose I must go to work, but I don't want to;' and she goes to bed, saying, 'There, I have been passing all day, and haven't done any thing!'"

Pat's Mode of Avoiding the Society of Mosquitoes.—He hangs a lace net entirely over his bed, gets inside of it himself, cuts a little hole in it just big enough to admit one "varmint" at a time, makes believe to be asleep, and when

"The whole troop, pioneers and all,"

get through, Pat stops up the hole with a piece of putty, creeps carefully out under the bar, and sleeps undisturbed, for the remainder of the night, upon the floor!"

If your friend goes into a speculation, don't, because he happens to break, *break with him.*

Four Words to Three.—A Gascon officer, who had served under Henry IV. without receiving any pay for a considerable time, came to the king, and confidently said to him, "Sir, three words with you, *money or discharge!*" "Four with you," answered his Majesty; "*neither one nor other!*"

A bad Spell.—"Thomas, spell weather," said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "W-i-e-a-t-h-i-o-u-r, weather." "Well, Thomas, you may sit down," said the teacher. "I think this is the worst spell of weather we have had since Christmas."

"Isn't your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin of a gentleman with a "shocking bad one." "No; why?" inquired the gentleman. "Because I think it's a long time since it had a *nap*," was the answer.

The crow is a brave bird; he never shows the white feather.

"All's well that ends well," said the monkey, contemplating his beautiful tail.

There is a man in Dublin who is so aristocratic that he has cut his own acquaintance.

The Best Weapon.—One of the benchers of Lincoln's Inn being often affronted, and at last challenged by a bully, told him, "I am old, and past fighting, yet I shall meet you, and shall bring my own weapons." The next morning he accordingly came with his own weapons, two constables, whom the fellow seeing, ran away, and never troubled him more.

Some women paint their faces, and then weep because it doesn't make them beautiful. They raise a hue—and cry.

Resolution the Best Omen.—A general who led out his army against Tigranes, was told it was an unlucky day. "We shall alter it," said he.

A Lady's Age.—A lady observed, "I am thirty years of age." A gentleman answered, "It must be true, for you have told me so these twenty years."

The bow of a ship is not evidence of its politeness.

We have ever found that blacksmiths, by conversing with them, are more or less given to *iron*-y, and somewhat addicted to *vice*. Carpenters, for the most part, speak *plane*-ly, but they will *chisel* when they get a chance. Not unfrequently they are *bores*, and often annoy one with their old *saws*.

"Nothing is certain," is a common aphorism; but if nothing is certain, how can it be certain that nothing is certain?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, June 17, in the Senate, the Military Committee reported back the bill providing for an increase of the medical corps of the army. Senator Chandler, of Michigan, offered a resolution, which was laid over, that the amount of legal tender notes already authorized by law shall never be increased, but the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he hereby is, authorized to issue "ten-day certificates," bearing five per cent. interest, in addition to the fifty millions already authorized by law. The Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up. After some discussion, an amendment was agreed to fixing the point of commencement of the road on the one hundredth parallel of longitude, within the Territory of Nebraska.——In the House, the Select Committee on Confiscation reported to the House Mr. Potter's bill, designating what classes of rebels shall forfeit their slaves; but no further action was taken on the subject. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the bill to authorize the issue of additional Treasury notes, and Mr. Spaulding, of the Committee of Ways and Means, explained its provisions. The House concurred in the Senate's substitute for Mr. Arnold's bill, which forever prohibits slavery in the Territories now existing, or which may at any time hereafter be formed or acquired. The Senate bill donating lands to the States and Territories for the establishment of colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts was passed by a vote of eighty-nine to twenty-five. The House then adjourned.

On Wednesday, June 18, in the Senate, the bill for the better government of the navy was reported back by the Naval Committee. A joint resolution, that Congress finally adjourn on 30th inst., was laid over. Senator Hale introduced a bill providing that, when necessary to make further enlistments, the President is authorized, by proclamation, to call on all persons, without distinction of race, color, or condition, to enlist in the army. The bill further provides that every slave enlisted under such proclamation of the President shall be ever thereafter free, and entitled to all the bounties, privileges, etc., of other soldiers in the army. Referred. The bill to prevent a further issue of legal tender notes, and authorizing the issue of one hundred millions of ten-day certificates, bearing five per cent. interest, was referred to the Finance Committee. The Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up and discussed until the adjournment.——In the House, the Senate joint resolution giving a bounty of two dollars each for every enlisted soldier, and the first month's pay in advance, was adopted. The bill emancipating the slaves of certain rebels was passed by a vote of eighty-two against fifty-four. In Committee of the Whole the bill authorizing an additional issue of Treasury notes was discussed till the adjournment.

On Thursday, June 19, in the Senate, the House bill to change the port of entry of Brunswick, Georgia, was passed. A motion to take up the resolution fixing the time for the final adjournment of Congress was disagreed to by a vote of 14 against 22. The bill fixing the pay and emoluments of officers of the army was taken up, and the House amendment, striking out the section deducting ten per cent. from the pay of all military and civil officers of the government during the war, and reducing the mileage of Congressmen fifty per cent., was concurred in by a vote of 29 to 12. The consideration of the Pacific Railroad bill was then resumed, and continued till the adjournment.——In the House, Mr. Lehman tendered to the government, as a free gift, on behalf of the city of Philadelphia, League Island, as a site for a navy-yard. The property cost $310,000. A resolution that Congress finally adjourn on the 30th inst. was adopted by a vote of 103 against 28. The Select Committee on the Defense of the Northern Lakes reported a bill establishing a national foundry at Chicago, and naval dépôts and yards on Lakes Erie, Michigan, and Ontario. Referred.

On Friday, June 20, in the Senate, a bill granting the proceeds of certain lands to the Pacific Railroad Company was referred. The Pacific Railroad bill was taken up. A motion to strike out the section providing for four branch lines at the eastern terminus was rejected—15 to 25—and the bill passed by a vote of thirty-five against five. The Senate then adjourned.——In the House, the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill increasing temporarily the duties on imports and for other purposes. It was referred to the Committee of the Whole, and made the special order for Wednesday. Several private bills were passed, and the House adjourned till Monday.

On Saturday, June 21, in the Senate, several petitions in favor of a bankrupt law were presented and referred. A bill opening post-offices in the insurrectionary districts was passed. The House bill prescribing the oath to all persons holding office under the Government was taken up and discussed till the adjournment.——The House was not in session.

On Monday, June 23, in the Senate, petitions in favor of the passage of a bill confiscating the property of rebels, and asking Congress to extend the protection of the Government over all loyal people in the rebel States, without regard to color, were presented and referred. The Committee on Territories reported a bill for the admission of Western Virginia into the Union. The bill prescribing an additional oath of office to all persons in the service of the Government, except Members of Congress and the Vice-President, was passed. The report of the Conference Committee on the Tax bill was agreed to. The House Confiscation bill was then taken up. A motion was made to substitute the Senate bill, as reported by the select committee on the subject, and pending the question the Senate went into executive session, and subsequently adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Lovejoy asked leave to introduce a bill amendatory of the District of Columbia Emancipation act; but objection was made, and the subject was laid over. The resolution declaring Charles Henry Foster not entitled to a seat as representative from North Carolina was adopted. The House then went into Committee of the Whole, and resumed the consideration of the Treasury Note bill. An amendment to the first section, providing for the issue of $150,000,000 of United States notes, not bearing interest, payable to bearer, $100,000,000 of which may, in the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, be of a lower denomination than five dollars, was adopted by a vote of fifty-seven against forty-five. The Committee then rose, and Mr. Stevens presented to the House the report of the Conference Committee on the Tax bill, and the report was agreed to. The House then adjourned.

THE ATTACK ON CHARLESTON.

From the papers of Richmond and Charleston we have accounts of a terrible battle fought near Charleston, on James Island, within four miles of that city, on Monday 16th, in which a body of Union troops and some gun-boats were engaged. Judging from the statements of these journals we think that there can be little doubt that the battle at James Island was a great Union victory, which will result in the capture of Charleston before long. The Charleston *Mercury*, in recounting the story of this battle, represents it as an utter defeat of the Union troops. But it also predicts the fall of the city, and has sent its own printing-press to Columbia, South Carolina.

BATTLE ON THE WHITE RIVER.

The expedition which proceeded up the White River from Memphis, several days since, for the purpose of removing the obstructions to its navigation, has been heard from. The expedition consisted of the gun-boats *St. Louis*, *Lexington*, *Conestoga*, and *Mound City*, and the Forty-third and Forty-sixth Indiana regiments, commanded by Colonel Fitch. On the 17th the expedition reached St. Charles, 85 miles above the mouth of the river, where two rebel batteries were found, mounting seven guns, and supported by a force of infantry. The gun-boats engaged the batteries, while Colonel Fitch landed his forces some two and a half miles below, and advanced to make an attack. During the action a rifled shot from one of the rebel batteries penetrated the steam drum of the *Mound City*, and the escaping steam killed and disabled most of her officers and crew. Colonel Fitch then signaled the fleet to cease firing while he made an assault, and the batteries were carried by his troops in the most dashing and gallant manner, and with no loss of life. The rebel infantry were driven from the support of the guns, the gunners were shot at their posts, their commanding officer, Freye (formerly of the navy), was wounded and taken prisoner, and eight brass and iron guns, with ammunition, were captured. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded is estimated at 125. Our loss was caused solely by the escaping steam on board the *Mound City*. The boat was expected to be repaired and ready to proceed with the expedition the next day.

CUMBERLAND GAP OCCUPIED.

The Secretary of War received a dispatch on 19th from General George W. Morgan, dated at camp near Cumberland Gap, June 18, eight o'clock in the evening, which states that his army commenced its march at one o'clock that morning to attack the enemy at Cumberland Gap; but on their arrival it was found he had evacuated that very important position, his rear-guard having left only about four hours before the arrival of our advance. General Morgan praises the conduct of his division, in its arduous march through an extremely difficult country, and says that his cannon were dragged up the precipitous sides of the Pine and Cumberland mountains by the aid of block and tackle, two hundred men being employed on the ropes of a single piece. In his progress considerable skirmishing with the enemy had taken place; but without any loss on our side. This important position, which has been held by the rebels since the beginning of the war, is now in possession of our troops.

WHERE IS BEAUREGARD?

The latest reports from the vicinity of Corinth state that General Beauregard's army was at Okolona, 80,000 strong. Twenty thousand men, under General Kirby Smith, are at Chattanooga. Fifteen thousand men, under General Price, are at Fulton; and General Van Dorn, with a small force of cavalry, is at Grenada.

The Richmond papers of Saturday publish a dispatch from Montgomery, Alabama, dated the 17th inst., stating that General Beauregard and his staff had arrived there on his way to Richmond, and that a large portion of the army of the Mississippi was to follow him, leaving a considerable force behind under General Bragg.

ANOTHER SKIRMISH ON THE JAMES RIVER.

The rebel batteries at City Point, on the James River, below Fort Darling, opened fire on our fleet on 17th; but the gun-boats returned it so briskly with shell and shrapnel that the batteries were soon silenced, and the rebels retired.

AFFAIRS AT MEMPHIS.

General Lewis Wallace is in military command of Memphis, Tennessee, and has taken possession of the *Argus* office, a notorious rebel sheet. He has placed two competent men to supervise its future editorials. The vicinity of the city is infested with guerrillas, many of whom are engaged in burning cotton in the southern counties of Mississippi and other points. Trade in Memphis is rapidly improving. Boats going north are filled to their utmost capacity with passengers and freight.

AT NEW ORLEANS.

A Union meeting was held on the 14th inst. in the Lyceum, City Hall building, New Orleans, which was attended by all that the room could accommodate, and was addressed by old residents of the city. After the meeting a procession was extemporized, headed by a band of music and the national flag, and proceeded to the head-quarters of General Butler, where three cheers were given, and the General called out to address the crowd. The Stars and Stripes had also been raised at Gretna, on the other side of the river. Business affairs were gradually improving.

EXECUTION OF MUMFORD.

Letters from New Orleans contain an account of the execution of William B. Mumford, the man who pulled down the American flag on the day of the arrival of our fleet before New Orleans, after it had been run up on one of the Government buildings by some of Commodore Farragut's men. The execution was witnessed by a large concourse of people, who, at its conclusion, retired quietly to their homes.

GUERRILLAS IN MISSOURI.

General Schofield has taken stringent measures to repress the guerrillas in Missouri. He has issued an order holding the rebel sympathizers in that State responsible in their property and persons for all damage done to citizens by marauding parties. He announces that $5000 will be exacted for every Union soldier or loyal citizen killed, and from $1000 to $5000 for every one of either class wounded by any guerrilla party. The full value of all the property destroyed will be assessed and collected from the secessionists residing in the locality where the outrage may be committed.

UNIONISM IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The Newbern *Progress* states that six regiments in the rebel army from North Carolina have been disbanded at Richmond for their loyalty to the Union, and are at present under guard as traitors to the Jeff Davis bogus Government. Before being disbanded it appears that they hung the brigadier-general who commanded them.

A NEW MILITARY DEPARTMENT.

General Halleck, by General Order No. 33, dated June 12, constitutes the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, east of the Tennesse River, except Forts Henry and Donelson, and such portions of North Alabama and Georgia as are, or may be occupied by our troops, into the District of Ohio, under General Buell, who is ordered to relieve the troops of General Grant's command at Clarksville. The District of West Tennessee will include all that portion of the State west of the Tennessee River, and Forts Henry and Donelson.

NEGRO REGIMENTS.

In answer to a resolution passed several days ago by the House of Representatives, inquiring whether General Hunter had raised a negro regiment, Secretary Stanton says that the Department has no official information on the subject. He further says that General Hunter has not been authorized to raise such a regiment, and that, in order to ascertain whether the information is true, a copy of the House resolution has been transmitted to him to report upon.

PREMIUM TO VOLUNTEERS.

The Secretary of War has issued a bulletin giving effect to the law recently passed by Congress, granting a premium for enlisted men, regular or volunteer, and one month's pay in advance to each recruit.

JACK TAR IN LUCK.

Key West correspondence shows that the value of the British and "secesh" ships and cargoes captured by the United States blockading squadron, during the twelve months past, runs up to nearly $2,000,000, an item which will go some length to counterbalance the cost of carrying on the war on the coast, and to recompense our gallant tars.

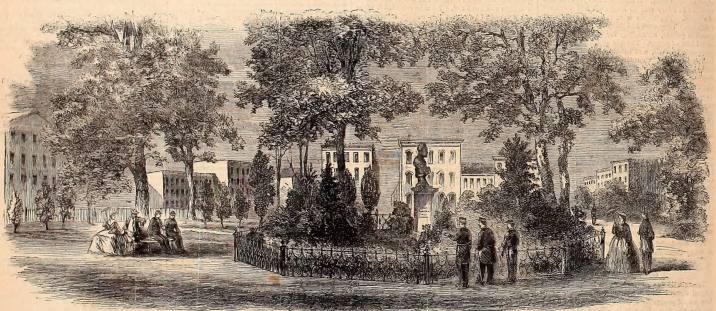
PERSONAL.

An important change has been made in the Medical Staff of the Army of the Potomac by the appointment of Surgeon Litterman, a skillful physician, as Medical Director of General M'Clellan's army.

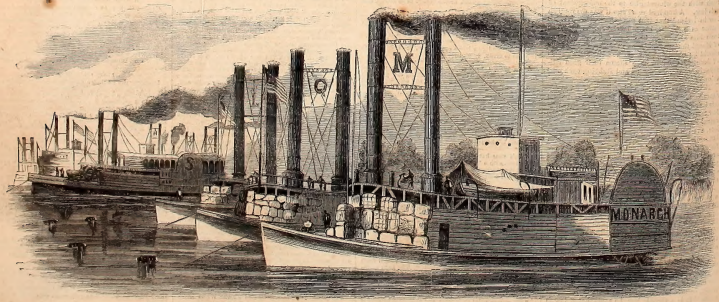
A dispatch from Boston yesterday announced that Pierre Soulé and the late Sheriff of New Orleans had arrived there, and had been confined in Fort Warren. Our local columns, however, contain the account of the incarceration of the two persons in question in Fort Lafayette, in New York harbor.



HOISING THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER THE POST-OFFICE AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 423.]



JACKSON'S MONUMENT AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, DEFACED BY THE REBELS.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 423.]



COLONEL ELLET'S RAM FLEET ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 423.]



A BAND OF REBELS FIRING INTO THE CARS NEAR TUNSTALL'S STATION, VIRGINIA, JUNE 13, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. MEAD.—[SEE PAGE 425.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SILAS CASEY, U.S.A.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. M'CREES, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 427.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HOOKER.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, whose portrait we give below, commands a division of the army of the Potomac, and has distinguished himself exceedingly at the Battle of Fairoaks and the other conflicts of the campaign in Virginia.

He was born in Massachusetts about the year 1817, and is consequently about 45 years of age. He entered West Point in 1833, and graduated in the artillery in 1837. At the outbreak of the war with Mexico he accompanied Brigadier-General Hamer as Aid-de-camp, and was brevetted Captain for gallant conduct in several conflicts at Monterey. In March, 1847, he was appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain. At the National Bridge he distinguished himself, and was brevetted Major; and at Chapultepec he again attracted attention by his gallant and meritorious conduct, and was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel.

At the close of the war with Mexico he withdrew from the service, and soon afterward emigrated to California. The outbreak of the rebellion found him there, and he was one of the first of the old West Pointers who offered his services to the Government. He was one of the first batch of Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers appointed by President Lincoln on 17th May, 1861; and was, on his arrival, placed in command of a brigade of the army of the Potomac, and subsequently of a division. From July, 1861, to February, 1862, he was stationed in Southern Maryland, on the north shore of the Potomac, his duty being to prevent the rebels crossing the river, and to ensure them with their river blockade while M'Clellan was getting his army into trim. This difficult duty he performed admirably.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, U.S.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER II.

THE early morning, when Magdalen rose and looked out, was cloudy and overcast. But as time advanced to the breakfast hour, the threatening of rain passed away; and she was free to provide, without hindrance from the weather, for the first necessity of the day—the necessity of securing the absence of her traveling companion from the house.

Mrs. Wragge was dressed, armed at all points with her collection of crinolines, and eager to be away by ten o'clock. At an earlier hour Magdalen had provided for her being properly taken care of by the landlord's eldest daughter—a quiet, well-conducted girl, whose interest in the shopping excursion was readily secured by a little present of money for the purchase, on her own account, of a second and a much smaller bonnet. Shortly after ten o'clock Magdalen dismissed Mrs. Wragge and her attendant in a cab. She then joined the landlady—by way of keeping in setting the rooms in order up stairs—with the object of ascertaining, by a little well-timed gossip, what the daily habits might be of the inmates of the house.

She discovered that there were no other lodgers but Mrs. Wragge and herself. The landlady's husband was away all day, employed at a railway station. Her second daughter was charged with the care of the kitchen, in the elder sister's absence. The young gentlemen were at school, and would be back at one o'clock to dinner. The landlady herself "got up fine linen for ladies," and expected to be occupied over her work all that morning, in a little room built out at the back of the premises. Thus there was every facility for Magdalen's leaving the house in disguise, and leaving it unobserved, provided she went out before the children came back to dinner at one o'clock.

By eleven o'clock the apartments were set in order, and the landlady had retired to pursue her own employments. Magdalen softly locked the door of her room, drew the blind over the window, and entered at once on her preparations for the perilous experiment of the day.

The same quick perception of dangers to be avoided, and difficulties to be overcome, which had warned her to leave the extravagant part of her character costume in the box at Birmingham, now kept her mind fully alive to the vast difference between a disguise worn by gaslight for the amusement of an audience, and a disguise assumed by daylight to deceive the searching eyes of two strangers. The first article of dress which she put on was an old gown of her own (made of the material called "alpaca"), of a dark-brown color, with a neat pattern of little star-shaped spots in white. A double flounce running round the bottom of this dress was the only millinery ornament which it presented. She ornament not at all out of character with the costume appropriate to an elderly lady. The disguise of her head and face was the next object of her attention. She fitted and arranged the gray wig with the dexterity which constant practice had given her; fixed the false eyebrows (made rather large, and of hair darker than the wig) carefully in their position, with the gum mucilage with her for the purpose; and stained her face with the customary stage materials, so as to change the transparent fairness of her complexion to the dull, faintly opaque color of a woman in ill health. The lines and markings of age followed next; and here the first obstacles appeared themselves. The art which succeeded by gaslight failed by day: the difficulty of hiding the plainly artificial nature of the marks was almost insuperable. She turned to her trunk, took from it two veils, and putting on her old-fashioned bonnet tried the effect of them in succession. One of the veils (of black lace) was too thick to be worn over the face at that summer season without exciting remark. The other, of plain net, allowed her features to be seen through it, but sufficiently enough to permit the introduction of certain lines (many fewer than she was accustomed to use) which completely altered the character of the face, and at the sides of the mouth. But the obstacle thus set aside only opened the way to a new difficulty—the difficulty of keeping her veil down while she was speaking to other persons, without any apparent reason for doing so. An instant's consideration, and a chance look at her little china pallet of stage colors, suggested to her ready invention the production of a visible excuse for wearing her veil. She deliberately disarranged herself by artificially reddening the insides of her eyelids, so as to produce an appearance of inflammation which no lingerer—not but a doctor—and that doctor at close quarters—could have detected as false. She sprung to her feet and looked triumphantly at the hideous transformation of herself reflected in the glass. Who could think it strange now if she were her veil down, and if she begged Mrs. Lecount's permission to sit with her back to the light?

Her last proceeding was to put on the quiet gray cloak which she had brought from Birmingham, and which had been padded inside by Captain Wragge's own experienced hands, so as to hide the youthful grace and beauty of her neck and shoulders. Her costume being now complete, she practiced the walk which had been originally taught her as appropriate to her character—a walk with a slight limp—and returning to the glass, after a minute's trial, exercised herself next in the display of her voice and manner. This was the only part of the character in which it had been possible, with her physical peculiarities, to produce an imitation of Miss Garth; and here the resemblance was perfect. The harsh voice, the blunt manner, the habit of accompanying certain phrases by an emphatic nod of the head, the Northumbrian burr expressing itself in every word which contained the letter "r"—all these personal peculiarities of the rich old north-country gentlewoman reproduced to the life. The personal transformation thus completed was literally what Captain Wragge had called it—a work of genius in the art of self-disguise. Excepting the one case of seeing her face reversed in a looking-glass, no accident could have baffled Magdalen could have suspected for an instant that she was other than she seemed. Her whole stature appeared to fifty years old at least.

Before unlocking the door she looked about her carefully, to make sure that none of her stage materials were exposed to view in case the landlady entered the room in her absence. She had been accidentally pushed under the looking-glass while she was trying on her bonnet. Before she took up the letters to put them away she thought struck her for the first time, "Would Norah know me now if she met me in the street?" She looked in the glass and smiled gayly. "No, indeed, not even Norah!"

She unlocked the door after first looking at her watch. It was close on twelve o'clock. There was barely an hour left for her to make her rate experiment and to return to the lodging before the landlady's children came back from school.

An inward listening on the landing assured her that all was quiet in the house. She noiselessly descended the stairs, and gained the street without having met any living creature in any part of the house. In another minute she had crossed the road and had knocked at Mrs. Lecount's door.

The door was opened by the same woman servant whom she had followed on the previous evening to the minister's shop. With momentary tremor, which recalled the memorable first night of her appearance in public on the London stage (in Miss Garth's voice, and with Miss Garth's manner) for Mrs. Lecount.

"Mrs. Lecount has gone out, ma'am," said the servant.

"Is Mr. Vanstone at home?" asked Magdalen, her resolution asserting itself at once against the first obstacle that opposed it.

"My master is up yet, ma'am."

Another check! A weaker nature would have accepted the warning. Magdalen's nature rose in revolt against it.

"What time will Mrs. Lecount be back?" she asked.

"About one o'clock, ma'am."

"Say, if you please, that I will call again at soon after one o'clock as possible. I particularly wish to see Mrs. Lecount. My name is Miss Garth."

She turned and left the house. Going back to her own room was out of the question. The servant (as Magdalen knew by not hearing the door close) was looking after her; and, moreover, she would expose herself, if she went indoors, to the risk of going out again exactly at the time when the landlady's children were sure to be about the house. She turned mechanically to the right, walked on until she reached Russell Bridge, and waited there looking out over the river.

The interval of unemployed time now before her seemed nearly an hour. How should she occupy it?

As she asked herself the question, the thought which had struck her when she put away the packet of Norah's letters rose in her mind once more. A sudden impulse to test the miserable completeness of her disguise mixed with the higher and purer feeling at her heart, and strengthened her natural longing to see her sister's face again, though she dare not discover herself and speak. Norah's later letters had described in the fullest detail her life as a governess—her hours for teaching, her hours of leisure, her hours for walking out with her pupils. There was just time, if she could find a vehicle at once, for Magdalen to drive to the house of Norah's employer, with the chance of getting there a few minutes before the hour when her sister would be going out. One look at her will tell me more than a hundred letters!" With that thought in her heart—with the one object of following Norah on her daily walk, under protection of the disguise—Magdalen hastened over the bridge and made for the northern bank of the river.

At the turning-point of her life—why, in the interval before she took the irrevocable step, and passed the threshold of Noel Vanstone's door—the forces of Good triumphing in the strife for her own the forces of Evil, turned her back on the scene of her projected deception, and left her rich her mercifully farther and farther away from the fatal house.

She stopped the first empty cab that passed her; told the driver to go to New Street, Spring Gardens; and promised to double his fare if he reached his destination by a given time. The man earned the money—more than earned it, as the event proved. Magdalen had not taken two steps in advance along New Street, walking toward St. James's Park, before the door of a house beyond her opened and a lady in mourning came out accompanied by two little girls. The lady also took the direction of the Park, without turning her head toward Magdalen as she descended the house-step. It mattered little: Magdalen's heart looked through her eyes, and told her that she saw Norah.

She followed them into St. James's Park, and thence (along the Mall) into the Green Park, venturing closer and closer as they reached the grass and ascended the rising ground in the direction of Hyde Park Corner. Her eager eyes devoured every detail in Norah's dress, and detected the slightest change that had taken place in her figure and her bearing. She had become thinner since the autumn; her head drooped a little; she walked wearily. Her mourning dress, worn with the modest grace and neatness which no misfortune could take from her, was suited to her altered station; her black gown was made of stuff; her black shawl and bonnet were of the plainest and cheapest kind. The two little girls walking on either side of her were dressed in silk. Magdalen instinctively hated them.

She kept the wide circuit on the grass, so as to turn gradually and meet her sister, without exciting suspicion, that the meeting was contrived. Her heart beat fast; a burning heat glowed in her as she thought of her false hair, her false face, her false dress, and saw the dear familiar face coming nearer and nearer. They passed each other close. Norah's dark gentle eyes looked up, with a deeper light in them, with a sadder beauty than of old—rested all unconscious of the truth on her sister's face—and looked away from it again, as from the face of a stranger. That glance of an instant struck Magdalen to the heart. She stood rooted to the ground after Norah had passed by. A horror of the vile disguise that concealed her from a sister rang to burst its trammels and hide her shameful painted face on Norah's bosom, took possession of her body and soul. She turned and followed her.

Norah and the two children had reached the higher ground, and were close to one of the gates in the iron railing which fenced the Park from the street. Drawn by an irresistible fascination, Magdalen followed them again, closing on them as they reached the gate, and heard the voices of the two children raised in angry dispute which way they wanted to walk next. She saw Norah take them through the gate, and then stoop and speak to them, while waiting for an opportunity to cross the road. They only grew the louder and the quarrel grew what she said. The youngest—a girl of eight or nine years old—flew into a child's vehement passion, cried, screamed, and even kicked at the governess. The people in the street stopped and laughed; some of them pointedly advised a little wholesome correction; one woman asked Norah if she was the child's mother; another pitied her for having the child's governess. Before Magdalen could push her way through the crowd before her all-maternal anxiety to help her sister had blinded her to every other consideration, and had brought her, self-betrayed, to Norah's side—an open carriage passed the pavement slowly, hindered in its progress by the press of vehicles before it. The old lady seated inside heard the child's cries, recognized Norah, and called to her immediately. The footman parted the crowd, and the children were put into the carriage. It's lucky I happened to pass this way," said the old lady, beckoning contemptuously to Norah to keep her place on the front seat; "you never could manage my daughter's children, and you never will." The footman put up the steps—the carriage drove on with the children and the governess—the crowd dispersed and Magdalen was alone again.

"So be it!" she thought, bitterly. "I should only have distressed her. We should only have had the misery of parting to suffer again."

She mechanically retraced her steps; she returned, as in a dream, to the open space of the Park. Arming itself treacherously with the strength of her love for her sister, with the vehemence of the indignation that she felt for her sister's sake, the terrible temptation of her life descended like a cloud on her mother's better part. Through all the pain and disfigurement of the disguise, the fierce despair of that strong and passionate nature burned fiercely to the surface. Norah made an object of public curiosity and amusement! Norah reprimanded in the open street; Norah the hired victim of an old woman's insolence and a child's ill-temper—and the same man to thank for it who had robbed Frank to China!—and that man's son to thank after him! The thought of her sister, which had turned her from the scene of her meditated deception, which had made the consciousness of her own disguise hateful to her—was now the thought which sanctioned that means, or any means, to compass her end; the thought which set wings to her feet, and turned her back nearer and nearer to the fatal house.

She left the Park again, and found herself in the streets, without knowing where. Once more she thought of the first course that presented itself, and the next time she left her own room, stepped she-driver at the first pastry-cook's shop which she passed, and there obtained the means of consulting a looking-glass before she returned back to Vauxhall Walk.

Her gray head-dress was disordered, and the old-fashioned bonnet was a little on one side. Nothing else had suffered. She set right the few defects in her costume and returned to the cab

"THE YOUNGEST—A GIRL OF EIGHT OR NINE YEARS OLD—FLEW INTO A CHILD'S VEHEMENT PASSION, CRIED, SCREAMED, AND EVEN KICKED AT THE GOVERNESS."

It was half past one when she approached the house and knocked, for the second time, at Noel Vanstone's door. The woman-servant opened it, as before.

"Has Mrs. Lecount come back?"

"Yes, ma'am. Step this way, if you please."

The servant preceded Magdalen along an empty passage, and leading her past an unoccupied staircase, opened the door of a room at the back of the house. The room was lighted by one window looking out on a yard: the walls were bare; the boarded floor was uncarpeted; a bedroom stand stood against the wall, and a kitchen table was placed under the window. On the table stood a glass tank filled with water, and ornamented in the middle by a miniature pyramid of rock-work, interlaced with weeds. Snails climbed up the sides of the tank; tadpoles and tiny fish swam swiftly in the green water; slippery eft and slimy frogs found a comfortable home in and out of the weedy rock-work; and on the top of the pyramid basked a solitary toad, cold as the stone, brown as the stone, motionless as the stone, a little bright-eyed toad. The art of keeping fish and reptiles as domestic pets had not at that time been popularized in England; and Magdalen, on entering the room, started back in irrepressible astonishment and disgust from the first specimen of an Aquarium that she had ever seen.

"Don't be alarmed," said a woman's voice behind her. "My pets hurt nobody."

Magdalen turned and confronted Mrs. Lecount. She had expected—founding her anticipations on the letter which the housekeeper had written to her—to see a hard, wily, ill-favored, insolent old woman. She found herself in the presence of a lady of mild, ingratiating manners, whose dress was the perfection of neatness, taste, and matronly simplicity; whose personal appearance was little less than a triumph of physical resistance to the deteriorating influence of time. If Mrs. Lecount had actually numbered her sixteen years off her real age, and had asserted herself to be eight and thirty, there would not have been one man in a thousand, or one woman in a hundred, who would have hesitated to believe her. Her dark hair was just touched with gray, and no more. It was plainly parted under a spotless lace cap, sparingly ornamented with mourning ribbons. Not a wrinkle appeared on her smooth white forehead or her plump white cheeks. Her delicate chin was dimpled; and her eyes were marvels of whiteness and regularity. Her lips might have been critically considered as too thin, if they had not been accustomed to make the best of their defects by means of a pleading and persuasive smile. Her large black eyes might have looked full even if they had been set in the face of another woman: they were rich and brilliant in the face of Mrs. Lecount; they were tenderly interested in everything she looked at—in Magdalen; in the toad on the rock-work; in the back-yard; in nothing in the window; in her own plump, fair hands, which she rubbed softly over the warm foreign black gown in which she mourned the memory of Michael Vanstone—as long a memory as was a well-made compliment paid to Death. Her innocent white muslin apron was a little domestic touch in itself. Her jet chain was worn so modest in their pretensions that a coquette might have looked at them and commended them. The modest simplicity of her face was matched by the comely plumpness of her figure: it gilded amazingly over the ground; it bowed in infinite undulations when she walked. There are not many men who could have observed Mrs. Lecount entirely from the Platonic point of view.—Inds in their teens would have found her irresistible—women only could have betrayed their hearts against her, and mercilessly forced their way inward through that fair and smiling surface. Magdalen's first glance at Mrs. Lecount, on the autumn period of female life more than satisfied her that she had done well to feel her ground in disguise before she ventured in matching herself against Mrs. Lecount.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing the lady who called this morning?" inquired the housekeeper, with a bow, pointing to Miss Garth.

Something in the expression of her eyes, as she asked that question, warned Magdalen to turn her head away from the window through which she had turned it yet. The bare doubt whether the housekeeper might not have seen her already on the wrong side a light, gave her self-possession for the moment. She gave herself time to recover it, and merely answered by a bow.

"Accept my excuses, ma'am, for the place in which I am compelled to receive you," proceeded Mrs. Lecount, in fluent English, spoken with a foreign accent. "Mrs. Vanstone is not equal for a temporary purpose. We leave for the sea-side to-morrow afternoon; and it has not been thought worth while to set the house in proper order. Will you take a seat, and oblige me by mentioning the object of your visit?"

She glided imperceptibly a step or two nearer to Magdalen, and placed a chair for her exactly opposite the light from the window. "Pray sit down," said Mrs. Lecount, looking with the tenderest interest at the visitor's inflamed eyes through the visitor's net veil.

"I am suffering, as you see, from a complaint in the eyes," replied Magdalen, steadily keeping her profile toward the window, and carefully pitching her voice to the tone of Miss Garth's. "I must beg your permission to wear my veil down, and to sit away from the light. She said those words with a feeling mistress of herself again. With perfect composure she drew the chair back into the centre of the room beyond the window, and seated herself, keeping the shadow of her bonnet well over her face. Mrs. Lecount's persuasive lips murmured a polite expression of sympathy; Mrs. Lecount's amiable black eyes looked more interested in the strange lady than ever. She placed a chair for herself exactly on a line with Magdalen's, and sat so close to the wall as to force her visitor either to turn her head a little further round toward the window, or to look in politeness by not looking at the person who she addressed. "Yes," said Mrs. Lecount, with a confidential little coup. "I said to what circumstance am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"May I inquire, first, if my name happens to be familiar to you?" said Magdalen, turning toward her as a matter of necessity—but only holding up her handkerchief, at the same time, between her eyes and the light.

"No," answered Mrs. Lecount, with another little coup, rather harsher than the first. "The name of Miss Garth is quite unknown to me."

"In that case," pursued Magdalen, "I shall best explain the object of my visit—and it causes me to intrude on you by mentioning who I am—if I tell you that many years ago, when I was a child, I was for a time under the care of Madame Rubens, and I came here in the interest of his orphan daughters."

Mrs. Lecount's hands, which had been smoothly shifting one over the other up to this time, suddenly ceased to move. Her hands were of self-forgetfully shutting up, owned they were true thin as the very output of the interview.

"I am sorry to say that the light out of doors without a green shade," she quietly remarked, leaving the full force of the announcement of herself as completely unnoticed as if she had not spoken at all.

"I find a green shade eyes keeps them too hot at this time of the year," rejoined Magdalen, steadily matching the housekeeper's composure. "May I ask whether you can hear of the poor girl now on the subject of my errand in this house?"

"May I inquire, in return," said Mrs. Lecount, "what way that errand can possibly concern *me*?" retorted Mrs. Lecount.

"Pardon me," said Magdalen. "I came to you because Mr. Noel Vanstone's intentions toward the two orphans, in my opinion, referred to them in the form of a letter from yourself."

That plain answer had its effect. It warned Mrs. Lecount that the lady before her had been informed than she had at first suspected, and that it might be necessary, under the circumstances, to dismiss her unheard.

"Pray pardon me," said the housekeeper, "if scarcely understood you. I misunderstand now. You are mistaken, ma'am, in supposing that I have any correspondence on that delicate subject in the painful matter. I am the mouth-piece of Mr. Noel Vanstone: the pen he holds in his own hand. I write nothing, nothing more. He is an invalid; and like other invalids he has his bad days and his good. If I am to tell him that anything was written to the young person—shall I call her Miss Vanstone? I will call her Miss Vanstone. If to whom am I to make distinctions, and what is it to me whether her parents were married or not? As I was saying, it was to tell him of Miss Vanstone's bad days when that answer was sent, and there I find it on record in my book. I can produce the want of a letter. If you wish to speak on the subject of those young ladies—shall I call them Vanstone, or any other name?—I am, in all such things, I will call them the Miss Vanstones—if you wish to speak to me about the Miss Vanstones, I will mention your name, and your object in favoring me with this call, to Mr. Noel Vanstone. He is alone in the house. He is not is one of his good days. I have the influence of a long service with him, and I will use that influence with pleasure in your behalf. Shall I go at once?" asked Mrs. Lecount, rising with the friendliest manner, and with the kindest smile.

"If you please," said Magdalen, with grateful alacrity; "and if I am not taking any undue liberty, one of your London cabs—"

"On the contrary," rejoined Mrs. Lecount, "you are taking the very liberty which I myself am permitting me, in my very limited way, to assist the performance of a benevolent action." She bowed, and left the room before the words were spoken.

Left by herself, Magdalen allowed the anger which she had restrained in Mrs. Lecount's presence to break free from her. For want of a nobler object of attack, it took the direction of the Aquarium. She looked at the miniature rock-work, sitting placid on his rock throne, with his bright green staring eyes, and his motionless attitude of every nerve in her body. She looked at the creature with a shrinking intensity of hatred; she whispered to it furiously through her set teeth. "I wonder whose blood runs coldest," she said, "you, you little monster, or that woman's? I wonder which is the slimiest, her heart or your back? You hateful wretch, do you know what I could do to you? I could crush you—is a devil!"

The speckled skin under the toad's mouth mysteriously wrinkled itself, then slowly expanded again, as if he had swallowed the words just addressed to him. Magdalen turned away in disgust from the first perceptible movement in the creature's body, trifling as it was, which varied the dull monotony of his seated herself again a moment too soon. The door opened imperceptibly, and Mrs. Lecount appeared once more.

"Mr. Vanstone will see you," she said, "if you will kindly wait a few minutes. He will ring the parlor-bell when his present occupation is at an end, and he is ready to receive you. Be careful, ma'am, not to depress his spirits, or to agitate him in any way. His heart has been a cause of anxiety to me and to others for many his earliest years. There is no positive disease; there is only a general constitutional degeneration—a want of vital power in the organ itself. His heart will go on well enough if you don't give his heart too much to do—that is the advice of all the medical men who have seen him. You will not forget it, and you will keep a guard over your conversation accordingly. Talking of medical men, have you ever tried the Golden Ointment for that sad affliction in your eyes? It has been described to me as an excellent remedy."

"It has not succeeded in my case," replied Magdalen, sharply. "Before I see Mr. Noel Vanstone," she continued, "may I inquire—"

"I beg your pardon," interposed Mrs. Lecount. "Does your question refer in any way to those two poor girls?"

"It refers to the Miss Vanstones."

"Then I can't enter into it. Excuse me, I really must positively beg your pardon. I am so fond of those two girls, that I can't bear to hear a word said about them. Mr. Vanstone is not kept in my master's presence, and by my master's express permission, when I am in the room myself, she while we are waiting here. Will you notice my glass Tank? I have your reason to believe that it is the finest specimen in England."

I looked at the Tank while you were out of the room," said Magdalen.

"Did you? You take no interest in the subject, I dare say? Quite natural. I took no interest myself, until I was married. My dear husband—dead many years since—formed my tastes, and I cherish his memory. He was the son of the late Professor Lecount, the eminent Swiss naturalist? I am his widow. The English circle in which I have been in my late master's service, (as) Anglicized my name to Lecount. Your gracious country-people will have nicknames. I was about three years ago, when I was a widow. Pray excuse me, I am so fond of my husband—my dear husband, who permitted me to assist him in his pursuits. I have had only one interest since his death—an interest in science. Eminent in many branches of science was great at Geology. I left me his Subjects and his Tank. I had no other legacy. There is the Tank. I am delighted did but this quiet little fellow—this nice little toad! Are you surprised at my liking him? There is no reason to be surprised at. The Professor lived long enough to elevate me above the common prejudices against the reptile creation. Properly understood, the reptile creation is beautiful. Properly dissected, the reptile creation has many claims on the lady. Mr. Vanstone stretched out her little finger and gently stroked the toad's back with the tip of it. "So infinitely to the touch!" said Mrs. Lecount. "So nice and cool this summer weather!"

The bell from the parlor rang. Mrs. Lecount rose, bent fondly over the Aquarium, and chirruped to the toad at parting as if it had been a bird. "Mr. Vanstone is ready to receive you. Follow me, if you please, Miss Garth." With those words she opened the door and led the way out of the room.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE EIGHTEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY.

HEAD-QUARTERS EIGHTEENTH INFANTRY, U. S. A., CAMP CORCORAN, CAPITOL, June 24, 1862.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR: I send you herewith a sketch purporting to represent the Eighteenth Regular Infantry and their conduct in the reconnoissance at Fox Ridge, near Centreville, on the 18th inst. It is simply a farce without depending upon a large number of officers and men, but having no foundation in fact.

Sixteen companies of the Eighteenth Infantry, under Major George L. Hartsuff, Second U. S. Brigade, and a party of large experience, are attached to the brigade of General Augur, First Division. The Majors of the two battalions are Major F. Townsend, formerly Colonel of the Third New York Volunteers, and Major Charles Deven, formerly of Major James M. Caldwell, who for twenty-five years has been with the Eighteenth Regular army. Every officer and man of the detachment referred to have been in active service, under General Harney, from January, 1861, and almost every man a considerable number of old soldiers, wearing the badges of one, two, and even three five-year enlistments.

General A. J. Smith commanded the reconnoissance. Brigadier-General McCook writes to the commanding officer of the Cincinnati Gazette, respecting his communication of the same letter of which the sketch is a copy:

"General A. J. Smith, of General Hallleck's staff, who commanded the reconnoissance, assures me that the detachment and officers acted with coolness and courage; that they acted with discretion and good judgment throughout, and did all that was, or could have been expected of them under the circumstances. I was satisfied that the statement from whom you derived your information were mistaken, and I hope that you will make the reparation as an act of justice by making the proper correction in the premises."

The report of the reconnoissance shows that the detachment of the Eighteenth were in advance as skirmishers.

Lieutenant Mills, Acting-Adjutant Eighteenth Infantry, commanded the advance of the army in line of battle within the woods to the front. The Eighteenth were, by the order of march, with skirmishers in advance, and on a bridge on a general engagement. The Eighth Missouri, on their right, and the Second Ohio, on the left. The Eighth came into the field behind the skirmishers, but retired by order, and the Second Ohio followed them. Then the skirmishers began to pass us. But Lieutenant-Colonel Shepherd immediately ascended to the top of the dock through the ranks of the skirmishers, who halted, by order of General Smith, and "the armed reconnoissance" was over.

The Eighteenth have remained in nearly every case during the war, where regiments have been accused of cowardice, the subsequent history has shown that great injustice has been done to worthy and true men by this indiscriminate and hasty criticism. the idea is suggested that it might be as just and patriotic to have even a little later intelligence for the public, and thereby save the honor and fair fame of the deserving, as well as screen the faithless. Pardon me, sir, for this allusion to editorial justice, though I doubt the value to the country of publishing any rumors whatever in regard to the movements of the army—information—or, at least, before inquiry of the commanding officer as to the facts. I am, yours, etc.,

HENRY B. CARRINGTON,
Colonel Eighteenth Infantry, U.S.A.

[The dragging subject to in the above letter came to us from a valued correspondent, Mr. James F. Goulden. He will doubtless settle the questions of fact involved with Colonel Carrington.—ED. *H. W.*]

MEMPHIS UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

ONE old subscribers in Memphis, Tennessee, who have so long been deprived of *Harper's Weekly* by a rebel government, that they have probably finally ceased to look for it, has sent us a letter from his place of business in that city in our pages this week. We publish on page 417 an illustration of the MOVEMENT OF SUGAR AND COTTON ON THE LEVEE, a sight which had not been seen at Memphis for many a day before; and on page 420 a view of the JACKSON MONUMENT, defaced by some rascally rebel; of the MAIN AND ADAMS STREETS DRAWN FROM THE TOP-OFFICE; and of COLONEL ELLET'S RAM FLOTILLA.

SOUTHERN PRODUCE MOVING.

The rebels burned all the produce they could find. But a good deal escaped them, and is coming out of hiding places. The Memphis *Avalanche* says:

Independent of the boats, armed and unarmed, of the Federal fleet, transports are going from and coming to our wharf in such a way as to create a city memory of the good old times. The *Perry* started this evening heavily laden with bales and cotton, an unusual degree of satisfaction prevails about the levee, and the echoes of the past are awakened by the rumbling of the hoff. Heaven knows we need a revival of trade early.

The *Herald* correspondent writes:

Business in Memphis is beginning to look like old times. The *A. D. Perry*, of the St. Louis and Memphis Steamboat Line, left this evening, and the *Knight of Commerce* a boat will start for Cairo to-day laden with a fine supply of cotton. Many boats are expected down the river this week and wagons are coming out of their places of concealment in the surrounding country. Business men are confident that St. Louis laden to the guards with supplies for the Memphis market.

The *Tribune* correspondent says:

More and more business is coming to being discovered every day, and around Memphis and I have even numerous instances of planters bringing their cotton to market. Some of the Louisiana of the Confederacy, showing the Southern utopia as it existed in the days of slavery, and which I published with New Orleans sugar are now lying at the mouth of the Mississippi, and will soon come down the river, when the completion of this city, and will be sold by the owners for the benefit of the Union. Numerous other instances of this sort are sugar have developed themselves in considerable quantities, and will more and more to light during the coming fortnight.

The *World* correspondent says:

In three days we have had a dozen steamboats partially loaded with goods, groceries, clothing, etc. The goods are principally for the country trade, and are taking up with cotton, sugar, and molasses for their return trip. Many of the steamers are owned by citizens, loaded in the barn waste of the consumers, for the reason that the owners have been driven out.

Many of the boats have articles brought on board, as bales, cotton, sugar, and articles of fine trade are obtained without any difficulty, and are greeted as a boon by the many. The ride of the Southern sutlers cities and the stringency of the blockade has so crippled the rebels that for the most part they are glad to be admitted once more as purchasers of our industry.

A telegram to the press, dated Memphis, June 12, on Cairo, June 18, says:

Business matters seem to have been—Cotton, 5000 bales; molasses, 9000 barrels, 5000 half barrels; sugar, 1000 barrels. Prices are not yet fully established.

A correspondent of the *World* tells the following story, which illustrates the atrocious oppression practiced by the rebel government in the matter of selling of some of the planters. The scene occurred in Louisiana:

The cotton-burners came, they saw, they departed.

"I have come to burn your cotton, sir."

"By what authority?"

"By the authority of General Beauregard."

"You will not burn it."

"We will burn your cotton."

"You will not burn it. But it is my opinion, gentlemen, that you will not burn it."

"What do you propose to do? You don't mean to say that you intend to defend your property by force?"

"I simply mean to say that you will not burn my cotton. Ah, there goes the bell!"

The fire is brought.

"Gentlemen, there is the fire, and yonder are one hundred bales of cotton. Proceed."

"This proceeding is very extraordinary, Sir. I should like to know what you mean?"

"Well, Sir, I will tell you. If you attempt to burn that cotton I will scatter your brains so far and wide that no surgeon on earth will ever be able to piece them together again. Here, boys, that cotton is yours; defend it or starve."

"We'll attend to your case, Sir," said the cotton-burners. "We'll attend to your case, Sir, and to the case of your niggers, too. We'll call on you to-morrow."

"Whenever you please, gentlemen, but you burn no cotton, by all means come and burn."

"Good-morning, Sir, and you won't fall back in good order." The valiant Louisianian saved his cotton. He has had no trouble since. He is a loyal Union man.

I have yet to hear of an instance of voluntary submission to the rebel authorities. The rebels have left a thousands of cases remonstrance, threats of men, and tears of women and children, but these were of no avail.

THE JACKSON MONUMENT.

The *Herald* correspondent says:

During last night the rebels approached the statue of Jackson, which occupies the centre of the green. It is intended that it should be blown up, but circumstances finally ruined strychnine. The bag of the old hero of New Orleans is placed in the face of a flash of musketry, seven or eight feet in height. On the northern face of the shaft is the inscription:

THE FEDERAL UNION:
IT MUST BE PRESERVED!

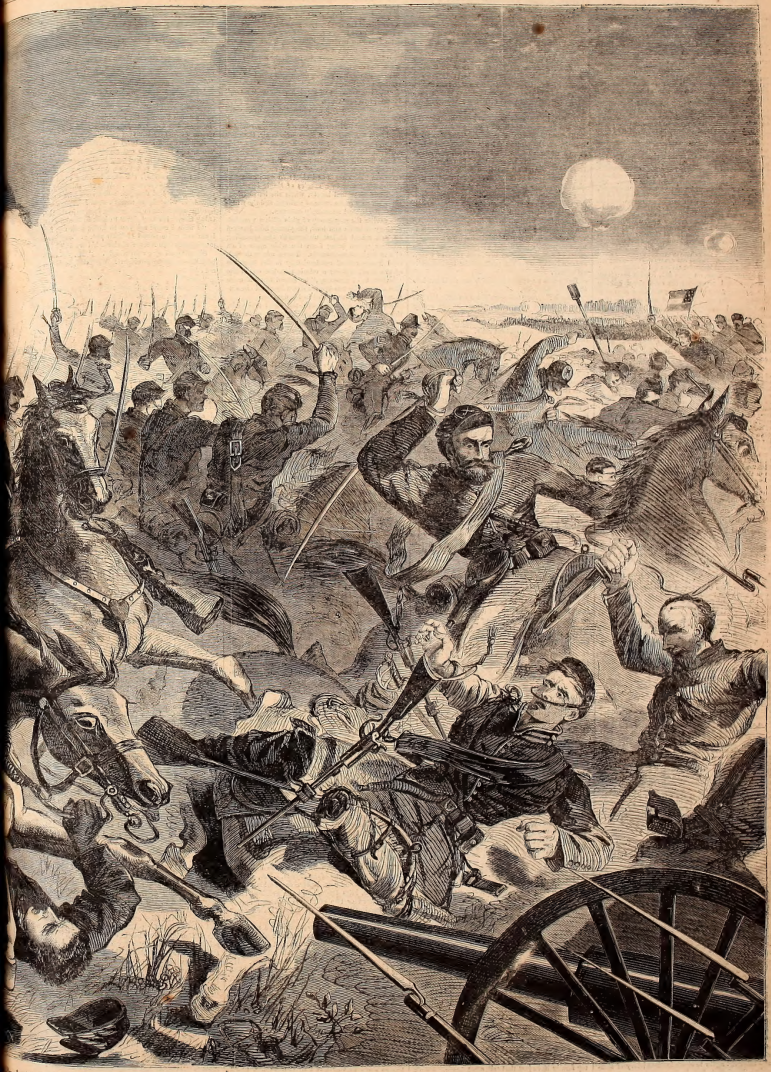
The word "Federal" has since been obliterated by the rebels, and "Union" by some rampant rebel, presenting an appearance of a short sentence, which, perhaps, may express the state of the question of secession words. It was a very feeble attempt at defacement of the words that grated harshly on loyal ears.

COLONEL ELLET'S RAM FLOTILLA.

These vessels, which proved so effective at the Battle of Memphis, are mostly old river boats, strengthened at the bow with heavy timber, and shielded with iron. They cost about $25,000 to $30,000, and can be kept afloat and in service for about $10,000 a month. They have proved more than a match for the most effective class of gun-boats, and will hereafter take a leading place in naval warfare.



THE WAR FOR THE UNIO



—A CAVALRY CHARGE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We publish this week several illustrations of the Army of the Potomac from sketches by Mr. Mead of Vermont. One of them, on page 428, represents the desperate struggle which took place, during the battle of Fairoaks, around Seeley's, now Kirby's, Battery. The *Herald* correspondent wrote:

While Lieutenant Kirby's battery was being placed in position, the enemy came out in force and made a desperate effort to capture it. It was the same artillery company which Captain Rickett commanded at Bull Run with such distinguished gallantry.

It was formerly the rebel General Magruder's battery. He evidently recognized the nature of the company, and the pressure we have required may be well upon his hear that battery. He ordered an immediate and desperate charge. The rebels came within twenty paces, when they poured a destructive fire into our ranks. The fire and the effect for a few moments were terrible. The cannoneers were driven from their pieces; horses plunged and reared, while some fell in the harness, and others escaped; others dashed off with caissons, but the great work fell on all this critical moment; infantry sprang forward and, with swords in hand, defended the battery. The rebels, nothing daunted, manned their pieces. The cannoneers returned, which had for a moment wavered through the retreat and other valuable officers had fallen, were rallied, and they were greeted with a tremendous shower of fire, which caused them to fall back in great disorder. It was at this last fire from the enemy that Colonel Kirby, of the Sixty-second New York, was killed. As he was advancing to rally, "We have some cold steel to give them, boys," and then he fell mortally wounded in his body. The Thirty-first Pennsylvania and other regiments were doing excellent service on the right, and had already performed their share in driving the enemy back from our artillery. Before our deadly fire the enemy fell back, and the artillery remained still to go to the front.

Another picture, on page 421, from a sketch by the same hand, represents the rebel cavalry firing into a train of cars containing wounded men near Turnstall's Station. This deed was done by a band of rebel cavalry, who, under General Stuart, made a daring sweep on the rear of General McClellan's army on the night of 13th, killed a number of teamsters and horses, stole and burned some stores and a couple of locomotives, and regained their retreat without loss. General McClellan's account of the affair is as follows:

The rebels, soon after leaving Old Church a squadron of the Fifth Cavalry, proceeded to Garlick's Landing, on the Pamunkey River, about four miles above the White House, where they burned two schooners and some wagons, and drove off the mules. Their conduct was characterized as barbarous, having killed several of our teamsters without any provocation. Two were baled to make room for others taken prisoners. From here they proceeded to Tunstall's Station, four miles from White House, on the road of burning the railroad bridge. A military force was sent out to meet them, but they were following two end wounded men in a train, and engaging to the latter, before the others were taken prisoner, but succeeded in making his escape during the night, and reported the circumstance. The truth and his himself in the woods until morning, leaving RICHARD at the train never stopped, but proceeded on to the White House. After destroying the telegraph wire at this point, they proceeded to Baltimore's Station, near New Kent Court House in their way to Richmond, burning the railroad bridges between Baltimore's and the James River, about two o'clock this morning. The force that accomplished this was composed of the regular cavalry and six pieces of artillery, under General Stuart, and numbered two thousand of the rebels.

The rebel account of the affair, from the Richmond *Dispatch*, reads thus:

Upon approaching the railroad, cars were heard advancing and the whistle sounded. By orders every man was instantly dismounted and ranged beside the track. Again the whistle blew, and thinking the force to be a friendly one, the train was allowed to approach within the Confederate grasp, when, declared the train, and fired upon it, and upon the train toward the Chickahominy, and despite every effort to check the train, some got away, but the engineer and fireman were captured, and the train, with its contents, was burned. The conflagration was fearful. Many of the cars were jumped from the train and were afterward captured or killed, to the number of twenty or more. The engineer was shot dead by Lieutenant Robinson.

On page 428 we reproduce a sketch by Mr. Mead, representing a very remarkable accident which lately took place in the Army of the Potomac. Mr. Mead writes:

"A very sad and singular accident occurred in Captain Wheeler's Battery, General Smith's Division, near Richmond, about a week ago, on the morning of the battle. A heavy thunder-storm had been raging from the west for some time, and had approached very near the camp. The tents of the men consisted of pantaloons or gum-covered stretched on sticks and rails, and were placed on a line with the guns and caissons. The artillerists perceived a dark cloud sweeping from the west as it was said, and as soon as it passed over the park a terrific discharge of the electric fluid took place. The whole battery seemed enveloped in a sheet of flame. All of the canteens but one, the corporal of the guard, were melted by the force of the fluid. Two men were instantly killed by the concussion, and the horses and supports of the gun, standing close by, and remaining motionless and perfectly unconscious of what had happened to them. One, Corporal James Bryant, of Bath, New York, gunner of the left piece, an intelligent and brave young man, was instantly killed; the others in that text, although touched by the fluid, were only stunned for a short time. Only a few minutes after the fluid had left the caissons, and the men had recovered from the shock, the explosion of the ammunition chests, set in fire by the burning fuses, commenced, and for some time the scene was terrific. Shells were bursting around all over the field; horses plunged and reared, and, breaking away from their fastenings, ran in every direction, and the men were compelled to seek safety in the rear. Fortunately, the explosion of the chests set free the horses, which, with the exception of three or four, were able to do duty the next day. The electric fluid passed down the left breast of one man, killing him several inches from the ground. Some had legs and arms partially paralyzed. The consequences of the ammunition chests were not touched.

Captain Wheeler's battery belongs to the First New York Artillery, organized by the lamented Colonel G. K. Warren, and was formerly known as the Fifth New York, under which name it fought at Bull Run. One of the ammunition chests, at Lee's Mills, was blown up by Lieutenant Hancock Wright, and at Hanover Court-House by Lieutenant Davidson. The men are unanimous in the belief that lightning is harder to beat than the rebels.

ONE OF OUR HEROES.

The soft, clear notes of the French horns began tuning out one of Chopin's wild mazurkas, sounds like a lark's song, thrilling and sweet; and presently rang the lively violoncello and violin, with the fine carol of the flute, the gay greeting of the viol, then the flute and the clarionets, and "the kettle-drums throbbed proudly."

It was the night of Mrs. Shannon Grey's famous fête. All the world was there; that is, all the world of Mrs. Shannon Grey—a gay, great world enough indeed on that night even for that lady's ambition.

A famous fête given in honor of her son—in honor and happy jubilee, for Shannon Grey was at home at Shannon Hill. And he deserved it. Wounded at Manassas, taken prisoner at Leesburg, released, and returned again to share in the victory of Roanoke: he shared, too, in its suffering, and came home unwillingly, with honorable mention and discharge, to nurse a shattered limb and a wasted body back to life, if not to health again. A splendid natural physique had worked the wonder which no one had dared to expect; and on the first of May he found himself once more at his own desk, by all indications on the road to the old perfection of strength.

And that recovery Mr. Shannon Grey was now celebrating while the month was yet in its first week. For this she had built a ball-room in Shannon Hill with triumphal banners and flattering flags, turning the lawns and gardens into a fairy land of illuminations and invoking the presence of the lovely and the brave.

A hero? Why, you don't think he carries out the idea very forcibly as you see him now—a tall, slight-looking young man, rather pensive in his air, with a pale face, a violet-colored glove from a white hand, and the hand sending forth an occasional waft from a fan. But the hero-service is lurking. And all the time he is talking the lightest nonsense in the most graceful though selfassured manner to a lady by his side. Perhaps you think him a trifle supercilious. Perhaps an hour that dozen of grace you fancy you see a cool, unpromising disregard, and a lordly sort of indifference which verges on self-love. This may be the indication; and supposing it a true one, is it very strange that constant adulation from his cradle up, and finding every glad glory that have the effect of self-centring at first, and then of weariness and disgust? Yet perhaps the indication is all astray.

But while we speculate the horns steal out into that still more lovely

"Hark!" And Shannon Grey actually has the audacity to lift a finger of silence to the pretty lady's talk then.

"Hark!—that's a wonderful thing—beads of dropping water and distant bells. Don't you hear them?"

The lady patted a little foot impatiently, bent a line to the right, a little to the left, in a white snow-drift of an arm, and—wished that Shannon Grey would remember that a starch reputation was an ill thing to be beads of water, nor distant bells in the swilling sounds.

At last he caught in a gleam of anger.

Which is pulled, so polite! Who made you such an autocrat of pleasure?"

And while you ponder this question on this suggestion, Mrs. Shannon Grey comes up with an anxious face, to ask what is the matter.

"That Clara Seyder to set him dancing on that weakened limb!" she says, fretfully, addressing the lilyous short, she sent out to search for a silkworm for a signal of distress. So on the second round the young gentleman was found at it with the words,

"Dear Lady Clara, my good mamma is in some dire perplexity, which only her graceless son can settle, evidently. She has been hanging out flags of distress for the last half-hour. Do you know it breaks my heart to leave you?" And he relinquished the "dear Lady Clara" to the music, beaming down in a glittering young officer who stood conveniently near.

And the gay mamma fell upon him with caution and reproof, all of which he turned a heedless ear to—listening, instead, to the beads of drop-water and the distant bells in the still, wide mazurka of Chopin's. The lady caught the heedless look. "Is any of the wine left in the cup?" was the sharper tone brought him back.

"Shannon, why will you not listen? Dr. Belmont says you must not be restless at present, and that you must not use it needlessly; and there you were dancing—with a risk that romp of a Clara Seyder! How could you?"

"My dear little mamma," Mrs. Grey's favorite dupois was a term of endearment to her wounded, and the stateliest woman in the room—"my dear little mamma, you must not invite such a vulgar personage as a grown-up romp?"

"What ever are you thinking of, Shannon? She is Rosamond Seyder's daughter, and Mrs. Seyder is the richest woman in the world, they thought I was a delightfully-wicked fellow."

"Shannon!"

"They really did, mamma. 'Delightfully-wicked'—that was the phrase; and they said it with a series of little giggles, and a flirting of little red fans. Now isn't a temptation to a young fellow to forswear innocence when such charming creatures define the wickedness in this hilarious manner?"

"Come, Shannon, leave your nonsense and these silly ladies—they, they spoil you, Shan—"

"To be sure they do—make me conceited and vain—and I should be sorry to disappoint them, for they think it's very nice. There isn't better blood, you know, than the Shannon Greys! Then the Seyders, mamma. But how came you to look with a sudden real look—a look of disgust and disdain—be fixed on Miss Seyder had decked his button-hole with out of an open window."

And then his mother returned to the point of attack. "Now, Shannon, do remember. You can great risks, you know; don't trifle with your constitution. I should be sorry to see the dancing round all your life! It would quite ruin your splendid figure. You're a perfect Shannon!—all your family have just that look, don't they? I can't bear to think of its becoming any thing less. You are the only son, you know—the last of the name; and you must be careful that you don't do it discredit."

The look of disdain settled into something intolerable. No anger, but a tired, haggard expression, as it were; and the eyes went searching off again into invisible distances, listening to the beats of dropping water, the distant bells.

"Remember"—came the motherly caution once more, as they neared a group of gilt—"remember, Shannon, you belong, perhaps, to-night you lose your chance of waiting forever."

"And my chance of serving my country too," he said, in a low voice.

"How absurd you are, Shannon! Why can't you be serious?"

What could Mrs. Grey want? There couldn't well be a greater or more supreme one than her son's presented then; but perhaps she knew "his ways," and this was one of them.

The subject was at once changed by this into a soft sliding waltz—one of the Weber wonders: those clinging chords and clustered arpeggios, the flute-tones rising in a species of single harmony, aloft and clear and lonely, while the harp-strings blended pearls and tears of waiting, and the vibrating horns sobbed meaningly between.

The group of gilt with a worldly proposal, and the young host hurried on, and rested at last underneath the spreading banners which hung from the wide arches of an open ball-room. There, where the colored lamps threw their softest light upon the faces of the tree, making a mimic paradise out of the "leafy tide of greenery," he seated himself more than a dozen times, and listened down by rote the stones than a young lord in his domain.

And the horns and harps, the flute and viols, the wild notes of cymbals, and the melodious roll of the kettle-drums wafted out to him to refresh and cheer him, as he listened to the music and again the beads of dropping water, the distant bells, the face smoothed itself into placidity.

The beads of water and distant bells. Hark! This was not it. He listens, and hears a fine, sweet undertone which seems to float into the flute-tone —a voice like a bird on bough, singing solely for its own pleasure; words sweet as the music changes —a dulcet duet, and the words, "Will you kindly forgather—a perfect dryad's song, suited to the hour.

The listener kept breathless silence. The voice was still: not a leaf stirred; not a branch or blade rustled: only the distant clangor of the musicians, and the near and low wood-carolling. Then it ceased with the last winding flute-notes; and then, from some where in the dark, there fell down on the smooth sward—a dark, slight figure, in a mantle of green.

The concealed watcher laughed inaudibly, with secret glee. Clearly it was a veritable dryad; the color was exquisite, the mantle of green, and the way that she did slip! He had half a fancy to call out to her, but changing his mind, followed softly in her footsteps. She paused at the foot of a side-hall, he saw her disappear up the broad stairway, and turned himself away by a shrub, and left the dryad alone.

A moment, and she came again, the mantle of green laid aside, and, slight figure and all, in a fairer—floating face of black—but a white lily in flesh-tints. He let her pass in, and then following softly, watched her partner. The stately lord was talking blandly with the best blood in the country, Shannon Grey knew.

The son put his head down at the back of her ear with a whisper,

"Who and what is she, little mamma?"

The bland sentences arrested in surprise.

"Why, Shannon, that's Clara Seyder's niece, Mrs. Dupont, Shannon," was the warning answer; and Mrs. Grey thought the boy had been taking too much wine.

The "boy" shook his black locks with impatient merriment.

"Nay, nay; I mean the dryad—I'm small white elf there, in black, with a diamond star at her throat."

"Oh! some one that came with the Lovells—their cousin, I believe, a Miss Dane."

The son put his head over her arm in his willful way, and said, for apology to Mr. Snyder,

"You must remember, mamma, I'm the young lady, mother. I ran against her just now in the hall, and must make my excuses."

And he left the group, to pour out earlier in the evening, Shannon, you would not have missed her. But where have you been all this time?"

"Listening to a nightingale—a bird on the bough, mamma. And I saw it fly down from its perch in a shower of green and flutter to the floor. It was either that or a dryad. Do dryads sing, mamma?"

"You've been drinking Champagne, Shannon."

"No, on my honor, nothing but the dew from the dryad's lips. Let me go, mother. The dryad fed upon lilies and dew, I perceive—nothing else."

"Oh my, Miss Dane, I am delighted to meet with a 'cool or tea of affable courtesy, moved away, leaving the "son" to "make his excuses" with physical correctness.

To the self-possessed young autocrat a new feeling had come—half embarrassment and half annoyance. And all because the small white elf had blocked bowl to his rather elaborate greeting with a profound air of respect and consideration. She had made not the least impression on her. She looked at him as blankly as if he had been a block of wood. But how did one of those provoking exteriors which seem by air and expression to signify an unconscious self-isolation. Her very naturalness was rare evidence.

Shannon Grey had met a new experience. Where should he begin with her?

His native audacity at length came to his aid.

"Did you wet your feet in the grass?" he asked, demurely.

She waited a moment to wonder, then remembered, looked down, and with it a little low laugh like a tinkle of bells.

"No, I ran quickly," she answered. "How did you see me?"

"I was wrapped in a banner out there, and heard a song. A dryad slipped its bark and came forth. I was left in all its mantle of green," he replied, gravely.

The cool face began to wake to enjoyment. These fancies suited the girl's nature.

"Yes, it was an ash," she answered, slyly.

"Yours now pierced through, as—"

Conquisine with young beeches

"I didn't find any beeches, however."

"He followed you in," was the swift, smiling response.

"Oh, is that it?"

He didn't half like the laughing ease with which she took his fine speeches, but she had an odd charm and him for her very coolness.

And here again the band began that same Weber waltz, and she broke off with a little start, as sweet humming words she had sung in the garden—just the lowest thread of a voice, yet clear and intelligible—and moved, with her feet but upon the floor in rhythmic measure. Was she thinking, as Clara Seyder had thought, and wishing he would remember what dance music meant? There was hardly impatience in the beating foot, or in the little waft of her fan as she kept time to it, and said,

"I wish I could ask you to waltz with me, but I am not quite sure of limb yet, and you look another gets into a favor of always if I try it."

She glanced up questioningly. "Oh, you have been to my cousins talk me. Wounded, were you not?"

"Yes."

Her manner changed now; from impassible she became eager, earnest.

"I love those the waltzing!" she exclaimed; "but if you are not tired of telling the story, talk to me about the battle. Were you engaged?" And her eyes lit, and her cheek kindled color.

"Which battle?"

"Which? How many have you been in, Mr. Grey?"

"I was at Manassas, at Leesburg, and at Roanoke."

She clasped her hands together applaudingly, and with words and gesture of interest.

Half an hour ago Shannon Grey would have fled from the "pretty interest" of the young ladies of his acquaintance as he fled from fire. Flattery was as real, so intense, that he went back to the old scenes with a thrilling delight. Her clear, intelligent questions, her magnetic sympathy led him freely on; and he told his last and largest experience—the battle at Roanoke. Rosamond Seyder's story—in accents of enthusiasm, which roused all the slumbering fire in those watchful, eager eyes opposite to her.

"And it was here I got my worst wound," he spared on. "I was in the rear of the line, and was leading my men on to the final attack, and they were already shouting with triumph, when I felt a blow on the back of my head, and a sharp ringing, as pain at first, not until long after—then another blow on the left arm, and I found myself going on down. There I got the ugly crush which made the wound ten times worse; but I'm all right now," he added, with a light laugh at length at the personalities he had been betrayed into by the swift sympathy of the listening face.

"Ah, but you should have seen the endurance, the uncomplaining courage of our men on that struggle," she answered, with a proud emphasis. "One poor fellow falling near me, I stooped to give him aid if I could, said he cried out, 'Never mind me, Captain, turn me on my side and go on. I shall soon be where it's all right, and our men will need all the help they can get.' And he left his cap, shot off by a musket-ball, which inflicted a flesh wound, and with his head bound up with his handkerchief, which was dripping blood, he pressed on with undaunted courage."

"A brave fellow!"

"And you went again, and yet again to these bloody fields. I like that—it shows persistence, determination, endurance. I believe the overcoming of those men who return after their first battle, and go on to the end, is one that, too. It does you honor, Captain Grey."

A color like a girl's came into his cheek at this simple, honest praise. It touched him across it was simple and honest—not a particle of flattery; and something in the tone of the commendation also revealed in the sunshine of worldly prosperity, but a man who had done his duty. Then again, she goes on:

"Why did you go at all—tell me, will you? Was it zeal, patriotism, real earnest duty in the hour of peril? But perhaps I have no right to ask."

He hesitated only a moment, then answered:

"Yes, Miss Dane, I will tell you why I went, though I am afraid it will not satisfy your idea of earnestness.

"When that first call came for troops a year ago, I will not deny that I was excited, and that my heart thrilled at the need. Then the long wait was filled for me. Here was unending excitement, social life, for the folks one I had lived daily; for I had no vocation for politics, literature, or any of the professions, and therefore other and fine theories evidently, and since my college days I had sunk into that listlessness thing—an idle man, without an object in life.

"Then the second call came, and the present crisis gave me a decided aim. It gave me occupation, excitement, variety, change, and real pain. And if you will pardon the egotism, Miss Dane, I think I have been a more earnest man since then."

"I do not doubt it, Captain Grey. Ah!" and she shook her head with a wistful look of pain. "You think we women know nothing of that feeling—the waist of reality—the purposeless existence of idleness. I have it fully, and have tried to do something that my heart thrilled to do. Very selfish, you may suppose, was my motive also to be selfish, you may suppose, was my motive also to be useful in your hour; but it's nevertheless a stubborn fact."

Then in a lighter way, "Yes, we may do fact."

something, we women; we may bind up the wounds, we may scrape lint, and roll bandages, and prick our fingers black and blue with picking coarse oakum for the last; but it don't give us the glow about the face that comes, at least it does not to me, which your work does, or that, Mr. Grey, that I am proud of becoming *la fille du regiment*. Don't confess me unwomanly, however, if when I read how you love fellow, let on to some deed of valor, or put me over a column by personal sacrifice or risk, if I don't feel a moment that I might feel the thrill, the glow that he felt. A wiser woman than I says:

"Page wave, drums beat, and unawares
You flash your souls out with the gaze
And take your Heaven at once."

A shadow here fell upon them. Shannon looked up to meet his mother's face, bland and smooth, but with a fixed purpose underneath. A gentleman bore her company.

"Miss Dare," the placid voice said, "will you do me present my nephew to you—" Mr. Richmond, Miss Dare?" and as the blushing little style-fide said promptly returned from the field of operations with the refractory Shannon. "I am ashamed of you, Shannon!" she cried, in indignation. "Here are forty girls you haven't spoken twice with, and your gentility every one. What was thinking of, spending a good half hour talking to that insignificant little Miss Dane while such girls as the Randolphs and De Lancys are before you?"

"Miss Dane—what's the matter with Miss Dane, mother?"

He was told that Miss Dane was a nobody—not in so many words; Mrs. Grey was not so vulgar as that; but a few disparaging words, suggestive enough, left that impression. Shannon was but a third or fourth branch of the Lovell family, and could not but know of blood crossed by a *mesalliance*. His father had been a small trader in the West Indies Maude, Virginia, he left his daughter under the tuition of his mother's relatives. She never visited her father in the West Indies, but once or twice sent him, and was working it out bravely by the daily use of gifts and graces that were her inheritance and education. It was natural Miss Dane was the under-teacher in a girl's school, and spending her vacation with the Lovells.

All this Shannon Grey got in a breath or two as he walked down the room with his mother.

"Blood, good blood—so that's what I wanted!" when I talked with Miss Dane just now I thought she might have been descended from heroes—I did. I talk with Lee Randolph, or the little Rossetcher Snyder, I think of cockneys and snobs invariably; I suppose because they make themselves so and satisfy by lofty scorn of parvenues, more implied than spoken. And so I as invariably make a savage of myself, and get sentenced to the ranks of the lowly, and insolent, and satirical; and they hear it. Ser it! They accept it, and make it true. And all therefore because I am Shannon Grey, the owner of Shannon Hill and the oldest family in the country. They think I am the first gentleman of the land, even then when I am an insufferable coxcomb. Is you think I was forgive them for causing me to make such a fool of myself! Bah! how weak I am!" and he shook his shoulders with an impatient indignation, adding, "look at that Miss Dane now. She would turn her back upon me in a twinkling if I used out on such an hour. I was a fool to be only real girl I ever saw—real, and honest, and true. I think the cross of the blood works well."

"God knows I'd rather myself to be a girl than dissect Mrs. Grey.

"She won't have me; don't fret, mamma. She's for my betters."

And then with a half laugh: "Mamma mine, if you ever bring a *négre-de* Dane to me, you will suits with every girl in the room till I get a boy for life. See if I don't. I'm a fickle dog, and I'm talking nonsense? Clara, Clara Snyder, give me the other half of my mazurka, or I shall never know happiness in this world."

A hand caught in passing, an imperious order to be musicians, and the wretched string-quartet of flattered little Rensselaer Snyder, while his mother let her lips in mortification.

Three weeks more stepping at the end in the neighborhood of Miss Dane, with the words for only her ear in a sentence.

"I've been changing orders and running a risk to pay a debt of passion, Miss Dane. My temper is uneven, you see. I shall never know what it buttes you were envying. But come, have pity on me; come into the garden, Maude, and sing me the song of the dryad. They say you are the best Weber in a moment."

She shook her head—"No, I can't exercise evil spirits; besides, I'm going now: good-night!"

"Going? I wish *I* was going. May I come and see you, Miss Dane, and talk war?"

"Yes, or nothing means so much."

Mrs. Grey sighed relief as the Lovells bade their visitors, talking the dryad with them. She did not hear that final arrangement, but when Lucy came to her son chalking Lee Randolph with the most devoted air, and talking the most serious nonsense that nobody could hear but the lady in question, her spirits rose. That would be a fine luck for her brain —the Shannon Grey and the Lee Randolph.

In the mean time, however, Shannon Grey was quite unconscious of his air of his mother's relief or habit, you see. And this was the hero. You don't believe in him? Wait.

Again, sitting by the low fire of wood branches, dipped into Mrs. Browning's "Last Poems," while the Lovell cousins grouped round for hearing. She had read "Bianca among the Nightingales," that plaintive, passionate protest, that having reproach, wet all through with tears, in a voice that seemed to come between the Tuscan trees, straight up from the bleeding, broken heart of the Tuscan girl.

Across the fire-place, leaning against the mantle, Richard Lovell regarded her meditatively. It was not difficult to read his thought if you had watched him while she read.

"Sweet, above,
God's ever guarantee this Nor
And through his words the nightingales
Drove straight and full their long clear call,
Like arrows through heroic mails,
And love was awful in it all.
The nightingales, the nightingales."

But there was no one there to watch. They watched instead the eager, flushing reader; for the Lovells were very fond of cousin Agnes; they thought there was none like her. To them the cross of blood went for nothing. Whether Lovell or Dane their hearts took her to be their home. I wanted her, and Agnes liked her free life, and lived it.

They loved her, and still moveless and absorbed Richard Lovell regarded her.

Look into the ember faces. In "The Nightingales" they saw "Bianca." In "Nature's Remorse" the unfortunate young queen whose soon was to be born.

But Richard Lovell saw, over and above all, Agnes Dane. Do you read the meaning?

The poem ended, and Agnes left the party at Shannon Hill, and no one was expected. So the time was all their own.

"Nightingales, Lovers," Kate asked, "after 'The Nightingales,'"

But the sad or very verse she had quoted last night to Shannon Grey, when a full quarter-wheels in the avenue sent Richard's steadfast eyes from their searching to the window. The next moment he held the door open.

"Grey, we needed but you," was genial Dick's hearty cheer.

The others welcomed him cordially, gave him a place by the fire, and he stooped swiftly for a fallen ribbon, and let her lips brush his hand in rising. Last smiles over the top of his sympathy, what did it mean? Half an hour later she stood with Shannon Grey alone in the library.

He had asked her to become his wife, and she had refused him. A faint glimmer of the truth flashed over Dick Lovell's quick recall he brought to mind certain faltering words, and involuntary blush and smile which had given him hope.

Incredulous and hurt, he made a profound mistake in the next moment. Impulsively he asked, with a manly frankness, if her heart was free.

"Will you give me your reason, Miss Dane?" then sudden dropping on his knee with great ease, and very coldly she answered.

"I do not wish to marry you, Mr. Grey."

He could have cursed his folly now it was too late, for he saw at once the inference of his arrogance. In cool, haughty and explanatory; but he had no words to explain what he dared not mention—he dare not tell her that he loved her, whose very suggestion would but double the insult.

Looking into the still, inscrutable face before him, he at length saw how immutable was its resolves.

Then all pleading ceased. Very quietly, very gently he bent before her, with the simple sentence, "I beg your pardon," and turned to go. With a face of the coldness she came to be and put out her hand.

"Forgive me," she said, less coldly. "Forgive me, if I have wronged you; but it was impossible that I could give you any other answer."

He began to think, hoping he knew not what, but she fled past him with a scarce uttered adieu, and vanished up the stairway to her room.

There all the repressed emotion of the past hour had liberty of expression. But one sentence slowly uttered broke from her lips: "I wonder how I could ever where condescension opened the door?" He little knows a proud woman's pride."

Do not judge her. She was wronged him, perhaps she wronged herself. I told you hers was pride to extend, and this is the first humiliation, bad, grand, because heroic in its meaning. Such pride is inherent—a pulsation, a drop of the life-blood, and it's valuable as that life.

With the turbulent tide nothing is her soul she left the house, and sought the thickest gloom of the garden. In this mood Richard Lovell found her. He bethought him of that swift glance, the stooping figure, the thing touching his hand. He looked into her face now and knew the hurt ached on.

Striking through the wild, wintry, leafless bed, Lovell had touched a nearer nerve of the heart and roused both passion and resentment within him.

He had only need to say "I love you, Agnes, out there under the maples—her womanly sense had felt it long before; but the words, "I come to me, child, let me accident of my worldly position shield you in future!" He was of one blood, though a century rolled between us; in us be of one soulone life, Agnes." She was moved to the depths of her nature. "I am not a child, I am all unto her self."

Here, my love shall be honored."

As generous in her gifts as she was unflinching in her pride, she found herself to him with tears and lavish humility.

If she has ever loved another she shall love me better, with the silent resolve of Richard Lovell. If unexacting devotion, if sympathetic pride, could bring full fruition, he would not be disappointed.

And again I say, do not judge her. It is by seems to be supposed that she had surrendered all her soul, but this was not the meaning Grey.

From the first she had seen him as the type of a man for whom she had no sympathy—no fellowship. Later, if his own words had given her a better view—later still, that one sharp shock had brought the dormant nature back again; and his last question there in the library had sealed it.

Straight to the garden flitted Richard Lovell let his affianced wife, and presented her as such to his sister Kate. Kate looked surprised, perhaps, for she had looked for another woor; but there was hearty welcomeshe her kiss; and as such things go, before the day was many hours older, it was known from end to end of Shannonsleigh that Dick and Lovell was to marry his cousin, Agnes Dane.

At Shannon Hill, a taller, riding over Farm fashion-plate, communicated the fact between talk of tulle and lace. Mrs. Grey, sitting before her, and more than his usual blindness, Shannon began: "Dick, I want her."

"What!" A swift, sharp ejaculation.

The other went on: "Your cousin; I want her for my wife. Shall I ask her, Dick. Have I any chance, do you know?"

Dick Lovell crowded down the angry tide, and answered: "I ask her? yes, if you will, of course."

Shannon unwitting, proceeded:

"Sometimes I think I'm not, no, I can not say, Dick, I have been the veriest puppy, but she has knocked all the conceit out of me. I am coward enough now—not enough. But what a girl she is, Dick—so simple, so true!"

They turned into the house. Richard was giving a servant a message for Miss Dane. "Mr. Shannon Grey's compliments, and he waits for her in the library." In a carriage wheeled suddenly into view. A call from Mrs. Shannon Grey upon the young Miss Dane.

The message was remanded for the nonce and changed to a more general one; and into the drawing-room ground floated the young lady, prepared to receive Mrs. Shannon Grey and her son—the two Lovells and Miss Dane.

The call was not fifteen minutes in duration; but in that brief space of time, without absolute command of her sweet outward sanctity, Mrs. Grey had sent her lavish with unerring aim, and Agnes Dane knew she had opened upon the cloud, the estimation in which she was held—but not a line of her face betrayed it. Who else but herself perceived that insolent, shrouded in silken meekness? She looked up and caught the blaze in the eyes of her cousin Richard. Then a glow for a moment warmed her heart, she stooped swiftly for a fallen ribbon, and let her lips brush his hand in rising. Last smiles over the top of his sympathy, what did it mean? Half an hour later she stood with Shannon Grey alone in the library.

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At Shannon Hill, a taller, riding over Farm fashion-plate, communicated the fact between talk of tulle and lace. Mrs. Grey, sitting before her,

thrilled through with sudden secret delight and triumph. Shannon, then, was safe.

Shannon! He rose up out of the deep window, and quite unheeding his mother or her guest went slowly down the path to the old study-haunt of his boyhood—the cedar grove. There another battle was fought, a sharper conflict than the three for which he had been crowned before; and with what spirit, what courage he fought it, you shall see in the result.

Mrs. Grey waited tea for an hour, then sent her own away untasted. Where was Shannon? Another hour, and the bells were ringing down from the village clock when he walked in. She remembered the stern white face that went out, and she waited for a sight of him now with a troubled heart.

"Did you wait tea, mother?"

She went swiftly glance to him. The tones were quiet, almost gentle, the face quiet too, but the weariest face you ever saw. He who had clothed his spirit like a spoiled child at the thwarting of a pleasure now, at the thwarting of the greatest one he had ever known, showed supreme patience and humility.

A flutter of a foreboding of she knew not what, crossed the worldly mother's heart. But she felt the wrong she had wrought, and this new and subtle way of forgiveness and forbearance was like a flame of fire to her.

By-and-by he spoke again—the same weary quiet:

"Mother, I have joined my regiment."

"Shannon!" A piercing wail was in her exclamation.

"Yes, mother, I have meant it all along, when I should get strength enough."

"But you haven't strength yet."

"I think I have. At all events I can not sit down selfishly at so small a risk when such a need as this arises. I must go, mother; the country can not wait for the last men of my regiments should be willing to hazard much to serve now."

"Shannon," in a voice of fear and low as she leaned forward to address him—"Shannon, is there any other reason for your going? Does Agnes Dane not wish you away?"

For a moment there was utter silence; then he said:

"Mother, this morning, when the news came that more troops were wanted, I rode into the city and offered my services. Four hours after I offered myself to Agnes Dane, and she rejected me. Is that your only fear, mother?"

Nothing more; not a reproach of any outward word or action. Speechless, Mrs. Grey had listened, and now sat still, but the heart within her fast becoming her punishment. Clearer and clearer grew the vision she had wrought for her son—her patience, this uncomplaining suffering became apparent to her. It was her only son—the pride of her life—and she had driven him to this.

Again he broke the silence:

"I know you love me, mother. I am a disappointed man, it is true; but not to ease a sad heart, to soothe disappointment, shall I lead on my regiment unworthily. I tell you this that you may think it a long resolve. Perhaps, perhaps when I leave I've quite concluded, it will be years—"

"perhaps my country needs my whole heart."

"And I, Shannon; have you nothing for your mother?" with a pale pitiful quiver in tender lips.

He had risen up to go to his room, and, passing her, paused a moment, saying:

"Mother, what more?"

A kiss, dropped softly down upon her cheek, was all he offering, but it was enough.

Educated to selfish, worldly aims by a selfish, worldly mother, his tastes pampered to the most unmanly luxury with and the silken web which it brings, of a naturally impetuous temper and inclined to personal pleasure, in the grief and bitter disappointment of his life—you see what courage, what brave and generous manliness rose up to save and redeem.

And when, next morning, through the city streets, at the head of his regiment, passing on amidst flashing steel and fluttering flags, he went in obedience to his sense of duty, with a heart purged of all selfish resentment and humbled, many eyes then by stout resolve to give his whole heart to his country, I am sure that, though unreturned, in the days that are to come, *one of our heroes!*

BRIG.-GENERAL SILAS CASEY.

On page 421 we publish a portrait of BRIGADIER-GENERAL SILAS CASEY, who commanded the advance division of our army on the Peninsula, and who for many hours held his ground against a few times as numerous a force as his own force.

General Casey was born in Rhode Island about the year 1826, entered West Point in 1822; graduated in 1826, and entered the Seventh Infantry; was promoted to the Fourth Infantry in 1836, and Captain in July, 1839. In the Florida War Captain Casey served with distinction under General Taylor, and in the Mexican War, under the American War, and added still further to his reputation for gallantry. At Contreras and Churubusco he distinguished himself, and received the brevet of Major. At the assault on Chapultepec he led the storming party, and was severely wounded. For this he received the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel. At the outbreak of the present Rebellion he was ordered to this city to offer his services to the Government, and obtained command of a brigade in Army Corps. Shortly after the reorganization of the army under General McClellan he was appointed to the command of a division in General Heintzelman's corps.

General McClellan's first dispatch, written hurriedly on the field of battle, did some injustice to General Casey, which has since been repaired by an explanatory dispatch. General Casey's division, however, did not behave and reduced by sickness, stood its ground splendidly, as its long record of killed and wounded attests.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—FURIOUS ATTACK OF THE REBELS ON KIRBY'S BATTERY AT THE BATTLE OF FAIROAKS.—SKETCHED BY MR. MEAD.—[SEE PAGE 426.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CAPTAIN WHEELER'S BATTERY STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—SKETCHED BY MR. MEAD.—[SEE PAGE 429.]



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF CHARLESTON SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE APPROACHES OF OUR GUNBOATS AND OUR ARMY.—[See Page 427.]

THREESCORE AND TEN.

ROUND, round my life she wove a spell,
My head went whirling *round* as well,
And at a rate alarming;
My captured heart went "pitapat,"
With a loud double "rat-tat-tat,"
Ah, well, but it *was* charming!

As in my easy-chair I sit
(I'm getting old and bent a bit),
I think how Ella sly was;
Of all the pranks she used to play
To wheedle my poor heart away,
And what a "silly" *I* was.

Can it be *she* who, in a doze,
Sits opposite with nodding nose?
And by her side— Enough!
My "fire-dreams" are all dispelled;
That nose has "sniffed," those fingers held,
A pinch of double snuff!

Well, so it is, that in our life
We dream of some bewitching wife,
And set our hearts on beauty—
Nay, nay, I'm *wrong*, though snuff *is* there,
A charm dwells round that easy-chair—
The WIFE *has done her duty!*

CAPTAIN CLITHEROE OF THE TWENTY-THIRD.

I HAD come to Glen Iris stung with the pressure of a sharp pain. One I loved once, and loved still, had been false to me. I had been brought up as the only daughter and heiress of a rich man. When my father died suddenly his whole property was in a state of chaos—invested in grand schemes which, had he lived, might have realized his wishes, but which were neither comprehensible nor available by his executors. When all his affairs were settled there was, for my mother and myself, only a pittance of three thousand dollars—scarcely half the sum for our sole dependence that we had been used to spend with thoughtless self-indulgence in a single year. In this emergency my mother was helpless. She had been accustomed all her life to being guarded and protected, and she was as incapable of assuming responsibility as a child.

The same stroke that robbed me of my father and my fortune estranged my lover also. We had never been formally engaged—Norman Howard and I. He had told me, often enough, that he loved me; and we had made plans together about the future, through many a summer afternoon or winter evening. I had danced with him at Newport, with the sea-breeze tossing my hair and rustling the silken folds of my raiment. I had sung to him, talked to him, lived for him, twelve months, and I know that, all that time, he had no thought but that I should pass my future at his side. Still, with the carelessness of youth, we had not talked in so many words of marriage—no binding vow had passed between us. If there had been one, perhaps he might have kept it. As it happened, he was out of town when my father died, and when he came back my affairs were already made public. He was in a safe position to be prudent. He wrote me a note of condolence, a kindly, carefully worded note, in which he took it for granted that he must not intrude upon the sacredness of my grief—thus putting our acquaintance at once upon the plane of a common friendship.

How terribly that note stung me! How I suffered—silently, for I could not add my sorrows to the weary weight beneath which my poor mother was so utterly overwhelmed. Mine is emphatically a temperament, or was in those days, to which blessings brighten as they take their flight. This is true of most women, though all are not honest enough to confess it. A lover who is easy to win we may love sufficiently for our own comfort, perhaps; but given a serious difficulty or two in the way of winning him, a good, stubborn, roaring lion in the path, and our love intensifies itself to adoration at once.

While my father lived and Norman Howard was assiduous and constant in his attentions, I had been tormented with doubts as to my own regard for him—had wondered if he were capable of arousing the utmost intensity of my heart; but no sooner did I find that he had bowed himself politely off the stage than I abandoned myself to the wild, unreasoning grief of eighteen, longed for death, and felt entirely sure that earth held for me no possible consolation, present or future.

Putting all sentimental sorrows aside, the world wore a dark enough aspect just then. I knew not how we were to live. I was utterly barren of resources or expedients.

My friends had followed in the wake of my lover and my fortune. It was so long since I had seen one of them that I could scarcely believe my eyes when Mrs. Winslow Morgan's card was handed to me one spring morning.

She was the wife of the lawyer who had arranged my father's affairs—a man of high rank in his profession, as well as rich by inheritance, and the peer in birth and breeding of the proudest. I had often met Mrs. Morgan in society; but I had only seen the surface of her life—met her as we meet any one who helps us tie rose garlands round the hours we are wasting. That she should have called on me now was matter of profound astonishment. I took a sort of sullen pride in receiving her in my plain mourning calico—conforming, as I called it, to my altered fortunes. I believe my manner was sufficiently haughty and unamiable; but she did not seem to notice it. She talked with me for a while on indifferent subjects; then she asked me if I had made any plans for the coming summer. I was vexed at what seemed to me an impertinent liberty; and I answered that she would hardly expect me to flourish at Newport or Saratoga, so I should not be likely to have the pleasure of meeting *her*. She was very patient; almost apologizing, as if it had been she, not I, that was in fault.

"Forgive me," she said, "forgive me, dear Miss Tremaine. I did not mean to wound you. I only asked the question as the easiest way of arriving at what I wished to say. But plain speaking is always best. Mr. Morgan told me that you had intimated to him a desire to do something for your own support, and I had a proposal to make to you. I am sure you would not fancy teaching—you have not the temperament to be happy or successful in it; and I did not know but you might like to fill a position for which I am commissioned to find a suitable incumbent. My brother, Miles Clitheroe, is proprietor of the large calico mills at Glen Iris. He is in want of a designer to get up his patterns, and it seems to me that this occupation might just suit you. Do you remember drawing those flowers and bits of sea-weed which we all admired so much at Newport last summer? I know you love sketching, and I think you could make it quite as remunerative as any thing else you could do."

Here she mentioned a salary liberal beyond my hopes, including a pleasantly-situated cottage home for my mother and myself. All this time I had not interrupted her. Now she waited for me to speak.

"I am ashamed," I said, earnestly, "to accept your great kindness, when I think how ungraciously I received you. How little I imagined that you came on such an errand! The employment is exactly what I should like best, and nothing could be so welcome as the prospect of a new home, far away from all past associations."

"Then you accept?"

"With thanks which I won't try to shape into words. Mrs. Morgan, when you came I felt as helpless and as hopeless as if I were shipwrecked on an island where no sail ever comes. You have brought me hope—a new lease of life."

Mrs. Morgan looked at me smilingly, with her kindly yet shrewd eyes. She said—

"You are eighteen, an age when we are as extravagant in our gratitude as in our despair. You owe me no thanks. I have been acting as much for my brother's interest as yours. I am selfish, too, a little. I come to Glen Iris for a month of every summer. I shall be glad to find a friend there."

In two weeks' time I was settled in my new home. Mr. Clitheroe had been absent at the time of my arrival, unavoidably, Mrs. Morgan said; but the overseer of the works had rendered me all needful assistance, and already I was as comfortably settled as if I had lived there a twelvemonth. The change seemed to do my mother much good. She was charmed with our new home, than which, indeed, I had never seen any thing lovelier. Our cottage stood on a high bluff overhanging the river. It was sheltered by higher hills, crowned with forest trees in the rear. In front, on the other side of the river, stretched miles of pastoral peace. The river itself was a rapid, rushing stream, fretting its way over rocks and through gorges; with now and then a break, where its bed was smooth, and its tranquil waters mirrored the overhanging tree-boughs and the clouds of sunset and dawning. Below us, half a mile farther down the stream, were the great mills, and the thickly clustering houses where the workmen lived. Mr. Clitheroe's own stately mansion, built of a beautiful gray stone, was above us, half hidden from our view by the trees.

I knew he had come home, and I expected he would call that evening. I had dressed myself with some care for the occasion. I was anxious to produce an agreeable first impression, for I was dependent on his patronage for my sole prospects of a comfortable future. I had been called a beauty in the days when I was considered a rich heiress. In those days I had not troubled myself to decide whether the general verdict was true; but to-night I looked at myself more critically, and was convinced that it was not. My features were irregular; though my skin was clear it was dark; and my hair and eyes were black as a Spanish woman's. There might be a charm in such features when kindled by love or enthusiasm; but in repose, as I looked at them in my mirror, I saw little to attract. It was not the style of face to show well in my sombre black attire. Bright colors did wonders for me—hitherto I had always worn them. Now, I thought, if my future success depended on my beauty my prospects were not flattering.

I went to the door and looked out. The flush of the early summer, the fair promise of the June, rested in dreamy tenderness over all the landscape. Rock and river, field and sky, it seemed like a fairy realm whence trouble and care were banished. And yet, as I looked longer, there seemed a pensive sorrow in the scene: not grief exactly, but something which whispered how soon the glory would pass—how brief was the spell—and so made us love it all the better.

As I looked a gentleman came down the rocky path from the stone mansion on the hill. Of course it was Mr. Clitheroe. I shall remember always how he looked to me as I saw him first in that June twilight. About him, at least, there was nothing dreamy. He was a tall, vigorous man, who might have served for an illustration of muscular Christianity. His face was a firm, manly one, with its well-cut features, its decided mouth, and the clear-seeing hazel eyes, which yet kept their own secrets. He wore a full, brown beard, and his hair, a shade darker, was thick and strong. Every thing about him betokened endurance, courage, energy—but, I thought then, no especial tenderness or sentiment. He was unmistakably a gentleman. Not finical in his politeness; not even very graceful; but with the true spirit and essence of courtesy pervading his whole demeanor.

Meeting thus on the very threshold of my dwelling he needed no introduction.

"Miss Tremaine, of course," he said, with a cordial smile; and I expressed in polite phrase my pleasure at meeting Mr. Clitheroe.

He came in and sat for an hour. I liked him exceedingly. I had never seen a man whom I would have preferred as a friend. He seemed so thoroughly dependable. I liked to hear him talk. He was not eloquent, but he had a manly, straightforward way of arriving at conclusions. He was fearless and independent in thought; and I felt sure he would never swerve in practice from the inflexible law of right. Duty with him would be duty, no matter over what rugged paths, to what scenes of pain, or peril, or even death itself, she should lead him on. Yet he was very far from fascinating. I had heard his sister speak of him with an enthusiasm which I hardly comprehended; for he did not seem to me a man about whom it would be possible to weave romance or sentiment.

"What do you think of him?" I asked my mother, after he had left us.

"I think he is *good*, Florence."

It was her sole comment; and I came afterward to know how true it was.

The summer passed on, and I saw him often. As strangers in a place which offered little opportunity for making congenial friends it was natural that he should be attentive to us, and he was. His society was my only recreation, and I grew to take real pleasure in it—as much pleasure, at least, as I could take in any thing. My heart was heavy enough in those days. If my father had lived, and—remaining in my former position—any thing had separated me from Norman Howard, I do not think I should have suffered very deeply. Probably I should very soon have seen some one who possessed equal attractions for me; and, at any rate, with so many sources of pleasure at hand, I should have found it easy enough to forget one fickle boy. Now the case was different. I had a great many long, lonely hours, and I spent them in brooding over and idealizing the past.

Mr. Howard sang well, and danced admirably. He had almost brought his brilliant playing to the perfection of a science. He was handsome. His coats were made in Paris, and his hatter hung out his sign on the Rue de Rivoli. I believe these were his chief attractions—his salient points. You will confess it did my imagination credit that I should have been able to idealize him into the one man of the universe—a chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*. I wore widow's weeds mentally for this New York Bayard of mine. I even managed to grow pale and thin, and I began to write melancholy verses descriptive of the place where I wanted to take my final repose. I sang to a dirge-like air, as I sat over my drawings:

"Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave—
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry,
But thou—go by."

I used to wonder whether even his hard heart would not be moved if, some day, he should read upon a tombstone my name—that pretty name he had praised so often—Florence Tremaine.

When Mrs. Morgan came, in August, I made a merit to myself of not being infected by her exuberant happiness. Realizing the change in my circumstances, I think she attributed my melancholy to that cause, and so pitied and forgave it.

She had been gone two months when one night Mr. Clitheroe came and asked me to walk with him. I was looking worn, he said, and he was sure I needed air and exercise. I looked toward my mother. It was her nature to rely utterly on some one; to take what that some one said on trust, and be thankful to be saved the trouble of forming an opinion. My dear father had been her oracle while he lived—now it was Mr. Clitheroe. Of course she seconded him on this occasion, and made me get my bonnet and shawl.

We walked silently for a time, climbing up the rocky path which led by his gray stone mansion, and pausing at length on the summit of a hill which commanded the whole rich and beautiful landscape. I sat down to rest for a few moments on a rustic seat, and he stood at a little distance. I remember stealing a look at him as he stood there, his bold, manly figure clearly defined against the sunset sky, and his face tender, more tender than I had ever seen it, with some unspoken thought. At length he drew nearer to me, and said, in a low tone which yet went straight to my heart,

"Florence Tremaine, I am not skilled in lover's phrases—I never said before to any woman what I now say to you. But if my words are abrupt my heart is true. I love you. You have grown into my life until I care for no future unless you share it. Can you love me, child?"

It flashed through my thoughts in an instant what a blessed thing it would be if I could love him—how much his proposal proffered me!—love, not only, but ease, rest, freedom from care, a guide, a friend, a protector. If only Norman Howard had never crossed my path! But I could not wrong my own nature by marrying, for any worldly reason, Miles Clitheroe, when my whole heart was full of another image.

Whatever my faults were I was honest, and not ungenerous. I told Mr. Clitheroe the whole truth. I concealed nothing—not even the longing I had had to die—the utter weariness of life.

That man had a noble nature. Some would have turned from me with vexation or indifference. He did not. Loving me intensely, as I knew he did—I, who had never been intensely loved before—he did not seem to think at all of his own suffering, his heart was so full of pity for mine. He laid his hand on my hair, and said, oh! so sadly,

"Poor child! poor Florence!"

I believe at that moment he would have given up all his own hopes with joy but to have secured me the fulfillment of mine. Standing beside him, a feeling of how good he was—a sense of his compassion, so tender and so generous—stole into my heart, and I felt that I could not give up all his regard. Clinging to his hand, I cried, passionately,

"Do not take your friendship away from me, Mr. Clitheroe. You do not know how much I care for it. It is the only comfort I have left in life. Think how lonely we should be if you should stay away! Promise to like me still—to come and see us as often as you used, or you will break my heart."

He took my hand tenderly into his own. He bent over me, and whispered,

"I will never break your heart, little Florence. You shall never suffer a pang which I can spare you. Do not think that your brave honesty, of which not one woman in a thousand would have been capable, can alienate my friendship from you. I will not stay away from you, or change toward you. I will never be less your friend; only I will try to think of you differently—think of you as one who can never be mine."

Oh the unutterable pathos that thrilled in his voice as he said those words! I could never forget it. I should know all my life long that one man had loved me.

We went home after that. Somehow the face of the night seemed changed. The moon that rose looked like a phantom moon, gazing from the depths of a past, far-off and irrevocable. At my door we parted. He asked me to make his excuses to my mother—he could not come in that night.

I kept my own counsel. I would not pain my mother, or wrong him, by hinting aught to her of the love I had rejected. I did not understand my own feelings at all; if I had I should have known that a chord had been struck in my heart which had never vibrated to the touch of Norman Howard.

After this the weeks wore on, the harvest-moon waned, the November winds blew their dirge notes, the Christmas bells rang, and then the new year came in, white with snows, pale with prophecies of the events it was bringing us—1861.

All this time Mr. Clitheroe kept his word. He came to see us as frequently as ever. He was just as good. No son could have been more devoted to my mother—no brother more thoughtfully kind to me. But there was a difference which I felt. He was *too* kind, *too* brotherlike. I could see that he was keeping his word—thinking of me as one who could never be his. And after a while this became sharp pain. Somehow—I never knew how or when—the pale phantom of a dead love, whose visitations I had so long sought for and welcomed, ceased entirely to haunt me. It would not come when I did call for it; and I knew it was because it had been the ghost of a dream, not of a reality. I knew that my love for Norman Howard had never been the passionate outpouring of a woman's heart; it had been but the nursling of idleness and sentimentality. It would have moved me no more to meet him now than to have seen my old music-master at the street corner. And now also I knew that I did love at length—that all the happiness I ever cared to have was in Miles Clitheroe's gift.

But I myself had shut the door against him by which he sought to enter my heart, and I could never be such a traitor to my womanhood as to raise a signal of distress. Let the ship go down if she must, and the black waters of oblivion close over her; better so than to seek inglorious safety. And now I was not sentimental or mock-heroic; I was simply womanly.

I used to sit and watch furtively Mr. Clitheroe's face sometimes when he was reading to us. What a strong, masterful face it was! I had never seen those clear hazel eyes misty with tears or with tenderness—never save that one night. I wondered if he had forgotten it. *Could* the love be dead which had moved him so powerfully then—which spoke in word, and tone, and eye-glance? Be it dead or living, he made no sign. I had sealed my own fate when I told him I was ready to die for Norman Howard. I began to hate that old memory as fiercely as I had ever cherished it.

Now indeed I began to wish I had not so earnestly entreated Mr. Clitheroe to continue his visits. It was hard to meet him as his mere friend should when I remembered what words he had said to me once—words which no man was ever likely to say again, which I should never care to hear from any other. I longed to go away from Glen Iris—away from him—where the thought of what might have been would never spring into life at sight of his face.

At length events came, so mighty and so unlooked-for, that every one was ashamed to think of themselves. Men and women forgot their private sorrows in the hour of their country's peril, and the whole nation's heart beat as one heart in response to the guns fired at Sumter.

It was late in April when one afternoon Mr. Clitheroe came to our cottage. My mother was lying down in her own room. I was quite alone in the little parlor. It had become a daily event for him to come in after meal-time and tell me what was doing. As usual, he gave me the brief summary. Then, looking at him, I saw he had more to say. Soon it came:

"I am going too, Florence. I have raised a company from among my own men. They are used to me, and they will obey me better than any one else. I have just written to my sister, and you are the only other friend I care to tell. Will you bid me God-speed?"

I meant to answer bravely.

"God-speed you, and God bless—" I got so far, and then every thing grew dark about me. I had never fainted before, and I thought I was dying. It was my last thought before the darkness closed round me.

When I opened my eyes again I was lying on the sofa, and he was bending over me with the old look in his eyes—the look they had worn that night. He had not called even my mother. Tenderly as a woman he had bathed my face, and waited for my recovery. When he saw that I was better he said,

"Was it the thought of my peril that moved you so? Florence, do you love me at last?"

"I never loved any one else!" I cried. "Oh believe me! If it is too late for you to give me back what you offered me once, still you must believe the truth. That other was no love; it was a girlish folly, and I grew morbid and sentimental over it, because, after misfortune overtook me, I had nothing else to think about. I have known,

for months now, that it had only been a delusion—that you were the very life of my life, as no one else ever had been or could be."

"And you never spoke?"

"How could I? I was a woman."

"And so, but for this sudden parting, you would have let me go all my life through and never know that the treasure I coveted was mine! Oh, child, I have kept my word to you. I have not forsaken you, or staid away from you, but it has been a sore trial."

He knelt down beside me, and folded me in that strong clasp of his. His eyes shone with a measureless content. I could feel the beating of his heart full and strong—the heart which was to be my home.

He looked up after a while, and said, oh, so tenderly,

"Florence, the life I was going to offer my country was worth so little to me that to give it was no sacrifice. Must I withdraw the offering, now that you have made it infinitely precious?"

I knew what his wish was. Perhaps I should not have loved him so well if he had been capable of giving up the right, even for me. I knew that I but echoed the resolve in his own soul when I answered him—

"No, you shall fight for two."

"Then it must be my wife who will watch and pray for me—my wife who will welcome me when I come back. To-morrow, love, you must be mine. I could die happier knowing that you bore my name, and had a wife's right to weep for me."

I did not refuse—how could I? The next day we were married.

He has passed, unscathed, through many a fierce fight, ever, as I knew he would be, in the thickest of the fray. I have faith, at length, in my own happiness. I believe Heaven guards him; and by-and-by, with laurels on his brow, he will come back to love and me—my hero—my husband!

THE JEW'S GARDEN.

I KNEW it in winter, when flowers were few,
  When days were dim with unfruitful hours—
Next door but one the little old Jew—
  I knew he was fond of flowers.

For the weather had often his wistful gaze,
  And he changed as the weather was warm or cool;
I knew it, too, by his cheerful ways
  With the children coming from school.

'Twas the emerald edge of the month of May,
  With a spirit of bloom in the balmy air:
"Will you look at my garden?" said he, one day;
  It is full of promises fair."

I smiled as we neared it. A cramped recess
  Amid angular walls of commodious art,
It lay, like Beauty, companionless—
  Like song in a sordid heart.

But the tired airs panted among the plants there,
  Which, by devious ways, they had come to claim,
And the voice of love fell from the dove-cotes near,
  And the crippled sunbeams came.

And never a care of the noisome air,
  The din of the street, or the dingy place,
Did the young growths take in that garden there,
  As if blessed with a genial grace.

Never a care took the Bean, but to vie
  With Ivy and Hop that blindly run,
With small hands holding the strings whereby
  They feel their way up to the sun;

Nor the Daffodil, but to dazzle and yield
  A tune to the eye with its golden bells;
Nor the Giant of Battle, whose blood-red shield
  Enchants the look which it quells.

But lo! a mound—a miniature mound!
  A sensitive plant, with its hands half shut,
Stands softly near as in prayer profound—
  A Heart's-ease smiles at the foot.

The quaint old Jew, with his cheerful chat
  On the habits and hues and names of flowers,
Never glanced at *this*, the gem of the plat,
  And, most likely, the labor of hours.

Till I said, "What is it, my friend—this mound,
  Moss-mantled and wee, like a fairy's grave,
And those typical plants that guard it around?"
  I paused at the sigh he gave.

He spoke no word, but his eyes slowly filled—
  The air grew still and the sunlight sere;
And then, as the Sensitive plant was thrilled
  By the old man's falling tear,

A vision arose of a greener grave
  In a distant land, in the distant years,
And I knew the mourner who knelt and gave
  A youthful tribute of tears.

And I thought, this old man here, to this day,
  May have lived by brokerage, cheat, and bribe—
May have fawned, and lied, and clutched, and grown gray
  In the sordid curse of his tribe.

But surely, I thought, love falls, like dew,
  On his heart from the heaven of by-gone hours;
And surely God loves the little old Jew,
  So cheerful and fond of flowers.

THE APPROACH TO CHARLESTON.

ON page 429 we give a BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF CHARLESTON AND VICINITY, showing James Island and Stono Inlet, and the position of our forces and our gun-boats. We take the following extracts from correspondents' letters from the army:

It is but a little way from here to Charleston. From our outposts, looking across the narrow skirt of the island, we can plainly see Fort Johnson, and in a line beyond it Fort Sumter. Still farther the spires of the city and the masts of a few lonely vessels rise dimly to the view. But intervening is a force as large, I think, as our own, and they gave us, in the skirmish of yesterday, an evidence of dash and daring for which our men seemed hardly prepared. They are, of course, alarmed for the safety of the city. It may be that they will abandon it at once, seeing as they soon must that its possession must ultimately be transferred to the Union army. But we have every reason to expect a desperate resistance on their part, and hard fighting on our own, before the Stars and Stripes will float in triumph over Sumter's walls.

. . . .

There has been a good deal of skirmishing between our forces and those of the rebels, resulting in our success. The rebels have been on the aggressive since we ceased to advance, and have given us one or two very pretty fights. They are in very strong force upon James Island, and have a large reserve in Charleston and on neighboring islands. The failure of Colonel Christ to destroy the railroad bridge at Pocotaligo, and thereby sever the main artery between Charleston and Savannah, has enabled the rebels to concentrate a very large force in and about Charleston, with ample means to increase it at short notice. In this they have the advantage of us. They can move troops with greater rapidity and concentrate more easily than we. Still we have managed thus far to get a little ahead of them, and would to-day have been in Charleston if a little more transportation could have been procured. One brigade failed to be on the ground assigned it in consequence of lack of transportation, and the moment which found Charleston nearly unprotected on that approach was forever lost, and when the movement was finally attempted the avenue of approach was found almost impregnable. The cause of the failure of the movement, I presume, will be investigated.

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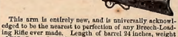
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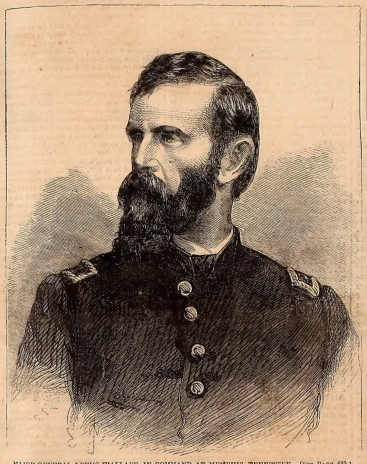
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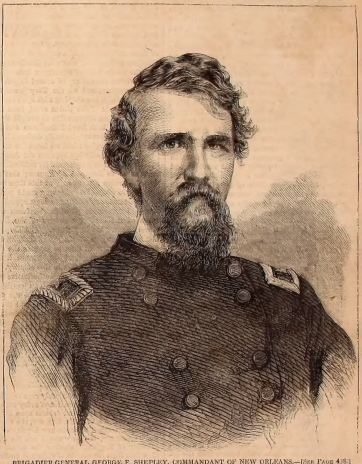
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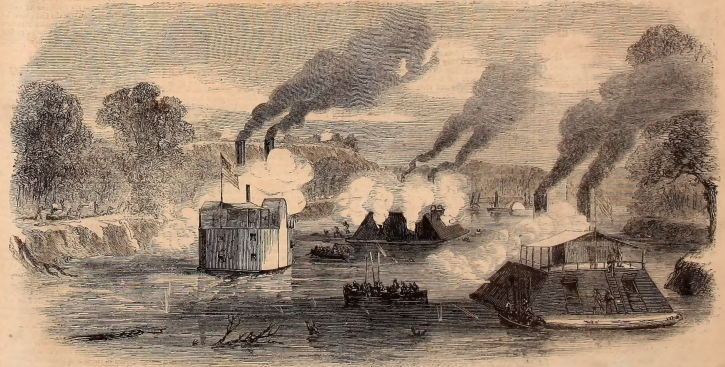
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MAJOR-GENERAL LEWIS WALLACE, IN COMMAND AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.—[See Page 439.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE F. SHEPLEY, COMMANDANT OF NEW ORLEANS.—[See Page 446.]



Mound City.

BATTLE AT ST. CHARLES, WHITE RIVER, ARKANSAS.—EXPLOSION OF THE "MOUND CITY."—Sketched by Mr. Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 439.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1862.

A HINT TO GENERAL BUTLER.

GENERAL BUTLER is feeding the people of New Orleans at the cost of the United States. General Halleck has begged the good people of the West to send food to the starving people of the Lower Mississippi Valley, and they have, with their accustomed liberality, dispatched shiploads of food down the river. In Florida our blockading squadron is, in several instances, been compelled to supply food to the famished rebels.

Now all this is perfectly right and proper, as far as it goes. Our generals and our people can not look on calmly and see even the worst traitors starve to death. But the arrangement should be reciprocal as far as possible. If the starving people of the South have any thing to give in exchange for the food with which we are supplying them, they ought to give it, and our generals should see to it that they do.

It happens that there is in the South—more or less under the control of the very mobs we are feeding—a quantity of property which is almost as urgently needed at the North and in Europe as food is needed at the South. This is cotton. In Europe, at the present time, the aggregate supply is only about 828,000 bales, against 1,644,000 bales at this time last year. Unless more cotton comes to markets soon, it is inevitable that all the factories of Europe will have to stop working, and a frightful amount of suffering will ensue. In the country the scarcity is still greater. On the 1st of June we sold at 60 cents a pound in this market; and here, as in Europe, our cotton industry must cease, and the operatives of New England be thrown upon the world, unless we contrive in some way or other to obtain a fresh supply of the staple within a very few weeks.

Now there is no doubt whatever of there being over 2,000,000 bales of cotton, at least, on the Southern plantations. From all that we can learn the amount destroyed by the rebel forces is very small. It is possible that the cotton still in the South may amount to 3,000,000 bales, or even more. But, as any rate, there must be 2,000,000 bales on the plantations, ginned and unginned, bagged and unbagged, in the gin-houses or elsewhere. Now of this large amount a certain proportion could undoubtedly be got to market if the people to whom we are feeding were made to understand that their bread depended upon it. There must be a large number of planters in the States of the Mississippi who would be willing to sell, especially as, at present prices, they would get over $150 a bale. Let the starving people of the South be told that, after a certain date, they will only be able to buy food with cotton, and we are inclined to think that they will unearth good many bales.

If these people are so bigoted in their treason that they will not help us to get cotton, the question of feeding them will assume a new aspect. But we can not but believe that the instincts of want, and the sentiment of starving will, if properly directed, lead to a considerable increase in the supply of cotton before very long.

REAPPEARANCE OF JOHN BULL AS PECKSNIFF.

JOHN BULL has made another *rentrée* in his favorite old part of Pecksniff. He is shocked at General Butler's order declaring that any woman who shall behave in a base, scurrilous, and orderly manner shall be deemed a base, idle, and disorderly female. The *Times* and *Morning Post* tremble at such brutality. Lord Palmerston protests against it on behalf of the frail sisterhood. The British Parliament steps into the ring as the champion of base, idle, and disorderly females throughout the world.

It is futile to offer serious arguments on such a theme and to such disputants. The British do not want to be set right. What they want is a tolerable pretext for snarling at us, as they snarl at the French, the Germans, the Russians, the Spaniards, the Russians, and the human race generally. We might observe that not a single lady in New Orleans has been insulted under General Butler's order; and that, on the contrary, the effect of that order having been to compel loose, idle, and disorderly women to have themselves decently in public, the streets have since become so quiet and orderly that the true ladies of the city have been enabled to resume their usual promenades without fear of their delicacy being shocked by unseemly behavior on the part of less worthy members of their sex. But, as we said, this explanation will not soothe the British temper. John Bull wants a peg to hang a snarl upon—nothing more.

Lovely, amiable, exemplary "guardian of civilization!" How touching his sympathy for the fancied wrongs of ladies against whose misthem, fly guns are up, his armies are marching under the banner of "booty and beauty!" How refreshing his concern for female purity, after the appalling atrocities of the British campaign in India, in 1858, when, in the language of an officer who served under Lord Clyde, "whole villages were depopulated, the men slaughtered in cold blood, and the women and young girls given over to a fate worse than death!" How edifying his horror at General Butler's barbarity, when we remember the three days' sack, in 1860, of the defenseless city of Pekin, and the havoc wasted pillage, in 1855, of the town and museum of Kertsch!

FOREIGN INTERVENTION AGAIN.

CERTAIN mischief-makers are again busily trying to disturb the peace of the world because the rebels with the old idle talk about foreign intervention.

The facts are: that two Paris journals—both, as every body knows, sold to the rebel agents, and whose editors are as much the property of John Slidell as his cook or his ass, to wit, the *Patrie* and the *Constitutionnel*—have published articles predicting and recommending a negotiation between France and England with a view to mediation in this country. On the strength of these articles, and of a casual visit of M. de Persigny to England, which, from the nature of the case, the whole tribe of newspaper letter-writers have revived the old cry of armed interference in this country, and M. Prevalaye, in London, has written a pamphlet to the same effect. The Paris and London Bourses are doubtless written by Mr. Gokkin. Still another intelligent critic and spectator is J. S. Cairnes—a member of the staff, we think, of the Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Queen's College, Galway, and late Whately Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin.

Professor Cairnes has recently published a work of which the full title is, "The Slave Power, its Character, Career, and Probable Designs: being an Attempt to Explain the Real Issues involved in the American Contest." It is the best book upon the general subject that we have seen, and the most comprehensive, thorough, and masterly presentation of the essential question of our war that we have had. It regards the contest not as one of American, but as a citizen of the world. In his view it is essential to the welfare of civilization that the Slave Power should be destroyed here and now. He holds that it is not an American question exclusively, or very much, but essential to the world that slavery should be destroyed. He considers intervention delusive as to say, in so many words, that the only way to prevent intervention is to intervene ourselves. He says, in so many words, that the only in one contingency, and that is when the United States Government finds itself unequal to destroying the slaveholding oligarchy—a case in which case every civilized Power should lend a hand.

He says that Europe has made up its mind that it is neither possible nor desirable to reconstruct the Union. That is, Europe has made up its mind, as the war should result in separation, it is of the utmost importance to Europe that the Slave Power in the United States should be absolutely destroyed. Professor Cairnes, however, will hardly believe before he dies that Europe has made up its mind much more than he declared its fervent wishes. He will live to see the Union reconstructed and the disturbing element eliminated.

But these for us are questions of the future. The business we have in hand is to prevent the rebellion by every legitimate means of war. It is very possible that the Slave Power will be omnipotent before the end, and so the rebellion be crowned with success. But in that event Europe will probably take a hand then and make up its mind this Government is absolutely in earnest, and that as this rebellion in ceaseless it will be suppressed even at the cost of the extermination of the people. It may also make up its mind that whatever Power interferes merely draws the whole world into war.

Such men as Mill, and Goldwin Smith, and, make us still patient of the name of Englishman. For in them we recognize that love for human liberty which is the sole hope of mankind. It is not that they take precisely the same view of our struggle that we do ourselves—for in some things we differ; but that they clearly the cardinal fact, that it is a struggle between Liberty and Despotism, between Class Privilege and Equal Rights.

TO WHOMSOEVER IT MAY CONCERN.

AT a time like this, when the country needs all her children either to fight or to advise and practically sympathize, there are three reasons which travails to leave any citizen longer their deserters. The first is health; the second is unavoidable business; the third is indifference to the fate of the country. As for the first, there are many men who, under the circumstances, must feel very ill indeed before they consent to stay home. For the second, every man must judge for himself. And however long the list of the other excuses to urge will naturally be suspected of the third.

But what kind of man must it be who can quietly remain at home, busy, and only indifferent to the peril which threatens his country but even ashamed of it? Such men are the last to make an effort as men ever made for Civilization, Liberty, and Law; here are millions of men and women and children and consorts in danger. For the sake of zero to the battle-field—spending millions of dollars and calmly beholding the delay of the national prosperity, in order that the great constitutional principle of the Government may be vindicated—for the sake of the wounded and dying soldiers, and of a family but has a drop of its blood in the field—surely a house in which incessant labor is not preparing comfort for wounded soldiers, or a household but has felt the bleedy sting of the war: see thought, one purpose, one heart-throb of the whole loyal land; a convulsion long generating, and whose consequences are radical and ennobling: a stormy resurrection of the vital principle of all progressive civilization, an overwhelming of party-spirit by pure patriotism: and some citizen perhaps creeps and cowers through Europe ashamed of his country!

Never since we were a nation had an American such cause of pride and gratulation. Never since the Revolution have the hearts and souls of the people been so majestic and inspiring as they are to-day. Never was there such reasonable hope that our great destiny will be fulfilled in all the ample splendor of its conception. Come home, then, poor, shivering doubter! Come home, wanderer, wherever and whoever you may be, you are ashamed of your country at this hour! In the name of decency and honor let it not be known that you are an American, or Europe will believe all that the rebels say. Let it be known that America produces such men as you, or faith in the principle of the human race becomes impossible. Come home! come home! You are ashamed of your country: but oh, wretched man! if you could only know how ashamed your country is of you!

MEDIATION, ETC.

WITH every arrival from Europe comes a cloud of rumors of intervention and mediation. But no intention or threat of that kind can possibly have any other effect than to encourage the rebels in their repression of the rebellion. Europe is at a fact liberty to think and say what she chooses of us. If she goes further and begins to act, she will understand, of course, that she comes into direct collision with us.

The result of an armed English and French intervention for the rebels would be of the gravest kind. Russia would necessarily be drawn into the struggle. Spain could not stay out. It would be universal war. Those nations are governed in the main by a perception of interests. Europe is at present liberty to think and say what she chooses of us. If she goes further and begins to act, she will understand, of course, that she comes into direct collision with us.

If such an intervention should at last succeed, and after long years of war the Union should be temporarily destroyed, still the Slave Power would gain the advantage of our division. But they could not gain that which we should necessarily retain—the principle, because the result would be due to the alliance of monarchies with a despotic faction of civilization, and because the people would understand.

Materially they would gain the advantage that might accrue from a combination which the South after cotton had been lost. For in the course of such a war, not only would the Southern cotton supply be totally destroyed, but immediately the factories of the world must have been supplied from other sources, or enormous distress would have replaced cotton. Evidently the commercial advantage of Europe lies in the sure and speedy victory of its Government.

There are other contingencies, especially for France to consider. If France intends to make war upon Mexico, of course she will carry it out of the way. But that France cares to make war in both upon the United States and Mexico at the same time is not very probable. Nor is England likely to fight for the interests of a power with which she has no treaty and which is at this moment. It is clear that England could possibly gain nothing by such an alliance, and that its natural strength is conspicuous. The golden moment of intervention was just a year ago. That was lost, and it will not be lost or recovered.

The talk of mediation and intervention is only talk. The English hate and jealousy of this country. It is a cheap comfort to a class to which we do not yet dare to aid with arms. That it will be useful to the rebellion is questionable. The leaders of the public mind of this country, produced by the conduct of England and France, it is highly favorable for the people of the North to make the highest misunderstanding should occur between either of those nations and the United States. That the distaunts were not able to compel this country to renounce its traditional principle even for the purpose of bolstering up and Mason, is under all the circumstances an instance of a national magnanimity which the nation scarcely knows. Either is magnanimity, nor humanity, nor intelligence, nor bravery, nor in every excellence of civilization which distinguishes the people of the United States by comparison either with a nation that blows in prisoners from guns or with a nation that sets on that suffocates them in a mountain cavern.

PLANTATION MANNERS.

THE members for slavery in the Congress of the United States ought to try to remember that the House of Representatives is not a slave-pen. Mr. Crittenden, who is a slaveholder and conservative from this State, and one of the oldest, most loyal, and most honored men in the country, the energetic chairman of the committee upon naval affairs, takes the liberty as an American citizen to believe that the Declaration of Independence is not a lie nor the Constitution of the United States a fiction, and that those words, dead instruments, holds that men are men, whatever you may say about it; and that if, unhappily, some members are degraded by the practice of Slave laws, it would be better for the States and for the country that they should be returned immediately. Moreover, he believes that if they had been acknowledged the country would be at this moment in possession of all the information that it has ever been. He therefore wishes that the war may result in destroying the root of rebellion. It is in no spirit of revenge, but of mercy, that he and that end he desires that every aid and relief, including that of the negro, should be given, that under the military powers granted by the Constitution, taken from the rebels.

Mr. Crittenden speaks in a great ability, of the loftiest character, and of the purest life; and that is his opinion. Any one who knows anything of the no man is infallible. But certainly he has the same right to hold and express the opinion that Mr. Mallory or Mr. Conrad has. Mr. Crittenden, or any other person has to announce in the House of Congress that slavery is safer than liberty. In conversation in the House the other day Mr. Sedgwick said, that as the war was, by the confession of the rebels, begun for the existence of slavery, he hoped it would end in its extinction. Mr. Sedgwick has every right to say that he would be almost satisfied with the same result, provided that a fair

people like Mr. Sedgwick could be hung before the end of the war.

It is high time that Mr. Mallory and the gentlemen who find nothing worth saving in the country but slavery should understand that the time has passed in the Congress of the United States when a profession of faith in the fundamental idea of this Government is to be received by ruffianism either in words or deeds. They should be taught by public opinion to know that Mr. Preston Brooks no longer sits in that House, and that his principles and practices are no longer the Congressional rule of conduct; and that if Mr. Mallory or any body else attempts to revive them, he will find that his only reward is the disgust and contempt of every loyal American citizen.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

In a neat and convenient form the author of this volume, Mr. Fetridge, has condensed the necessary information for travelers in the great European and Eastern tour. He understands perfectly that such a book ought to contain what the traveler must otherwise "pick out of some twenty-five different guide-books, at a cost of nearly seventy dollars, besides the inconvenience of carrying some twenty-five pounds of extra baggage." This little work teems with valuable directions. It puts the traveler in the way of seeing and hearing and knowing all that is most interesting and delightful in his tour: and for the American traveler especially it contains a score of invaluable hints in regard to the details of traveling and expenses. The author has consulted all the proper books, and has himself made many of the tours for which he gives ample instructions. He has made an indispensable *vade mecum* of travel—and furnishes blank pages at the end that the notes of future travelers may enable his book to keep up with the times.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Wreath for Wrinkles.—"If flowers are worn as ornaments for the dress, those in the hair should, of course, be of the same kind; for elderly ladies they can be intermixed with lace or feathers." Very well. If elderly ladies must wear flowers in their hair, and would choose appropriate flowers, they should decorate it with elder-flowers. The lace with which those flowers are intermixed should be antique, and the only feathers to match are those of a goose.

The Height of Liberality.—Professor Holloway takes a box of Morison's Pills, and believing that he has been cured by them, sends a testimonial to the proprietors.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Maniac.—Teeth can not be extracted from the gums of trees.

Hoopoo.—Orchard is a place where apples are grown. You may call it a Poniatowski Squash; but this term, though endearing, conveys no definite idea to the mind.

Bobby.—How many times may I ask for potatoes at dinner? Twice, taking care to gasp between each application. Observe, no charge for booking.

Cabbage.—Burns was a Scorchman.

Peach.—The quotation about potatoes is in Shakspeare's *Timon the Tartar.*

Greeneye asks, "Do ganders lay eggs?" No, gooseberries, of course.

Daisy.—The masculine of cowslip is bulrush.

Doddles.—The best peaches are found at the sea-side at Peachy Head.

A Luxury.—A traveler was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night, after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well-cut ham and the left leg of a goose. "Pray, Sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a left leg?" "Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the only leg that is left!"

"All maidens are good," says one moralist; "but where do the bad wives come from?"

"Then I'll bring a suit for my bill!" said an enraged tailor to a dandy, who refused to pay him. "Do, my dear fellow," replied the imperturbable swell, pointing to his threadbare clothes, "that's just what I want."

Follow the laws of nature and you will never be poor. Your wants will be but few. Follow the laws of the world and you will never be rich. You will want more than you can acquire.

A Decided Mistake.—A friend who is in the habit of breakfasting at a coffee-house has made the discovery that the old adage of "Nothing like leather" is a great mistake. He says that the steaks he gets every morning are very much like it.

An advertiser in a daily paper, who rejoices in the various occupations of doctor, lawyer, justice of the peace, and dry-goods merchant, adds the following to his list of pursuits and qualifications: "N.B. Auctioneering of the loudest kind, interwoven with ventriloquism."

"I say, Dick, don't you think that if the women had to do the fighting instead of the men they would make sad work of it?" "No; why do you ask?" "Because I think they would, they have such an engaging way with them." "That's very true; but they have also such a captivating way that there would be doubtless more prisoners than killed."

Two boys going home one day, found a box in the road, and disputed who was the finder. They fought the whole afternoon without coming to a decision. At last they agreed to divide the contents equally, but on opening the box, lo, and behold! it was empty. Few wars have been more profitable than this to the parties concerned.

An Irish barrister lately addressed a full court in Bankruptcy as "gentlemen" instead of "your honors." After he had concluded, a brother barrister reminded him of his error. He immediately arose to apologize thus: "May it please your honors, I find I called yer honors gentlemen. I made a mistake, yer honors." He then sat down, and we hope the court was satisfied.

We never knew one who was in the habit of scolding able to govern a family. What makes people scold? The want of self-government. How then can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

Advice to Husbands.—If your wife happens to be of opinion that absolute monarchy is better than constitutional government, be resigned. You can not say your sovereign was not of your own choosing.

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

Banter.—Mutual banter is the ordinary conversation of people who justly despise one another. If you are a sensible fellow you will take banter in good part, and gratify your banterer by laughing at the fun which he makes of you, which you will be enabled to do with natural ease by considering what a ridiculous opinion of his own superiority to yourself he must entertain to have the impudence of presuming to make you his butt.

Banter may irritate a rational man if it take him unawares, as when he is talking in earnest, so as to confuse and balk him, and thus, like the zany's foolscap when it stopped the philosopher's telescope, put him into a rage. You will be subject to be ruffled by banter if you want sufficient presence of mind always, when attacked with it, to think how stupid you must be to suffer your serenity to be disturbed by an ass. Still, when banter flurries a man and puts him out, it is a considerable bore, and therefore he might well be vexed with his acquaintance for mocking him to his face, although he would not care a button how much they chose to deride him behind his back.

Banter among the lowest class of cabmen, omnibus conductors, and touters, and the inferior order of thieves, becomes chaff. Chaff is unbridled banter; insolence worded without scruple or restraint; scorn venting itself in a guffaw. As in banter smiling gentlemen pleasantly twit one another with follies and foibles, so grinning ruffians, interchanging chaff, bandy imputations of depravity. It is good for a gentleman to accustom himself to stand chaff, for that will enable him to sustain banter with complacency.

"That's my business!" as the butcher said to the dog that was killing his sheep.

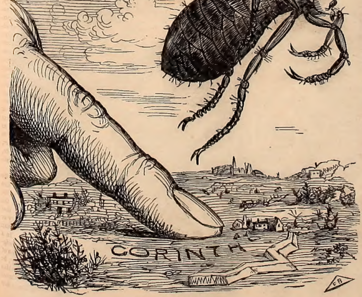
An Irish footman, who got a situation at the west end of London, on entering a room where there was a vase of golden fish, exclaimed, "Well, by J——, this is the first time I ever saw red herrings alive!"

A lot of fellows bantering a large and fat companion, remarked that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay. "I suspect I am," said the man, "from the way the asses are nibbling at me."

"If you children quarrel so about that doll, I'll break it; there's no peace where you are." "Oh do, mamma," screamed the young hopefuls; "then we all shall have a little *piece*."

The facetious Mr. Bearcroft told his friend Mr. Vansittart, "Your name is such a long one, I shall drop the sittart and call you Van for the future." "With all my heart," said he; "by the same rule I shall drop the croft and call you Bear."

Douglas Jerrold was subjected to a series of long interviews with an old lady, a friend of the family, who was in the habit of talking to him in a very gloomy and depressing manner, presenting to him only the sad side of life. "Hang it," said Jerrold, "she wouldn't allow there was a bright side to the moon!"



THE REBEL FLEA.
You put your Finger on him, and he isn't there.

Having a Rest.—"Why do you walk, Bob, when you've got a donkey to ride?" said a gentleman to an Irish lad, who was walking by the side of his donkey. "Sure, then," replied the boy, "I'm just walking to rest my legs."

It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

Sambo to a Vendor.—De tater is inevitably bad or inwerably good. Dare am no mediocrity in de combination ob de tater. De exterior may appear remarkably exemplary and butesome, while de interior is totally negative; but, Sir, if you wends de article 'pon your own responsibility, knowing you to be a man of sagacity in all your translations, why, Sir, widout further circumlocution, I take a bushel.

What description of fowl did Lord Elgin's carriage resemble when he entered Pekin?—*A coach in China.*

Which travels at the greatest speed, heat or cold?—Heat; because you can easily catch cold.

A Michaelmas Goose.—A person invited an acquaintance to dinner on the twenty-ninth of September, saying he always had a goose at dinner on Michaelmas-day.

A Negro's Notion.—It is peculiarly the duty of the white race to be cleanly—they show dirt so easily.

Ladies in the Middle Ages.—In a "Book of Courtesy" published in the Middle Ages, ladies are recommended to keep their hands clean and to cut their nails often, and never to swear or get drunk!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, June 24, in the Senate, a resolution directing inquiry as to what legislation is necessary to punish Congressmen who lend their official influence to procure government contracts was adopted. A Message was received from the President vetoing the bill repealing the act prohibiting the issue of small bank-notes in the District of Columbia. An executive session was held, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the bills authorizing an additional issue of $150,000,000 of Treasury notes, and appropriating $5,000,000 for the payment of volunteers' bounties, were passed. The Senate's amendments to the Pacific Railroad bill, and also the House bill prohibiting polygamy in the Territories, were concurred in. After the transaction of considerable business of a miscellaneous character the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, June 25, in the Senate, the Judiciary Committee reported back the Bankrupt bill, with a recommendation that it be postponed till December next. The bill to prevent Congressmen and Government officers taking compensation for procuring contracts was reported back by the Judiciary Committee. The discussion of the Confiscation bill was then resumed, and continued till the adjournment.——In the House, resolutions of the Missouri State Convention on the subject of emancipation were presented, and ordered to be printed. A bill for the admission of Western Virginia into the Union was referred to the Committee on Territories. The bill providing for the adjustment of the claims of loyal citizens for damages caused by the Union troops was taken up, and discussed at considerable length. The House then took up the Tariff bill, and, after the adoption of a number of amendments, adjourned.

On Thursday, June 26, in the Senate, the bill granting the proceeds of certain public lands in aid of the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad was passed. The bill for the admission of Western Virginia into the Union as a State was taken up, and discussed by Senator Sumner. The bill recognizes slavery till the end of the year 1863; but Senator Sumner moved an amendment prohibiting slavery in the State. Pending the question, the Senate resolved itself into a High Court of Impeachment, and proceeded with the trial of Judge West H. Humphreys, of Tennessee, charged with high crimes and misdemeanors against the Government. After the hearing of testimony, the President of the Senate pronounced the judgment of the Court, as follows: "It is hereby ordered and decreed that West H. Humphreys, Judge of the District Court for the Western, Middle, and Eastern Districts of Tennessee, be, and is hereby, removed from said office, and that he be and is disqualified from holding or enjoying any office of honor, trust, or profit under the United States." The Court and the Senate then adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Walton, of Vermont, offered a preamble and resolution declaring, in effect, that the reporter of the New York *Tribune*, who sent to that paper an article relative to the purchase by Congress of Gales & Seaton's compilation of the proceedings of Congress, is guilty of a breach of the privileges accorded to reporters by the House, and directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the facts. The preamble and resolution were adopted by a vote of 102 against 8. The Senate bill increasing the army medical corps was passed. No other business was transacted, the members of the House being in attendance upon the High Court of Impeachment for the trial of Judge Humphreys.

On Friday, June 27, in the Senate, the bill punishing Congressmen and other public officers, and disqualifying them from holding office, on conviction of their having taken any consideration for procuring government contracts, office, or place from the government, was passed. The report of the conference committee on the bill reorganizing the navy was agreed to. The debate on the Confiscation bill was then resumed, and continued till the adjournment.——In the House, the morning hour was occupied in discussing the bill providing indemnity to loyal citizens for losses of property through United States troops. A bill was reported making good the amount of the Indian trust bonds stolen from the Interior Department through the connivance of the traitor Floyd. In Committee of the Whole the discussion of the Tariff bill was resumed, and all the sections of the bill were acted on except the last two, when the committee rose. A resolution was adopted ordering the arrest of Michael C. Murphy, of New York, to answer for contempt, he having refused to appear before the Judiciary Committee in the case of Hon. Benjamin Wood. The House then adjourned till Monday.

On Saturday, June 28, in the Senate, a communication was received from the War Department transmitting official reports of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, one hundred and sixty in number. The consideration of the Confiscation bill was resumed; and, after some debate, the motion of Senator Clark, of New Hampshire, to substitute the bill reported by the Senate committee for the House bill, was adopted by a vote of twenty-one against seventeen; and afterward the bill was passed by a vote of twenty-eight against thirteen. An executive session was then held, and the Senate adjourned.

THE BATTLE OF MECHANICSVILLE.

Another terrible battle took place before Richmond on 26th and 27th. It appears that General M'Clellan had become convinced by 25th that General Fitz John Porter's corps, which was on the north side of the Chickahominy, should be moved across the river so as to be on the same side as the rest of the army, and the movement of commissary stores and tents had already begun. This movement will eventually necessitate the abandonment of the railroad to the Pamunky and of our dépôt at White House; and orders were sent to White House to embark our stores and send them to Fortress Monroe, with a view to the establishment of a new dépôt on the James or Chickahominy rivers.

On 26th the enemy attacked simultaneously General Porter's corps near Mechanicsville (the rebels having crossed the Chickahominy near the Virginia Central), and our forces near Hanover Court House. They took nothing by the attack, General M'Call's division, which was in the advance, being thoroughly able to hold their ground.

Early on the morning of 27th M'Call received orders to fall back slowly in the direction of Gaines's Mills. The order was obeyed. The retreat was so slow that the troops took six hours to march less than six miles. After passing Gaines's Mills they reached the ground where they had been directed to make a stand—a large plain lying some distance east of Gaines's Mills, southeast of Coal Harbor and north of the Chickahominy. There they awaited the attack of the enemy, who came on in great force at about 3 P.M. on 27th. The battle raged fiercely till night, without change of position. At one time General Porter was so hard pressed—the enemy having received reinforcements—that he sent across the Chickahominy to M'Clellan for help. It came at once. A few thousand men, under Generals Slocum, Palmer, French, and Meagher, were hurried across the river, and with this reinforcement General Porter held his ground firmly, and holds it still. Night put an end to the conflict.

The effect of these battles is to change somewhat the line of our army before Richmond. Instead of stretching from Mechanicsville, on the north side of the Chickahominy, to Bear and White Oak Swamp, on the south bank of the river, a distance of some twenty miles, our forces are now concentrated on the Chickahominy, at what was till recently our left flank. As soon as a new dépôt and base of operations are established, the whole army will move forward without delay upon the rebel right and Richmond—probably along the bank of the James River.

General Jackson is said to have reinforced the rebels with his army from the Shenandoah Valley.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

General Pope has received the supreme command of affairs in the Shenandoah Valley, and will now be pitted against the rebel Stonewall Jackson. The forces under Major-Generals Frémont, Banks, and M'Dowell have been consolidated into one army, called "the Army of Virginia," and Major-General Pope has been especially assigned by the President to the chief command. The forces under General Frémont constitute the first army corps, to be commanded by General Frémont. The forces under General Banks constitute the second army corps, and are to be commanded by him. The forces under General M'Dowell constitute the third army corps, to be commanded by him.

CARVING A HEAD-STONE.

The following is published:

War Department, Washington, *June* 27, 1862.

I.—Major-General John C. Frémont having requested to be relieved from the command of the first army corps of the Army of Virginia, because, as he says, the position assigned him by the appointment of Major-General Pope as Commander-in-chief of the Army of Virginia is subordinate and inferior to that heretofore held by him, and to remain in the subordinate command now assigned would, as he says, largely reduce his rank and consideration in the service, it is ordered that Major-General John C. Frémont be relieved from command.

II.—That Brigadier-General Rufus King be and he is hereby assigned to the command of the first army corps of the Army of Virginia, in place of General Frémont, relieved. By order of the PRESIDENT.

Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

ROSECRANS IN THE FIELD.

General Rosecrans, who has hitherto proved himself an able officer in his career in Western Virginia, is to take General Pope's command.

A SKIRMISH BEFORE RICHMOND.

On 25th June, our pickets on the left were advanced considerably, under sharp resistance on the part of the enemy. The movement commenced about noon. At 3½ o'clock General M'Clellan telegraphed that the picket lines of General Kearney and one half those of General Hooker were where he desired them to be, and that he hoped soon to accomplish all he aimed at for the day. At 5 o'clock he telegraphed that the affair was over, and that he had gained his point fully, and with but little loss, notwithstanding the strong opposition. The enemy was driven out of his camps in front, and all was quiet. While this important movement was being made on the left, General Fitz-John Porter, further to the right, succeeded in silencing the enemy's batteries in his front.

The ground fought for was a swamp, with thick underbrush, beyond which is an open space, the command of which is extremely important. But little more ground is now to be gained to place our troops entirely beyond the swamps fringing the Chickahominy—a matter of the first moment as regards the health of the troops, as well as facility of movement.

THE FIGHT AT CHARLESTON.

The troops under command of General Benham made an attack on Secessionville, on James Island, S. C., at four o'clock on the morning of the 16th, and after four hours' hard fighting against the rebel batteries, were repulsed, with heavy loss. The Seventy-ninth New York Volunteers (Highland Regiment) behaved with the most determined valor, and suffered fearfully. The Eighth Michigan sustained with them the hottest portion of the fight, and suffered equally. The attack was made on the Tower Battery, which, for some time past, had been annoying our troops with shells, and General Benham resolved to make a reconnoissance in force to discover the strength of the enemy at that point. The result proved that his command was not large enough for the operation he undertook to accomplish; and although the troops retreated in good order after a terrific combat, their sacrifice was heavy, and their repulse, under the circumstances, was rendered inevitable. That General Benham had not force enough to effect what he attempted is unquestionable; and the blame of failure is put upon him, and he has been sent here to New York under arrest. This affair cost us six hundred and sixty-eight brave soldiers killed, wounded, and missing.

RAILROAD ATTACKED NEAR MEMPHIS.

An attack was made by a body of rebel cavalry on Wednesday upon a train bound for Corinth, on the Charleston and Memphis Railroad, twelve miles from the latter city, containing a company of the Fifty-sixth Ohio regiment, a number of officers, and several teams and wagons. The rebels destroyed the locomotive, burned the cars, killed ten of our men, and captured several officers including Colonel Kenney, Majors Pride and Sharp.

REBEL CLERGYMEN IN LIMBO.

Many of the clergy of Tennessee are obstinately rebellious, with the exception of the priesthood of the Catholic Church, who are devotedly loyal to the Union. The leading clergymen of the Methodist and Baptist persuasions refused to take the oath of allegiance at the Conference in Nashville, and many of them were sent to the Penitentiary as impenitent rebels.

OUR ARMY IN ARIZONA.

General Carleton's brigade of Union troops has entered Arizona. The advance-guard, under Colonel West, reached Tucson about the 17th ult., the rebels having previously abandoned the place. The Stars and Stripes were again hoisted over the ruins of Fort Breckinridge.

THE MORMON LEGISLATURE.

The Deseret Legislature met for the first time at Salt Lake City on the 14th of April, and Brigham Young sent in his Message as Executive of the State. The Governor is sound on the Union, and strongly urges the immediate recognition of the State authority of Deseret by Congress. He says the government will save, by her admission into the Union, thirty-four thousand dollars now paid for Territorial expenses, and receive her annual quota of the governmental tax. He recommends the Legislature, when Deseret is taken in, to exact that it be done with all the laws that are now in operation in the Territory of Utah, including, of course, the law recognizing polygamy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

MORE TALK OF INTERVENTION.

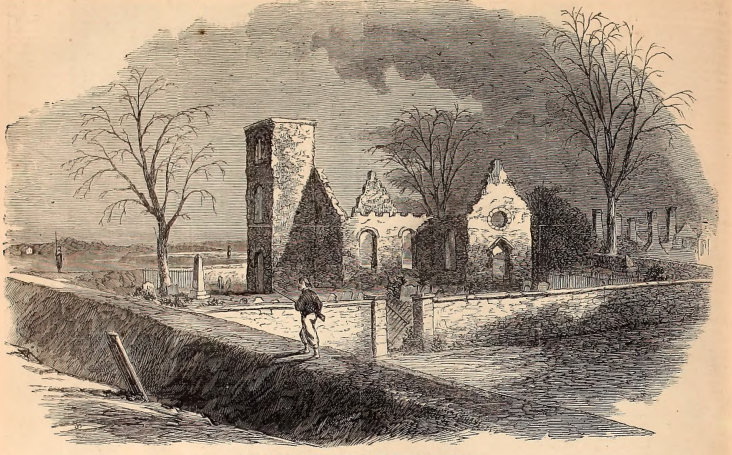
The *Patrie* of the 11th ultimo circulated the following paragraph in larger type than usual: "We are assured that negotiations are about to commence in London to arrive at an understanding which may enable proposals to be made for a mediation in American affairs. If the negotiations in question succeed, the mediation of England and France will be tendered simultaneously, and in identical terms, to the belligerent parties."



THE SURGEON AT WORK AT THE REAR DURING AN ENGAGEMENT.—[See Page 429.]



BIRDS EYE VIEW OF RICHMOND AND THE COUNTRY.—[See page 440.]



THE OLD HAMPTON CHURCH, AT HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

THE OLD CHURCH AT HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

We give on this page a picture which shows in the foreground the OLD CHURCH AT HAMPTON—the oldest in the United States, which was built of bricks brought over from England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Hampton used to be a delightful place of residence, especially in summer. Rude war and the savage destructiveness of the rebels have now left it desolate, and many a year will revolve before it recovers its ancient aspect of quiet happiness and repose.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE F. SHEPLEY.

GENERAL SHEPLEY, whose portrait we give on page 453, is the son of ex-Chief-Justice Shepley, of Maine, the most eminent jurist of that State. He was born at Saco, and is now forty-two years of age. Was a graduate of Dartmouth, of the law school of Cambridge, and further perfected his studies in the office of Judge Howard, of Portland.

He commenced the practice of his profession in the city of Bangor at the age of twenty-one, and almost immediately entered upon a large practice, and was engaged as counsel in some of the most important causes in the Supreme Court of the State.

A few years afterward he removed to Portland, continuing there the practice of his profession, to which he has been devotedly attached, and from which he has never allowed himself to be diverted for any length of time by any allurements of political or official position. Near the close of President Polk's term, though then a very young man, he received the responsible office of United States District Attorney, which position he held to the close of Mr. Buchanan's Administration.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—A FORAGING PARTY.

He commenced his military service as Colonel of the Twelfth Regiment Maine Volunteers. This regiment was designated from the outset to constitute a portion of General Butler's New England Division. The Report of the Adjutant-General of Maine states that, "upon the nomination of General Butler, Hon. George F. Shepley, of Portland, late District Attorney of the United States, and whose reputation as one of the ablest and most distinguished lawyers in New England is too well known to require mention here, was appointed Colonel of the regiment. The clothing, uniforms, equipment, and complete outfit of this regiment were got up by Colonel Shepley and Quartermaster Hall, in command of the State to be irreparable, but was soon relieved by a first-class regiment, which saved the rear of Carrollton and New Orleans from serious attack. A subsequent order established to clean the city and help the poor by judicious remunerative labor. For five hours each day, at the Mayor's office, General Shepley gives complaints, and listens with patience to the petitions of citizens, corporations, and others who may be impervished by the rebellion; and these duties he performs in addition to his military responsibilities.

MAJOR-GENERAL L. WALLACE.

MAJOR-GENERAL LEWIS WALLACE, whose portrait we reproduce on page 430, has been, we believe, a lawyer by trade, and a politician by habit and predilection. When the rebellion broke out, in April, 1861, he raised a regiment which was dressed and drilled as the Turkish Indiana Zouaves. They were Zouaves, and their friends claimed that they were more perfect in the exercise of drill than any other regiment in the service. When they were mustered in, at Indianapolis, Colonel Wallace made the whole regiment kneel before the State House and take a solemn oath to "remember Bunker Hill"—Jeff Davis by name. He was one of the deputations of cowardice upon the Indiana Regiments at Buena Vista. The Eleventh Indiana saw no service during the three months' campaign, but they were at the capture of Romney and other fights in West Virginia. At the expiration of their term of service Colonel Wallace reorganized them for the war, and they were sent to Missouri. On the morning of the 21st of May, 1862, General Wallace was appointed Brigadier under General F. P. Smith, and was in command for some time in Smithland, Kentucky. He made several important reconnoissances at this time, and attracted so much attention by his skill and ability that he was soon promoted to the command of a division. At the storming of Fort Donelson he distinguished himself conspicuously, and was thereupon appointed a Major-Generalship. He again did good service on the second day's fight at Pittsburg Landing, after the evacuation of Corinth his division was ordered to Memphis, which place they reached a few days since. As Memphis has fallen, and is now being command at Memphis, was to put a stop to the seceding publish of the Mississippi River, and fill the Western officers General Wallace is perhaps the most popular with his men.

Of his strictness as a disciplinarian our correspondent tells a good story. In camp near Pittsburg he was out one day four of his soldiers carrying their tent half on ex, which they had appropriated. He ordered each of the men by turns to carry his half of the tent, and as this should not round a tree for to-day—the performance to last a whole day in the broiling sun. He then compelled them in the same way to fix their tent, and so to keep off the flies. And on the third day he had them bury a with appropriate ceremonies. The effect of this affair caused in camp may well be imagined.

THE BATTLE OF ST. CHARLES, ARKANSAS.

We publish on page 438 an illustration of the BATTLE AT ST. CHARLES, on the White River, in Arkansas, on 17th June. Our gun-boats ascended the river, discovered a rebel battery, and commenced a fight which lasted for an hour and a half. A steam-drum of the *Mound City*, and caused the death of four officers and seven men. The gun-boats, Colonel Fitch, who accompanied the boats with a land force, immediately stormed the rebel works. The following official report conveys an idea of the affair:

> ST. CHARLES, WHITE RIVER, ARKANSAS, June 17, 1862.
>
> *To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:*
>
> On arriving within sight of this place this morning we discovered that the enemy had two batteries here, supported by a land force, consisting of infantry and cavalry.
>
> A simultaneous attack was made at seven o'clock A. M. by the regiment and the gun-boats. About forty-eight hours' notice had been given to the enemy that the gun-boats and batteries were thrown out, who drove in the enemy's pickets.
>
> The gun-boats then moved up and opened on their batteries. A rifled shot from one of the gun-boats penetrated the steam-drum of the *Mound City*, disabling, by scalding, most of her crew.
>
> Approximate that some similar accident might happen to the other gun-boats, and knowing the necessity of their support, I signaled the gun-boats to cease firing, that we would storm the battery. They ceased at once, the right moment, and my men carried the battery gallantly. The enemy were driven from the support of the guns, my gunners drove out their men, their commanding officer, Freye (formerly of the Arkansas State Militia), wounded and captured, and eight brass and iron guns, with ammunition, captured.
>
> The enemy's loss is unknown. We have buried over forty, eight of their dead, and other dead and wounded are daily brought in.
>
> Our casualties among my own command are small, the only one I am losing from the creeping steam in the *Mound City*. She will probably be repaired and ready to proceed with us up the river to-morrow.
>
> I will report with as much as early as possible. Very respectfully, G. N. FITCH,
> Colonel commanding Forty-sixth Indiana Volunteers.

> UNITED STATES FLAG-STEAMER "BARNEY,"
> MEMPHIS, JUNE 19, via CAIRO, JUNE 21, 1862.
>
> *Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:*
>
> The gun-boat Conestoga, returning from the White River, reports the capture of two rebel batteries, mounting seven guns, at St. Charles, 60 miles from the mouth of the river. The batteries were commanded by Colonel Fritz, of the Arkansas State Militia, and were taken by Colonel Fitch. The city was gallantly carried by Colonel G. N. Fitch, at the head of the Forty-sixth Indiana Volunteers.
>
> A shot caused the explosion of the steam-drum of the *Mound City*, by which the gun-boat part of her officers and crew were killed and wounded.
>
> I write by to-day's mail. C. H. DAVIS, Flag-officer.

The following, from the *Tribune* correspondence, refers to the affair, and we believe to the explosion of the *Mound City*:

> The gun-boats were covered with miserable, perishing wretches. Some of the officers who were in the cabin when the explosion occurred, lay in their berths, scalded beside some poor though fortunate fellow who had just escaped from them.
>
> The close and burning atmosphere of the vessel was rent with cries, and piercing shrieks, and groans—a Pandemonium of torture and despair.
>
> They suffered, writhed, and twisted like a coil of serpents over burning fagots; but many, who were less injured, leaped into the water, and by their own efforts or self-preservation, and, resting to the ports, leaped out into the river. The water for a while seemed to be full of people, and they struck out bravely for the shore opposite to the batteries, and a large number of persons.
>
> Before I finish I must not omit to mention the gallantry of Lieutenant Bidwell. Others were conspicuous for their bravery, prompted by an involuntary instinct, when their condition would have appealed to the most callous and barbarious, and melted the stoutest heart, our enemies, but Bidwell displayed a coolness and a deliberate courage, the guns of the upper and lower batteries upon the unfortunate in the river, and not until then did his spirit depart to its rest.
>
> Not satisfied with this, a detachment of sharp-shooters left the second work that the *Mound City* and St. Louis gun-boats had silenced, and fired upon the men in the water, killing and wounding many.
>
> Even Lieutenant Bidwell, as he struck I am as American officer, prompted by an involuntary instinct, when their condition would have appealed to the most callous and barbarious, and melted the stoutest heart, our enemies, but Bidwell displayed a coolness and a deliberate courage, the guns of the upper and lower batteries upon the unfortunate in the river, and not until then did his spirit depart to its rest.
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THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We publish on pages 440 and 441 a large drawing illustrating a BAYONET CHARGE; on page 444 an illustration of a Sharp-shooter; on page 445 a bear during a battle; and on page 437 a BRIDGE OVER RICHMOND AND THE VICINITY, showing the bridges over the Chickahominy, and the fortifications erected by the rebels, and the positions over which the battle is so steadily and surely pushing his way onward.

The two former drawings are by our artist, Mr. Winslow Homer, who spent some time with the army of the Potomac, and drew his figures from life. The BAYONET CHARGE is one of those spirited pictures ever published in this country. It is notorious to military men that soldiers seldom actually cross bayonets with others in battle. Before the regiment which is charging reaches its antagonist, the latter is generally in full flight. But the charge and all the bravery in the world will not protect a man from being run through the body by a bayonet if he does not run away. The sharp-shooter was drawn from a sketch made by a Massachusetts lieutenant, who was on picket duty, and saw the rebel sharp-shooter deliberately crossed bayonets, and his fisherman one of the Russian Regiments is said to have stood still while a man ran a bayonet into his Polish regiment. At Fairoaks the rebels almost invariably broke and fled before our bayonets reached them. The Zouaves were famous for this. They were hand-to-hand tussles at particular points. One of these is represented in our picture.

The "Surgeon at Work" introduces us to the most painful scene on the battle-field. Away in the rear, quiet and out of the way of the hurried, spected among civilized soldiers, the surgeon and his assistants receive the wounded as they arrive, and swiftly minister to their needs. Arteries are tied, ligatures and tourniquets applied, flesh wounds dressed, broken limbs set, and the operations and where haste is essential, amputations performed within sight and sound of the battle-field. In no scene the surgeon is often the one who requires most nerve and most courage. The swaying tide of battle frequently sweeps the field hospital, and sometimes brutal soldiers will take a flying shot at him as they pass. Upon his skilled and judgment depend the lives of a large proportion of the wounded; and if they fall into the enemy's hands, military law requires that he shall be considered and act as a prisoner. An arrangement has lately been made between General Howell Cobb, of the Union army of the Potomac, and the army of the Potomac, by which surgeons are to be considered non-combatants and released from captivity, and the wounded are in the hands of the surgeons of the enemy.

MAJOR-GENERAL POPE.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN POPE, who has just been appointed to the command of the Army of Virginia, to operate in the Shenandoah Valley, was born in Kentucky, about the year 1822. He entered the Military Academy at West Point from Illinois in 1842, and graduated in the Corps of Engineers and of Topographical Engineers. He was in the Mexican war, and a brevet was given him for gallantry, and then he obtained his First Lieutenancy. Again at Buena Vista he won laurels and the brevet rank of Captain. He was still a Captain when the Rebellion broke out, and was one of the officers appointed by the War Department to escort President Lincoln to Washington. He was loyal, and was soon after the inauguration appointed to a command in Missouri. Hundreds of marauders were at that time overrunning the State, burning bridges, robbing and murdering, and firing into army trains. General Union men, and firing into army trains. General Pope inaugurated the plan of making each county responsible for outbreaks occurring therein. An attack having subsequently been made by the rebels on a body of Union men, General Pope seized the damage at a given sum, ordered the county to pay it on a day fixed, and, when the county officials showed a disposition to trifle with him, seized property and produce enough to pay the amount required. He was subsequently appointed by General Halleck to the command of Central Missouri, and effected several important seizures of rebel arms and supplies, and rendered it necessary for General Price to fall back. When General Curtis was sent in pursuit of Price, General Pope was distributed to Commerce, Missouri, where he organized with remarkable dispatch a compact army of about 12,000 men, and marched through Arkansas to the rear of New Madrid. He took the place by a brilliant dash, seizing a large quantity of arms and munitions of war. He then, conjointly with the mortar and gun-boat fleet, laid siege to Island No. 10, which single night have been indefinitely prolonged but for "a transverse movement" undertaken by General Pope. He cut a canal through the swamp and bayou, through which a gun-boat and transports were sent to him from above. This enabled him to cross the river, and to lay the entire rebel army at Island No. 10. General Pope was subsequently ordered to reinforce General Halleck at Pittsburg. He was the first corps to enter the place after the evacuation, and he pursued the flying force of Beauregard for forty miles, capturing large stores of ammunition and a large number of prisoners.

He has just arrived at Washington, and received the command of the Army of Virginia, with Fremont, Banks, and M'Dowell under him. We give his portrait on page 445.

ESCAPE OF CONTRABANDS.

On page 444 we publish a picture illustrating the ESCAPE OF CONTRABANDS from the coast of Florida to the United States bark *Kingfisher*, doing blockading duty. The author of the sketch thus describes it:

> UNITED STATES BARK "KINGFISHER,"
> BLOCKADING OFF ST. MARKS, FLORIDA, *April 26, 1862.*
>
> *To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*
>
> I beg to transmit to you, herewith inclosed, a rough sketch, which I made yesterday of the vessel (on the 17th instant), with Mr. Marks River and Light-house in the distance. They were six in number, almost entirely in a nude state. They state that they were seven in one small egg, and had subsisted on what wild hog they could run down, and the roots and herbs that grow around in the bush and swamp. Their suit consisted of an old flannel blanket, and the old coat of a rebel soldier. Poor people, I suppose, a dog of treats. Should you deem it worthy of publication, it is at your disposal.
>
> Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
> WILLIAM G. JOSS, Assistant-Paymaster.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOUTHERN UNIONISM.

DEXTER, ISLESBORO, *June 19, 1862.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—A southerner by birth, lineage, and education, a slaveholder, the son and grandson of slaveholders, and myself steeped from the land of despotism and blood, I hasten to thank you for your just appreciation of the difference of this martial crisis that is now upon us, and for the sound advice you give the Government. Your remarks upon slavery touch my interests; but I am one of those who believe their interests with the welfare of their country. I can forget my private losses for the good of my country. I can forget my private losses for the good of your unswerving support of the Government in the hour of its trial. You say that the United States Government must show that it is the strongest, and that it is determined. O my it again and again, and let the false, lisp, perjuring Union men of the South take heed! You seem to think disparagingly and doubtingly of Southern Union sentiment. In this you are mistaken. You know not the doubts and fears that have strangled the hope of Southern Union men. Remember the unworthy article that have appeared in certain tokkowans or traitorous Northern papers, and Vallandigham's and other villain's addresses scattered broadcast over the South by exultant secession papers; and then the sufferings of the people of the Union-States, and the extraordinary course of the Government in dealing with traitors, and the cautious and timid policy—allowing men boldly to refuse to swear allegiance, and then walk about among us and traitors and plotters, and then what a man was actually beaten and beaten by rebel soldiers. Why, I know men in the South nearly to death upon the handles of the United States flag, and for standing for the Union, and that too within forty feet of the Union soldiers, who had no orders to interfere. Can you wonder that men who entertain their enthusiasm upon the same occasion, were thwarted with death in my hearing by bloodthirsty secessionists, standing around with Colt's repeaters in their bosoms. The Government must remember that the South is not that it is earnest, and tens of thousands of Union men will rush to its support, authority and take up arms for it. Did not forty men volunteer in Conway County, Arkansas, a few days since, to overcome Curtis's army? The Union men of the South have been ground down to the dust, their hearts crushed so long that they are slow to hope again. If you crushed so long that they are exciting and unreasonably every cause only know how extremely sensitive mankind. The expression of Union sentiment has been punished, you would no longer at their hesitancy. Did you ever reflect what a tremendous engine of power Fear was? How did Robespierre hold France trembling at his feet, every one praying for his death, yet none daring to strike? Caesar. No, Sir, we are mistaken. True Southern men, you, hundreds of thousands of loyal hearts unceasingly pray for the restoration of the Flag of the Union, and with trembingly, but none the less fervently.

Do you not know that two-thirds at least of the people of the South are non-slaveholders? And can you believe that they are willing, or ever were willing, to fight a battle for the rich aristocracy of slavery? Many were deceived by adroit and designing men into not acting at all, some few into voting for secession; and in some States, particularly North Carolina and Tennessee, they were bullied and bullied into secession. And in Arkansas the Convention, after having been elected as pledged to the Union by an overwhelming majority, voted the State out of the Union and never submitted their action to the people. Have you ever known military authority or execution for strife five thousand? Many of my intimate friends urged me to go with them. I told them, as they never could get my assistance to ruin my country. My constant reply was,

"Did you ever know a revolution to succeed that did not spring from the hearts of the people?" Remember, they were overborne for twelve months. Did you look like men or chivalry? In most cases they volunteered to escape the draft with which they were constantly threatened. And their refusal to re-enlist produced the infamous conscription law. And they pray for the advance of the Union army, for they know that nothing else can stop this bloody war and relieve them from intolerable military despotism. Oh, then, keep it before the people and Government of the United States, that the Government must show itself the strongest. If this is done, every man in the South could be banished, or got out of the way, the people would return to their allegiance immediately.

Yours truly, E. MERRITT.

AFTER.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

Now she lies here dead before you,
Still and cold as any stone;
Now the dreadful grief broods o'er you,
Desolate and all alone;
Now that all of passion's past,
It is well we meet at last.

Daytime—but you would not know it—
And the summer sun is bright
As the visions of a poet—
And she only died last night!—
Ah, it is a sorry jest,
All these things are for the best.

Say you loved her, loved her truly,
With the purest faith of man,
Sacrificing all things for her
As a noble lover can;
Yet she made you—yes, I see—
Just the thing you chose to be.

Loved her? Bah! your truth and honor
And your manhood, what were they?
Stand up here and look upon her!
Look, now she is sleeping there.

See, I pity you, poor dreamer;
I, whom you have hated long;
And I will not make it seem her
Fault, that she has done you wrong:
She was heavenly—like a star—
She was what the angels are!

Hope, I say; and when you meet her
With them in the Blest Place,
Clasp her to your soul and greet her
With a talk of splendid pain;
Tell her, in your starry dream
How I told you words of hope.

Time and tide flow on forever;
Pleasure alternates with pain;
Life is restless with endeavor;
And with loss, and sorrow with gain;
But there is no settled bliss
In this world for only this.

For around us are the curses,
And the tumult and the war;
We are jostled in our nearses
As we always were before.
Only those who taste the strife
Who attain the higher life.

Look up bravely. Say I cheered you.
Standing here beside this corse;
Say it was her love endeared you;
Tell her of my tender force;
Tell her, howso'er you will,
Reined, lest, I love her still!

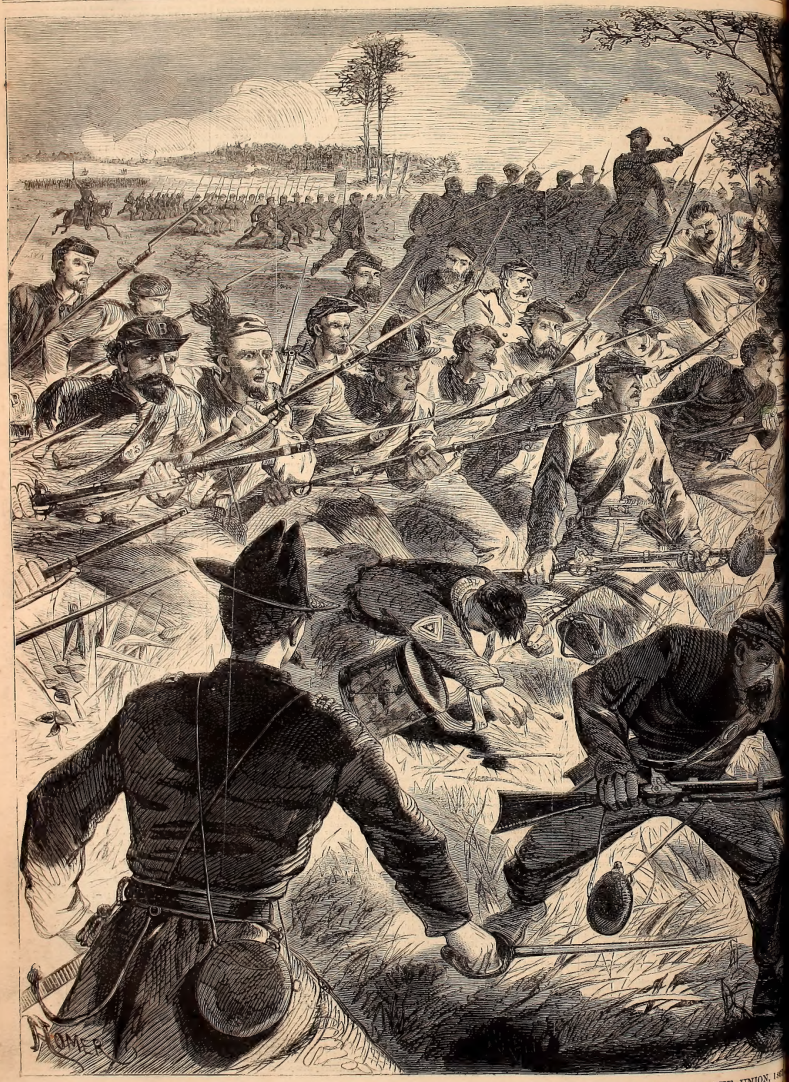
Not for me is any morrow,
Crown of love or crown of fame:
I will tread this mighty sorrow
In the mire of sensual shame:
It will grovel in the earth
Wasting toward a lower birth.

There is nothing makes me tremble,
Nothing that I fear to do;
Had no spirit resemble
You would never think it true.
Tis no matter: best be gay,
Forging out a future day.

Mock you? Is your heart so broken?
Was it nothing to be blest
With that very precious token
That she loved you like the rest?
Nothing, that she gave her vow?—
No, I do not mock you now.

In a world of commonplaces,
Empty hearts and shallow brains,
Flaunting fools with painted faces,
Black desires and crimson stains—
Well enough as such things go,
That sweet grief should tempt you so.

Hope, I say, till you receive her.
Hope, for we are only men.
Put her in the grave, and leave her
Just your heart to keep till then.
So—my blessing—for I knew
Just how good she was to you!



THE WAR FOR THE UNION, 18



BAYONET CHARGE.—[See Page 439.]

"AN UNCLAIMED BODY."

UNKNOWN, unclaimed, forgotten,
In a rude, unlettered bier,
With the death-wound on his fair young brow,
In a nameless grave he sleepeth now,
Unhallowed by a tear!

* * * *

Darkly the cloud of battle
Hangs o'er the Field of Pines!
With desperate strife the rebels bear
Their leaden-driven squadrons there
Upon our slender lines.

The shadowy belts of forest
With ghastly flames are red:
Be eager and humble, plain and wood,
Lie, prone or writhing in their blood,
The dying and the dead.

Who is yon gallant stripling
Far in our battle's van,
Who combats as if Freedom's charm
Had nerved his heart and steeled his arm
Beyond the might of man?

Within the deepest woodlands
When faint the conflict grew—
His dress in deadly grapple shred,
Blood-red his brow—pale were his hands—
He fell!—and no one knew!

* * * *

Sweet are the song-birds' carols;
The flowers of June are fair;
The stream laughs gayly in the sun,
But by its margin waileth one
Who sees not these glad things.

Her slender form is drooping;
Her dark-blue eye is dim;
The sunrays nestle in her hair,
The birds and the flowers are fair—
She only thinks of *him!*

"Oh! that this mad rebellion
By prayers and tears could cease;
And he—my golden throne of life—
Were here, released from the strife,
To give my pour heart peace!

"I love thee, oh, my country!
I love thee from my soul!
My life I would not count a shade,
A feather, on thine altar laid,
If it could make thee whole!

"But *his!* oh! spare my other,
My soldier, better part!
Thou still hast myriad hero souls
To shine on Glory's martyr-rolls—
But *he* is all my heart!"

The summer flowers still open,
And the low birds still sing;
But alas for the weeping maiden there,
With the sunshine rippling o'er her hair,
And the prayer on her trembling lips!

Unclaimed, unknown, forgotten,
In a rude, unlettered bier,
With the death-wound on his fair young brow,
In a nameless grave he sleepeth now,
Unhallowed by a tear!

STRATEGY.

"CLARA, come sing Schubert's Serenade—it will suit this tranquil evening."

There was a group of young people on deck, the stars were all out, and the rippling waters through which we were so quietly yet so swiftly speeding would murmur the refrain for her voice was of such sweet tenderness.

Clara gathered her long, Spanish-looking cloak around her and answered not.

"Any little song, then, that suits you," I continued.

"I should choke," was her only response, in a dry, smothered tone, her eyes fixed on the dark waters.

I was quiet after that, for either my cousin was out of humor or ill, and I could not tell which. But she was not long silent. A restless nervousness pervaded all her actions; she took off her close bonnet and tossed it on the picturesque riding-hat with its graceful plumes; then that was doffed, and her fine, well-poised head—out-lined in marble purity by expressive turns—with its mass of straight, glossy hair, all drawn smoothly off her white forehead, was left uncovered to the breeze; her hands moved incessantly, now twirling over the leaves of her book, then thrown lightly by her side, as she stood caressing the black feathers of her chapeau. I ventured to ask what was the matter.

"If I could only dash down into those waves," was her strange reply.

I could have smiled at the earnestness had I not seen that she was really suffering.

"Would it not be well first to ask her pardon for thereby in some other way? We should find the river cold to-night."

"Not one cold! I am burning with heat."

"Yes, your hands are feverish—mine are cool; let me try and make yours so."

My firm hold of her restless fingers seemed to

* AN UNCLAIMED BODY.

Who has lost a friend? Some ten days ago there was left on the wharf at this place a pine coffin-case, without any direction, containing a very fine mahogany coffin, inside the corpse of a young man apparently wounded in the head. It is now interred near the Fort. Information may be had concerning it of Edwin Smith, in charge of the Wharf, or E. Wakeman, Fort Deposit, Maryland.

still their nervous activity. Gradually, too, I drew the proud young head down on my shoulder, and my quietness before long was imparted to her by some electric influence, for the long lashes fell softly, darkening the violet tinge of shadow round her beautiful eyes; the pained expression faded, leaving only a sweet sadness that touched my very heart.

"What can have befallen dear Clara!" thought I. It was years since I had seen her a merry, winning child, giving promise of rare beauty and rarer intellect. Now I was taking her to my home at her express desire; for she wished to leave her dwelling, and I was her nearest relative in the East. A long journey from her last house, under the care of a friend, had brought her to me, and we were now on our way to my country cottage. All day Clara had been rather fitful of manner, flashing out gayly at times as if determined to please, or recalling the past, asking all kinds of questions, or, proving that separation had not diminished our powers of observation. Toward evening she had hummed little snatches of song that proved to me the fine quality of her voice; but suddenly the liveliness was abandoned, and I saw that with the blossoming of the stars Clara's fine spirits and her angelic wings had both had awakened some unknown sorrow.

She did not sleep long, for bending down toward her I found her bright eyes open wide and looking at me. It is my nature to long to relieve suffering wherever I can; in a moment, then, my dog Carlo limping in from the road runs at once to me, poking his cold nose in my hand and whining, knowing well that the sympathy he invokes is sure to come. How much more does human pain and sorrow command attention!

Gently kissing the ripe red lips which trembled at my play, I bade Clara open her heart to me as she would have done to her mother. That word touched the chord which had been thrilling already with pain, burst into tears, and poured out the summer beauty of her face.

"Oh, I am so sorry that we did not leave! I should have been spared all this!"

"Sorrow shared is half removed, my darling; tell me your trouble, and I will be your mother in future."

It is a long, long story, beginning even when I was a child. Yes, even then I was the cause unwillingly of wrong, but I could not help it—I, an unconscious child. Mary?"

"I am sure not, dear."

"You know my guardian had two sons, Leo and Wilbur: having no sister I was always their playfellow, and I am sure I loved them both as my sister would have done; but they were not brothers to both so proud in different ways. Wilbur is the younger, and when we were very young I think I liked him best, but I did not know he was so chivalric, so lovingly gallant, and then, too, he was very handsome. Strangers were always struck with him, not for words speak a word that even verged away from the truth, not to spare even me from a rebuke; while Wilbur, I would often tell him sometimes, in a different coloring to little affairs to shield both of us; for we were children, and I was a child in every kind. One evening we were upset in a little skiff on the lake through Leo's fault; that is, he was anxious to get home before the storm that was rising as against too strong a breeze. We could all swim, I as well as any boy, and Leo as a man; but not Wilbur and I, resolved to say nothing about it lest Mr. Minot should not let us go alone again, and we dearly loved our liberty; but Leo at once said he would have no such proceeding—he would tell his father, and take the blame. Wilbur objected to this, saying it was very unnecessary and selfish in Leo; for we of course would have to suffer as well as he. At last they gave up—we were all equally guilty, and for days they hardly spoke to each other; for Leo felt his father, and we were obliged to see it in the calm the lake in consequence for some time. I only tell you this, Mary, to let you know the spirit that existed between the two brothers, and I, dear! I was sent to school as well as Leo and Wilbur, and we only met at vacation times, Leo saying it was very unnecessary and selfish in Leo; for we of course would have to suffer as well as he. At last they grew up—were almost men, handsome and manly, and his education had been very thorough, so that his conversations were really delightful; his conversation, for he was not a talker—never was he for that, but so intelligent and interesting; his studies in natural history, and his scientific experiments made him a very agreeable companion. Of course I, as a mere school-girl, looked up to him as a model of cognition, and Wilbur and I would sit and talk to and reason with me as a sensible being. It was a very great while before Wilbur and I were more frequent, for the house was filled with visitors; but though I love the woods and fields, I never loved them as he did—studying the habits of the birds, especially snakes; so that, if I can, I always go horseback on my excursions, and Wilbur and I, Mary, how—we were all obliged to walk: we were going to see a picturesque rock which commanded a splendid view of the lake and the hills. I, being very independent, refused any aid from Wilbur, who would have liked to have carried me—indeed, he sent my refusal; but nothing, you know, to delight a school-girl as to be able to jeer at boyish weakness. Wilbur was hurt, I believe; stared slowly up, laughing and chatting, until, as I ventured to climb a loose stone, he came with a nearly nonsensical remark, it at the same moment a horrid snake, black and venomous looking, slid from under it. Both Wilbur and Leo sprang to my assistance. I, with no thought but that of horror and danger, clung to Leo, nearly fainting in his arms. It was over in a moment, both my fright and flintiness; but as I regained my presence of mind I met Wilbur's look. So intense was its meaning that I turned to avoid it. Anger, reproach, and jealousy were very legible; and his eyes never left mine, even when Leo's face steadily burned into my very soul. Weakly foolish, I still shook by fear—I still with Leo and Wilbur, and at last Wilbur bounded off, and we saw him no more that day. Since then, in the last four years, I have been strangely in the power of Wilbur Minot. I can not explain to you, I fear, how strange has been his influence. Over and over again I have refused his love; over and over again shrunk from him with inexpressible repugnance. His character has developed in its way as Leo's has in a different one. Leo is still the same truthful, honest, earnest soul, and oh! so generous, so self-denying. But Wilbur is exacting and selfish; he has sworn, Mary, that I should love him, and one moment he would almost win me by his extravagant tenderness, although I have feared that; the next he would be so fierce, so wild, that every vein of my being swelled in proud antagonism.

"Leo left home to study law and Wilbur to enter, or enter the regular service, for which he was well qualified by his military education in Europe, for he was sent to Germany to school, re-

[illegible] for the present, he had other views for his son, and said that less brain and more muscle would serve our country quite as well. Wilbur accepted entirely for the South; and, my dear cousin, you can hardly have an idea how bitter has been my anguish in that part of the country caused by difference of opinion in families. Leo would not argue; he said enough to incriminate both, but more than that he would be do so. But Wilbur, in his fiery impetuosity, often sought to draw him into discussion. Once, after striving to prove to Leo the *right of wrong*, Wilbur came to me, declaring his brother was too cowardly to defend his principles. At that unfairness I was aroused, and said, with eagerness, that Leo was no coward. A new burst of jealous passion followed my words; and while I in vain tried to calm the tempest Leo came toward us. A new phase of our unhappy trouble began. Wilbur turned at once and told Leo I was dying of love for him; that his own happiness was at stake, and all (in my dear father's brotherly kindness. I felt my cheeks burn with blushes. I trembled with anger and wounded feeling. Leo never went out of the house, and a torrent of tears came to my relief. Still Leo stood watching me calmly; surprised and cool, he seemed to be utterly selfish as his brother. Too proud, too hurt to explain, with great effort I subdued my rage and insult. To my utter bewilderment Leo would not let me; gently but forcibly he detained me, and I saw in his face a look of scorn as he drew my wide windows. Even the lace curtains seemed thick and heavy, while the scent of sweet flowers from the garden was almost noxious. All the room was densely silent; the brownes seemed like dark spirits watching us. Every little sound fell on my ear with unnatural and terrible distinctness, as if the hour of destiny, of fate were weighing on me.

"'Stay, Clara; I know now, Lee is right.'

"'What do you know and see, Leo?' I said, in reply—'only a weak, ridiculous girl.'

"'No, dear child,' he said, in the saddest tenderness, 'and not a coward—not a child.'

"'I saw, I suppose, a lover's quarrel. Wilbur must not be jealous of me. I shall go and leave you to him. As for me, I am so unselfish as not to tell you, darling, how hard it is for me, how long I have been watching the tiny girl, whose little dead limbs have often rested in my arms, till now, no longer a pretty plaything, but a beautiful, trustful, thoughtful woman.'

"I must repeat his words just as he spoke them, Mary.

"He went on—

"'It is very sad, but not strange, Clara, darling, that we should both have loved you, both Wilbur and I. Two boys, with all its clumsiness and changes, he murmured thoughtfully; then, with almost Wilbur's passion, he clasped me in his arms, called me a good girl, kissed my cut nosses, and bade me a long good-by. It was over so quickly, he spoke so hopefully, and I was sure Wilbur's entirely, that I hardly could persuade myself that it had all happened. I staid alone in the parlor nearly unconscious, my mind all unstrung, but finally I think, to look in my own heart and find its bitterness full to overflowing. Strangely to call Leo back and tell him I loved him and not Wilbur, then remembering how terrible a brother's quarrel would be I decided not. Oh dear! if I could have died at that moment, I thought, it would have been better for all; just one cut would gain rest and suffering in life by wishing for death. I went to my room and staid there: a headache indeed kept me in it for several days; meanwhile word was brought me that Leo had enlisted and was already gone to the war. It was impossible for me to call Leo back and tell him I loved him and not Wilbur, then remembering how terrible a brother's quarrel would be I decided not. Oh dear! if I could have died at that moment, I thought, it would have been better for all; just one cut would gain rest and suffering in life by wishing for death. I went to my room and staid there: a headache indeed kept me in it for several days; meanwhile word was brought me that Leo had enlisted and was already gone to the war. It was impossible for me to call Leo back. I was the cause of Mr. Minot's grief at Leo's going—the innocent, and Wilbur the guilty cause; oh, dear cousin, I have to have you take me away—I could not live in so much unhappiness. To-day, before we started, a letter came from Wilbur, telling me that if I do not at once decide his fate for him he will enter the rebel service; then, indeed, his influence may be great. What shall I, what can I do?'

I kissed the fair temples throbbing with excitement, and told Clara she must be true to herself and trust the consequence with God—that she must ask for a moment's reflection before she left my room—my best little nook, all pink lined and inviting. I was sure my dear child had cast on her sorrow, for I could see the way clearer than she could; my faith is strong, and I believe in right prevailing. I was sure she had suffered enough through that dreadful Wilbur Minot, and my resolve was taken, if I can do any thing she shall suffer no more.

Early after breakfast next morning Clara came to my room looking very sad, but very firm. Her cheeks had lost their delicate color, and her forehead was contracted and whiter than ever for the resolve that sat on them. She had in her hand an open letter, which she gave me to read.

[*To be continued. And, finding promise in Wilbur Minot that she would become his wife.*]

"But, Clara," I remonstrated, "you do not love him."

My young cousin came swiftly toward me, and placed her hand playfully over my lips.

"Hush, dear; forget all that. I have thought all night long, and this is the result. Do not try to shake me."

"The next day—oh, wickedness of duplicity!—letters went—one to Mr. Wilbur Minot, one to Mr., Captain, or Colonel (I hardly know which) Leo Minot. Again we walked, and talked more; but Clara, darling! was still calm and firm in the dreadful struggle. She had sacrifices her decision but cost her. It was lovely weather until the second week after our arrival. Then the storm came in torrents, and I had to stop gardening. Clara, too, and found the little rose-leaf room a safe retreat. Pale and weak, she lay tranquilly among the pillows. "Only tired," she said. I know she would not have it otherwise.

"I am uneasy, sweety,

Oh would that I were dead!"

In the middle of the weeping rain came news of battle, and I, with hasty eagerness, ran up with my packet of papers to Clara's room. We both devoured them, for the battle was fought a stone's back on her pillow quite unconscious. Among the wounded—some mortally—was Leo Minot's name!

It was one thing before Mary's eyes, and another touched the pink of pale cheeks and lips. Still all was silent from Wilbur.

A strange way of looking at me Clara fell into, a questioning, singular way, especially when I was in any gayety. I, with grateful appreciation of her ease, pretended to be unconscious. Still, as letters came, again and again, which brought a strange flush of health, equal to my summer roses, and a flood of tear-drops bright as the dew on the roses, and which fell on my hands, burning as fire, what was I left to imagine?

I was tranquilly sauntering my hair before my toilet-glass one afternoon, and Clara, whose affairs we never mentioned now, was reading aloud to me out of that dreadful old (?) book of Miss Bidwell's, whose maiden, rural life is my model, when my maid came up and laid a card on my table. I glanced at it, and told Clara to see the name. As she did so, with quick, flushing surprise, she spied it in my hand—every thing-ridden before me another name, equally familiar if not as pleasant. She paused in extreme astonishment.

"Why, Cousin Mary?"

"Well, child?"

"Here is my letter to Wilbur, which you have never seen!"

"I sent a letter to Wilbur."

"But not to me."

"No; and I sent one to Leo; and if he is down shirty why do you not fly to meet him, poor wounded sister dear to nurse?"

"Oh! oh! oh! Cousin Mary! how could you be so deceitful?"

"I was strategic, child. Go down, I tell you, and see Leo."

My plan succeeded.

I was bridemaid, groomsman, matron of honor standing feast, and grave-stay of the bride, all in one.

As for Wilbur—poor Wilbur!—he is in the rebel army, as I was quite sure he would be.

WOUNDED.

"SIX hundred and forty-three wounded!"

"If that were all!" My wife spoke in a sad voice. "If that were all!"

The words, as given so complete," I said, referring again to the newspaper which I held in my hand, "are hundreds killed, and wounded, and six hundred and forty-three wounded."

"A fearful list, but it is not all," my wife answered. "Six hundred and forty-three are a blank."

"A great many more were wounded—a great many more."

"But this is an official report issued by the commanding general."

"Let us take the matter home. We have a son in the army. The ball that strikes him strikes us. If in that list of killed and wounded we had found his name, would there have been no keenest point or shattering bullet in our flesh? I shiver at the thought. Oh! the terrible, invisible messengers of pain and death wound often deeper than iron and lead!"

As she thus spoke my eyes were resting on the

official list, and I saw the name of a friend. An ejaculation of surprise dropped from my lips.

"What?" My startled wife grew slightly pale.

"Harley is wounded!"

"Oh dear!" The pallor increased, and she laid her hand over her heart—a sign that she felt pain most keenly. She tried to steady her voice, then, half through his chest. Not set down as dangerous, however."

"Poor Anna! What sad tidings for her!" My wife arose. "I must go to her immediately."

"Do so," I assented.

Soon afterward we went out together. I to my office, and she to visit the family of the wounded officer.

It is strange how little the death and disaster of battle affect the active world. Men are so much engaged in the real of the struggle, and wounded, even to the regret of the soldier, almost as if the statistics were figures of nobility, almost as if the statistics were simply commercial. We talk of many persons very differently if they were crates and bales. I do not except myself. Sometimes I feel as though all sensibility, all sympathy for human suffering, had died out of my heart. It is, perhaps, as well, but I perceived to the full extent the terrible reality of things, we could be in half-paralyzed state, instead of continuing our useful employments by which the common good is served. We can not help the suffering nor heal the wounded by our mental pain. But let us see to it that through lack of pain we fail not in sensibility to the cry out of our ability.

When I met my wife at dinner-time her face was paler than when I parted with her in the morning. I saw that she had been suffering, while I, intent on my own urgent affairs, had half forgotten the unwounded friends—Harley and his wife; one pierced by a missile, and the other by an invisible bullet.

"Did you see Anna?" I asked.

"Yes."

"How is she?"

"Calm, but hurt very deeply. She only had to seen this morning."

"Is she good to him?"

"There has not been time to decide what is best. Her husband's wounds are here, and will get as much information by telegraph to-day as it is possible to receive. To-night or to-morrow he will be here for the last official. Anna may go with him."

"She appeared to be hurt deeply, you say?"

"Yes," replied my wife; "and was in much intense pain. Every line in her face exhibited suffering. One hand was pressed all the while tightly to over her heart."

"What did she say?"

"She said, as she seemed looking into the distance and trying to make out things seen but imperfectly. If he were to die I think it would kill her."

"Two deaths by the same bullet," I said, my thought recurring to our morning conversation.

In the evening I called with my wife to see Mrs. Harley. A telegram had been received stating that her husband's wound, though severe, was not considered dangerous. The ball had been extracted, and he was reported to be doing well. He was to be going to leave in the night train with her brother-in-law, and would be with her husband in the quickest time it was possible for him to travel. How a few hours of suffering had changed her! Her mood was deep and very painful.

I was musing on how these Harley was so sentimentally reserved to be removed from the hospital. His wife had been permitted to go to him at once, and to remain in attendance on him for a greater part of the time.

"Did you know that Mr. Harley and his wife were at home?" said I, on coming in one day.

"No. When did they arrive?" was the answer and inquiry.

"This morning. I heard it from Harley's brother."

"How are they?" asked my wife.

"He looks as well as ever, I am told, though still suffering some from his wound; but she is miserable, Mr. Harley says."

A shadow fell over my wife's face, and she sighed heavily. "I was afraid of that," she said. "I knew she was suffering. Such deep sympathies are rarely, but spirit wounds are difficult to heal. These invisible bullets are almost sure to reach some vital part."

I met Mr. Harley not long afterward in company with his wife. He was very much worn by the war, his cheeks flushed with health. You saw merely a sign of what he had endured. He talked in a brave, soldierly manner, and was severe for the time to come when the surgeon would pronounce him in a condition to join his regiment. His wound, when referred to, evidently gave him more pleasure than pain. It was a mark of distinction—a sign that he had offered seven life for his country.

How different with Mrs. Harley! It was hard for you to look into her dreamy, absent eyes, on her pallid lips and exhausted countenance.

"She has worn herself out in nursing me," said her husband, in answer to a remark on her appearance. He looked at her tenderly, and with just a shade of anxiety in his face. Was she not in pain to him? Did he not know that she had been wounded also? That two balls left their mark when it was struck, one of them reaching to his distant home?

In three weeks I hope to be in the field again, and face to face with the enemy." He spoke with the air of a strong soldier, his bright, pale face in a glow—wounding, and the pain of wounding all forgotten. But another's eyes became dim as his brightened—another's cheeks paled as his grew warm. I saw the tears shining as Mrs. Harley answered, in an unsteady voice,

"I am neither brave enough nor strong enough for a soldier's wife."

She had meant to say more, as was plain from her manner, but could not trust herself.

"Oh, yes you are, brave enough and strong enough," replied Mr. Harley, with animation, in female company, he institutes that sort of preliminary examination without which none of the common bargains of everyday life are concluded, and ventures to put a possible wife through her paces. He has, of course, his own tastes, his own views of married bliss. He is on the look-out for sympathy, whether in a love of Tennyson's poetry or of butter-pudding. How can he ascertain whether he has found the article he wants except by drawing his fair companion into some sequestered corner of the salon, out of the range of the sleepless dowager eye, and testing her capacities and aptitudes—whether she be sentimental or cullinary? Is she inspired by the Muses or Francatelli? For this reasonable precaution he pays dearly in reputation. Mrs. Grundy, for instance, that of a young lady is often much harder. She is liable to be brauded as a flirt if she dances twice at a ball with the same partner, although that partner may be the only man she knows in the room, or the only youngster with whom she can perform without resentment to her shirts. She is a flirt, in the eyes of her fair friends at least, if her tastes naturally lead her to the companionship of men, if she is fond of hunting or cycling, if she includes in her vocabulary a single expression more than her own brother, if she be lavish in the distribution of her *carte de visite*. She is a flirt in the eyes of every mother in Mrs. Grundy's set if she goes down to dinner on the arm of any young man of good fortune. She is a flirt if she be pretty, gushing, or brilliant. In short, among the subalterns into an inanimate lump of insipidity and conventionalism, she will be pronounced unworthy the middle passage in the quarter or other by a jury of British matrons.

But though the term is often loosely and indiscriminately applied, it has a definite meaning. We flirt when we consciously convey to the mind of a person of the opposite sex an assurance that he or her society is peculiarly agreeable to us. This is done in a variety of ways. A look, a word, a gesture, is enough to carry the flattering conviction to the breast of our companion. It needs no master to decipher the characters inscribed on the girl's brow. One who dances may read—"I think you charming, and I like this conversation immensely!" The manner by which a flirtation is conducted are multiform, and it is in the selection of the means adopted that the art consists. Flirting operations are usually carried on under a cloud of small-talk. The art consists in infusing into that a tone of deep battery and covert insinuation. To ask a fair Belgravian whether she has been to the opera on the International Exhibition organs an innocence worthy of Adam before the Fall; but to supplement such a commonplace by *Lucrezia* or *Lucia* is to know her favorite pictures or opera, proves that you have at least some rudimentary idea of the art of love. Flirting is essentially an artificial and exotic accomplishment. It implies an advanced stage of civilization. It is the art of the conservatories that it evolves a considerable refinement of manners. It derives its chief illustrations from the accessories and embellishments of social life. Pictures, music, books, theatres—these are the food on which flirtations are nourished. In a wet day for instance, when books and pretty nothings would soon languish and die, there is no flirting, properly so called. Flirtation is the lover's art in a vanishing point in the social scale beyond which the phenomenon disappears. "Will you have a cup?" is by no means an analogous institution—it means much more, or much less. There is nothing in the ordinary tone of Polly Jones to the life-guardsman which savors of flirtation. Her admiration is far too evident and open-mouthed. The element of reserve and restraint is wholly wanting. She has no buffer, in the shape of chit-chat conversation, to interpose between her admiration to a red coat and the order of her military admirer. She has none of the machinery of the flirt at her command. Distance. The struggle for existence to which Corydon is exposed, and the constant toil of his life, leave no time for flirting with Phyllis. He can sheep's-eyes on her, and some day or other "gets married;" but the elaborate process of preliminary processes with which we are familiar in drawing-room life. There is another point to notice. So far as unmarried ladies are concerned, flirting is almost a national characteristic. It is not for the boy or the girl alone that the phrase of the tender passion with which we have enriched the French language. We do not mean that all English maidens have a tendency to flirt, but that out of England the conditions of girlhood are so different, and the restraint so multiplied, that flirting is no opportunity for flirtation. In France a woman can not flirt until after marriage. The liberty which the youthful female subject of Queen Victoria enjoys has its evil as well as its good.

There are many ways of flirting with effect. The two principal are the flirt intellectual and the flirt sentimental. The first is a rarer, and decidedly a higher species of the family. In so far as the subject-matter over which she flirts is superior to that which is the staple of her feebler sister, she must always be considered superior to the latter. Science, literature, and agreeable conversation afford a much greater scope for flirting than mere scandal and watery sentiment. Miss Minerva certainly devotes herself too much to the young gentleman as the proper object which deserves to be courted. It is a pity, perhaps, that she talks quite as large a part of the time as the young subaltern or traveler, but it is the thirst for information which keeps her at his side. When she makes a dash at the Syntax portion of the day, it is to enjoy his *bon mots*, and afterward record them in her diary. Her interest in photography is something more than a pretext for open-air flirtation. If she dabbles in botany or geology, it is not a mere lure for botanical or geological eldest sons. Even if it were, such means would, to some extent, justify the end, for, as an Endish rôle is superior to a broomstick, so hammer, lenses, and chemicals are worthier weapons for the conquest of a husband than languishing looks and idle words. There is no similarity in seeming feature about the flirt sentimental. She is altogether a poor creature. Her only idea of business is to trade in a weak manner upon her own feelings. She is full of secrets and trivial confidences. She is always submitting small metaphysical problems to the consideration of her male acquaintance. She has a perennial supply of pretty cases of conscience to lay before her mustached confessors. Will Captain Jones tell her whether she is very wrong to prefer her friend to her relatives, Gregorian chants to Anglican, a Hansom cab to a Manchester? Will Captain Jones tell her what is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all? Can he explain why she is never merry when she is most full of mirth? All which queries the gallant captain is as competent to answer as to write a treatise on the origin of evil or the topography of the moon. A married flirt of this type may safely go further, and pass herself off as a helpless lady, when in fact her whole world is direct, in which she is ever yearning for sympathy. Fixing her unconscious victim in the corner, she sharkly hints that her home is not happy, that she is not appreciated, that she has been the victim of various foul practices, conspiracy, and persecution for all this is a train of youthful odorets. If the truth were known, her wrongs would probably turn out to have been mercenary; but simply because, much as she craves for sympathy, she would more for a splendid establishment.

We have only one other species to particularize in the flirtatious genealogy, a species in the main we have watched the relations which exist between the bachelor curate and his flock without becoming conscious of their existence. The celibacy of the clergy depends, we fear, even in Protestant England, a good part of the organization of the parish. That female enthusiasm which finds its expression in the votive slipper languishes and dies in presence of the curate whose wife is a full. With the failure of the slipper-crop comes the collapse of the district-visitorships, a drooping in the efforts of Scripture-readers, a painful indifference to district visiting. Those errands of charity which somehow or another used generally to fall to the Rev. Cyrils doer are discontinued. No more delicacies are sent in his early for the purpose of reclaiming Bibby Brown from the snare of the Baxters. No more blending of soprano voices with his cathedral tones at the Choral Festival. Not that the minor luminary of the parochial system monopolizes the attention of the serious flirt. If the rector be a pet preacher he must be left in undisturbed possession of the school-inspector, at his annual visit, who quite unconsciously becomes a domestic effect. What a pretty timidity she manifests at his presence, and how multiferious the points on which she wants his advice! What a delightful perplexation when the dear creature takes up the needlework, and runs on in something ornate about the button-holes! But the greatest prize of all is a real live missionary. If he is black, so much the better. The lungs of the tales of monster flirtations like another Desdemona. She is never tired of hearing him relate his early adventures in the King of Dahomey. In short, she is, within certain limits, very catholic in her flirting propensities. She does not struggle for the unique interest which she finds a man who may be fairly considered to be doing good in his generation.

Space does not permit us to dwell on all the subordinate varieties of our subject, else we might notice the value of the flirtation spoiled by what are called female accomplishments, and point out how far, and under what circumstances, they exercise their exponent flirt. Or we might attempt a classification according to temper and manners, and contrast the boisterous flirt with the more delicate flirt with the "sly paws." We have a few words to say, in conclusion, desirable to the whole family. It is from no wish to spoil the sport of any of our fair friends, proceeding just now so merrily in the *enclave* of the needle-book that we venture to remark that all flirting on the part of a woman involves, in greater or less, the principle of self-respect, and the admission of weakness—an invitation to a man to say what he pleases with impunity. The flirt quits, as it were, her intrenchments to get the benefit of adventure. Thrown among the kindly and chivalrous, she fares well enough. But adventures, as they are not universal, and woe to her if she some day fall in with a partner "flown with insolence and wine." Or even a partner who entertains ideas of a jealous wife. It is as well to remember that the Rubicon which divides the aggressive flirting from the indirection, if it be deep, is also narrow. But, worse than a fault, flirting is in nine cases out of ten, a bore to the unfortunate male concerned, a blunder. In the tenth, it is successful only because the flirt is clever enough to be guilty of this were as very sure, that no woman should venture to flirt unless possessed of considerable strength of character or force of conscience. Giddy heights require steady heads. When Opie was asked by a Bryanston Square lady how he got his art, he replied, gruffly, "With brains, Sir." Young ladies should abstain from flirting unless they use the same recipe. It is, as a social point of view, the first is much more pleasant than the grade. There is no greater infliction than to have to the last agreeable to a woman than perpetually standing on the defensive—who, when you sit down to talk, increases the distance between your chair and her own, and who looks as if she expected every moment that you were about to lay down on the floor and roll. Well might you attempt a few amiable passages with a hedgehog. The man at least has the consolation of your toes, the more she seems to bristle with precaution. Your sprightly nonsense is received with evident suspicion, your innocent sallies with uneasiness. You begin to think, from the half-frightened expression of your companion's face, that your looks must be flustered, your language intemperate, and that you have more of the Lothario in your outer man than you were ever aware of. Either you are annoyed, or tempted to amuse yourself by shocking in good earnest such a nervous temperament. Then, and not before, you mentally acknowledge the debit of gratitude which society owes to the flirt.

FLIRTS.

WHEN Bachler Kings and Celebrated Friendships have found a chronicler, we wonder it has not occurred to some one to write a book on what we may bee theme Illustrious and Historical Flirtations. We are reminded of this by a conversation we have had-ced on the subject. There is a whole host of eminent flirts about whom a great deal might be said. Cleopatra, for instance, was a flirt, and between Queen Elizabeth and half her young courtiers, and Lord Castlereagh and the Grand Duchess Pauline would afford materials for an interesting chapter. Then there is Dr. Johnson and the fair Thrale; Byron and Wapolia and Lady Jersey; Goldsmith and "good Lady Hastingdon;" Fanny Burney and her "dear Daddy;" love passages in which the parties were all evolved out of her own internal consciousness. If another royal flirt were wanted there would be Sarah Antoinette and Count Fersen, and the romantic story of the third George and Lady Sarah Lennox. Madame Mauflower and Madame Recamier would afford materials for an interesting chapter. Then there is Dr. Johnson and the fair Thrale; Byron and Wapolia and Lady Jersey; Goldsmith and "good Lady Hastingdon;" Fanny Burney and her "dear Daddy;" love passages in which the parties were all evolved out of her own internal consciousness. If another royal flirt were wanted there would be Sarah Antoinette and Count Fersen, and the romantic story of the third George and Lady Sarah Lennox would be inserted. The chronic flirtation between Madame Recamier and Madame Decamier, and the meteoric one between Madame de Stael and Sir Francis Mauflower would afford delightful romantic subjects for the pen, and might bring the volume to a brilliant close.

It is a pity of the great and wise have been addicted to flirtation, we are justified in inquiring in the face of the fact of flirting being so much more common than to be told that a certain lady or gentleman of our acquaintance is a terrible flirt. A vague prejudice against that person is thereupon generated in our well-regulated mind. We should be puzzled to say why, for the charge is often idly hazarded and very imperfectly understood. When alleged of the male sex, it is assumed to mean something volatile, selfish, and semi-sentimental. And yet it is often unfairly imputed to a man whose intentions are, in a matrimonial sense, perfectly honorable. He is called a flirt merely because,

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

GENERAL BUTLER'S magnificent success at New Orleans justifies us in reproducing his Portrait, and we give it accordingly.

Mr. Butler was born at Deerfield, Rockingham County, New Hampshire, in 1818, and is consequently forty-three years old. One of his ancestors was a Cilley—one of the truest Revolutionary stock in New England—and the subject of this biography was related to the latter named Jonathan Cilley, who was killed in the duel with Graves of Kentucky. Mr. Butler received his collegiate education at Waterville, Maine, where the Baptist denomination have a flourishing literary institution. He studied law, and took up his residence at Lowell, Massachusetts, where he soon distinguished himself as an advocate in the courts of Middlesex County. His reputation was soon extended to Boston, and he has long held a prominent position in the Massachusetts bar, whether in the courts of the State or of the General Government. As an advocate he is distinguished by the energy with which he devotes himself to his client, and by the strong, playful, and sometimes vehement language hurled against opposing counsel.

He has always been a prominent politician of the extreme wing of the Democracy, and has been in a number of political positions in his adopted State. He was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives for the first time in 1853, was a member of the Constitutional Convention the same year, and was Senator for Middlesex in 1859-'60. In May, 1860, he was senatorial delegate to the Democratic Convention in Charleston, and afterward at Baltimore. He sided with the Breckinridge faction, and upon his return home was nominated by that portion the Democratic party candidate for Governor. He was one of the first to respond to the proclamation of President Lincoln calling for volunteers; and his subsequent services have made him, as a patriotic and as an energetic officer, dear to the loyal people of the United States.

The correspondent of the *Herald* thus described the performance of General Butler at the outbreak of the war:

General Butler, with a single Massachusetts regiment, the Eighth, marched from his own State, through an alien State, and the city of Baltimore, reached at least a steamer, and landed his whole force then considered the enemy's soil, and took possession of Annapolis and held it.

The War Department, appreciating this bold movement, immediately created the new Department of Annapolis, which extended to within seven miles of the Federal capital, and also on the east included Baltimore city, and made General Butler commander of the same. He proceeded to reconstruct locomotives, build bridges, and make railroads. He pushes on toward Baltimore, fortifies himself at the Relay House with the 69th Massachusetts and Eighth New York regiments and Cooke Horse Battery, controlling the great channel of communication between the rebels at Harper's Ferry and there in Baltimore. He sends out his scouts, seizes the famous steam-gun and hems it up on the road, and with the same Massachusetts regiment and the whole of Baltimore stared three weeks previous, accompanied by Cook's Boston Battery and the New York Eighth, he marches into Baltimore, fortifies himself upon the highest point of land overlooking the whole city, issues his proclamation giving protection to all loyalists, and summoning his militiamen to all traitors, seizes arms, arrests traitors, and marches through the streets escorted by the single company of the gallant Massachusetts Sixth, which received the utmost treatment from the mob three weeks before. He does all this before the Pennsylvania troops that were at Cockeysville, within fifteen miles of Baltimore, three weeks ago reach the city or afford him any support. This is history; and truly General Butler has made a brilliant campaign.

General Butler was afterward appointed to the command at Fortress Monroe. It was while he was there that the unfortunate affair at Great Bethel took place, and he was soon afterward superseded by General Wool. He then received the command of the expedition against New Orleans. The fighting was done by the time he got there; but his civil administration has been worthy of all praise.

We wish to place on record a charming illustration of his style of managing an impertinent consul:

The Acting British Consul had written to protest against his treatment of some British subjects. General Butler replies:

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, May 21, 1862.

SIR,—I have your communication of May 8. With its remains of fact I have nothing to do. A plain statement of the matter is this: A number of residents of this city, who have enjoyed the protection and advantages of the United States Government in their large trade and property for many years (some of them more than a decade), and now claiming to have been born subjects of Her Britannic Majesty Queen Victoria, regulated themselves into a voluntary body, known as the "British Guard," armed, uniformed, and equipped, patrolled the streets till the fleet of the United States had left the city with its guns. This body then, after a consultation in presence of its captain and at least one other officer, at eleven o'clock at night, deliberately voted in an organized meeting to retain the arms and uniforms of the company in the army of the rebel General Beauregard, which vote was carried into effect by sending to the rebels substantially all the arms, uniforms, and equipments in their armory. This organization was concealed from me for some days, but when its existence became known, and he acknowledged its facts tearlessly as above stated. In this flagrant breach of the laws of nations, of the United States, your ground proclamation, and the laws of Great Britain, I ordered him to order his company to leave the city within twenty-four hours. To this I have added, saying, among other things, that he would be punishing the innocent with the guilty, as there were some members absent at the time of the vote; that each soldier of the Guard owned his arms and uniform as private property, and it would be hard to compel those to leave the city who did not retained their arms and uniforms, and all others, including those of all rights of hostility and hostile acts, to leave the city within twenty-four hours. I should have been arrested and sent to Fort Jackson as dangerous and inimical persons. These people thought it of consequence that Beauregard should have sixty more soldiers and rifles. I thought it of the same consequence that he should have sixty more of these Britisher men, who may fill them if they choose. I intended this order to be strictly enforced. I am content for the present to let he open enemies to remain in the city of their choice, and to their flag and tendencies when enemy's soil.

* * * * * * *

Then for you will do me the honor to observe that I have treated your communication as if it emanated from the duly authorized Consul of her Majesty's Government at this port. The respect I feel for that Government leads me to err, if at all, upon the side of recognition of all its claims, and those of its officers; but I take leave to call your attention to the fact that you subscribed yourself "Her Britannic Majesty's Acting Consul," and that I have received no official information of my right when you may have so to act, except you refer alone; and I cannot permit you to err in saying that your action in behalf of which here complain of has not been sanctioned by me. I cannot refer to indorse the belief or any part that you rightfully represent that noble Government. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

BENJ. F. BUTLER,
Major-General Commanding.

TO GEN. C. CORNELL, acting as private secretary.

Appeals of the threats which have been so freely uttered in the Southern newspapers and elsewhere to assassinate the General, the *Herald* correspondent says, in a late letter:

He rides about among the people as freely as if he was their peculiar favorite. On Sunday afternoon he started with his staff, after five o'clock, and rode to Carrollton, a distance of eight miles. They did not leave there to return until after seven o'clock, arriving at the 56, Charles a little before nine. A large part of the road is through a piece of woods, where a skulking foe might have fired upon the party from ambush. The General says, in reference to the possibility of assassination, with which he is constantly threatened through anonymous letters, "if they do it, it will only place General Phelps in command: and if they are satisfied with that arrangement I have nothing to say."



CONTRABANDS ESCAPING TO THE UNITED STATES BARK "KINGFISHER," OFF THE COAST OF FLORIDA.—[SEE PAGE 439.]



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN POPE, COMMANDING THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 423.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRECY," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER III.

"Miss Garth, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount, opening the parlor door and announcing the visitor's appearance with the tone and manner of a well-bred servant.

Magdalen found herself in a long, narrow room, consisting of a back parlor and a front parlor, which had been thrown into one by opening the folding-doors between them. Seated not far from the front window, with his back to the light, she saw a frail, flaxen-haired, self-satisfied little man, clothed in a fair white dressing-gown, many sizes too large for him, with a nosegay of violets drawn neatly through the button-hole over his breast. He looked from forty to five-and-thirty years old. His complexion was as delicate as a young girl's, his eyes were of the lightest blue, his upper lip was adorned by a weak little white mustache, waxed and twisted at either end into a thin spiral curl. When any object specially attracted his attention he half closed his eyelids to look at it. When he smiled, the skin at his temples crumpled itself up into a nest of wicked little wrinkles. He had a plate of strawberries on his lap, with a napkin under them to preserve the purity of his white dressing-gown. At his right hand stood a large round table, covered with a collection of foreign curiosities, which seemed to have been brought together from the four quarters of the globe. Stuffed birds from Africa, porcelain monsters from China, silver ornaments and utensils from India and Peru, mosaic work from Italy, and bronzes from France, were all heaped together, pell-mell, with the coarse deal boxes and dingy leather cases which served to pack them for traveling. The little man apologized, with a cheerful and simpering conceit, for his litter of curiosities, his dressing-gown, and his delicate health; and waving his hand toward a chair, placed his attention, with pragmatical politeness, at the visitor's disposal. Magdalen looked at him with a momentary doubt whether Mrs. Lecount had not deceived her. Was this the man who mercilessly followed the path on which his merciless father had walked before him? She could hardly believe it.

"Take a seat, Miss Garth," he repeated. Observing her hesitation, and announcing his own name, in a high, thin, fretfully-conventional voice: "I am Mr. Noel Vanstone. You wished to see me—here I am!"

"May I be permitted to retire, Sir?" inquired Mrs. Lecount.

"Certainly not!" replied her master. "Stay here, Lecount, and keep us company. Mrs. Lecount has my fullest confidence," he continued, addressing Magdalen. "Whatever you say to me, ma'am, you say to her. She is a domestic treasure. There is not another house in England has such a treasure as Mrs. Lecount."

The housekeeper listened to the praise of her domestic virtues with eyes immovably fixed on her elegant chemisette. But Magdalen's quick penetration had previously detected a look that passed between Mrs. Lecount and her master, which suggested that Mr. Noel Vanstone had been instructed beforehand what to say and to do in his visitor's presence. The suspicion of this—and the obstacles which the room presented to arranging her position in it so as to keep her face from the light—warned Magdalen to be on her guard.

She had taken her chair at first nearly midway in the room. An instant's after-reflection induced her to move her seat toward the left hand, so as to place herself just inside, and close against, the left post of the folding-door. In this position she dextrously barred the only passage by which Mrs. Lecount could have skirted round the large table and contrived to front Magdalen by taking a chair at her master's side. On the right hand of the table the empty space was well occupied by the fire-place and fender, by some traveling trunks, and a large packing-case. There was no alternative left for Mrs. Lecount but to place herself on a line with Magdalen, against the opposite post of the folding-door, or to push rudely past the visitor, with the obvious intention of getting in front of her. With an expression little enough, and with one steadily look at her master, the housekeeper conceded the point, and took her seat against the right-hand door-post. "Wait a little," thought Mrs. Lecount: "my turn next!"

"Mind what you are about, ma'am!" cried Mr. Noel Vanstone, as Magdalen accidentally approached the table in moving her chair. "Mind the decree of your clock! Excuse me, you nearly knocked down that silver candlestick. Pray don't suppose it's a common candlestick. It's nothing of the sort—it's a Peruvian candlestick. There are only three of that pattern in the world. One is in the possession of the President of Peru; one is locked up in the Vatican; and one is on my table. It cost ten pounds; it's worth fifty. One of my father's bargains, ma'am. All these things are my father's bargains. There is not another house in England which has such curiosities as these. Sit down, Lecount; I beg you will make yourself comfortable. Mrs. Lecount is like the curiosities, Miss Garth—she is one of my father's bargains. You are one of my father's bargains, are you, Lecount? My father was a remarkable man, ma'am. You will be reminded of him here at every turn. I have got his dressing-gown on at this moment. No such linen as this is made now; you can't get it for love or money. Would you like to feel the texture? Perhaps you're no judge of texture? Perhaps you would prefer talking to me about these two pupils of yours? They are two, are they not? Are they fine girls? Plump, fresh, full-blown English beauties?"

"Excuse me, Sir," interposed Mrs. Lecount, sorrowfully. "I must really beg permission to retire if you are going to talk in that way. I can't sit by, Sir, and hear them turned into ridicule. Consider their position; consider Miss Garth."

"You good creature!" said Mr. Noel Vanstone, surveying the housekeeper through his half-closed eyelids. "You excellent Lecount! I assure you, ma'am, Mrs. Lecount is a worthy creature. You will observe that she pities the two girls. I don't go so far as that myself, but I can make allowances for them. I am a large-minded man. I can make allowances for them and for you." He smiled with the most cordial politeness, and helped himself to a strawberry from the plate on his lap.

"You shock Miss Garth; indeed, Sir, without meaning it, you shock Miss Garth," remonstrated Mrs. Lecount. "She is not accustomed to you as I am. Consider Miss Garth, Sir. As a favor to me, consider Miss Garth."

Thus far Magdalen had resolutely kept silence. The burning anger which would have betrayed her in an instant if she had let it flush its way to the surface throbbed fast and fiercely at her heart, and warned her, while Noel Vanstone was speaking, to close her lips. She would have allowed him to talk on uninterruptedly for some minutes more if Mrs. Lecount had not interfered for the second time. The refined insolence of the housekeeper's pity was a woman's instigator, and it stung her into instantly controlling herself. She had never mores admirably imitated Miss Garth's voice and manner than when she spoke her next words.

"You are very good," she said to Mrs. Lecount, "I make no claim to be treated with any extraordinary consideration. I am a governess, and I don't expect it. I have only one favor to ask. I beg Mr. Noel Vanstone, for his own sake, to hear what I have to say to him."

"You understand, Sir," observed Mrs. Lecount. "It appears that Miss Garth has some serious warning to give you. She says you are to hear her for your own sake."

Mr. Noel Vanstone's fair complexion suddenly turned white. He put away the plate of strawberries among his father's bargains. His hand shook, and his little figure trembled irritably in the chair. Magdalen observed him attentively. "One discovery already," she thought; "he is a coward!"

"What do you mean, ma'am?" asked Mr. Noel Vanstone, with visible trepidation of look and manner. "What do you mean by telling me I must listen to you for my own sake? If you come here to intimidate me, you come to the wrong man. My strength of character was universally noticed in our circle at Zurich—wasn't it, Lecount?"

"Universally, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. "But let us hear Miss Garth. Perhaps I have misinterpreted her meaning?"

"On the contrary," replied Magdalen, "you have exactly expressed my meaning. My object in coming here is to warn Mr. Noel Vanstone against the course which he is now taking."

"Don't!" pleaded Mrs. Lecount. "Oh, if you want to help these poor girls, don't talk in that way! Excuse me, my excellent friend, ma'am, by extremities; don't strengthen it by threats!" She a little overcolored the tone of humility in which she spoke those words—a little overacted the look of apprehension which accompanied them. If Magdalen had not been plainly enough already that it was Mrs. Lecount's habitual practice to decide every thing for her master in the first instance, and then to persuade him that he was not acting under his housekeeper's resolution but under his own, she would have seen it now.

"You hear what Lecount has just said?" remarked Mr. Noel Vanstone. "You hear the undecided testimony of a person who has known me from childhood? Take care, Miss Garth—take care!" He complacently arranged the nails of his white dressing-gown over his knees, and took the plate of strawberries back on his lap.

"I am sorry to offend you," said Magdalen. "I am only anxious to open your eyes to the truth. You are not acquainted with the characters of the two sisters whose fortunes have fallen into your possession. I have known them from childhood, and I come to give you the benefit of my experience in their interests and in yours. You have nothing to dread from the elder of the two; she patiently accepts the hard lot which you, and your father before you, have forced on her. The younger sister's conduct is the very opposite of this. She has already declined to submit to your father's decision, and she now refuses to be silenced by Mrs. Lecount's letter. Take my word for it, she is capable of giving you serious trouble if you persist in making an enemy of her."

Mr. Noel Vanstone changed color once more, and began to fidget again in his chair. "Serious trouble," he repeated, with a blank look. "If you mean writing letters, ma'am, she has given trouble enough already. She has written once to me, and twice to my father. One of the letters to my father was a threatening letter—wasn't it, Lecount?"

"She expressed her feelings," poor child," said Mrs. Lecount. "I thought it hard to send her back her letter, but your dear father knew best. What I said at the time was, Why not let her express her feelings? What are a few threatening words, after all? In her position, poor creature, they are words, and nothing more."

"I advise you not to be too sure of that," said Magdalen. "I know her better than you do."

She paused at these words—paused in a momentary terror. The sting of Mrs. Lecount's pity had nearly irritated her into forgetting her assumed character, and speaking in her own voice.

"You have referred to the letters written by my pupil," she resumed, addressing Noel Vanstone, as soon as she felt sure of herself again. "We will say nothing about what she has written to your father; we will only speak of what she has written to you. Is there any thing unbecoming in her letter, any thing said in it that is false? Is it not true that these two sisters



NOEL VANSTONE.

have been cruelly deprived of the provision which their father made for them; His will to this day speaks for him and for them; and it only speaks to no purpose because he was not aware that his marriage obliged him to make it again, and because he died before he could remedy the error. Can you deny that?"

Mr. Noel Vanstone smiled, and helped himself to a strawberry. "I don't attempt to deny it," he said. "Go on, Miss Garth."

"Is it not true," persisted Magdalen, "that the law which has taken the money from these sisters, whose father made no second will, has now given that very money to you, whose father made no will at all? Surely, Mr. Noel Vanstone, you may, this is hard on those orphan girls?"

"Very hard," replied Mr. Noel Vanstone, "if it strikes you in that light too—doesn't it, Lecount?"

Mrs. Lecount shook her head, and closed her handsome black eyes. "Harrowing," she said; "I can characterize it, Miss Garth, by no other word—harrowing. How the young person—no! how Miss Vanstone the younger—discovered that my late respected master made no will I am at a loss to understand. Perhaps it was put in the papers? But I am interrupting you, Miss Garth. You have something more to say about your pupil's letter?"

Magdalen replied as she had done when Mrs. Lecount first referred to the letter. "I am quite in earnest," said Magdalen, "and I have not seen the letter. It entreats you to remember how Mr. Andrew Vanstone's fortune has come into your hands; and to say, that one half of that fortune, divided between his daughters, was what his will intended them to have; and it asks of your sense of justice to do for his children what he would have done for them himself if he had lived. In my opinion and still, it asks you to give one half of the money to the daughters, and it leaves you free to keep the other half yourself. That is the proposal. Why have you refused to consider it?"

"For the simplest possible reason, Miss Garth," said Mr. Noel Vanstone, in high good-humor. "Allow me to remind you of a well-known proverb. A fool and his money are soon parted. Whatever else I may be, ma'am, I'm not fool."

"I don't put it in that way, Sir!" remonstrated Mrs. Lecount. "Be serious—pray be serious!"

"Quite impossible, Lecount," rejoined her master. "I can't be serious. My poor father, Miss Garth, took a high moral point of view in this matter. Lecount there takes a high moral point of view—and you, Magdalen, take the thing of the sort. I have lived too long in the continental atmosphere to trouble myself about moral points of view. My reason for doing this is as plain as two and two make four. I have got the money, and I should be a fool to give it if I parted with it. There is my point of view! Simple enough, isn't it? I don't stand on my dignity; I don't meet you with the high hand at all on my side; I don't blame your coming here as a total stranger to try and get me to change my mind; I don't blame the two girls for wanting to dip their fingers into my purse. All I say is, I am not fool enough to open it. And I don't see we need to say in the English circle at Zurich, when you return to Switzerland, Miss Garth, to infer!" He set aside his plate of strawberries once more, and daintily dried his fingers on his pocket-handkerchief.

Magdalen kept her temper. If she could have struck him dead by lifting her hand to do the moment it is probable she would have lifted it. But she kept her temper.

"As I am to understand," she asked, "that the last words you have to say in this matter are the words said for you in Mrs. Lecount's letter?"

"Precisely so," replied Mr. Noel Vanstone.

"You have inherited your own father's fortune as well as the fortune of Mr. Andrew Vanstone, and yet you feel no obligation to act from motives of justice or generosity toward these two sisters?" All you think it necessary to do for them is—you have got the money, and you refuse to part with a single farthing of it?"

"Most accurately stated! Miss Garth, you are a woman of business. Lecount, Miss Garth is a woman of business."

"Don't appeal to me, Sir!" cried Mrs. Lecount, gracefully wringing her handsome hands. "I can't bear it! I must interfere! Let me suggest—oh, what do you call it in English?—a compromise. Dear Sir! Miss Garth perversely refusing to do yourself justice; you have better reasons than you suppose for being given to Miss Garth. You follow your honored father's example; you feel it due to his memory to act in this matter as he acted himself. You, that is his reason, Miss Garth—I implore you on my knees, take that as his reason! You refuse to do what his dear father did; no more, no less. His dear father made a proposal, and he himself will now make that proposal over again. You, Mr. Noel, you will remember what this poor girl says in her letter to you. Her sisters will be not obliged to go out as governess; and she herself, in losing her fortune, has lost the hope of her marriage for years and years to come. You will remember this—and you will give the hundred pounds to one, and the hundred pounds to the other, which your admirable father offered in the past time? If he does this, Miss Garth, will he do enough? If he gives a hundred pounds each to these unfortunate sisters—"

"He will repent the insult to the last hour of his life," said Magdalen.

The instant that answer passed her lips she would have given worlds to recall it. Mrs. Lecount had only planted her sting to the right place at last. Those rash words of Magdalen's had burst from her passionately, in her own voice.

Nothing but the sharp ring of the performance saved her from making the serious error that she had committed more palpably still by attempting to set it right. Only for one past practice in the Entertainment came to her rescue, and urged her to go on unmoved. Mrs. Lecount's voice, as if nothing had happened.

"You mean well, Mrs. Lecount," she continued, "but you are doing harm instead of good. My pupils will accept no such compromise as you propose. I am sorry to have spoken so entirely just now; I beg you will excuse me." She looked hard for information in the housekeeper's face as she spoke the last words of apology. Mrs. Lecount baffled the look by putting her handkerchief to her eyes. Had she, or had she not, noticed the momentary change in Magdalen's voice from the tones that were assumed to the tones that were natural? Impossible to say.

"What more can I do!" murmured Mrs. Lecount, behind her handkerchief. "My master will look at it again—give me time to recover myself. May I retire, Sir, for a moment? My nerves are shaken by this and by other rows." She rose, drank of water, or I think I shall faint. Don't go yet, Miss Garth. I beg you will give us time to settle this last matter in peace. Oh, I am very well remain until I come back."

There were two doors of entrance to the room. One, the door into the front parlor, close at Magdalen's left hand. The other, the door into the back parlor, immediately behind Mr. Vanstone's politely retired, through the open folding-doors, by this latter means of exit the master will look the visitor by passing in front of her. Magdalen waited until she heard the door open and close again behind her, and then, still with her back to the room, she looked hastily at the letter which Mrs. Lecount had left on the table. The writing was the writing of a generous impulse in that base nature had never been proved by her own experience. The one chance that she had of saving the sisters from a creature he was, and to influence him through his fears.

Whatever she could speak Mr. Noel Vanstone himself broke the silence. Cunningly as he seemed to think he had spoken, he was watching, and at his housekeeper's desertion of him. He looked doubtfully at his visitor; he showed a nervous anxiety to conceal it, when he found the room's fourth.

"Very remember, ma'am, I never denied that this case was a hard one," he began. "You said just now you had no wish to offend me, and I am sure I don't want to offend you. Can't I offer you some strawberries? Would you like to look at my father's letter again? Very well, ma'am, I am naturally a gallant man; and I feel for both these sisters—especially the younger one. Those are my sentiments on the first impression and you touch me on a weak place. Nothing would please me more than to follow Miss Vanstone's lover—I'm sure I always call her Miss Vanstone, and so does Lecount—I'm sure I don't want to be unjust to anybody—than to hear that Miss Vanstone's lover had come back and married her. If a loan of money would be likely to help him on in the world, I should offered was good, and if my lawyer thought me justified—"

"Stop, Mr. Vanstone," said Magdalen. "You are entirely mistaken in your estimate of the person you have to deal with. I am not here on my wrong in supposing that the marriage of the younger sister could be accomplished in a week's time—would make any difference in the convictions which induced her to write to your father and to you. I am not here to ask you to act from a mixture of motives. I don't deny that the chance is the hope of her marrying advantage, and to the hope of rescuing her sister from a life of dependence. But if both those objects were accomplished to-morrow, the same thing would induce her to leave you in possession of the inheritance which her father meant you to give to them. Do you know what that motive is?"

She a nameless, homeless, friendless creature, to be living in the house of the man for which takes care of all legitimate children, casts her like carrion to the winds. It is your own—born to the purse and to the enjoyment of a vile oppression, an insufferable wrong. The sense of that wrong has driven her to the decision of the devil. The resolution to right that wrong burns in her like fire. If that miserable girl was married and rich with your money—now, do you think she would move an inch from her purpose? If every she wanted to draw her last breath in her body, the vile injustice which has struck at the helpless children through the calamity of their father, has left her alive she would shrink from no means which a desperate woman can employ to force the closed hand of yours open, or die in the attempt!"

She stopped abruptly. Once more her own inhumable consciousness betrayed her. Once more the natural nobility of that perverted nature had risen superior to the deception which it had stooped to practice. The scheme of the moment vanished from her mind's view, and the resolution of her life burst its way outward in her own words, in her own tones, pouring hotly and more hotly from her heart. She saw the abject manikin before her cowering back in the chair. Had his fears left him sense enough to perceive the change in her? Yes! The fear spoke the truth—his fears had bewildered him. This time the chance of the moment had befriended her. "The door behind her chair had not opened again yet. "No ears but his have heard me," she thought, with a sense of unutterable relief. "I have escaped Mrs. Lecount."

She had done nothing of the kind. Mrs. Lecount had never left the room.

After opening the door and closing it again, without going out, the housekeeper had noiselessly laid down her bonnet and shawl in the chair. Standing herself against the post of the folding-door, she took a pair of scissors from her pocket, waited until Noel Vanstone (from whose view she was entirely hidden) had attracted Magdalen's attention by speaking to her, and then crept forward with the scissors ready in her hand. The skirt of the false Miss Garth's gown—the brown stuff gown with the white spots on it—touched the floor within the housekeeper's reach. Mrs. Lecount held the skirt in her left hand, which ran round the bottom of the dress, over over the other, softly cut away a little irregular fragment of the stuff from the inner hem of the nearly smoothed the outer one over it again so as to hide the gap. By the time she had put the scissors back in her pocket and had risen to her feet (sheltering herself behind the post of the folding-door) Magdalen had spoken her last words. Mrs. Lecount quietly repeated the ceremony of opening and shutting the back parlor door, and glided back to her place.

"What has happened, Sir, in my absence?" she inquired, looking at her master with a look of alarm. "You are pale; you are agitated! Oh, Miss Garth, have you forgotten the caution I gave you at your own room?"

"Miss Garth has forgotten every thing," cried Mr. Noel Vanstone, recovering his tart composure on the reappearance of Mrs. Lecount. "Miss Garth has threatened me in the most outrageous manner. I forbid you either of those two girls any more, Lecount—especially the younger one. She is the most desperate character I ever heard of! If she can't get money by fair means, she threatens to have it by foul. Miss Garth is a fit subject to try my fun. To my face!" he repeated, folding his arms and looking mortally insulted.

"Compose yourself, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. "Pray compose yourself, and leave me to speak to Miss Garth. I regret to hear, ma'am, that you have forgotten what I said to you in the next room. You have agitated Mr. Noel; you have compromised the interests of those here to plead; and you have only repeated what we knew before. The language you have used to yourself to use in my absence is the same language which your pupil was foolish enough to employ when she called for the second time to my late master. How can a lady of your years and experience seriously repeat such nonsense? This girl boasts and threatens. What can she do this she will do that. You have her confidence, ma'am. Tell me, if you please, in plain words, what can she do?"

Sharply as the taunt was pointed, it glanced off harmless. Mrs. Lecount had done nothing once too often. Magdalen rose, in composure, in self-possession, and composedly terminated the interview. Ignorant as she was of what had happened behind her chair, she saw at once by Mrs. Lecount's look and manner which warned her to run no more risk, and to trust herself no longer to speaking.

"I am not in my pupil's confidence," she said. "Her own acts will answer your question when the time comes. I can add to what I have said on my own knowledge of her, that she is no boaster. What she wrote to Mr. Michael Vanstone was what she was resolved to do—and that her decision to think, she was actually on the point of doing, when her self-control overcame her by his death. Mr. Michael Vanstone's son has only to persist in following his father's course to find before long that I am not misrepresenting my pupil, and that I have not come here to intimidate him in pursuit of my own ends. I promised to leave Mr. Noel Vanstone with two alternatives to choose from. I leave him to share Mr. Andrew Vanstone's fortune with the sister Vanstone's daughters—or, to persist in his present refusal and bear the consequences." She bowed, and walked to the door.

Mr. Noel Vanstone started to his feet, with anger and alarm struggling together in his pale, pressed first in his bashful white face. Before he could open his lips Mrs. Lecount's plump hands descended to them. She looked at him softly, back in his chair, and restored the plane of inexhaustible composure to her position on his lap.

"Refresh yourself, Mr. Noel, with a few more strawberries," she said, "and leave Miss Garth to me."

She followed Magdalen into the passage and closed the door on her right hand.

"Are you residing in London, ma'am?" asked Mrs. Lecount.

"I am," replied Magdalen. "I reside in the country."

"I want to write to you, where can I address my letter?"

"To the post-office, Birmingham," said Magdalen, inwardly hoping the place at which she was left, and at which all letters were still addressed to her.

Mrs. Lecount repeated the direction to fix it in her memory, advanced two steps in the passage, and opened the door right hand on Magdalen's arm.

A word of advice, ma'am," she said; "one word at parting. You are a bold woman and a clever woman. Didn't be too bold; don't be too clever. You are risking more than you think for." She suddenly raised herself on tip-toe and whispered the next words in Magdalen's ear. "Have you risked your life yet?" said Mrs. Lecount, with a fierce, hissing emphasis on every syllable. She drew back, opened the door stealthily as she spoke. It was the hand in which she had concealed the fragment of stuff from Magdalen's gown—the hand which held it fast at that moment.

"What do you mean?" asked Magdalen, pausing on the threshold.

Mrs. Lecount glided away politely to open the house-door.

"I mean nothing now," she said; "wait a little and time may show. One last question, ma'am, before I bid you good-by. Where your pupil was a little innocent child did she find amuse herself by building a house of cards?"

Magdalen impatiently answered by a gesture in the affirmative.

"Did you ever see her build up the house higher and higher," proceeded Mrs. Lecount, "till it was quite a pagoda of cards? Did you ever see her open her little child's eyes wide and look at it, and feel so proud of what she had done already that she must do more? Did you ever see her steady her pretty little hand, and hold her innocent breath, and put one other card on the summit—and by the whole house, the instant afterward, a heap of ruins on the table? Ah, you have seen that! Give her, if you please, a friendly message from me. I wanted to say she has built the house high enough already, and I recommend her not to be careful before she puts on that other card."

"She shall have your message," said Magdalen, with the same light-hearted blunder and Miss Garth's emphatic nod of the head. "But I doubt her minding it. She has her own reasons for what you suppose; and I think she will put on the other card."

"And bring the house down," said Mrs. Lecount.

"And build it up again," rejoined Magdalen. "I wish you good-morning."

"Good-morning," said Mrs. Lecount, opening the door. "One last word, Miss Garth. Don't think of what I said in the back room! Do try Mother Gutmount for that sad affliction in your eyes!

As Magdalen crossed the threshold of the door she was met by the postman approaching the house-steps with a letter picked out from the bundle in his hand. "Noel Vanstone, Esquire!" she heard the man say to himself, as she took her way down the front garden to the street.

She spoke truly when she had written him thinking from what new difficulty and new danger her timely departure had saved her. The letter which the postman had delivered into the housekeeper's hands was no other than the anonymous letter addressed to Noel Vanstone by Captain Wragge.

THE MADMAN'S MARSH.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

On the high-road from Lowminster to Chesleigh, just where the country is most barren and the wind most bleak, stands a small brick box of a house. Why the house is said to have been built for a mad lord who killed his keeper, and, after frightening away his servants, slaughtered his self, and all search after him was ineffectual. Seen said he had made away with himself in the marsh; and the marsh ever since has been called the Madman's Marsh.

All Lowminster cried set against Mr. Gabriel Thirston when it was whispered that he intended to shut up his bride—pretty Dorothy Spencer—in the deserted and ill-famed house at Middle Marsh. Mr. Thirston was a man above many of the evil prejudices being fulfilled. As for Dorothy, she loved every thing romantic and free and wild, and, rambling and singing through the gloomy rooms, she seemed to dispel the damp, musty air, and fill them with sunshine. For a while the gossips of Lowminster were silenced. Toward the close of the second year they began to whisper again. Mr. Thirston, whose manner was formerly so gentlemanly and unencroaching, was now pale and haggard, and evidently shunned his wife. She came down to church, was observed to be pale and thinner every Sunday.

It was on the evening of that same dreary December day that Dorothy sat, waiting as for a welcome friend, her husband. He had purposely without noticing Dorothy or her loving preparations, Mr. Thirston swept a portion of the breakfast table, and, putting his books, and taking a bag of money from his pocket, sat down to his solitary meal. Dorothy sat at the same end watching him in the looking-glass over the mantel-piece. It might have been fancy, but it seemed to her that he was not as much pleased as he appeared to be in his work. His eyes darted restlessly about the room, and more than once Dorothy saw them fall on her or the cradle of her child. Presently he looked up and said, quickly,

"Dorothy, I have to go to town to-night. I must be at Chudleigh station in an hour; you'll have time to get ready."

She looked at him in amazement, but he was going on with his accounts, and signed to her to leave the room. She did so. She went in again, for she could scarcely believe him in earnest. Her husband was afraid of the Madman's Marsh had he left her a night alone in the house. She lit a candle and went up stairs to see about things, and when she came down he was hasking by the great massive chest on the landing, where all the linen cash-box was kept.

"How long shall you be away?" asked Dorothy.

"It's uncertain," he answered shortly; "not more than two days, I should think; but I'm not sure how long I may be kept. You must be very

careful, and of course not leave the house till I return. There's a good deal of money here."

The carpet-bag was packed. He took it from her, and wished her good-by. When they reached the hall she laid her hand on his arm.

"Gabriel, tell me; what business is this you are going on? Is it your own—I mean ours?"

"Yes."

"And you can not tell me what?"

He hesitated; then turned with a sudden impulse, and, in an altered tone and manner, said—

"Dorothy, I can not tell you more than this: I expect for the time we must seem to be separated. A terrible weight that has been pressing upon me for months. Ask me no more."

Dorothy heard him speak thus, saw him go without being able to satisfy that warning voice that called to her to avert some coming evil which she could not see, but the shadow of which was upon her; and she stood like one frozen from the desolate hall-window and stupefied. She sat down by the fire; and with her foot on the rocker of the cradle, her head against the mantle-piece, and her hands clasped in her lap, began again to think over all the idle gossip she had heard that day. The only thing that rested long on her mind was *some thing about rosebuy shares*, which Gabriel once told her he had bought, and from which he expected to make a fortune, but about which he had been strangely silent of late.

Hours passed; still she sat there. She remembered Gabriel's injunction about the light; but she could not make up her mind to go to bed in the large cold room, up two flights of wide, draughty stairs. Rather than do so that she ran to lay down and sit in darkness, which was only made more apparent by the occasional flickering of the fire. But before she was aware of it, Dorothy was in the melancholy howling of the wind, and the mysterious noises it made over the house, dislodging great lumps of the waiting snow, and the darkness she had become strangely nervous. If any thing should happen to the house while Gabriel was away! If Gabriel leaving the house with only a woman to guard it? she asked herself. So she rang the bell. Peacefully Hannah came running in at the sound of ringing pursued.

"Put your candle out, Hannah, and sit down," said Dorothy. "I feel dull sitting here alone with baby, and I want you to tell me something—the story of this house, or why they call it so. Perhaps it may relieve your mind, as I see all your thoughts are on it."

Hannah sat down, and rubbing her hands over the fire, and giving frightened glances over her shoulder, stood, like her head upstairs, and began—

"They're about awful, ma'am, to-night. I felt his cloak rushing by me all the way up stairs. I used to be bright there's nothing to frighten me, ma'am; but they don't often come for nothing."

"Tell me the story again, Hannah," said Dorothy; and Hannah drew her chair closer to the fire, and was soon lost in the legend of Madman's Marsh.

At first Dorothy listened absently, without paying much attention to her words, but by degrees, as Hannah got into her old monotonous tone of the story, it seemed to her as if she heard her own strange wild fancies put into words; and her eyes, as they were upon the solid wood-work, grew more larger and brighter every instant, and she hung upon her every whisper as if some great secret, but irresistible fascination; till at last, without being able to help herself, she felt as if it would take but a slight fall of ice in Hannah's voice, or a stir of the wind, which for the last minute or so was lulled, to make the creeping, nameless terror break out in frantic shrieks.

Suddenly Hannah stopped, raised her finger, and looked toward the door. Then she got up, opened it softly, and stood an instant listening. She rushed back and sank into her chair pale as death. Dorothy pushed back her chair on to her knees, and, clutching her arm, gasped hysterically,

"What, Hannah? What?"

But while she gazed up to Hannah's blanched face a low, muffled sound from below, as of a window being gently raised, broke upon the ear in unmistakable distinctness. As she listened her eyes fell upon the baby's cradle, and the light seemed to leave her with sudden strength. She rose quickly to her feet, and, with a scarlet spot on either cheek, her eyes dazzling her beautiful, and her small head circled, looked wildly round the room. Slung by leather bands over the mantle-piece was her husband's gun. It was always kept loaded. Dorothy's eyes fastened upon it, and she turned (perhaps to see what help she might expect from it) to Hannah. Groping, smothered footsteps began to ascend the stairs. The two women gazed wildly at each other. Then Dorothy clutched at the fastenings of the gun, took it down, dropped on her knees, and the gun on the table, pointed it toward the door open; then, trembling, yet resolved, stood with her finger on the trigger, and her eyes riveted on the black space without, intently listening.

For full a minute the only sound she heard was her baby's gentle breathing. Then the footsteps became one cautious footstep on the landing. Then another, and another. Groping hands moved along the wall, as if feeling for something, in the thick darkness. Dorothy hardly breathed. Next she heard a key turning, then the heavy clanging of the door of the great chest, and then a fast step this time near the door, as if to listen—so near that her heart seemed to give a sudden bound, and a cold perspiration stood upon her brow, and almost before she was aware of it, the loud report, the smoke, and the flash in the doorway, told her the gun had gone off. A deep, hollow groan mingled in her ears with the frightened screams of her child, and then a deadly faintness crept over her, and she felt as if it would be a blessed relief to give way to it and lose all sense of her horrible position. But somehow those agonized groans drew her feet irresistably toward the landing; till at last, scarcely conscious how she came there, she was supporting herself by the balusters, looking round with a lighted candle in her hand. Hannah, as she opened her eyes, saw her standing there, shading the candle with her hand, and so throwing a strong light upon her face. Good God! she thought, was it only the light, or did she really see a horrible, ghastly smile upon her mistress's face? In an instant shriek after shriek rent through the silence of the deserted room, and there succeeded a dead, heavy stillness. Hannah dragged herself to the door.

There, stretched across the landing, lay the tall and powerful form of a man: one had grasped the little iron mantle-piece, and blood streamed from the shoulder over it. On the other side knelt Dorothy, with her white face turned up to the roof, to heaven, while her lips moved dumbly; the other hand held back the crape from the man's face, and gazed on it. *Aschuel! Aschuel!* Gabriel! His glazing eyes were fixed upon her, and the sight of her misery seemed to bath his ground of pain. Even in the horrible agony, a sort of twofold mind caused crying, and not a sound broke the terrible silence. Slowly, and with a strange look of fear, he raised himself at last rose up. Her face was full of misery, but almost stony in firmness. She went to Hannah, and took the light from her. The old woman could hold to put her ear down to her mouth before she could catch a word.

"Fetch Dr. Hunt," she whispered. "Don't say a word of this; but tell him, for God's sake, to come in secret."

While Hannah was on her way across the black common, Dorothy stood again in the room where Dorothy wiped the drops of blood from the mouse-box, and put it back in the chest the same as before. Then she went to the bed, and laid her head upon the fire, and with compressed lips stood watching the unconscious face. Then, taking the sleeping child from the cradle, she went and sat down with it on the floor, at her husband's side, rocking it mechanically in her arms, and with her eyes still fixed on his face. His pallor was made more deathly by the jet of the long hair on his head and beard, but very changing the shroud. At one moment, when the eyelids quivered, or the broad chest heaved, or any other sign showed that life was not quite extinct to beat, the remembrance of his guilt would rush upon her, and make her own heart close sternly against it. At others, the bad gazed, minute after minute, without seeing a sign of life in that prostrate figure, and Gabriel's face was changed into an agony of cold, despairing remorse. At last she could bear the sight no longer. She got up, laid the sleeping child back in the cradle, and, sitting on her knees at his side, she breathed on his pantive lips, and listened to her breast, crying in a low, husky voice,

"Gabriel!"

Still the face was motionless.

"Gabriel!" Now her voice rose, and her passionate, imploring voice thrilled through the house. "I bid you speak to me! Say only one word, to tell me I have not killed you! O God!" And then, with a wild, heart-broken cry, "Gabriel, dear—dead by my hand! Dead, with a curse for me on his lips!"

Suddenly she was silent, for a low, shivering sigh escaped the white lips on which she gazed.

"Dorothy!"

She bent eagerly down, and he whispered:

"You know all?"

"Yes."

"I thought to make a short cut to fortune, by using what I knew of the secret affairs of others. But they fell greatly in value, and I had to pay incessant calls, and over one deception by another I became desperately ill—ill—you know the rest."

He stopped and gasped for breath, and Dorothy murmured—

"Hush, you must not speak now. Be still till the Doctor comes."

"The Doctor! You have sent for one? Then has you! I've done for you! Dorothy, forgive!"

"No, no," cried Dorothy, shuddering, and holding him down. "No one need know more than they know already. I will not leave you. I will swear you were supposed to be miles away; and I, in my fright, fired on you. There is nothing to fear if you will be still; but if—if you die, your death will be on my head, think of that! O think of it, Gabriel!"

"Dorothy, listen!" He spoke slowly and with great difficulty, but not a word was lost by those straining ears. "I have not long to live. Even if my sake don't let me leave you with that horrible feeling on your mind. Dorothy, I'm glad, I'm glad that you have saved me from the completion of my crime, and from a life of misery and shame. Dorothy, forgive! Dorothy, I love you!"

She answered nothing, but buried her face in his breast, and sobbed bitterly. Presently he gasped out, in a kind of hoarse breathing:

"Tell me some prayer, Dorothy. I forget all." She lifted her head, and raising his hand, and trying to steady her voice, she repeated a little, simple prayer that she had learned at her mother's like a child. He prayed for the soul that was to struggle yet on earth; she for that which was leaving yet to enter the presence of God.

When Hannah and the Doctor at last arrived they found Gabriel Dorothy sitting on the floor, with his side with a smile of strange beauty on her face. She knew that the soul had left the body, and she could not bear the sight of her husband's to feel his presence still. The love of their first days together had returned to her.

Hannah yelled her when they heard what they did hear of her sad story, little dreaming of all that it had included in her husband's dark and miserable breast. When her son had grown up, and gone forth into the world, she and Hannah lived alone in the old house; and it was rumored in Lowminster that every sixteenth of November Dorothy spent the night praying by herself on that desolate landing. On the morning after one of these nights, old Hannah saw her there asleep, she thought; and she covered her over, and sat down by her to watch her till she awoke. But soon the sun shining in upon her face, and the cold air, showed her that she showed her that Dorothy would wake no more. She was dead!

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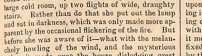
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. VI.—No. 290.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE A. M'CALL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY M'CLEES.—[SEE PAGE 468.]



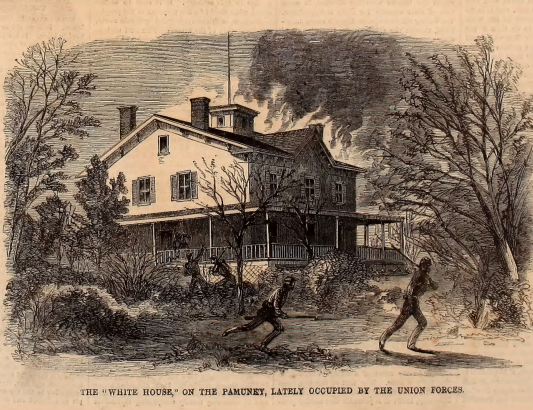
BRIGADIER-GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY M'CLEES.—[SEE PAGE 468.]

THE "WHITE HOUSE."

On page we give ...ture of the famous ...ture House," on ...Pamunky; formerly ...residence of Gener... and lately occu... by the Union forces ...s depot for stores. ...ouse was burned ...the cessation of the ...n of our troops. ...following letter on ...subject, from the pen ...Benson J. Lo... ...will be read with ...

...the picture of the Pamunkey River, ...graph brings us ...last morning ...for Europe. "White ...ouse," as it is ...ly called, has occu... ...historic associations, ...and if deserved, ...ld undoubtedly be one ...The account of con... ...connection with ...ouse," as it is ...ly called, is as follows:

...ll be the last of ...White House" itself, ...ly out of the ...the name of ...and of the ...ry. In connec... ...destruction, ...to this ...history, that ...belong to mention ...ll-known fact ...Washington ...ly married, nor does ...to the ...Lee, ...White House" ...Washington resided ...in the ...ary ...the weeks ...ed many years ago.



THE "WHITE HOUSE," ON THE PAMUNKEY, LATELY OCCUPIED BY THE UNION FORCES.

and the late building, somewhat different in form, was erected upon its site. This estate, as well as that of Arlington, near Washington city, was the property of the late G. W. P. Custis, the grandson of Mrs. Washington. Mary Custis, the wife of the rebel General Lee, is the sole heir of Mr. Custis, and all his property, real and personal, descended, according to the provisions of his will, during her natural life, and then became the patrimony of her children. One of her sons, formerly an officer in the army of the United States, but now Colonel of a rebel regiment at Richmond, has, since his marriage in 1859, been the occupant of the White House and the surrounding estate, the property of his mother. I repeat that the late "White House" was never rent by Washington, and that the estate is not the property of the "rebel General Lee." Mrs. Lee, his wife, is my authority for the assertion.

As the late "White House" itself possessed no rightful claim to our reverence, and never held a more tender one to the heart of the nation than the modern massive and estate of any other rebel family on the Pamunkey, all talk about its sanctity and of the Vandalism of its destroyers may very properly cease.

R. J. L.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.,
July 1, 1862.

This was the house about the non-occupation of which as a hospital some factious and extremely foolish members of Congress made such an absurd rumpus.

ACELDAMA.

JULY 1, 1862.

I SEE the fair new summer moon
Gilding along the tranquil sky;
It lights that field of blood where soon
Thousands must die!

Are dying—as we talk by starts,
With hushed low voices full of awe,
Or woe to some, and breaking hearts,
The end of war!

The horses' bridles even now
Are red with blood, the trampled field
Is reaped. War's sickle as the plow
Counts up its yield.

Night's languid perfumes, summer's breath
Will wrestle with sickening draughts; for there
Sulphurous, scorching, charged with Death,
Weighs down the air.

Earth puts on Paradise for us:
Their straining eyes have looked on hell!
In torments, anguish, curse,
Around them swell.

Men changed to demons! hate and rage
Lighting the dying fires of life
To hurl with oath and shout the gage
Of hellish strife.

Black parching lips and glazing eyes
Turned upward to this fair, soft light!
Shrieks, babbling, praying, moaning cries
Wear out the night.

This is the harvest of the tares
Sown while men slept. Oh fatal sleep!
Alas, what crimson sheaves it bears!
And all must reap!

Shall yet a fair harvest spring
From ground now manured by this blood?
Shall we a future grain sing
Of praise to God?

He only knows. Faith's eyes are dim
With bitter weeping for the slain.
A Nation's trust, placed all on Him,
Seems now in vain.

God hides himself. No wail, no cry
Can pierce the cloud, the end foresee;
Beneath His silence dumb we lie—
His "needs must be."

We need this anguish of suspense
To search our hearts and try our lives,
Till Faith, and not its proud pretense,
Alone survives.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1862.

ON TO RICHMOND!

AFTER one of the most exciting weeks of the war, we can at last thank God that the Army of the Potomac is safe, and is in reality nearer the accomplishment of the work that it has been appointed to do than it has ever been. That General M'Clellan was placed in a position of danger by the sudden appearance of Jackson's army on his right flank, and that in the six battles which occurred on 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th June, and July, we lost a large number of gallant men and officers, is true. But it is also true that the change of base from the Pamunkey to the James River had been determined, and actually began, before Jackson made his appearance. It is also true that, notwithstanding the unexpected and enormous rebel armies, M'Clellan's forces moved toward the James River by the roads and at the rate directed by their commander; and that, after five days' terrible fighting, reached the point he had selected for them ten days previously. At every point which our forces reached in their march to the James River their provident leader had planted on each height heavy batteries of cannon, whose fire mowed down the pursuing rebels by whole battalions and brigades. Lastly, it is also true that, while we may have lost from 15,000 to 18,000 men in killed, wounded, and missing, we have gained the support of the James River gun-boat flotilla, which is worth an army of 100,000 men.

On the other hand, the rebels, who, according to the papers, are returning thanks for a victory, have suffered so terribly that pressure of stations their loss at 40,000, and General Andrew Porter at 75,000 men. They have gained possession of the swamps where we have lost so many men by fever—nothing more.

On the whole, then, we have gained more than we have lost, and the rebels have lost more than they have gained, by the series of battles ending on 1st July. And now, if M'Clellan is promptly reinforced, and if Commodore Wilkes displays the energy which he has shown in other days, we shall soon see how absurd and wretched it was to talk of M'Clellan's movement as a reverse. Never was there a moment when it was more opportune to renew the cry, On to Richmond!

FOREIGN INTERVENTION ONCE MORE.

THE London *Herald*, a paper which, having long ago ceased to be profitable as a mercantile speculation, is now carried on at the expense of the secessionists in England; the *Farlie Parish*, whose leading editors are owned by John Slidell; and certain persons in this country whose loyalty is generally distrusted, continue to harp upon the subject of foreign intervention in our war. The open accessionists urge Great Britain and France to interfere: their covert allies affect to fear that they will do so. The object of both is nothing more than to dishearten the North and encourage the South.

For none of them really believe that intervention is at all likely.

There has been, however, so much said on the subject, and so many respectable people seem to entertain vague apprehensions of foreign troubles, that it is worth while to relieve the prospect seriously.

It is due to truth to say that international law affords no guarantee against foreign intervention. That law certainly denies, in general terms, the right of interference by one nation in the affairs of another. But it concedes the right when the course of events in any one nation menaces, directly or remotely, the peace or safety of its neighbors—those neighbors being, of course, the judges of what constitutes a menace. And it further concedes the right of intervention wherever "the interests of humanity" call for it; the intervening powers being again the judges of the nature of the exigency.

Thus, in 1854, war existed between Russia and Turkey, three other European Powers, having large interests in the Mediterranean, which they considered to be menaced by the advancing encroachments of Russia upon Turkey, made war upon the Czar and compelled him to pay, at least for a time, the advance of his flag in that direction.

So, in 1827, war having existed for many years between Turkey and her revolted province, Greece, and the war being prosecuted with circumstances of the most savage ferocity by the Turks, three European Powers, Great Britain, France, and Russia intervened, in the interests of humanity, recognized the independence of Greece, destroyed the Turkish fleet, and placed a German prince on the Greek throne.

It would be very easy to show that the success of the Union arms involves no menace to Europe and no detriment to humanity. Frequent allusions have been made to the combined intervention in Syria, and constituting a precedent for a similar proceeding in regard to the contest here. But the facts do not justify this view. The Greeks actually took arms against their Turkish oppressors in the year 1770—five years before the American colonies heard the first shot for independence; it was not till five-and-forty years afterward that Europe intervened. Fifty-seven years hence, if we have not suppressed the rebellion, Europe will be requested to send ambassadors to Richmond. From 1792 to 1827 there never was a period of three months during which the Greeks were not fighting, in some part of their country, for their independence. And during all these years Greeks were murdered, though the Greeks were Christians and their oppressors Turks; though, in 1821, every Greek who could be found in any Turkish city was brutally butchered; though, in 1822, Kara Ali absolutely depopulated the Greek island of Scio, slaughtering every man, and selling or sending away into slavery that the price of slaves for the harem fell fifty per cent.; though, in 1825, 76, 77, Ibrahim Pasha and the Moors cropped the ears of every prisoner he took, and then blew the mutilated bodies out of cannon. The writers who say that the same reasons which justified intervention in Greece would likewise justify intervention in the United States are evidently not familiar with the facts.

But it is clear that, if it was manifestly the interest of Great Britain and France to interfere in our war, they would have run no risks and sons for so doing. It is therefore of more consequence to us to find out where their interest lies in the matter than to trouble ourselves about laws and precedents.

The first overt act of interference by any foreign power would be instantly met by a declaration of war by the United States. Pending the rebellion, this country will patiently endure almost any amount of insult and injury, and will feign world. But interference is war. This is well understood—in Europe as here. It would be a sore trial to us, but we could and would. Instead of 600,000 men we should put 1,200,000 in the field, besides 150,000 negroes. Instead of $200,000,000, Congress would authorize Mr. Chase to issue $1,000,000,000 of Treasury Notes. Arrangements have already been made by which, in the fall, our iron-clad navy will be equal to that of France and England combined: we should, in the event of a foreign war, double that navy at once. The number of our iron-clad ships in England is not to be launched till February, 1863; it is probable that neither power now has a single iron-clad vessel which they would trust on the American coast. The *Monitor*, as is known, would sink the *Warrior* in about ten minutes. So much for us. Now for Europe.

In deciding to intervene in this country the Emperor of France and the Prime Minister of Great Britain would have to address their respective nations somewhat as follows:

"We have resolved to make war upon the United States because they are in trouble. We have no quarrel with them. On the contrary, our relations with that Power were never more amicable than they are at present, and by and and deed the Administration of Mr. Lincoln have testified their ardent desire to remain on friendly terms with us. We go to war with them for the purpose of destroying the Union, and securing the establishment of a new Confederacy based on the corner-stone of human slavery—an institution which we loathe and abhor, which we have abolished in our own colonies, and the extension of which we oppose. Our armies and spending large sums of money every year to prevent. Our enemies in this war will be a race of people with whom—since 1812—we have never had any serious misunderstanding; our allies will be the slaveholding aristocracy, whose principle of government will be filibustering aggrandizement, who have already twice attempted to wrest Cuba from Spain, and whose President, at this early stage, already announces, in his letter to Governor Brown, of Georgia, his intention of making war upon his neighbors generally for the purpose of extending the sphere of slave territory. If we succeed in our object, the first victims of the rapacity of the new Confederacy will be already by our own colonies and those of our ally Spain. This war will naturally involve some sacrifices. You are already paying pretty heavy taxes—about as heavy as many of you think you can bear. The war will double them. You are already suffering from the reduction of your trade with the United States in consequence of the rebellion. The war will destroy that trade altogether. You will not only sell no goods at all to the Americans, and get no cotton whatever, but you will get from them no gold, no breadstuffs, and no provisions. Food will advance from 20 to 100 per cent. in all your markets. Your foreign trade, if not destroyed altogether, will be prosecuted under circumstances of peculiar peril. Americans ships of war will at least endeavor to cut off your communication with India, Australia, the West Indies, and South America: the experience of 1812, when the American navy was less than one-fiftieth what it is at present, shows what can be done in this direction. In the mean time it will be necessary for you to keep a sharp eye on dangers at home. A large and powerful party in Ireland would doubtless recognize the opportunity of a war with the United States to strike a fresh blow for independence. In France the dangerous classes would require very close watching indeed. And finally, we learn with regret that Mr. Cameron, United States Minister to St. Petersburg, is carrying on a negotiation with Russia which may lead to very serious complications after our new war with the United States has broken out."

Such would have to be the language of the rulers of the maritime powers of Europe in announcing to their people their intervention in favor of this country. It is easy to understand what would be the response of the people.

No man, in either England and uncertain world, can be certain of the future. Men and nations have often acted as it seemed absurd and impossible for them to act. But, unless the case now stands, it seems gratuitous and absurd to doubt the sincerity of the emphatic declarations of the British and French Governments that they have no intention whatever of interfering in our quarrel.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A DISTINGUISHED American conversing, a few days since, in Paris, with M. THOUVENEL, the French Minister of State, was asked rather impudently by the Frenchman,

"But, Sir, how much time do you want to take Richmond? How long must we wait?"

"I think, Monsieur, with great respect," was the courteous reply of our countryman, "that we shall be satisfied if we are granted as much time as the allies took to enter Sebastopol."

M. THOUVENEL changed the subject.

THE LOUNGER.

OUR HEROES.

It is impossible not to feel that there is a great deal that is consoling and inspiring even in the disasters of the week in the rebellious Virginia mud. It was one of the longest battles recorded in history. It was a contest between an overwhelming mass of desperate men, standing upon their own soil, well armed, ably led, terribly in earnest, and a smaller body of heroes, upon a strange soil, and inspired with the knowledge that they fought for the very principle of liberty and human civilization.

The battle raged for a week. Our men, fighting like heroes, were driven inch by inch every inch of the way, but neither routed nor appalled, and in retreating merely compacting themselves and forming a better base of operations. In the very midst of the battle, after it had raged for nearly a week, the gunnery of the rebel iron-clad steamer Yankees along his line, invoking his staggering but undaunted soldiers to strike once more and dashing—they are too utterly spent for that—to launch themselves slowly, sullenly, overwhelmingly upon the yelling and exultant foe, at once breathing death as they come:—on and on; not a lightning flash, but a lava stream—on and on; not a cry of rage, but the fall away before them of wild dismay, and the hush of the long conflict is a ghastly victory of ours!

The greatest bravery of our men through the bloody and dreadful week redeems the story of delay. They have always been the most splendid soldiers. Their conduct is the universal theme. The result is a lesson by which we are wise men to profit. It is not merely that we are not in Richmond—but that is still, and likely to be, a question of time. If the people who have remarched to the battle-field were marching to-day, we have, the delay will be only a challenge which will be gladly accepted and answered by hordes of men. If we have received a blow, so have the rebels. If we have not succeeded, it is no victory for them.

After Bull Run we had a right to doubt the result, because it seemed as if we were overwhelmed. But Chickahominy we have a right to be sure of our final triumph, because of the experience of heroism. We are learning war. It is a dreadful lesson, in a fearful school. But it will save us untold horrors hereafter.

M'CLELLAN.

WHEN Lexington, in Missouri, fell, and Halleck was captured, even the most faithful supporters of General M'Clellan felt sore misgivings. But did not admit that he was responsible. For he said under the circumstances the public sensibility was considered satisfied. But subsequently, in a fort-night, because of our final triumph, because of the heroism, we are learning war. It is a dreadful lesson, in a fearful school. But it will save us untold horrors hereafter.

M'CLELLAN.

The Lounger's faith in General Fremont did not fall with Lexington, nor has his confidence in General M'Clellan been shaken back with his army. Let us the simple fact.

M'Clellan hoped to take Richmond, and failed. The enemy defeated him, but, with his line, was not beaten back. They marched out a hundred and twenty or forty or forty thousand strong, and the upon M'Clellan's army of seventy or eighty men posted in a swamp and across a river. He so fought with forces of overwhelming number that he must crush him, or his retreat would be their defeat. For a week he resisted them with heroic and unquailing courage. He fought them out with out panic, but with splendid and terrible sallies. He fought them at last, routed them, pursued them, and drives back the swarming hordes of rebels, and remains fast and impregnable upon his new line of operations.

Of course Richmond, and not Harrison's Landing, is the point aimed at. That our campaign is not through such an overwhelming storm of battle safely to the James does not prove that it will not be. Of course the army is considered in safety on half of his. We must remember that immediately after the battle of Bull Run, before Banks and Shields' army reinforced Richmond, M'Clellan said that the enemy was stronger than he. Let us be fair. He did not win that battle against overpowering odds, he prevented the foe from winning it.

THE LESSON OF THE DAY.

EVERY event in this war teaches us the same lesson. It is as old as human history, but it has had to be learned. It has been urged a hundred times in this struggle of ours, and a hundred times forgotten. It is very simple, for it is only; don't give up.

From the beginning we have been told that the rebels had no money, no food, no ammunition, that they were demoralized, disheartened, and coerced: that their cause was hopeless, and that they must soon give it up. Every day that they were good at a bash, but had no persistence in war. Several times the back of the rebellion was broken. The "end of the war" approached for a long time: and the student and most suspicious papers have occasionally expressed the hope that, as the end of the world dear seems to every inch of the national domain.

We have all along been very confident. The loyal colonies have not failed to express it, but we never doubt the success of the nation in subduing this revolt. But the way is childish to learn. The suggestion of the loyal Governors in the beginning of the national heart. It is perfect prompting of the national heart. It is perfectly clear now that if we had had a million of men more or less enrolled, and armed as rapidly as possible, we should have taken no steps backward, and the world could not have had the kind of fun as to the prospects of the revolt.

But we must henceforth remember that this is a war; that the hate of men who have been taught to hate us for years is more bitter than the hate of foreigners; that the rebels feel their cause to be as sacred as ever our fathers felt any of the principles to be; that they have for long years been taught to hate us and despise us; that the more of them are profoundly ignorant and poor, and that their prejudice against us is malignant, and they look upon our army as an invading host, come to waste their homes and insult their families; that by a thousand reasons of conduct and of ignorance, and force of circumstance, they are in opposition to the Government. Moreover, a people so inflamed and desperate, practically armed

square miles of fertile soil, will not starve immediately. If a piece of brown paper, by common consent, buys a loaf of bread, it is as good as gold. Disaffection, disappointment, disgust there may be in individual cases, and in the perhaps intentionally exaggerated rumors of designing stragglers. But after fifteen months of war the rebels stand today bitter, defiant, desperate; not hoping, of course, to subdue and overrun us, but expecting to hold out fiercely until Europe interposes.

Let no one mistake what we are saying. There is not the least reason for doubt in any loyal heart. But there is every reason for keeping our eyes steadily open upon the facts. A man is not depressed or gloomy because he thinks a huge and radical civil war is not a picnic, to be ended by an order of the day. If you expect to stand on the top of the mountain you must climb, and slip, and sweat, and fall, and bruise your shins, and up again, and up, and up. The job is difficult, so is this rebellion. But it is not in Yankee nature to be foiled. The tougher the resistance, the more resolutely, with grim good-humor, it settles itself to the task.

WHO DID IT?

INEVITABLY, after such severe work as our soldiers have seen before Richmond, every body raises his head from the details, and asks, *Who did it?* Who is responsible for it? Who shall be the scape-goat?

We are all responsible. It is very easy, after any event has occurred, to see and to say how a different combination might have produced different results. Suppose a storm had not scattered the Spanish armada. Suppose Hampden and Cromwell had come to New England. Suppose Julius Cæsar had never crossed the Rubicon. Suppose Alexander the Great had died of measles in his fourth year. Suppose the deluge had never dried up. Suppose any thing you please as a premise, and you may suppose what you choose as a logical conclusion. A month ago we all thought and said, "'Tis only a question of time. We shall have Richmond before the harvest." Even those who did not like M'Clellan's politics, and those who did not have great faith in his military genius, cried, "Of course. He must take Richmond. He can't help it."

Let us hope before these lines are read that he may have it. But let us also not be too sure. And when we read of the fighting and the carnage of the 28th, 29th, and 30th June, let us remember that, pitiful as the story may be, all had doubtless been done in preparation that the circumstances and the honesty of the leaders allowed. It would have been better doubtless to have had an army of fifty thousand men in the Shenandoah, and another of two hundred thousand in an airy and healthy and impregnable position before Richmond, and another of fifty thousand upon the Rappahannock, and a hundred thousand veterans around Washington. All this would have been better without question. But the general conviction of the country and of the Administration has been that there were men enough to do the work. Senator Wilson is as earnest a friend of ample and vigorous measures as there is in the country, but he thought and said long ago that we had plenty of men. It must never be forgotten that we are learning to make war by experience. When it is the universal conviction that half a million of volunteers are enough, a call for a million, upon the plea that the more men the surer the result, would fall heavily upon the public ear.

Let us all be our own scape-goats. We can not blame M'Clellan that he is not in Richmond (if he is not), nor the President, nor Mr. Stanton, nor the Cabinet, nor any individual. Suppose that General M'Clellan asked for more troops. The President would say, "I've none to send you."

"But I must have them."

"I haven't got them."

"But, my dear Sir, it is a military necessity, of which you are no judge."

"Very likely, my dear General, but I am nevertheless, and unluckily, if you choose, Commander-in-Chief. I wish I could see as you do, but I can not. I have no right to relinquish my own judgment. In this case I do not feel that I ought to. I wish I had fifty thousand troops to send you. I can call for them, if you say you must retire without them; but there are not too many in the Shenandoah, nor before Washington, and the West wants all it has."

"Very well, I understand; and I will do the best I can."

Clearly neither of the two is to be blamed. The difficulty is that there are not more men. That there ought to be more is very evident, but that is a fact which the public just perceives. Our delay before Richmond is as little any body's fault, and as much every body's misfortune, as can well be.

"THE UNION AT ANY PRICE."

FOR a year we have been saying that we wanted to save the Union at any cost. We are now called upon to show that we mean what we say. We have perhaps thought that half a million of armed men would suffice; that it was not necessary to employ any other means. But as parents ask children "How much do you love me? A dollar's worth? Twenty dollars? An apple?"—so we have now to ask ourselves how much do we love our Government and the cause of civil liberty and human freedom. The question is perfectly simple. If we can say truly that we love our country so strongly that we hold nothing dearer, except justice and honor, then we are safe. If not, we are already lost, and every one of our soldiers whom we henceforth allow to fall we murder. Let us see, then, how much we do love it, and at what cost we are willing to save it.

Mr. Ten Eyck, a Republican Senator from New Jersey, says that he doubts whether his fellow-citizens would fight for their country side by side with colored men. That is to say, their prejudice against the colored race is dearer to them than the Union.

Another Senator says that confiscating the property of rebels in arms is not to be thought of. A man may be slaughtering our brothers, sons, and fathers, but we must respect his property. Men who take this view are more unwilling to confiscate by proceedings *in rem* than they are to see the country divided and lost.

Another party say that it is frightful to think of General Hunter's regiment of colored men. If you ask them whether they would not save the Union upon the very principle of the Union, namely, the liberty of innocent men, they shake their heads. They would rather the Government should be ruined and the nation lost than that those who have been enslaved, in defiance of every human instinct and divine law, should be liberated.

These represent classes that have been hitherto very large in the country. But they are classes that diminish every day. It is gradually becoming plain to the blindest eyes that this country can be saved only by the heroic effort of all her children. The authorities are willing, but the people are the Government. The authorities must be stimulated and supported by public opinion, and every man must help to make that. If the world sees that we are trying with one hand to put down rebellion and with the other to save rebels, it is idle to expect its assent to the continuance of a war in which it has so much at stake. If, on the other hand, it sees that we have learned what we are not to be reproached for not having earlier admitted, that the extremest and most radical measures are not to be spared in the suppression of this insurrection, the world will pause, for it will see a purpose too dangerous and sincere to be trifled with.

The moral is radiantly clear. If we value the Union more than the claim of the rebels to their slaves and their property, we shall save it. If not, it is already lost. If we do not believe that we can constitutionally take any step short of dishonor, which is necessary for national self-preservation, then our salvation is constitutionally impossible.

DOUBLING THE CAPE.

IN the question of foreign meddling there is one point which should be remembered. There is no doubt that Mr. Yancey, upon the part of the rebels, offered as an inducement for foreign recognition the emancipation of the slaves. When, therefore, it is thought by Europe that the time has come to acknowledge the independence of the rebel section, England will insist upon some scheme of emancipation as a condition. It will do this because abolition is the traditional British policy, and because the English know perfectly well that the supply of cotton which depends upon slave-labor is necessarily an uncertain supply, because of the precarious condition of any slave society. Some scheme of emancipation will therefore be required, and it will be gladly granted by the rebels. Then what?

Then in fighting, as we have hitherto been, the Government will be fighting for slavery under the Union; but Europe and the South will be fighting not only for Southern independence, but for universal Liberty. Is it not worth while for us to secure that advantage? Is it not almost time for the President to call upon all loyal men in the land to rally to the support of the Government?

A NEW NOVEL.

"THE MORGESONS," the novel by Mrs. Stoddard, wife of the poet, is a very striking story of a certain aspect of New England life. With curious power and a kind of remorseless skill the author invests the homely details of Yankee shore-life with the tragical gloom of Greek fate. The detailed delineation of character and events, and the quiet reliance upon the essential interest of the subject, are admirable. Indeed, there is an intensity of reality in this story which will make the reader instinctively wonder whether the author has not strictly followed Sir Philip Sidney's charge, "Look into thine own heart, and write." Among the new novels "The Morgesons" is worthy the attention of every reader who seeks a remarkable story, or who is interested in American literature.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IT is not always a mark of frankness to possess an open countenance. An alligator is a deceitful creature, and yet it possesses an open countenance when it is in the very act of *taking you in*.

"How d'ye, broder?" "So so, me tank ye; how you bin dis long time?" "Quite well, tank you. How you pass your time now, broder?" "Oh! me no pass me time at all, broder; me cock up me foot so let time pass himself."

EPITAPH AT NESTON ST. NICHOLAS.

"Here lies a certain Elizabeth Mann,
She lived an old maid and she died an old Mann."

GENT ON HORSEBACK. "Get out of the way, boy, get out of the way! My horse don't like donkeys!"
BOY ON DONKEY. "Doan't he? Then why doan't he kick thee orf?"

"Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge, remember that!" "I shall not be frightened, then, for I never knew you to pay any thing that you owed."

Did you ever know a young lady who was too weak to stand up at church who could not dance all night without being tired at all?

The most infallible way of preventing a kitchen door from creaking is said to be to engage a servant girl whose sweet-heart comes to the house to see her.

"With all thy faults I love thee *still*," as the man said to his wife when she was giving him a curtain lecture.

A COUPLE OF SHAMS.—A sham count and a sham Abbé being in a company together, the count hearing the word Abbé always bandying about was piqued, and asked the Abbé where his abbey lay? The Abbé replied, "Bless me! do you not know it? It is in your county!"

"Mother," said Ike Partington, "did you know that the 'Iron Horse' has but one ear?" "One ear! merciful gracious, child, what do you mean?" "Why, the engin-ear, of course."

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—Taking shelter from a shower in an umbrella shop is the height of impudence.

A gentleman who was rather impatient at table declared he wished he could manage without servants, as they were a greater "plague than profit." "Why not have a dumb waiter?" suggested a friend. "Oh no," returned the other, "I have tried them—they don't answer."

A celebrated engineer being examined at a trial, made use of the expression "the creative power of a machine," upon which the judge somewhat offensively asked him what he meant by the phrase. "I mean, my lord," said the engineer, "that power which enables a man to convert a goat's tail into a judge's wig."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, June 30, in the Senate, a bill was introduced to punish persons giving or offering to give members of Congress or officers of the government any consideration for procuring contracts, office, or place under the United States Government. The bill providing that vessels and goods belonging to loyal citizens, which have been captured by the rebels, when retaken by the United States, shall be delivered to the owners without salvage, was passed. The bill prescribing an additional oath of office was also passed, as also the bill establishing certain national arsenals. An executive session was held, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the case of the New York *Tribune*, with regard to the *Intelligencer* printing, was transferred from the Judiciary Committee to a select committee for investigation. The remainder of the session was devoted to debate upon the bill for the construction of a ship-canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi. A motion to postpone the subject till the first Monday in January was negatived by one majority, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, July 1, in the Senate, the bill for the admission of Western Virginia into the Union as a State was discussed at considerable length, the question being on the amendment offered by Senator Sumner, prohibiting slavery in the territory after the 4th of July, 1863. Without taking a vote on the proposition, the bill was laid aside, and the Army Appropriation bill was taken up. The amendment limiting the number of the rank and file of the army to 750,000 was stricken out, and an amendment limiting the number of Major-Generals at forty, and the Brigadier-Generals to two hundred was adopted. Several other amendments were adopted, and the bill was then laid aside. A resolution, calling on the President for information as to whether Mr. Fulton, the editor of the Baltimore *American*, has been arrested, upon what charge, and for what reason, etc., was laid over. Some other business of no general interest was transacted, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the consideration of the Tariff bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole, various amendments were adopted, and the bill passed. The bill providing for the enlargement of the locks of the Illinois canal so as to admit of the passage of naval vessels, with the amendment for the enlargement of the locks of the Erie and Oswego canals, was laid on the table by two majority. Notice was given of a motion to reconsider the vote, with the view of postponing the subject till December next.

On Wednesday, July 2, in the Senate, Senator Powell, from the Judiciary Committee, reported back the bill to punish persons giving or offering to give consideration to members of Congress for procuring Government contracts, etc. Senator Wright, of Indiana, offered a resolution that, by the report of the Secretary of War of June 21, 1862, it appearing that Senator J. F. Simmons, of Rhode Island, used his official influence to procure a contract from the Government for one C. B. Schuberth, for which it was agreed that he (Mr. Simmons) should receive $50,000, therefore the said James F. Simmons be expelled from his seat in the Senate. The resolution was laid over. The bill changing the grade of line officers of the navy, creating admirals and commanders in addition to the present grades, was discussed. The bill authorizing an additional issue of Treasury Notes was then taken up, several important amendments adopted, and the bill passed, when the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a resolution calling upon the Secretary of War to communicate any information received by the Government from General M'Clellan relative to the operations at White House was adopted. The motion to reconsider the vote whereby the bill for the enlargement of the Illinois and New York canal-locks was laid on the table was called up. A motion to lay the motion on the table was negatived—56 against 71. Pending a call for the yeas and nays on the main question, the subject was laid aside. A number of bills and resolutions relative to naval affairs were then passed, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, July 3, in the Senate, a joint resolution adjourning Congress on the 10th inst. was laid over. An executive session was held, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Dunlap, of Kentucky, asked, but did not obtain, leave to introduce a resolution declaring the sentiments contained in Major-General Hunter's letter relative to arming of the slaves (read in the House on 2d) are eminently unjust to an American Congress—an insult to the American people and to our brave soldiers—and justly merit the consideration of this body. The Senate amendments to the Treasury Note bill were reported to the Committee of Ways and Means. A bill providing for the trial or discharge of State prisoners was introduced and ordered to be printed. The Confiscation bill, as returned from the Senate, was taken up, and the House non-concurred in the amendment substituting Mr. Clark's bill for that of the House.

On Friday, July 4, in the Senate no business of public importance was transacted.——The House was not in session.

On Saturday, July 5, the Senate adopted a resolution calling for Colonel Canby's reports of operations in New Mexico. The General Pension bill was taken up, several amendments agreed to, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House the Senate's amendments to the Treasury Note bill were non-concurred in, and a committee of conference ordered. The Senate's joint resolution fixing upon the first Tuesday in September as the time of meeting at Chicago of the Pacific Railroad corporators was adopted. A joint resolution was adopted authorizing the Secretary of War to furnish clothing to wounded and sick soldiers as a substitute for that lost by the casualties of war. A resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of War for information whether any member of Congress has been interested in contracts since the 1st of April last. The remainder of the session was devoted to discussing the report of General Hunter on the subject of arming negroes.

On Monday, July 7, in the Senate, the Finance Committee reported back the Tariff bill with amendments. Senator Chandler offered a resolution, which lies over, calling on the Secretary of War for copies of all orders of the Executive to General M'Clellan relative to the advance of the Army of the Potomac on Richmond, and all the correspondence between the said General M'Clellan and the Executive from the date of the order of the 22d of February to the advance on Manassas up to May 1; also a statement of the numerical force of the Army of the Potomac, as shown by the roll in November, 1861, and in January, February, and March, 1862; also the number of troops General M'Clellan took from Fortress Monroe, the number at the fortress, and the reinforcements sent to him up to June 1, 1862. A Committee of Conference was ordered on the Treasury Note bill, and afterward the bill was passed. The general Pension bill was also passed. The bill to provide provisional governments in certain cases was then taken up, and a long and interesting debate ensued. Without taking action on the bill the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Diven, of New York, asked the House to excuse his colleagues, Messrs. Van Valkenburg and Pomeroy, and himself, from service for the remainder of the session, as they desired to return to their respective districts to aid in raising troops. The request was granted. The Senate bill establishing arsenals at Columbus, Ohio, Indianapolis, Indiana, and Rock Island, Illinois, for the deposit and repair of arms, etc., was passed. The Senate bill to carry into effect the treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the African slave-trade was passed.

M'CLELLAN TO HIS SOLDIERS.

The following stirring appeal to the Army of the Potomac was issued on the Fourth:

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, *July* 4, 1862.

SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC!—Your achievements of the last ten days have illustrated the valor and endurance of the American soldier. Attacked by superior forces and without hope of reinforcements you have succeeded in changing your base of operations by a flank movement, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. You have saved all your material, all your trains, and all your guns, except a few lost in battle, taking, in return, guns and colors from the enemy. Upon your march you have been assailed day after day with desperate fury, by men of the same race and nation, skillfully massed and led. Under every disadvantage of number, and necessarily of position also, you have in every conflict beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter. Your conduct ranks you among the celebrated armies of history. No one will now question that each of you may always with pride say, "I belong to the Army of the Potomac." You have reached the new base, complete in organization and unimpaired in spirit. The enemy may at any time attack you. We are prepared to meet them. I have personally established your lines. Let them come, and we will convert their repulse into a final defeat. Your Government is strengthening you with the resources of a great people. On this, our nation's birthday, we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the best interests of mankind, that this army shall enter the capital of the so-called Confederacy; that our National Constitution shall prevail, and that the Union, which can alone insure internal peace, and external security to each State, "Must and Shall be Preserved," cost what it may in time, treasure, and blood.

GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN.

SIX BATTLES IN A WEEK.

We give below the names of the localities of the various battles which were fought by the contending armies before Richmond, during the week ending July 1:

Thursday, June 26—Battle of Mechanicsville.
Friday, June 27—Battle of Gaines's Mills.
Saturday, June 28—Battle of the Chickahominy.
Sunday, June 29—Battle of Peach Orchard; battle of Savage's Station.
Monday, June 30—Battle of White Oak Swamp; battle of White Oak Creek; battle of Charles City Cross Roads.
Tuesday, July 1—Battle of Turkey Bend.

REBEL LOSSES THEREIN.

The rebel accounts of the late battles, published in the Richmond papers, admit a heavy loss on the side of the enemy, and would imply that they suffered terribly—far more so in dead than we did. The Richmond *Examiner*, for instance, states that out of one division of rebels engaged in Sunday's fight, only six thousand could be mustered, when fourteen thousand went into action. This exceeds by far any amount of loss which our records show, in the same number of men.

ANOTHER FIGHT.

General M'Clellan's army had another skirmish with the enemy on Friday last on our left wing, which resulted in the total defeat of the rebels, and the capture of one thousand of their men and three batteries. Our cavalry followed up the enemy through the White Oak Swamp.

A CALL FOR MORE TROOPS.

A document was presented to the President on 1st July, signed by the Governors of eighteen States—namely: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Michigan, Tennessee, Missouri, Indiana, Ohio, Minnesota, Illinois, Wisconsin, and the "President of the Military Board" of Kentucky, stating that they were of one accord in the hearty desire that the recent successes of the Federal arms may be followed up by measures which must insure the speedy restoration of the Union; and believing that, in view of the important military movements now in progress, and the reduced condition of our effective forces in the field, the time has arrived for prompt and vigorous measures to be adopted by the people in support of the great interests of the country, they request that he shall call upon the several States for such numbers of men as may be required to fill up all military organizations now in the field, and add to the army such additional number of men as may be necessary to garrison and hold all of the numerous cities and military positions that have been captured by our armies, and to speedily crush the rebellion that still exists in several of the Southern States, thus practically restoring to the civilized world our great and good government.

To this appeal the President replied that he decides upon calling for 300,000 more troops, chiefly infantry; that he hopes they will be raised without delay, and that an order fixing the quota required from each State will be issued by the War Department at once.

CAPTURE OF VICKSBURG.

It is stated by the daily papers that after a bombardment Vicksburg has been captured by Com. Farragut's fleet. He ran by the batteries on Wednesday, receiving a raking fire as his boats passed, but without suffering any damage. Commodore Farragut, from below, and Captain Davis, from above, on the Mississippi River, are now in communication, and therefore the whole river, from Cairo to New Orleans, is in possession of our troops. Vicksburg was nearly destroyed by the shells from our gunboats, and it is said that General Butler is cutting a canal across the bend on which Vicksburg stands, which will change the channel of the Mississippi entirely at that point.

BRILLIANT AFFAIR AT CORINTH.

A brilliant affair has recently taken place at Booneville, below Corinth, between a party of Colonel Sheridan's Michigan cavalry and a superior body of the rebels. Colonel Sheridan, it appears, had only 728 men under his command, and although opposed to a force of 4700 rebels, succeeded in defeating the latter after a desperate fight, which lasted seven hours. The loss on our side was only forty-one killed, wounded, and missing. That of the enemy could not be ascertained, but it must have been heavy, because sixty-five dead were found upon the field. Major-General Halleck, in officially announcing this magnificent encounter, very properly recommends Colonel Sheridan for promotion.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ANOTHER SECESH GROAN.

IN the British House of Commons, on the 19th of June, Mr. Lindsay, in postponing his notice on the subject of England's relations with America until Friday, 11th of July, expressed a hope that the Government in the mean time would see the necessity of recognizing the "independence" of the Confederate States, and of taking the matter out of the hands of private members, as it was "perfectly clear the Confederate States were now able to assert their independence."

FRANCE.

THE MEXICAN AFFAIR.

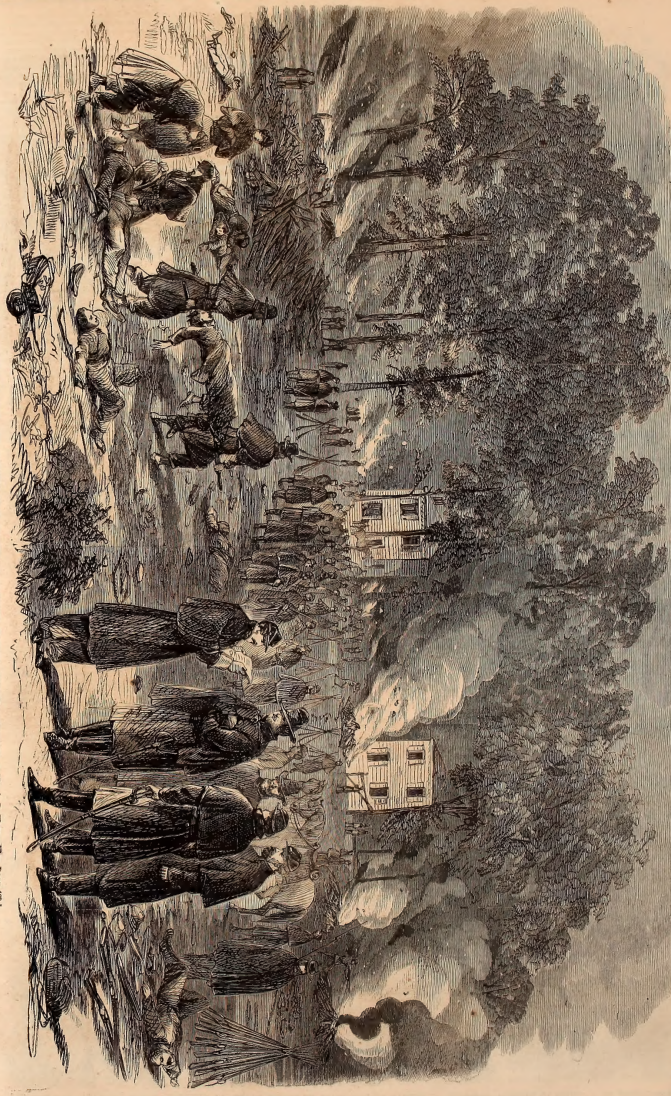
The Emperor of France has determined to send such an army to Mexico as will force its way to the capital against all obstacles. Admiral la Graviere is to take the command of a large concentrated naval force of France in the waters of America, the Paris *Patrie* saying that such a step is justified by events which "may arise out of the American war and Mexican affairs."

DEBATE IN THE CHAMBER.

In the French Chamber of Deputies M. Jules Favre censured the expedition to Mexico, and demanded an explanation of its purport. He argued that the honor of France required that she should treat with Mexico and withdraw. M. Billault, in reply, said that France had insults to avenge upon the Juarez Government. He declared that the Emperor would leave the people entirely free, when the French flag floats over the capital of Mexico, to vote for whatever government they might choose.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CAPTAIN DE HART'S BATTERY SHELLING THE REBEL ADVANCE AT THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILLS, JUNE 27, 1862.—[SEE PAGE 462.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—BURYING THE DEAD, AND BURNING DEAD HORSES AT FAIROAKS STATION, VIRGINIA—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 459.]



RECEPTION OF GOVERNOR STANLY AT WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. WEBER.—[SEE PAGE 455.]



PRESENTATION OF A SWORD TO GENERAL BURNSIDE ON BEHALF OF THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, AT NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 455.]

GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER.

On page 449 we publish a portrait of Brigadier-General Fitz-John Porter, commanding a corps in the army of the Potomac, from a photograph by M'Clees, of Philadelphia.

General Porter was born in New Hampshire about the year 1824, and is consequently about thirty-eight years of age. He graduated at West Point in the 4th artillery on 1st July, 1845, and obtained promotion to a first-lieutenancy in May, 1847. He accompanied General Scott to Mexico, and for gallant and meritorious conduct at Molino del Rey was brevetted Captain. At Chapultepec he again distinguished himself, and obtained the brevet rank of Major. At the fight at the Belen Gate he was severely wounded. On the return of the army to the United States he was appointed Assistant-Instructor of Artillery at West Point, which office he filled, we believe, until the outbreak of the rebellion.

On the increase of the army, in May, 1861, Fitz-John Porter was appointed Colonel of the new 15th infantry, and, three days afterward, Brigadier-General of Volunteers. His command was in the Army of the Potomac. He rendered useful aid to General M'Clellan in reorganizing the army after the battle of Bull Run, and was soon placed in command of a division. He accompanied the army to Yorktown, and was there placed in command of the siege-works. After the evacuation of the place he was for a while Governor of Yorktown, but soon resumed his place in the advancing army. On 25th June he commanded the extreme right of our army, and bore the brunt of the terrible battles of 26th and 27th. No better or braver soldier lives than Fitz-John Porter.

BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE A. M'CALL.

GENERAL GEORGE ARCHIBALD M'CALL, whose portrait we give on page 449, is said to be wounded and a prisoner in the hands of the rebels. He was born in Pennsylvania about the year 1801, and is consequently over 60 years of age. He graduated at West Point, in the infantry, in 1822, and served many years in his regiment and likewise in the subsistence department. In the Florida war he won fame and his company under General Worth. At the outbreak of the Mexican war he served under General Taylor, and was brevetted Major for gallant conduct at Palo Alto, and Lieutenant-Colonel for the same at Resaca de la Palma. In December, 1847, he was promoted to a Majority, and in June, 1850, he became Inspector-General of the army with the rank of Colonel. On the outbreak of the rebellion he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and served with Patterson in his inglorious campaign on the Upper Potomac. He was subsequently transferred to the army of the Potomac, where he obtained command of a division.

At the terrible battle of the Chickahominy on the 26th ult., General M'Call's division bore the brunt of the first day's fighting and behaved like heroes. Their commander is known to have been wounded, and, as his horse has been found riderless, it is supposed that the gallant General fell into the hands of the enemy. We can not afford to spare so good a man.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

We publish on page 456 a couple of pictures from North Carolina, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. A. Wiser. One of them represents THE RECEPTION OF GOVERNOR STANLY, OF NORTH CAROLINA, AT WASHINGTON in that State. The Governor made a handsome address to the people, and was exceedingly well received.

The other picture represents the PRESENTATION OF A SWORD TO GENERAL BURNSIDE BY THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND. We condense the following account of the affair from the *Herald* correspondence:

The ground selected for the presentation and grand review of this portion of the corps d'armée was situated about a mile from the railroad bridge. It is level, rather high, and large enough to permit the movements of, as I before said, upward of fifty thousand men. For some time before the arrival of the first regiment the people began to gather. Five was the hour; but at five times were few of the regiments on the spot. Shortly after, however, a sight was presented to all the lookers-on that can never be effaced from their memories. From one corner of this large field, leading from the bridge, came long lines of artillery and cavalry, while from every side came pouring in, to the strains of joyous music, regiment after regiment, who, after marching into the space, took up their positions and awaited further orders.

The appearance of the General was announced by a strain of Rhode Island, played by Captain Bidgen's band, which preceded the General and his staff immediately preceded to the centre of the field, where a sort of platform was erected on one of the eminences. The army was drawn up, forming a hollow square, or rather square with centre, in the centre of which were the staff officers of the different generals, who were also present. On the platform there were but four persons—General Burnside and Commodore Rowan to represent us, and General Maurice and aid on the part of Rhode Island. After the usual military salute, given along with the mustered thunder of the artillery, General Maurice approached General Burnside, bearing in his hands the magnificent gift.

He made a handsome speech to General Burnside, in reply to which the latter said:

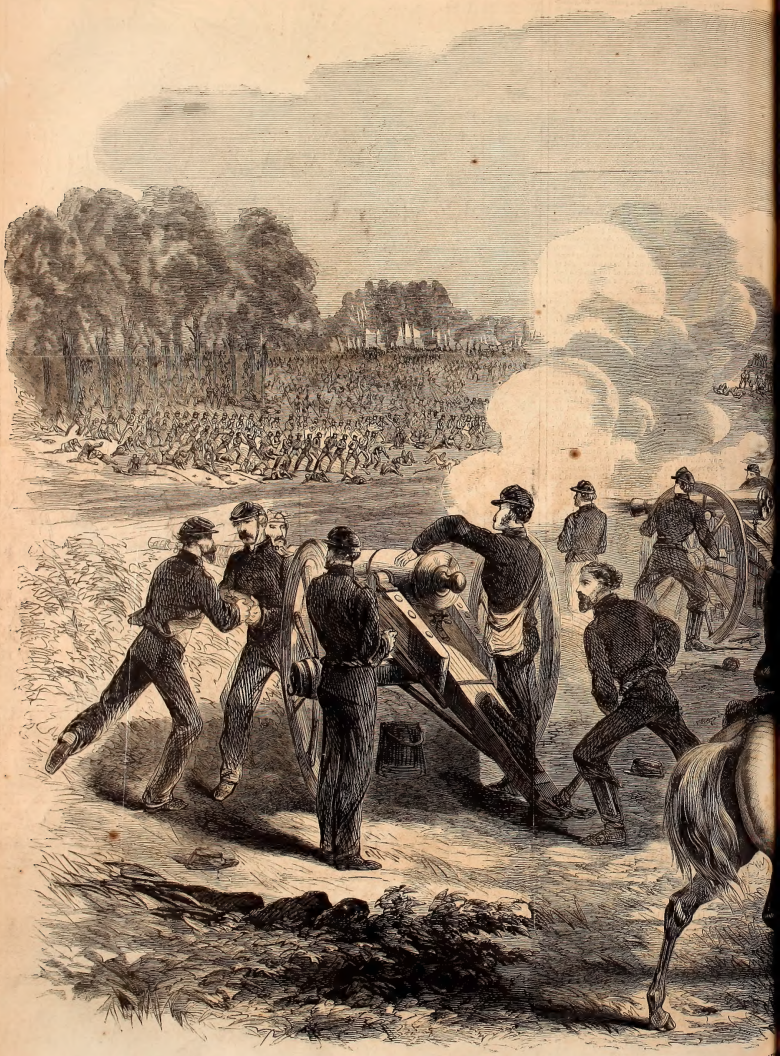
In behalf of the gallant little army which surrounds you, I beg through you to thank the State of Rhode Island for this token of its appreciation of our services at the "Battle of Roanoke." Your excellent Governor has most fittingly said that the services of this army have been in this manner remembered through its commander. Without the skill, courage, patience, and fortitude of the general officers, field and staff officers, company officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of this corps d'armée, together with the full and hearty co-operation of our gallant navy in those waters, the State of Rhode Island would have been deprived the pleasure of giving, and I inherited the proud satisfaction of receiving, this elegant sword.

The ceremony took up but a short time, and at its conclusion a cheer was raised by the men that rivaled in force the roar of the cannon which had been heard during the morning by the commander of our forces. So earnest was giving vent to their feelings once, it was repeated and repeated, the woods throwing back the echo, until one would almost fancy a whole state had raised up its voice—and may be it will soon—and that, too, for the good and Union.

The General buckled on the sword, and, standing on the same place, remained there until the whole army had passed in review.



MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE OLD AND NEW POSITIONS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GRIFFIN'S AND MARTIN'S BATTERIES PO



NG CANISTER INTO THE REBEL RANKS AT GAINES'S MILLS.—[See Page 463.]

WIFE AND I.

We quarrel'd this morning, my wife and I,
We were out of temper, and scarce knew why,
Though the cause was trivial and common;
But to look in our eyes you'd have sworn that we both
Were a couple of enemies spiteful and wroth—
Not a wedded man and woman.

Wife, like a tragedy queen in a play,
Tossed her sweet little head in as lofty a way
As so little a woman was able;
She clenched her lips with a sneer and a frown,
While I, being rougher, stamped up and down,
Like a careless groom in a stable.

You'd have thought us the bitterest (seeing us then)
Of little women and little men,
You'd have laughed at our spite and passion;
And would never have dreamed that a storm like this
Would be rainbow'd to tears by that sunlight, a kiss,
Till we talked in the old fond fashion.

Yet the storm was over in less than an hour,
And was followed soon by a sunny shower,
And that again by embraces;
Yet so little the meaning was understood
That we almost felt ashamed to be good,
And wore a blush on our faces.

Then she, as a woman, much braver became,
And tried to bear the whole weight of the blame,
By her kindness herself reproving;
When, seeing her humble, and knowing her true,
I all at once became humble too,
And very contrite and loving.

But, seeing I acted an humble part,
She laughed outright with a frolic heart—
A laugh as careless as Cupid;
And the laughter wrangled along my brain
Till I almost felt in a passion again,
And became quite stubborn and stupid.

And this was the time for her arms to twine
Around this stubbornest neck of mine,
Like the arms of a maid round a lover;
And, feeling them there, with their warmth, you know,
I laughed quite a different laugh; and so
The storm (as I called it) was over.

So then we could talk with the power to please;
And though the passing of storms like these
Leaves a certain fond facility
Of getting easily angry again,
Yet they free the heart and rebuke the brain,
And teach us a rough humility.

You see we love one another so well,
That we find more comfort than you can tell
In jingling our bells and corals;
In the fiercer fights of a world so drear,
We keep our spirits so close and clear
That we need such trivial quarrels.

In the great, fierce fights of the world we try
To shield one another, my wife and I,
Like brave strong man and woman;
But the trivial quarrels o' days and nights
Unshackle our souls for the great fierce fights,
And keep us lowly and human.

Clouds would grow in the quietest mind,
And make it unmeet to mix with its kind,
Were Nature less wise as a mother;
And with storms like ours there must flutter on
From the bosom the hoarded-up darkness and doubt—
The excess of our love for each other!

THE MAJOR'S DAUGHTER.

It was rather a gay scene at the judge's house, in Kurrackpore, at the beginning of the cool season, about three years ago. The rooms were brilliantly lighted, and the guests were arriving fast, so that the broad open space in the front of the house was crowded with buggies and palkis, and their swarthy attendants.

Society generally stagnates in India during the hot season. People exist as they best can—close their blinds and windows, and make it their grand object in life to keep out the scorching winds. But the hot season had passed, the rains had come and gone, and Kurrackpore society roused itself from its torpid state to an interchange of friendly meetings, which were to be inaugurated by this assembly, at the house of Mr. Grove, the judge. Every one was there; that is to say, every one who was recognized as any body at all, both civilian and military. There was an additional interest about the party, because the Major's daughter, who had just come out from England, was expected to make her first appearance there: and as young ladies were a decided novelty, there was a great amount of amusing speculation about her.

"I think I shall consign Miss Vinrace to you when she comes," Mrs. Grove said to the wife of a young civilian. "You must make her know every body: and I can trust you for finding out what she is made of," she added, laughing.

"Don't give me credit for too much penetration," rejoined Mrs. Stanley; "but I suppose she is little more than a school-girl?"

"It will be a wonder if she reaches your standard. But here she comes with the Major and his wife." And the busy, kind-hearted Mrs. Grove started up to receive them.

Major Vinrace was tall and portly, his hair was almost white, and his face beamed with kindness and good-humor. His wife looked pleasant and matronly, but rather worn with a long Indian life. Every one turned to look at Clara Vinrace, and every one looked twice. The sight of the bright young girl, fresh from England, brought a home-feeling to all their hearts. She was slight and fair, with soft brown hair, taken back simply from her face, and a bright color in her cheeks, but the eyes formed the great charm of her face, such merry, honest eyes—there was no resisting them. She was dressed in simple white muslin, with sash and trimmings of blue, and altogether formed a delightful contrast to the more gorgeous toilet of some of the elder ladies.

Miss Vinrace was soon engaged for the next quadrille, and, after dancing till she was tired, she found herself seated quietly on a couch by Mrs. Stanley, who amused her with rapid and good-humoredly satirical sketches of the different people as they passed near them.

"That stout lady is Mrs. A., who has not an idea in her head, or sufficient energy to learn Hindustanee, in order to manage her servants. That tall young officer with the yellow mustache is Lieutenant B., who is always making bad jokes. And that is Ensign C., who can not see a joke when every one else is laughing at it."

"Who is that intellectual-looking man with a tremendous beard, who is talking in so animated a manner?"

"He is my husband," said Mrs. Stanley, with a pleased smile.

"Indeed! And that noble-looking elderly man, to whom he is speaking, with the iron-gray hair, and such earnest, expressive eyes?"

"What, have you not been introduced to the Honorable Edward Neville? That is quite an oversight on the part of our good hostess. He is a splendid man. If he has a fault, he is a little too self-willed and authoritative, but that is quite pardonable with such a mind. He holds a high position under Government, and will leave us soon to settle affairs in rather a disturbed part of the district that has hardly got quieted down since the mutiny."

"Is his wife here?"

"He has been a widower for many years. His children are growing up. They are now in England finishing their education. But see, they are coming toward us."

The two gentlemen joined them, and sought an introduction to Miss Vinrace. They were soon engaged in an animated conversation, in which Mrs. Stanley took an active part, for, as she often said, there was no one so well worth talking to as Mr. Neville in the station, and conversation was certainly her forte.

Miss Vinrace was by no means a silent listener, but took her part gracefully and modestly, where she felt sure of her ground, perfectly charming the others by her playful sallies and sprightly replies. An hour slipped rapidly away, and when Major Vinrace came to look for his daughter, he was amused to see her so soon at home among her new friends.

"Well, Clara," he said, "and how do you like your first trial of Indian life?"

"I am quite delighted, papa," she replied, bidding them farewell with a pleased smile.

In short, Clara Vinrace became quite the rage at Kurrackpore, and in riding-excursions, tiffin-parties, and picnics, she and Mrs. Stanley were constant companions. Mrs. Stanley thought her the most delightful girl she had ever seen, with such sterling sense, united to such sweetness of temper and grace of manner.

Mr. Neville seemed very much of the same opinion, and finding in the society of this young girl the pleasantest relaxation from his grave duties, he became much more sociable than his wont, and, to every body's surprise, joined in all the pleasure-making excursions.

Some time after the evening spent at the judge's house, with which my story begins, Miss Vinrace was spending a few days with Mrs. Stanley. It was just after the second breakfast—for in India all who have any regard for health and enjoyment rise early, have a slight breakfast, and then take exercise in the cool morning air, and return to the ordinary meal. Mr. Stanley had left the ladies for his usual magisterial work, and they were sitting out in the veranda, reveling in letters and the new periodicals which had come in by the mail that morning. They were too much absorbed to hear approaching footsteps, and by a singular coincidence Clara was in the act of exclaiming, "Oh, Mrs. Stanley! here is a passage that would just suit Mr. Neville—I should like to watch his face when he reads it" when Mr. Neville himself stood before them. Of course Clara blushed, and looked very pretty in her momentary confusion, but she readily got out of her difficulty by saying gayly, "How very fortunate, Mr. Neville! I have no sooner expressed a wish than I find the opportunity of having it fulfilled;" to which Mr. Neville replied, "That he was only too glad to be able to gratify any wish of Miss Vinrace, and to prove her very great powers of discrimination;" and so they immediately proceeded to read and discuss the subject in hand. After half an hour had slipped away unconsciously, Mr. Neville started, looked at his watch, and turning to Mrs. Stanley, said:

"But I must not forget my errand. I came to ask you and Miss Vinrace to join in a picnic to-morrow, of my getting-up. It is a general holiday—a Hindoo festival; the courts will be closed, and we may as well make the best of the time. What do you say to a sail on the Chilka Lake?"

"Oh, it would be delightful!" cried Clara; "there is nothing I like better than a sail."

"You getting up a picnic, Mr. Neville! Well, this is wonderful!" said Mrs. Stanley, with an arch smile. "But can you really manage it?"

"Oh yes, some of us can ride, and those who prefer it may take palkis. I shall send my people on with a tent and provisions. Indeed, I will take no refusal, so don't let me see you hesitate. I am on my way now to make arrangements with Stanley."

"Thank you, Mr. Neville, you really carry all before you. I am sure we shall enjoy it beyond every thing."

Clara said she must get papa's and mamma's consent; so a messenger was immediately sent, who returned with a note from Mrs. Vinrace to the intent that she would be very glad for Clara to have the pleasure, and she would trust her dear girl to Mrs. Stanley's care.

The picnic came and went. To Clara it was like a new revelation. The gorgeous beauty of the Indian scenery, the magnificent luxuriance of vegetation, the magic painting of butterfly and bird, all heightened and enhanced by the intelligent comments and explanations of Neville and the Stanleys, made the day pass like a dream of wonder and delight. It was specially the attentions of Neville that effected the charm, for he generally found his place by her side; and contact with the fresh and energetic soul of his young companion seemed to call into play all his varied powers of mind and graces of conversation, and to clothe him with a new vigor and youth. He forgot his fifty summers, or remembered them only with a sigh, to call himself an old fool, and then to return and lose himself more deeply in the new interest that had stirred the pulses of his heart once more.

"My dear, my dear, will you step here for a moment?" cried the Major, in a perturbed voice to Mrs. Vinrace one morning: "here's a mess we are in!" He went on as soon as he found himself alone with his wife. "Would you believe it, I have had Mr. Neville here proposing for our Clara?"

"Impossible! Why he is old enough to be her father!"

"That's just where it is, my dear—it is perfectly ridiculous."

"How did you answer him?"

"Well, I told him I was quite taken by surprise, but that I could not entertain the idea for a moment. I said that I knew perfectly well that his position and that sort of thing was every way desirable, but that I considered all these advantages were quite overbalanced by the difference of age, and that I should never consider such a marriage as any thing but a sacrifice on the part of one so young as Clara. I said it was most unfortunate—that I regretted exceedingly that such a thing should ever happen, and I begged him not to say any thing to Clara, as it would only needlessly distress her. And now, my dear, have I not expressed your sentiments as well as my own?"

"Yes, quite, I think you are acting for the good of our dear child. I hope she will hear nothing of this. But what did he say?"

"He looked exceedingly cloudy and stern, and said it was quite unnecessary to caution him against speaking to Clara, as he should leave to-day for the Mofussil."

"But he was not offended with you?"

"Oh dear, no. He said he could hardly expect me to take a different view, and considered himself presumptuous to entertain the idea. I heartily wish it had never happened. I could say no to half a dozen young puppies without the slightest compunction, but such a man as this Neville—confound it!" And the Major sought consolation in a cheroot.

Morning light found Edward Neville many miles from Kurrackpore, and Clara, who was fast learning to refer every thing to his opinion—to measure every day's enjoyment by the time he had spent in her company—to find the society of other men a burden in contrast to his refined and gentlemanly attentions—when she heard of his sudden departure, without a word of farewell, felt that a cloud had fallen over her spirit which she could not shake off. Her parents guessed nothing of all this. She grew pale and listless, and they thought that the climate was already beginning to tell upon her, and trembled for her future health. Mrs. Stanley had already divined the cause, and she, too, wondered greatly at Neville's conduct.

Acting for their child's good, the Major and Mrs. Vinrace ruined her happiness by the very means they took to secure it. Had they only told her of Mr. Neville's attachment, she would, in all probability, have acquiesced quietly in their decision, living in secret on the thought of being loved by one whom she deemed so noble and wise. But, as it was, she was utterly distressed and perplexed—distressed, on the one hand, that she had been betrayed into any thing so unwomanly as to lose her affections to one who did not seek them—bitterly disappointed, on the other hand, that her hero should prove himself less worthy of the reverence she had felt. Either she had been forward, or he had been trifling, and both were equally hard to believe. Did he think of her as a mere child? Then why had he paid her such deference?—why had he shown such deep interest in all she said and did? A mere acquaintance would have called to say good-by. A *friend* would never have treated her so. Thus troubled and perplexed her health gave way, and though she struggled hard to maintain her usual cheerfulness, and to be all that her parents wished, still every one could perceive a change. The Major and Mrs. Vinrace, fearing that she could not stand a hot season, had already determined that she should return to England, and remain under the care of the aunt who had brought her up, and it was arranged that she should travel under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Grove, who were going home on furlough. She was spending a few days with Mrs. Stanley for the last time, as she expected to leave for Calcutta in a few weeks.

They were sitting quietly together when Mr. Stanley rushed in in an excited state:

"Frank, what *is* the matter?" cried his wife.

"I have had dreadful news: poor Neville has been nearly murdered in his bed."

"Horrible!" cried Mrs. Stanley, as she instinctively rushed to Clara, who looked so ghastly white that she expected to see her faint away, but she sat still and speechless as a statue.

Mr. Stanley went on.

"The worst of it is, he is quite alone, without a European near him, and there is not a moment's dependence to be placed on those dastardly natives. I propose taking our doctor immediately, and going to him myself. The matter must be inquired into without delay. The Commissioner agrees with me, and will send a military guard at once."

"I will go with you, Frank."

"Well, perhaps it will be best. I have given orders for a dawk to be laid, and we will start at once."

A *chuprassie** was dispatched to the barracks, and Mrs. Vinrace came to fetch her daughter. She was shocked at the intelligence, and still more shocked at the effect it seemed to have upon Clara, and she took an opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Stanley about her. In the fullness of her heart she told her about Mr. Neville's unfortunate rejection.

"Ah, I see it all," Mrs. Stanley said. "This was the cause of his leaving so abruptly, and now he has been exposing himself to dangers, and drawing on himself the animosity of these treacherous natives. Frank is determined to sift it to the bottom, but the first thing to be thought of is his recovery;" and then she added, "for Clara's sake."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Stanley?"

"I mean that this attachment and not the climate has made Clara ill. It had gone quite too far to be cured by sending Mr. Neville away, and I mean that if he recovers, I for one will leave no stone unturned to bring them together again."

"My dear, I call all such disproportionate marriages a mere sacrifice."

"Oh! Mrs. Vinrace, would you sacrifice your daughter's health and happiness, and perhaps life, to this idea? In most cases I think you are right, but this is quite an exceptional one."

There was time for no more; a parting embrace between the friends; a whispered entreaty from Clara, "You will write and tell me," and Mrs. Vinrace took her daughter away.

The Stanleys reached D—— in about ten hours, and they found Mr. Neville still living, but in a very low state after the fearful event of the night before. All the particulars they could learn about the crime were, that Mr. Neville awaked from a swoon, as it is supposed, to find himself frightfully wounded in the head. He had just strength left to call his servants, when he again fell into an unconscious state, which lasted for some hours. The murderer had apparently come in the early morning. The wound must have been inflicted by a hatchet or a sword, and then the wretches must have left their victim for dead. The wonder is that the blow was not immediately fatal. For many days the danger appeared to be imminent, and very slender hopes of his recovery could Mrs. Stanley hold out in her first note to her friend. But by degrees, through the doctor's skill, and the constant care and attention of his friends, and the perfect stillness and quiet enforced, he appeared to rally; favorable symptoms showed themselves, and hopes of his complete restoration began to be entertained. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley remained in his place, and as soon as he was able to travel he was to proceed to Calcutta, and thence to England. Not for some time after conversation was allowed him had he ventured on the name of Vinrace; but at length, finding that Mrs. Stanley had discovered his secret, he sought her womanly sympathy and counsel. She would not, for any thing, betray Clara; yet she managed to give him some gleam of hope, and he determined, should his health be fully restored, to try again.

The last boat had put off from the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship *Vectis*, bearing Major Vinrace back to the pier, and the engines had already begun to work; but though the air was sultry, and the sun was scorching, Clara would not leave the vessel's side till her straining eyes could no longer catch sight of her father's form. She stood alternately waving her handkerchief and wiping away her tears, regardless of Mrs. Grove's entreaties that she would come away into the shade. At length, as the town began to look indistinct and dim, her hand was gently taken, and a voice whose very tone thrilled through her, said:

"Miss Vinrace, I can not let you remain here any longer; you must positively come with me."

She looked up in utter astonishment, and her eyes met the deep, earnest gaze of Mr. Neville, and rested on his pale and emaciated countenance. She could hardly stammer out a word of greeting.

"Yes," he said kindly, in answer to her looks, "I am enough to frighten you; I am going to England to recruit, and then I hope I shall look something better than a skeleton. I have to thank the villains for leaving my face alone; as it is, I shall carry a scar to my grave, but it is fortunately out of sight."

He led her to Mr. and Mrs. Grove, who were delighted to find he was a fellow-voyager, and wondered what chance had brought them together. Mr. Neville explained that he had met Major Vinrace a few days before, and had had some conversation with him, and discovered to his pleasure that they were going in the vessel he had fixed upon—that he had come on board some hours earlier than they did, and had purposely kept below that he might not embarrass the moment of parting by his presence. He talked with all his old grace and animation, answering all Mr. and Mrs. Grove's inquiries about his accident and illness; about the unsuccessful efforts of "that incomparable fellow Stanley," to discover the perpetrator of the crime; and a hundred other topics of interest common to them all: and so the day wore on. Clara retired to rest that night with a lighter heart than she had known for many a day; with an undefined sense of happiness which she would not stop to analyze. She only felt that he was the same to her, and that this voyage, looked forward to with such unsupportable dreariness, would be brightened by the companionship she had feared to lose forever. She had consented to every thing that her parents proposed for her, and was willing to stay in England as long as they wished; for, with her present feelings, all places were alike to her. But she had felt acutely the parting with her parents, and with Mrs. Stanley, whom she might never see again, so changing and varied are the vicissitudes of Indian life.

They had a calm and pleasant voyage. Day after day slipped away in agreeable monotony. Mr. Neville and Clara were thrown much together. One day she was seated quietly on deck, watching the waves and the sea-birds, when he came to her, and placing himself by her side, "Miss Vinrace," he said, "you have never asked me why I left Kurrackpore so abruptly; you have never given me one reproachful word for my apparent neglect. Will you hear me patiently if I tell you all about it?"

Clara answered him with a look, and he went on: "I called on your father shortly after our excursion to the Chilka Lake, and told him—nay, Clara, do not turn away—I told him then of the depth of my attachment to you. He answered—

* Anglicè, messenger.

but could I expect otherwise?—that the disparity of years between us made impossible to me the joy it would be to engage myself to think of it no more. I promised I would pursue the subject no further, for I feared that you, too, would be astonished at my presumption, and that, perhaps, after all, you looked on me more in the light of a father than a lover. I could not trust myself to see you once more, and to bid you good-by as a stranger, so I turned the arrangements for my journey and set off at once. You know what happened next. I lay between life and death through many days, and when I was saved, and I learned that love for you had become a portion part of my being. On my recovery I again determined I would make more efforts to win you. Then I learned to my great grief that your health was broken, and that your doctors were anxious to leave the country. I followed you and your father to Calcutta, and succeeded in getting on board the same ship as you, and in taking my passage in the Ferrie. He received me very cordially, came to see me on my arrival, and you gave me a patient hearing. At last he consented to my speaking to you, and told me, if I could win your love, his objections should be quite withdrawn. He gave me this for you—" and Mr. Neville drew out of his pocket-book the little piece of Chinese Gold's trembling hands. It ran thus:

MY CHILD,—Let your own heart choose. If you love him, say Yes; and God bless you.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

She sat looking at it some moments, and twisted and turned it in her fingers, while her color came and went. "And you love," said Mr. Neville, "as you never loved before. If you can give your happiness into my keeping, I will take it as a sacred trust. If you can not love me, say so frankly. My happiness we must at Point-de-Galle. I will stay there and wait for the next steamer, and you may rest in the assurance of my presence for the rest of the journey."

She pointed to her father's note in answer—"My heart has chosen," she murmured; and she was quiet at him through gathering tears.

So he went left behind him in Ceylon, and when six months afterward, they made the same journey together, it was as Mr. and Mrs. Edward Neville.

SANS CŒUR.

A NOTE sat shining on a tree,
Above the nest which was her home,
Caring for one infant, while she was
Went down in heaven's dome.

A wild-cat sat in the grass below,
In the air a merlin rose for his cat to climb,
But the dove was too high for the cat to climb,
And the hawk was too weak, I suppose.

A viper lolled up with diamond eyes,
And longed to be round her nest;
She could not abide such sins, she said,
As always happened there.

The hawk screamed, "She's too big for me;"
The cat said, "She's too high for cats;
So I, to fill my hungry maws,
Must munch the hides and bones of rats."

There came a man across the wood—
Oh, as beauty as the lilies that grow!
And he shot the wild dove over the nest.
"She was very good eating," said he.

A girl stood in the Hall that night,
Beside her open window-seat;
And the rest were nearly dying with sighs,
For the man stood gaily at her door.

The wild-cat stood and twirled his mustache,
The hawk left the card-room table,
And both were longing to slay off,
And only wished they were able.

And the viper came up, so mouth and lithe,
Hanging on her partner's arm—
Came to fall her, "My dove, my dear!"
And no sneer at once met her charm.

There came a man across the floor—
Oh, as beauty as human could be—
And over and over again they danced,
While the music held them high.

The hawk and the wild-cat sneered and sighed,
But the viper's remark came true,
"I never mean to care for her,
And she ought to have known it too."

The girl lies in the church-yard, dead;
The dove's fledgling finds its tree;
And he thought of both on his dying bed—
"I shot that second good agen," said he.

TOUJOURS FIDELE.

THE drawing-room was half in shadow; Vivia Bereole at the piano singing "Allan Percy" the moon shining full and softly through the trees, as though some of the Genii had hung out a huge lamp-country before his door. Vivia's voice was ringing in on the beach at the foot of the lawn with a low wash and ripple. "All sweet influences," thought Mrs. Ardway, sitting in a sort of esthetic dark-corner with which to let out the froth and foam of young Ottoman Velours's benignant attentions, and the more substantial sweets of an offer of himself and his half million to her daughter Est. And here she pondered the sofa cushions at her back, as if born in the days of Balaam it must have spoken: but that the sofa could speak and would not, was her own; on the contrary, she considered its purple velvet and embroidered stripes creditable. She was only thinking if it had been the fashion in the days of hot sitting over there in the bow-window, willfully wasting her opportunity while flirting with Phil Daryl.

Conversation was not in that dim window. Ideas were fast growing too many and too audacious, words too few and timid. Est was looking away to the water, her dark dress seeming a part of the shadow—arms and hands gleaming out white through her lace sleeves; a little tremor about the full, finely-cut lips; and the soft bliss that I have sometimes seen on a pansy leaf showing in the gray eyes, into which Phillip could never look. Without thinking of what he had somewhere read about "a clear shining after rain" not that he could look into those depths at all just now for rather than meet his eyes she had turned her head away till there was visible only the pink tip of one little ear. Suggestive tableau! Altogether a bad look-out for Ottoman Velours's slow declaration!

Came in together at that moment a breeze fresh from the roses and a voice—Grant Barcole's—

"Girls, get ready. Here is the host!"

Vivia stinted her song. Mrs. Ardway bustled up to the bow-window.

"Est," she said, "there is your 'tube.' Let me wrap it about your throat, and you must wear this cloak. I really HAVE caught cold." And she looked reproachfully at Phil, who, however, was not to be cowed—you will look after her, won't you, Mr. Velours?"

"I should do that," involuntarily answered Ottoman, with a bow.

Phil and Est flung out eye-signals of dismay. Phil in a huff home on furlough, leaves with the first gray glimmering of dawn to-morrow for his regiment. Est, very lovely enough, so many should have these circumstances into consideration?

Vivia, like the dear child that she is, came to the rescue.

"Mr. Daryle, what are you thinking of? Will you be so rude as to let me go alone? Est, save a place for me while I go for my cloak. Mr. Barcole, you are saying at the time to Phil, "Now be a good child, and don't pout, and you shall see."

Mrs. Ardway looked sweetly—that benchmarker of her subtle instinct detected influences in the moral atmosphere unfavorable to her plans; but the girls were gone, and Phil was left to sit with his faint shrieks and squalls, dainty holding up of skirts, and mysterious whisperings in the hall and cycles. Vivia would not sit by Est; that bonor she insisted on bestowing on Ottoman Velours, placing herself on the other side of Phil, who looked Est—this spite of all remonstrances; for said she, in a rapid aside to Est.

"My dear child, don't you see that I am manufacturing myself to friendship? Why not let the sacrifice be complete? I am contributing to the society of two men who are in love with somebody else. Could any thing be more unselfish? I love to keep in play the man who is my pet admiration. After that, what is the traditional honor of a nun in the nineteenth century?"

Est smiled faintly. She could only feel that Phillip was going, and a few words of farewell hurt more than death. The water broke in golden ripples about the sides of the boat, and quivered and glittered as the oars rose and fell; and every time were slipping strings of diamonds through her white fingers. Floating leaves and flowers followed the same course, caught their oars, and the girls were singing under their breath.

Vivia was singing still and her most dangerous smile.

"Mr. Velours, now is the time for our duet; don't you think so?"

And Ottoman, who was really a fine singer, fell at once into the trap, and Phil and Est, for the moment unwatched and forgotten,

Under the folds of her heavy cloak her hand was resting on Est's, which was seized, and held in a firm, warm clasp. She felt a ring slipped on her finger.

"It has a motto," said Philip, under his breath. "Toujours Fidèle." "Will you be? Are you strong enough? Dare you?"

Est answered by ever so slight a pressure of her little fingers, and Phil sighed out of light shadowy mess, tried to draw them away; and failing in that, looked up piously and met a curious smile, half fond, half disdainful, in the eyes of his host and friend her. Meanwhile Ottoman and Vivia, in every imaginable key, and combination, were singing. With eyes given in the commencement, to sleep as well as she could under the circumstances; some one else made out a sofa for Est in the drawing-room, and the rest of the company giggled, and whispered, and said "Hush!" and "Sh-sh!" and "Ah!" in various places. The water gurgled about them all gold and sparkle. Off under the shore it lay black and glassy still, bright gleams of light showing here through it as if from the windows of some submarine palace. Song after song. Then Vivia, Est and Phil Daryle was asking if she loved him; and, spite of herself, "Yes" looked out to him from the sad brown eyes.

Mrs. Ardway met them in the hall, looking as if her eyes had been through the room and knew it. Ottoman were together, he talking with a forty-stupid power, she listening graciously. Phil she thought seemed vexed and downcast, and smiled to herself as triumph as she laid a still white and dimpled hand on his arm.

"Captain Daryle, this is your last evening with us. I must have you to myself for a little while, and can't talk to one while I have two."

Phil went, with a rueful look at Est, who fidgeted and pouted at the other end of the room and smiled upon Ottoman Velours. Vivia came up, tea-cup and macaroon in hand.

"Est, please don't look cross if I borrow Mr. Velours, will you? But Lute and I have a dispute and a wager, and we want him as umpire."

By the time she had called the receding angel doubters heard him with Vivia in Sahara, but Est, with the dimples and spots and veils, as if for the advance of reinforcements. Then, for a moment, the head regiment gave back; but now word passed from mouth to mouth that ammunition was failing.

"I love we will do as they did at Bunker Hill—take stones!" cried Phil.

"Ay, ay; the—st regiment never runs!" shouted a gigantic soldier, who had fought like a lion at his side all that fearful day.

Whistled something close by their heads. Fresh reeled.

"I am struck, Phil. Kiss mother for me!"

Phil stooped to lift the bright young head to his shoulder. A shock—a sharp, stinging pain—a blinding flow of blood—and he fell beside his brother.

Perhaps it was at that very time that Est sat in the window, holding in her hand the flowers that Ottoman Velours had that morning sent her, and thinking how it would some day happen that she would yield to him a frigid, indifferent "Yes," simply to please her mother, and because she cared for nothing. The wind plowed up the moon's water in little foam-ridges, and swept with a cool rush among the leaves. The flowers rested in long, wave-like undulations, surging up like foam on the broad, black surface of the lake in the moonlight. She began to wish that it was all this beauty and fragrance that brought a new thought to Est.

Then, if Phillip had been with her, as he had dreamed, she would have endured even to the end; and suddenly she seemed to hear Phillip's voice again: "Toujours Fidèle. Will you be? Dare you?" And all at once it burst on her like a revelation that Phillip was a divine treasure, a flower, a bargain, or a matter of calculation; and springing on her feet, she spoke out as if to an actual presence: "I will be faithful, and I will be true to him and myself. I will! I will!"

Still no letter from Phil; only one from Vivia, saying that she had buried nothing. The next day the papers brought the little village news. Ottoman Velours joined her.

"Now, Miss Ardway! We have had a battle at Williamsburg."

"Ah!" in the most languid of tones, for there was no letter for her in the box.

"Yes; the—st regiment was in it."

Color flushed at once to face and cheeks.

"It behaved nobly—stood two hours under the fire of more than double their number. Never was there a more splendid; but more terribly cut up, specially the officers. I see Phil Daryle is down in the list of the killed. Why, what is the matter?" for Est was looking at him with ashy lips and eyes of horror.

"Last day! Quick! quick! for God's sake tell me!—the list of what?"

"Killed and wounded. He is—are you mad?" for Est burst from his detaining grasp like flame, and springing into her saddle, galloped home at a pace that would have made her nerve horse shy.

"Mother," she said, abruptly, as she met Mrs. Ardway in the hall; "Phil—Captain Daryle is wounded."

"Oh! is he?"

"Mother, will you order early lunch? I must catch the two o'clock train."

"For what?"

"I am going to him."

"To whom does your masculine pronoun refer? Est, you are not going to confess myself unable to understand them."

"Captain Daryle. Have him—he loves me—we are *fiancé*, and my place now is by his side."

Ethel seemed to hurt out these facts from her in jerks. A look and tone showing how desperately in earnest she was.

Mrs. Ardway changed color.

"Esther Ardway, you are a lunatic! I shall prevent your going, if only in pity to yourself."

"Oh, no, mother!" and she kissed the grave black with intense fire. "You mistake—you will be so good as to let me go. I give you notice before; but now, if you proceed to extremities so will I."

The tender and the passionate mood conquerors were broken up. Seeing Ottoman Velours (who had galloped after Est as soon as his astonishment would permit) coming in at the gate, she sent for him, told him passionately of Est's resolution, and desired him to interfere. The latter developed him in a new character—that of a man.

"Mrs. Ardway, I don't think the case one for interference. Est is a good fellow and behaved like a trump. I admire Miss Ardway's pluck, and if I can help her in any way I am quite at her service."

True greatness nowhere so exhibits itself as in the defeat. Mrs. Ardway wonked, and stormed and poured out her sorrows in Mrs. Grundy's ever ready ear. Mrs. Ardway did not. Cried two hours in her own room—that just to show that she was woman—came down then, screens at ever, in traveling costume, and Est looking surprised.

"My child," she said, with something like feeling, "I can not approve of your conduct, but since you see you regard it as scandal and suspicion. I will go with you."

Est-Sobered Est melted at once in tears and contrition, and had not the carriage been at the door might have ended by going back. But when it was, in process of time she dawned at Phillip's bedside, seeming first to him an incredible angel, and his remembered the depth and the fire of the nature that he had seen looking out of her clear gray eyes, and slowly began to believe in the reality. Mrs. Ardway, however, he persistently considered a creature of his delirium till she said to him,

"Phillip, my child, you must not fret with your strength, for you know we are going to take you home with us."

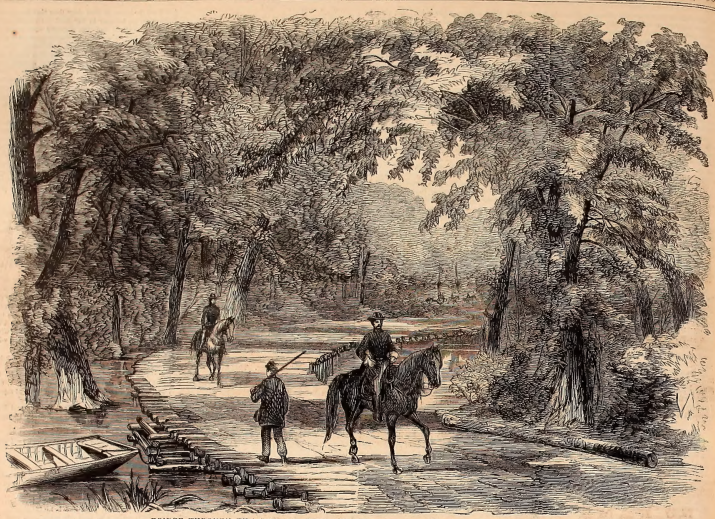
That convinced him. He was quite sure that even in his wildest ravings he could never have imagined that, and sunk back once more into a comfortable sigh to the full enjoyment of his happiness.

Phil's wounds are doing well. He is getting strong, and the approaching marriage are formally announced. Mrs. Ardway performs that office herself.

"Dear Est has made precisely the choice that I could have wished. Every one knows how attentive Mr. Velours has been, but I should wish for her something besides wealth. Captain Daryle is really a charming young man."

She goes about with them every where, being the benignant-maternal. It is a pretty sight; the mother—little woman—and the slender, handsome girl on either side of the lame young hero, looking up at her with the eyes of love and devotion.

Reader, look out for them; they are often to be seen in Fifth Avenue and Broadway.



BRIDGE THROUGH THE CHICKAHOMINY SWAMP.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 463.]



A PICKET ON THE CHICKAHOMINY—THE RELIEF APPROACHING.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 463.]



HARRISON'S LANDING, ON THE JAMES RIVER, THE NEW BASE OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

[Issued according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McLENAN.

Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. LECOUNT returned to the parlor with the fragment of Magdalen's dress in one hand, and with Captain Wragge's letter in the other.

"Have you got rid of her?" asked Mr. Noel Vanstone. "Have you shut the door at last on Miss Garth?"

"Don't call her Miss Garth, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount, smiling contemptuously. "She is as much Miss Garth as you are. We have been favored by the performance of a clever masquerade; and if we had taken the disguise off our visitor I think we should have found under it Miss Vanstone herself. Here is a letter for you, Sir, which the postman has just left."

She put the letter on the table, within her master's reach. Mr. Noel Vanstone's amazement at the discovery just communicated to him kept his whole attention concentrated on the housekeeper's face. He never so much as looked at the letter when she placed it before him.

"Take my word for it, Sir," proceeded Mrs. Lecount, composedly taking a chair. "When your visitor gets home she will put her gray hair away in a box, and will cure that sad affliction in her eyes with warm water and a sponge. If she had painted the marks on her face as well as she painted the inflammation in her eyes, the light would have shown me nothing, and I should certainly have been deceived. But I saw the marks; I saw a young woman's skin under that dirty complexion of hers; I heard, in this room, a true voice in a passion, as well as a false voice talking with an accent—and I don't believe in one morsel of that lady's personal appearance, from top to toe. The girl herself, in my opinion, Mr. Noel—and a bold girl too."

"Why didn't you lock the door and send for the police?" asked Mr. Noel. "My father would have sent for the police. You know, as well as I do, Lecount, my father would have sent for the police?"

"Pardon me, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount; "I think your father would have waited until he had got something more for the police to do than we have got for them yet. We shall see this lady again, Sir. Perhaps she will come here next time with her own face and her own voice. I am curious to see what her own face is like; I am curious to know whether what I have heard of her voice in a passion is enough to make me recognize her voice when she is calm. I possess a little memorial of her visit of which she is not aware, and she will not escape me so easily as she thinks. If it turns out a useful memorial, you shall know what it is. If not, I will abstain from troubling you on so trifling a subject. Allow me to remind you, Sir, of the letter under your hand. You have not looked at it yet."

Mr. Noel Vanstone opened the letter. He started as his eye fell on the first lines—hesitated—and then hurriedly read it through. The paper dropped from his hand, and he sank back in his chair. Mrs. Lecount sprang to her feet with the alacrity of a young woman and picked up the letter.

"What has happened, Sir?" she asked. Her face altered as she put the question, and her large black eyes hardened fiercely in genuine astonishment and alarm.

"Send for the police!" exclaimed her master.

"Lecount, I insist on being protected. Send for the police!"

"May I read the letter, Sir?"

He feebly waved his hand. Mrs. Lecount read the letter attentively, and put it aside on the table without a word when she had done.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" asked Mr. Noel Vanstone, staring at his housekeeper in blank dismay. "Lecount, I'm to be robbed! The scoundrel who wrote that letter knows all about it, and won't tell me any thing unless I pay him. I'm to be robbed! Here's property on this table worth thousands of pounds—property that can never be replaced—property that all the crowned heads in Europe could not produce if they tried. Lock me in, Lecount, and send for the police!"

Instead of sending for the police Mrs. Lecount took a large green-paper fan from the chimney-piece and seated herself opposite her master.

"You are agitated, Mr. Noel," she said; "you are heated. Let me cool you."

With her face as hard as ever—with less tenderness of look and manner than most women would have shown if they had been rescuing a half-drowned fly from a milk-jug—she silently and patiently fanned him for five minutes or more. No practiced eye observing the peculiar bluish pallor of his complexion, and the marked difficulty with which he drew his breath, could have failed to perceive that the great organ of life was in this man, what the housekeeper had stated it to be, too weak for the function which it was called on to perform. The heart labored over its work as if it had been the heart of a worn-out old man.

"Are you relieved, Sir?" asked Mrs. Lecount. "Can you think a little? Can you exercise your better judgment?"

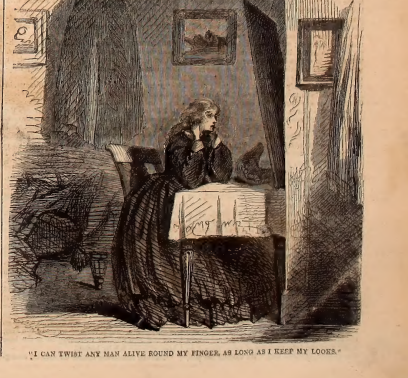
She rose and put her hand over his heart with as much mechanical attention and as little genuine interest as if she had been feeling the plates at dinner to ascertain if they were properly warmed. "Yes," she went on, seating herself again, and resuming the exercise of the fan; "you are getting better already, Mr. Noel. Don't ask me about this anonymous letter until you have thought for yourself, and have given your own opinion first." She went on with the fanning, and looked him hard in the face all the time.

"Think," she said; "think, Sir, without troubling yourself to express your thoughts. Trust to my intimate sympathy with you to read them. Yes, Mr. Noel, this letter is a paltry attempt to frighten you. What does it say? It says you are the object of a conspiracy, directed by Miss Vanstone. We know that already—the lady of the inflamed eyes has told us. We snap our fingers at the conspiracy. What does the letter say next? It says the writer has valuable information to give you, if you will pay for it. What did you call this person yourself just now, Sir?"

"I called him a scoundrel," said Mr. Noel Vanstone, recovering his self-importance, and raising himself gradually in his chair.

"I agree with you in that, Sir, as I agree in every thing else," proceeded Mrs. Lecount. "He is a scoundrel who really has this information, and who means what he says; or he is a mere piece of Miss Vanstone's, and she has caused this letter to be written for the purpose of puzzling us by another form of disguise. Whether the letter is true, or whether the letter is false—





"I CAN TWIST ANY MAN ALIVE ROUND MY FINGER, AS LONG AS I KEEP MY LOOKS."

am I not reading your own wiser thoughts now, Mr. Noel?—you know better than to put your enemies on their guard by employing the police in this matter too soon. I quite agree with you —so [illegible] yet. You will allow this anonymous man or anonymous woman to suppose you are easily frightened; you will lay a trap for the information in return for the trap laid for your money; you will answer the letter, and see what comes of the answer; and you will only pay the expense of employing the police when you know the expense is necessary. I quite agree with you again—no expense, if we can help it. In every particular, Mr. Noel, my mind and your mind in this matter are one."

"It strikes you in that light, Lecount—does it?" said Mr. Noel Vanstone. "I think so myself: I certainly think so. I won't pay the police a farthing if I can help it. Stop! I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go up the letter again, and become fruitful pay. plexed over a second reading of it. "But the man wants money!" he broke out, impatiently.

"You seem to forget, Lecount, that the man wants money!"

"Most which you offer him, Sir," rejoined Mrs. Lecount; "but—as your thoughts have already anticipated—money which you don't give him. No! no! you say to this man, 'Hold, not your hand, Sir;' and when he has held it, you your hand, Sir;' and when he has held it, you give him a smack for his pains, and put your own hand back in your pocket. I am so glad to see you laughing, Mr. Noel; you are very near getting back your good spirits. We will answer the letter by advertisement, as the most private form of advertisement is to choose? Your poor head is trembling a little—shall I hold the pen for you? I am not in the least afraid of writing a letter dictate to hold the pen."

Without waiting for his reply she went into the back parlor and returned with pen, ink, and paper. Arranging a blotting-book on her knees, and looking a model of attentive submission, she placed herself once more in front of her master's chair.

"Shall I write from your dictation, Sir?" she inquired.

"Or shall I make a little sketch, and will you correct it afterward? I will make a little sketch. Let me see the letter. We are to advertise in the *Times*, and we are to address it 'An Honest Friend.' What is the date, Noel? Stay: I will write it, and then you can see for yourself. 'An Honest Friend' is requested to mention (by advertisement) an address at which a letter can reach him. The receipt of the information which he sends will be acknowledged by a reward of—' What sum of money are you with me at present, Sir?"

"Set down nothing," said Mr. Noel Vanstone, with a sudden outbreak of impatience. "No more matters are my business—I mean no matters are my business, Lecount. Leave it to me."

"Certainly, Sir," replied Mrs. Lecount, handing her master the blotting-book. "You will not forget to be liberal in offering money when you know beforehand you don't mean to pay with it?"

"Don't dictate, Lecount! I won't submit to dictation!" said Mr. Noel Vanstone, asserting his own independence more and more impatiently. "I mean to conduct this business for myself. I am master, Lecount!"

"You are master, Sir."

"My father was master before me. And I am my father's son!"

Mrs. Lecount bowed submissively.

"I mean to set down any sum of money I think right," pursued Mr. Noel Vanstone, nodding his little beaten head vehemently. "I mean to send this advertisement myself. The servant shall take it to the stationer's to be put into the *Times*. When I ring the bell twice send the servant. You understand, Lecount? Send the servant."

Mrs. Lecount bowed again, and walked slowly to the door. She knew to a minute when to lead her master, and when to let him go on alone. Experience had taught her to govern him in all essential things by giving way to him attorney on all points of minor detail. It was a characteristic of his weak nature—as it is of all weak natures—to assert itself obstinately on trifles. The filling in of the blank in the advertisement was the trifle in this case. Mrs. Lecount quieted her master's suspicions that she was leading him by instantly conceding it. "My mutt has kicked," she thought to herself, "in her own language, so she opened the door. "I can do no more with him to-day."

"Lecount!" cried her master, as she stepped into the passage. "Come back."

Mrs. Lecount came back.

"You're not offended with me, are you?" asked Mr. Noel Vanstone, uneasily.

"Certainly not, Sir," replied Mrs. Lecount. "As you said just now, you are master."

"Good creature! Give me your hand." He kissed her hand, and smiled in high approval of his own affectionate proceeding. "Lecount, you are a worthy creature!"

"Thank you, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. She courtesied and went out. "If this is the way to win that monkey-head of his," she said to herself in the passage, "what a rascal he would be!"

Left by himself, Mr. Noel Vanstone sat absorbed in anxious reflection over the blank space in the advertisement. The one thing which apparently superfluous hint to him, to be liberal in offering money when he knew he had no intention of parting with it, had been founded on an intimate knowledge of his character. He had inherited his father's sordid love of money without inheriting his father's hard-headed capacity for seeing the uses to which money can be put. His one idea in connection with his wealth was the idea of keeping it. He was such an inborn miser that the bare prospect of laying out, in theory only, hundred him. He took up the pen, laid it down again, and read the anonymous letter for the third time, shaking his head over it suspiciously. "If I offer this man a large sum of money," he thought, on a sudden, "how do I know he may not find a means of making me actually pay it? Women are always in a hurry. Lecount is always in a hurry. I have got the afternoon before me—I'll take the afternoon to consider it."

He fretfully put away the blotting-book and the sheet of note-paper on which he had made which Mrs. Lecount had just left. As he returned to his own seat he shook his little head solemnly, and muttered to his dressing-gown over his knees, with the air of a man absorbed in anxious thought. His state of mind was passed away in the quarters and the half hours succeeded each other on the dial of Mrs. Lecount's watch, and still Mr. Noel Vanstone remained lost in doubt—still no summons for the servant disturbed the tranquillity of the parlor bell.

Meanwhile, after parting with Mrs. Lecount, Magdalen Vanstone cautiously made her way across the road to her lodgings, and had only ventured to return after making a circuit of the neighborhood. When she found herself once more in Vauxhall Walk, the first object which attracted her observation was an old man at the door of the lodgings. A few steps more in advance showed her the landlord's daughter standing at the door, engaged in a dispute with the driver on the subject of his fare. No sooner did the girl turn her head toward her, Magdalen instantly profited by that circumstance, and slipped unobserved into the house.

She glided up the first flight of stairs, and found herself on the first landing. Face to face with her room—in companionship. There stood Mrs. Wragge, with a pile of small parcels hugged up in her arms, anxiously waiting the issue of the dispute at the footpath in the street. To return was impossible—the sound of the angry voices below was fatal to further trespassing. To hesitate was worse than useless. But one choice was left—the choice of going on—and Magdalen instantly took it. She pushed by Mrs. Wragge without a word; ran into her own room, tore off her cloak, bonnet, and veil, and threw them down out of sight, in the blank space between the sofa-bedstead and the wall.

For the first few moments astonishment bereft Mrs. Wragge of the power of speech, and rooted her to the spot where she stood. The cool of the collection of parcels in her arms fell from them on the stairs. The sight of Miss Vanstone, she roused her. "Thieves!" cried Mrs. Wragge, suddenly struck by an idea. "Thieves!"

Magdalen slipped through the room door which she had not had time to close completely. "Is that you at work, Mrs. Wragge?" said Miss Vanstone. "What is the matter?" She snatched up a towel while she spoke, dipped it in water, and passed it over her face in her lower part of her face. At the sound of the familiar voice Mrs. Wragge turned round suddenly on her third parcel—and, forgetting it in her astonishment, ascended the second flight of stairs. Magdalen stepped on the first-floor landing, wiped the towel held over her forehead as if she was suffering from headache. She had now obtained required time for their removal, and a headache assumed for the occasion, suggested the most convenient excuse for her sudden flight in taking them as they were hidden now.

"What are you disturbing the house for?" she asked. "Pray be quiet. I am half blind with the headache."

"Any thing wrong, ma'am?" inquired the landlady from the passage.

"Nothing whatever," replied Magdalen. "My friend is timid, and the dispute with the cabman has frightened her. Pay the man what he wants, and let him go."

"Where is she?" asked Mrs. Wragge, in a tremulous whisper. "Where's the woman who tried to sell me into your service?"

"Pooh!" said Magdalen. "No woman sold me to you, as you call it. Look in and see for yourself."

She threw open the door. Mrs. Wragge walked in, discovered nobody, looked all round suspiciously, and indicated her astonishment as the result by dropping a fourth parcel and trembling helplessly from head to foot.

"I saw her go in here," said Mrs. Wragge, in awe-struck accents. "I saw her with my own eyes, and a spoke bonnet. A rude woman. She scuttled by me on the stairs—she did. Here's the room, and no woman in it. Give us a Prayer Book!" cried Mrs. Wragge, turning deadly pale, and losing another parcel. "Give us a Prayer Book!" parcels fall about her in a little cascade of commotion. "I want to read something Good. I want to think of Heaven. I want to pray to Ghost!"

"Nonsense!" said Magdalen. "You're dreaming; the shopping-has been too much for you. Go into your own room, and take your bonnet off."

"I've heard tell of ghosts in night-gowns, ghosts in shawls, and ghosts in bandages, I've creeded Mrs. Wragge, standing petrified in her own magic circle of linen-draper's parcels. Here's a ghost in a spoke bonnet. I'll see the ghost in a grey cloak and a poke bonnet. I will, that is!" repeated Mrs. Wragge, plunging into penitent tears. "It's a judgment on me for being so happy away from the captain. It's a judgment on me for having been down at best in half the shops in London, first with one shoe and then with the other, all the time I've been out. I'm a sinful creature. Don't let go of me—whatever you do, my dear, don't let go of me!" She caught Magdalen fast by the arm, and fell into another trembling fit at the bare idea of being left by herself.

The one remaining chance in such an emergency as this was to submit to circumstances. Magdalen took Mrs. Wragge to a chair, having first placed it in such a position as to enable her to turn her back on her traveling-companion while she removed the false eyebrows by the help of a little cream. "Wait a minute there," she said, "and try if you can compose yourself while I bathe my head."

"Compose myself?" repeated Mrs. Wragge. "How am I to compose myself when my head is off its hooks? I'm not myself, and never had with the Cookery-book was nothing to the Buzzing I've got now. I'm a fright, I'm a object, miserable and to a holiday! You may take me back again, my dear, whenever you like —I've had enough of it already."

Having at last succeeded in removing the eyebrows, Magdalen was free to combat the other difficulties produced on her companion's mind by every weapon of persuasion which her ingenuity could devise.

The attempt proved useless. Mrs. Wragge persisted—on every side which, it may be remarked, Magdalen could see—in the satisfied many wiser ghost-seers than herself—in believing that she had been supernaturally favored by a visitor from the world of spirits. All that Magdalen could do was to ascertain by cautious investigation that Mrs. Wragge had not been observant enough to identify the supposed ghost with the person of the old Northcote lady in the Entertainment. Having satisfied herself on this point, she had no resource but to leave the rest to the natural possibility of time and circumstances—unless those impressions were perpetually renewed—which now seemed to be among the infirmities of her companion's weak mind. After fortifying Mrs. Wragge by reiterated assurances that the supernatural visitor (according to all laws and regulations of ghosts) meant nothing unless it was immediately followed by more visitors, and then, discarding back her attention to the parcels dropped on the floor and on the stairs, and after prevailing on Mrs. Wragge to accompany her on the errand, Magdalen left the room.

What advantage had she gained to set against these drawbacks? The advantage of ascertaining that of Noel Vanstone and of Mrs. Lecount than she might have discovered in a month of days. She trusted to inquiries made for her by others. One uncertainty which had hitherto perplexed her was at an end. The scheme of which she had privately devised against Michael Vanstone—which Captain Wragge's sharp insight had penetrated from the first—was the scheme of a man that their partnership must be dissolved—was a scheme which, in the event of success, would be abandoned as hopeless in the case of Michael Vanstone's son. The father's habits of speculative enterprise, the son's timid love of money, his cheery of her meditated conspiracy had been counterpoised by the fear of its discovery which was discoverable in the ghostly sordid character of the son. Mr. Noel Vanstone was invincible through the very qualities which had rendered him in his father so open to attack.

Such were the results of this consideration, how was she to shape her future course? What new means could she discover which would lead her secretly to her aim? Was there any hope in disguise, ingenious vigilance, and Noel Vanstone's miserly distrust?

She was seated before the looking-glass, mechanically combing out her hair, while that allimportant question presented itself to her mind. The agitation of the moment had raised a feverish color in her cheeks, and had brightened the light in her large grey eyes. Under the influence of looking her best; conscious how her beauty gained by excitement after the restraint of her disguise. Her lovely light-brown hair looked thicker and softer than ever now that it had escaped from the imprisonment of the grey wig. She twisted it this way and then, with quick, dexterous hands, drew it down low on her shoulders; she threw it back from them in a heap, and turned sideways to see how it fell—to see how her large grey eyes looked in the superficial deformities of the padded cloak. After a moment she faced the looking-glass once more, threw back both hands deep in her hair, and, resting her elbows on the table, looked closer and closer at the reflection in the glass, as if she would begin to dim the glass. "I can twist any man alive round my finger," she thought, with a smile of self-reliance. "as long as I can look myself out of that commonplace wretch saw me now—" She broke off suddenly, and looked at her hair with a sudden horror of herself; she drew back from the glass, shuddering, and put her hands up to her face. "Oh, Frank!" she exclaimed, "but for you, what a wretch I might be!" Her eager fingers smoothed the hair back from her face from its hiding-place in her bosom; her lips devoured it with silent kisses. "My darling! my darling!" she cried, "as long as I live, I will be doubt into her eyes. She passionately dried her handkerchief, and rose to look once more her back on the looking-glass. "No more of myself," she thought; "no more of my mad, miserable self for to-day!"

Shrinking from all further contemplation of her next step in advance—shrinking from the fast-darkening future, with which Noel Vanstone was now associated in her inmost thoughts—she looked impatiently about the room for some homely occupation which might take her out of herself. The dinner which she had fixed down between the veil and the bed recurred to her memory. It was impossible to leave it there. Mrs. Wragge (now occupied in sorting her parcels) might weary of her employment, might come in again at a moment's notice, might go near the bed and see the gray cloak. What was to be done?

Her first thought was to put the disguise back in her trunk. But after what had happened there was danger in trusting it near to her while she and Mrs. Wragge were together under the same roof. She must find a safer place than evening, and boldly determined on sending it back to Birmingham. Her bonnet-box fitted into her trunk. She slowly packed together first the wig and cloak, and remorselessly destroyed the false eyebrows (which, by the bye, she had not yet taken off) was her own (which Wragge had been accustomed to see her in, there was no need to send the gown back. Before closing the box she hastily traced these lines on a sheet of letter-paper, which she found lying away by mistake. Please keep them for me with the rest of my luggage. I will possession until you hear from me again." Pushing the box to the top of the bonnet she directed the box to Captain Wragge, of Birmingham, left the room, stairs immediately, and sent the landlady's daughter away with it to the nearest Receiving-house. Her last difficulty disposed of in this thought, as she went back to her own room again.

Mrs. Wragge was still occupied in sorting her parcels on her narrow little bed. She turned round with a look of relief when Magdalen looked in at her. "I thought it was the ghost again," said Mrs. Wragge, "I'm glad it isn't. I'm warning, my dear, by what's happened to me, to put all my parcels straight, just as the captain likes to see them, and to go out and buy him a pair of shoes. If I close my eyes to-night—which I don't think I shall—I'll wake up in the morning as my legs will let me. And I'll start on another holiday as long as I live. I hope I may, I'm sure," said Mrs. Wragge, mournfully shaking her head. "I'm only hope I may, I'm sure."

"Forgiven!" repeated Magdalen. If other women wanted as little forgiving as you do, they'd walk about naked, and never trouble their parcels. Come! I want to see what you have been buying to day."

Mrs. Wragge hesitated, sighed pensively, considered a little, stretched out her hand unwillingly toward a parcel, and withdrew it with supernatural warning, and shrank back from her own purchases with a desperate exertion of self-control.

"Open this one," said Magdalen to encourage her. "What is in it?"

Mrs. Wragge's faded blue eyes began to brighten dimly in spite of her remorse, but she still denying herself the luxury of the immediate action of shopping might claim his own again—but the ghost was not laid yet.

"Did you get a bargain?" asked Magdalen, confidentially.

"Dirt cheap," cried poor Mrs. Wragge, with her headlong into the snare, and darting at the parcel as eagerly as if nothing had happened.

Magdalen left the gossiping over her purchases for an hour or more, and then wisely abstained to the last moment from referring to their recollections in another way by taking her out for a walk.

After they left the lodgings the door of Noel Vanstone's house opened, and the woman-servant appeared. The advertisement which had apparently charged with a letter on this occasion, which she carried carefully in her hand. Conscious of the important plan she had formed for attack or defense, Magdalen wondered, with a momentary dread, whether Mrs. Lecount had decided already on opening such communications, and whether the letter was directed to Miss Garth.

The letter bore no such address. Mr. Noel Vanstone had solved his pecuniary problem. The letter to the "Honest Friend" advertisement was filled up, and Mrs. Lecount's acknowledgment of the receipt of the communication was now in its way to insertion in the *Times*.

THE END OF THE THIRD SCENE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

We devote a large portion of our space to illustrations of the Army of the Potomac, which has been the theme of the nation's talk and thoughts during the past week.

BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILLS.

On page 461 we publish an illustration of CAPTAIN DE HAHN'S BATTERY SHELLING THE REBEL ENTRANCE AT GAINES'S MILLS ON THE CHICKAHOMINY, on Friday, June 27. It will be remembered that on Thursday, 26th, General Fitz-John Porter's division was attacked at Mechanicsville, Beaver Dam Creek. There the enemy attacked him. The correspondent of the *Times* gives a full account of the skillful retreat of this division:

McCALL'S brigade of Pennsylvania reserves, and Reid's brigade of regulars, were ordered upon the right of the line, overlooking the valley of the Chickahominy, entrenched and near the bridges at Gaines's Mill and Woodbury's Bridge.

Reid's brigade, consisting of the Third, Fourth Twelfth, and Thirteenth United States Infantry, Dorman's battalion of regulars, and Griffin's battery, under Captain Charles K. G. Buchanan, were disposed on the left of the line of battle, and Reid's brigade was attached to the right of the line. Seymour's brigade was upon the extreme right field. Seeing the line of the enemy's approach, the reserves were placed to the right, left, and rear, on the same field and along the road. Captain WAGNER'S position of the strength of the enemy's force, which from the Coal Harbor road to our right, found an admirable position for the battery of Captain Porter in a field about forty rods to the right of his original position of which commanded a view of the whole ground, and a rising that to Cool Harbor. How he could cover a wide front and keep his troops in hand, and yet have a powerful considerable body of the rebels to the right. Porter perceived soon showed that this position was not chosen by

proved during the day one of the hottest in the fight. Captain De Hart's battery was posted further to the left, and thereby confronted the rebels, when they appeared. He did not as yet precisely know, was partially revealed by the lurid smoke of artillery. Captain De Hart's battery consisted of two 3-inch rifles, under Napoleon guns, besides which there were a battery of 3-inch rifled guns, of wrought iron, belonging to the reserve. Captain Easton's battery was on his left, and Captain Dyer's further to his left.

About ten o'clock the pickets at our right were driven back from the woods along the line of the road, and shortly afterward these stationed on the Cross Roads toward the Coal Harbor road, were also driven in. The attack was evidently creeping up to the right. Simultaneously he made his appearance in a great force, fully prepared for the most desperate of battle, and in five minutes their batteries opened on our lines with shell. Captain De Hart's battery was also placed a battery in position. The fire of the two rebel batteries being at an angle of 45 degrees to our positions, the shells passed

* * *

The position of these batteries and of Sykes's command was not essentially changed during the day. They held their own under a most terrific fire, and the skill of Colonel Tidball's batteries is unquestionably due the credit of preventing the flanking of our right.

At the contest thickened, the energy of the rebel attack is constantly augmented. The fire from the side of battle swayed to the left, and finally covered the entire rolling land covering the valley. * * *

By two o'clock the woods covering the hill were thronged by the two contending armies. The enemy appeared to be massed in three lines, the first firing and falling down while that behind repeated the same movement. By one time the third line had discharged their pieces the first had loaded and were ready to load and fire again.

That the battle raged, the enemy at times giving way before the impetuous charge of our men only to rally, covering and advancing. The fiercest portion of the fight was near the brow of hills. Battalions successively were hurled forward, and the dim and noise of the contending hosts were terrific.

It was apparent that the rebels were constantly bringing up fresh troops upon their left, and that we were literally cut to their number.

* * *

SHOWERS OF CANISTER.

Reinforcements were sent for and received, but the enemy continued to outnumber our forces, and toward nightfall our wearied troops gave way and forward the Chickahominy. A scene in this retreat forms the subject of our picture on page 465 of this number. It represents GRIFFIN'S AND MARTIN'S BATTERIES POURING CANISTER INTO THE REBEL RANKS. The World correspondent says:

Griffin's and Martin's batteries did splendid service in checking the advance of the enemy, pouring canister and shell with terrible effect. Probably the greatest damage of this kind was produced by the two successive discharges of double-charged canister from the brass Napoleons of Martin's battery. The shot was fired when the hollow between two small hills. The enemy advanced from the opposite side of the hollow in a dense column, with arms at right shoulder-shift, but being able to see the battery until they reached the crest of the hill, about one hundred yards of it, when Martin opened on them, sweeping them from the field like chaff in the wind. Twice again they formed and advanced, their officers behaving gallantly; but the steady action Martin's men showed was being too terrible to withstand. The advance of the fresh troops having checked the enemy, our troops were literally on the conflict ceased, and both parties quietly lay on their arms.

The *Tribune* writer says:

As six o'clock the engagement assumed a determined attack on our extreme left, evidently with a design of flanking us. It was then a stiff fighting that continued from that smoke-clouded valley—not heavier than echo in the earlier part of the engagement, but more steadily and determined. I am told that some men on the other side and further up the river saw more than a dozen rebel regiments march in at that point, and, remaining only a few minutes, file out a little distance up the valley. This was met by overbearing exhausted men with fresh ones than the enemy succeeded in forcing that flank, as at present declared, only to wall. And he accomplished it in three-quarters of an hour. Our men fell back, and the enemy, others following, took their turn to be beaten.

Then they only took themselves from the poles of attack, some by guns, fortunately posted in the proper spot for such an emergency, and within had not yet made a sign, opened a terrible fire of canister at short range, and the day was ended. The bridge of Lodi was not half so terrible. Until night set in, and the Valley of the Chickahominy was canopied with sulphur, until their ammunition was exhausted—and many of them went upon the field with over 100 rounds—did these guns hold the raging enemy at bay.

A PICKET.

On page 460 we reproduce a sketch by our artist, Mr. C. R. Waud, representing A PICKET ON THE CHICKAHOMINY. The relief is approaching through the wood, and the anxious watch of the faithful picket is nearly ended. The attitude of the man is varied and yet truthful; the scene is one that is impressed itself firmly on the mind.

On the same page we give a picture of the RETREAT ACROSS THE CHICKAHOMINY, also from a sketch by Mr. Waud. He says:

BRIDGE OVER THE CHICKAHOMINY.

Our brave army is falling in the face of the enemy, but does an immense amount of work, of which the construction of bridges has formed no inconsiderable portion. This has been necessary to secure our position in the face of the enemy.

The picture presents a fair idea of the bridge—a solid work of logs, laid corduroy fashion, covered with a layer of earth, and strengthened through the otherwise impassable swamp.

On page 463 we publish a large picture, likewise from a sketch by Mr. Waud, illustrating THE PLAIN OF FAIROAKS after the battle. Mr. Waud says:

FAIROAKS.

Fairoaks is a railroad station, used principally as a depôt to supply the engines with wood, which it cut in large quantities in the swamps and woodlands of the vicinity. It takes its name from the plantation near by, which is called Fairoaks, from the group of green oak-trees which surround the twin-houses represented in the picture.

An effort has been made to change the name of the battle to Seven Pines. As no such assemblage of evergreens exists near—locusts growing on the place called Seven Pines—it is clearly as well to let the battle's name alone; and as McClellan was its sponsor, good-breeding ought to suggest this to the most limited military capacity.

HARRISON'S LANDING.

On page 461 we reproduce a sketch sent us by an attentive correspondent, representing HARRISON'S LANDING, the new base of the Army of the Potomac. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes the spot:

The Army of the Potomac is now massed on the left bank of the James River, on a space of two miles square, which is bounded on the south by the stream of three miles back therefrom. The point of this line is Harrison's Bar. The spot is designated as Harrison's Landing. It is 35 miles southeast of Richmond, and is not as high up the river as we had expected to find it; it is nearly twice as far by water. The plantation is the usual one, large, generally rich and fertile, the wheat being either just cut or also ready for the sickle. The river is here about a mile and down to the water's edge. The river bottom itself is a broad expanse of marsh, which is dry land only when the water near the shore exceedingly shallow. In order to afford shipping room for the fleet of vessels, long wharves piers or wharves are built, running far out into the stream.

The landing-place of the steamers is at the lower corner of the bluff which we built them and upon whose piers they now lie.

The general headquarters at Harrison's Landing is admirably situated for defense. The army, since its arrival here, has made the most of these natural advantages, and is now strongly intrenched. As all of our heavy siege guns, with the exception of one battery, are now in position, they have been saved, it will be seen at once that we are in a position to withstand a siege. It is the strongest place attempt one. But this is not expected.

The Army of the Potomac now has two smaller bases adjoining, as well as several ungun huts in the vicinity, are in active operation, and this department of our military business has been since last March, and are now efficient. Before the army commenced its active march on its new base of operations, it had built in the town of Yorktown, on the York River, a large wharf, 1,200 feet in length, around which were grouped store-houses, &c. This ground around the house are one mass of mud, and in two hours after a rain our streets would be impassable. Large sheds were covered with a thick layer of the sacred soil, which, when thronged with men gathered into them, soon ruined them. Upon these once elegant but now muddy floors were piled boxes and cartons of every size, and the clerks employed together. Two of the rooms down stairs were used for amputation, and in this department of surgery the surgeons have been busy all day. For the want of room the sick and the badly wounded soldiers are made to go outside the house, there not being room enough inside for the attendants to move around. There are a great number of steamers and sailing vessels out in the stream, ready to receive the sick and wounded, and to convey troops and men, and in a day or two they will all be removed to comfortable quarters.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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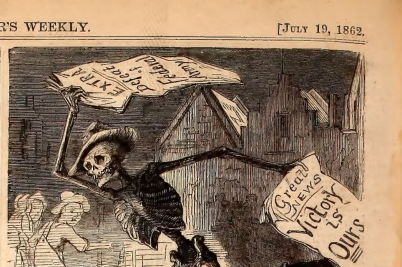
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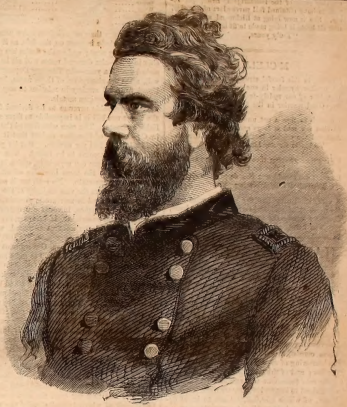
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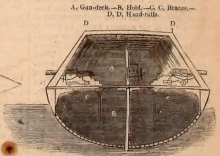


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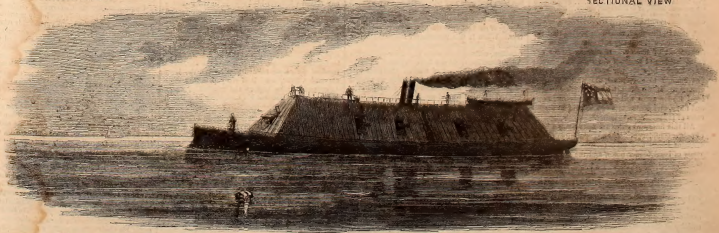


GROUND PLAN

A, Gun-deck.—B, Hold.—C, C, Berths.—D, D, Hand-rails.



SECTIONAL VIEW



THE NEW REBEL IRON-CLAD "RICHMOND," OR "VIRGINIA NO. 2."—FROM SKETCHES FOUND ON BOARD THE "TRAZER."—[See next Page.]

THE "VIRGINIA" No. 2.

On page 465 we publish a picture and diagrams of the *Richmond*, or *Virginia* No. 2, the new iron-clad gun-boat which the rebels are building at Richmond, Virginia. We may mention here that we published diagrams of the *Merrimac* some three months before her famous raid of March 9, which had they been attended to, would have saved the *Congress* and the *Cumberland*. Our artist writes

"the Richmond's Reticence, July 12, 1862.

"I send you some sketches of a new rebel ram, the plans of which were found on board a rebel pilot, who was captured a few days since by the *Monticello*. The specifications for this vessel also accompanied the drawings, but it was beyond my power to obtain them. We are expecting to see this monster (she is considered by rebels more than the *Merrimac*) out, but our officers predict for her a speedy rout or capture.

"Although we are not overanxious to see her, we will do by her as the *Merrimac* did by the *Monitor*. I am sorry that I am not able to give you a detailed description of the vessel; possibly are this some of the indefatigable newspaper reporters have obtained full particulars of her and etc. She is now lying at Richmond, and I learn that all haste is being made to fit her for service.

"Truly yours, Gun-boat."

M'CLELLAN.

Friend, in this fearful struggle for the Right,
Oh brother wrestler in our common cause!
Upholder of our ruddy-trampled laws,
God wreathe our arms in the fight!

I stretch to thee a not unworthy hand,
In that my soul is large enough to know
And feel the mighty trouble that nerve thee so
To battle for our land!

I give thee greeting through my rising tears,
I say, God-speed thee on thy venturous way!
I say, I love thee with this desperate day,
Through the thick-coming years

A voice shall utter how thy strength went forth
To nerve thine upright heart, thine honest hand,
Stanliest among the brothers of the land,
The heroes of the North!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 26, 1862.

WAYS AND MEANS.

CONGRESS may have adjourned before this paper is published, after one of the most important sessions in the history of the nation. Its control of affairs has been in hard measures. These consist, in brief, of the laws authorizing the borrowing of money in various forms; of the tax bill; and of the new tariff.

By acts passed at this session Mr. Chase is authorized to issue $100,000,000 more Treasury Notes, of which $50,000,000 are to be of denominations below $5; to negotiate at or above par $500,000,000 of six per cent. bonds, redeemable at the pleasure of the Government after five years, and absolutely redeemable at the expiration of twenty years; to receive temporary deposits to the extent of $50,000,000 at four per cent. per annum; finally, to issue to all creditors certificates of indebtedness maturing in one year from date, and bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum. These resources are in addition to those heretofore provided by Congress. Acts passed at the same session in July and August, 1861, and at the beginning of the present session, enabled Mr. Chase to negotiate $150,000,000 of 7.3 Treasury Notes, $44,000,000 of 6 per cent. bonds maturing in 1881, $58,000,000 of demand notes, $500,000,000 of legal tender notes, and an uncertain amount of two-year six per cent. notes. These resources are now exhausted. If Congress should adjourn, the way and means of Government for the prosecution of the war during the recess will be somewhat as follows:

New legal tender notes,	$500,000,000
Par bonds, at or above par, nearly,	$50,000,000
Balance receivable on deposits, about,	$30,000,000
Certificates of indebtedness,	unlimited.

There is, therefore, no reason to fear that the Government will run any risk of embarrassment from want of money. If fortune favors our arms, bodies of national currency will convert their money into six per cent. bonds, new bonds fast enough to supply all the wants of Government. If we meet with reverses the new legal tender notes will suffice to pay our army and navy, and contractors can be paid in certificates of indebtedness.

All this financial structure rests upon a basis of public confidence. The negotiability of Government bonds and debt certificates, the currency of legal tender notes, and the willingness of the public to deposit money with Government at low rates of interest, all depend upon the maintenance of the public credit, and upon a general belief that the United States can and will pay the interest and principal of their debt. In order to insure the maintenance of public credit and public confidence in the financial solidity of the Government, Congress has passed a tax law, and a tariff.

The two are co-ordinate parts of one integral system; the one bearing upon citizens and their labor and their property, the other bearing upon foreigners and the articles they send here for sale.

It is impossible to analyze either within the limits of a single article. It may be said, however, comprehensively, that the Tax law levies a duty of 3 per cent. on the products of all kinds of labor in this country, and on the net profits of every description of business; while the tariff adds about 5 per cent. to the previously established duty on all products of foreign labor and industry. As the total of the tariff and addition is made was considered so high as to insure a large reduction of our import trade, it may be presumed that the new tariff will yield the number of articles imported to those only which can not be produced here. It will still, however, yield a handsome revenue. The tariff itself is a rough estimate of the amount which will probably be received for duties upon articles which are now to be imported.

Coffee	$12,300,000	Champagne	$800,000
Tea	6,000,000	Hides	1,300,000
Sugar	35,000,000	Fruit	850,000
Wool	10,000,000	Tin	1,500,000
Silk goods	7,000,000		
Cigars	600,000	Total	$84,850,000

Here is more than enough from a few articles to pay the whole interest on the debt as it will be by July next; and as the duties are payable in gold the demand upon all the bills absorbed within a year—the Treasury Department will, after the absorption of these notes, be relieved from all pressure in maintaining at a premium on the precious metals.

Of the probable revenue to be derived from the direct tax bill it is impossible to form a reliable estimate. The men who framed the bill in Committee of Congress reckon that it will yield $120,000,000 per annum. But its practical working remains to be tested. The product of the income tax especially, which is expected to prove the most important of all the taxes, is very uncertain. No such tax is suited to a country where the vast majority of the taxpayers are engaged in mercantile pursuits, and where, in consequence, incomes are extremely fluctuating and uncertain. If, however, the Tax bill should yield the amount expected, and the tariff yields, in the aggregate, $75,000,000, as is expected by Congress, Government will have a revenue of $185,000,000 to meet an expenditure of something like $850,000,000. Under these circumstances Mr. Chase's task will be easy, and the Government secure from failure.

We have said nothing about confiscation as a financial resource. The law just passed by Congress absolutely confiscates the property of rebels. Should this bill be rigorously carried out, Government would obtain, by stripping the traitors, immense wealth. It would secure the whole cost of the war. Persons lately from Memphis and New Orleans report, for instance, that there is in the South at present not less than 5,000,000 bales of cotton. At present prices this would be worth about $160 a bale. If prices fell fifty per cent. the cotton at the South—all of which is undoubtedly the property of rebels, and liable to confiscation—would still be worth a Government sum of $400,000,000, to say nothing of sugar, tobacco, and other products.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PRACTICAL QUESTION.

Throughout this war the people have confided fully in the purpose and honesty of the President. His conviction upon the question which the war of war sprung were perfectly well known. His persuasion that there was a permanent union of all the nation until the angry discord was removed either by the final triumph of one principle or the other has never been concealed. He has declared that the solution could be and ought to be worked out by the peaceful operation of our system was equally understood. Fully aware that his conviction was not shared by a very large part of the loyal defenders of the Union, he has waited, of course, in respect to the essential question, which has been moderate and wise. He has represented the average feeling of the people.

Now as that feeling changes, we may expect a change in the opinion upon the part of the Administration. When it was the general faith that half a million of armed men could readily suppress the rebellion, while the people were not prepared, the Administration could not have expected a hearty sympathy in the measures of a people's war on a wider scope. We constantly said that we wanted to put down the insurrection at any cost; but it was evident that as long as the will of the Government estimated very correctly the real value of that assertion,

We said "at any cost," because we did not think the price was to be very high. But as events develop we begin to weigh words more carefully, and to see that "at any cost" means a great deal. And we are not afraid that it should. So far as we may rely upon significant signs, the people that a year ago supposed the war was to end soon and leave things pretty much as they were, are now clearly convinced that the war can end only after a very radical derangement of things as they were. If the war is to be ended at all, except by the surrender of the Government and the dissolution of the Union, it must be conducted on the principles of war. We must weaken the enemy and strengthen ourselves. And we must weaken him in order to weaken ourselves.

If the war could be practically ended in six months by the absolute victory of the Government, would it not be the best conceivable thing for the peace, prosperity, and perpetuity of the Union? And could not this be done if every loyal inhabitant of the country were summoned to its defense, in such a way and under such regulations as might be advisable? If there is any man who is unwilling to fight he will probably do other loyal work for the country and the Government, his loyalty is a conditional loyalty—that is, a modified treason. If such a man be the representative of the majority of citizens, the cause is not worth another life or another dollar. Before finally, by drafting, the rebel element to Commodore Dupont, has shown himself just as worthy of confidence, trusted, and cooperation of every loyal man in the land as President Lincoln, or General M'Clellan, or Governor Andrew, and if a man, however eminent, refuses to fight for a cause for which Robert Smalls is fighting, or digging, or working, there is a spirit which is not ready to save the country at any honorable cost.

But such men are not the representatives of a great class. The country is intelligently loved, and the country is in peril; consequently the people are ready to pay any price for any and all means which may speedily secure its safety. We can not but think the Administration that it shall continue faithfully to represent the public sentiment. The executive action is the visible test to the country. It is its own exhibition. Let its reflection be accurate. Let the nation see that its principle "at any cost" is the theme of the Government. Let it see that the ardent hearts, the strong hands, the cheerful tempers, the enduring frames of those who are perilling their lives to share and lighten the toils of war, are not cruelly and madly rejected. The people will then know that they are well served. Can we afford to lose any chance to save our country?

MILITARY PARTISANSHIP.

It is a profound pity for the cause of the country and good party politics that the General who is now in front of the enemy at Richmond, the citizen of the rebel State in which the heart of the war is struck, is the favorite General of all those in the country who sorrowly with the success of the conspiracy, or whose loyalty is a haggling, democratic-compelled patriotism. Mr. Fernando Wood, the Copperhead politician, and his newspaper, obviously labor to defeat the restoration of the Union by proposing the conditions upon which it should be done. In the light of dividing public sentiment, are all the most vehement and unscrupulous partisans of General M'Clellan. They endeavor to make it appear that the Government is opposed to him, in order to use his military popularity as a lever against the Administration and the war.

Two of these newspapers have lately published, under the form of letters from the camp, insinuations that the Government would not submit to the removal of M'Clellan. When now Fremont was removed in the West, they openly hoped that he would try some kind of resistance. When he was at his request relieved in the Shenandoah they insinuated, with a tremendous air of gratified malice, that no single man is of the least account in this war. Except in the interest of a party there is neither Fremont nor M'Clellan, nor any general or statesman whatever, is of the least importance in comparison with the cause. It is now unquestionable that General M'Clellan should be kept free from the contemptible sympathy of men who have nothing for him, and who would rather see the Union should be shivered into thirty-four parts than maintained upon condition of equal justice to every man.

It is essential, because at last the citizen-soldiers of this country, who are soberly engaged in the hard efforts to save it, who have been in the field for a year, and have learned the ghastly and unspeakable price of brave men for the cause, a thousand times repeated—who know and hate the savage and relentless ferocity of the enemy, to be assured that their leader, whom they personally love and respect, is not the object of party zeal, or of the support of all secret friends of the rebellion, and of all who are not willing to save the country at any cost, or who think that the flag, and the uniform, and the hard rules, are they more under his orders.

Our own faith in General M'Clellan's loyalty and ability is not in the least shaken by the recklessness applause of men whose political principles are as contemptible as their patriotism is questionable. He has had the great good sense to hold his tongue about the Tribune and Mr. Wood. But the interests of no one man are of the least importance in this war. It is for any reason whatever his presence in the Potomac army should be removed, the wise and patriotic and final success of our cause, however guiltless and able we may think him, we should most earnestly advocate that removal. We do not see how to express how his presence should become undesirable except by unsuccessful military efforts; but the open unfold of the least warmest supporters of the war. The moment the people believe that he has the least sympathy with the spirit of the party which most vehemently praise him at the expense of every body else, that moment his usefulness as a Union General is gone.

THE POSITION.

That it is necessary fully to understand and frankly to concede the ability and desperation and resources of the rebellion we have always insisted, because only upon entering upon it could success be war dangerously. But when all allowance has been made for that, there is another and quite opposite view: which is, that the insurrection is now as numerically strong as it ever can be.

By volunteering and conscription, by universal pride and terror, every available man at the South has been called to the field. If this had not been so, the army of Beauregard would not have melted away from Corinth. The rebels made their treacherous attack from Corinth because they had to. The consequence is a deeper and more stringent resolution on the part of the people of the country to root out the rebellion. If we are graver, it is not because we are more doubtful, but only because we are more determined. Certainly we thought the job easier than it proves to be, but the difficulty does not in the least affect our intention to do it.

If it be necessary to draft men it will not be because men are not willing to volunteer, but because the draft settles the question that they are really wanted. There are thousands who will not go up whenever they feel that it is necessary, and the draft will be the proof of the necessity. Moreover, there has been such an intermittent policy and cumbrous-enervating calling upon men and now stopping recruiting, that uncertainty must be removed.

When, therefore, the rebels see that their rush for Washington has failed, and that victory our army, that has awakened a sterner purpose, they must return to digging, or their resources to the best probable advantage. At any moment we may hear of a strike from them. The thing that promises most is the fight by Vicksburg. Richmond is a point of sentiment and pride, and will be defended accordingly, for that reason. But Vicksburg is dishonored if they can retain it. Everything is a complication elsewhere. Their grand purpose has been, it is, and will be, to retain the river. Being fewer in numbers than we, their point is to make those numbers most profitably; and there is nothing so profitable to them as to leave.

Our conduct, therefore, must be somewhat governed by theirs. We will not be overstrong at every point where they may advantageously strike; our forces are to be so distributed that they can be concentrated against the enemy's strongest point they may really pursue. We must gain all the knowledge that fugitives can give. We must will ingest—live upon the enemy's land—in the country lawful weapon against him.

Obviously we are more and means pour in upon our side, and the foe is at the end of his resources. In effect it is the struggle of throwing fresh and robust reserves in battle upon an exhausted army whose reserves are already engaged. Our duty is not to halt, but to push on with the greatest energy. In other words, we must not be out-generaled. For it is not numbers only, but the management of numbers that wins the victory.

One thing, however, is clear: and that is, that we are willing to learn from experience. If we do not yet know how to make war, we are perfectly willing to be taught.

CONCEALING UNPLEASANT NEWS.

In his late admirable speech in the Senate Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, hoped that the Administration would henceforth freely tell the truth to the citizen to the people, not revealing, of course, any piece of military information the enemy can use, but there seems to be a quite general impression that the War Department tried to conceal the news of the retreat from Harrison's Landing.

The first public intimation of the battles was the dispatch from Mr. Bowles to the *Springfield Republican*, published on Monday morning of the seventh week. He had left the Peninsula on Saturday, by the last train which left Harrison's Landing, and therefore was familiar with the events of the week at White House. The battles had been nearly a week, with varying fortune in different parts of the field. Messengers were leaving correspondents were sending off their story continuously tone during all this time. The Government did not know, M'Clellan did not know, nor the army nor the rebels, nor any body else that the *Republican* could any body know—the result until Saturday morning, when the news was so promptly published that M'Clellan was safely resting upon his new line.

During the week we had every kind of letter and report and surmise from the field of operations; and that the public knew substantially of the fact the Government knew there is no reason to doubt. Would it have been wise then—would it be wise now—to have distinctly and officially told the citizen M'Clellan had at the beginning of the week, and have made it known to Gen. Dix that the Government at any time to have claimed a victory or confessed a defeat? Was not the whole week confused and confusing? Is not the whole history of war like it now?

When Mr. Fessenden says that the idea of not telling the country just what the state of things is and just what is required is a delusion and fraud he tells the simple truth; but every body is told that there has been some weak concealment of recent facts, which does not at all appear.

Unquestionably the Government ought to say; what the nation is rapidly coming to perceive, that a campaign of years is before us which is to be fought barbarous in purpose and mercilessly savage in method, intrenched in the strongest and most inaccessible of natural fastnesses, defended with more than a year's life in arms, is not to be suppressed only by the concentration of every resource and the utmost power of the nation. The Government ought to say to the people, of whom will it be said hereafter, "If you will not fight to prevent it strike bravely where the foe is weakest—if you are willing to hurt him or his property, or distract his institutions, however much they strengthen him—if you have any other purpose than that he submit and that nation be saved at any cost, of all, of exterminating the rebels—the contest is already hopeless."

ANOTHER SPECTATOR.

To the list of the intelligent Englishmen who have spoken of our affairs ought to be added the name of Edward Dicey, who is the correspondent of the London *Spectator*, and who contributes notes of travel to *Macmillan's Magazine*. He has a quick perception of facts in the light in which make his observations really valuable, especially in the Border States, in which he depicts the aspect of life and the general feeling with remarkable fidelity.

Speaking of the want of striking indications of Union feeling upon the border, he hits the nail in saying: "Men may grow convinced of the folly of secession—may even wish for the victory of the Union; but their hearts must be, after all, with the side for which their kinsmen and friends are fighting.....I am anxious not to convey the impression from my description that I believe in the Southern, or, rather, the Confederate doctrine, of an innate and unconquerable aversion between the Southern and the Northern States. When once the insurrection is suppressed and order is restored, I have little doubt the Southern States will acquiesce in what is inevitable. There is no difference in race, or language, or religion, to keep the two divisions of the Union apart. Whether the difference in domestic institutions may prove an insuperable cause of disunion, I can not say. If it should so prove, the North will suppress or remove this cause before it consents to the separation of North and South. But the time for that is not yet."

This paper was written just after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and when it was possible, or, as he says, "still on the cards," that Beauregard would defeat us at Corinth; but Mr. Dicey remarks: "It is easy enough for a spectator in the Northern States to see that the Confederates are fighting a losing fight, and that even a return of fortune to their arms would only somewhat prolong a now hopeless struggle."

This is interesting as the opinion of an intelligent and disinterested spectator at a time when the rebel prospects were much more flattering than they are now. English readers will gradually learn from such observers as Mr. Trollope and Mr. Dicey that a great nationality is not to be as easily extinguished as a tallow dip; and that millions of free, industrious, intelligent, and prosperous citizens do not mean to be politically annihilated without as desperate a resistance as coolness, intelligence, skill, and heroism know how to make.

ANTI-TAPLEY.

MR. MARK TAPLEY is not the best conceivable model either for nations or men. If a general wants to fight well, he must understand his position exactly; and if a nation would be equal to its situation, it must see what its precise situation is.

The object of the rebels is foreign recognition. They hope to hold out until Europe shall say to us, "Come! come! for fifteen months these people have maintained their independence. You have had an immense opportunity, your own time, your own preparations, the forbearance of the world, and you don't do the work. Hadn't you better make terms? At any rate we, for our parts, recognize them as a legitimate government." This is the hope of the rebellion, and if it is not fully and palpably suppressed, in a very short time this hope will be fulfilled.

Of course recognition is war. At the present moment the feeling between the countries is such, the Mexican complication is of so grave a character, the air is so electrical, that the explosion may certainly be regarded as imminent.

The arguments drawn from the want of advantage to be gained by foreign Powers, the comparison of naval force, and all the arguments of reason combined, do not count very heavily against the probability. War is not such a very reasonable and argumentative matter. The general aspects of the case are always sufficient. Nothing could be more elaborately unreasonable than our first contest with Great Britain; and to all the reasoning that could be urged against the success of foreign interference now, there would be one sufficient answer: Europe would say to us, "Haven't you your hands full enough now, and would the necessity of fighting us make you any stronger?"

Mr. Mark Tapley will probably call this a depressing view. But neither Mr. Tapley, as we said, nor the African ostrich are the best models for us at this moment. The more distinctly the Yankee sees all the circumstances of the situation, the cooler and braver he becomes.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WEIGHING.—"Husband, I hope you have no objection to my being weighed." "Certainly not, my dear; but why do you ask the question?" "Only to see, love, if you would let me have my *weigh* once."

We are told to have hope and trust; but what's a poor fellow to do when he can no longer get any trust?

A REQUEST.—"Good morn, Mister Grimes! I come over to see if you'd lend our dad your pickaxe, to saw off a board to make a chicken coop to put our dog in; he runs after our neighbor's cows, and then they won't come about any more, so we have to drink our coffee without cream or sugar."

The author of the following lines is destined to occupy a good position among our American poets. Who is he?

"O wunst I luved annuther gal
her name it was murrier,
but betsy deer my luv for u
is forty times more hier."

A country paper, speaking of the funeral of a suicide, says indignantly, "They buried the woman like a dog, with all her clothes on!"

"I say, Sambo, does you know de key to de prosperity ob de Souf?" "Key to de prosperity ob de Souf?—big words, Juno! Guess you must ab been eatin' massa's dickshunary. Golly, I ain't larned nuff to answer dat." "Well, chile, 'tis de dar-key."

The following epitaph was written on reading of the death of a lady whose name was Stone:

"Curious enough, we all must say,
That what was Stone should now be clay;
Most curious still, to own we must,
That what was Stone will soon be dust."

A MILE OF CHILDREN.—There is a farmer in Berkshire who has a mile of children. His name is Furlong, and he has four boys and four girls. Eight furlongs always make a mile.

A PERFECT CURE.—An amorous swain, who had been severely afflicted with palpitation of the heart, says he found instant relief by the application of another palpitating heart. Another triumph of homeopathy. "Like cures like."

AN ADVANTAGE.—A boy and girl of tender years were disputing as to what their mothers could do. Getting impatient, the little damsel blurted out, by way of a climax and a clencher, "Well, there is one thing that my mother can do that yours can't—my mother can take every one of her teeth out at once!"

Mrs. Partington says she may be old now, but she has seen the day when she was as young as ever she was.

Theodore Hook met a friend just after leaving the King's Bench Prison, who said to him that he was getting fat. "Yes," replied Hook, "I was enlarged to-day."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

SHOPMAN (*thinking to have a joke upon the lady*). "You want a very long and a very stout pair, I presume."

LADY (*not appearing to see the point*). "I want them very stout, of course; and as for their length, a size smaller than your ears, I think, will just suit."

Why is a sawyer like a lawyer?—Because whichever way he goes down comes the dust.

"It's all over with me!" as the pancake said when it was turned.

Almost every young lady is public-spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a *court*-house.

It is difficult to keep one's temper in a hot day; but getting under a shady tree is the best way of taking umbrage.

It is well for a man to get the start in a race, but bad for a ship's plank to start in a storm.

"It's all over with us!" as the passenger said when the coach upset.

Every man knows best when he plays the knave; but his neighbors know best when he plays the fool.

"YOU HAVE YOUR CHOICE."—A steamer burst her boiler a few years since, and a gentleman found, on reaching the ground, that an iron bar six feet long had gone in at his stomach and projected from his back. A surgeon informed him that if the bar remained it would cause mortification, and if it was removed it would cause him to bleed to death. "Science has its limits," remarked the doctor, "and you have your choice."

One of the neatest replies we ever heard of was that of a certain Earl Marshal, who, being found fault with by his Sovereign for some misarrangement of a coronation, said, "Please your Majesty, I will try and do better next time."

"That is the end of my tale," as the tadpole said when he turned into a bull-frog.

"How is the market, neighbor?" "Very quiet." "Any thing doing in cheese?" "Not a mite."

An Irish auctioneer, puffing off a pair of jet ear-rings to a very respectable company of ladies, said that they were "just the sort of articles he himself would purchase for his wife were she a widow."

Muggins was passing down Fleet Street one day with a friend, when he observed a poor dog, that had been killed, lying in the gutter. Muggins paused, and gazed intently at the defunct animal, and at last said,

"Here is another shipwreck."
"Shipwreck! where?"
"There's a bark that's lost forever."
His companion growled and they passed on.

A newly-married gentleman and lady, riding in a chaise, were unfortunately overturned. A person coming to their assistance observed it was a very shocking sight. "Very shocking, indeed," replied the gentleman, "to see a new-married couple fall out so soon."

ANOTHER BULL.—"How odd it is," said Pat, as he trudged along on foot one hot, sultry day, "that a man never meets a team going the same way he is!"

The sensitive actor, who couldn't stay in the same room with a tea-urn on account of its hissing, has just been killed by a burst of applause.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is to have in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, and in her behavior modesty.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

When is a blind man like a wig?
When he is curled (cur-led).

Why are young ladies' affections always doubtful?
Because they are only mis-givings.

Why is a mile-stone a very unsociable fellow?
Because you never see two together.

My whole is a noun of plural number,
Devoid of ease and peaceful slumber;
But add to it the letter S,
And, wondrous metamorphosis!
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

Cares—caress.

Keep me clean, and I am like every body; scratch me on the back, and I am like nobody?
A looking-glass.

Why are beggars like fishermen and shepherds?
Because they live by hook and by crook.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, July 8, in the Senate, the Confiscation bill, as returned from the House, was taken up. Senator Sherman moved that the Senate recede from its amendment and agree to the House bill. This was negatived—14 against 23. Senator Clark, of New Hampshire, moved for a committee of conference on the disagreeing amendment, which was carried by a vote of 28 against 10. The resolution for the expulsion of Senator Simmons, of Rhode Island, for receiving sums of money for procuring Government contracts was laid over, and the Tariff bill was taken up, the amendments adopted, and the bill passed. A bill was introduced amending the act of 1795 relative to calling out the militia for suppressing invasion. A bill amendatory of the act prohibiting the African slave-trade was introduced. The consideration of the bill to establish and equalize the grade of line officers of the navy was then resumed. Several amendments were adopted, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the bill providing for the discharge of State prisoners and others was passed. The bill defining the pay and emoluments of army officers, etc., and the Civil Appropriation bill, were also passed. A Committee of Conference on the Confiscation bill was ordered, and the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, July 9, in the Senate, bills relative to the grade of naval officers; authorizing the President to make arrangements with foreign governments, and especially with Denmark, for the colonization of captured Africans; and making appropriations for sundry civil expenses, were passed. The Naval Appropriation bill was also passed. A bill to declare another punishment for the crime of treason was introduced and referred to the Judiciary Committee. The bill amendatory of the act of 1795, calling out the militia, etc., was then taken up. Senator Grimes offered an amendment providing for the employment of negroes in the military service; and Senator King moved to amend the amendment so as to authorize the employment of blacks in constructing intrenchments, or other camp service or labor, and declaring forever free the mother, wife, and children of negroes so employed. The scheme, in fact, comprehends the enrollment of the blacks in the military service, and the general emancipation of slaves. An interesting debate ensued, in which Senators Sherman, Fessenden, Wilson, and Rice advocated the policy of arming the blacks, but without taking action on the amendments, the Senate went into executive session and subsequently adjourned.——In the House, the Tariff and Pension bills were referred to conference committees. The bill to promote the efficacy of the Engineers' corps, and the Ordnance and Quarter-master's Departments, was passed; also the Naval Appropriation bill; the bill supplementary to the act abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, and the Post-Route bill. The Senate resolution requiring the weekly publication of lists of all Government contracts, and the names of the persons interested in them, was adopted. The House then adjourned.

On Thursday, July 10, in the Senate, a communication was received from the War Department, transmitting copies of all instructions to the generals of the army relative to freeing the slaves of the rebels. The House resolution authorizing supplies of clothing to be furnished to sick and wounded soldiers was passed; also the bill relative to the stolen Indian Trust bonds. Senator Saulsbury offered a resolution inquiring for the number of troops under General Fremont and General Banks at the date of General M'Clellan's departure for the Peninsula; also the number of troops in and around Washington, also the number of troops between Washington and the Rappahannock; and also the number of troops actually in service under General M'Clellan in the recent engagements before Richmond. A long and interesting discussion on the conduct of the campaign on the Peninsula ensued, and finally the resolution was adopted. The bill relative to calling out the militia, with the amendments authorizing the arming of the blacks, their employment on intrenchments, etc., and freeing the wife, mother, and children of negroes so employed, was then called up. A motion to postpone indefinitely was disagreed to by a vote of 9 against 27. An amendment that loyal persons shall be compensated for loss of service of slaves taken under the bill was agreed to. The section authorizing the President to receive negroes into the military service was then passed. On taking the question on the section giving freedom to the mother, wife, and children of negroes so employed by the Government there was no quorum, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate joint resolution to suspend all payments under the act of March last, "To secure to the officers and men actually employed in the Western or Missouri Department, their pay, bounty, and pensions," and to appoint three Commissioners to investigate and examine all claims and report on the same to the Secretary of War, was adopted. A joint resolution providing medals of honor for soldiers who may distinguish themselves was also adopted. The Senate bill for the better government of the navy, and the resolution of thanks to Commodore Foote was agreed to, and the House adjourned.

On Friday, July 11, in the Senate, the General Pension bill and several unimportant bills were passed, and the remainder of the session was occupied in debate on the amendment to the Militia bill, authorizing the employment of negroes in the military service, and freeing the mothers, wives, and children of those so employed; but no vote was taken on the subject.——In the House, the bill to prevent officials from receiving pay for procuring contracts was passed. The Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill providing for a national currency, secured by United States stock, and for the circulation and redemption thereof. It was recommitted and ordered to be printed. The Conference Committee on the Confiscation bill made a report, combining some of the main points of both the Senate and House bills on that subject, which was accepted. The Tariff bill passed both Houses of Congress.

On Saturday, July 12, in the Senate, the report of the Conference Committee on the Confiscation bill was agreed to by a vote of twenty-seven against thirteen. The bill has thus passed both Houses of Congress. The resolution requesting the President to have a statement of the trade and commerce of the Pacific States prepared was adopted. A resolution reported by the Finance Committee, fixing the time for final adjournment of Congress on Wednesday next, was adopted. An executive session was held, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Committee of Ways and Means reported their last appropriation, being for miscellaneous objects, but it was laid on the table by a majority of ten. Several other subjects were acted on, none of them, however, of general importance, and the House adjourned.

On Monday, July 14, in the Senate, the resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Commodore A. H. Foote for his gallant services in the West, was adopted. The bill for the admission of West Virginia into the Union was passed by a vote of twenty-three to seventeen. The bill provides that all slaves born within the limits of the State after the 4th of July next shall be free; all slaves who at that time are under ten years of age shall be free when they are twenty-one; and all over ten and under twenty-one, shall be free when they are twenty-five. A message was received from the President, transmitting the draft of a bill for compensating any State which may abolish slavery. We give it below. The bill to prevent Congressmen and Government officers receiving consideration for procuring contracts was passed. An executive session was held, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill making sundry appropriations for civil expenditures was reported and passed. The Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill imposing an additional tax of one cent per pound on domestic sugar under the internal tax law. A proviso was added that the tax should not apply to sugar manufactured from sorghum, and the bill was then passed.

AN EMANCIPATION BILL.

The following Message from the President was delivered to Congress on Monday:

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES:

Herewith is the draft of the bill to compensate any State which may abolish slavery within its limits, the passage of which, substantially as presented, I respectfully and earnestly recommend. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That whenever the President of the United States shall be satisfied that any State shall have lawfully abolished slavery within and throughout such State, either immediately or gradually, it shall be the duty of the President, assisted by the Secretary of the Treasury, to prepare and deliver to each State an amount of six per cent. interest-bearing bonds of the United States, equal to the aggregate value at —— dollars per head of all the slaves within such State, as reported by the census of one thousand eight hundred and sixty; the whole amount for any one State to be delivered at once, if the abolishment be immediate, or in equal annual installments if it be gradual, interest to begin running on each bond at the time of delivery, and not before.

And be it further enacted, That if any State having so received any such bonds shall at any time afterward by law reintroduce or tolerate slavery within its limits, contrary to the act of abolishment upon which such bonds shall have been received, said bonds so received by said State shall at once be null and void in whosesoever hands they may be, and such State shall refund to the United States all interest which may have been paid on such bonds.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Dispatches from Fortress Monroe announce the fact that the rebels have disappeared from before the Army of the Potomac, none of them being within miles of our position. A brief telegram from General M'Clellan, received in Philadelphia on Friday, stated that the enemy had retreated. An explanation of this movement of the rebel forces will probably be found in the fact that, from lack of transportation, they have been forced to fall back nearer Richmond, their base of supplies.

THE PRESIDENT ON THE PENINSULA.

The President has taken a trip to the peninsula to see the position of the army for himself. He had an interview with General Burnside at Fortress Monroe on Tuesday, 8th, and then proceeded up the James River to visit General M'Clellan.

He reviewed the entire line, in company with General M'Clellan and his Staff, and was every where received with the greatest enthusiasm by the troops, who mingled their cheers with the salvos of artillery with which he was greeted. Subsequent to the review, he returned to the steamer on which he went up the James, accompanied by General M'Clellan, and after an hour's consultation, quietly took his departure.

During his visit he made a speech to the serried masses of armed men who had just come out of seven days' terrific combat. Dismounting from his horse and mounting upon a rail fence he addressed the army in these words: "Be of good cheer; all is well. The country owes you an inextinguishable debt for your services. I am under immeasurable obligations to you. You have, like heroes, endured, and fought, and conquered. Yes, I say conquered; for though apparently checked once, you conquered afterward and secured the position of your choice. You shall be strengthened and rewarded. God bless you all!"

THE SOUTHERN ACCOUNT OF THE LATE BATTLES.

The Southern account of the late battles, during the withdrawal of General M'Clellan's army to the James River, is given in the Richmond papers. The enemy admit the strength of our army's new position, which they designate as the strongest on the peninsula, and, indeed, demonstrate the fact by furnishing the geographical and topographical features of the location. The general tone of the rebel journals indicates dissatisfaction with the result of the movement, and by no means shows that it is regarded in the light of a success for the rebel arms.

GENERAL POPE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

The following has been issued.

WASHINGTON, *July* ., 1862.

TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA:

By special assignment of the President of the United States I have assumed command of this army.

I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition, and your wants; in preparing you for active operations, and in placing you in positions from which you can act promptly and to the purpose.

I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies, from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary, and to beat him when found, whose policy has been attack, and not defense.

In but one instance has the enemy been able to place our Western armies in a defensive attitude.

I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system, and to lead you against the enemy.

It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily.

I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving. That opportunity I shall endeavor to give you.

Meantime, I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue among you.

I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them—of lines of retreat and of bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas.

The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy.

Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves.

Let us look before, and not behind.

Success and glory are in the advance.

Disaster and shame lurk in the rear.

Let us act on this understanding, and it is safe to predict that your banners shall be inscribed with many a glorious deed, and that your names will be dear to your countrymen forever.

JOHN POPE, Major-General Commanding.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURG.

The bombardment of Vicksburg still continued at last accounts received from Memphis. Our mortars from above and below are shelling the city. The cutting of the canal by negroes, which is destined to make Vicksburg an inland and insignificant town, is progressing rapidly. The report that Commodore Farragut has been wounded is not officially confirmed; but it is said that he had a narrow escape.

REBEL RAID ON MURFREESBORO.

According to rumors prevalent in Nashville on Saturday, and since confirmed, a force of rebel cavalry, under Colonel Forrest, assaulted the town of Murfreesboro, capturing the Ninth Michigan regiment, Colonel Parkhurst, and making prisoners also of General Crittenden, of Indiana, General Duffield, and several other officers. The Third Minnesota, Colonel Leslie, and Hewitt's First Kentucky battery made a gallant resistance. Their bravery is beyond praise. They saved the railroad track and bridges, losing but few men. The rebels destroyed the railroad dépôt and other property, including the telegraph office. The town was being shelled by Hewitt's battery at the last report—three o'clock P.M. on 12th.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF BATON ROUGE.

The capture of Baton Rouge by the rebels under General Van Dorn is reported in the Richmond papers received by dispatches from Mobile. The *Mississippian* states that General Butler visited Baton Rouge on Saturday, the 5th inst.

AFFAIRS AT NEW ORLEANS.

General Butler has suspended the functions of the City Councils of New Orleans, and has appointed bureaus of Finance and of Streets and Landings, consisting of three persons each, among whom the duties of the Councils are divided. This action has been rendered necessary in consequence of the refusal of the city authorities to take the oath of allegiance, in accordance with General Butler's orders. The moneyed classes in the city are still very backward in owning allegiance to the National Government, but there is a much better feeling among the working classes. Provisions, vegetables, and fruit are freely allowed to come to the city, and the condition of the poorer classes is much improved. Cotton plants of the new crop are beginning to make their appearance.

TREASON PUNISHED IN MEMPHIS.

The Memphis *Avalanche* having published an incendiary and treasonable article headed "Mischief-makers," on the 1st of July, General Grant ordered that paper to be suspended. The order was subsequently countermanded on the withdrawal of the editor who wrote the article from the *Avalanche* establishment.

A SLANDER EXPLODED.

A correspondence from General M'Clellan to the War Department, concerning the occupation of General Lee's residence at White House and the several slanderous stories thereto attached, has been presented to Congress, and the whole affair is reduced to a very miserable and contemptible compass. General M'Clellan in his letter says, that "those who have originated the false statements concerning the White House, yard, and spring, are in fact, as stated in my dispatch of the 7th instant, enemies of this army and the cause in which it is fighting. They have imposed upon the Surgeon-General, and caused him to make official representations which on examination, prove to be unfounded in fact, and which are disrespectful to his superior officer. They have unnecessarily occupied the attention of the Secretary of War, and have interrupted the Commander and the Medical Director of this army in the midst of the most arduous duties."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MEDIATION AGAIN.

OUR affairs have again been discussed in both Houses of the British Parliament. Lord Palmerston, speaking in the Lower House, said that he could see no reason at the present time for offers of mediation in our affairs, but that the Government would gladly take advantage of any favorable opening that might occur for friendly interference. Lord Brougham had a few words to say in the Upper House, explanatory of a former speech, to the effect that he wished to remonstrate with the Americans "as fellow-Christians" with the noble lord on the course of the civil war, which he thought would prove of a fatal character to the whole American people.



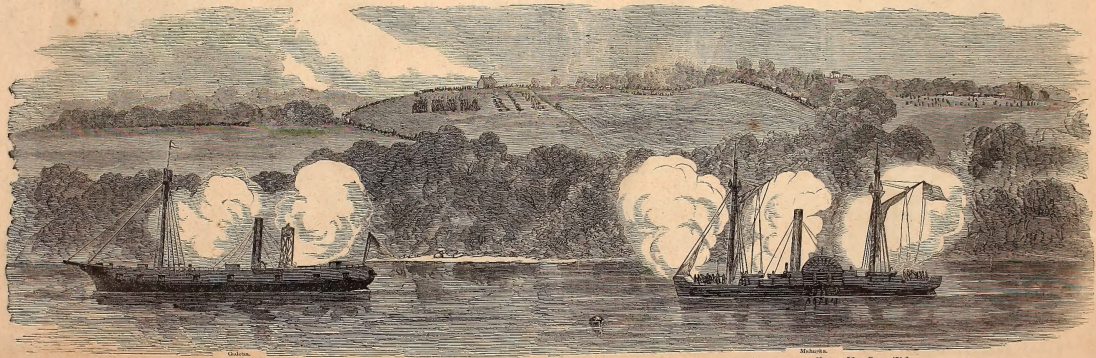
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE BATTLE OF THE CHICKAHOMINY, FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1862.—PORTER ATTACKED BY AN OVERWHELMING FORCE OF REBELS.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 471.]



SCENES IN AND ABOUT THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Ward.—(See Page 471.)



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE BATTLE OF BEAVER CREEK, JUNE 26, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 471.]



THE GUN-BOATS "GALENA" AND "MAHASKA" SHELLING THE REBELS AT HARRISON'S LANDING, JULY 1, 1862.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE NAVY.—[SEE PAGE 471.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL TRUMAN SEYMOUR.

IT gives us real pleasure to publish, on page 468, a portrait of our old and valued correspondent General Truman Seymour, whose sketches are familiar to the readers of this journal, and whose distinguished gallantry at the battles before Richmond have attracted such universal admiration.

General Seymour was born at Albany, New York, about the year 1827, and entered West Point in 1842, graduating in 1846. He went to Mexico to join the army under General Scott, and had the battle of Cerro Gordo won the brevet rank of First Lieutenant. At the attack on Contreras he and Lieutenant (now General) Brannan led on the van of the attacking army. At the close of the war Lieutenant Seymour spent some years on the topographical drawing: we can testify that he was admirably qualified for the post. After a brief campaign against Billy Bowlegs in Florida, he assumed the dull routine of garrison duty, and, at the outbreak of the rebellion, found himself with Major Anderson at Fort Sumter. He was one of the most heroic and gallant of that brave little garrison, and came out of the fort in very bad health in consequence of his sufferings. He was soon afterward brevetted Major, and appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In the late fights before Richmond he commanded a brigade in McCall's Division, consisting of four regiments of the Pennsylvania Reserves, and won imperishable glory. We are permitted to make the following extracts from private letters from this gallant friend:

BELOW RICHMOND, *Night of July* 1, 1862.

MY DEAR ——: You will be glad to get even this line from me, though you know how very busy I am. I am on the James River, and a gun-boat can carry a mail. The evening is clear, and the sunset scene of the battle yesterday has just ceased, in pursuit of a flying foe, and after a magnificent battle scene. The fighting was terrible now, although it seemed so last night. We have had the hottest kind of work, and I have escaped to the fourth battle. All of my staff have been killed or wounded except Lieutenant Ayres. At Mechanicsville, on our right flank, our troops were driven back with such a cry for help to me, and when compelled to withdraw, did so in such a manner as to have afforded the high-priced "Chivalry" a chance to set myself can claim all the glory of the fight, for so almost unanimous. I had three horses shot under me on Friday, in the afternoon (the battle of Gaines'ville was fought—18,000 against nearly 30,000, as they number). Colonel Reynolds present, etc. My escapes were wonderful. At one time I had command of about fifteen men, all five regiments into the heavy fight besides my own brigade, and as those two days I fed four hundred men, or my command. Well, two days afterward yesterday, while fold, lay on my edge in the ditch back on the road, and I had a great fight along the whole line, where we hardly held our own. Night came on, and I was ordered to the rear to rest my horse. My staff had been all killed or broken. By the mercy of God alone have I escaped—many others were killed. I was ordered to rest—had been killed. Meade was wounded and McCall either killed or captured. The division was cut to pieces. Our regiment of 800 men has lost all but 50; and it is reduced now from 1600 to about 1000 men, of which 400 are in command.

Well, we can not go to Richmond just now—the rebels have been much too strong for us. The skill with which, has his movements have been made will be celebrated in the world for ages, and must place McClellan very high as a soldier man.

All the while we have had nothing to eat but hard bread and salt pork; we destroyed nothing, and left nothing; we carried nothing but our satchels in our pockets, and I have had no change of clothing since I left my regt, which I crossed with only my sword and pistols, and with every thing seeming to promise well if the country will only support us. I shall sleep soundly to-night, and up and be ready for a fight to-morrow.

HEADQUARTERS, *July* 5, 1862—4 *a.m.*

Arrived this morning early at Robinson's Landing, marching 11 miles, and fighting 4½, starting at 11 p.m. It is raised all day—the ground is very soft; in the field, a pleasanton, the whole army is accumulating. We have a full of transports; troops are arriving—a few days rest we have a small start again to Richmond." After being very sad hungry all day I fed that they may surgeon have come up and than my night's rest. A serious, if they may does not attack, as he should do if he means to annihilate us. But what can McClellan do more for us? I think I shall be able to do my duty at least as well as I have done. To-day I have eaten nothing but wheat flour and salt, and we were under fire watching and care, and you will see that we have been fighting. Nothing to eat—nothing to sleep. Nothing to do but to meet the enemy. Good-by, my Fort Sumter trials included. May God bless our men, and give us yet such strength as to-day—and we are sure to fall of heart, and only asks a fair field and that God will be with us.

GENERAL BUTTERFIELD.

IN the dark days of April, 1861, when the capital was in danger and the existence of the Government doubtful, one of the earliest of the calls to hasten to Washington with a tender of his services was DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, commanding the Twelfth Regiment New York Militia, whose country that we give on page 465. He found an attack momentarily expected, and an organization of officers and citizens hastily formed, known as the Clay Guard, for the protection of the city from the bombarding and hand-grenade attacks then presented for its "subjugation" by "Wise the Writer." Colonel Butterfield, enrolled himself at once, and many senators, judges, lawyers, and other prominent citizens who served as privates in the ranks of the Clay Guard for the memorable nights of the 17th and 18th of April will remember him in the young, orderly-sergeant who drilled them, and watch his career with additional interest as a commander on a larger field. While engaged in this sacred duty Colonel Butterfield had obtained the permission of the Secretary of War to reorganize, fill up, and report his regiment at Washington on the 20th, prepared for duty. With this end in view Colonel Butterfield made his way through Baltimore, set with the gore of fraternal citizens shed by "the gentlemen" turned "scouts" in its mad frenzy, and overtaken bridges and torn up tracks arrived in New York on Thursday night of the 20th, filled up his regiment (like most of our militia organizations, then merely a skeleton) from some 250 to 1000 men, and left with them on Sunday afternoon in the *Baltic*, bound for Washington, by the way of Fortress Monroe, looking to a passage up the Potomac and then, by information there obtained, to Annapolis. Assigned to the army corps of Patterson, the Twelfth saw their hopes of active service disappear in dreary marches and countermarches over the "sacred soil," while Bull Run was being fought and the vanity of the South in arms' supplied with material for taunting. In Patterson's division General Butterfield (then Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twelfth United States Infantry by a recent appointment) commanded a brigade, and sought for permission to lead it into action. Soon afterward he received the full appointment of Brigadier in an unsolicited and gratifying manner. During the autumn and winter General Butterfield was profitably occupied in drilling and disciplining his brigade and converting them into those "solid and invincible columns" which marched into the South.

In the movement before Yorktown General Fitz John Porter's command was always prominently engaged, and generally in the advance. Butterfield's brigade, composed of the regiments of Colonel Bethel and Harold's Mill, and was with Porter when he made his first approaches and attack on Yorktown, and on the night of the capture of the brigade repulsed a sortie of the enemy, receiving high encomiums from General Porter for the intrepidity of the line of Hanover on the first sound of firing General Butterfield left his sick bed for the saddle, and on receiving the order to advance at once led his brigade forward in two lines: Lansing's Seventeenth New York and the gallant Eighty-third Pennsylvania in the first, and Weeks's Twelfth New York and Stockton's Sixteenth Michigan in the second, these last in double column in the rear. The enemy, after a heavy firing in the front that he was wanted, Butterfield pushed on to the slashed timber, where skirmishers thrown out they dashed through the woods, halting on its edge for a moment only to form their line and remember the enemy, and then pushed forward into the wheat-field adjoining the splendid line that he was every moment expecting. Here the Seventeenth New York captured one of the enemy's guns, a brass 12-pounder. Pushing on in the same order the regiments came on to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and Hanover Court-house, which, from the position of the main activity since its strokes were brought from Hudson in 1755. At the Court-house the news reached him that the enemy were in force on our rear train and threatened the left flank. This was met by General Porter with great promptness and success. General Butterfield posted the Twelfth to maintain this attack with the Second Maine, the Forty-fourth New York, and Battery C, Forty-fourth New York, and a section of Martin's Battery. This was one of the severest contested fights of the whole war, the enemy pressing boldly in front while advancing themselves in a comparatively open field. Every foot of ground was fought for. Porter to deal with in Generals Porter, Morrell, and Martindale, and a fourth was on his way—for Butterfield, leaf by leaf, and the fifty-second bridge-quicking back his weary men to the relief of one of his regiments, now full of fight. Forty-fourth's, which was already warmly engaged supporting a section of Martin's Battery, and arriving on the left flank of the enemy, Butterfield poured in the enemy's flank, poured in a murderous fire, and the combined forces drove the enemy in utter rout and flight." Again at the battles of Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mills General Butterfield won glory and fame, and on the 1st of July, at Malvern Hill, was so struck by his gallantry that he presented him with a horse in token of his regard.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

WE continue in this number our series of engravings of the battles before Richmond. On page 470 we reproduce a sketch by Mr. A. R. WARD, representing

BATTLE OF BEAVER CREEK,

where McCall's division, in Fitz-John Porter's corps, was attacked by a large force of rebels under Ripley and Branch. The enemy had made a bridge below Mechanicsville, with the intention of cutting off McClellan's communication with the James River. The cutting off McCall's command from the rest of the army, that General withdrew his forces across Beaver Creek. Here he made a determined stand, a fight lasting till after dark, when, having repulsed the enemy, McCall fell back still further. The issuance of McClellan's plan of drawing his right wing across the Chickahominy, and taking the James River as his base of supplies, and by that add the following description of the country from the Pamunkey to Richmond:

The battle was fought in dense woods. Our forces were posted in the open ground on the edge of the woods for two miles long, the general course of which was nearly parallel with the Chickahominy. The enemy were more than 60 to 100 rods: a small stream flows the entire length, and the scene of action is a valley or low ground. The field over the brow and crest of the hills on either side in the rifle-pits constructed by the rebels, and also in the bottom land of the Chickahominy. On the left the enemy were posted in the woods, and on the right, as I have when I reached the field, our pickets occupied the top of the hill across the road, and our line was in the woods. They reported a battery of the enemy at Gaines's House, a mile to the right, and that the enemy were in force in that view. The battery soon exchanged shots with guns on the right. Half an hour later the enemy's line of fire with an occasional shell from a position to the left of the road. Soon after the enemy's line of battle appeared in a large and extended line, with a reserve force in the rear. The fire of our batteries on the right gradually grew more and more destructive, and the fire of the left of the line had been few casualties. Would the enemy make a serious attack upon our left? A volley from the enemy's line met on the left, directed at so many of the enemy we appeared to be overwhelmed. Regiment after regiment broke back, did not answer the repeated exhortations of their officers, and fled to the rear. The enemy's line of answer came, and it was unmistakable—it was a tornado of musketry.

The ball opened with the coarse, but only a moment, and the tornado swept right and left as if an electrical electricity had discharged every man's musket. Officers and men were mingled in one confused mass as they rushed into that open ground where new scenes met them at once. A spatter of rebel lead lifted little puffs of dust on the hill from which, with shrieking eyes, I in vain sought to penetrate those dark recesses. A dull, heavy smoke-cloud hung over the woods, and from the left, the whizzing of a rasion Minie overhead, the incessant roar of musketry, and by the wounded and the dead long before out of the area of death.

On page 468 we reproduce Mr. Waud's sketch of the

BATTLE OF THE CHICKAHOMINY,

which was fought on Friday, 27th. We have already described this fight, and will only add Mr. Waud's account of it: "The next day the rebels in great force attacked M'Call again, now sustained by Porter's division, Slocum's division, and Sykes's brigade of regulars, and part of Sumner's division. These sustained an unequal and bloody fight with the rebels on Friday afternoon, when they were withdrawn across the Chickahominy, blowing up the fine bridges and burning the boats built by their rear. Our sketch represents Sykes's brigade waiting form before the rebel efforts to overwhelm our right. The rebels, on the right, are in the M'Call and Franklin's; but the smoke was so heavy that it was difficult to see much of the field of fight. The heavy smoke beyond was caused by the destruction of commissary stores by fire, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy.

On page 477 will be found another picture, also from a sketch by Mr. Waud, illustrating the

BATTLE AT SAVAGE'S STATION,

fought on Saturday, 28th. Mr. Waud writes:

"On Saturday the wagon trains were gradually got to the rear, and our lines remained comparatively free from attack. Before daylight Sunday the rear guard troops were withdrawn, and the Fifth Massachusetts battery being the last to leave the outposts. Covering the trains, Franklin's troops passed across the Chickahominy at Sumner's Bridge. Then mistaking the movement for a retreat, came on with the greatest confidence, to be fully checked—some at Fairoaks Station and then at Savage's—when, notwithstanding that they attacked our troops before they had all come to the rear, they received a heavy repulse, the Irish brigade acting particularly well.

"The rebels were massing in the woods beyond the railroad at Savage's Station, the rebels in the distance, pressing on their infantry covered by a heavy fire of artillery, which was answered from Sumner's Heights, quicking into position."

Pages 472 and 473 we illustrate the fight of the long series of bloody fights, the

BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL,

where the enemy attacked General M'Clellan on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 1. The General, anticipating the attack, had placed his cannon on a height in front of the fifty-pounders, and on a falling back when the pieces became heated. It was the fire of the fifty-pounders that so terribly repeated the army under Magruder. In our picture the reader will remark that the rebels are in the foreground, and the army artillery on the high ground. The following account of the battle we take from the *Herald*:

"The battle of the 1st was the most open and undoubting, presenting a splendid position near the centre of our line, which the enemy could not turn, and which they could not fail back during the night and took up the most eligible position on the heights in front of Malvern House. Our right is the left, and our left the right, of the position. The enemy, anticipating a vigorous pursuit by the rebels, had left their blankets and knapsacks in the rear of his army, and personally placed his troops in position, disposed to meet the attack. The battle was a magnificent conflict. General Keyes was on the extreme right, with Couch's division. General Sumner's command occupied Keyes's left, and next in order from right to left were General Heintzelman's corps, embracing a part of Sedgwick's division; Hetzelzimas's corps, embracing Hooker's and Kearney's divisions; next General Porter's division, which was detached from Keyes's command; while General Morell's division and the regulars, formed the extreme left. The reserve consisted of Smith's division, which was posted on the road leading to Richmond, and Couch's division, completely commanded by our artillery and the gun-boats. The battle commenced at about half-past one P.M., the reason the position was found to be untenable afterward. The enemy did not get his artillery into position until about ten in the afternoon. For several hours heavy cannonading was kept up on both sides, and when the enemy's artillery did, were ringed in a splendid position near the centre of our line, and poured a murderous volley into the ranks of the enemy as they were being brought forward and formed for attack. At about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, the shot and shell filled the air, and a most terrific cannonading was kept up with unabated vigor. About half past three o'clock the enemy's attendance of the rebels were formed to the front under cover of the artillery fire, and charged upon the left of the centre, and the gradually overpowering force bore down upon the left of the centre, compelling them to fall back. Heavy reinforcements were brought up to the support of the right, and aggressiveness were entertained that the enemy were pressing in a certain direction; but before the powerful apprehensions were not realized. The rebels hurled their forces upon the left of the centre, and General Couch, who had immediate command of that portion of the line, with his gallant troops maintained the position of his regiment where he wanted them, and inspired the whole command with confidence. The enemy suffered by than those engaged in this battle. After the firing was commenced, General Porter rode down the line to greet Sumner for reinforcements, and several regiments of Sumner's division were sent to the front. The battle was headed by the largest concentration of artillery ever seen on this continent, the most signal service. Lieutenant-Colonel Tidball, of the Second New York, was severely accompanied by a portion of his staff, rode along the field, and, by his presence, encouraged the men. The battle, which closed soon after darkness set in, the rebels did not gain a single point. Our line was drawn from the same point with fearful loss. Where our artillery opened with grape and canister the killed and wounded rebels were actually piled upon each other. Several rebel regiments which came on in defiant style were literally mowed down by the battle-was brief, but bloody. The rebel loss must be very heavy, as it was concentrated. It is impossible to accurately estimate our own, as circumstances compelled us to leave many on the field. It is believed, however, that our aforesaid will more than cover it.

On page 470 we illustrate the representation of the GUN-BOATS "GALENA" AND "MARIANA" during the fight of 1st. Our picture is from the pencil of an officer on board one of our vessels. He writes:

"Having cleared the James River up to Fort Darling and the obstructions, the gun-boats, on account of the high banks and their inability to operate or occupy for inland, have been obliged to hold merely what they had attained, to await the co-operation of the army. On Tuesday last the latter, having been two days in its retreat, had come out on the James River. Here, at a point near Turkey Island, our rear-guard were enabled to make a stand, being most effectually covered in their operations by the gun-boats. Here the enemy were twice repulsed and several pieces of artillery, with caissons, the latter from the Richmond arsenal, and 100-pounder rifled guns of the boats, after a flight of frequently two or three miles, dropping and exploding in the midst of the retreating foe. Our shots were mostly directed by signals made from the top of the vessels, which gave them a wide command, and answered from our top-mast by an officer of the army signal corps."

On page 469 we reproduce a sketch by our artist, Mr. WAUD, representing

SCENES ON CAMP LIFE

before the late movement from Chickahominy to the James River. Mr. Waud writes:

"No. 1 represents the Railroad from West Point to Richmond, at or about the bridge where it leaves our lines, some six miles from the city. It is a single-track road, but it is an immense convenience to the army in transporting the large supplies necessary for such an enormous body of men. The country, without being at all striking, is picturesque along the road, the wild camps of our troops adding to the effect. The trees are left one or twice a rebel locomotive has made its appearance on the track, shouldering very quick when the cars appear in sight.

"No. 2 is the Trestle-work over the Chickahominy bridge, about seven hundred yards in length at this point.

"No. 3 is a sketch of Sick and Wounded Soldiers on their way to the White House, refreshing themselves at a pure spring of water by the side of the railroad while waiting for the cars.

"No. 4 gives a good idea of the pleasures of bridge-building in the swamp, where the atmosphere is so dense, and it is so impossible to get at the builders to stand up to their middle in water, and stretch out and carry the logs to construct the bridge with.

"No. 5. Along some parts of the line quite a good deal of wood is among the trees. The rebel cannot shew by so not fire, and the rebels leave their trees and logs behind them, thus greatly benefiting Richmond papers for the New York papers, and making themselves generally agreeable. Richmond has not experienced a large conflagration yet, even warfare; yet it is open to doubt whether the destruction of unoccupied property, especially in evils on the other hand: neither can it be considered expedient that the rebels should have recent supplies of Richmond papers.

"No. 6. The Soldier's last Resting-place. Also, several soldiers' graves in the field, and many more will soon be flattened out by the action of the weather, the slight wooden head-board overturned, and its inscription lost. The soldiers' graves are among the best approach to a slab that your comrades could raise upon which to record your name, country, and death; is not calculated to retain that inscription long: although even that fleeting memorial is more than thousands of soldiers have on their graves, containing from one to fifty in each, mark where the original tools of treason fell and received the last rites from patriots."

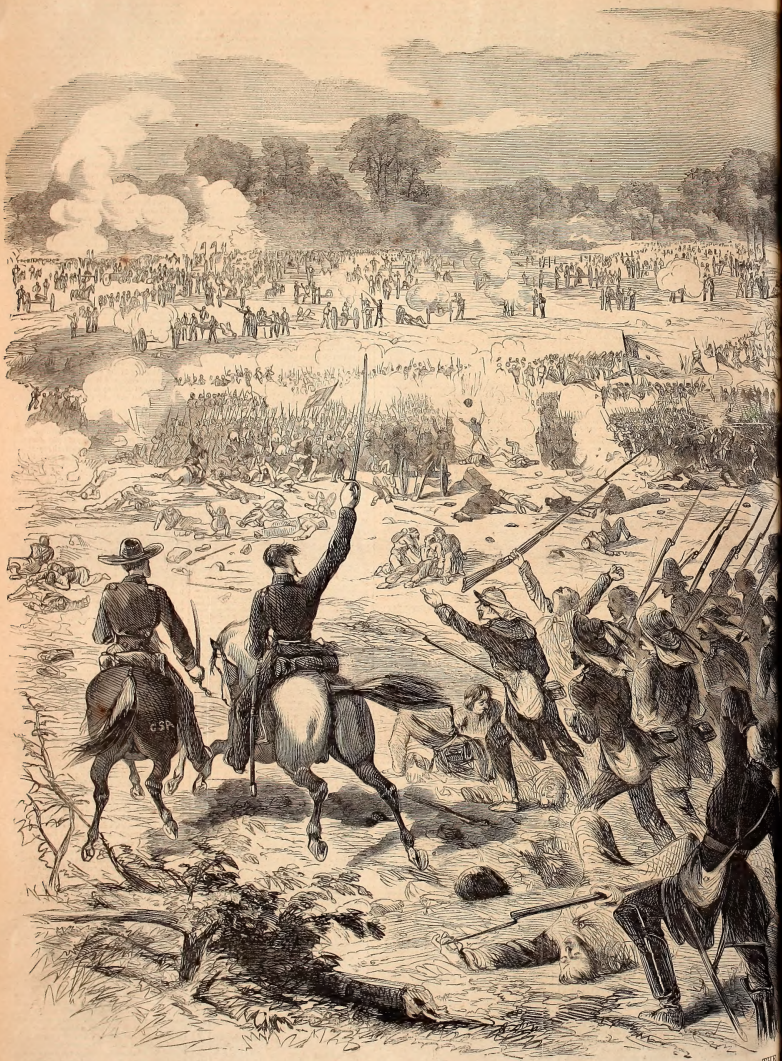
THE BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURG.

WE devote page 476 to illustrations of the ATTACK ON VICKSBURG, Mississippi, and to the engagement between the rebel ram GENERAL VAN DORN and the gun-boats *Benton*, *Carondelet*, *Lancaster*, and *Cincinnati*, with a number of rams; we found that Farragut had run by the batteries of Vicksburg, and passed the fleet, and found that, though capable of driving the rebels from the batteries, he could not hold them, as there is somewhat knocked to pieces by this time. The town is situated in the bend of the river, and just above the town the bluff on which it stands forms the neck of land, which will have the effect of ruining the city, as it will be the means of changing the course of the river. This the people have been fearful of for some time, for by so doing Vicksburg would be left inland, and useless. The Federals are permanently changes its course. In order to prevent this the levee was built, for the law prevents cutting a railroad.

"I went across the short neck of land, and on board the *Octorara* saw Porter and Bissell. Grant is expected to be down here by land in five days, when it is intended to take a few seconds of the fleet to the Yazoo and Vicksburg, while Mobile is *sure when we want it*. The shells from his mortar-boats are very destructive, and are every now and then right into the rebel batteries.

"The second trial to capture some of the rebel schooners.

"Commodore Porter's mortar fleet lying just off the Yazoo, Admiral Farragut and staff arrived, induced a belief among the rebels that they could board the vessels, and by one grand attack gain possession of them, also defeating any inferior number of troops opposed to them. To accomplish this General Van Dorn marched a brigade from their encampment and cautiously through the woods approached our vessels. When two hundred yards distant the rebels made a charge, but were received by terrific storms of grape that drove them back in confusion. They retired completely defeated."



BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL, VIRGINIA, JULY 1, 1862.—THE



S REPULSED BY THE UNION ARTILLERY.—[See Page 471.]

BY THE SEA-SIDE.

TWO swift winds run
Under the sun,
And under the silver moon:
They have taken away my little one:
May they bring him back to me soon.

He is strong and tough,
And manly enough,
But he hath a wayward will:
My son is a sailor rude and rough,
But he seems my little one still.

Blow, winds, blow!
And may he know
The comfort that mothers lack;
Follow him swift where'er he shall go,
And change him, and bring him back.

He smiled away
On a stormy day
So many long years ago;
For his heart was free and stubborn—Say,
Is my little one dead or no?

If the cold sea moans
O'er my little one's bones,
Let the waters be tranquil and blue;
But blow him back, if he live, for he owns
A willful nature like you.

Blow! blow!
Go, winds, go
Over the salt sea-foam;
And when, with your changes, he changes, oh,
Let the sweet change waft him home.

Ye winds, I trow
I am now not
Though your wild sea-mirth he his drunk,
He is still my little one, though his brow
Be as dark as the sea-weed dank.

Though his eyes be cold
As the sea-caves old,
Though his hand be fierce as foam,
Though he be waywarder twentyfold,
Bring my little one home.

Fice, winds, flee!
Ye are dear to me
For the sake of my little one;
Full many a year, in my place by the sea,
Ye have put me in mind of my son.

Full many a year
Have ye both been dear!
After him, swift winds, fly:
Come back together, that I may hear
Your voices mingling, and die.

MY UNCLE'S CASHIER.

"MY dear Charles, It is a question for you, not for me—you must decide yourself; I can only state the conditions upon which that decision will be founded! If you go to college you must go with a very small allowance indeed, and you must work hard for a fellowship of some kind, for I can leave you nothing, as you know that, beyond a provision for your mother and the unmarried girls. I shall have nothing behind me when I go. If you do go to college, you will enter a circle the entering of which will multiply ten-fold your chances of success in after-life: I will give you a position in society of which nothing but bad conduct on your part can deprive you, and will put you in the fair road to become what I should like to see you—a scholar and a gentleman. If, on the other hand, you accept your uncle's offer, you will have a far larger allowance at once, and, if you can live upon under any circumstances, the chance of succeeding him in a very lucrative business, and soon becoming a man of some importance in the commercial world. I need say no more—you must choose for yourself; I shall await your answer to-morrow in time to post; go and think it over. Don't say any thing to your uncle, or they'll persuade you to go to Paris for the chance of visiting you there."

Such was my father's address to me at the age of seventeen. It was a difficult question to decide—Oxford or Paris? Still I did decide, and next day announced that decision.

"I should prefer going to college, father, at all events."

"Glad to hear it, my boy, though the other course would have been the cheaper for me; still I am glad to hear it. You'll need to work hard, you'll be reading you to college I can do more than I can in any other way. If there's any thing in you it will come out there; if not, you will be only spoiled for other things afterward; so God-speed you, my boy!"

To college therefore I went, with only one more word of advice from my father. As I left the gate in the lovely house for the station, he said:

"God bless you, my boy! if you mean to be any thing, don't hear midnight strike too often."

Three years passed, and I was "getting on," as my mother used to tell her friends; in a few months more I had hopes of getting something worth having in the shape of my degree with honors and a fellowship. Alas! My hopes were vain. I had hardly returned to college at the end of my third long vacation when I received a telegram announcing my father's illness, and reached home too late to see him again alive. My college dreams were over—I had not a penny in the world—I must work for all I was to have.

My uncle now wrote to repeat his former offer. I joyfully accepted it; and a month after my father's death I was in Paris.

My uncle's house was in one of the small streets lying between the Rue Vivienne and the Rue Montmartre, just north of the Bourse. It was, as may be supposed from its situation, an old rambling place, with the banking-offices on one side of the court-yard and the residence on the other. The offices, the scene of my new duties, consisted of a suit of three rooms, communicating by swing doors; in the farthest sat my uncle, the next was the chief cashier's or clerk's, and the third the office-boy's. A common stove stood along the whole length of the room, and on top of the counter ran a high, strong, wire-guard, with two or three small circular openings, through which the money was passed and papers were taken. Behind this guard I was to sit as third cashier or clerk. My uncle's business was that of a banker, bill-discounter, and money-lender; and to judge by the rate at which he lived he must for some years have employed a very large amount of capital, or have lent his money at a little more than five per cent per annum.

My uncle having shown me the offices took me over to the house.

"My daughter, Mr. Wardes; Victorine, my dear. Mr. Wardes, a nephew of mine."

I looked at my cousin once and again—she was worth looking at—a most singular mixture of races was visible in her features. She had a light forehead, thoughtful, German forehead—a man's rather than a girl's—a delicate chin and mouth, with the small teeth so characteristic of the more Oriental of the French nature, and a nose and eyes unmistakably English in the clear brilliant color of the one and the peculiar gray-brown gaze of the others. She was a curiosity—a new thing—and I determined to study Victorine, my cousin.

"You must dine with us at six o'clock. Where did you sleep last night?"

"At a hotel."

"You'd better bring your trunks here; your room is ready."

"Really I had no idea that I was to live here."

"Where else, boy? Where else? I prefer to let a cheap place for young men; you'll live here cheaper than any where else; more comfortably, I dare say, than in a common lodging-house."

This was more than I had hoped for, to find myself domiciled in my uncle's house. I thought he had done much in receiving me into his family, and vicious refusal, but this overcame me.

"Sir, I really very grateful to you for all your kindness."

"All right, my lad, all right! See and get your things here, or you'll be late for dinner."

At dinner I was introduced to the chief clerk—or rather, the manager of my uncle's business. Once or twice I noticed his eyes fix themselves on me in a way that gave me the idea of his measuring me. I felt almost at this; and could detect, in a little, perhaps, in the tone of my voice as I answered his inquiries as to the practices of English universities.

"Oh!" said my uncle, "he knows nothing about the matter, Monsieur Verony—he has to recite to you a chorus from the 'Antigone' and he'll repeat half the book; but of commerce—of banking—he knows nothing."

"We shall be able to teach him our system in a few years, if he shall stay so long with us."

"He'll stay longer than I shall, I dare say, M. Verony."

"Let me hope not, M. Wardes; you are a young man yet—quite a young man."

"That may be, sir; but I don't mean to spend all my life in your dear Paris, M. Verony. Oh no."

Whatever comes, we shall do our best with the young gentleman, and make him useful."

I felt angry and vexed at this conversation; though the banker spoke in a kind and even a complaisant enough, I did not like this contemptuous treatment from his manager.

Moreover, I felt assured M. Verony paid most assiduous and graceful attentions to Victorine, who accepted them as her due, and smiled, and this made me still more inclined to dislike him.

My work was easy enough—too easy. I copied letters; paid away money quietly. Victorine came down, bearing I had come in.

"Charles, you must breakfast with you—you look so ill and pale. What has happened? Do, pray, tell me; so cold, too. Come up stairs, there's a nice fire in my sitting-room."

She made me go with her—made me take some brandy, and then asked me what was the matter. I told her. We had reached that delicious stage of affection when, though nothing has been said, we feel by both that there is love and interest between them. She was almost incredulous at my account of the incident, and at my conduct of having witnessed the scene. I showed her the blotting paper, and it convinced her.

"It's no use telling my father to-night, he has such confidence in M. Verony that he will not believe it; you must tell him to-morrow morning."

I told him in the morning what I had heard and seen.

"My dear nephew, you must have been very drunk, or else—no, that is not possible, your father's child could not get drunk. I do, myself, believe that you have not deliberately lie. No, my dear Charles, M. Verony is an old and tried friend of mine; I will not believe this story. I will not insult him by it. You were drunk, Sir, very drunk. Don't let me hear of it again."

This was in my uncle's private room. M. Verony came in with my uncle.

"Charles, did you balance your cash last night?"

"Yes, Sir. I always do."

"It was right?"

"Quite right."

"There's a mistake somewhere," said M. Verony. "There is missing a sum of 1000 francs."

"I can't be in my accounts, uncle; for here is the book, and here is the balance to correspond."

"True."

"Let me cast it," said Verony.

He did—220, 340.

"Try that, M. Wardes. I do not make it correct; I make it more."

I cast it again, and it was more by just 1000 francs. I cast it again—221 it was. My uncle cast it—221 it was.

This one idea of fraud kept forcing itself before me constantly. M. Verony's jealous acts of particular books and keys, his constant endeavors to make my uncle take "one glass more" than was good for him, and the strange, suspicious-looking people who came to him first, and then drew out money from the bank, all compelled me to think of it. I was more than confirmed in my suspicions by an incident which occurred some few months after this idea first entered my mind.

I had lent myself in one of the Faubourgs rather late one evening, and entered a small, mean-looking restaurant to ask my way. There were a number of men in the room, and as I glanced in I thought a face there was no mistaking—that of M. Verony. He was sitting at one of the little, round marble-topped tables with two companions, with his face to the wall, and his skilface reflected in the glass. I saw him clearly, but from his position he could not see me. Instead of asking my way I took a seat near the party, and took up the paper. They spoke in French and rapidly, in a low tone.

"I tell you," said Verony, "it will not do; you always have to ask me before you draw, and unless you can do it in my way it can not be done."

"Repeat," said one, "repeat; what is your way?"

"This," said Verony. "I will give you a check now for the whole sum, and the Marquis de ——'s signature. Lizette will bring it; she must come in her carriage and call it to-morrow—and—"

"That is my cue!" said—"what are we to do?"

"Give me notes for 45,000 francs to-night."

45,000—that is only 5000 francs, and a carriage and horses, and Lizette's dress—it is but little more, but you will get the money: I like the old way best; I will come as usual."

You can not do this without risk of discovery. That prying English nephew is suspicious—he has the eyes of an eagle—an owl I ought to say, for he can see in the dark."

"Can't you quiet him? There is water under all the locks and keys of office!"

"He's too happy for that; happy men don't drown themselves."

"Down by the sea at night? An appointment with a pretty girl might tempt him."

"Not at all—he's in love with Victorine."

"That is serious, Verony—she was to be yours."

"That may be yet. Now, will you have it, or shall I go to Lizette myself, and make the offer?"

The two consulted for a moment, and one of them left the room. In a few minutes he returned (I was deeply absorbed in the paper, which completely hid my face); he said to his companion:

"I have it."

"You are agreed, then?"

"Yes. Will you take the check?"

Verony drew from his pocket-book a blank check, filled it up for 45,000 francs, and dated it.

"Now the notes. All good?"

"All good. To be sure."

Verony looked carefully at the notes, and then signing the check, handed it over to his companions.

"Thus!"

"Oh, at two; and tell her not to talk too much."

He rose and left the room with his companions. I hardly knew when I saw the table vacant whether I had dreamed it or not. I looked at the notes, and there was nothing that would help me to rest for the truth; but under the table lay a piece of paper, torn from a book, and found that it was a piece of blotting paper similar to that I had used in the office, and on it was the blackened impression of the signature of the check. I reached home in a state of anxiety that may easily be imagined, and found my uncle in his room with his cash-box. He was always a little "comfortable," as kind wives say, toward evening; to-night he was asleep in his arm-chair, and snoring violently. Victorine came down, hearing I had come in.

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"How is this, Charles? you said you made the balance right. Did you look over your cash last night?"

I did. I can assert that the balance last night in the book and the cash-box was the same. I can prove it. I posted it, according to M. Verony's system, in the daily balance-book."

It is 320 here, M. Wardes."

He handed the book to my uncle. The door opened.

"Well, Francois, what is it?"

"Only that I shall give this to Monsieur Wardes. I have found it in his chamber."

He held out a paper to me; it was a note for 1000 francs.

"Charles, my boy, you should let me know when you want money. M. Verony, see these books are corrected." And my uncle walked away.

How the day went I do not know. I noticed, however, that M. Verony once or twice went down to the strong room and brought up other books, and that no woman came for money.

About five o'clock M. Verony came to me, after the other clerk and my uncle had gone, and said:

"M. Wardes, we have been looking at the accounts of Madame la Marquise de ——, and can help me to carry down these books? the porter has gone; I am rather late."

I took the books and followed him down into the basement. He unlocked the outer gate of the court safe, then the general banker's were kept, and passed through to the inner safe in which were kept the deeds and valuable securities on which my uncle lent money; this was separated from the outer safe by an iron gate in the daytime, and at night by a strong wooden door.

He put his books on the shelf, and requested me to put mine on the same shelf in the proper order. The number in the books was almost illegible, and I was some time, even in the strong gas-light, trying to read them.

"Can I help you, M. Wardes?"

"No, thank you, I've just done."

I put up the last book, and turned to go. The heavy door swung rapidly on its hinges—I heard the spring catch, and the key turn, and I was in black darkness.

"M. Verony! M. Verony! The door is shut—I know it is! Let me out! Let me out! It is sickness: "you have access to all my books now."

I heard the heavy clash of the door of the outer safe, and the distance, as the key again was round me. I did not swoon or faint. I felt I was the victim of a most horrible plot, and was waiting more—I should be released in the morning, and I would make him repent it. I heard presently a hissing sound as escaping from a powerful gas. I should never see the morning. I should be stifled with the gas—the pain would be before me now. An accident—no one knew I helped him with the books—he did not know I was in the safe, and he shut the door in the ordinary use of those accidents that will happen.

Still my reason filled like a serpent before its fatal spring. I must stop that, I felt round the walls for the burner, and soon found it. There was no tap! I ascertained that the tap was in the outer safe, and the gas was lighted in the inner one by a long stick between the bars of the gate. My fingers were numbed, but I could not keep my finger there always. I tried, and the arm became so heavy that I could not support my head, that I could not keep my finger over it to save my life. I thought of some other plan. I had a light—I could—but there was no means to do it; and if I had it would only have consumed the gas, the walls of which were already like lit self. At last I thought of something that would do; I tore some corners of the leaves of a book, I twisted them into a spill, and with the bellows in the tube, pressing it in hard—the hissing ceased. I breathed more freely, and recalled another burner —I had one for the less. I then began to think seriously as to the chances of the air lasting me till morning. Was it morning? Was it evening? this was—O God! Saturday! Saturday! Sunday—two days and a night! Sunday! There was no hope! I might have lived till the morning, but on Sunday there was no business done, and I was always safe to be unsuspected for by that horrible mistake in my books.

Two days! Two days—two long hours! To Sunday night at five, twenty-four. To Monday morning at ten, seventeen. Forty-one long hours! Light—darkness—light—darkness—how many times must I eat me too! I felt round the door; it was all but air-proof. If I could make them hear! It was impossible; the house was the other side of a noisy court-yard—I must die! And Victorine! No, no one should die but me. I—I—I—I will live.

I bethought me of my old store of knowledge. How long could I live without fresh air? How long could I live without food? If I fasted the length and breadth of the room—I measured it—I could walk it twenty times a minute; twenty times a minute I might live for thirteen hours; that would be till six o'clock on Sunday morning; I could walk it twice as much—and—and—I must be there through the walls, the lock was impregnable. The walls of brick would yield to tools. Tools! mockery! I had but a penknife—try—and I had thirteen hours to get through a wall at least two feet thick. It was impossible, my hours. Tools! A long pointed bar and a hammer. I remember once seeing a workman boring through a wall at my father's with such tools. My penknife was two inches long. The gas-burner! light—I—I—I will try it. I will try it. I will try it presently. It might work through beside the gas-pipe. The man surely used a larger hole than the pipe would fill. I felt the pipe where it went round the wall, and then pricked the wall with my knife; the cement with which the hole had been filled round the pipe was harder than the wall itself.

The tearing up round the room my hand touched the gate. I was saved! I never felt such a sensation as when my hand touched that gate. It was rapture! bliss! I had designated—I was

now full of hope. I passed my hand carefully over the gate; I felt one of the bars, they were of round iron, about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and after running through the frame-work of the gate were pointed at the end. But to get them out of that frame-work! I pulled one. It yielded a little, and then mocked at my efforts. I must have a hammer. I felt carefully round the walls again. The shelves were all let into the walls—there was nothing! I felt again, and close to the gate the shelf had been cut away to allow the gate to roll back, and the shelves were supported on brackets. If those brackets were wrought-iron I was helpless—cast-iron might save me yet. I felt them carefully and compared them; if they were wrought, they would be unlike in some points—if cast, alike in all. I knew now what the touch of the blind must be, so full of instruction to the mind.

They were cast-iron, not a trace of difference could be found. One more sign and I was certain; if cast, they would be cast in a mould, and there would be a slight roughness in the casting where the halves of the mould had been joined. I felt again. There was the roughness—the same in both. And now to break them off. A blow, a heavy blow, alone could do it. I remembered to have noticed, when putting away the books, a small chest of apparently solid iron on one of the shelves. I sought for it and found it; it was heavy, nearly the fourth of a hundredweight I thought. I poised it carefully, and felt I had strength enough to throw it with an aim. I cleared away the books from the slate shelf which rested on one of these brackets, and then measuring carefully the distance, threw the chest on to it. It fell short, and crashed on the floor.

Once more I tried, and this time successfully. The missile smashed the shelf into pieces. I kicked and beat away the smaller fragments till the bracket stood out from the wall by itself. And now came the test of my skill. If I threw once at the bracket in that black darkness I threw twenty times or more; at last, one fortunately-directed blow, and I had the joy of hearing it ring on the pavement of the room.

I had now a hammer—awkward it is true—still a tool that would give a blow with a certain force.

I struck again and again at the bars of the gate, they yielded as the other had done and then were fast. I sank down exhausted with my useless efforts. Why did they not yield? I could give no more force to the blow—to throw the chest at them would be useless; the size would spread the blow over two or three of the bars, and the force would be lost. I must cut through one of the bars in the middle and thus wrench out the half I needed. How had I seen men cut through iron? With files—I could not hope for these. I remembered to have heard of prisoners who cut through iron bars with a watch spring—by what horrible fatality was my watch at that moment in the case on my dressing-table. A watch spring—a thin piece of steel. Would iron do? It might. In almost less time than it takes to tell I had broken up one of the sheet-iron deed boxes, and by carefully bending a piece of it backward and forward on the sharp edge of the chest I had used as a missile, I obtained a strip about the length of my hand, and two fingers broad, and with this I commenced sawing one of the bars. Half an hour's hard work produced no impression on the bar, and had turned up the edge of the soft sheet-iron on both sides.

If it had been a question of saws, I could have turned ten deed boxes into a hundred saws to cut through that one bar. Alas! it was no such thing, the saw would not cut; and then sprung up before me the vision of a large yard with blocks of stone and the motion to and fro of the suspended saw of the stone sawyer, and his little trickling water barrel and heap of sand. Once more I went to work. I broke off a corner of one of the stone shelves (the lower ones were of stone the upper of slate), pounded it fine with my hammer, and then wetting the edge of the saw with saliva, I strewed the pounded stone upon it. I felt the saw become steadier and steadier, and at last I could feel with my nail a little nick in the bar. I worked for nearly three hours at this one bar, changing my saw when it was worn hollow for another and another till I had worn out six of them. I was nearly through—another half hour and I should be quite through; yet it might break off now with a blow—it might—and it might leave a ragged end to my chisel that would destroy half the force of my blows when I came to bore through the wall; I would not strike, but kept on patiently, and at last the saw went through. I seized the end, and in a few minutes I held in my hand the instrument of my deliverance.

The air of the room had by this time become close and stifling, and it was only by stooping that I could breathe freely.

I had still, as far as I could judge, some five hours left—in those I must accomplish my deliverance or die.

I now commenced sounding with my hammer for the least solid part of the wall.

In striking it on a part nearly opposite the shelves cut out for the gate, I thought I heard it sound hollow. I struck again and again without success; it all seemed alike. Once more I determined to strike over the whole space I had previously struck; this I did, and found the spot about the size of a penny piece from which the sound came. I then carefully felt the wall in the neighborhood, and found a rough indented line ran from this place round the angle of the wall, and on the wall in the same line were three small holes in a circle. I decided at once that this was the place of some burner fixed, and afterward removed; the rough line was the mark left by the pipe, and the hollow place must be the hole through which the old pipe entered the room. I drove the chisel into the place and found it hard—very hard, but still hollow. My life now hung upon the choice of a right place; if this hole was filled up with the hard cement, and the difference of sound arose merely from difference in density, then I had better try the wall over for a brick softer than the rest; but if it was not full—if those who should have filled it had put but a few inches of cement at each end of the hole; then in another hour I was as safe as if I were free. I would risk it. That hollow sound was so cheery, that I *would* believe that it must be a true guide.

Blow after blow, and the hole grew deep, and my progress less as my control over the point of the instrument lessened, when one sudden, sharp blow drove the chisel into the wall the length of my arm. The place was hollow. I had now but to drive it through the crust of cement on the outer wall, and I should live. I drove it cautiously and carefully, and at last heard the echo of the pieces falling on the other side, and drawing out the chisel, felt the air rush in. How can words convey the sensation I experienced as I drew in the God-given breath of life! I could now defy Death; there was a fountain at which I might drink and live.

For hours I sat close to the hole and breathed, and then fell asleep. I know not how long I slept, but I awoke sore and tired, and with a horrible hunger and thirst on me. I could not have many more hours to stay, so I hoped on, and tightened my belt to ease the gnawing pain at my stomach. And now began the horrors of solitude; while I had employment for the mind I felt no pain of any kind; now I was going mad with anxiety and fear. I must find some employment. And what? in this utter darkness. But if darkness, why not light? Yes, I would have light. For this I must enlarge the hole, and went to work again with blistered hands, and in two hours had enlarged it to twice its original diameter, and had consequently four times as much air flowing in.

My next step was to grate from the edges of a book a paper powder for tinder, and spreading this on the ground in a heap, I struck with the point of my hammer the stone shelf above it. The sparks flew about at the contact, but it was at least an hour before one lodged in the heap and set it smouldering. I watched anxiously as the little red ring grew larger and brighter in the heap, and then applying a piece of thin paper rolled to a fine point to the centre of the ring, I gently blew the redness into flame—yes, flame! Real flame, that blinded me by its brightness, that seemed to pierce my brain with a sword, so long and deep had been the darkness.

I took my paper stop from off the gas and heard the serpent hiss once more—this time without fear. I lit the issuing gas, and then sat looking at it as Bartimeus might have done in the joy of his new-found sight.

I had done—I had light and air; but still I must have employment or I should rave.

Employment. The thought came to me of that unfortunate sentence that had caused me to run this risk: "If I had access to his books I would prove that fraud was possible."

There they were—every one; not one missing. Could I prove it? Could—I must—my good name depended on proving it. If he were true, I was false. I set to work, and with my pencil, which I happily had with me, I went through account after account from beginning to end, and well was I rewarded; for I learned that my uncle, supposed to be rich, had been systematically robbed for years by this scoundrel, and was now almost ruined; and that his daughter's portion, invested in English securities, had been sold out, and the interest paid by M. Vernay himself, so that father and daughter were at the mercy of this man.

These facts I learned from a small locked book that was in a box marked with M. Vernay's name. So confident had the servant been of his master's trust in him that he had left in that master's safe the whole of the securities of his nefarious investments, and there they were, with a systematic account of them in this locked book; so that while the master, who was supposed to be worth his hundreds of thousands, was almost a bankrupt, his clerk was a man of immense wealth.

When I broke the lock of that book and read down its columns I felt a joy and a pleasure that would have enabled me again to endure what I had suffered if it would have led to the same result.

I made notes of the whole affair, and took the securities into my possession, and then calmly waited long, long hours; I could not tell how long, for I was waked up from a kind of stupor by the sound of a door opening, and then I heard the voice I knew so well—that of M. Vernay.

"You need not stay; I can bring up all I need. Give me a lucifer."

He was speaking to the porter. I heard the muffled-sounding footsteps; I heard the key turn in the lock; and then, as the door opened, I stood face to face with my foe, and where he expected to find darkness and death he found light and life. He saw me—saw in my hand his book that contained the secrets of a lifetime, with the lock forced—saw his schemes defeated, and himself an outcast. It was too much for his mind. He shrieked a cry of mingled horror and fear, and fell forward in the door-way as if he were dead.

I went up stairs to the office, said to the porter, "M. Vernay is below in the strong-room; go down and see to him," and went over to the house.

I suffered a long illness, during the whole of which Victorine was my nurse, and, thanks to that and a good constitution, I recovered, and got up such a clear case against M. Vernay that the whole of the property I had rescued was restored to my uncle.

To M. Vernay this was a matter of indifference, for his mind never recovered the shock, and he spent the short remainder of his life in a criminal lunatic asylum.

The mistake of the thousand francs was easily explained by the application of a magnifying glass to the figures. He had cleverly altered the *one* to a *nought*, and bribed Francois to put the missing note into my room.

Need I add that I am now in possession of my uncle's business, and blessed by my Victorine's constant presence; and further, that my present strong-room can be opened from the inside with perfect ease?

PARTING FOREVER.

SWEET, let me touch your hand;
Your little hand, with its fair rosy palm
And slender wrist, where the full pulse beats calm:
Sweet, let me touch your hand!

And let me kiss your lips;
Soft, ruby lips, that half conceal the pearl,
And half disclose it, in their dainty curl:
Sweet, let me kiss your lips!

Ah, well; we're parting now!
What has become of all the love you swore
Should be my own forever, evermore,
When we are parting now?

Not let me *touch* your hand?
Well, I remember when it lay at rest
In mine, a whole long summer's day caress'd—
And now not *touch* your hand?

Think of your broken vow.
You swore, with pretty oaths, as maidens do,
"By our last kiss, I will be true to you."
Think of that brok n vow.

What! not a word o say?
Ah, faithless sweet! you turn away your head,
And bite your lip until it glows more red;
But not one word to say!

Well then, clasp hands and part.
I see the angry blood flush in your cheek.
Ah, child! I thought you strong, and you are weak.
Let us clasp hands and part.

Some time the day may come,
Poor, fickle heart, when you will moan, and weep
True tears from faithless eyes that can not sleep—
Some time the day must come.

And so, weak heart, good-by!
When that day comes you will remember me;
Thinking it might have been, but may not be!
And so good-by—good-by!

CHAPERONS.

IT is a happy characteristic of our generation that philanthropic persons are not satisfied with relieving the suffering that thrusts itself upon their notice, but are constantly hunting for new kinds of misery to succor. So long as this benevolent spirit is abroad, we can not doubt that, sooner or later, the patient afflictions of the chaperon will attract its notice. Why should not her emancipation be attempted, now that we have emancipated every other enslaved or oppressed race? Is she not a woman and a sister, or, at least, a female relative? Why is she to be the only slave in the country?

Many curious kinds of villenage or serfdom grew up under the feudal system, and many curious rights prevailed under them. There was the right of feeding your cows upon a peasant's vineyard, and there was the right of opening a peasant and putting your feet inside him to keep them warm when you came home from hunting, and there were other rights more irritating still, the mention of which is only suitable for an antiquarian's pages. But the only one of these rights that appears to have survived to the present day is the villenage of the chaperon. The persons to whom it is incident are mothers of marriageable daughters until the possibility implied in that adjective is converted into a fact. The suit and service required under it is very severe. It is commonly performed at the hour when the human race in general are in bed. Under it the villein chaperon is bound to follow her liege young lady, at any hour of the evening at which she may be summoned, to dinner, party, or ball (generally the latter), there to sit or stand, as circumstances may require, for any number of hours, until such time of the night or morning as it shall please the aforesaid liege young lady to go home. The atmosphere in which this service is to be performed approaches as nearly to that of the Black Hole of Calcutta as the difference of climate will permit. No fatigue is admitted as an excuse either for not obeying the summons to go out, or for desiring to get back home to bed. Unless the liege young lady happens to be of an unusually merciful disposition, physical infirmity confers no exemption upon the villein. The only alleviation allowed to her is the relaxation of exchanging scandalous stories with other unhappy females in the same condition as herself, who may be standing by her side on the staircase, or ranged together with her along the wall, in the common performance of their long and toilsome duty. If her strength should fail her in the trial she must not look for mercy. One of the worst evils of slavery is the cruelty it begets in the master's heart. The young lady knows that her mother was created for no other purpose except to wait in corners or on staircases while she dances and flirts into the small hours of the night; and she has no notion of setting a divine institution at naught from any misplaced feelings of compassion.

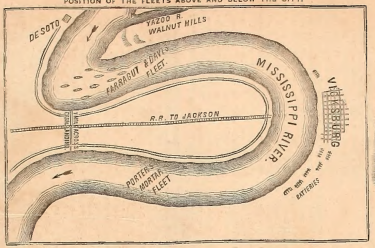
Whether this is exactly the old people's view of the institution of chaperonage, we will not undertake to say; but it certainly is the young people's, and that, after all, is the important matter. The theory, which in former ages prevailed, that mothers underwent all the fatigue of the office as a favor to their daughters, is now quite obsolete. The subject has been more fully studied, and the object for which mothers exist is much better understood in the present day than it used to be in days of less enlightenment. They are not ornamental, nor, as a general rule, useful. It is obvious at first sight that they are not allowed to exist because they are pretty to look at. Nor do they exist for the sake of bringing up their daughters. Such a theory would be much too humiliating for the daughter to endure, and is certainly much too troublesome to be needlessly pressed on her by the mother. No doubt the use of mothers must be a profound mystery to young ladies while they are still in the hands of masters and governesses. But directly they come out of the schoolroom the mystery is solved. They recognize the wonderful adaptation by which a use is found for all created things, even the most useless; and they see at once that the final cause of mothers is to take young ladies out. For their part, they lose no opportunity of giving a full effect to this providential arrangement. The mothers submit meekly and do as they are told. They belonged to a generation when girls were admired for being languishing and helpless, and were trained accordingly; and they are, consequently, wholly incompetent to contend with the robust and athletic natures which the healthier taste of our age has developed in the existing race of young ladies. So they go unresistingly whenever the summons is issued; and if they are fortunate enough to get inside, are packed in tightly-fitted rows against the wall. There they contrive to exist in a semi-torpid condition, staring sleepily at the undulating mass before them, half-stifled by the atmosphere and each other's crinolines, until their daughters are satiated with the pleasures of that almost stationary embrace which in England is called a valse. Then, when their ordeal is over, they wearily rumble home by the morning's light, trying to remember where the next night's torture is to be passed. The wan complexion and pendulous cheeks which, about this time of the year, a well-employed chaperon begins to exhibit, would melt any but the stony heart of a fashionable daughter. The only consolation to them is the hope they constantly cherish that some day or other, in consequence of these exertions, they may transfer the duty of attending upon their pleasure-loving daughters to some deluded partner, and then their nocturnal servitude may be at an end. Of course this release sometimes does take place, but not so often as might be wished. There are few cases more pitiable than that of the veteran but unemancipated chaperon, whose daughters can not get married. Season after season they have to congratulate fellow-laborers who have escaped, while they remain in bondage; and night after night they have to follow the half-old-maid daughters, crosser and more desperate every year, to the scene of their fruitless labors. These are the cases we should recommend the most earnestly to the consideration of philanthropists. The emancipation of worn-out chaperons is surely an aim worthy of a section in the Social Science Association. There are many charities for the relief of far less deserving objects. Of course the machinery must differ slightly from the recognized machinery of such bodies. Instead of a Secretary and a Committee, and a Solicitor and a Banker, it would be necessary to have a corps of eligible and devoted young men. For it is obvious that the only mode in which the distressed chaperons in question could be emancipated would be by marrying off their unmarriageable daughters; and this would certainly entail some self-sacrifice upon the devoted young men. But surely it would not be more than the suffering to be relieved might fairly demand.

But if the chivalry of the young men is not equal to the scheme for liberating the chaperon, surely something might be done to alleviate her sufferings. We can quite sympathize with the reluctance of the ball-going world to abandon this time-honored institution. It is true that she is of no use. She can only, in reality, watch over her young charge's proceedings in the carriage on their way to and from the entertainment—at which time that amiable young person rarely misconducts herself in the way of flirting, for want of the male assistance necessary for that process. In the crowded ball-room itself the chaperon is, for all practical purposes of supervision, both blind and deaf. As she sits in the chaperons' row, an impenetrable veil of floating tarlatan prevents her from seeing tender glances, and a very industrious band of music equally precludes her from hearing any of those soft nothings that distill so sweetly through curled mustaches. But though she is useless as a fact, she is splendid as a fiction. She gives the shadow of respectability, and, where the reality is slipping away from us so very fast, it would be improvident to let the appearance go at the same time. But though we would never dream of abolishing the chaperon, surely there might be some economy of the labor employed, and therefore of the suffering inflicted. To sit against a wall staring at the backs of a crowd is an occupation which, no doubt, brings a great deal of moral heroism into play, but which does not require a great many hands, or rather eyes, to perform it. As a mere symbol or emblem of respectability, one old lady could fulfill the duty as well as a hundred. She might be told off for the service by an arrangement among the young ladies themselves, or a poor widow might be found to take the office for a consideration. An advantage of this plan would be that a little gallery might be provided for her, in which she should sit far above the heads of the crowd; and in that elevated position she would not only be a much more striking and conspicuous symbol of the respectability of the entertainment, but for the purpose of watching the proceedings she would be much more efficient than any number of wearied mothers along the wall below. She would not be engrossed by the occupation of struggling for breathing space, but would have full leisure for noting the manœuvres of the charming couples in the centre of the room. It would only be a revival of the plan by which abbesses of old used to chaperon their nuns. It does not differ very much from the mode in which constituencies keep watch over the frail beings whom they send to bear a part in the mazy dance of Parliament. The tendency toward unauthorized flirtations, and the danger of objectionable alliances, is greater there than in any ball-room; but, on the whole, the chaperons who sit in the reporters' gallery contrive to maintain to a very considerable extent the respectability of their charges. Fortified by such precedents, we can not but hope that we may live to see the adoption of a reform by which such a vast amount of anile misery will be saved.

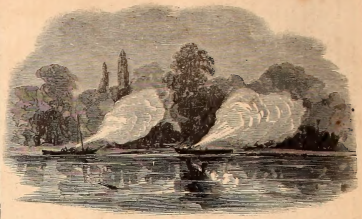
CUTTING A CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS

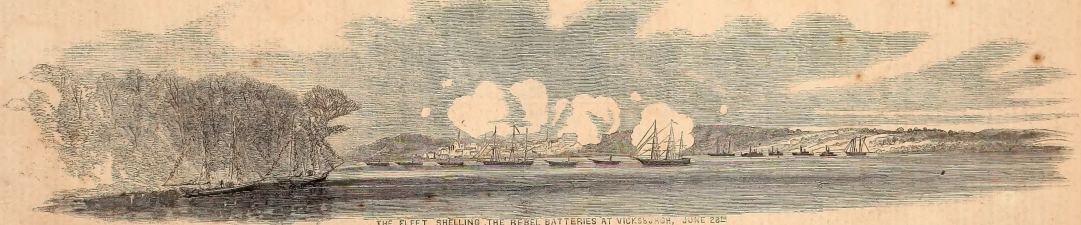


POSITION OF THE FLEETS ABOVE AND BELOW THE CITY.



MORTAR-BOATS FIRING ON THE CITY AT NIGHT.

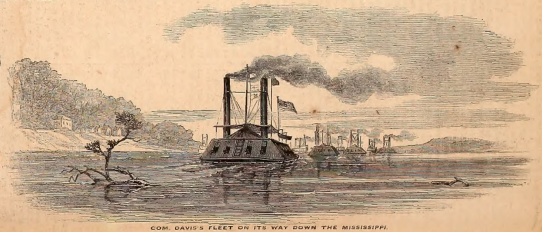




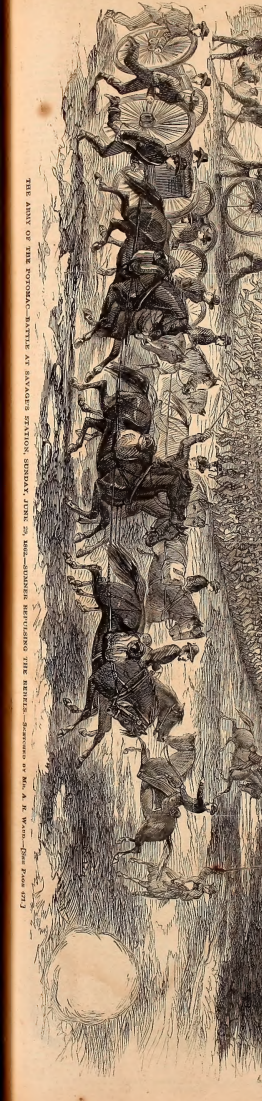
THE FLEET SHELLING THE REBEL BATTERIES AT VICKSBURGH, JUNE 28th



ATTACK UPON THE MORTAR-FLEET BY REBEL LAND FORCES.



COM. DAVIS'S FLEET ON ITS WAY DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—BATTLE AT SAVAGE'S STATION, SUNDAY, JUNE 29, 1862.—SOLDIERS REPULSING THE REBELS.—SEE PAGE 477.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McLENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

BETWEEN THE SCENES.

I.

[Extract from the Advertising Columns of The Times.]

"AN UNKNOWN FRIEND is requested to mention (by advertisement) an address at which a letter can reach him. The receipt of the information which he offers will be acknowledged by a reward of Five Pounds."

II.

FROM CAPTAIN WRAGGE TO MAGDALEN.

"BURNHAM, *July* 5, 1847.

"MY DEAR GIRL,—The box containing the articles of costume which you took away by mistake has come safely to hand. Consider it under my special protection until I hear from you again.

"I embrace this opportunity to assure you once more of my unalterable fidelity to your interests. Without attempting to intrude myself into your confidence, may I inquire whether Mr. Noel Vanstone has consented to do you justice? I greatly fear he has declined—in which case I can lay my hand on my heart, and solemnly declare that his meanness revolts me. Why do I feel a foreboding that you have appealed to him in vain? Why do I find myself viewing this fellow in the light of a noxious insect? We are total strangers to each other; I have no sort of knowledge of him, except the knowledge I picked up in making your inquiries. Has my intense sympathy with your interests made my perceptions prophetic? or, to put it fancifully, is there really such a thing as a former state of existence? and has Mr. Noel Vanstone mentally inscribed me —say, in some other planet?

"I write, my dear Magdalen, as you see, with my customary dash of humor. But I am serious in placing my services at your disposal. Don't let the question of terms cause you an instant's hesitation. I accept, beforehand, any terms you like to mention. If your present plan (and that way, I am ready to squeeze Mr. Noel Vanstone, in your interests, till the gold oozes out of him at every pore. Pardon the coarseness of this metaphor. My anxiety to be of service to you rushes into words, lays my meaning in the rough at your feet, and leaves your taste to polish it with the choicest ornaments of the English language.

"How is my unfortunate wife? I am afraid you find it quite impossible to keep her up at heel, or to mould her personal appearance into harmony with the eternal laws of symmetry and order. Does she attempt to be too familiar with you? I have always been accustomed to check her in this respect. She has never been permitted to call me any thing but Captain; and on the rare occasions, since our union, when circumstances may have obliged her to address me by letter, her opening form of salutation has been rigidly restricted to 'Dear Sir.' Accept these trifling domestic particulars as suggesting hints which may be useful to you in managing Mrs. Wragge; and believe me, in anxious expectation of hearing from you again,

"Devotedly yours,

"HORATIO WRAGGE."

III.

FROM SORAH TO MAGDALEN.

[Forwarded, with the Two Letters that follow it, from the Post-office, Birmingham.]

"WESTWOOD AND HOUSE, KENSINGTON, *July* 1.

"MY DEAREST MAGDALEN,—When you write next (and pray write soon!) address your letter to me at Miss Garth's. I have left my situation, and some little time may elapse before I find another.

"Now it is all over, I may acknowledge to you, my darling, that I was not happy. I tried hard to win the affection of the two little girls I had to teach; but they seemed, I am sure I can't tell why, to dislike me from the first. Their mother I have no reason to complain of. But their grandmother, who was really the ruling power in the house, made my life very hard to me. My inexperience in teaching was a constant subject of remark with her; and my difficulties with the children were always visited on me as if they had been entirely of my own making. I tell you this, so that you may not suppose I regret having left my situation. For from it my love—I am glad to be out of the house.

"I have saved a little money, Magdalen, and I should so like to spend it in staying a few days with you! My heart aches for a sight of my sister; my ears are weary for the sound of her voice. A word from you, telling me where we can meet, is all I want. Think of it—pray think of it!

"Don't suppose I am discouraged by this first check. There are many kind people in the world, and some of them may employ me next time. The way to happiness is often very hard to find—harder, I almost think, for women than for men. But if we only try patiently, and try long enough, we reach it at last—in Heaven, if not on earth. I thank my way now in the very



which leads to seeing you again. Don't forget that, my love, the next time you think of
"NORAH."

IV.

FROM MISS GARTH TO MAGDALEN.

"WESTMORELAND HOUSE, *July* 1.

"MY DEAR MAGDALEN,—You have no useless remonstrances to apprehend at the sight of my handwriting. My only object in this letter is to tell you something which I know your sister will not tell you of her own accord. She is entirely ignorant that I am writing to you. Keep her in ignorance, if you wish to spare her unnecessary anxiety, and me unnecessary distress.

"Norah's letter, no doubt, tells you that she has left her situation. I feel it my painful duty to add that she has left it on your account.

"The matter occurred in this manner: Messrs. Wyatt, Pendril, and Gwilt are the solicitors of the gentleman in whose family Norah was employed. The life which you have chosen for yourself was known, as long ago as December last, to all the partners. You were discovered performing in public at Derby by the person who had been employed to trace you at York; and that discovery was communicated by Mr. Wyatt to Norah's employer a few days since, in reply to direct inquiries about you on that gentleman's part. His wife and his mother (who lives with him) had expressly desired that he would make those inquiries, their doubts having been aroused by Norah's evasive answers when they questioned her about her sister. You know Norah too well to blame her for this. Evasion was the only escape your present life had left her from telling a downright falsehood.

"That same day the two ladies of the family, the elder and the younger, sent for your sister, and told her they had discovered that you were a public performer, roaming from place to place in the country, under an assumed name. They were just enough not to blame Norah for this; they were just enough to acknowledge that her conduct had been as irreproachable as I had guaranteed it should be when I got her the situation. But, at the same time, they made it a positive condition of her continuing in their employment that she should never permit you to visit her at their house, or to meet her and walk out with her when she was in attendance on the children. Your sister—who has patiently borne all hardships that fell on herself—instantly resented the slur cast on *you*. She gave her employers warning on the spot. High words followed, and she left the house that evening.

"I have no wish to distress you by representing the loss of this situation in the light of a disaster. Norah was not so happy in it as I had hoped and believed she would be. It was impossible for me to know beforehand that the children were sullen and intractable, or that the husband's mother was accustomed to make her domineering disposition felt by every one in the house. I will readily admit that Norah is well out of this situation. But the harm does not stop here. For all you and I know to the contrary, the harm may go on. What has happened in this situation may happen in another. Your way of life, however pure your conduct may be—and I will do you the justice to believe it pure—is a suspicious way of life to all respectable people. I have lived long enough in this world to know that the Sense of Propriety, in nine Englishwomen out of ten, makes no allowances and feels no pity. Norah's next employers may discover you, and Norah may throw up a situation next time which we may never be able to find for her again.

"I leave you to consider this. My child! don't think I am hard on you. I am jealous for your sister's tranquillity. If you will forget the past, Magdalen, and come back—trust to your old governess to forget it too, and to give you the home which your father and mother once gave her.

"Your friend, my dear, always,
"HARRIET GARTH."

V.

FROM FRANCIS CLARE, JUN., TO MAGDALEN.

"SHANGHAI, CHINA, *April* 23, 1847.

"MY DEAR MAGDALEN,—I have deferred answering your letter in consequence of the distracted state of my mind, which made me unfit to write to you. I am still unfit—but I feel I ought to delay no longer. My sense of honor fortifies me, and I undergo the pain of writing this letter.

"My prospects in China are all at an end. The Firm to which I was brutally consigned as if I was a bale of merchandise has worn out my patience by a series of petty insults, and I have felt compelled, from motives of self-respect, to withdraw my services, which were undervalued from the first. My returning to England, under these circumstances, is out of the question. I have been too cruelly used in my own country to wish to go back to it, even if I could. I propose embarking on board a private trading vessel in these seas, in a mercantile capacity, to make my way, if I can, for myself. How it will end, or what will happen to me next, is more than I can say. It matters little what becomes of me. I am a wanderer and an exile, entirely through the fault of others. The unfeeling desire at home to get rid of me has accomplished its object. I am got rid of for good.

"There is only one more sacrifice left for me to make—the sacrifice of my heart's dearest feelings. With no prospects before me, with no chance of coming home, what hope can I feel of performing my engagement to yourself? None! A more selfish man than I am might hold you to that engagement; a less considerate man than I am might keep you waiting for years, and to no purpose after all. Cruelly as they have been trampled on, my feelings are too sensitive to allow me to do this. I write it with the tears in my eyes—you shall not link your fate to an outcast. Accept these heart-broken lines as releasing you from your promise. Our engagement is at an end.

"The one consolation which supports me in bidding you farewell is, that neither of us is to blame. You may have acted weakly, under my father's influence, but I am sure you acted for the best. Nobody knew what the fatal consequences of driving me out of England would be but myself, and I was not listened to. I yielded to my father, I yielded to you, and this is the end of it!

"I am suffering too acutely to write more. May you never know what my withdrawal from our engagement has cost me! I beg you will not blame yourself. It is not your fault that I have had all my energies misdirected by others—it is not your fault that I have never had a fair chance of getting on in life. Forget the deserted wretch who breathes his heartfelt prayers for your happiness, and who will ever remain your friend and well-wisher,

"FRANCIS CLARE, JUN."

VI.

FROM FRANCIS CLARE, SEN., TO MAGDALEN.

(*Inclosing the Preceding Letter.*)

"I always told your poor father my son was a Fool; but I never knew he was a Scoundrel until the mail came in from China. I have every reason to believe that he has left his employers under the most disgraceful circumstances. Forget him from this time forth, as I do. When you and I last set eyes on each other you behaved well to me in this business. All I can now say in return I do say. My girl, I am sorry for you. F. C."

VII.

FROM MRS. WRAGGE TO HER HUSBAND.

"dear sir for mercy's sake come here and help us She had a dreadful letter I don't know what yesterday but she read it in bed and when I went in with her breakfast I found her dead and if the doctor had not been two doors off nobody else could have brought her to life again and she sits and looks dreadful and wont speak a word her eyes frighten me so I shake from head to foot oh please do come I keep things as tidy as I can and I do like her so and she used to be so kind to me and the landlord says he's afraid she'll destroy herself I wish I could write straight but I do shake so your dutiful wife matilda wragge excuse faults and beg you on my knees come and help us the Doctor good man will put some of his own writing into this for fear you can't make out mine and remain once more your dutiful wife matilda wragge."

[*Added by the Doctor.*]

"Sir,—I beg to inform you that I was yesterday called in to a neighbor's, in Vauxhall Walk, to attend a young lady who had been suddenly taken ill. I recovered her with great difficulty from one of the most obstinate fainting fits I ever remember to have met with. Since that time she has had no relapse, but there is apparently some heavy distress weighing on her mind, which it has hitherto been found impossible to remove. She sits, as I am informed, perfectly silent and perfectly unconscious of what goes on about her, for hours together, with a letter in her hand, which she will allow nobody to take from her. If this state of depression continues very distressing mental consequences may follow; and I only do my duty in suggesting that some relative or friend should interfere, who has influence enough to rouse her.

"Your obedient servant,
"RICHARD JARVIS, M.R.C.S."

VIII.

FROM NORAH TO MAGDALEN.

"*July* 5.

"For God's sake, write me one line to say if you are still at Birmingham, and where I can find you there! I have just heard from old Mr. Clare. Oh, Magdalen, if you have no pity on yourself, have some pity on me! The thought of you alone among strangers, the thought of you heart-broken under this dreadful blow, never leaves me for an instant. No words can tell how I feel for you! My own love, remember the better days at home before that cowardly villain stole his way into your heart; remember the happy time at Combe-Raven, when we were always together. Oh, don't, don't treat me like a stranger! We are alone in the world now—let me come and comfort you—let me be more than a sister to you, if I can. One line—only one line to tell me where I can find you!"

IX.

FROM MAGDALEN TO NORAH.

"*July* 7.

"MY DEAREST NORAH,—All that your love for me can wish your letter has done. You, and you alone, have found your way to my heart. I could think again, I could feel again, after reading what you have written to me. Let this assurance quiet your anxieties. My mind lives and breathes once more—it was dead until I got your letter.

"The shock I have suffered has left a strange quietness in me. I feel as if I had parted from my former self—as if the hopes, once so dear to me, had all gone back to some past time, from which I am now far removed. I can look at the wreck of my life more calmly, Norah, than you could look at it if we were both together again. I can trust myself already to write of Frank.

"My darling, I think no woman ever knows how utterly she has given herself up to the man she loves until that man has ill-treated her. Can you pity my weakness if I confess to having felt a pang at my heart, when I read that part of your letter which calls Frank a coward and a villain? Nobody can despise me for this, as I despise myself. I am like a dog who crawls back and licks the master's hand that has beaten him. But it is so—I would confess it to nobody but you—indeed, indeed it is so. He has deceived and deserted me; he has written me a cruel farewell—but don't call him a villain! If he repented and came back to me I would die rather than marry him now, but it grates on me to see that word coward written against him in your hand! If he is weak of purpose, who tried his weakness beyond what it could bear? Do you think this would have happened if Michael Vanstone had not robbed us of our own, and forced Frank away from me to China? In a week from to-day the year of waiting would have come to an end; and I should have been Frank's wife, if my marriage portion had not been taken from me.

"You will say, after what has happened, it is well that I have escaped. My love! there is something perverse in my heart which answers, No! Better have been Frank's wretched wife than the free woman I am now.

"I have not written to him. He sends me no address at which I could write even if I would. But I have not the wish. I will wait before I send him *my* farewell. If a day ever comes when I have the fortune which my father once promised I should bring to him—do you know what I would do with it? I would send it all to Frank, as my revenge on him for his letter; as the last farewell word, on my side, to the man who has deserted me. Let me live for that day! Let me live, Norah, in the hope of better times for *you*, which is all the hope I have left. When I think of your hard life, I can almost feel the tears once more in my weary eyes—I can almost think I have come back again to my former self.

"You will not think me hard-hearted and ungrateful if I say that we must wait a little yet before we meet? I want to be more fit to see you than I am now. I want to put Frank farther away from me, and to bring you nearer still. Are these good reasons? I don't know—don't ask me for reasons. Take the kiss I have put for you here, where the little circle is drawn on the paper, and let that bring us together for the present, till I write again. Good-by, my love. My heart is true to you, Norah, but I dare not see you yet. MAGDALEN."

X.

FROM MAGDALEN TO MISS GARTH.

"*July* 15.

"MY DEAR MISS GARTH,—I have been long in answering your letter; but you know what has happened, and you will forgive me.

"All that I have to say may be said in few words. You may depend on my never making the general Sense of Propriety my enemy again: I am getting knowledge enough of the world to make it my accomplice next time. Norah will never leave another situation on my account—my life, as a public performer, is at an end. It was harmless enough, God knows—I may live, and so may you, to mourn the day when I parted from it—but I shall never return to it again. It has left me, as Frank has left me, as all my better thoughts have left me—except my thoughts of Norah.

"Enough of myself! Shall I tell you some news to brighten this dull letter? Mr. Michael Vanstone is dead, and Mr. Noel Vanstone has succeeded to the possession of my fortune and Norah's. He is quite worthy of his inheritance. In his father's place he would have ruined us as his father did.

"I have no more to say that you would care to know. Don't be distressed about me. I am trying to recover my spirits—I am trying to forget the poor deluded girl who was foolish enough to be fond of Frank, in the old days at Combe-Raven. Sometimes a pang comes which tells me the girl won't be forgotten—but not often.

"It was very kind of you, when you wrote to such a lost creature as I am, to sign yourself—*always my friend?* 'Always' is a bold word, my dear old governess! I wonder whether you will ever want to recall it? It will make no difference if you do, in the gratitude I shall always feel for the trouble you took with me when I was a little girl. I have ill repaid that trouble—ill repaid your kindness to me in after-life. I ask your pardon and your pity. The best thing you can do for both of us is to forget me. Affectionately yours, MAGDALEN.

"P.S.—I open the envelope to add one line. For God's sake, don't show this letter to Norah!"

XI.

FROM MAGDALEN TO CAPTAIN WRAGGE.

"VAUXHALL WALK, *July* 17.

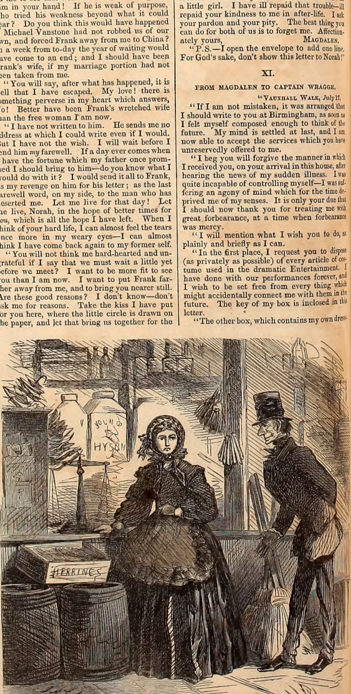
"If I am not mistaken, it was arranged that I should write to you at Birmingham, as soon as I felt myself composed enough to think of the future. My mind is settled at last, and I am now able to accept the services which you have unreservedly offered to me.

"I beg you will forgive the manner in which I received you, on your arrival in this house, after hearing the news of my sudden illness. I was quite incapable of controlling myself—I was suffering an agony of mind which for the time deprived me of my senses. It is only your due that I should now thank you for treating me with great forbearance, at a time when forbearance was mercy.

"I will mention what I wish you to do, as plainly and briefly as I can.

"In the first place, I request you to dispose (as privately as possible) of every article of costume used in the dramatic Entertainment. I have done with our performances forever, and I wish to be set free from every thing which might accidentally connect me with them in the future. The key of my box is inclosed in this letter.

"The other box, which contains my own dress-



"PRAY ALLOW ME TO TAKE YOUR ORDER FOR THE TEA, AND TO BRING IT WITH MY OWN PARCELS."

es, you will be kind enough to forward to this house. I do not ask you to bring it yourself, because I have a far more important commission to intrust to you.

"Referring to the note which you left for me at your departure, I conclude that you have by this time traced Mr. Noel Vanstone from Vauxhall Walk to the residence which he is now occupying. If you have made the discovery—and if you are quite sure of not having drawn the attention either of Mrs. Lecount or her master to yourself—I wish you to arrange immediately for my residing (with you and Mrs. Wragge) in the same town or village in which Mr. Noel Vanstone has taken up his abode. I write this, it is hardly necessary to say, under the impression that wherever he may now be living he is settled in the place for some little time.

"If you can find a small furnished house for me on these conditions, which is to be let by the month, take it for a month certain to begin with. Say that it is for your wife, your niece, and yourself, and use any assumed name you please, as long as it is a name which can be trusted to defeat the most suspicious inquiries. I leave this to your experience in such matters. The secret of who we really are must be kept as strictly as if it was a secret on which our lives depend.

"Any expenses to which you may be put in carrying out my wishes I will immediately repay. If you easily find the sort of house I want, there is no need for your returning to London to fetch us. We can join you as soon as we know where to go. The house must be perfectly respectable, and must be reasonably near to Mr. Noel Vanstone's present residence, wherever that is.

"You must allow me to be silent in this letter as to the object which I have now in view. I am unwilling to risk an explanation in writing. When all our preparations are made you shall hear what I propose to do from my own lips; and I shall expect you to tell me plainly in return whether you will, or will not, give me the help I want, on the best terms which I am able to offer you.

"One word more before I seal up this letter.

"If any opportunity falls in your way, after you have taken the house and before we join you, of exchanging a few civil words either with Mr. Noel Vanstone or Mrs. Lecount, take advantage of it. It is very important to my present object that we should become acquainted with each other—as the purely accidental result of our being near neighbors. I want you to smooth the way toward this end, if you can, before Mrs. Wragge and I come to you. Pray throw away no chance of observing Mrs. Lecount in particular very carefully. Whatever help you can give me at the outset in blindfolding that woman's sharp eyes will be the most precious help I have ever received at your hands.

"There is no need to answer this letter immediately—unless I have written it under a mistaken impression of what you have accomplished since leaving London. I have taken our lodgings on for another week, and I can wait to hear from you until you are able to send me such news as I wish to receive. You may be quite sure of my patience for the future, under all possible circumstances. My caprices are at an end, and my violent temper has tried your forbearance for the last time. MAGDALEN."

XII.

FROM CAPTAIN WRAGGE TO MAGDALEN.

"NORTH SHINGLES VILLA,
ALDBOROUGH, SUFFOLK, *July* 22.

"MY DEAR GIRL,—Your letter has charmed and touched me. Your excuses have gone straight to my heart, and your confidence in my humble abilities has followed in the same direction. The pulse of the old militiaman throbs with pride as he thinks of the trust you have placed in him, and vows to deserve it. Don't be surprised at this genial outburst. All enthusiastic natures must explode occasionally, and *my* form of explosion is—Words.

"Every thing you wanted me to do is done. The house is taken; the name is found; and I am personally acquainted with Mrs. Lecount. After reading this general statement you will naturally be interested in possessing your mind next of the accompanying details. Here they are, at your service.

"The day after leaving you in London I traced Mr. Noel Vanstone to this curious little sea-side snuggery. One of his father's innumerable bargains was a house at Aldborough—a rising watering-place, or Mr. Michael Vanstone would not have invested a farthing in it. In this house the despicable little miser, who lived rent-free in London, now lives rent-free again, on the coast of Suffolk. He is settled in his present abode for the summer and autumn; and you and Mrs. Wragge have only to join me here to be established five doors away from him in this elegant villa. I have got the whole house for three guineas a week, with the option of remaining through the autumn at the same price. In a fashionable watering-place such a residence would have been cheap at double the money.

"Our new name has been chosen with a wary eye to your suggestions. My Books—I hope you have not forgotten my Books?—contain, under the heading of *Skins to Jump Into*, a list of individuals retired from this mortal scene, with whose names, families, and circumstances I am well acquainted. Into some of those Skins I have been compelled to Jump, in the exercise of my profession, at former periods of my career. Others are still in the condition of new dresses, and remain to be tried on. The Skin which will exactly fit us originally clothed the bodies of a family named Bygrave. I am in Mr. Bygrave's skin at this moment—and it fits without a wrinkle. If you will oblige me by slipping into Miss Bygrave (Christian name, Susan); and if you will afterward push Mrs. Wragge—any how; head-foremost if you like—into Mrs. Bygrave (Christian name, Julia), the transformation will be complete. Permit me to inform you that I am your paternal uncle. My worthy brother was established, twenty years ago, in the mahogany and logwood trade at Belize, Honduras. He died in that place, and is buried in the south-west side of the local cemetery, with a neat monument of native wood carved by a self-taught negro artist. Nineteen months afterward his wife died of apoplexy at a boarding-house in Cheltenham. She was supposed to be the most corpulent woman in England, and was accommodated on the ground-floor of the house in consequence of the difficulty of getting her up and down stairs. You are her only child; you have been under my care since the sad event in Cheltenham; you are twenty years old on the second of August next; and, corpulence excepted, you are the living image of your mother. I trouble you with these specimens of my intimate knowledge of our new family Skin, to quiet your mind on the subject of future inquiries. Trust to me and my Books to satisfy any amount of inquiry. In the mean time write down our new name and address, and see how they strike you—'Mr. Bygrave, Mrs. Bygrave, Miss Bygrave, North Shingles Villa, Aldborough.' Upon my life, it reads remarkably well!

"The last detail I have to communicate refers to my acquaintance with Mrs. Lecount.

"We met yesterday, in the grocer's shop here. Keeping my ears open, I found that Mrs. Lecount wanted a particular kind of tea, which the man had not got, and which he believed could not be procured any nearer than Ipswich. I instantly saw my way to beginning an acquaintance, at the trifling expense of a journey to that flourishing city. 'I have business to-day in Ipswich,' I said, 'and I propose returning to Aldborough (if I can get back in time) this evening. Pray allow me to take your order for the tea, and to bring it back with my own parcels.' Mrs. Lecount politely declined giving me the trouble—I politely insisted on taking it. We fell into conversation. There is no need to trouble you with our talk. The result of it on my mind is—that Mrs. Lecount's one weak point, if she has such a thing at all, is a taste for science, implanted by her deceased husband, the Professor. I think I see a chance here of working my way into her good graces, and casting a little needful dust into those handsome black eyes of hers. Acting on this idea, when I purchased the lady's tea at Ipswich I also bought on my own account that far-famed pocket manual of knowledge, 'Joyce's Scientific Dialogues.' Possessing, as I do, a quick memory and boundless confidence in myself, I propose privately inflating my new skin with as much ready-made science as it will hold, and presenting Mr. Bygrave to Mrs. Lecount's notice in the character of the most highly informed man she has met with since the Professor's death. The necessity of blindfolding that woman (to use your own admirable expression) is as clear to me as to you. If it is to be done in the way I propose, make your mind easy—Wragge, inflated by Joyce, is the man to do it.

"You now have my whole budget of news. Am I, or am I not, worthy of your confidence in me? I say nothing of my devouring anxiety to know what your objects really are—that anxiety will be satisfied when we meet. Never yet, my dear girl, did I long to administer a productive pecuniary Squeeze to any human creature as I long to administer it to Mr. Noel Vanstone. I say no more. *Verbum sap.* Pardon the pedantry of a Latin quotation, and believe me,

"Entirely yours,
"HORATIO WRAGGE.

"P.S.—I await my instructions, as you requested. You have only to say whether I shall return to London for the purpose of escorting you to this place, or whether I shall wait here to receive you. The house is in perfect order—the weather is charming—and the sea is as smooth as Mrs. Lecount's apron. She has just passed the window, and we have exchanged bows. A sharp woman, my dear Magdalen, but Joyce and I together may prove a trifle too much for her."

XIII.

[*Extract from the East Suffolk Argus.*]

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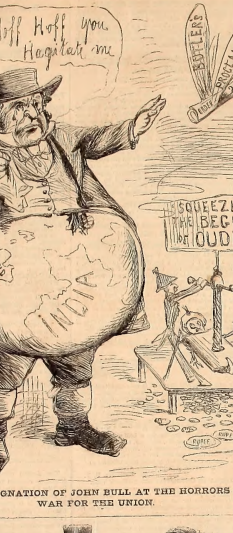
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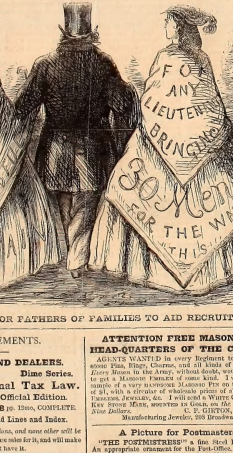
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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CUTTING THE CANAL OPPOSITE VICKSBURG.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

VICKSBURG.

We reproduce on page 484 a drawing of the CITY OF VICKSBURG, Mississippi, which has been here-tofore held by Confederate Porter's mortar-fleet and Commodore Farragut's gun-boats and ships of war. This is the ship described:

Vicksburg is the first point at which the rebels commenced the erection of works for blockading the Mississippi, and it is quite fitting that she should be the last strongheld to fall. The Vicksburgers were foremost in the inception of the rebellion, and the vote cast here for the secession of Mississippi was almost unanimous.

The city made prompt and liberal appropriations for putting the city in a condition of defence, and it was generally resolved that no boat should be allowed to pass in either direction that should not first obtain permission from the proper power of the Davis confederacy.

The city of Vicksburg is situated on the Walnut Hills, a range of wooded eminences about one hundred feet high, which command the river for miles above and below them. Their abrupt, precipitous elevation from the river, and the ground rising in rear for a long distance in every direction, and with its series of ravines and ridges, covered with trees, with extensive plantations, forms a picture of great picturesque beauty. The main portion of the city is back from the water, and above it the hills are crowned with elegant private residences, and on the conspicuous points the high walls of the public buildings. The Court-house, a huge structure of light colored brick, with a cupola and dome, rises on the hills, and is visible for a long distance up and down the river. The streets from the river front rise by a steep and difficult ascent, and are cut with a regular grade, which renders the city easy of access. The streets are broad, but narrow, when viewed from the water, which appears as if the houses were built upon terraces one above another, and the lower range of one-story houses are shadowless, visible over the roof of the building in its immediate front.

Above and below Vicksburg the hills are crowned with the batteries that the rebels have erected for the defence of the entrance, the most of them being placed at the lower end of the bend, as this is the most danger-ous, and consequently the most quarrel. One tier of batteries is placed near the top of the hill and another about half-way down the declivity to the water. A ziggak row of water-batteries, mounting 30 or 40 heavy guns, is located near the water's edge, at the bend, and is probably designed to repel all attacks from the river, and to command short range. The remainder of the hill on the upper end is mounted with guns, one below the other, as none of our guns can be elevated sufficiently to reach them, while their shot, with a long range and great power, can be made to plunge through our decks, and thereby enhance their destructive effect when they reach them. The batteries above the town are mainly placed on the upper hills, though one mounting four heavy guns is placed almost at the very water's edge, in position to sweep the river both above and below.

On page 481 we give an illustration of CUTTING THE CANAL, from a sketch by our artist, Mr. Theodore R. DAVIS. The correspondence of the Memphis *Tribune* thus describes the work and its progress:

It is not a canal, but simply a ditch. When waterired it will be about 60 feet wide at the top, and 30 feet at the bed, the soil which is that of the bottom, is sufficient to prevent the river overflow. It was then about 15 feet wide, and 10 deep. Above and a half below the point that was surveyed, was of sufficient depth to allow the water of the river to flow through, but what was the use of the work if it was cut through, it was found to be above the level of the river. The river had fallen a foot since the process of digging, but not enough to account for so great a shortcoming.

The negroes would not come to Mohammed, and some decisive step must be made to make it. Digging an old stern-wheel boat at the lower side of the entrance to the canal, to work her wheel, and to paddle the water up into it, which succeeded in washing the bottom of the canal just below the entrance, but no more. The experiment of making water run up hill was considered very successful, it was determined to deepen the ditch. The boat was worked for half a day, when, finding that few were the men left at the bottom, laughingly, was day five feet deeper, the entire length of the canal, and the earth being thrown up on each half of the original bottom, and so that a traverse section of the canal would show this:



In this means a small thread of water, about a foot wide, was deepened as it were it remains as a channel, and is now much healthier as though it did not know where to run to. The entire south side of the canal is now one broad of loose earth, thrown up from the deepening, and should the river rise sufficient to make a current through the canal, I think this loose earth would be undermined by the current, and carried down with the water, and the south-side to stay the current. The labor of widening the ditch would also be equal to that of deepening it.

Independent of this, another fact is to be taken into consideration. The water in the river is not clear, but muddy, the current is very rapid, and, upon which Vicksburg is built. In front of Vicksburg it is said to be 200 feet deep, and consequently deeper than it could cut down to, and that it is 200 feet deep for more than a mile above and below the steamboat landing at Vicksburg. Boats have also been informed that soundings were made by the flag-ship *Hartford*, during her passage up the river, and that 200 feet of line, without finding bottom, and when the *Hartford* is now anchored, which is above the upper portion of the bend, and where the river is much wider, and consequently more shallow, I saw that the water was still in thirteen fathoms of water. Now, even with a free current, running through the canal, it would require a much larger body of banks for the river to cut itself a new channel 200 or 300 feet deep, and it is not supposed in the least time for it to do the deep channel in front of Vicksburg, and so leave it out in the rear, as the present bend now is, of which there is some danger of the river leaving canal on still shorter cuts. They say that all the wonderful cut-offs that have been made in the course of the river have begun at a point where the main current of the river has impinged, and that the shore of some bend in the rear or end of the canal is unfortunately located in an eddy, the current striking the shore near the half a mile below. As for the number of contrabands at work on the canal, they are not numerous, averaging, as I am informed, 300 per day, though the number has been increased lately, and are soldiers, and are not to be relied upon for much labor, and are not accustomed to any work. This is as it should be, only that the number should be increased to 3,000 or 4,000, and made to do something when they are at work. Their present number does not exceed 600, but can easily be doubled or trebled.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1862.

THE HOPELESSNESS OF THE REBELLION.

NOW that the progress of recruiting and the natural elasticity of the American mind have dispelled the gloom which settled on the spirits of the public after the check before Richmond, it may be timely to draw attention to the fact that wherever may occur in Virginia, whatever checks our arms may encounter in the progression of the campaign, the rebellion can not, whether we take Richmond or no, the fate of the rebellion has been already finally determined, and its collapse is a mere question of time. General Scott's plan for the overthrow of the great insurrection was to shut up the rebels; to close their ports, hold fast the Potomac and the Ohio, and to leave them to repent at leisure. That eminent soldier and statesman knew that an indigenous people must depend for their nourishment within prescribed limits, and that, after a few months' trial of Japanese fare, the Southerners must be thankful for readmission to the world at any cost.

General M'Clellan improved upon this plan by adding to it the blockade of the Mississippi on the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, from Memphis on the Mississippi to Charleston on the Atlantic.

These plans have been measurably carried out. The cost blockade is so perfect that even the British are beginning to discover that it is effective. We hold beyond dispute the line of the Potomac, and further west, we are in force on a line from Harper's Ferry to Memphis—considerably south of the line traced by General Scott. The Mississippi River is so far controlled as to cut our own and keep out all, and no bodies of troops or cargoes of supplies can cross it without permission from our gun-boats. Finally we have established this by occupation from Memphis to Decatur, and almost within sight of Chattanooga, which, we trust, will soon be the case also.

To expect that we conclude to stop fighting here, and merely to hold what we have got, is the Southern fantasy with which the people is fly under an inverted glass, with the addition of small openings for the admission of air, and the edge of the glass and covered from the sun. How long can we fly thrive in this agreeable condition?

It is proper that we should thoroughly beat the rebel army in Virginia and take Richmond, and both of these things will be done in due time. But if we did neither, the rebel Confederacy would none the less collapse within a given period. Disorganized, they, and the dread of negro equality may for a time restrain the rebels in their present absorbing devotion to the cause; but it is most certain that every observer will realize that there is something better to be done in the world than hopelessly fighting and starving. It might take longer than a year or two; but at last the absolute necessity of intercourse with the foreign world, and the impossibility of living entirely upon fresh air, civilization, letters, and the comforts and luxuries of life, would overpower the wicked impulses of treason and awaken the South to common sense.

Southern sympathizers lay stress upon the guerrilla war in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia. These are annoying; but practically they do more harm than good to the rebels. The great cause was ever largely a guerrilla warfare. It injures the non-combatant more than the soldier; women and children more than men. It exasperates the people to the resistance in which it is carried on. It partakes of the nature of private robbery and murder, and its authors are generally known as thieves and murderers. The raids of John Morgan and his compeers are converting the sometime neutrals of Kentucky into violent secessionists, and the more attacks on peaceful villages, a few more attempts to impede the navigation of the Tennessee and Ohio, and Jefferson Davis is that region will be, in spirit, a Patron Brownlow.

THE WORK OF CONGRESS.

CONGRESS adjourned on 17th, after a session of rather more than seven months, and thus the Cromwell-like dictatorship of Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, was to clear the Halls at the earliest day he proposed, has missed his opportunity.

There were many foolish speeches made during the session, and some foolish acts or pretended acts passed. Several members were so nearly idiotic in sympathy for the rebels that they would have been more at home at Richmond than at Washington. And, on the other hand, the majority composed of sensible men, whose unpracticable theories and unyielding prejudices have undoubtedly done harm to the national cause.

But, on the whole, the work of Congress has been thorough and wholesome. No Congress since the Revolution has done so nearly a responsibility; it must be admitted that, in the main, it has been faithfully discharged.

The most important acts of Congress—its financial measures—were referred to in our last number. Experience alone can decide upon their merits, but we think they will stand the test. They certainly provide the Government with money to carry on the war, and, if efficiently administered, will secure a revenue which will protect the national credit from disgrace.

Next to these in immediate importance, and superior to them in their ultimate influence upon the destiny of the nation, are the various measures referring to slavery. That institution has been assailed at every point. In the first place, it has been entirely abolished in the District of Columbia. Next, it has been prohibited in the Territories, and in the United States, and in Florida. Finally, a resolution of Congress tenders to any State which proposes to abolish slavery an indemnity sufficient to recompense slaveowners for the loss of their slaves. Besides these sweeping enactments, the Senate has ratified a new treaty with Great Britain concerning the slave-trade, by which that iniquitous traffic will at last be thoroughly suppressed. Last of all, a series of laws directed to every one of the points lines all fugitive slaves, and not to surrender them to their owners; the President has been authorized to employ, in any capacity whatever, either in the military or naval service, all such fugitive slaves; and the slaves of all open rebels have been declared forfeit, and the President has been directed to set them free. The opponents of slavery—the cause and mainspring of the rebellion—can not complain that Congress has been overindulgent to the institution.

An important complement to the anti-slavery legislation of the session has been the reorganization of the Supreme Court. The new Judiciary Administration the Supreme Court was the most reliable instrument of the slaveholders. Their influence at Washington always prevented the North from obtaining a fair representation there, and when a pro-slavery administration the Supreme Court was always ready to render it—as in the famous Dred Scott case. Congress has abolished this by re-organizing the United States Judicial Districts according to population; giving to the free North six of the nine Justices, and the new circuit assigned to the Supreme Bench. If any of the anti-slavery measures of Congress are charged with unconstitutionality, they will be sure to be sustained by a tribunal not hopelessly biased against their spirit and their purpose.

Most important have been placed in the hands of the President for the prosecution of the war. There is, practically, no limit to the number of volunteers which he may call into the field, and to the number of vessels of war which he may equip and send to sea; and, besides this, a discretionary power of conscription, in case of need, to call out the entire militia of the North—amounting, in round numbers, to four millions of men. If, therefore, in the contests with the rebels we should be outnumbered the responsibility will rest upon the President. The new Militia act will probably have the effect of convincing the few remaining partisans of intervention in Europe that they had better give up the idea.

The Confiscation Act defines the crime of treason against the United States, and pronounces various penalties for those adjudged guilty—from death to a fine. It likewise declares that forfeiture for property and life, the interest in their real estate shall be forfeit to the United States. As the President, however, is empowered to pardon convicts, or to release the penalties of the Act, it will not probably be very rigorously executed. As soon as the rebel armies are thoroughly beaten a general amnesty—excepting the ringleaders—will be a matter of course.

Other important measures passed at the late session are the Homestead Law and the Pacific Railroad Act. The first will exercise a powerful influence on the future course of population, and will have a tendency still further to shift the seat of empire toward the North-West. The last will bring us much closer to our Pacific States, and will obviate the risk we now run of being at some time or other obliged to seize the Isthmus of Panama in that region will be, in spirit, a Patron Brownlow.

Other important measures passed at the late session are the Homestead Law and the Pacific Railroad Act. The first will exercise a powerful influence on the future course of population, and will have a tendency still further to shift the seat of empire toward the North-West. The last will bring us much closer to our Pacific States, and will obviate the risk we now run of being at some time or other obliged to seize the Isthmus of Panama in that region to preserve our communication with California. Many years will elapse before the railroad is built. But when it will be built no doubt can be entertained the stupendous railway enterprises of the West can doubt.

Congress did not pass a Bankrupt Bill, which was much desired by merchants; and Mr. Chase's new Banking Law was likewise left over, we think unwisely. A new banking system can not well be introduced in time of war. When peace has been restored it will be time enough to consider the matter. And next session, either, that we regret the failure of the bill to admit the new State of Western Virginia. To say nothing of the constitutional difficulties, it is quite possible that, by the time Congress again meets, the whole of Virginia may be in the Union, and the people may be ready to adopt the Constitution now offered by the western portion of the State.

THE LOUNGER.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THERE are many who think these are the darkest days of the war. Very well; you may so call them if you see any darker! We are as strong as ever, and the rebellion is no stronger. The change is in our perception of its magnitude. It is not a fact, as we half thought—it is a revolution.

There have indeed been plenty of people who said that it was much more formidable than was supposed. When the 75,000 men were called for in April a year ago General Banks, for instance, said that there should have been a summons for 400,000. He thought so, because he had lived with the rebel leaders in Washington, and he knew what manner of men they were. He knew that their plans were profound, and that their programme at that time, when the actual temper of the North was unknown, had a certain grandeur. Fernando Wood thought so, too, when he suggested that the city of New York should secede from the State, and when he insisted that arms should be sent to the South. The 16th of April, 1861, was the darkest day this country has yet seen, for all that Sunday it groped in doubt whether it was a country. The consciousness of its own unity and purpose which the next week revealed was the grandest of discoveries—it was the rehearsal of ultimate victory.

Well, neither that consciousness nor that purpose have changed; but the conception of the means necessary to attain the purpose has been enlarged. That is all. We thought at first that the darkest day this country might do a great deal. Then that the recapture of Fort Sumter by rebels would answer. Then that more ships would settle the matter. Then that more soldiers would do it. Then, after Bull Run, that we must have more men. Then that we must have foreign interference. Then that there must be a policy which struck at the very root and secret of the difficulty. Then that conciliatory approaches to that last message of the President; the debates upon confiscation and emancipation; the modification of Lincoln's order. Then a general conviction that the rebellion was waning, and that a vigorous blow at Corinth and Richmond would virtually end it. Then came the alarm in the Shenandoah, and a fear for Washington and Richmond. And then—what? Weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth? Not a bit of it. But a grimmer vow that we would conquer and a sterner will that we would save our country and its Government we happened to be a great set of justice, we would not cry very bitterly. But if we should, we may rather be thankful that, by yield, except among those who have never had any opinion at all, and who, from either of these or the character of the war, we might truly call the dark and if delay, or disaster even, could fatally dispirit us, we ought to submit at once to the degradation and national annihilation which utter conquest would entail. But it is the very fact of our confidence we could show the great results of our arms which the last year shows against the rebellion. Is there any reason why we should be anxious or despaired?

Nothing has revealed a character in the nation of which it is idle to anticipate any thing but a steadier purpose and a stronger blow until the great work is accomplished.

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE BORDER.

THERE are a great many friends of the President, and they are very loyal, and very patriotic, and are and have been exceedingly troubled by what is called the Border State question. That gentlemen are loyal, these persons have said, let them support the Union at any cost: if they are not, the sooner we are rid of them the better.

The argument is apparently conclusive; but how if they are not loyal? How if they are not loyal but by the will of their own citizens, have we done nothing toward the final subjugation of the rebellion?

Did they not you would sacrifice the country and liberty to the loyal sentiment of the Border States? No; perhaps not. To beg a question is not to argue it. Now, however much we may be willing to say thank you for an article, does it follow that he is ready to pay a million of dollars for it. The question is not what we would pay, but what is given over to the Border States, but, simply, on what loyal sentiment among them is left of citizens in all the States and, which will secure the adhesion of those States to the Union. If there is no such sentiment—and, in fact, there is not—what seems wisest. If there is, what is wisest for us?

The President says, "Be loyal, or I must conquer." He thinks that a system of compensated emancipation is the security of the loyalty of the Border States; and if those States will accept, there is no question that the President is right. If Kentucky is strongly Unionist—as lightly it has to be now, for what concern can the reason should they have to the rebels when their slave system is gone? It is the security, the tranquillity, and prosperity, and petition, and partial identity of civilization and interest which make them dear to the North. Come away, and why should they be doubtful any longer?

If they decline, they throw the ground that the President and the country will take. The President is reported to have said, "You must be, civil or you must quake." He will say to them all that can fairly be done. If they want more they must take their chances. And if they call this coercion, the reply is short and clear: "It is coercion, to prevent your coercing the country into ruin?" It is the instinct of nature to resist mortal opposition to its unity and existence, just as it is the duty to subjugate the Davis rebels; and if the Border States say there are some measures for the misfortune of the Union to which, although strictly military, they will never consent, the war—will be greatly prolonged.

THE ADJOURNMENT.

CONGRESS has adjourned, and every loyal man ought to be gratified with the work it has done.

It has been a patriotic, faithful, earnest body. The large exceptions of men and measures we can all readily make; but the session is to be judged by its results, and by the general spirit of its deliberations. It has provided for the prosecution of the war with a wise conviction of the real causes and objects of the insurrection. It has worked diligently with the President, in whom the country confides; and with the exception of Mr. Richardson's performance toward the close of the session, and Mr. Mallory's reckless talk, its behavior has been more dignified than that of any Congress we remember.

Its memorable acts of legislation have been the Homestead bill, the Pacific Railroad bill, the Tax bill, the Currency bill, the Prohibition of Slavery in the Territories, Emancipation in the District of Columbia, and the Confiscation bill. In all these measures Congress doubtless had the substantial approval of the great bulk of citizens in the loyal States, for they were all essentially patriotic and not party measures. Many a citizen who, eighteen months ago, would have shaken his head doubtfully at them, now frankly and fully concedes their necessity and importance. Our late history has so plainly exposed the tendency and character of the domination of the Slavery interest in our politics, that men who have had no sympathy with the Republican cause, and still repudiate the Republican party, recognize that the time has come, in the interest of the country and of peace, to limit legally the expansion of the Slave power.

The complaints of this Congress come from gentlemen like Mayor Wightman, of Boston, who think that the business of a physician is not to attack the disease but to cure the patient. How the cure is to be effected without combating the disease the learned magistrate does not inform us. Mr. Vallandigham, also, and Mr. Benjamin Wood take a similar view. In their estimation Congress has winked at the invasion of Constitutional rights, and has deliberately coerced the liberty of American citizens. They are exceedingly troubled that the President of the United States had the temerity to undertake, first the defense, and then the recovery of the national property. They are of opinion that if liberty of discussion had long ago been destroyed in the free States, and a few persons of liberal sentiments had been hung as malefactors, we should have enjoyed the most profound and delightful peace. They are also inclined to believe that their worthy friends and co-laborers, Jefferson Davis and Co., have unhappily made a miscalculation.

These gentlemen think that Congress has woefully degenerated since the days of the late lamented Preston Brooks, and the chivalric Pryor, and the worthy Barksdale, and the manly Wigfall: the days when the Cabinet could boast of a Floyd, a Cobb, a Thompson, a Toucey, and a presiding genius of corresponding virtues in James Buchanan. They think that this Congress has been a nuisance. So does Davis. So do Spratt, Rhett, Keitt, Cobb, Floyd, etc. But the country has differed before with the opinions and conduct of these latter gentry, as well as with those of their friends, Mr. Vallandigham and Mr. Ben Wood. The Congress which dissatisfies them will not displease a loyal and united country.

THE GREAT MEETING.

It is late to speak of the meeting of citizens who believe in an unflinching prosecution of the war. But the country ought to know that it was as imposing and influential as the sentiment which summoned it. Of course it had not the wild excitement of the meeting after the fall of Sumter. No other assemblage of the people could have. But it represented the real force of New York. It showed that the feeling which underlies the war is not only unexhausted, but that it is deepening and strengthening. The speeches were all in one key. The Union must and shall be preserved, cost what it may. And if some of the orators ventured to specify that probable cost more distinctly than others, it was not because there was any doubt in any mind of what that cost might be.

To say that it was a meeting at which General Frémont and Mr. Spinola both spoke, is to say of how various elements it was composed. When Dr. Vinton and Mr. Wallbridge, Mr. William Allen Butler and Mr. Coddington, Mr. Delafield Smith and Judge Daly meet and speak upon the same platform, it is clear enough that there is a central thought and purpose so absorbing and universal that all details of difference of method are swallowed up. There was much practical good sense in Judge Daly's remarks. He said that it was too late to consider the cause of the war, or to distribute the responsibility of refusing compromise when compromise was possible, for we were now engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle for our life. Either the rebellion must conquer or the Government must, and no right-minded man could hesitate which to choose. He showed that any thing short of the absolute victory of the Government would be an abortive result.

But then the orator suddenly said something that must have made a thoughtful listener wonder. Why, he asked, shall we not require of the Government to leave questions upon which we differ among ourselves and attend exclusively to saving the country? He meant why not leave off thinking of *the* question. Simply because when you are considering how to save the nation you can no more avoid the relation of slavery to the war than when you are trying to save a burning house you can help thinking how to throw most water upon it. The paramount question at this moment is the national safety. Consequently every method of securing that safety must be considered. To say that we will shirk the question of the help or harm that the system of slavery may do the rebels or the Government, is as idle as to say that we will shirk the question of the relative value of different guns. Every means of weakening the rebels and of subduing the rebellion is the very question of the hour.

The moral of the meeting was that of every thing that is now seen or heard—namely, that the comprehension of the extent of the insurrection is more accurate than ever before, and the resolution to conquer it is universal and unflagging.

THE QUESTION.

There are some who yet say with Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, that if twenty millions of loyal citizens can not conquer six millions of rebels with their four millions of slaves, they had better relinquish at once the effort to save the country.

Many who think so are loyal Union men, but they have not fully and fairly considered the subject. For if this question were asked of them, whether, instead of sacrificing the lives of the choicest of our youth and spending lavishly in every way, it would not be better to suppress this insurrection entirely by black soldiers, leaving us in the loyal States quite unaffected except by the expense, they would probably allow that it might be desirable.

But the argument of numbers is only specious. If the six millions are united with a desperate subordination of every consideration to the success of the insurrection; if they draft and coerce every man into some kind of use; if every thing is planted, and tilled, and manufactured with a sole regard to the triumph of the rebellion; and every inhabitant of the region lives to fight, and feels that he fights to live; then, unless the twenty millions are animated by the same absorbing resolution, and work and fight with the same desperate unanimity, there is no reason why the smaller number should not prevail.

But what is a sure sign of that resolution upon the part of the stronger in numbers? The use of every lawful means of warfare. And when the larger number is conscious that the struggle is a death-grapple, they will not hesitate to use every means. No man is earnest in a fight so long as he does not use every lawful advantage.

And what is or can be our object in this war but the speediest restoration of the supreme authority of the nation? Do we wish to prolong it? Is there any reason why it would not have been better that it had ended ten months or a year ago? It did not, simply because we had misconceived the extent and intensity of the conspiracy. But is there any reason why it should drag on for a year or two years more? It will not if we truly comprehend the exigency. Then will any one say why every means should not at once be employed that it may be crushed? For the employment of all means will prove our earnestness, while the failure to use them will indicate languor of purpose.

If a man is fastidious as to the color, or height, or weight of the soldiers who fight and conquer the rebels, he is a ludicrous and hopeless patriot. Was not the exploit of Robert Smalls as heroic as any incident in the war? Would you have sent him and the steamer back again? Was it humiliating to be helped by a man who did not belong to the twenty millions? If there were ten thousand Robert Smalls, ought we to reject their aid because they are neither of the pure Saxon nor the pure Celtic races? These are questions that we must soberly answer; and our reply will show how true is our conception of the great contest we are waging.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Irish soldier once waited on his commanding officer with what he termed a very serious complaint: "Another man," he said, "had upbraided him that he was not married to his own wife, whom he accused of being no better than she should be, and called her many bad names besides, which he should be ashamed to mention to his Honor." "Well, my good fellow," said the Colonel, "have you any proof that you are legally married?" "Faith, your Honor, I have the best proof in the world," he replied. Here he took off his hat, or rather cap, and exhibited a broken head, saying, "Does your Honor think I'd be after taking that same abuse from any body but a wife?"

Good Logic.—"I don't believe it's any use to vaccinate for small-pox," said a backwoods Kentuckian, "for I had a child vaccinated, and in less than a week after he fell out of a window and was killed."

The Oldest Husbandry.—Somebody says that the oldest husbandry he knows of is the marrying of a widower in clover with a widow in weeds.

There is often but a slight separation between a woman's love and her hate. Her keen teeth are very near to her sweet lips.

An old Jew, who sold exclusively for cash, said that he did it for the benefit of his neighbors. He did not wish to see them "deep in debt mit him, ven dey ish got no monish to pay mit."

The old lady who mended her husband's trowsers with a patch of grass is now smoothing her hair with the comb of a rooster.

Great "Salve" Certificate.—Dear Doctor,—I will be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For ninety-four years I have been an invalid, unable to move except when stirred with a lever. But a year ago last Thursday I heard of the granicular sirup. I bought a bottle, smelled the cork, and found myself a new man. I can now run twelve and a half miles an hour, and throw nineteen double somersaults without stopping.

"What are wages here?" asked a laborer of a boy. "I don't know, Sir." "What does your father get on Saturday night?" "Get!" said the boy; "why he gets as tight as a brick!"

A temperance editor, in drawing attention to an article against ardent spirits in one of the inner pages of his paper, says, "For the effects of intemperance see our inside!"

Rough Music.—The Hull girls all sing. A friend lately from there says they sang themselves to sleep at night, and he never heard any thing like it since he was benighted in a swamp in the Fens.

A newspaper, in noticing the presentation of a silver cup to a contemporary, says: "He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor—whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bung-hole of a barrel."

A person who has no address shouldn't undertake to address audiences.

Turnips.—"What a nice lot of turnips you have got!" said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Jones—the latter's children's noses being all turn-ups!

An Irish gentleman, on reading the late accounts of stealing children, observed, with great concern, that if this practice became general it would put an end to the rising generation.

What is larger for being cut at both ends? A ditch.

A citizen of Bath has taken a fancy to the head of a dog that howls in his vicinity, and offers a guinea for a sight of the head minus the body.

Spare the rod, and you'll have no fish for dinner.

A witty dentist having labored in vain to extract a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with the felicitous apology—"The fact is, madam, it seems impossible for any thing bad to come out of your mouth."

A man found guilty of a felony at the Central Criminal Court the other day, entreated the court to "deal leniently with him, and give him a short imprisonment, as he was particularly anxious to see the Great Exhibition."

Cat and rat may rhyme, but they never agree.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, July 15, in the Senate, the Naval Committee reported a resolution, which was adopted, relinquishing all right and title of the United States in Stevens's floating battery to the heirs of Robert L. Stevens. A bill was introduced amending the Articles of War, by providing that army officers shall furnish protection to slaves entering the Union lines, and also that if loyal citizens lose property by this order they shall be compensated. The bill relative to calling out the militia was then taken up, and Senator Sherman's amendment, limiting emancipation to those who enter the military service of the United States and to the slaves of rebels, was adopted by a vote of 18 against 17. Senator Browning offered an amendment, which was adopted, declaring that the mother, wife, and children of negroes entering the military service shall be freed only when they belong to rebels. After some debate the bill was passed by a vote of 28 against 9. The Senate concurred in the House resolution postponing the final adjournment of Congress till Thursday, in accordance with a wish of the President. Bills making appropriations for civil expenses, imposing a tax of one cent per pound on domestic sugar, and granting pensions to masters of gun-boats, were passed.——In the House, Mr. Benjamin Wood, of New York, offered a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to report forthwith on the matter of said Wood's alleged misconduct. Objection was made, and the resolution laid over. At the request of the President the House agreed to extend the session till Thursday. The bill requiring shipmasters trading to foreign ports and persons prosecuting claims at the departments to take the oath of allegiance was passed. A bill explanatory of the fifth section of the Confiscation act, so that its operation may not be retroactive, was passed, and the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, July 16, in the Senate, the Military Committee reported back the bill for raising a volunteer force for the better defense of the State of Kentucky, and asked to be discharged from its further consideration. Some discussion ensued, and the bill was laid aside informally. The House resolution, explanatory of the fifth section of the Confiscation act, so that its operation may not be retroactive, was then taken up. Senator Clark, of New Hampshire, moved an amendment, that no punishment under the bill shall work the forfeiture of real estate beyond the natural life of the person accused. He also offered another amendment, authorizing the President to restore any property confiscated under the bill if he thinks it necessary. After debate both amendments were adopted by a vote of 25 to 15, and the resolution was also adopted.——In the House, the Select Committee on Gradual Emancipation reported a bill, in accordance with the President's recommendation, providing compensation to the Border Slave States whenever either or all of those States shall emancipate their slaves. The whole amount to be paid shall not exceed one hundred and eighty millions of dollars. Twenty millions are also appropriated for colonizing the negroes. The bill was ordered to be printed and referred to the Committee of the Whole. Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, offered a resolution empowering the President to call out a million additional troops, to serve for one year, but the House refused to suspend the rules, and the proposition lies over. The bill providing for the admission of West Virginia into the Union was postponed till December next. The bill authorizing the colonization of captured Africans in the West Indies was passed. The bill authorizing the President to call out the militia for a period not exceeding nine months, and the employment of negroes in the military service, was also passed. The House resolution explanatory of the fifth section of the Confiscation act, with the Senate's amendments thereto, was then taken up, the amendments agreed to, and the resolution adopted. The Senate propositions relative to the Tax bill were agreed to, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, July 17, the first session of the Thirty-seventh Congress closed at two o'clock, P.M. The only subject of general importance acted on in either House was the passage of a bill, which was immediately signed by the President, making postage and other government stamps receivable for all dues of less than five dollars, and forbidding the issue of shinplasters, under a heavy penalty. The President sent in a special message, announcing his approval of the Confiscation bill and the explanatory resolution supplemental thereto, together with a message giving his objections to the bill as it stood before the adoption of the resolution referred to.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The latest news from General M'Clellan's army announces that every thing is quiet, and the health of the troops gradually improving. Our soldiers who were taken prisoners in the late battles are being released on parole.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

General Pope has taken possession of the town of Gordonsville, Virginia, without opposition, and has destroyed all the railroad works at that point. As the greater portion of the supplies for the rebel army at Richmond passed through this place, which is the junction of the Orange, Alexandria, and Virginia Central Railroad, this feat of General Pope's is of considerable importance. He is also said to have occupied Charlottesville. The General has issued an order to the effect that the army is hereafter to subsist upon the country in which their operations are carried on, and that for the provisions so appropriated vouchers will be given to the owners thereof, payable at the conclusion of the war, provided that the parties can prove themselves loyal citizens of the United States. Another order of General Pope holds the people residing within a certain distance of the railroads responsible for the damage done by guerrillas or other parties of marauders, and compelling such residents to repair the damages so done, and furthermore declaring that all persons detected in destroying railroads or telegraph lines shall be shot. No such acts, he says, can influence the result of the war, and they can only lead to heavy affliction for the people who practice them.

BRILLIANT CAVALRY RAID.

General Pope dispatches to the War Department that a brilliant cavalry attack, under command of General King, from his command, was made from Fredericksburg, on the 9th inst., upon the Virginia Central Railroad, at Beaver Dam Creek, with the greatest success. They destroyed the railroad and the telegraph line for several miles, burned up the dépôt, which contained forty thousand rounds of ammunition, one hundred barrels of flour, and much other valuable property, and brought in a captain in charge as a prisoner. It appears that the whole country was thrown into a great state of alarm by this movement. General Pope passes the highest encomiums upon the officers and men engaged.

GENERAL HALLECK IN WASHINGTON.

General Halleck has been recalled from his military post in the West, and rumor states that he has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States.

THE ARMIES OF THE WEST.

Our forces south of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi are distributed substantially as follows: Buell's army—the army of the Ohio—is east of Corinth, guarding the Memphis and Charleston Road as far as the neighborhood of Chattanooga. The army of the Mississippi—Pope's command—is on the Mobile and Ohio Road, stretching south as far as Brownville. The army of the Tennessee (Grant's) is on the Memphis and Charleston Road east of Corinth, and that part of the Mobile and Ohio which is in Tennessee. It will be thus seen that the great force lately under command of Halleck is broken up into squads and scattered over a line more than 200 miles in extent. It is probable that events now transpiring will cause its constituent parts to be again aggregated for offensive operations.

GENERAL CURTIS'S COMMAND.

The advance of General Curtis's command reached Helena, on the Mississippi, on 12th inst., the main army being only a few hours behind it. The rebels are trying to keep up their spirits by circulating a report that General Hindman has captured General Curtis with all his army.

ANOTHER REBEL IRON-CLAD AFLOAT.

Cairo, *July* 21, 1862.

The dispatch boat, which arrived at Memphis on Saturday, brings the following:

The reported escape of the rebel plated battery *Arkansas* is correct. The affair took place on the morning of the 15th. That morning, in consequence of reports brought by refugees that the *Arkansas* was about to attempt to run the Union fleet, the gun-boats *Carondelet* and *Tyler* and ram *Lancaster* started up the Yazoo to reconnoitre. When eight miles from the mouth they came suddenly upon the *Arkansas*, lying under the bank.

As our boats rounded the bend she opened upon them with 68-pounders. Our gun-boats returned the fire, and for a short time a fierce engagement ensued. Finding that the channel of the river prevented successful manœuvring, they gradually dropped downward toward the mouth. The *Arkansas* followed closely. Just as the latter was passing over the bar, the *Carondelet* closed with her, intending to board. She succeeded in throwing a grapple aboard and getting out a plank, when the *Arkansas* opened her steam pipe, throwing hot water across the plank. The *Carondelet* replied in the same manner.

While thus engaged both vessels grounded, and the shock separated them. The *Arkansas* succeeded in getting off, and the *Carondelet* remained fast for nearly an hour. The *Arkansas* immediately passed down the river, the *Tyler* preceding her, and maintaining a running fight with her greatly superior adversary.

None of our gun-boats with the fleet had steam up, and the entire fleet was so scattered that few could fire at the *Arkansas* as she passed without danger of hitting our own boats. As she approached, such boats as could safely do so opened upon her, but her plating resisted most of the shots. A solid shot from Farragut's gun-boat, No. 6, struck her larboard bow, passing through and under her plating, ripping it off for a considerable distance. What further damage was done is not ascertained.

The injuries to our fleet are light. The *Benton* received a shot near the edge of the after-part of the larboard side, killing one man. The *Tyler*, which engaged the *Arkansas* nearly an hour and a half, had seven killed and nine wounded. Among the latter were the pilots, Messrs. Sebastian and Hiner, and Engineer Davis. The ram *Lancaster* received a shot under her boilers, causing an escape of hot water, scalding six men, three of them fatally.

The entire Union loss is twelve killed and fifteen wounded, five or six of whom will die. The rebel loss is not known, but believed to be considerable, as the hot water streams of the *Carondelet*, at the time they attempted to board, were thrown directly into her.

GUERRILLAS IN KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE.

The guerrillas have evacuated Murfreesboro, Tennessee, carrying with them the officers of the regiments which surrendered. Prompt measures have been taken to prevent further outrages. General Nelson arrived at Nashville on Thursday, with heavy reinforcements, and assumed command there. He will make short work of the marauders in that vicinity. At Lexington, Kentucky, General Green Clay Smith is in command of the National forces, and there is every prospect that he will soon put a stop to Morgan's operations both in marauding and recruiting. The last act of the guerrillas was the occupation of the town of Henderson, Kentucky, on the Mississippi River, below Louisville. They do not appear to have done much damage there, however. Quarter-master-General Wright, by order of the Governor of Ohio, has issued a call for thirty days' volunteers, to operate against Morgan in Kentucky. The National forces raised in and around Cincinnati have, by order of the Government, been placed under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Burbank, of the Thirteenth Infantry, who has taken measures to give efficiency to the military organizations. We learn from Nashville that Colonel Owen, of the Sixty-ninth Indiana, surprised and cut to pieces five hundred guerrillas above Burksville, Kentucky, about eleven o'clock on Saturday night.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

Negotiations were commenced on the 17th, between General Dix and the rebel General Hill, with a view to a general exchange of prisoners. The negotiations were not concluded on that day, but were renewed on the 18th, when the rebel General Lee was present. The interviews between General Dix and General Hill are understood to have been highly satisfactory. Some of our wounded men, who were taken prisoners in the recent battles, have already been released on parole and are on their way North.

UNION MEETING IN NEW YORK.

A mass meeting was held on 15th, in Union Square, in behalf of the Union, and in support of the Government in its efforts to suppress rebellion. It was one of the largest, and, in many respects, the most impressive popular assemblage ever gathered together in this metropolis—not alone in point of numbers, but in enthusiasm, singleness of purpose, and earnestness in the cause for which it was called.

Similar war meetings have been held in almost every city of the North.

NEW BOUNTY FOR VOLUNTEERS.

A private enlisting in this State, under the new call for volunteers, if the war should close within twelve months, would receive, besides his regular rations and clothing, the following amount of money:

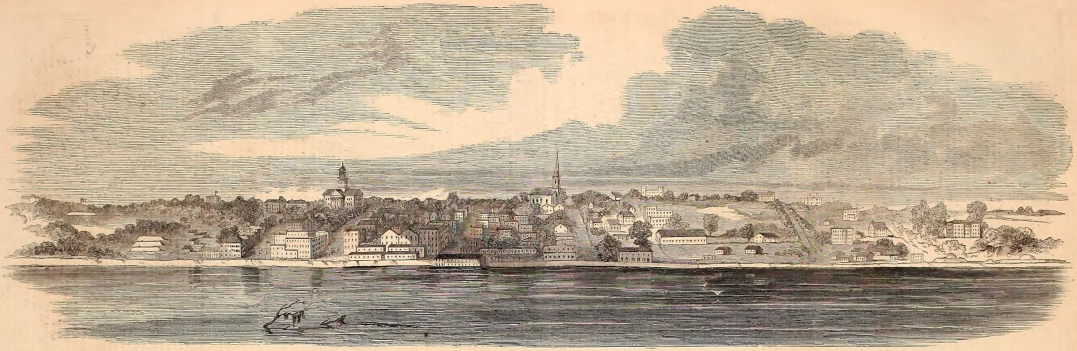
State bounty	$50
Government advance bounty	27
One month advance pay	13
Pay per year	156
Government bounty at close of war	75
Total	$321
Rations $9 per month—one year	108
Clothing about	20
Total one year's pay	$449

FOREIGN NEWS.

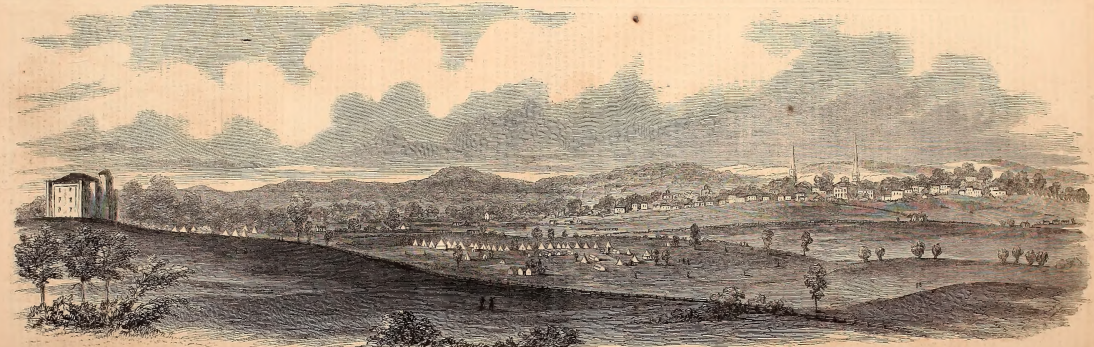
ENGLAND.

BRITISH OPINION ON THE RICHMOND BATTLES.

The English press is engaged in commenting on the war news from this country. The papers speak of three days' fighting before Richmond, and are unanimous in the opinion that the Union army under General M'Clellan sustained a "severe reverse," and that his position was "precarious." The London *Herald*, organ of the aristocrats, says that the campaign is not ended, but will be prolonged until "Europe stays the uplifted swords." Some of the journals hope that a reconciliation may be effected, but the general opinion was that the siege of Richmond would be recommenced. The London *Times* thinks that the result of the fighting proves that the rebel army may maintain itself in Virginia for a period which may be indefinitely prolonged.



THE CITY OF VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 482.]



THE CITY OF HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF GENERAL MITCHELL'S ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 485.]



[From sketch sent to us by a Private Soldier in the 79th Regiment, N. Y. S. V.—SCENE ON BOARD THE STEAMER ATLANTIC, OFF HILTON HEAD, SOUTH CAROLINA, ON THE MORNING OF THE 7TH OF JUNE, AT 4 O'CLOCK A. M.—DISEMBARKING OF THE 79TH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. V.]



MAJOR-GENERAL DIX, U.S.A.—[See Page 486.]

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

ON page 484 we give a view of HUNTSVILLE, Alabama, from a sketch sent us by an officer serving in General Mitchell's army. Huntsville was taken by General Mitchell some three months ago. It is a pretty town, the capital of Madison County; has a court-house, bank, quite a number of churches, and nearly 3000 inhabitants. It stands ten miles north of the Tennessee. General Mitchell swooped down upon it one fine morning at daybreak, when the rebels hadn't an idea of his approach, frightening the people of the neighborhood so terribly that they haven't recovered since.

The following extract from a letter from Huntsville shows that there are good men there among the natives:

I this morning conversed with Judge George W. Lane, a resident of Huntsville, who is a Union man of the most enduring stripe. From the time of the secession of the State he has kept the "old flag" flying from his house-top, in defiance of the threats of the secessionists to tear it down. He warned them that the person who undertook the task must be a bold man, and that in the accomplishment of his task he must look well to his safety. He is a man of influence, yet passing through the fiery ordeal of Secession he has quite tried him as though he passed through a burning fiery furnace. He come through safely at last, and when General Mitchell entered the place, the town, to the great wonder of the inhabitants, he found that old flag still waving, as if in welcome to its men. He requested that it be presented to him as a memento, and he still has it in his possession.

The Judge is a valuable man to our forces in this vicinity, from his extensive acquaintance and consequent knowledge as to the quinine contraband by the citizens here who wish to obtain favors from the officers having charge of the pest.

GENERAL COUCH.

GENERAL DARIUS N. COUCH, whose portrait we publish on this page, is now in command of a division in FITZ-JOHN PORTER'S corps of the Army of the Potomac, and one of the best and bravest officers we have. He was born in New York about the year 1820, entered West Point in 1842, graduated in the artillery in 1846, and went with his regiment (the Second Artillery) to Mexico. At the battle of Buena Vista he was brevetted First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct. At the close of the war Lieutenant Couch resigned his rank in the army and settled in Massachusetts. At the outbreak of the rebellion he joined the Volunteers, and left Boston at the head of a well-appointed regiment. In May, 1861, he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In all the battles on the Peninsula General Couch has proved himself a gallant and able soldier.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL COUCH, U.S.A.



CAPTURE OF THE REBEL GUN-BOAT "TEASER" IN THE JAMES RIVER.—[SKETCHED BY A CORRESPONDENT.]

ON THE JAMES RIVER.

We publish on this page an illustration of the CAPTURE OF THE REBEL GUN-BOAT "TEASER," in the James River, from a sketch by an occasional correspondent. We give below an illustration of the REBELS FIRING ON THE TRANSPORT "DANIEL WEBSTER," off Fort Powhatan, from a sketch by Acting-Master James F. Anderson, U.S.N. The *Herald* correspondent thus recounts the capture of the *Teaser*:

The rebel gun-boat *Teaser* came down from Richmond to reconnoitre, and had a balloon on board, made of old silk frocks. This she intended to inflate and send up to view our camps at Harrison's Landing. The *Maratanza* being at the time on picket duty, came upon the *Teaser* suddenly as both vessels were turning a sharp curve in the river. Of course the *Maratanza* opened fire on the little rebel, and by a few well-directed shots forced the *Teaser* ashore. Captain Rhind, of the *Maratanza*, immediately ordered the boarders of the *Teaser*, and came within an ace of blowing her up. Fortunately it did not.

Acting-Master Anderson thus describes his sketch:

"Fort Powhatan is about 75 miles up the James River, situated upon an eminence of 60 feet above the level of the river, the channel at this place being only 300 yards wide. Owing to the vigilance of our gun-boats the rebels have been unable to mount any guns on it.

"The drawing will show the golden rules they frequently make, and the desperation with which they fight.

"The *Daniel Webster*, under a full head of steam, succeeded in running the gauntlet, with much damage done to the boat; but fortunately only one person was hurt—the pilot being slightly wounded in the hand.

"The attack was so sudden that before the gun-boat could bring her guns to bear the enemy had swept our decks fore and aft. Having a raking position, they for a while had it all their own way. Fortunately they had too much elevation to their guns, or our loss of life would have been very large; as it was, no one was hurt, although our rigging was cut to pieces, and two or three shots struck us on the quarter. After we got into position we shelled them to their hearts' content, and in a very short time drove them at the double-quick. All vessels now go up and down under convoy. We (the *Sebago*) remain to take care of the fort, and I hardly think we will again be troubled in this quarter."

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We continue in this number our series of pictures of the Army of the Potomac. On pages 488 and 489 we give two illustrations, one representing THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL M'CLELLAN UPON THE BANK OF THE JAMES RIVER ON SUNDAY, JUNE 29; and the other, A GENERAL VIEW OF HARRISON'S LANDING, showing the transports landing supplies. The former is from a sketch by our artist, Mr. Mead; the latter from a sketch by an officer in the James River flotilla, who has frequently obliged us by similar favors. A newspaper correspondent, describing the arrival of the Army after five days' fighting upon the border of the James, said:

When an aid of General M'Clellan rode back and reported that the way was all open to James River a thrill of relief ran through the whole line, and the sight of the green fields skirting its banks was indeed an oasis in the terrible desert of suspense and apprehension through which they had passed. The teams were now put upon a lively trot in order to relieve the pressure upon that portion still in the rear.

General M'Clellan and Staff rode ahead and took possession of the old estate known as Malvern Hill, owned by R. F. Dew, one mile back from "Turkey Island Bend." It is a large, old-fashioned estate, originally built by the French, and has near it, in front, an old earth work constructed by General Washington during the Revolutionary war. It has a spacious yard, flanked by venerable elm and other trees. A fine view of the river can be had from this elevated position. General M'Clellan approved the opinion that with a brief time to prepare the position could be held against any force the enemy can bring against us.

Exhausted by long watching and fatigue, and covered thickly with the dust of the road over which we had passed, many of the officers threw themselves upon the shady sod, grassy lawn to rest. The soldiers also, attracted by the shady trees, surrounded the house or hid-cocked in the fields near by.

General M'Clellan immediately address[illegible] himself to the task of preparing dispatches for the Government.

The transports were already there, unloading tons of supplies and fixed ammunition. There are now not less than 600 transports and gunboats in the river, a large portion of which are at or near Harrison's Landing.

On page 485 we reproduce a sketch by Mr. WAUD, representing the ARTILLERY OF SMITH'S DIVISION, UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPTAIN AYRES, HOLDING THE ENEMY IN CHECK AT THE WHITE OAK SWAMP. This was one of the severest struggles in the contest before Richmond, and AYRES lost a gun. A detailed account of the fight has already appeared in our columns.

On page 492 we illustrate a camp scene from a



REBEL BATTERIES AT FORT POWHATAN, ON THE JAMES RIVER, FIRING ON THE UNION TRANSPORT "DANIEL WEBSTER."—[SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE NAVY.]

sketch by Mr. Mead. It represents the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac singing their favorite song, "McClellan is our Man!" Our artist gives us one verse as a sample brick. It runs:

"McClellan is our man,
McClellan is our man,
We'll show our darky friends
Wherein he leads—
McClellan is our man!"

The sentiment is sound, whatever may be said of the poetry.

FLAG-PRESENTATION AT NEW ORLEANS.

On page 493 we give an illustration of the PRESENTATION OF A FLAG TO THE TWENTY-FIRST CONNECTICUT REGIMENT BY LOYAL LADIES OF NEW ORLEANS. This interesting event—whose political significance will be readily appreciated—took place on 4th July. The *Herald* correspondent says:

The feature of the day, however, was the presentation of one of the most beautiful flags I have ever seen to the Nineteenth Connecticut Regiment, Colonel H. W. Birge, by two very pretty and loyal young ladies, Mademoiselles Angela Sayler and Emelina Labatut. To show the opposition of such gratuitously conduct on the part of two of the fair sex of this city, the former was insulted on her way out of the depot and the day consequently forever consented to be present with his staff and escort at the regiment. As all others refused to participate in it, in full dress uniform, and accompanied by his staff, at his request, followed by the fleet of carriages before-named, under Lieutenant S. A. Perkins, commanding, rode down to the Customhouse, and back to the levee, the Fifteenth Connecticut, with the young ladies and their flag following in a carriage, marched from their quarters through several streets to the levee, where they were drawn up in line near Algiers depot. The Third Connecticut, Captain Thompson, was stationed a little below, and fired a national salute. The General and staff then rode to the centre and saluted the American flag, while the Connecticut regiment presented arms, and cheer after cheer rent the air along the line, while the band played "Hail to the Chief!"

The regiment then marched in review before the General, and, after they were again formed in line, the ladies stepped from the carriage, and Mademoiselle Sayler, taking the beautiful color in her hand, presented it to Colonel Birge, remarking that she considered the flag to be the gallant men of his command, assured that they would never allow it to be dishonored, adding that her sympathies and those of her cousin—Mademoiselle Courcelle—should ever be with the brave men and victors of the Connecticut Constitutional Regiment. Colonel Birge answered eloquently and with deep feeling, thanking the ladies for their beautiful gift and complimenting them for their loyalty, which, though not the usual expectations he was accustomed to, seem only to be the more admirable in that it proceeded from the right and warm, virtuous heart of woman. He added that their handsome present should be placed beside the regimental flags, and promised for his command that a shroud never let its form their banner or appear so long as their stout arms could defend it. Handing it to a color-sergeant, it was planted beside the rest of the flags and saluted by the regiment. General Butler then rode up to the regiment, and in a few words expressed his complacement them for their courage and generosity. The whole affair passed off very quietly, though there is a rising to mar the satisfaction, and a large crowd was collected to witness the ceremony.

The regiment looked splendid, and in their marching and the manner of their movements illustrated the discipline and capacity of men's entire regiments under have been organized and equipped, and from this circumstance they do, drive a commendable pride into everything relative to their fine appearance, but in their correct deportment and correct attention to improve and perfect themselves in the duties of soldiers. They are indeed a fine regiment, and will prove a credit to their country and to their regiment.

The flag presented is of heavy, plain blue silk, doubled, and on each side is a rich, deep-fringed wreath of gold, bordered by a heavy silver fringe, with silver cord and tassels. On this centre are the words, "Presented to the Seventh Connecticut Regiment," New Orleans, 1862." The staff is surmounted by a splendid spear of solid silver.

Secession ladies were not present on this occasion, and the fact that the number of ladies present was so thoroughly of the true their devotion to the cause of their country, and their courage is peculiarly manifest from their conduct yesterday on the occasion of the raising of the Union flag. It will be remembered that these same young ladies dared to cause forcan by flag, when thousands of men were afraid to speak to a Union officer, and presented a color-staff to the Thirteenth Connecticut Regiment (Union men). They are of the material that infuse new vigor of fidelity into the hearts of men, and elevate the moral and manly tone of society.

OUR SECOND LIEUTENANT.

"AFTER all, Burnet, this bachelor life is not to be despised, though some weeks and months it is not the dearth of woman's kindness, the lack of woman's love."

An expressively contemptuous "Humph!" was the Indian reply.

I felt very communicative or I should not have continued.

"Burnet, my boy, I came very near being entangled in the noose matrimonial once upon a time."

"Ah!"

"Yet, the bait was tempting, nearly as successful as our trout flies this morning. Methinks I see the glistening river, and the cool, green banks on each the maze of maize half will that do, think you? But to-day, Burnet, is a fine, soft, sweet voice—fishing musically and fatally as the water of a cascade in which some nymph of deadly beauty dwells."

"Those dusky promise notes, I shall have to have a fresher it the weather does not change soon."

"I was not to be checked in my vein of sentiment by his quiet coolness.

"Her face was fair with easy, wreathing smiles, but oh, her head! Blanche had a flowing mane of hair."

"Blanche, what Blanche?" was asked so suddenly by my old friend in a voice that startled me. Dark, stern face showed feeling as well as curiosity, but I had now the chance to be serenely indifferent.

"No matter; I was by any other name, 'etc.'"

He succumbed at once, and puffed again at his cigar.

"Burnet," I asked again, willing to be conversational in spite of his moodiness—"he candid, do you believe those *Scara de Charide* down at N——Hospital would have dressed our wounds with half the tenderness had they not known we were unmarried?"

"They know no such thing, Winslow. I was married ten years ago."

It was my turn to ask how, when, and where, for my surprise was genuine.

We two were in the same regiment—though I outranked Burnet, a man of character and refinement worth half our officers, though only a second lieutenant—both of us were wounded in the same engagement, and having struck up a cordial friendship during our camp life, had, by common consent, our furloughs together in recruiting health and strength among the mountains of Pennsylvania. I had never known Burnet before, and knew more of his antecedents; but the man's face and bearing never bore, and I was willing to share his confidence, the ring of the true metal in his tastes and opinions. His physiognomy was strikingly noble, open and strong, expressive of much energy and resolution; only once had I seen him act apparently from impulse, and that was during the Pope-Jackson encounters. It was at the close of a hard day's fighting. I had been wounded in the arm and was returned to the field, and was close beside Burnet just as a rebel officer fell near us. We both rushed over him, and he was the almost strongest man, and faintly murmured something, "Water," or "Quarter," I don't remember which. For a moment Burnet looked at him—oh, what a look! His face was blackened and grimed with powder and smoke; his eyes, bloodshot and glazed with the heat and flashing, angry eyes as he looked at the rebel, who seemed fascinated by the fearful glare, and gazed back again with undaunted defiance. Suddenly the defiance changed to veritable fear—craven, mortal fear—unmistakable; he was not the hero, but the old in a moment. I glanced at Burnet, he raised his rifle and aimed, a certain, steady charge at the rebel's breast. Horror-struck at the sight of such inhumanity, I dashed his weapon down with a quick blow, saying:

"Would you kill a fallen man, Burnet?"

"Thank God!" he said, in a deep, hoarse voice, drawing cool breath between his words and his pale face. At that moment leaden hail dropped desperately near us, and *the rebel was bayoneted by the next bullet which finished his rebel foe.* The man died instantly, and still Burnet, with the blood dripping from his wounded arm, stood in silence looking on the dead man. I had to urge him away. We had never since spoken of the occurrence, and I had often imagined Burnet about to explain; but his mood would change, and other matters drove it from my mind. Now, I felt the force of his every word, my quickness in preventing its action and Burnet's sincere expression of relief were most natural evidences.

Excitement and illness had followed, and we were both weak enough to be in the mood to speak of invalid life—such fearful bore to strong, healthy men, until the pleasure of being out trusting revivigorated our muscles of endurance.

"So I have been holding up the chorus of bachelor hood for years, and now a man listens to old a wife?" I resumed.

"No, Winslow, not a man blessed but *second* with a wife."

His tone was too keenly bitter for mere of my nonsense. Something was then assailing me—a painful, wirth would have been like that in Scripture, spoken of a man of sorrows and acquainted.

"Thou woman you described just now would have answered the common idea of my wife; her name, sir, was Blanche."

"Blanche Mayo?" I asked.

"Blanche Mayo! You have you seen her?" he asked, still with that pained repression of excitement in his voice, though it was nearly tremulous.

"Yes, Burnet, I have, in the most sweet young, exquisitely beautiful, the belle of her clique—a very worldly and fashionable one, I am sure, but wonderful. Blanche's mother—Mrs Mayo's mother, I correct—I cried myself.

"Then, she was indeed beautiful. What did you think of her?"

"Shall I be honest?"

"Yes, I can bear it now," and he half shaded his eyes from the light.

"She seemed to me one who needed every influence that strength of character could give to shield her from the effects of flattery and folly."

"Folly! Blanche Mayo! Oh, my God!"

Her beauty was of the winning, weak kind; irresistible to some men, even when tempting to sin."

"Hush!" said Burnet, suddenly. "I can not bear to hear her name calmly discussed. You will tell you all in a moment. Let us walk."

We strolled on through the pine wood, shaded for its picturesque beauty and attracting tourists yearly to its banks. Its wildness lent a lively beauty to the neighboring scenery; but in the spring it often became a source of alarm to the village adjacent, and freshets, therefore, had been common, were known to have caused much loss of life and property. Rain had fallen all day since our arrival at the village, and now it blew and poured in a while, as was apparent from the driving, ragged clouds, the wind-tossed trees, and rising which I reluctantly avoided Burnet's face, he began again speaking.

"I have wanted to explain matters to you for some time, Winslow, but I have found it such hard work that I have put it off. I see that your wounds go deeper than these," he said, tapping his lame shoulder—"deeper and deadlier, and they have healed, but feeler out till such time as the pain seems to be exhausted by them."

He put my arm in his with silent sympathy and he continued:

"You remember how you saved me from a murderer? I considered myself in the act of saving a man from a murderer in God's sight for it; but it was so wonderful a chance for the avenging spirit I had cherished, down that it was. Shall I tell you the thoughts which sprang into my heart just then? It seemed to me that at last was prepitious—the very man of all others most deserving his death-blow was lying there awaiting it from Jus the hand that I had given up to all the world's decree. I forgot that he was wounded and at my mercy; I forgot every thing except his damnable sin and my revenge; I forgot even the beautiful face which he had robbed me of, the being whose purity he had made impure. I should have killed him, Winslow, as you would have killed a cur whom rabid bite has poisoned the well-springs of a life more sacred to you than your own.

"I do not hesitate to call this murder. Once I might have walked the track to another world but misery and despair led me to the only refuge wretched were ever find—the religion of Christ; which indeed I thought I professed until that moment on the battle-field, when the old longing for revenge broke out, and, trusting to chance and Providence, I was about to take the law into my own hands, which they had sought to shield my unhappy soul.

"Blanche Mayo was the woman I loved, and that wounded man should have stepped me. Measure his sin by mine, and you can then understand my provocation. Understand No, that you can not.

"The last night I saw my wife was one very different from this sombre, sullen evening. There had been rain, but the sun almost smeared with crimson, the crimson of ripe fruit, and the gold of molten ore, under the long purple curtain of the vanishing orb of day. The night seemed unequaled in beauty, clear starlight, and I sauntered out on the grounds to smoke and to watch the fairies filling the rooms. It was very warm, and I heard Blanche called often away to little Ned, our child, who was feverish and ailed ill. Her little Ned was often ailing, and in the way of his mother's attendance; he was not the last, for his wife lives made spiritually one. Blanche feared me. I married her for her beauty—loving her as I could not help loving such exquisite traits of her false education; annoyed by her girlish frivolity and pitiful vanity, and yet, I think, Winslow only made a toy of her little baby, just as she would have done of any other pretty gift. But that night she knew well that I was jealous of little Ned by white feet were treading—she seemed tenderer both to me and child.

"We had differed once that day, but had let the slight cause pass without more than an impatient word or two, and I was glad on my account, and I thought if I could steal a smile or loving tone from her I would be happy. I was passing her room, but I did not care to meet the people in my house, so I clambered up to the piazza outside my bedroom. Love is blind, Winslow, I think the baby cried again, and Blanche came in tossing a rose impatiently, and with a coolness, a jealousy kindling that I was not aware of. At this little Ned cried louder, till, with a child's fitful caprice, he threw his disturbed glittering by her's ear; then he paused, and I think I never saw a lovelier picture.

"Blanche, in her airy dress of white lace so beautifully blending with the delicate fairness of her skin and the mists of baby, seemed to me an absolut light, which subdued material things to a spiritual beauty, in the sanctity of her child's innocence, looked an angel. I did not care to disturb her dreams, and little did I imagine the delicious torture those dreams were causing her. Her self-attitude as she bent a little toward the child in its simple night-gown gave her a listening look, as if some one were approaching, and I saw that her ear. The devil himself must have been then urging her to listen, and I was not aware that I myself the baby slipped from her lap. 'Love him? oh, indeed I do!' she murmured; then clasping her hands over her eyes, she shuddered violently. Despite on the verge of drowning miseries every action of their lives, and I as sure it must have been so with Blanche that night; hovering, as she was, near the whirlpool of ruin; for when she raised her hands her cheek was that flat-doll look, as if she had been gazing over the past. I, stupidly ignorant of her danger, was about to speak at that moment, for she had thought herself alone.

"The next day she was gone.

"I could have more easily forgiven her had she taken poor little Ned; but leaving him seemed more worse than leaving me."

Burnet's voice broke once or twice in the course of his conversation, but here it gave out completely. I felt that he must hear me; and I could not comprehend, from the agitation of his strong nature, how great must have been the provocation. I said not a word, leaving silence to do for us in sympathy what was impossible to convey in language.

Already it was raising again—dashing coldly in our faces and dripping from the fresh leaves foliage. I could not justly blame myself for reviving Burnet's misfortune, yet I was provoked that my idle words had been provocative of so much that was painful.

We turned from the night soon after; and I knew, from the return pressure of his hand, that he felt and appreciated the sincerity of my feeling for him. The storm was over when I bade good-night to him, and great blasts of wind swept down the valley with immense force.

At midnight a thundering crash awoke me; the roller roar of water and wind chiming in nearly unheard the words, "Burnet is drowned." "Drowned! the bridge is gone!"

I dressed hastily and went to Burnet's door; he had not been in bed, and willingly joined me in the desire to see how great was the injury or danger. Several houses had been swept from their foundations, their household gods. Several houses were swept away by the overflowing river, and the bridge promised to realize the worst fears. At one cottage the inmates were fairly turned out with only their night-clothes on, and a group of rough and ready rogue remarks we gathered there was still a person in it who could not escape. Burnet no sooner heard this than he determined to find out the truth for himself. It was with difficulty that we obtained a boat; still more dangerous was it to pilot it through logs, trees, and the mass of débris accumulated by the swollen torrent. We reached the house, however, and forced our way through the upper windows. It was a little cottage, and though I held a lantern before Burnet he could scarcely find out whether or not there was a living person in it; certainly, had they taken refuge in the lower portion of the cottage, they must have been drowned before we arrived there.

"Hark!" said Burnet, listening.

"It is only the hoarse noise of the water," I replied.

"No, it was lower than that."

"The wind through the keyholes."

"No, it was a voice; surely I heard it."

We paused now, standing over fearful ruins, listening ourselves, heroically indifferent to our own fate. We came to a little room where the door stood ajar. I held the lantern and as I did so the light gleamed on the dress of a woman kneeling at the bedside. She was praying, and buried her head down further out of sight; but that streaming silver hair and Cleopatra head were not to be mistaken. Burnet bolted one moment; the next he seized her in his arms and sprang for the window.

"Hold the lantern to faster or lose!"

The waves dashed in angry violence against the sill of the window; a furious gust blew out my lantern. Burnet, yourself! Burnet, Burnet, is that some sweet, soft voice of old, steady as it was when we dined, Burnet answered me, and the quiet tone of his wife's voice changed to a stilled exclamation—half a scream. She now knew in whose arms she was held.

"Oh, Heroes!" she cried, "do not save me. I want to die! I have longed for death! Let me go, and save yourself!"

"Not while God gives me strength to do otherwise," he answered.

"It is cruel to me—to yourself! I have prayed for it. I have tried to pray for it!"

"Come, Winslow, we can wait no longer; we must swim," said Burnet, preparing, as I supposed, to plunge. I could not swim, but I was in a restless thing to do, for the darkness was impenetrable, and the river must have risen seven with the remnants of the broken bridge. We left attack out, I striving to guide myself near him, for I feared his strength should fail him if he had heavily taxed. But in the noise and danger we became separated, and I was left to struggle with the furious current, finding my own strength momentarily diminishing, and I can hardly now recount even how I reached the shore. Bruised and drowning, and a little crowd of anxious, frightened people stood near the bank—some with lights, with immense strength, brought his wife. But no longer his wife; for pale and prostrate as a stone-covered dimness, Blanche lay dead at his feet. She would have been too exhausted to have been able to keep her head above water, even, perhaps, was struck by some floating fragment.

I never heard how she happened to be in that cottage, or even in the village, and I was in no condition to ask. I was unconscious.

How beautiful she was! The marble purity of her brow shaded by the long silken tresses of golden color, the blue eyes hidden, their false light closed in death, sweet voice, lips, and all Rubenslike! to destruction, lushed forever.

Burnet sobbed as he looked on her. Tender he carried her in his arms, as if she had been only a sleeping child. Almost a Divine forgiveness certainly a human pity seemed to have overwhelmed his actions, and the love which life had blighted shone accepted.

"I shall take her home, Winslow," was all he said as we parted; for my furlough was out, and I had to rejoin the regiment.

Four weeks after we were again side by side exhausting a mere battle, and found us shoulder freshet—the stream of human blood running crimson from warm hearts. Burnet's thin face glowed with brave heroism, and sorrow, pain and its bitterness, became a dream; with all the order that battle deprives he encouraged the men to more determined assaults, more victorious efforts, than any other man in the field. But I missed him suddenly, and as the roar of artillery ceased and the retreating enemy gave us time to attend to our wounded, I found Burnet surrounded with men and more painful eagerness. Near a fallen tree I found him, ghastly pale, but smiling as if no wound were powerful enough to subdue for long the physical pain could have done so. I held him in my arms till the surgeon came; but he could do nothing. Life was going.

"Poor Blanche!" he whispered. "I had forgiven her; I had tried to forgive her. Oh, God was may we avenge, it is my friend now. No; He is taking me out of the fight. I am not to see more bloodshed. Winslow, under God you saved my life from the crime of murder. It was a fearful temptation. I have prayed for forgiveness, and by the old day, Winslow! It all goes against us, still stand fast! Goodby!"

The setting sun was tinging the spikes of willow-leaves with gold; the meadows all along the road were white with daisies and buttercups, daisies, like the "pores which passeth all understanding," seemed to permeate the atmosphere with their fragrance in the face of death. On the stone was simply cut—"LITTLE NED."

"For us, whatever's undergone
Thou knowest, wither what is done.
Grief may be joy unutterdstood,
Only the Good deserve the good—"

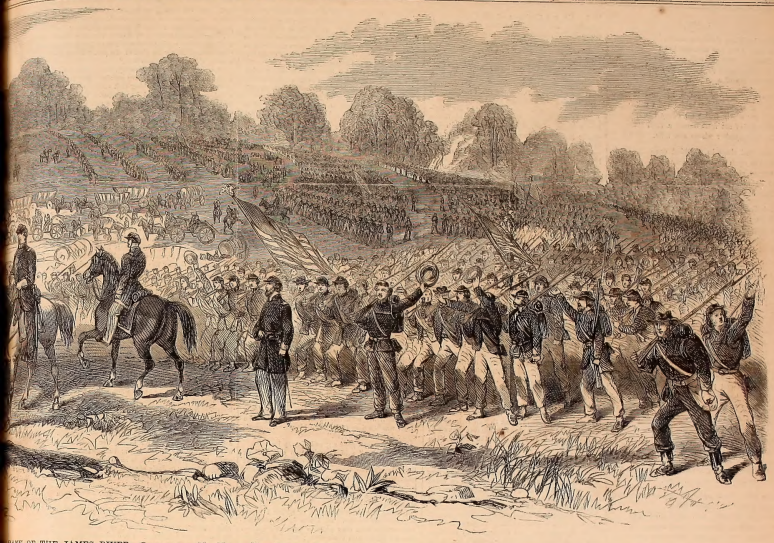
I said over to myself as I left the sacred away. But I could not help wondering why Burnet's fate had not been mine; for I came very near losing my heart with the fair, false Blanche Mayo.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL M'CLELLAN ARRIVING



TRANSPORTS LANDING REINFORCEMENTS AND STORES AT HARRISON'S L



RK OF THE JAMES RIVER.—Sketched by Mr. Mead.—[See Page 486.]



N THE JAMES RIVER.—Sketched by an Officer of the Navy.—[See Page 486.]

LINT.

FIBRE by fibre, shred by shred,
It falls from her delicate hand
In feathery films, as soft and slow
As fall the flakes of a vanishing snow
In the lap of a summer land.

There are jewels of price in her roseate ears,
And gold round her white wrist coils·
There are costly trifles on every hand,
And gems of art from many a land
In the chamber where she toils.

A rare bird sings in a gilded cage
At the open casement near;
A sunray glints through a swaying bough,
And lights with a diamond radiance now
The dew of a falling tear!

A sob floats out to the summer air
With the song-bird's latest trill;
The gossamer folds of the drapery
Are waved by the swell of a long, low sigh,
And the delicate hands are still.

"Ah! beauty of earth is naught, is naught!
And a gilded youth is vain!
I have seen a sister's scarred face shine
With a youth and beauty all divine
By the soldier's couch of pain!"

"I have read of another whose passing shade
On their pillows the mangled kissed
In the far Crimea!"—There are no more tears,
But she plucks the gems from her delicate ears,
And the gold from her slender wrist.

The bird still sings in his gilded cage;
But the Angel in her heart
Hath stung her soul with a noble pain;
And beauty is naught, and youth is vain,
While the Patriot's wounds still smart!

* * * * *

Fibre by fibre, shred by shred,
Still fall from her delicate hand
The feathery films, as soft and slow
As fall the flakes of a vanishing snow
In the lap of a summer land.

There are crimson stains on breasts and brows,
And fillets in ghastly coils;
The walls are lofty, and white, and bare,
And moaning echoes roll ever there
Through the chamber where she toils.

No glitter of gold on her slender wrist,
Nor gem in her roseate ears;
But a youth and a beauty all divine
In the face of the Christian maiden shine,
And her gems are the soldier's tears!

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. DIX.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. DIX, whose portrait we give on page 485, was born in Boscawen, New Hampshire, July 24, 1798. His father was the late Colonel Timothy Dix, whose services and death in the last war with Great Britain are matters of history.

In December, 1812, young Dix was appointed to a cadetship at the West Point Military Academy; but he never went as pupil to that institution. His father was then in the army, and being stationed in Baltimore, sent for his son, who joined him there, and very soon (March, 1813) received the commission of Ensign, and marched with his father's command to Sackett's Harbor, *the youngest officer in the American army.*

In June, 1813, he was appointed Acting-Adjutant of Major Timothy Upham's independent battalion of nine companies at Sackett's Harbor. He accompanied his father in the expedition down the St. Lawrence, and was with him when he died on board one of the transports near French Mills, in November, 1813, after the battle of Chrystler's Fields. He was then transferred from the infantry to the artillery, and attached to the staff of Colonel Walbach. At the close of the war he remained in the army, part of the time on garrison duty at various stations, from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to Fort Washington and Old Point Comfort, Virginia, and six years as aid-de-camp to Major-General Brown while he was Commander-in-Chief of the army. He finally left the service in 1828.

He read law with William Wirt, then United States Attorney-General, was admitted to the New York bar in 1828, and afterward to the United States bar in Washington.

In 1826 he married the adopted daughter of the Hon. John J. Morgan, of New York, by whom he has had four sons and two daughters.

From 1828 to 1831 he practiced law in Cooperstown, New York. In 1831, on being appointed Adjutant-General of the State, he removed to Albany. In 1833 he was chosen Secretary of State and Regent of the University.

In 1841 and 1842 General Dix was a member of the New York Assembly from Albany County, and took an active and influential part in the most important legislative measures of that period—such as the liquidation of the State debt by taxation, and the establishment of single Congressional Districts.

On the election of Silas Wright as Governor of New York General Dix was chosen to complete his unexpired term of five years in the United States Senate, and took his seat in that body January 27, 1845, where he remained until March 4, 1849. He was Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, and an active member of the Committee on Military affairs. He was the author of the warehousing system as it was adopted by Congress.

General Dix acted with that portion of the New York Democracy known as "the Free-Soil Democracy" in 1848–'49, and was their candidate for Governor in 1848. But when the delegation of New York became legitimately connected with the nomination of General Pierce for the Presidency in 1852, General Dix sustained that nomination.

On the election of General Pierce to the Presidency he first selected General Dix for his Secretary of State. But, as is well known, the leaders of the Southern democracy, of the Mason and Slidell school, protested so violently against his appointment that it was never made. The same influence prevented his appointment as Minister to France, which had been offered to him as an inducement for him to accept for a while the local office of Assistant-Treasurer of the United States in the city of New York. On the appointment of Mr. John Y. Mason, of Virginia, to the French embassy Mr. Dix resigned the office of Assistant-Treasurer, and withdrew almost wholly from politics.

Early in 1859 enormous defalcations having been discovered in the New York City Post-office, and the defaulting Postmaster having absconded, President Buchanan appointed General Dix to that office, and urged its acceptance on the ground that the public interests required the appointment of some man of the highest character and reputation for integrity and administrative ability. Mr. Dix yielded to these representations, and accepted the office. In January, 1861, the treachery and dishonesty of Floyd, Cobb, & Co., of the first Buchanan Cabinet, having reached their climax, and ended in the withdrawal or flight of those traitors from Washington, and the financial embarrassments of the Government requiring the appointment of a Secretary of the Treasury in whose probity, patriotism, skill, and efficiency the whole country could and would confide, General Dix was called to that high office, and entered on its duties January 15, 1861.

On the 18th January, 1861, three days after General Dix took charge of the Treasury Department, he sent a special agent to New Orleans and Mobile for the purpose of saving the revenue vessels at those ports from seizure by the rebels. The most valuable of these vessels, the *Robert M'Clelland*, at New Orleans, was commanded by Captain John G. Breshwood, with S. B. Caldwell as his lieutenant. Breshwood refused to obey the orders of General Dix's agent, Mr. Jones; and on being informed of this refusal, the Secretary telegraphed as follows: "If any man pulls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!"

This dispatch, evidently thrown off fervido animo, and with a pen too hasty to pause for blot or literal correction, was intercepted by the Governor of Alabama, and did not reach Mr. Jones until the joint villainy of Captain Breshwood and the authorities of Louisiana had been consummated by stealing the cutter. It found its way very soon into the newspapers, and it flew over the land like the Highland cross of fire, setting the hearts of the people every where ablaze.

General Dix has since taken the field. He commanded at Baltimore for some months, and is now in command at Fortress Monroe, doing his duty manfully and well.

THE OHIO OIL WELL.

A LOVE STORY.

THE mare swerved, dashing the high, lightly built gig against a stump by the side of the narrow road; off flew the spidery wheel; down came the fast-trotting chestnut; and out like a brace of rockets were flung the driver and myself. There was a moment of scuffling, floundering, and general entanglement, while a thousand sparks of fire danced before my eyes, and then I was creeping away from the broken wreck, when I heard Ben, the driver, cry suddenly, "J'hoshaphat, mister, mind her heels, or you're a gone coon!" And I have an indistinct remembrance of receiving two or three stunning blows from what seemed to be a blacksmith's sledge-hammer, and of hearing a loud shout of human voices as I fainted.

When I again opened my eyes I found myself lying on a bank, a few yards from the spot where the accident had occurred. The smashed gig lay in the roadway, but the mare had long since kicked herself free, and was gone. Ben, my careless or unlucky charioteer, stood dolefully whistling, with the whip in his hand. His face was scratched, and his garments were muddy, but he seemed uninjured, though dismayed. Six or seven men in working clothes were lounging about, and apparently conversing on the subject of the recent upset, but only one seemed to concern himself about my personal condition. He was a tall, muscular young fellow, with a fine, handsome face, and a rich, bronzed complexion. He was better dressed, as well as better looking, than the others, though he wore homespun cloth, while the rest of the party were in patched and discolored suits of black. Kneeling beside me on the bank, this young farmer—for it was easy to guess his rank in life—was supporting my head with a gentleness that seemed wonderful for one of his thews and sinews.

"Labor lost, Joe," observed one shabby smoker from his seat; which, by-the-way, was on the very stump that had occasioned the accident. "The Britisher, or Dutchman, or whatever he be, air as dead as Julep Cæsar."

Weak and ill as I was, there was something in this conversion of the Dictator's name into a Yankee idiom which tickled my risible nerves, and I gave a feeble chuckle.

"He's alive, I tell you," answered Joe; "though it does sicken a chap, a few, to git such a pounding as that. I'd like to see you, Zack Brown, after such a dose of cold iron. You'd sing a trifle less positive, or I ain't Joe Mallory."

There was a laugh, which Joe cut short by asking which of the by-standers had some "whisky medicine" about him? A bottle of this potent cordial having been produced, the farmer put it to my lips, and with arbitrary kindness forced me to swallow as much of the fiery liquor as I could imbibe without actual suffocation.

"I know'd," said Joe, in a dogmatic way, "what puts new life into a man in such a case as this, though I ain't overfond of the Monongahela in gin'ral. Do ye feel to be stronger, Sir, now?"

This was addressed to me, and I contrived to answer by some feeble acknowledgment of his Samaritan kindness.

"No bones bruk?" inquired Joe, adding, as I shook my head, "then mebbe you could make a shift to walk, leanin' on me? Sparta ain't above a big mile off."

I tried to rise, and with the help of the young farmer I did contrive to reach my feet, but I could not keep them. One ankle was smartly sprained, the foot having been awkwardly twisted under me as I fell; and I sank down with a groan, as helpless as a rag effigy of a man. It became incumbent to carry me; and the by-standers, now they were quite satisfied that I was alive, volunteered with a pretty good grace to assist in my removal. A light iron gate that gave admission into a field hard by, and which contrasted oddly with the rough worm fence of unbarked wood, was taken off its hinges to form a litter, and I was borne away on this impromptu palanquin.

Ben the driver had by this time set off in plodding pursuit of the truant mare; but before starting he halloed out a stentorian request to know "wheer they were takin' his stranger tew, because Major Staines might like to action him in county court for the gig."

I could hardly help laughing again, though my bones ached cruelly, at the suggestion of suing a man for the damage done in half killing him; but I felt a thrill of languid pleasure when my protector rejoined,

"Darn the Major and his actions! He won't cl'ar many dollars that way, for 'tain't fust time that tearin' chestnut brute have made a smash of wood and iron, let alone humans. That mare's unpopular in the county, and no jury would give a red cent if her neck was bruk. Any how, if the Major wants a dose of law, tell him the stranger's under Joe Mallory's roof."

The other men gave a growl of surprise.

"Why, Joe," said he who was called Zach Brown, "I reckoned we'd jest drop the chap at Dan Hunt's, the taverner's. You oughter hev more wrinkles by this than to lumber up your house with a critter that wants a deal of waitin' on, and mebbe hasn't shinplasters enough to pay for his board."

I made some answer to this, or rather I began to assure my hearers that I was better provided with money than they perhaps guessed from my scanty luggage and plain dress; but Joe Mallory pressed his broad hand on my mouth to silence me, and angrily told Zach that "when he sent in a bill for food and shelter to a hurt traveler he hoped niggers would trample on him."

Zach said no more, and before long I was carried into the young farmer's house, and laid on a bed. The men were going at once after taking a dram of whisky, but I insisted on remunerating each of them with a dollar, which, after some hesitation, they consented to receive for "loss of time." Very odd fellows they were—honest, I am sure; proud in their way, as Hoosiers almost always are; and not willfully unkind, but blunt of feelings themselves, and coarsely indifferent to the feelings of others. Before they departed I heard one of them ask Joe in no smothered tone, "What whim made him have the stranger up there?" To which Joe made answer, in a more subdued tone, that "Dan's tavern was no place for a delicate town-raised critter to be ill in, and that it was plain I felt the banging more than I said."

When the men were gone the master of the house called aloud the respective names of "Aunty!" "Phillis!" and "Terence!" but no answer was returned. Muttering that he would soon return, my new friend strode out into the yard, whence issued the familiar sounds produced by gobbling turkeys, lowing calves, and grumbling pigs. The house was a long, low structure, mainly composed of timber, with chimneys of brick; but it was very substantial and roomy. The chamber in which I had been placed was one of a nest of similar rooms opening into a passage, at the end of which was the great kitchen, decorated with dangling hams, smoked venison, corn cobs, barrels of pickled pork, huge yellow pumpkins, and sundry shelves of pewter and New England crockery. At the other end was a door, seldom opened, leading into the best parlor, where stood the smart furniture, the china, fine linen, and so forth, never used but at wedding, funeral, or christening. The quilt on which I lay was of a coarse quality, but scrupulously clean; the brown, rough sheets of the bed were very clean too; the pine planks of the floor, thanks to soap and water, were as white as the glaring walls on which hung a few cheap colored prints of Bonaparte's battles and the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon. The house was that of a tolerably well-to-do Western farmer: rather neater than the majority, but with no luxury or ostentation. While I was musing on the strange quarters in which I found myself, my host returned, accompanied by a negro girl and an old white woman, dressed pretty much alike in common cotton prints of Lowell make. There was a great difference in their behavior, however; for while the negress, whom I shrewdly guessed to be the Phillis so often called in vain, merely grinned a salutation, the old woman bustled up to my bedside in a moment.

"You're welcome, stranger," said she, "but we can talk 'nother time, I guess. A nasty tumble! What a bruise that is on your temple—I'll jest fix that—Phillis, the bottle off the shelf in my room, third from the end—jump and get it, and be spry, do. That gal moves as if she'd lead in her shoes. All them darkeys do. Sprained your foot, eh, mister? Let me turn it about—so, does that hurt you? Then run, Joe, and git the black box. I've got somethin' there, woundy good for sprains."

Joe good-humoredly hurried off to fetch the rude medicine chest, saying with a pleasant laugh that "he knowed Aunty be glad of the job. She *was* a nurse if ever any woman was."

Certainly Miss Esther Mallory, Joe's aunt, was a born nurse as well as a born gossip. She could do any thing and every thing that was required in a sick-room, except hold her tongue. Talk she must, and while with real kindness and untiring skill she applied bandages and lotions to my bruised head and arm, and my sprained ankle; while she brewed me tea and barley-water; while she adjusted the pillows under my head, and superintended Phillis in the boiling of a chicken for my supper, she never seemed to intermit the rapid flow of her discourse.

From this notable female, in the course of the evening, I heard all the family history. How the Mallorys had migrated west from their original abode in New Jersey, where they had been, my hostess rather boastfully said, since William and Mary. How she, Esther Mallory, had been induced, sorely against her will, to accompany her two brothers, Joe's uncle and father, to the then half known wilds of Ohio. How she had been there a long time, and didn't half like it, and had seen great changes, and didn't half like them, and thought New Jersey the true Eden upon earth.

Further, the good old maid related how Joe's uncle had died of fever, and how Joe had succeeded his father in the property two years before, while she had staid to keep house for him till he got a wife, being fully determined to go back as soon as her nephew's marriage should take place, and live on her savings, or, as she called them, "money-scrapes," in her native village.

Miss Esther was about sixty: angular, raw-boned, with a hard-featured face puckered into as many wrinkles as a withered apple, with keen blue eyes and brisk, active movements. I had seen many women in New England who might have been her twin-sisters, and I knew the race well—thrifty, clean, bustling busybodies, with a supreme contempt for the dawdlers and slatterns down South. A good cook was Miss Esther, a good manager, a skilled seamstress, but a better nurse. If she could do any one thing better than another it was tending the sick, and I believe she felt personally grateful to me for giving her an occasion of exhibiting her knowledge and adroitness. At any rate she was very affable and chatty, and took the opportunity of Joe's absence to sing her nephew's praises; adding,

"Poor lad! poor lad! He's a heavy heart, for all he tries to keep up a smilin' face. Drat love and sentiment, sez I!"

I started. Sure enough, my kind young host had a melancholy look, unaccountable in one in robust health, tolerably well off, and evidently respected by his neighbors. I had noticed it before, but my bruised limbs and throbbing temples had put the matter out of court, until Miss Esther's remark aroused my curiosity and sympathy. Little pressing was needed to elicit from the garrulous aunt what, after all, was no secret. Joe Mallory had been for some time the accepted lover of Susan Boone, only daughter of Deacon Gabriel Boone, one of the most comfortable farmers in the district, and who, as Miss Esther said, was "rather uppish" about family, being own cousin to the renowned General Daniel Boone, the explorer of Kentucky. The marriage had been unluckily postponed—a circumstance due, I fancy, to Miss Esther's own obstructiveness, since it was her desire that "a good chist full of linen web" should be spun at home previous to the establishment of the young bride as mistress of the house. In the interval a new discovery had subverted the old order of things. This was no other than the discovery of the petroleum, or, as Miss Esther called it, the "ile." It had been found; its value had been greedily appreciated by a population not very apt to let any source of profit slip through their fingers; and the favored tract of country, Ohio, New York, and Pennsylvania, as well as Canada West, had ever since been in a fever of speculation. Here were diggings, not indeed auriferous, but of a substance capable of transmutation into five-dollar notes, brought home to the very doors of the people. Of course property maintained its rights; there was no scramble; but some grew rich by finding wealth bubbling up at their very thresholds, and among this number was Deacon Boone, Susan's father.

One of the two "flowing wells" of rock-oil which had come to light in the parish of Sparta was on Deacon Boone's land. Luckier than most of his neighbors, almost all of whom had oil beneath their fields, but oil only to be raised by expensive pumping, after the spade and mattock had done their work the old deacon was proprietor of an absolute spring of the odoriferous fluid, which seemed inexhaustible. Thousands of gallons, every drop of which had its market value, daily spouted and splashed into the air, and an immense per-centage of the produce was lost for lack of barrels and labor. Under these circumstances it is not wonderful that Deacon Boone, always a weak, vain man, lost his head, and grew, as Miss Esther quaintly said, "most too proud to dirty his shoes walkin'." This elation was accompanied by coldness of demeanor toward his old friends, whom he was loth any longer to regard in the light of equals, and by an ominous coldness of bearing toward his intended son-in-law. Besides this, he had dropped hints of the brilliant prospects in store for his family—hints that struck poor Joe with dismay, since his position was altered now. A little while before, Joe, with a tidy farm and a little sum in bank, had been a reasonably good match for the daughter of a corn and cattle factor; but he was become relatively poor when compared with the fortunate owner of a flowing well of wealth.

"And the young lady herself?" asked I, with some interest; "is she as mercenary as her father? As ready to give up a poor suitor in hopes of a better match afterward, I mean?"

Miss Esther answered rather slowly, as she plied her knitting-needles over the fast-growing stocking of unbleached wool.

"Wa'al, I hairdly know, Sir. Young gals are that flighty and flim they don't know the differ atween yes and no sometimes. Susan likes our Joe well enough, but her father and mother are nouther of 'em overstocked with sense, and they go clack! clack! about how she's to be a fine lady and that, and visit Europe, and keep cump'ny with grand folks, and wear sat'n and lace, and mebbe the gal's little head's getting turned. But I bel've, I do believe, her heart air a good and tender one, as it had oughter, seein' Joe desarves a good wife."

Joe, I must observe, was out just then, looking after a "loping deer," which Terence, the old Irish hired man, who helped on the farm, had caught a glimpse of in the corn; and therefore I had time to hear a great deal about the Boone family. Among other things was a story the moral of which was that Deacon Boone owed Joe a debt of gratitude, which rendered his present conduct in giving him the cold shoulder peculiarly mean and contemptible. Years before, when the State of Ohio was more thinly settled, the deacon had joined a party of hunters who had brought a bear to bay. Old Boone was no experienced woodsman, but was vain and fond of applause, and perhaps had a notion that sylvan prowess ran in his blood as a kinsman of the great Nimrod, Daniel Boone; and he rashly approached the desperate animal, and was caught in its dangerous embrace.

"I've heerd tell," said Miss Esther, "that the sight wur horrid. There wur the b'ar, with red eyes glitrin' with rage, and a mouth full of blood and foam, and the Deacon faintin' with fright and the hug he got, and never a man durst fire, for fear they'd miss the beast and hit the man. But our Joe—a mere boy then—what does he do but run in with his hunting-knife, and soon med the b'ar drop the Deacon and tackle to *him*. That war a tussle, mister, for a b'ar takes a deal of killin', and when they brought back our Joe here he war tore to bits and all blood. You may see the great scar on his forehead yet, whar the b'ar's claws scratched him jest as he drove the knife to its heart. 'Tain't every big man in the settlements, let alone a lad, cares to face a b'ar with on'y the knife; and no wonder the Deacon allays petted Joe arterward, and used to take a pleasure in seein' him and Susan together, and sayin' they'd make a handsome couple, and so they might if 'twarn't for this weary ile."

At that moment in came Joe, moody and careworn. In answer to the question whether he had shot the deer he rejoined bitterly that he had not, and did not care whether he never shot another.

"I know what's amiss," said his aunt, glancing up in her keen way. "You've seen Susan Boone, and she's vexed you."

"Hush, aunty!" said the young farmer, looking askance at me; but Miss Esther assured him that my presence need be no restraint, for she had told me all about it.

"You hev?" the young man exclaimed, with an angry stamp of his massive foot on the floor. But almost instantly his frank face relaxed into its usual good-humored look, and he said, with a sad sort of laugh,

"I oughter remember she folks were born to chatter, special them that hail from down eastway. And, arter all, I'm noways ashamed o' my share in the bizniss."

"You have no cause to be, I am sure," said I, half-apologetically; "and I hope I am not intrusive when I say that, quite apart from the kind service you have rendered me, my best wishes would go with you."

The young woodsman stretched out his mighty hand, grasped mine, and gave it a friendly squeeze that seemed to make every joint and sinew crack. It hurt me rather, but there was no mistaking the kindly intention.

"Thank'ee, mister," said Joe; "but I reckon I'm an onlucky coon. I some fear I air. This ile, that's a fortin to thousands, air jest perdition to me. Bad enough the Deacon should be huffy and queer—but Susan! she hadn't oughter—she hadn't oughter sot more store on a pocketful of dollars than an honest man's heart. I met her jest now at the door of the school-house, where the children hev been larnin' hymn-singing, and she most scorned to give me a look—she that I've known sin' we were both little trots of six year old!"

"War she alone?" asked Aunt Esther, in a quick, snappish voice.

"Wa'al, no," said Joe, reluctantly; "her parents war followin', and she war walkin' along of a smart town chap, one I know by head-mark, Mr. Peter Clovis Tapper, the lawyer to Lanesville. Such a dandy fellow, with rings and yaller gloves, and scent on his white cambric hankercher; no wonder she couldn't see *me*."

The manly young fellow cast a glance, half-proud, half-depreciating, on his plain working garb and brown muscular hands. Miss Esther thereupon expressed her fears that Mr. Tapper was a new suitor favored by Susan's parents, who were bent on throwing off the former engagement.

"If I re'ely thought so," said Joe, "that pretty dressed lawyer and me might hev words—we might."

As I saw the dark flush of wrath that crimsoned the backwoodsman's sun-browned face, making the scar of the bear's claw ominously white and clear on his broad, honest brow; and as I noticed how the long rifle vibrated in the grasp of his strong fingers, I thought Peter Clovis Tapper, attorney-at-law, might wince a little at the prospect of "words" with the man he had supplanted.

Mallory, however, like most men of genuine bravery, was remarkably modest and quiet in his general demeanor, and his threatening mood passed away very quickly. He said that Susan was very young, that girls were apt to be fanciful, and that he should go on believing her to be true to him and her plight until he received his dismissal from her own lips. Then he broke away from the subject, talked of my health, and congratulated me on being in Miss Esther's care: declaring, what I am sure was true, that the old lady had not her equal in the county for bone-setting and bandaging. Happily I did not find it necessary to test her skill in the former branch of art; my bruises were gradually reduced, and, but for my sprained ankle, I could soon have proceeded on my journey well enough. As it was, my hurt progressed but slowly toward recovery: sprains are tedious things, and I found a slight imprudence undid the good work of days. However, thanks to Miss Esther's washes and drops, thanks to wet bandages and the healing force of nature, I was soon able to walk in a weak, slow way, with assistance. Sometimes I had the aid of Joe's strong arm, sometimes of old Terence's, and now and then black Phillis was commissioned to help my progress through the village or across the yard where the turkeys and fowls, her especial charge, gobbled and clucked in vast squadrons. There had lately been, Phillis said, three more men employed on the farm at wages; one Irishman, a nephew of Terence, and two "colored gentlemen;" but these had all been tempted away to work at a cooperage where the people were busy, day and night, in making vats, kegs, and casks, to catch the oil which would otherwise be wasted. Much labor had been withdrawn from tillage, I learned, for the same purpose, and in many places the crops were neglected that the mineral treasures of the earth might be garnered up. Of the crude oil I saw enough and smelled enough to satiate an amateur for life, during the weeks I spent at Sparta. Although there were only two flowing wells in the parish, there were plenty of pump-wells, where machinery more or less rude, from the chain of hand-buckets to the small steam gin or Ericsson engine, were in almost constant employment. The streams had a film of oil on their surface, the carts dripped oil, the talk of the whole neighborhood was saturated with oil.

But the two who profited most by this sudden outpouring of an oleaginous cornucopia were Deacon Boone and another farmer, with whom the Deacon was on bad terms. This was Elder Hiram Rutherford, a middle-aged man, whose land at Wyandot Creek adjoined the Mallory property. He possessed the other flowing well; a still finer one than Mr. Boone's; and it was a sore alloy to Mr. Boone's triumph to know that the person he hated was getting rich at least as rapidly as he himself was. It matters little why these two men were foes. They had thwarted each other, I believe, about some affairs of bargain and sale; and since then, in church assemblies, sheriffs' courts, market, or merry-making, they never met but to bicker and oppose each other. Elder Hiram was a gaunt, lean old sinner, with white hair, a leering, bloodshot eye, and a wrinkled face, replete with cunning; whereas old Boone had a vacuous face, that expressed little beyond conceit and love of pelf. Mrs. Boone, whose acquaintance I also made, was a flighty, silly woman, much overdressed, and already looking forward to the time when her husband's wealth should buy her a place among the Upper Ten Thousand.

But in Susan, whom I had fancied a cold coquette, I found to my surprise a very charming girl, extremely pretty, gentle, and sweet-tempered; rather too much so, indeed, since she had been half-persuaded it was her duty to give up Joe. But she loved him still, and she detested Mr. Tapper, whose visits and attentions received every sanction and encouragement from her parents. It appeared that the wily young lawyer had found out the weakness of the old folks, and was dazzling them with pictures of New York grandeurs, and of the lofty position which his New York connections would insure to the Boone family. And at last old Boone actually found courage to tell Joe Mallory that he must give Susan up, unless, in a month's time, he could show that he had the means to "keep her as a lady."

Poor Joe was willing and able to keep her as became a farmer's wife and a farmer's daughter, and he did not ask for a cent of dowry; but the old man was inexorable, and gave Joe plainly to understand that he intended looking elsewhere for a son-in-law. It needed no conjuror to discover where the Deacon intended to look. Mr. P. C. Tapper came over at least twice a week from Lanesville, driving his own tandem, and attended by a black groom in a sky-blue coat. My young host was in despair, and but that Miss Esther and I seriously took the alarm, and used all our efforts to keep him and the legal dandy apart, I have no doubt that mischief would have ensued. In this time of trouble Susan's conduct puzzled us all. She was sincerely attached to Joe, for her eyes brightened and her cheek flushed when they met, and she was evidently unfascinated by the Lanesville lawyer; but she seemed a mere puppet in her parents' hands. The probable explanation is, that she was too young, plastic, and docile to offer any decided opposition to the ambitious projects of the old folks.

Joe did not resign himself to useless and idle murmuring at his fate. At my suggestion he availed himself of the services of Barney Leech, the old well-sinker, whose income had been greatly increased by the petroleum discoveries, and he made a bold push to find oil upon his land, which, as I have mentioned, was next to that of Elder Hiram. And very tantalizing it was to see the thick jet of rock oil spirting from the soil at Wyandot Creek hard by; to see men ladling it up with tubs and crocks, coopering it up in casks, stowing it in jars, old bottles, empty "breakers" of spirits, any thing, and yet allowing hundreds of gallons to run to waste over the creek waters; while not a drop could Joe Mallory find.

"Sorry for it, for your sake, Mr. Mallory," said the old well-digger, when the excavation had been made, and deepened, and deepened, all in vain. "Sorry for it, but it would be robbing your pocket, I guess, to go on. A'ready you've spent dollars enough on the grope, and it's plain you'll get no ile: not if you dig through the world, mister."

This was sad news for poor Joe, who had been informed that morning by Deacon Boone that the day of grace was nearly spent, that Susan and he had best forget one another, and that from Monday next his visits at the Boones's house must cease.

I could give the poor fellow no comfort. Indeed, I had been compelled to indorse the verdict of the experienced old well-digger, that the search was hopeless; and my opinion, as that of a professional engineer, had great weight with Joe. I have not previously mentioned my errand in Ohio, which was connected with this very oil. My business was to conclude a contract between several well proprietors and the commercial firm in whose behalf I was engaged, and who had purchased my patent of a new process for refining the crude petroleum. When able to walk tolerably, I had not neglected this duty, and had concluded a bargain with Elder Rutherford for the delivery of a certain quantity of coarse oil at specified periods. With Deacon Boone I was unable to come to terms, and I should have left Sparta but for my interest in Joe, and my wish to serve him if I could, were it only by keeping him from drubbing Mr. Tapper, and incurring the risk of crushing damages at law. Joe's position with respect to Deacon Boone and his daughter was, of course, well known throughout that small community, and much sympathy was expressed for the young woodsman.

On the evening of the day when the well-digger had ceased operations, I had taken a short stroll among the wooded spurs of the hills which belt in the rich alluvial meadows, with no other companion than a stout hickory walking-stick. Rather tired, I was glad to sit down under a giant black walnut, whose spreading boughs hummed pleasantly overhead as the wind waved them, and I lazily watched the wild pigeons winging their way home toward the forests.

Presently a dead branch crackled under a heavy listless tread, and Joe came striding down the path, with his rifle cast into the hollow of his left arm, his hat pulled over his eyes, and a sullen desperate look that it was painful to mark.

I was on the point of rising to accost him, when something rustled briskly through the scrubby ravine to my left, and a low voice called out,

"Joe! hist! Joe Mallory!"

"Who calls?" answered the young man, stopping short.

"A friend, I guess!" answered the same low voice, sibilant as a snake's hiss. And out from among the shrubs glided a lean figure, with a broad straw-hat and a suit of yellowish jean—Elder Hiram Rutherford.

"I've no humor to talk much to-night, mister; I'm best by myself, jest now," said Joe, roughly. The elder laughed a little hoarse laugh, with malice and craft in the ring of it, but his voice was not unkindly toned as he said,

"Silly boy, don't you go blockin' your own light. You jest listen to me, on'y five minutes, and then cut up rough and shirk my cump'ny, if ye like."

Without awaiting a reply the shrewd old man caught Joe by the arm and walked by his side, talking fast but low, with upraised forefinger, but evidently with earnest emphasis quite foreign to his usual sneering manner. Even had I been disposed to turn eaves-dropper not a word could I have caught. I got quietly up from my resting-place and limped home.

Miss Esther was vexed that evening, for Joe was late, and the tea grew black and bitter, the cakes cold, and the spruce beer flat with long waiting. But when her nephew *did* return he wore a strangely flushed and excited aspect, and there was a glow on his cheek and an elasticity in his step. And yet, though evidently in high spirits, there was something odd about Joe. He avoided meeting my gaze or his aunt's gaze whenever he could. He shuffled about turning his shoulder on the company. He ate and drank and laughed in a boisterous way, but as if his thoughts were busy elsewhere.

That night, Joe's chamber being next to mine, I could have sworn I heard his window stealthily opened an hour after midnight, and a dull sound as of a big man squeezing himself through a casement almost too narrow to give him egress. Then followed the cautious tread of a heavy foot on the garden paths. Though why Joe, as master of the house and of himself, should choose to slip out like a truant school-boy was beyond my comprehension. Next night the same sound was audible at the same hour. Nay more, I looked from my little window, and caught the gleam of a dark lantern in the garden passing rapidly on.

But next morning a surprise occurred which put these nocturnal sights and sounds out of my head.

A new flowing well of oil had been discovered, and, wonder of wonders, it was not only on Joe's land, but it had burst forth from the very excavation he had caused to be made! A cow-boy, passing with his herd along the lane, had first seen the jet and heard the splash of the spouting petroleum, and the news had spread like wild-fire over the village.

Before breakfast nine-tenths of the people of Sparta, men, women, and children, had gathered in a ring to gaze, open-mouthed and open-eyed, at the portent. There was no mistake about the matter. The tawny liquid, like thick dirty water, leaping up in a thick pillar of fluid, and arching over as it poured its spray into a little pool of oil, was genuine petroleum, and the quantity was considerable. Fortune had knocked at my host's door while he slept, or at any rate while he was supposed to sleep.

Bating a little not unnatural envy, the impulse of the neighbors was to be sincerely glad. Next to having such an outcrop of luck within his own bounds every man present would have selected Joe as the best recipient for such a boon. In elder times and elder countries the windfall might have been assigned to the bounty of the fairies, but as it was, more than one man, and many women, loudly declared the appearance of the oil a "dispensatory" in Joe's favor.

"What will Deacon Boone say to't?" was the general cry.

Meanwhile I was standing among the rest, sorely puzzled. My professional knowledge made me suspect that some subterranean flow of the petroleum had taken place, and that in all probability Elder Rutherford's well would be a loser by as much as Joe's gained. But beyond the fence of partition I could see the elder's well, flowing, to all appearance, as lustily as ever; and beside me stood the elder himself, with no sign of apprehension on his thin face, or visible in the twinkle of his piercing eyes. Indeed, Mr. Rutherford wore an odd look of stealthy satisfaction, and he was not the least loud in his congratulations of Joe.

"Very strange," thought I. "That old man must have a better heart than I gave him credit for. But the outbreak of this oil is one of those apparent caprices of nature which perplex men of science."

The last sentence had been uttered aloud, and the aged well-digger at my elbow answered it with:

"Solemn true, mister. We dug and bored, and no signs of ile, and here it comes up, plenty as peaches in the latter end o' July. But here comes Deacon Boone, struck all of a heap like at sight of the ile on the ground of the chap he choked off from coortin' his darter. May I never, but he's gwine to eat humble pie!"

Eat humble pie the Deacon certainly did; for, after hovering about the oil like a moth round a candle, after listening to the by-standers' vague calculations as to how many hundred or thousand gallons a day the well would yield, Mr. Boone went up to Joe and held out his hand:

"Give you joy, my boy!" he said, in a tremulous way, and, taking courage from Joe's hearty hand-grasp, actually made a stammering apology for his late conduct, and more than hinted that his desire was that Susan and Joe should "come together."

It was curious to see the vain, mean man wriggling out of the dilemma, to hear his clumsy phrases, and to observe his coarse greed and time-serving nature. Such things have been done before in the politest circles, but here the mercenary character stood out transparent and stripped of artificial adornments. Joe seemed to feel the truth as he made answer in a voice that was audible to many of those present:

"Deacon, we'll let by-gones be by-gones. I'm willin' to stick to our old 'greement, and I'll be proud of Susan for my wife, but I want nuthin' more. Keep your money and your settlements and stuff, or light your pipe with 'em if you like. I take your darter in the clothes she stands in, and no property—not a cent."

All the villagers were talking for the next three days of Joe's amazing luck and Joe's no less amazing disinterestedness. It was known that the Deacon, who had but one son and no other daughter, would have given Susan a large sum on her wedding-day, and would have prospectively settled a much larger sum upon her. And however productive Joe's well might be, a good balance at the bank was never a hindrance in business.

Some oil was collected at the new petroleum spring in the course of the next four days, but not as much as if the proprietor had not been absorbed in preparations for his wedding. That wedding was duly solemnized, with the full sanction of parents, minister, and magistrate; and a very pretty dark-eyed bride Susan was, and very lovingly she nestled by Joe's side. Hers was a soft nature, but she had found a strong prop to cling to. I was present at the wedding, and found much amusement in the spectacle of the feast and frolic, which wound up with an uproarious dance.

Deacon Boone publicly offered Joe a roll of notes, Susan's portion, which Joe as publicly declined.

Two days afterward I was to leave Sparta. My sturdy host would, I knew, have been pained by the proffer of pecuniary compensation for my maintenance, but he did not refuse to accept a good German rifle, neatly mounted in silver, which formed part of my worldly goods, and which I had sent for from Philadelphia. This Joe promised to keep for my sake, and in memory of the eventful time we had passed together.

On the day of my departure a new excitement pervaded the village. Joe's flowing well had ceased to flow. The oil-spring had vanished as abruptly as it had appeared. Before long a great crowd gathered, cries of wonder and condolence were heard, and Deacon Boone and his wife arrived in a state bordering on distraction. Joe alone seemed cool, though a little sheepish. In answer to the Deacon's voluble inquiries he referred him to Elder Rutherford. The Deacon faced his enemy.

"What do you know about it, mister?"

"Know?" said Elder Hiram; "you've come to the right shop for knowledge. The well's dry; and why? Why, because the lease was for a week, and it's out to-day."

And so it turned out. Elder Hiram's malicious wish to play the Deacon a trick had suggested an expedient at which Joe, in his despair, had caught. A few yards of two-inch piping, laid down under cover of night between the Wyandot Creek well and Joe's excavation, had sufficed to extemporize a flowing well on the latter's property, while it merely relieved the elder's petroleum spring of its superfluity. The pipe had now been removed.

Of course Susan's parents were very full of wrath and reproaches, but they were at last overborne by public opinion. The majority favored Joe, probably considering all stratagems fair in love and war, while Susan took her husband's part; and the young farmer's remark was unanswerable:

"Deacon, I ain't ashamed. It's fust time I ever deceived any body, but 'twar for Susan's sake, and I never took a dollar of your money, nor never will. Remember that!"

So the young folks moved West, and were thriving in Kansas when last I heard of them. Miss Esther was still with them.



CALIFORNIA JOE, OF THE BERDAN SHARP-SHOOTERS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

CALIFORNIA JOE.

ON this page we give a characteristic portrait of CALIFORNIA JOE, the famous sharp-shooter, one of the best shots and most efficient men in that most efficient and admirable corps, Berdan's Sharp-shooters.

California Joe was first heard of by the public when the army was before Yorktown. The *Herald* correspondent then spoke of him:

"There is one personage who is making himself a history in the preliminary siege of the rebel strong-hold in front of us—'California Joe,' of the Berdan Sharp-shooters. I spent a delightful hour yesterday in his tent. He is a character, for sure enough. He is a rough customer, but looks a score of years younger. He stands as straight as an arrow, has an eye as keen as a hawk, never so steady as can be, and an endowment of hair and whiskers Beelzebub would have liked for a patriarchal portrait. He has spent years of his life shooting grizzly bears in the forests and fastnesses of California, and carries a telescopic rifle that in his hand will carry a long ways and with terrific accuracy. For several days past he has occupied as a shooting-place a hole dug in the ground just big enough for himself. His unerring rifle has made many a rebel bite the dust. He says he likes the sport, and he means to keep it up. A ball knocked off a portion of the upper bend of his ribs.

"In a subsequent letter from before Richmond the same correspondent said:

"A rebel sharp-shooter had been annoying himself and annoying the General and other officers by firing several times in that direction, and sending the bullets whistling in unwelcome proximity to their heads.

"'My men, can't you get your piece on that fellow who is firing on us, and stop his impertinence?' asked the General.



"M'CLELLAN IS OUR MAN"—FAVORITE SONG OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—[SEE PAGE 486.]



PRESENTATION OF A FLAG TO THE THIRTEENTH CONNECTICUT REGIMENT BY LOYAL LADIES OF NEW ORLEANS.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE 12TH.—[SEE PAGE 487.]

"I think so," replied Joe; and he brought his telescope rifle to a horizontal position.

"Do you see him?" inquired the General.

"I do."

"How far is he away?"

"Fifteen hundred yards."

"Can you fetch him?"

"I'll try."

And Joe did try. He brought his piece to a steady aim, raised the trigger, and sent the bullet whizzing on its errand. Next hour, the officers meantime looking through their field glasses, Joe hit the fellow in the leg or foot. He went limping, for he had but one leg and two hands, in a style of locomotion that was something. Our General was so tickled—there is no better judge of rifle skill on the shores of the fellow's retreat than it was some time before he could get command of his rimmers sufficiently to thank Joe for what he had done.

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

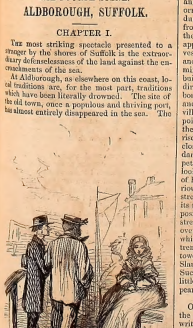
THE FOURTH SCENE.

ALDBOROUGH, SUFFOLK.

CHAPTER I.

THE most striking spectacle presented to a stranger by the shores of Suffolk is the extraordinary defenselessness of the land against the encroachments of the sea.

At Aldborough, as elsewhere on this coast, local traditions are, for the most part, traditions which have been literally drowned. The site of the old town, once a populous and thriving port, has almost entirely disappeared in the sea. The German Ocean has swallowed up streets, market-places, jetties, and public walks; and the merciless waters, consummating their work of devastation, closed, no longer than eighty years since, over the sole monster's cottage at Aldborough, now famous in memory only as the birthplace of the poet CRABBE.



Thrust back year after year by the advancing waves, the inhabitants have receded, in the present century, to the last morsel of land which a firm enough to be built on—a strip of ground beamed in between a marsh on one side and the sea on the other. Here, trusting for their future security to certain sandhills which the capricious waves have thrown up to encourage them, the people of Aldborough have boldly established their quaint little watering-place. The first fragment of their earthly possessions is a low, natural dyke of shingle, surmounted by a public path which runs parallel with the sea. Bordering this path in a broken, uneven line are the villa residences of modern Aldborough—tasteful little houses, standing mostly in their own gardens, and possessing here and there, as horticultural ornaments, staring figure-heads of ships, doing duty for statues among the flowers. Viewed from the low level on which those villas stand, the sea, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, appears to be higher than the land; coasting-vessels gliding by assume gigantic proportions, and look alarmingly near the windows. Intermixed with the houses of the better sort are buildings of other forms and periods. In one direction the tiny Gothic town-hall of old Aldborough—once the centre of the vanished port and borough—now stands fronting the modern villas close on the margin of the sea. At another point a wooden tower of observation, crowned by the figure-head of a wrecked Russian vessel, rises high above the neighboring houses, and discloses through its scuttle-window grave men in dark clothing seated on the topmost story perpetually on the watch—the pilots of Aldborough looking out from their tower for ships in want of help. Behind the row of buildings thus curiously intermingled runs the one straggling street of the town, with its sturdy pilots' cottages, its mouldering marine store-houses, and its composite shops. Toward the northern end this street is bounded by the only eminence visible over all the marshy flat—a low, wooded hill on which the church is built. At its opposite extremity the street leads to a deserted martello tower, and to the forlorn outlying suburb of Slaughden, between the river Alde and the sea. Such are the main characteristics of this curious little outpost on the shores of England as it appears at the present time.

On a hot and cloudy July afternoon, and on the second day which had elapsed since he had written to Magdalen, Captain Wragge sauntered through the gate of North Shingles Villa, to meet the arrival of the coach, which then connected Aldborough with the Eastern Counties Railway. He reached the principal inn as the coach drove up, and was ready at the door to receive Magdalen and Mrs. Wragge on their leaving the vehicle.

The captain's reception of his wife was not characterized by an instant's unnecessary waste of time. He looked distrustfully at her shoes—roused himself on lip-toe—set her bonnet straight for her with a sharp tug—said, in a loud whisper, "hold your tongue"—and left her, for the time being, without further notice. His welcome to Magdalen, beginning with the usual flow of words, stopped suddenly in the middle of the first sentence. Captain Wragge's eye was a sharp one, and it instantly showed him something in the look and manner of his old pupil which denoted a serious change.

There was a settled composure on her face, which, except when she spoke, made it look as still and cold as marble. Her voice was softer and more equable, her eyes were steadier, her step was slower than of old. When she smiled the smile came and went suddenly, and showed a little nervous contraction on one side of her mouth never visible there before. She was perfectly patient with Mrs. Wragge: she treated the captain with a courtesy and consideration entirely new in his experience of her—but she was interested in nothing. The curious little shops in the back streets; the high impending sea; the old town-hall on the beach; the pilots, the fishermen, the passing ships—she noticed all these objects as indifferently as if Aldborough had been familiar to her from her infancy. Even when the captain drew up at the garden-gate of North Shingles, and introduced her triumphantly to the new house, she hardly looked at it. The first question she asked related, not to her own residence, but to Noel Vanstone's.

"How near to us does he live?" she inquired, with the only betrayal of emotion which had escaped her yet.

Captain Wragge answered by pointing to the fifth villa from North Shingles, on the Slaughden side of Aldborough. Magdalen suddenly drew back from the garden-gate as he indicated the situation, and walked away by herself to obtain a nearer view of the house.

Captain Wragge looked after her, and shook his head discontentedly. "The devil take that gentleman in the back-ground," he thought. "She has not got over the loss of him yet."

"May I speak now?" inquired a meek voice behind him, articulating respectfully ten inches above the top of his straw-hat.

The captain turned round and confronted his wife. The more than ordinary bewilderment visible in her face at once suggested to him that Magdalen had failed to carry out the directions in his letter, and that Mrs. Wragge had arrived at Aldborough without being properly aware of the total transformation to be accomplished in her identity and her name. The necessity of setting that doubt at rest was too serious to be





"CAPTAIN WRAGGE STARTED UP ON HIS KNEES, AND STOPPED ON THEM, PETRIFIED BY ASTONISHMENT."

trifled with, and Captain Wragge instituted the necessary inquiries without a moment's delay.

"Stand straight, and listen to me," he began. "I have a question to ask you. Do you know whose Skin you are in at this moment? Do you know that you are dead and buried in London, and that you have risen like a phœnix from the ashes of Mrs. Wragge? No! you evidently don't know it. This is perfectly disgraceful. What is your name?"

"Matilda," answered Mrs. Wragge, in a state of the densest bewilderment.

"Nothing of the sort!" cried the captain, fiercely. "How dare you tell me your name's Matilda? Your name is Julia. Who am I? Hold that basket of sandwiches straight, or I'll pitch it into the sea?—Who am I?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Wragge, meekly taking refuge in the negative side of the question this time.

"Sit down!" said her husband, pointing to the low garden wall of North Shingles Villa. "More to the right! More still! That will do. You don't know?" repeated the captain, sternly confronting his wife, as soon as he had contrived, by seating her, to place her face on a level with his own. "Don't let me hear you say that a second time. Don't let me have a woman who doesn't know who I am to operate on my beard to-morrow morning. Look at me! More to the left—more still—that will do. Who am I? I'm Mr. Bygrave—Christian name, Thomas. Who are you? You're Mrs. Bygrave—Christian name, Julia. Who is that young lady who traveled with you from London? That young lady is Miss Bygrave—Christian name, Susan. I'm her clever uncle Tom, and you're her addle-headed aunt Julia. Say it all over to me instantly, like the Catechism! What is your name?"

"Spare my poor head!" pleaded Mrs. Wragge. "Oh, please spare my poor head till I've got the stage-coach out of it!"

"Don't distress her," said Magdalen, joining them at that moment. "She will learn it in time. Come into the house."

Captain Wragge shook his wary head once more. "We are beginning badly," he said, with less politeness than usual. "My wife's stupidity stands in our way already."

They went into the house. Magdalen was perfectly satisfied with all the captain's arrangements; she accepted the room which he had set apart for her; approved of the woman-servant whom he had engaged; presented herself at tea-time the moment she was summoned—but still showed no interest whatever in the new scene around her. Soon after the table was cleared, although the daylight had not yet faded out, Mrs. Wragge's customary drowsiness after fatigue of any kind overcame her; and she received her husband's orders to leave the room (taking care that she left it "up at heel"), and to betake herself (strictly in the character of Mrs. Bygrave) to bed. As soon as they were left alone the captain looked hard at Magdalen, and waited to be spoken to. She said nothing. He ventured next on opening the conversation by a polite inquiry after the state of her health. "You look fatigued," he remarked, in his most insinuating manner. "I am afraid the journey has been too much for you."

"No," she replied, looking out listlessly through the window; "I am not more tired than usual. I am always weary now—weary at going to bed; weary at getting up. If you would like to hear what I have to say to you to-night, I am willing and ready to say it. Can't we go out? It is very hot here; and the droning of those men's voices is beyond all endurance." She pointed through the window to a group of boatmen idling, as only nautical men can idle, against the garden wall. "Is there no quiet walk in this wretched place?" she asked, impatiently. "Can't we breathe a little fresh air, and escape being annoyed by strangers?"

"There is perfect solitude within half an hour's walk of the house," replied the ready captain.

"Very well. Come out, then."

With a weary sigh she took up her straw bonnet and her light muslin scarf from the side-table upon which she had thrown them on coming in, and carelessly led the way to the door. Captain Wragge followed her to the garden-gate—then stopped, struck by a new idea.

"Excuse me," he whispered, confidentially. "In my wife's existing state of ignorance as to who she is, we had better not trust her alone in the house with a new servant. I'll privately turn the key on her, in case she wakes before we come back. Safe bind, safe find—you know the proverb!—I will be with you again in a moment."

He hastened back to the house, and Magdalen seated herself on the garden-wall to await his return.

She had hardly settled herself in that position when two gentlemen walking together, whose approach along the public path she had not previously noticed, passed close by her.

The dress of one of the two strangers showed him to be a clergyman. His companion's station in life was less easily discernible to ordinary observation. Practiced eyes would probably have seen enough in his look, his manner, and his walk to show that he was a sailor. He was a man in the prime of life; tall, spare, and muscular; his face sun-burned to a deep brown; his black hair just turning gray; his eyes dark, deep, and firm—the eyes of a man with an iron resolution and a habit of command. He was the nearest of the two to Magdalen, as he and his friend passed the place where she was sitting; and he looked at her with a sudden surprise at her beauty, with an open, hearty, undisguised admiration, which was too evidently sincere, too evidently beyond his own control to be justly resented as insolent—and yet, in her humor at that moment, Magdalen did resent it. She felt the man's resolute black eyes strike through her with an electric suddenness; and frowning at him impatiently, she turned away her head and looked back at the house.

The next moment she glanced round again to see if he had gone on. He had advanced a few yards—had then evidently stopped—and was now in the very act of turning to look at her once more. His companion, the clergyman, noticing that Magdalen appeared to be annoyed, took him familiarly by the arm; and, half in jest, half in earnest, forced him to walk on. The two disappeared round the corner of the next house. As they turned it the sun-burned sailor twice stopped his companion again, and twice looked back.

"A friend of yours?" inquired Captain Wragge, rejoining Magdalen at that moment.

"Certainly not," she replied; "a perfect stranger. He stared at me in the most impertinent manner. Does he belong to this place?"

"I'll find out in a moment," said the compliant captain, joining the group of boatmen, and putting his questions right and left, with the easy familiarity which distinguished him. He returned in a few minutes with a complete budget of information. The clergyman was well known as the rector of a place situated some few miles inland. The dark man with him was his wife's brother, commander of a ship in the merchant service. He was supposed to be staying with his relatives, as their guest for a short time only, preparatory to sailing on another voyage. The clergyman's name was Strickland, and the merchant-captain's name was Kirke—and that was all the boatmen knew about either of them.

"It is of no consequence who they are," said Magdalen, carelessly. "The man's rudeness merely annoyed me for the moment. Let us have done with him. I have something else to think of—and so have you. Where is the solitary walk you mentioned just now? Which way do we go?"

The captain pointed southward, toward Slaughden, and offered his arm.

Magdalen hesitated before she took it. Her eyes wandered away inquiringly to Noel Vanstone's house. He was out in the garden, pacing backward and forward over the little lawn, with his head high in the air, and with Mrs. Lecount demurely in attendance on him, carrying her master's green fan. Seeing this, Magdalen at once took Captain Wragge's right arm, so as to place herself nearest to the garden when they passed it on their walk.

"The eyes of our neighbors are on us; and the least your niece can do is to take your arm," she said, with a bitter laugh. "Come! let us go on!"

"They are looking this way," whispered the captain. "Shall I introduce you to Mrs. Lecount?"

"Not to-night," she answered. "Wait, and hear what I have to say to you first."

They passed the garden-wall. Captain Wragge took off his hat with a smart flourish, and received a gracious bow from Mrs. Lecount in return. Magdalen saw the housekeeper survey her face, her figure, and her dress, with that reluctant interest, that distrustful curiosity, which women feel in observing each other. As she walked on beyond the house the sharp voice of Mr. Noel Vanstone reached her through the evening stillness. "A fine girl, Lecount!" she heard him say. "You know I am a judge of that sort of thing—a fine girl!"

As those words were spoken Captain Wragge looked round at his companion in sudden surprise. Her hand was trembling violently on his arm, and her lips were fast closed with an expression of speechless pain.

Slowly and in silence the two walked on until they reached the southern limit of the houses, and entered on a little wilderness of shingle and withered grass—the desolate end of Aldborough, the lonely beginning of Slaughden.

It was a dull, airless evening. Eastward was the gray majesty of the sea, hushed in breathless calm—the horizon line invisibly melting into the monotonous misty sky; the idle ships shadowy and still on the idle water. Southward, the high ridge of the sea-dyke, and the grim massive circle of a martello tower, reared high on its mound of grass, closed the view darkly on all that lay beyond. Westward, a lurid streak of sunset glowed red in the dreary heaven—blackened the fringing trees on the far borders of the great inland marsh—and turned its little gleaming water-pools to pools of blood. Nearer to the eye, the sullen flow of the tidal river Alde ebbed noiselessly from the muddy banks; and nearer still, lonely and unprosperous by the bleak water-side, lay the lost little port of Slaughden, with its forlorn wharfs and warehouses of decaying wood, and its few scattered coasting-vessels deserted on the oozy river-shore. No fall of waves was heard on the beach; no trickling of waters bubbled audibly from the idle stream. Now and then the cry of a sea-bird rose from the region of the marsh; and at intervals, from farm-houses far in the inland waste, the faint winding of horns to call the cattle home, traveled mournfully through the evening calm.

Magdalen drew her hand from the captain's arm, and led the way to the mound of the martello tower. "I am weary of walking," she said. "Let us stop and rest here."

She seated herself on the slope, and, resting on her elbow, mechanically pulled up and scattered from her into the air the tufts of grass growing under her hand. After silently occupying herself in this way for some minutes, she turned suddenly on Captain Wragge. "Do I surprise you?" she asked, with a startling abruptness. "Do you find me changed?"

The captain's ready tact warned him that the time had come to be plain with her, and to reserve his flowers of speech for a more appropriate occasion.

"If you ask the question I must answer it," he replied. "Yes; I do find you changed."

She pulled up another tuft of grass. "I suppose you can guess the reason?" she said.

The captain was wisely silent. He only answered by a bow.

"I have lost all care for myself," she went on, tearing faster and faster at the tufts of grass. "Saying that is not saying much, perhaps; but it may help you to understand me. There are things I would have died sooner than do, at one time—things it would have turned me cold to think of. I don't care now whether I do them or not. I am nothing to myself; I am no more interested in myself than I am in these handfuls of grass. I suppose I have lost something. What is it? Heart? Conscience? I don't know. Do you? What nonsense I am talking! Who cares what I have lost? It has gone; and there's an end of it. I suppose my outside is the best side of me, and that's left at any rate. I have not lost my good looks, have I? There! there! never mind answering; don't trouble yourself to pay me compliments. I have been admired enough to-day. First the sailor, and then Mr. Noel Vanstone—enough for any woman's vanity surely! Have I any right to call myself a woman? Perhaps not; I am only a girl in my teens. Oh me, I feel as if I was forty!" She scattered the last fragments of grass to the winds; and, turning her back on the captain, let her head drop till her cheek touched the turf bank. "It feels soft and friendly," she said, nestling to it with a hopeless tenderness horrible to see. "It doesn't cast me off. Mother Earth! The only mother I have left!"

Captain Wragge looked at her in silent surprise. Such experience of humanity as *he* possessed was powerless to sound to its depths the terrible self-abandonment which had burst its way to the surface in her reckless words—which was now fast hurrying her to actions more reckless still. "Devilish odd!" he thought to himself, uneasily. "Has the loss of her lover turned her brain?" He considered for a minute longer, and then spoke to her. "Leave it till to-morrow," suggested the captain, confidentially. "You are a little tired to-night. No hurry, my dear girl, no hurry."

She raised her head instantly, and looked round at him with the same angry resolution, with the same desperate defiance of herself, which he had seen in her face on the memorable day at York when she had acted before him for the first time. "I came here to tell you what is in my mind," she said, "and I *will* tell it!" She seated herself upright on the slope, and clasping her hands round her knees, looked out steadily, straight before her, at the slowly darkening view. In that strange position she waited until she had composed herself; and then addressed the captain, without turning her head to look round at him, in these words:

"When you and I first met," she began, abruptly, "I tried hard to keep my thoughts to myself. I know enough by this time to know that I failed. When I first told you at York that Michael Vanstone had ruined us, I believe you guessed for yourself that I, for one, was determined not to submit to it. Whether you guessed or not, it is so. I left my friends with that determination in my mind; and I feel it in me now stronger, ten times stronger, than ever."

"Ten times stronger than ever," echoed the captain. "Exactly so—the natural result of firmness of character."

"No. The natural result of having nothing else to think of. I had something else to think of before you found me ill in Vauxhall Walk. I have nothing else to think of now. Remember that, if you find me for the future always harping on the same string. One question first. Did you guess what I meant to do, on that morning when you showed me the newspaper, and when I read the account of Michael Vanstone's death?"

"Generally," replied Captain Wragge—"I guessed, generally, that you proposed dipping your hand into his purse, and taking from it (most properly) what was your own. I felt deeply hurt at the time by your not permitting me to assist you. Why is she so reserved with me? (I remarked to myself)—why is she so unreasonably reserved?"

"You shall have no reserve to complain of now," pursued Magdalen. "I tell you plainly—if events had not happened as they did, you *would* have assisted me. If Michael Vanstone had not died I should have gone to Brighton, and have found my way safely to his acquaintance under an assumed name. I had money enough with me to live on respectably for many months together. I would have employed that time, I would have waited a whole year if necessary, to destroy Mrs. Lecount's influence over him, and I would have ended by getting that influence, on my own terms, into my own hands. I had the advantage of years, the advantage of novelty, the advantage of downright desperation, all on my side, and I should have succeeded. Before the year was out—before half the year was out—you should have seen Mrs. Lecount dismissed by her master, and you should have seen me taken into the house, in her place, as Michael Vanstone's adopted daughter—as the faithful friend who had saved him from an adventuress in his old age. Girls no older than I am have tried deceptions as hopeless in appearance as mine, and have carried them through to the end. I had my story ready; I had my plans all considered; I had the weak point in that old man to attack in my way, which Mrs. Lecount had found out before me to attack in hers—and I tell you again I should have succeeded."

"I think you would," said the captain. "And what next?"

"Mr. Michael Vanstone would have changed his man of business next. You would have succeeded to the place; and those clever speculations on which he was so fond of venturing would have cost him the fortunes of which he had robbed my sister and myself. To the last farthing, Captain Wragge—as certainly as you sit there, to the last farthing! A bold conspiracy, a shocking deception—wasn't it? I don't care! Any conspiracy, any deception is justified to my conscience by the vile law which has left us helpless. You talked of my reserve just now. Have I dropped it at last? Have I spoken out at the eleventh hour?"

The captain laid his hand solemnly on his heart, and launched himself once more on his broadest flow of language.

"You fill me with unavailing regret," he said. "If that old man had lived, what a crop I might have reaped from him! What enormous transactions in moral agriculture it might have been my privilege to carry on! *Ars longa*," said Captain Wragge, pathetically drifting into Latin—"*vita brevis!* Let us drop a tear on the lost opportunities of the past, and try what the present can do to console us. One conclusion is clear to my mind. The experiment you proposed to try with Mr. Michael Vanstone is totally hopeless, my dear girl, in the case of his son. His son is impervious to all ordinary forms of pecuniary temptation. You may trust my solemn assurance," continued the captain, speaking with an indignant recollection of the answer to his advertisement in the *Times*, "when I inform you that Mr. Noel Vanstone is, emphatically, the meanest of mankind."

"I can trust my own experience as well," said Magdalen. "I have seen him and spoken to him—I know him better than you do. Another disclosure, Captain Wragge, for your private ear! I sent you back certain articles of costume—when they had served the purpose for which I took them to London. That purpose was to find my way to Noel Vanstone, in disguise, and to judge for myself of Mrs. Lecount and her master. I gained my object; and I tell you again, I know the two people in that house yonder, whom we have now to deal with, better than you do."

Captain Wragge expressed the profound astonishment and asked the innocent questions appropriate to the mental condition of a person taken completely by surprise.

"Well," he resumed, when Magdalen had briefly answered him; "and what is the result on your own mind? There must be a result, or we should not be here. You see your way? Of course, my dear girl, you see your way?"

"Yes," she said, quickly; "I see my way."

The captain drew a little nearer to her, with eager curiosity expressed in every line of his vagabond face.

"Go on," he said, in an anxious whisper; "pray go on."

She looked out thoughtfully into the gathering darkness without answering, without appearing to have heard him. Her lips closed, and her clasped hands tightened mechanically round her knees.

"There is no disguising the fact," said Captain Wragge, warily rousing her into speaking to him. "The son is harder to deal with than the father—"

"Not in my way," she interposed, suddenly.

"Indeed!" said the captain. "Well! they say there is a short cut to every thing, if we only look long enough to find it. You have looked long enough, I suppose; and the natural result has followed—you have found it."

"I have not troubled myself to look; I have found it without looking."

"The deuce you have!" cried Captain Wragge, in great perplexity. "My dear girl, is my view of your present position leading me altogether astray? As I understand it, here is Mr. Noel Vanstone in possession of your fortune and your sister's, as his father was—and determined to keep it, as his father was?"

"Yes."

"And here are you—quite helpless to get it by persuasion; quite helpless to get it by law—just as resolute in his case as you were in his father's to take it by stratagem in spite of him?"

"Just as resolute? Not for the sake of the fortune—mind that! For the sake of the right."

"Just so. And the means of coming at that right, which were hard with the father—who was not a miser—are easy with the son, who is?"

"Perfectly easy."

"Write me down an Ass for the first time in my life!" cried the captain, at the end of his patience. "Hang me if I know what you mean!"

She looked round at him for the first time—looked him straight and steadily in the face.

"I will tell you what I mean," she said; "I mean to marry him."

Captain Wragge started up on his knees, and stopped on them, petrified by astonishment.

"Remember what I told you," said Magdalen, looking away from him again. "I have lost all care for myself. I have only one end in life now, and the sooner I reach it—and die—the better. If—" She stopped, altered her position a little, and pointed with one hand to the fast-ebbing stream beneath her, gleaming dim in the darkening twilight—"if I had been what I once was, I would have thrown myself into that river sooner than do what I am going to do now. As it is, I trouble myself no longer; I weary my mind with no more schemes. The short way, and the vile way, lies before me. I take it, Captain Wragge—and marry him."

"Keeping him in total ignorance of who you are?" said the captain, slowly rising to his feet, and slowly moving round so as to see her face. "Marrying him as my niece—Miss Bygrave?"

"As your niece, Miss Bygrave."

"And after the marriage—?" His voice faltered as he began the question, and he left it unfinished.

"After the marriage," she said, "I shall stand in no further need of your assistance."

The captain stooped as she gave him that answer, looked close at her, and suddenly drew back without uttering a word. He walked down one more pace, and sat down again doggedly on the grass. If Magdalen could have seen his face in the dying light, his face would have startled her. For the first time, probably, since his boyhood Captain Wragge had changed color. He was deadly pale.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" she asked.

"Perhaps you are waiting to hear what terms I have to offer?" he answered. "I have to pay all our expenses here; and as the end of the day of the marriage, you take a farewell gift away with you of two hundred pounds. Do you consider me your assistant or your paying guest?"

"What am I expected to do?" he asked, with a furtive look at her, and a sudden distrust in his voice.

"You are expected to preserve my assumed character and your own," she answered: "and you are to prevent any inquiries into Miss Garth's from discovering who I really am. I ask no more. The rest is my responsibility, not yours."

"I have nothing to do with what happens at any time or in any place—after the marriage?"

"Nothing whatever."

"I may leave you at the church door, if I please?"

"At the church door, with your fee in your pocket."

"Paid from the money in your own possession?"

"Certainly! How else should I pay it?"

Captain Wragge took off his hat, and passed his handkerchief over his face for the first time in bed.

"Give me a minute to consider it," he said.

"As many minutes as you like," she rejoined, reclining on the bank in her former position, and returning to her former occupation of picking up the tufts of grass and flinging them out into the air.

The captain's reflections were not complicated by any summary divergence, from the present completion of his own position to the contemplation of Magdalen's. Utterly incapable of appreciating the injury done her by Frank's inflexible adherence to his engagement—an injury which had served him, at one critical moment, to gain an opinion which, delusion though it was, had been the saving aspiration of her life—Captain Wragge regarded the simple fact of her despair just as he found it, and then looked straight to the consequences of the proposal which she had made to him.

In the prospect *before* the marriage he saw many serious reasons for more than the mere form of a deception, in no important degree different—except as it tended to be aggravated by the deceptions which his vagabond life had long since accustomed him to contemplate and to carry out. In the prospect *after* the marriage he dimly discerned, through the ominous mists of future days, the looming phantoms of Terror and Crime, and the black gulf behind them of Ruin and Death. A man of boundless subtlety and resource within his own limits, beyond those limits the captain was as marvellously submissive to the majesty of the law as the most harmless man in existence. Conspiracies in looking after his own personal safety the veriest coward that ever crouched under the earth. But one serious question now filled his mind. Could he, on the terms proposed to him, join the conspiracy against Basil Vanstone up to the point of the marriage, and then withdraw from it, without risk of involving himself in the consequences which his experience told him were certainly ensue?

Strange as it may seem, his decision in this emergency was mainly influenced by no less a person than Mr. Noel Vanstone himself. The captain might have resisted the money-offer which Magdalen had made to him—for the profits of the Intermittent had left him in funds on with more than three times two hundred pounds. But the prospect of injuring him after his dark at the man who had estimated his information and himself at the value of a fivepound note proved too much for the captain and his self-control. On the small neutral ground of self-interest they had been met and the contest on the same terms. Captain Wragge's decision when he saw the answer to his adventurous proposal in no retrospective estimate of his own conduct: he was as deeply offended, as bitterly angry, as if he had made a perfectly honorable proposal, and had been rewarded by a very personal insult. He had been too full of his own greatness to keep it out of his first letter to Magdalen. He had more or less forgotten himself on every subsequent occasion when Noel Vanstone's name was mentioned. But, on calmly deciding the course he should take, it is not too much to say that the malice of many years, and for the first time in his life, into the right place, and the motive of malice carried the day.

"I accept the terms," said Captain Wragge, coming briskly on his legs again. "Subject, of course, to the conditions agreed on between us. We put on the wedding-day, Miss Garth, when you don't ask where I go. From that time forth we are strangers to each other."

Magdalen rose slowly from the mound. A curious depression, a sullen despair, showed itself in her look and manner. She refused the money offered hand; and her tones, when she answered him, were so low that he could hardly hear them.

"We understand each other," she said; "and the sooner we now go back. You may introduce me to Mr. Lecount to-morrow."

"I must ask a few questions first," said the captain, gravely. "There are more risks to be run in this matter, and more pitfalls in our way, than you seem to suppose. I must know the whole history of your morning call on Mrs. Lecount before I put you and that woman on speaking terms with each other."

"Wait till to-morrow," she broke out, impatiently. "Don't burden me by talking about it to-night."

The captain said no more. They turned their faces toward Aldborough, and walked slowly homeward.

By the time they reached the houses night had overtaken them. Neither moon nor stars were visible. A faint moaning wind, blowing from the land, had come with the darkness. Magdalen paused on the lonely public walk to breathe the air more freely. After a while she turned her face from the breeze, and looked out over the sea. The immeasurable silence of the calm waters, lost in the black void of night, was awful. She stood looking into the darkness, as if the mystery had no secrets for her—she advanced toward it slowly, as if it drew her by some hidden attraction into itself.

"I am going down to the sea," she said to her companion. "Wait here, and I will come back."

He lost sight of her in an instant—it was as if the night had swallowed her up. He listened, and counted her footsteps by the crunching of them on the shingle in the deep stillness. They retreated slowly and farther away into the night. Suddenly the sound of them ceased. Had she paused on her course? or had she reached one of the strips of sand left bare by the ebbing tide?

He waited and listened anxiously. The time passed, and no sound reached him. He still listened with a growing distrust of the darkness. Another moment, and there came a sound from the invisible shore. Far and faint from the beach below, it crept toward him through the silence. Then all was still once more.

In sudden alarm he stepped forward to descend to the beach and to call her. But he could cross the path footsteps rapidly advancing straight in his direction. He waited instant and the figure of a man passed quickly along the road between him and the sea. It was too dark to discern any thing but a figure. He said, how ever, only possible to see that he was a tall man, and all trace of him in the merchant service whose name was Kirke.

The figure passed on northward and was instantly lost in the darkness. Magdalen crossed the path, and advancing a few steps down the beach stopped and listened again. The crash of footsteps in the shingle ceased for one moment. Slowly as the sound had left him that sound now returned. He called to her, and spoke to him. She came on till he could just see her—a shadow ascending the shingly slope, and gliding past him in silence toward the road.

"You alarmed me," he whispered, nervously. "I was afraid something had happened. I heard you cry out, as if you were in pain."

"Did you?" she said, carelessly. "I was in pain. But it's over now. Let us go home."

Her hand mechanically swung something to and fro as she spoke. It was the little gold watch-chain and the white silk bag which she had always kept hidden in her bosom up to this time. One of the relics which it had been the object of the relics which she had not had the heart to part with before—was gone from its hiding-place. Above the one strange shore, she had torn from her the fondest of her virgin memories, the dearest of her virgin hopes. Above the other strange shore she had taken the lock of Frank's hair from its encircling folds of paper, and had cast it away from her to the sea and the night.

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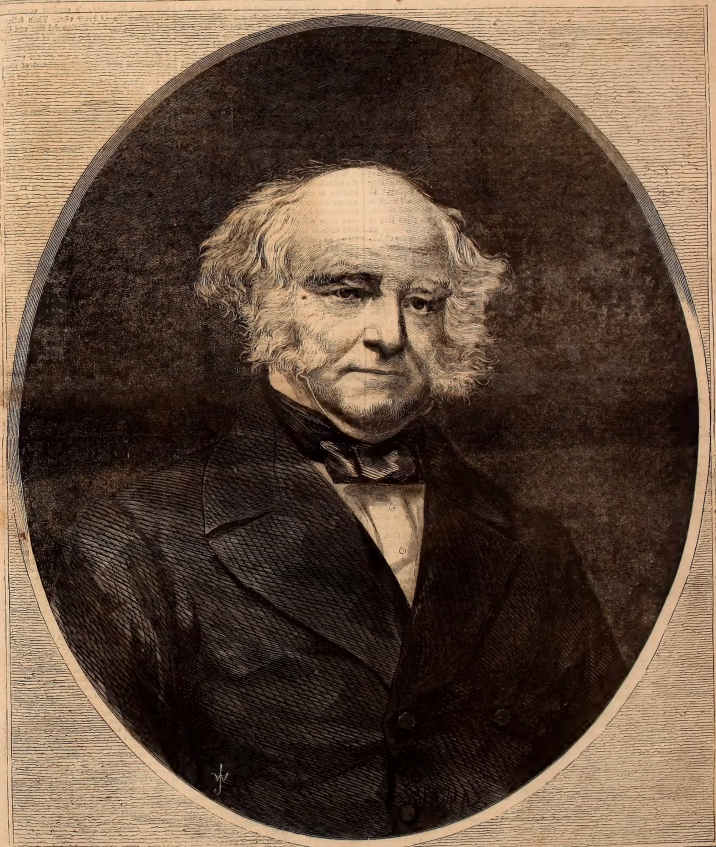
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VI.—No. 293.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE LATE MARTIN VAN BUREN, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 503.]

A PROCLAMATION.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

In pursuance of the sixth section of the act of Congress entitled "An Act to suppress Insurrection, to punish Treason and Rebellion, to seize and confiscate the Property of Rebels, and for other Purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which act, and the joint resolution explanatory thereof, are hereinafter published, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim to and warn all persons within the contemplation of said sixth section to cease participating in, aiding, countenancing, or abetting the unlawful rebellion, or any rebellion, against the Government of the United States, and to return to their proper allegiance to the United States, on pain of the forfeiture and confiscation of their estates and property which, by said sixth section provided.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this 25th day of July, [L. S.] in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President—WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

THE SIXTH SECTION.

Annexed to the sixth section of the Confiscation act referred to by the President in the above proclamation:

SEC. 6. And be it further enacted, That if any person shall, after the expiration of the said sixty days from the date of this act, being engaged within any State or Territory in armed rebellion against the Government of the United States, or aiding or abetting such rebellion, after the said sixty days after the proclamation and proclamation duly given and made by the President of the United States, cease to aid, countenance, and abet such rebellion, and return to his allegiance to the United States, and shall henceforth continue loyal thereto, and render such person shall be liable to seizure as aforesaid, and it shall be the duty of the officer to seize and use them as aforesaid, or the proceeds thereof. And all sales, transfers, or conveyance of any such property after the expiration of the said sixty days from the date of this act, unless made and proceeded with in pursuance of this act, shall be void; and no title shall be conveyed by any person by virtue of any sale of such property, or any part of it, to any person who does not prove that he was not one of the persons described in this section.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1862.

A NEW MOVE ON THE EUROPEAN BOARD.

EUROPEAN politics are a queer puzzle. The latest news from Europe contains the statement that a new and close alliance is to be formed between France and Russia. Simultaneously, we perceive that the *Moniteur*, the official organ of the French Government, has ceased to take the side of the Southern rebels, since more advices from the North, and even undertakes the defense of General Butler from British scurrility.

If LOUIS Napoleon really cherishes the desire to humble England—as Englishmen generally believe—events could not have shaped themselves more conveniently for the accomplishment of his purpose. His movements have encouraged the British to think that if England interfered in this country France would side with her. Acting on this belief, the London press has pursued us with a brutal and blackguard malignity which has filled the American heart with the most intense hostility toward England. If, in carrying out the policy of the new Russo-French alliance, that we Emperor should resolve to quarrel with England, he would thus have the entire civilized world—with, perhaps, the single exception of helpless Austria—on his side. Spain would want to regain Gibraltar. Italy is turning to arms for the recovery of Nice. And in this country, we are sorry to say, has been goaded into a pitch of fury by the studied snubs, arrogance, and study cruelty of the British press that we should certainly raise no hand on behalf of Great Britain.

It is a little remarkable that, at a late review of Volunteers in England, the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, took pains to be present, and to utter a speech—with unusual and hearty earnestness," as a reporter said—to be ready, when the time came, to perform manfully the work for which they had been organized.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. HALLECK is now Commander-in-Chief of the army of the United States, and the public may confidently feel satisfied, in the first place, that the various operations of our forces will be directed with single mind; and secondly, that the direction will be that of a soldier, and not that of a lawyer.

It is impossible to exaggerate the evil which has been done by division of counsels and civilian interference with military movements. General Halleck's rapid success in the West mainly increased the obstacles in the path of General M'Clellan, and enabled Jeff Davis to send to Richmond the ablest generals and possibly some of the troops of the Southwestern rebel army. Again, when General M'Clellan embarked at Alexandria for Old Point, it was with the distinct understanding that General M'Dowell would co-operate with him with 40,000 men from Fredericksburg; it was not till his troops had actually commenced that the civilians in authority at Washington discovered that a movement by M'Dowell on Richmond might leave Washington uncovered, countermanded their previous orders, and paralyzed the Army of the Potomac. General M'Clellan had understood that he could not have the co-operation of M'Dowell his plans might have been very different, and the losses incurred at Williamsburg, Fairoaks, and the Chickahominy might have been spared. We have it on the best authority that General M'Clellan from the beginning of hostilities from Washington that he must dispense with M'Dowell's army, he covered his flank with his own, with the powerful result that he plunged in sombre silence—to use the language of one of his aids, "with an awful expression." He saw that the carefully-laid plan of attack had been submitted to and approved by the civilian authorities at Washington had been overset by an after-thought, and that his army, for the work which had been mathematically certain, was now rendered problematical. If General Halleck had been at Washington with the powers of Commander-in-Chief, Beauregard would never have been set free to go to Richmond, and M'Clellan would never have been allowed to send that fatal expedition whose success could have been afterward defeated by civilian panic.

There has been much said in the papers about a rivalry between M'Clellan and Halleck. There is no foundation for any thing of the kind. *General Halleck's letter to the Commander-in-Chief by General M'Clellan on 9th July, when the President visited Harrison's Landing, and was appointed Commander-in-Chief, returned to Washington on 11th.* They are old personal friends, thoroughly appreciate each other's genius, and will work together in perfect harmony.

It may not be amiss to refer briefly, in this connection, to the speech of Senator Chandler, of Michigan, on the subject of the war, and to the echoes of that speech in the press. Certain friends of General M'Clellan are vastly indignant that a speech should have been made criticising their hero. We do not share the feeling. In our opinion General M'Clellan has not committed a single error in the whole campaign. He has and has evinced qualities which place him in the highest military ranks. History, we think, will place his movement from the James to Abominy to the James among the grandest military exploits of the world. It will pronounce that others, not M'Clellan, are responsible for the failure of the Union army to take Richmond in July. As a soldier we should be very sorry to believe that we had any soldier in the field who was not subject to criticism, or whose performance was not fairly a topic of debate. Senator Chandler is entitled to the opinion of General M'Clellan, and entitled to express it as the Senator pleases. We are entitled to print it. It must go for what it is worth. General M'Clellan, we are satisfied, would be the last man to object to criticism. There is enough of a man to know that if it be unjust, his record will shine all the brighter for his previous depreciation of it; and that, in the end, it will be the way the better for the country. Thus far Senator Chandler's attack seems to have merely strengthened the public and the President's confidence in M'Clellan.

The appointment of a resident Commander-in-Chief of Major-General Halleck, the national orders directing the army to subsist itself on the enemy, and emploj negroes in every fitting capacity, indicate that the nation has at last grown wise enough in the method of carrying on the war. The new orders from Washington command the hearty support of every loyal man. They show that the rebels should be made to feel, in their hearths and homes, the horrors of the war they have forced on us. And at the same time, in prosecuting the arduous task before us, we should secure any allies we can—white men if they offer, black men if they will.

A number of well-meaning persons complain that the Government is too slow—that we should have had a million of men in the field at once that President ought long ago to have authorized our officers to subsist themselves on the rebels, and employ fugitive negroes. If Mr. Lincoln had done any after the event—very simple for people who have had no responsibility to bear, to turn round upon the men who have borne it, and call the want of public service on their shoulders and say, when disaster occurs, "I told you so."

History teaches us very plainly that revolutions are steadily progressive, and that a Government can be safe and strong, must never be in advance of the nation. If Mr. Lincoln had commanded our generals to seize the property of Southern rebels in the spring, to declare that the North would abandon the Constitution the act as needless and barbarous. If, at the same time, a large majority of the loyal people would have opposed him; numbers of army officers, who are now fierce abolitionists, would have resigned; and such conservative soldiers as General Lewis Wallace, General Ben Butler, General Hunter himself would have refused to serve. Mr. Lincoln was compelled to wait until stern experience had eradicated from the Democratic mind the old pro-slavery prejudices, which had been fostered for a generation. Let any one ask General Wallace what his views were when he raised the 11th Indiana Zouaves: he will say that, while he was for the Union, he was heartily pro-slavery. Now he denounces those who oppose negro regiments as little better than traitors. Simple General Butler's letter to Governor Andrew, dated from Annapolis, in April, 1861, with his present dispatches: the progress is marvelous. In April, 1861, there was not a firmer supporter of slavery in the country than Major Dave Hunter, of Illinois, who has just raised the 1st South Carolina Regiment of Volunteers, consisting exclusively of negroes. It is possible that Mr. Lincoln may have foreseen, five months ago, that he would have to be compelled to arm negroes and seize Southern property. But whether he did or not, it is more than probable that, if he had so far anticipated the progress of public sentiment as to inaugurate any of these main measures, we should have had—what the rebels fondly contemplate now—a divided and powerless North.

Let us, again, wait patiently to the numbers of our forces. Why didn't the President call out 300,000 on April 15, 1861, instead of 75,000? Let any man think over the sensations on the morning when the call for 75,000 appeared and say, honestly, whether he didn't think the numbers enormous. Why, Illinois almost curiously whether she could furnish 6,000 men at a new business. None of the young men knew any thing of drill. The wisest could not tell whether the people of the North would fight *en masse* for the Union. If Mr. Lincoln had stated in a proclamation that 300,000 men were required, people might have replied that the game was not worth the candle. So in July, when he asked for 600,000 more, *the 300,000 called for by ex post facto* critics shrink, "Why didn't he call for a million, and finish up the work?" Those very men, when the Tribune appeared on the 5th July, believed and declared that it was merely an exaggeration intended to frighten the South. They didn't know any more than we ourselves what wanted, much less raised, and found too few.

We do not wish to be understood as excusing the mistakes which have occurred. It was a bad blunder to stop recruiting last Fall. And it was an inexcusable error—one of the many absurdities for which Mr. Cameron has to answer—to allow a single regiment to march to the field without establishing a recruiting depot to fill up its ranks when they became thinned by the casualties of war. These are the stupidities into which peaceful nations always fall when they embark in the strange and unnatural business of war. But in the main, history will decide that the Administration of Mr. Lincoln raised the army from nothing as speedily as the temper of the North would allow.

Three hundred thousand more men are now wanted, and will probably be forthcoming without a draft. We trust that the President and General Halleck will not commit the unfortunate blunder of organizing them into small regiments, so as to be useless, when they might be made invaluable by being distributed among veteran battalions. Four is the possible that we may have this lesson, too, to learn by experience.

Meanwhile officials in each State are preparing the necessary registers for a draft. It is hardly likely that the war will be concluded without one. Even with 200,000 fresh troops, our armies will still be outnumbered by the rebels, who have 700,000 men in the field. But it is entirely within the power of the President to exhaust the volunteer system, and then fall back on drafting, rather than run the risk of rendering the more unpopular in the rural districts at the present critical moment by drafting men, if there be no absolute necessity for resorting to such extreme measures. By-and-by the public mind will be educated to the necessity, and then the wiseacres will shout aloud—We told you so! We told you so!

M'CLELLAN UNDER FIRE.

GENERAL SCOTT, when after the battles upon Manassas Plains (won so often not only before they occurred but since, by newspaper strategists) it became necessary to commit to some one the two-fold function of the task of making a great army and planning a vast and complicated campaign, recommended M'CLELLAN, not only because of the military capacity which he had shown in Western Virginia, but on account of his "youth, energy, and indefatigable energy which he exhibited throughout the campaign in Mexico. Into that campaign he entered in the humble rank of commissioned officers—that of second lieutenant—but in the highest department of the service—the engineers—a position achieved by his graduating at West Point with the highest honors.

In Mexico he won not only reputation for skill and courage as a military engineer, but laurels for his gallantry in the field. He was always working night and day in the furtherance of duty. He reconnoitered the heights of Cerro Gordo, and so successfully as to elicit the commendations of the veteran commander, when he was detailed to PILLOW's brigade in the general assault, and where he performed his duties under the fiercest fire of the day; that brigade, which moved upon the Mexican right, having been obliged to attack the enemy under great disadvantages of position, and having met with such determined resistance that it was repulsed with heavy loss—the field having been won by the carrying of the centre and left. In this his first battle he won the meed of special mention. At the battles of Contreras, Cherubusco, on the 19th and 20th of August, 1847, M'CLELLAN again distinguished himself by his daring and gallantry. Being detailed to General TWIGGS's division, he led its way to the attack on the 19th, and performed a reconnaissance for the placing of batteries so near the enemy's lines that he and the topographical officer with him found themselves fired upon from them. The battle coming on immediately, and the commander of the howitzer battery having been killed in the engagement, M'CLELLAN sprang forward, took his post, and fought the battery with great spirit and ability until it became so disabled as to be withdrawn. For these deeds specially recommended him to the favorable consideration of General SCOTT for "efficiency and gallantry in action." Again, on the same immediately invested First Lieutenant of Engineers. Next came the battles of Churubusco—five degrees more conflicts in a day and a night—throughout which M'CLELLAN's conduct commanded the admiration of every one. Then followed the assault upon El Molino del Rey and Casa de Mata, outposts of the Castle of Chapultepec—fearful struggles; for although both positions were carried, it was with the loss of three hundredest loss in killed and wounded of nearly one-fourth of the attacking force. In the midst of these bloody and spirited conflicts Captain M'CLELLAN went imperturbably about his work, managing the guns and placing the batteries as if he were on dress parade. At Chapultepec the Castle itself he was equally conspicuous, and won Lieutenant Colonel's special mention for "gallantry and valuable service," besides the promotion which he received for "signal service" as an engineer in the report of the commander of that corps. And finally, at Mexico, he was the first officer to push into the city, which he entered at the head of his sappers and miners at three o'clock in the morning, and where he commenced that most dreadful of all attacks, firing from windows and house-tops, which was kept up by two thousand released convicts, the Mexican regular army having fled. His previous services on the 12th of September had caused him to be promoted Captain; but as he modestly declined the honor of a sword from Philadelphia lest your because he "had done nothing to deserve it," he was declined the honor promptly; but when upon the taking of the city of the Montezumas he was again brevetted Captain "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle before and Mexico," he accepted the twice-won honor.

There remains but a word to be said to the profound strategists who would at once put him to school as a general, and degrade him in the eyes of the country as a soldier. That as, though they may choose to disregard his subsequent services as an organizer at West Point, as an explorer of the West, and as a Director in the Crimea, which gained him distinction in the councils of the War Department, and, finally, his bringing order out of the chaos of the undisciplined Bull Run; and although he has not yet entered Richmond, it would be prudent for them not to attack a man for the lack of military qualities who, by conspicuous gallantry and daring, as well as by professional skill, won his captaincy upon leaving the fields before he was twenty-two years old.

THE LOUNGER.

KEEPING A GOOD HEART.

IN the prosecution of a great war two things are essential—money and spirit; and of the two the latter is the most important. The South has a lesson which we ought long ago to have learned from the French. We were not, in the early days of the trouble, to console ourselves with the reflection that they had no money, and no credit, and no food, and that therefore they must starve and surrender. But had we not an earlier lesson? And was not Spain long in our history? People will go shoeless, and hungry, and cold. By all the logic of circumstances they will be beaten a dozen times, and will fight forever and ever. Why? Because there is no shoe so stout, no dinner so satisfactory, no fire so warm, as an idea. Good or bad makes little difference. Any idea that ever was over the Protestants and Catholics fought with equal fury. It was the same idea that made the Turk, was quite as much in earnest as William of Orange and his stout Hollanders.

Here is the whole philosophy of medley, but if we lack spirit we are beaten already. "Couldst thou not watch with me one hour?" Are we such faint hearts that, if success will not tumble down sleeper-ripeness into our arms, we will shake our heads despairingly and cry out our inwardest thought? We have a great work to do. It is of a kind that will not be done in a moment. It is, We have to suppress an armed insurrection, and then establish and guarantee peace. It is a tremendous business. It demands men of robust hearts and strong arms and the most cheerful wills. It is precisely the kind of task that should be most welcome to a nation of our race and breeding. It is to educe order from chaos; to quench a miserable semi-barbaric system of civilization, with its few enormously rich, and its hordes of wretchedly poor and abject, and substitute a uniformity of rights and advantage. It is to banish the hideous old night of Slavery with the ground young day-spring of Liberty.

And it is to do this by the way, as it were, while we are maintaining our Government and keeping our borders intact.

There is but one thing wanting to secure to us an easy and transcendent victory—and that is, a little stouter heart than we have displayed; or, to put it more truly, a little quicker appreciation of the scope of the contest. Let us love our cause with an unfaltering love, and we are already victors. But let us higgle-haggle, and shilly-shally, about a vast, overwhelming, universal crushing of the rebellion, root and branch, leaf and bark, top and bottom—an utter annihilation of it in all its symptoms and all its causes, and we shall be shamefully and utterly beaten, because the rebels have that irresistible unanimity and spirit, that absolute devotion and surrender of every effort and every interest to the success of their cause, which has been slower to show itself in us. They stake every thing, and maintain themselves. Let us stake every thing, and subdue them utterly.

Of course they will beat us so long as we furnish them with men and women to do their work while they fight us. Of course they will outnumber us in every battle-field so long as we insist that every able-bodied white man in the South shall turn out against us, and have no reason for staying at home. Of course our levies after levies will be exhausted while we treat the rebellion as something to be episodically snuffed out. The war has lasted a year and a half. We have spent thousands of lives and millions of dollars. It is a strain along the very fibre of our national system. If we think to beat with one finger or one hand, we shall discover our mistake by being utterly vanquished.

Why, then, do we hesitate to clench both hands and to smite with all our force? Let every lawful means of war be employed; let us hold all that a rebel hath, his life included, as an aid to the rebellion; let us understand that the enemy is not to be conciliated but vanquished; and then we shall establish peace and universal security, and not until then.

RUMORS.

THE air is full of rumors which no Lounger can help hearing, of new political combinations and movements. But there are one or two cardinal points in the situation which no political intrigues can disturb.

The first and chief of these is, that while the Government is struggling for its existence there can really be but two parties—its friends and its foes. Its friends are those who are for maintaining its spirit and form at any cost to any enemy. Its foes are those who are for overthrowing its form and spirit altogether, or for maintaining them under certain conditions.

The second of these considerations is, that any effort to divide its friends upon questions of policy of defense is an attempt, conscious or unconscious, to aid the enemy; for no body of men can debate fiercely and fight effectively at the same time.

The third of these cardinal points is, that in every great war of this kind those who are for maintaining the Government at all costs are necessarily the leaders among its friends, as those who are for overthrowing it utterly are the leaders of its enemies. In the English Rebellion, it was the King by divine right who headed one party, and the assertor of the supreme right of the people who headed the other. In France, it was the old régime and the rabble. In America, it was the supporters of the royal prerogative over the colonies, on one side, and the friends of the Congress that declared absolute independence of Great Britain, upon the other.

In all these cases the aspect of the parties was the same, because the quarrel was vital; and wherever men go to war because they differ, if the war continues, they will inevitably distribute themselves around the essential points of disagreement.

Now what is the substance of our quarrel? It is nothing less than the spirit and form of our Government. There are but two sides. One holds that the spirit of the Government is liberty, and that its form secures the peaceful development of liberty for every man. The other sees that the peaceful operation of the form *will* secure that liberty, and so, hating the spirit, it strikes at the form. The practical question that instantly presents itself to the friends of the Government is, shall we hesitate to strike at the system which is the cause of the insurrection, and which is a perpetual defiance of the spirit of the Government?

That is the question upon which the national mind is really engaged at this moment. The farther consideration, *in what way* we can most wisely strike, is another question. Are we willing to strike at all? Every moment's delay in answering the inquiry is an army to the enemy. Every effort to divide us into two parties upon it is a victory for the rebellion. Conciliation being impossible, are we willing to conquer, or shall we submit to conquest?—that is the present point. If a party plants itself upon conciliation, it concedes victory to the enemy. Therefore we return to our starting-point, that there *can* be but two parties—friends and enemies of the Government.

It is not assuming too much to say, that, if the friends of Mr. Thurlow Weed and Mr. Dean Richmond unite in a party-combination, it will include, with all the honest Union men who may adhere to it, all the white-feather peace-men, all the disloyal and doubtful men, all who secretly wish well to the rebellion, with all who utterly disbelieve the Democratic principle and wish to perpetuate slavery. It is equally clear that the opposing party will unite all those who believe in the natural rights of men, who hold that the spirit of the Government is Liberty, and who, to maintain the form of the Government, are as willing to free a rebel's slave as to take a rebel's life. It is no less evident that Jeff Davis and the rebels would heartily pray for the success of the first party, and as heartily hate the last. Nor is it at all doubtful that, if such a combination should be effected, that vigorous prosecution of the war which can alone satisfy the most earnest and devoted friends of the Government could not be expected. Would this be any thing less than disastrous to the great cause?

Let us all understand, then, that the question is whether the war shall continue—not *how* it shall continue. For if it goes on, it is clear that only the most stringent measures will secure us the victory. If that is borne in mind, we shall have in this State, this year, the true union of unhesitatingly loyal men who presented and voted the Union ticket of last year, which put the State of New York triumphantly upon the side to which she belongs—the side of an unconditional suppression of rebellion by a universal weakening of rebels on every side.

THE PLATFORMS.

WE are glad to be able to lay before our readers the two Platforms upon which the people of this State and of the country are henceforth to stand. One of them has but a single plank; and so, in fact, has the other; but it is hewn to look like several planks. Civil war simplifies all public questions. Eminent political joiners are understood to be still engaged in dovetailing the parts of the Conciliation Platform, and there is little doubt of the result of their labor. We present, first,

The Conciliation Platform.

Resolved, That we heartily believe in the irrepressible harmony of Free States and Slave States in the same government, of which our history for the last thirty years has been the faithful witness.

Resolved, That if the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence and of the Fathers of the Constitution had only been false, or had never been alluded to, there would have been no trouble in the land, and Southern gentlemen, our natural rulers, would have continued to govern us for the benefit of their peculiar institution, for the great glory of the country, and for the honor of mankind.

Resolved, That we most respectfully deprecate what we are constrained to call the erroneous views entertained of the nature of our government by those whom we must still be permitted to call our brothers, friends, and fellow-citizens—to wit, President Davis, General Floyd, General Wigfall, General or Colonel Pryor, General Cobb, the Honorable and brilliant, but for the moment misguided, Mr. Yancey, the brave General Jackson, General Johnson (who, we regret to hear, still suffers from his wound, and to whom we respectfully tender our sympathy, with the most earnest hope of his speedy restoration to health and to sounder views of our national system), General Magruder, the skillful but mistaken defender of Yorktown, General Lee (whom we can not but congratulate upon his military ability, although we are constrained to differ with him, respectfully, as to the propriety of showing it in the way he has thought fit), General Morgan, the romantic hero of the West, the worthy Hollins and excellent Tatnall, of maritime renown; the eminent jurist and profound statesman, Benjamin; the honest Slidell and the humane Mason, honors to our kind, whose unhappy detention of last season we greatly deplore; the high-principled Soulé, now reposing in a seclusion which he dignifies and adorns; and the amiable magistrate Monroe, at present residing in the immediate neighborhood of the seat of his magistracy—these we can not but regard as still our most loving and loyal fellow-citizens, although, as it were, for the present, and in a manner, so to say, beclouded; and, with them, all and singular our Southern fellow-citizens of every sex who have shown, at Manassas, in Baltimore, and New Orleans, that innate chivalry and superior quality which have always proudly distinguished them from the mud-sills and fierce fanatics, whom, we regret to say, we have not wholly extirpated from among ourselves, and among whom we may name Ellsworth, Winthrop, Greble, Lyons, Baker, Putnam, and many more.

Resolved, That we venture to suggest, in all kindness and with great reluctance, to our many Southern brethren, that they are acting unadvisedly; that although they have been goaded into their present attitude by the most unconstitutional and exasperating and atrocious Northern libelers, incendiaries, and traitors, and have every reason that outraged human nature and broken political faith can allege to do what they are doing; that although they are valorous, and chivalric, and gallant, and every inch gentlemen, and could not be expected to endure a Constitutional political defeat at the ballot-box, yet still that they ought to reconsider their hasty but perfectly natural action.

Resolved, That if they do not, we expect nothing less from their proverbial generosity than toleration of our difference of opinion in taking a military attitude; yet we beg most humbly to assure them that in agitating with arms our temporary and doubtless perfectly honest differences, we shall have the most constant and scrupulous regard for their comfort, convenience, houses, lands, cattle, and prejudices, and we hope most earnestly that nothing very serious will happen.

Resolved, That slavery is the most beneficent and peace-promoting system of labor for a free country that could be devised; and that we utterly renounce, and abhor, and despise, and (begging pardon of our sunny Southern brethren for using the word) spit upon the traitorous, black-hearted, renegade, scoundrelly scamps, the Abolitionists, who have irritated the lovely South, have plunged us into the burning pit of civil war, and who, we heartily hope and pray, may at the first convenient opportunity be hanged, drawn, and quartered—or, if more agreeable to our sunny Southern brethren, wasted at slow fires.

Resolved, That on our knees we humbly beg pardon of the injured, and chivalric, and sunny South, and confidently commit our cause to its kind clemency and consideration.

The other is

The Patriotic Platform.

Resolved, That we gladly pledge our time, our utmost energies, our resources, our honor, and our lives for the speedy and unconditional suppression of the rebellion against the principles of civil order and the spirit and form of this Government, by the most vigorous employment of every method sanctioned by the right of self-defense and the customary usages of war.

The vote upon these two platforms will show us exactly where we are.

AN INTERIOR VIEW.

IF every thing does not go for our side just as we would have it, we may be very sure that the course of things is not altogether agreeable for the rebels. They have been often in dire extremity, at least in their own estimation; and at the present moment, if they enjoy a breathing time, although they may crow lustily they can not crow away the facts of the situation. They know as well as we that the nation is only deepening and strengthening its resolution of subduing the rebellion. The prospect for the conspirators is not essentially changed, although our final success is somewhat postponed.

The following letter gives a glimpse into the secret feelings of leading rebels in the month of April last. It shows how precious Richmond is to them. The writer has, of course, been surprised and pleased by the course of events. But the depression of spirits which was universal in the rebellion at that time will never be permanently relieved. The letter was recently found upon the Peninsula:

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, *April* 18, 1862.

MY DEAR GENERAL,—Your esteemed favor of the 11th was received by me yesterday, and I hasten to answer. I greatly fear our cause will be lost should Davis and his advisers conclude to vacate Yorktown and Williamsburg, falling back into North Carolina.

The sacrifice of the Peninsula (thereby necessarily giving to the hated Yankees the present capital of our Confederacy) will most certainly demoralize our army to such an extent as to place us in a desperate strait. M'Clellan and the gun-boats will, I fear, succeed in opening their way up the Peninsula and James River.

I have just received a letter from our old friend Yancey, as also one from Hon. T. Butler King, by the last mail from Europe. They both write despondingly. We have every thing prepared, so that we can destroy our property (although I doubt the policy of it) on the first approach of the Federal fleet. . . . . . My regards to Sid Johnston and old Jack Magruder. Yours sincerely,

W. A. HAMMOND.

To Brig.-Gen. S. R. ANDERSON,
Commanding South Carolina Volunteers.

MR. BATES OF THE BARINGS.

THE Union and Government of the United States have no more constant, and faithful, and frank friend than Mr. Bates of the House of the Barings in London. He has lived for many years in England, and by character and position speaks with great weight and influence; and from the first moment of this rebellion he has thought and said but one thing; namely, that the Government might, could, would, and should utterly overwhelm and suppress it.

These views of Mr. Bates have been perfectly familiar to his friends and correspondents in this country. But as he has been publicly denounced as a friend of the insurrection, it is but just to a most honorable, loyal, and intelligent American, who in the midst of sneering and skeptical foreigners has steadily kept the faith, to say that the statement of his secession sympathies is utterly untrue.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

BOOTS.—To get good boots, the best plan, perhaps, would be to find out who makes those of Professor Faraday, or Professor Owen, and employ him, if there is any such particular person; for a philosopher should be the best judge of the fitness of things, including boots. But there may be no such person; for many philosophers are accustomed to buy their boots ready made; true philosophy seeking to discover, by the shortest process, where the shoe pinches, and rejecting that shoe or boot for another which does not pinch.

Durability of boots is a quality undervalued by inexperienced or unwise dandies, because they never half test it. No new boot is so comfortable as an old one in sound condition. Old boots are like intimate old friends, and hand-and-glove is not more the symbol of intimacy than foot-and-boot. Never, if you are undesirous of corns and bunions, discard well-worn boots while their upper leathers are whole. The Emperor of the French and the chiefs of the British nobility would never have had occasion to attest the skill of Eisenberg if they had always made a point of having their boots forepieced, and heelpieced, and soled, and otherwise mended, so long as they would hold comfortably together. It is remarkable that the names assigned to different kinds of boots are mostly those of princes or soldiers, as Coburgs, Bluchers, Wellingtons, and Napoleons. The present fashionable *cothurnus* of ladies is called a Balmoral. But no boots are ever named after men of eminence in science and letters; there are no Macaulay boots, no Brunels, no Stephensons, no Liebigs, no Brownings, no Tennysons. Perhaps it is the confined idea of nobleness and distinction thus evinced by some leading shoemakers which has earned for their respectable and useful fraternity the too sweeping denomination of Snobs.

DINNER PLATITUDES.

Twice of soup is vulgar, but three times of soup implies that you must be more than double-plated with vulgarity. Such a thing was never known, not even at the Trinity Board, and Turtle is not the slightest excuse for your pushing things to such a vulgar length. An Alderman would really blush for you.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, and an invitation to take a glass of wine will frequently restore warmth between two friends where only coldness existed before.

No matter how plain your cook may be, so long as your dinner is well-dressed.

A few compliments go a great way. A little savory *pâté* is quite enough. Try too many, and you'll find they'll prove heavy.

When the ladies retire from the dinner-table, it is not usual for you (supposing you to be a gentleman) to retire with them. In this instance the same law extends to the mistress as to the servants: "NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED."

A gratuity well bestowed frequently has a happy effect. The servant that is fee'd well takes care that his master does the same.

In the hands of an inferior *artiste*, whether an omelette turns out good or bad, is quite a matter of toss up. It is the same with a pancake.

Keep ill-natured people from your table as you would sour fruit. They are sure to disagree with every one. Avoid crab-apples, lest the Apple of Discord should turn up among them.

"Union is not always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

In a fight take your friend's part; at a feast let him have it himself.

FREAKS OF FASHION.

We have noticed a sweet thing in parasols. It is made of white satin, with a lining of pink arranged like the gills of a mushroom, the stalk being ivory, so that altogether it exhibits a pleasing resemblance to that elegant fungus.

In bonnets we have the pleasure to announce an exquisite novelty. The front of the bonnet is shaped like a church window in the pointed style, and trimmed at the sides with rolls of muslin to represent mouldings, and a drip-stone supported on either side by a rose in the place of a corbel. One of the mouldings is filled with the toothed ornament of the Early English pattern. Two trefoiled arches extend over the head, and are surmounted by a quatrefoil, and the *tout ensemble* is coquettish. This bonnet is much worn by young ladies, and is particularly becoming to the middle-aged.

FLUNKY (*out of place*). "There's just one question I should like to ask your ladyship—Ham I engaged for work, or ham I engaged for ornament?"

Judgment is a faculty which very few people have enough of to discover that they want more.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEW INSTRUCTIONS TO GENERALS.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, *July* 22, 1862.

First—Ordered, that military commanders within the States of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas, in an orderly manner, seize and use any property, real or personal, which may be necessary or convenient for their several commands, for supplies, or for other military purposes; and that while property may be destroyed for proper military objects, none shall be destroyed in wantonness nor malice.

Second—That military and naval commanders shall employ as laborers, within and from said States, so many persons of African descent as can be advantageously used for military or naval purposes, giving them reasonable wages for their labor.

Third—That as to both property and persons of African descent, accounts shall be kept sufficiently accurate and in detail to show quantities and amounts, and from whom both property and such person shall have come, as a basis upon which compensation can be made in proper cases; and the several departments of this Government shall attend to and perform their appropriate parts toward the execution of these orders. By order of the

PRESIDENT.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Generals Halleck, Dix, Meigs, Burnside, and M'Clellan have just had an interview at the head-quarters of the latter. The meeting between General Halleck and General M'Clellan is said to have been as cordial as the former officer's opinion of the Potomac Army was laudatory and satisfactory. General Halleck expressed himself highly gratified at the condition of the troops after their late severe trials in the field. A vigorous programme is said to have been agreed upon, and that immediate activity is to be the order of the day.

SUCCESSFUL CAVALRY EXPEDITION.

General Pope reports another successful cavalry expedition by General King, on the 22d inst., from Fredericksburg, in which our troops defeated the rebel cavalry near Carmel Church, on the road to Richmond, destroyed the telegraph line to Gordonsville and burned the enemy's camp, together with six cars loaded with corn. General Stewart's cavalry made an attack upon our troops subsequently, but were also repulsed, driven across the North Anna River, and pursued within sight of Hanover Junction.

STONEWALL JACKSON AT LOUISA.

Stonewall Jackson is reported to be at Louisa Court House, and Ewell at Gordonsville. The united commands are said to amount to thirty thousand men.

REBEL RAID IN TENNESSEE.

The Tenth Ohio Regiment, which was guarding the Memphis and Charleston Road between Decatur and Courtland, was attacked on the 26th inst. by a large force of rebel guerrillas under General Stearns and General Ward. Some thirty or forty of our troops were killed, and the road was damaged to some extent. It is said that there is a large rebel force at Tuscumbia, and that Colonel Forrest is at Carthage.

A RAID AT FLORENCE, ALABAMA.

The steamer *Evansville*, from the Tennessee River, brings the news of a rebel raid at Florence, Alabama, on Tuesday last. The rebels, it is said, entered the city and burned all the warehouses used for our commissary and quarter-master stores, and all the cotton in the vicinity. They also seized the United States steamer *Colonna*, used for conveying army supplies over the shoals. They took all the money belonging to the boat and passengers, and then burned her. A small detachment of General Mitchel's army was captured. The rebels then proceeded down the Tennesee River to Chickasaw, Waterloo, and the vicinity of Eastport, and burned all the warehouses which contained cotton. Another band of forty rebels attacked a wagon train near Pittsburg Landing and captured sixty wagons conveying commissary and quarter-master stores.

RAIDS IN MISSOURI AND KENTUCKY.

The rebel guerrillas in Missouri made a dash upon the town of Greenville, which was occupied by two companies of Union militia troops, who, being taken by surprise, were driven out and the town was taken possession of by the rebels. Governor Gamble had accordingly issued a proclamation calling out all the militia of the State to put down those troublesome rebel marauders.

The guerrillas continue to annoy the people of Kentucky by raids in various places, destroying and stealing property. Morgan, however, has made a speech in which he confesses that his expedition has proved a failure.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF THE "ARKANSAS."

On July 20th it was stated that a scheme was on foot to capture the rebel ram *Arkansas*. The Granada *Appeal* (rebel) says that she was cut out from under the rebel batteries at Vicksburg by the Union gun-boats *General Bragg* and *Sumter*. No date is given.

GENERAL SHERMAN AT MEMPHIS.

General Sherman has assumed command at Memphis, in place of General Grant, recalled to Corinth, in consequence of the absence of General Halleck. It is understood that General Sherman will enforce all the orders issued by his predecessors, including the one requiring all the male inhabitants to take the oath of allegiance to the Government or to leave the city. On Tuesday last four hundred persons took the oath of allegiance, and one hundred and thirty received passes to go South.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

A general exchange of prisoners has been agreed upon—the basis, according to the Richmond *Enquirer*, being the cartel of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain. The *Enquirer* claims this agreement as an acknowledgment of the quasi nationality of the Confederate States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

NON-INTERVENTION.

MR. FORSTER, M.P., has given notice in the House of Commons that when Mr. Lindsay brought up his motion for the recognition of the rebels by England, he (Mr. Forster) would move an amendment pledging the House to sustain the Government in its policy of non-intervention.

COTTON FROM INDIA.

A dispatch from India from a private source, received in London, states that 115,000 bales of cotton had been shipped from Bombay in one week.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CHARGE OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY AT THE BATTLE OF FRIDAY, JUNE 27.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 503.]

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

In connection with the illustrations on page 501, we give the following extract from a letter dated

SPERRYVILLE, July 19, 1862.

IT is a week to-day since General Siegel's corps d'armée marching from Luray in the early morning, crossed the Blue Ridge through Thornton's Gap, and encamped on the hills overlooking this village. Milroy had arrived before, and occupied an advanced position, while part of General Banks's column, which had once reached Sperryville, countermarched, and is elsewhere posted. General Von Steinwehr, commanding the second division of this corps, occupies the pass some miles to the rear.

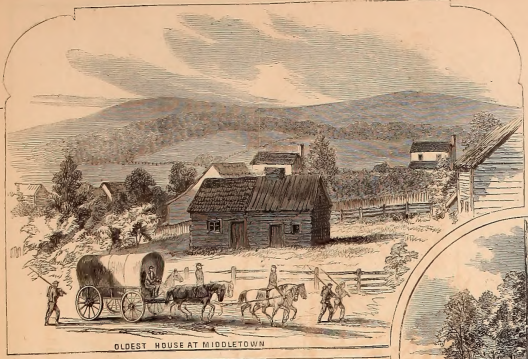
The week of repose since our arrival has been helpful in several ways, and even the march was a boon in hopeful which was greatly needed. I can speak only of the division whose performances I witnessed—General Schenck's—but that deserves praise. There was little straggling or plundering by the way, and regiments came in as much with ranks as full as when they started in the morning. General Schenck rightly held his brigade and regimental commanders to a strict accountability for the presence and order of their men; and, with the exception of the month from Luray to Sperryville, the troops were kept well in the ranks. Along that road the temptation of cherries trees was too strong for military discipline and the choice of commanders, and the men were suffered to gather the fruit without restraint.

The week, however, though I have called it one of repose, has been devoted to far constant drill. The troops are, indeed, I suppose there are few volunteer regiments not capable of improvement in that respect. General Siegel has been absent, and General Schenck in command. Under him, and with the constant supervision of the divi sion and brigade commanders, the troops have been ex cised daily. Yesterday was a grand review of General Schenck's division, consisting of General Bohrer and Colonel Krzyanowski's brigades. General Siegel, who returned on Tuesday, was present. The battalion movements were good, better than the manual, and the move was really a creditable one to officers and men.

General Siegel's and General Schenck's headquarters side by side, in a house and the grounds shaded by a hill near the village.



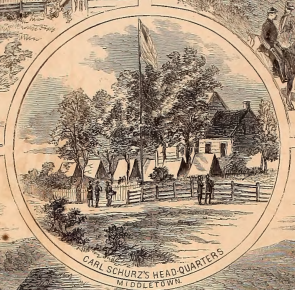
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—KEARNEY'S DIVISION FIGHTING IN THE WOODS, MONDAY, JUNE 30.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 503.]



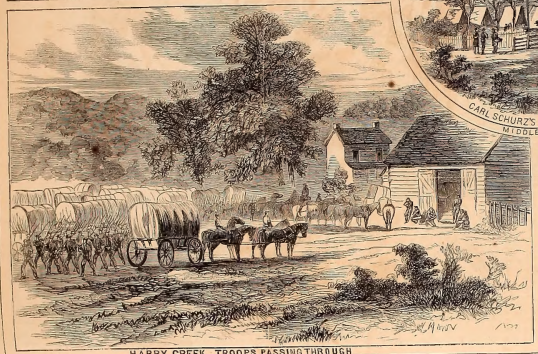
OLDEST HOUSE AT MIDDLETOWN



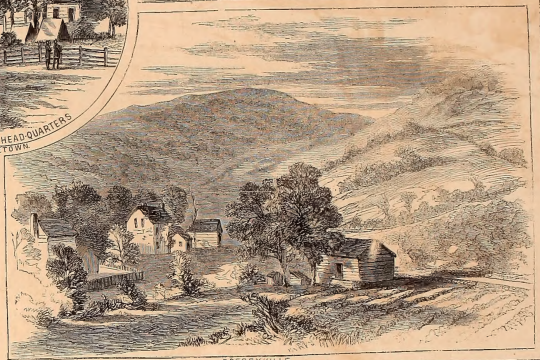
GEN'L SCHURZ'S ARMY AT THORNTON GAP



CARL SCHURZ'S HEAD-QUARTERS MIDDLETOWN

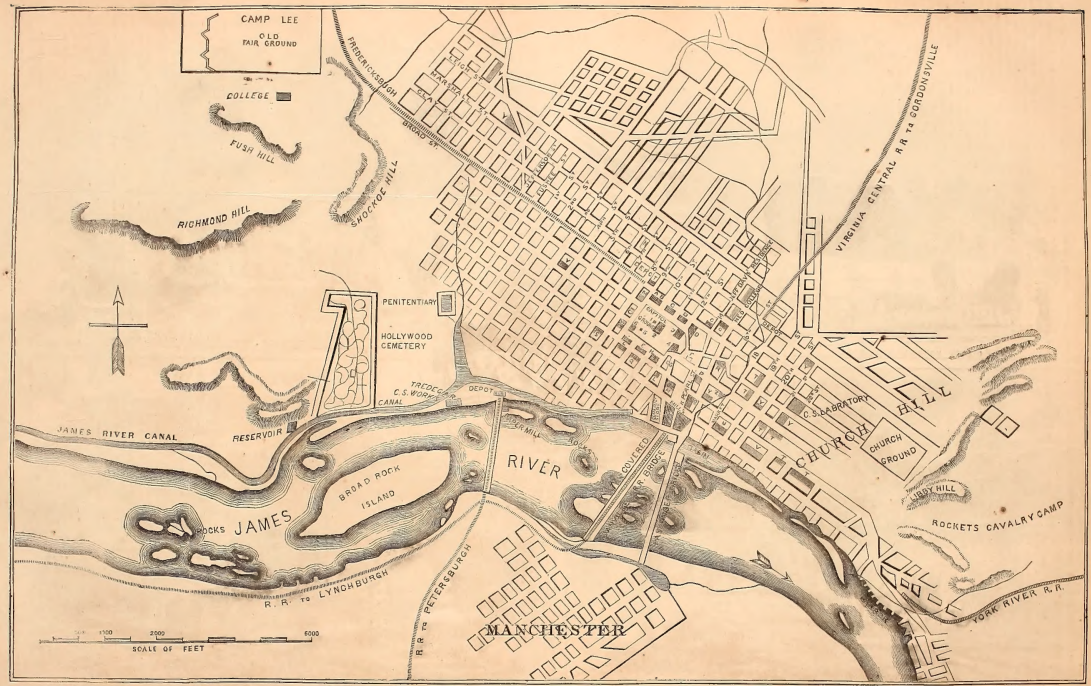


HAPPY CREEK TROOPS PASSING THROUGH



SPERRYVILLE

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA—SCENES ON THE MARCH.—SKETCHED BY MR. DAVENPORT.—[SEE PAGES 500 AND 509.]



REFERENCES.—1. Statue of Washington.—2. Capitol Building.—3. Governor's House.—4. City Hall.—5. Henry Clay's Statue.—6. Fire Tower.—A. General Passport Office.—B. Confederate States Stables.—C. Churches.—D. Hoskin's Court.—E. Confederate States Treasury.—F. *Whig* Printing-office.—G. *Examiner* Office.—H. Confederate States General Post-Office.—I. Confederate States Quarter-master.—K. Purveyor-General.—L. *Dispatch* News Office.—M. Monumental Hotel.—N. Confederate States Ordnance Depôt.—O. Confederate States Clothing Bureau.—P. Exchange Hotel.—Q. American Hotel.—R. Castle Godwin Jail.—S. Spottswood House.—T. Tobacco Warehouses.—U. Marine Foundry.—V. Libby's Warehouse Jail.—X. Bank of Virginia.—Y. Hospitals.—Z. Provost-Marshal.—W. War Department.

THE CITY OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY A REFUGEE JUST ESCAPED FROM SECESSIA.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We continue in this number the reproduction of Mr. Waud's sketches of the six days' fighting before Richmond. On page 500 we illustrate

A CHARGE OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY.

Mr. Waud writes:

"The Fifth Regular Cavalry, and small portions of some other cavalry regiments, made a dashing charge in the course of the afternoon of Friday, 20th, at the head of the Chickahominy, and coming down upon the enemy, they drove the gunners from a battery and, sitting along the line of infantry, discharged their pistols in the face of the soldiers. They suffered severely in officers and men, but they lost one officer being all to report for duty. They expected that reinforcements would follow their charge, but none arrived, so, cut to pieces and dispirited, they returned, leaving behind the battery they had captured. It is superfluous to say that the Fifth was considered the finest cavalry regiment in the service."

On the same page we give a picture of

KEARNEY'S DIVISION AT WORK

on Monday, June 30. Mr. Waud says:

"In a fight, such as is represented in the picture, it is impossible to get a view of an extended line of battle from any one point. A majority of the battles so far have been of this description, usually termed bushwhacking—very deadly, but hardly affording a chance for a display of tactics. For the rest, the picture describes itself, and gives a good idea of what our soldiers have to stand up to in the Virginia swamps and woods."

On pages 504 and 505 we reproduce a picture representing the

BATTLE OF CHARLES CITY ROAD,

fought on Monday, June 30. Mr. Waud writes:

"For Franklin's division this portion of Monday's fighting was altogether an 'affair,' but it was one of the sharpest and most important of this eventful week. Porter's First Massachusetts Artillery alone hurled from 500 to 600 rounds of spherical case-shot upon the enemy from this point, part of the time only 300 yards distant. Upon a battery of brass Napoleons also fired with telling effect, although not so hotly engaged as the First Massachusetts, the enemy having placed the bulk of the latter battery with great accuracy during a portion of the action. This was one of the most desperate situations our army occupied in falling back upon the James River, and nothing but the savage endurance of our troops saved the position from destruction and capture. Slocum's heavy artillery fire, and the stubborn front which Newton presented against greatly superior numbers, keeping the rebels at bay, and finally repulsing them with great loss, compelled them to withdraw and turn upon the James River before the exhausted rebels had a thought of renewing the, for us, unequal contests.

"In this battle our troops were attacked on three sides, and on one side the ground was so wet that when Kearney's jaded troops fell back before heavy reinforcements of the rebels, the Confederate shell flew right across the ground, and not a man, in the New Jersey brigade of Slocum's division, soon recovered the lost ground.

"In the left foreground on the left, and Porter's artillery to the right, are represented on a ridge gradually sloping to the rear the Fifth and Sixth, the limbers and caissons; behind the left-hand caisson Doctors Davis and Ohlenschleger, with ambulances and medicine-chests; and, in the rear, the supporting regiments of infantry. On the left the tiverton in Sixteenth New York, and the 44th remain so kindly presented to them by the Colonel's thoughtful lady—that Sixteenth whose return of casualties to-day was astonishing enough, only 19 missing to 238 killed and wounded, a proportion for below the average of most engagements. Also, the right, lying down for better protection, like the Sixteenth, is another good regiment, the Twenty-seventh New York, and this is still the best friend of the country permits the artist to represent in one view; for when nearly all the fighting is done in the woods little can be seen at one glance."

THE CITY OF RICHMOND, VA.

On page 502 we publish a plan of the CITY OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, from a drawing made by a Union refugee who has just made his escape. He describes the city as follows:

"The ancient Rome, Richmond stands upon seven hills, of which two, with an intervening valley, form the principal part of the city.

"Rocket Hill contains that portion of the north-west of which Broad Street forms the main artery, and Church Hill the part traversed by Main Street. These are the two principal business streets, and the city is truly beautiful; its resemblance to Baltimore, particularly in the vicinity of Monumental Square, is very striking.

"The Capitol grounds are a highly-elevated symmetrically-sloping piece of ground, containing perhaps six or ten acres, in the centre of which the Capitol, an old stuccoed building, presents no significant pile; but whatever this unpretending, inadequate building lacks in elegance is redeemed by the colossal bronze equestrian statue of the general Washington, who, from his high granite pedestal, looks away proudly and serene, like a resident god, upon the ungodly crowd below him, his right arm gracefully stretched out, while his finger points to the distant west. A secession friend, while contemplating this master-piece of art, remarked to me, in a cavild, jocular vein, that General Washington, while looking upon the rebel Congress, significantly points toward the peninsula, by which in reality rears its massive walls in the direction of his warning finger. The statues of Patrick Henry, Jefferson, and Mazzini, and Stelli's Manco—stand in bronze around the base of this granite pile. Farther below, on a little mound, in a cozy, modest, white chapel, stands a chaste, marble statue, where Henry Clay seems to address the bashful Senate. It is a beautiful likeness of the great statesman. On the western side of the square is the War Department, a brown pure sandstone building, where General Lee, the Commander-in-Chief, and imbecile Randolph, the new Secretary of War, hold their levees. The crowd around this and other departments is so great that guards are ground keepers are constantly in attendance to restrict and regulate the immense applicants. General Winder, the commander of Richmond, and general provost-marshal, can be read daily, during his fanatic sway at the northwest corner, fronting on Broad Street. Here the Passport Office, the Plug-Uglies, and all the blood-hounds of persecution are let loose upon the disloyal and suspected; here women meet the Gallows-bird on a level term and in vain for a permission to see their imprisoned husbands, fathers, and brothers.

"On the south side of the Post-office and (in the fine marble Custom-house erected by the United States) the Treasury Department Building. The Transportation Office, the dépôts for volunteers from Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, etc., range side by side throughout the whole south side. The Spotswoods Court-house, a large stone building in the Doric style, also fronts the Capitol Square, and is the capital of the Confederate army meets and passes their bloody verdicts. Woe to him who is summoned before this modern inquisition. In the western corner of the square is the plain house of an enraptured Yankee, who, before leaving his whisky plant, of which he is reputed to consume immense quantities; and truly his ruddy nose, with prominent veins, seems to corroborate this testimony thereof.

"The banks of the city—of which the Spotswood, kept by a New Yorker, and the Ballard and Exchange are the principal and the most expensive ones; the American Hotel, Franklin House, Monumental—are all large buildings, where, for the modest charge of two dollars and a half, a person can starve at his leisure. The restaurants attached to shed every night their celestial performances upon an enraptured and admiring audience. At one time immense crowds to applaud the classic Dixie, which is the standing episode of drama in Richmond.

"On Capitol Square, Franklin, in the left of the city situated upon Church Hill, are a series of large brick mansions, many of which present the widows of which—at all hours of the day—sad, pale, anxious faces and languishing eyes follow the passers-by. These are our friends, sympathizers, heartbroken, closely guarded. He who sees their wish, will gain will gain their favor. The prisons are crowded. In May last a woman was arrested for throwing a note into one of the windows; since then the passers-by are allowed to linger in front nor to walk on the inside of the trottoir. Guards with pistols and tomahawks watch the pedestrian, not over-politely nor softly. Notwithstanding all the boastful proclamations of the rebels and their leaders, there is a deep and universal fancy and gloom hanging over the doomed city, and every body seems to feel that the hour is coming."

EX-PRESIDENT VAN BUREN.

On page 497 we give a portrait, from a photograph by Brady, of EX-PRESIDENT MARTIN VAN BUREN, who died at his residence, Kinderhook, Columbia County, New York, on July 24th, aged eighty.

Mr. Van Buren was born on 5th December, 1782, at Kinderhook. His father was a man of moderate means, and gave his son a fair though not a collegiate education. In 1803 he was admitted to the Martin began the study of law, and at the age of twenty-one opened an office at Kinderhook. He was an active Democrat from the outset, and in 1808 was appointed Surrogate of Columbia County. In 1812 he removed to the county of Hudson, the county town, and practiced there for seven years. In April, 1812, he was elected to the State Senate, which then included Albany and the State, which appointment required him to remove to his residence there. His was reasonably active in his party having been defeated at the polls, and he resumed his private practice, to which he devoted his attention till 1820, when he abandoned the profession altogether for politics. Already, in 1821, he had been elected United States Senator and had taken a leading part in the consolidation of the Democratic party on the basis of opposition to protective tariffs, internal improvements at the expense of the General Government, and the United States Bank. In 1824 he was elected Governor of the State of New York. He only served three months, however; for in March, 1829, he was appointed Secretary of State under Jackson, and resigned the Gubernatorial chair in consequence. He was a leading member of General Jackson's Administration; but the most important office he filled since was paralyzed by his rivalry with Mr. Calhoun, whose successful plot to ruin Jackson's leading seeming formed. Their mutual hostility became so marked that in 1831 Mr. Van Buren resigned, and was appointed Minister to England. In 1832, the existing-vote of Mr. Calhoun, who hated Van Buren as a Northern man, and as a successful rival, was turned home at once. On his return he was appointed Secretary to the Treasury, and it was soon apparent that the Democratic party was about to bog increased by the hostility displayed against him by the Bank of the United States. In May, 1832, he was nominated, and in November was elected Vice-President of the United States, General Jackson being re-elected to the Presidency. And on the ensuing National Convention of the Democracy, held in 1835, at Baltimore, he was nominated for President. His election followed as a matter of course, and in March, 1837, he was inaugurated. His Administration was not a happy one, owing to the commercial distress which prevailed throughout the country, and which the Democrats were badly beaten by the Whigs, and General Harrison was elected to the Presidency, many Southern leaders, guided by sectional views, having been led by Calhoun to distrust Van Buren as a Northern man. About this time the split in the Democracy which was occasioned by slavery began to make its appearance; Mr. Van Buren was chosen by the Northern Democrats as their leader. They were however beaten in Convention, in 1844, by the Southerners, who nominated Polk; and again in 1848, General Cass being deemed "sound" enough to suit the South. This time Mr. Van Buren and his party were disposed to let the case go by default. The free-soil Democracy met at Buffalo in August, and nominated Martin Van Adams, present Minister to England, and nominated Van Buren on the platform of no more Slave States. He was beaten, of course; but he drew away votes enough from General Cass to defeat General Cass, and place then Mr. Van Buren has taken no part in politics.

In personal appearance Mr. Van Buren was about the middle height, erect and slenderly built, capable of great endurance. His features were animated and expressive, especially his eyes. His forehead exhibited in its depth and expansion the marks of great intellectuality. The physiognomist would assign to combativeness, cautiousness, of approbation, and benevolence of disposition. The phrenologist would add unusual reflective faculties, firmness, and caution.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

We devote page 501 to illustrations of the ARMY OF VIRGINIA, now under the command of General Pope, in the field. Since the army has done nothing but move forward, in detachments, toward a general concentration, when the entire force is to be concentrated; hence Mr. Davenport's sketches are mere illustrations of scenery and encampments. They will, however, prove interesting. Front Royal, Middletown, Sperryville, etc., are now familiar names to the ear. Every Northern household will be glad to see pictures of the places. General Pope's army is in the finest condition for an advance, and we doubt not but his energy will soon afford Mr. Davenport an opportunity of making some more striking pictures. He will make a name for himself, if Providence permits.

STORKS.

The stork is a biblical bird, as Isaiah and Jeremiah testify. It dwells in Europe, Asia, and Africa. The stork has supplied David and Jeremiah with illustrations, Aesop with a fable, Lafontaine with two fables, and a whole crowd of authors have panegyrized him in a variety of languages.

The stork is a migratory bird, passing the winter in the northern parts of Africa, and particularly Egypt, and spending the summer in summer quarters, which comprise Spain, France, Greece, Holland, Germany, Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Norway. Its flight is nearly every country in Europe except England. In size the stork is something larger than a horse; his plumage is white, except the wings, which are black; the bill, legs, and claws are red. The food of these birds consists of all kinds of small animals, reptiles, frogs, and fish. The nest of the stork is an enormous fabric of coarse sticks and other rude materials, and is sometimes built in trees, but more usually on some part of a house-top, and notably on chimneys, which are unfrequently rendered thereby useless as a passage for smoke. Hence the custom which prevails in Holland, and other countries where the stork breeds, of making a kind of artificial chimney or large box on the roofs of the houses to serve as a receptacle for its nest; and whenever a pair of storks condescend to avail themselves of the abode provided for them by human ingenuity, the inhabitants of the house are the owner of the house. It is indeed curious to note in what high regard storks have been held from the very earliest ages. Their Hebrew name (Chasedah or Chasedah) signifies "pious" or "benevolent," and both among the Greeks and Romans the stork was the emblem of filial piety, of chastity, of conjugal fidelity, and gratitude. It was reserved for modern times to make the stork a "Free and Easy" bird. Most of our readers have heard what the Germans say about bringing the child down the chimney—how, when the parents grow old, and incapable of labor, they send the young bird brought them food, and waited on them with all possible tenderness, even taking them on their backs and placing them in a safe corner. In reference the law attributed to Solon, by which children were bound to support their parents in old age, was called the Pelargian or Stork law. It is certain that storks possess an unusual degree of affection for their young, and for each other. In some instances have been observed of birds who were unable to fly, from the total loss of one wing or some such injury, being fed by their stronger companions. Of the devotion of the parent storks for their offspring, a remarkable instance is recorded by Hadrian Junius in his "History of Batavia." In the year 1593 the town of Delft was half destroyed by fire, and when the stork, who had been absent for some time in quest of food, returned to her nest she found the whole locality in ruins and ashes. At first she endeavored with all her powers to extricate her young ones from the impending destruction, but finding it impossible to fly, and finding all her efforts useless, she at last covered them with her body, and died in the midst of lamentations along with those she was powerless to save. Another anecdote respecting storks and a conflagration is probably more apocryphal. According to this story, when the town of Kelbra, in Russia, took fire, the storks converted themselves into impromptu engines, and assisted to extinguish the flames; the precise way in which they set about it he has unfortunately neglected to record.

Michael Neander and that famous old ornithologist Ulysses Aldrovandi have recorded a variety of anecdotes, more or less mythical, about storks, among which are the following:

"In the city of Tarentum there once lived a poor widow, who was inconsolable for the loss of her husband, and passed her time in the greatest poverty and misery. One day she saw a young stork, who, having attempted to fly before his wings were sufficiently grown, had fallen from the nest and broken his leg. Moved with compassion, she took up the poor bird, carried him home, and fed and nursed him till he was perfectly recovered and able to join his companions in their migration. Next spring, as the widow was sitting at her window near the sea-shore, confiding her melancholy to the waves, she saw a stork hovering over her from the clouds, and alighting in front of the afflicted widow, dropped into her lap from his beak a pebble as large as a duck's egg. Astonished at this behavior, she examined the pebble carefully, and though like the acquisitive Greek proverb, she had had no difficulty in guessing that it was a diamond, and of sufficient value to maintain her in affluence for the rest of her days. On taking leave, the stork begs to give him a kiss for his generosity, she perceived from a voice in his right hand was the identical bird she had nursed, and who now in gratitude repaid her kindness."

Conjugal fidelity is a virtue which ranks very high among storks, and any infraction of it is punished with the utmost severity. Michael Neander relates that in the reign of Duke Robert of Bavaria there was, at a town called Tangen, a flourishing colony of storks. One of these storks was so far from imitating the example of Penelope, that during the absence of her lord her spouse was daily absent in search of food, she was seen to lend too willing an ear to the seductive discourses of a youthful bachelor stork. On one day in particular, early earlier than was his wont, discovered the guilt of his fair partner; but not wishing to create a scandal of the neither upon her children, he dissembled his knowledge till the latter were grown up and had left the nest. Then, when the whole colony was collected together preparatory to the autumn migration, he set his erring spouse before the assembly, explained in brief but touching language the conduct of which she had been guilty, and pronounced the fatal doom of death upon her. This justice was terrible; she was condemned to immediate execution, and was instantly pecked to pieces and her bleeding material by the whole host. The husband, though avenged, was inconsolable, and instead of accompanying the rest of his flight he betook himself to an uninhabited desert, and was never more heard of. "For," adds the translator, "he died of the pangs of love, for he could not persuade him to be cured."

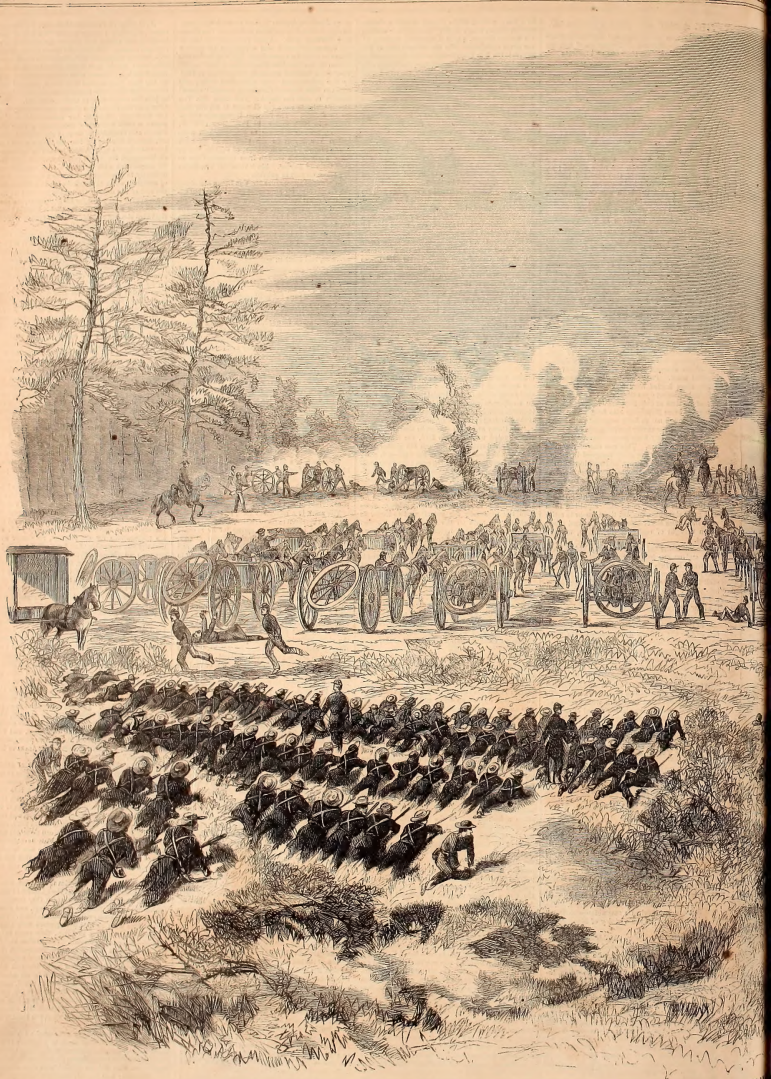
As a set off to this, we doubt not, scandalous libel on storkish virtue, we are happy to meet with a more pleasing history: "A female stork at Vorarlberg, in the Tyrol, had constructed a nest on one of her wings a few days before the general migration. The gentle spouse, who was aware of all his preparations for the journey, no sooner saw that she was incapable of so long a flight, than he left her to her fate, thought of forming an attachment with her the whole winter, watching over her, and supplying her with food, like a faithful and tender lover." The narrator adds that a man can scarcely form an idea of the self-control which a bird of passage must exert over himself during the long fasting to visit distant countries.

Respecting the sagacity of the stork Oppian has the following curious story: "A pair of storks had built a nest and hatched their young ones, but a serpent crept up and devoured the latter before they were old enough to fly. This happened two years following, and in the third year the parents brought with them a strange bird, somewhat smaller than themselves, and having a large beak as sharp as a sword, to him they intrusted the care of the nest, and when the serpent came up for his usual meal the bird attacked, and, after a severe combat, killed him. In consequence, however, of the venomous bites inflicted by the serpent, the whole of the bird's feathers fell off, and the grateful parents took care of their champion, and fed him, and staid with him till new feathers grew, and then sent him away also to accompany them to his native land.

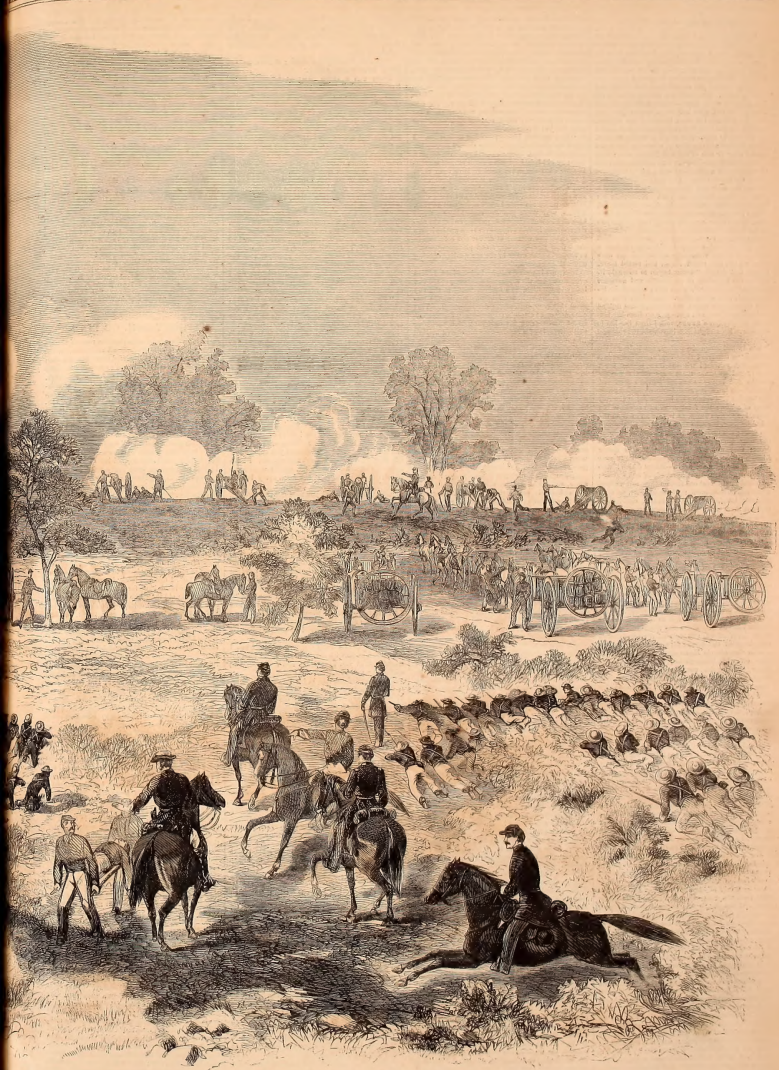
In Africa there is a gigantic species of stork called the marabou, which is of a domestic turn, and easily tamed. Smeathman gives an account of one which he had in a state of entire freedom in the house at dinner-time and take his meat with the family; but he was rather apt to be troublesome by defiance of the ordinary rules of politeness, and one day he stuck his bill into a whole boiled fowl, and ran off with it, and could not be induced to desist by any means. On another occasion he behaved still worse, for in a fit of cowardly he was so hasty-barous as to swallow the cat, trusting that feline pet even worse than Cora is proverbially said to do.

Storks are of immense service to mankind, especially in warm countries, from the quantity of reptiles and vermin of all kinds which they destroy: field-mice, snakes, lizards, worms, frogs, and even tools—nothing comes to amiss to the stork. The Thessalians were so highly impressed with their utility that, according to Pliny, they made it a capital offense to kill a stork. Some tribes in Africa do not seem to have so much veneration for the stork, if we believe a story in Bosci a turtle stork with an African arrow right through his breast. This phenomenon had for some one means prevented the bird from migrating as usual, only he flew awkwardly (we can well believe it), and appeared to be in considerable pain, while his ally an shrial Blondin. A swiss sunset shot him out of necessity, wishing to ascertain what the stork was carrying under his wings.

There is one peculiarity connected with these birds which we must not omit to mention; it is, that every author who has ever written about them seems inevitably compelled to draw a considerably longer bow than did the African who shot the arrow aforesaid; and lest we should be accused of doing the like, we will be content to leave the wives of the virtuous, interesting, and affectionate family of storks.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE BATTLE OF CHARLES CITY ROAD, FOUGHT BY GENERA



ENTZELMAN AND FRANKLIN, ON MONDAY, JUNE 30.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 503.]

THE ROSE AND RING.

A ROSE and a ring!—there they were, lying in her lap. A half-blown rose with the faintest blush on its petals, and a massive ring ringing from its stem, bearing only the infinitesimal initials, *H. L.* They were real enough; they didn't vanish into thin air; but how to account for them?

Lillian knitted her smoothly arched brows and tried to think. She had been sitting there in the bow-window quite alone—nothing stirring in the long parlor and wide hall but a breeze that, rustling in through the open leaves of the window, swelled out the long curtains like sails, and carried off the stupid paper that she was trying to read. She had intended to go after it, of course; but it had floated over by one of the tall Parian vases, and, by a weary distance—two yards of polished tile, its chairs, past a gilt stand and a music rack, and across the Brussels carpet. She had grown very much inclined to ring the bell, and then she couldn't decide if it were not more trouble after all. Meanwhile her feet were growing comfortably on one of those little round cushions that people are always tumbling over in parlors; her pretty head rested just in the luxurious hollow of the fauteuil, and it was such a drowsy, murmuring day. And spite of herself, the lazy lashes dropped softly over the brown eyes and opened virtuously again, and fell once more on the hazel round cheek, and then stayed. Senses had dulled, thought began to entangle itself in the labyrinth of phantasms and nonsense that had to do with sleep, when had occurred the inexplicable part of the affair. There had been neither footstep nor rustle, yet something had lighted on her lips a kiss, and springing up from her fauteuil, not yet quite awake, rolled from her lap to the floor, with a slight metallic clink, the rose and ring.

She looked down the parlors, but only a spirit could have traversed their long stretch so soundlessly, and vanished without trace of any kind. She looked out, but there were fathoms of waving boughs and leaves, sunshine falling—checkered patches—on broad lawns and brown gravelled beds. She heard a bird singing loud and clear in the cool heart of a tree; the faint creak and strain of the *Sollie*, her uncle's sloop, as it rose and fell on the lake-like river, her sails showing partially through the trees; the occasional talk of two or three of her crew lounging near in their shirt-sleeves and pea-jackets—but all and yet that was Harry Lidell's voice, and he had promised to come and tell her till they should meet again—Harry Lidell! who must be at that moment hundreds of miles away; who could not have set foot on Union soil without arrest and imprisonment; whom, in short, not even madness itself, but only strategy, could have brought there to her uncle's plantation.

So attested was the that she never even heard the smart click of her cousin Natchalie's high-heels on the polished floor till she was close upon her.

"What! are you not ready yet, Lillian? That face might do for the Secretary of War, or our poor President himself."

"Thinking, as usual! nothing. I was dozing, I believe;" and with a guilty start and flush Lillian slipped the rose and ring into her bosom.

"Dozing! No wonder: you have been trying to read that paper which, though the thing seems impossible, grows more and more dry. Now, do I can tell you what is in it as if I had read it (which I haven't). There was the Secretary's letter on the Yankees, stating that they were cowards, besotted and incapable, and only making us wonder that our old ladies don't go out and whip them off with broomsticks; there is the other leader, proving that our Government is made up of imbeciles, equalled only by the people who settle them to govern. There is a letter about the valor of the regiment that stormed and carried the hen-coop; and a paragraph about our house-spun dresses, the beauty and virtue, in fourteen verses, ending by comparing us to those Roman and Spartan frights. Now isn't that the way it runs?"

"I—that is, I believe so," answered Lillian, who had scarcely heard at all.

"See here, Lily! I want to talk to you." And down went Natchalie, regardless of her organdie flounces, beside her cousin. "I am hailing over with treason. If that dear, handsome, chivalrous knight who was in my heart, he would have me shut for a traitor! I am positively going for Newport. I would give my stout complexion for a good old-fashioned rebuke with some of the enemies of our cause. I would even accept a challenge from Mr. or Max Grainger, for instance. (Apropos of Harry, I saw his name in Northern papers: he is a lieutenant in the Federal navy.) And as for all our Revolutionary grandmothers dressed like Sowdies, it doesn't console me for Le Roi and the Democrat in the least. All my dresses are last year's fashion, and I am sure they have something twice as pretty at Stewart's. Do you think we can hear from the girls—Lar Baracde, Belle Bayderen, and the rest? And as for a quiet, steady, downright flirtation, I have scarcely had one since they fired on Sumter. Can the men now are so fearfully serious; want you to marry them before they go—which, of course, isn't to be thought of. I did hope to keep in practice with Mr. Grainger, since he chooses to be so sweet on you—eh! there is Herculus and his sloop, sign, sign indisputable of dinner! My dear, don't you mean to dress for it?"

Ludlow tells us that, even at the height of the barbarian invasion, some mysterious influence kept in him sat apart reasoning on his vagaries and keeping guard over the proprieties. So with Lillian.

The enforced calm and resignation which for so long been fare was broken up; the presentation of some coming crisis was strong upon her; her heart throbbed painfully; nervous shudderings thrilled her through. What is this? Where is he? she asked herself again and again, till she grew half afraid that she had spoken the words aloud; and, as she stood before her dressing-glass, peered sharply through the veil of her long hair to see if she could read any thing in the strange look of trust on her cousin's face. But Natchalie sat idly playing with one of the crystal bottles, humming to herself snatches of merry little songs. Oh! inscrutable human heart! Here were two girls cradled together, having each other's looks and words by heart, and one was panting through such a fierce agony of doubt and fear as seemed like the bitterness of death itself, while outwardly calm, although back for long days, or fattening the little collar and its knot of gay ribbon, very much as she might have done any other of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. The other sat careless and unconscious, running on in her own thoughts, very blind to those of her companion who lost given up.

"Mrs. Carrington, Lillian; coming to dine too. I know by that little box. She always carries her dress cap in that. My dear, did you ever see such a fright as old Isly? I often catch myself thinking for what she could possibly have been born. I asked somebody that, in the very same way, and you should have heard her. Yes, Natchalie, she's one of the belles of the county; but I really don't know for what. Mrs. Carrington is kind to her, Lillian, why don't you say something? Come here and help me. I was getting out of the carriage—quick! Were there ever such weeds? We shall have two courses at dinner not set down in the bill of fare—gossamy and silk worms—and to reconcile each other in the one quality of being indescribably nasty."

Ill-natured, weary talk! It jarred on Lillian in even more than the rapturous salutation of the two girls to Natchalie, who said a few words to the two cousins in the orthodox feminine fashion the moment that dinner was announced.

Lillian loved, and therefore was the "Tyrant" to her; and, advanced Captain Dandy—the "Tyrant" referred to—wearing his uniform and a becoming jacket—coat, the leaves wound receiver at Bull Run.

Natchalie gave him two fingers and a saucy nod. Lillian did not look up; only suffered her hand to passively in his for an instant, and then withdrew it. Behind them, in the hall, Herculus, his sloop, as the irreverent little beauty whispered Lillian "a small tug pulling along with a large tow in the wake." Herculus, indeed, in the light costume of a bronzed, athletic young man in sailor's dress, and as shy as a girl.

"Captain Ward, of the *Sollie*," said Dr. Carrington, presenting him. "Trust him well, girls, as he is a Union man, volunteered to be the slave here, and ran the gauntlet of the Federal vessels when Captain Ward was stood before the Forts, guess dinner. Lillian, take the Captain's arm!"

Lillian bowed, murmured something to vacant space, and accepted the tips of Herculus' fingers as the awkwardly proffered arm with a reluctance that was perceptible to Natchalie, and indifference; and yet he was not ill-looking, the lumbering hero! If he could have solved the problem of his strange conduct, he would have said first, if he had been a little less gipsy-like in complexion and strong in the matter of hair, if his clothes could even have been induced to the idea that long hung on him, he might have been superb. Eyes of that clear blue to affect a Southern belle's heart, and it always shaded by long dark lashes; a mouth at once weak and determined; chest-cut features, broad shoulders, deep chest, and a commanding air, were not altogether amiss even in the Captain of the *Sollie*, Government lighter, for Lillian had forgotten to look at him.

Mrs. Ogleby fastened on her.

"Warde! and; are you any relation of the Wards of Raleigh? Their great-grandmother was Miss Prince—connected with the Princes?"

"Oh, mother!" interrupted Clara; "please don't set Captain Ward climbing his family tree before dinner, to have it cut down by the overwhelming shout from dreadful Yankees, and whether they are coming here or not."

"Little danger, Miss Clara," said the Doctor, kindly. "We'll give them enough to do at home. Their young men will have business leaden to promenading Broadway, I reckon."

Natchalie pouted.

"But it is hard, after all. Think of it. Eustace met Harry Lidell on some of their expeditions, and Harry has built up a large name for beleaf at Eustace's breast. That was like generous, Harry! Hal, Eustace! Hal, Lillian! Lovers! I don't mean as if they could be our enemies."

"Enemies!" echoed her father. "Natchalie, I loved Harry Lidell as I did few men. I would be God do to me, and more also, if I did not hang on the nearest tree! He is a double traitor. He was born South."

Waves of color surged up in Lillian's face, and sudden bone glowed in her soft eyes. "He said that rested on the young sailor's arm was slightly pressed.

"Does Lillian indorse that?" was asked, in a very low but distinct voice, close in her ear.

She looked up, startled, confused, and as she met the singular glance fastened on her face sudden flame glowed on her cheek. She clung now to the despised arm.

"Because," he went on, "I see that you wear a rose and ring."

Lillian began to tremble violently. Her shy lips parted, but gave forth no sound.

"Will the Captain Ward Eustace, bending on her a look that was almost a frown; "are you ill?"

"No: it is nothing," gasped Lillian.

"Oh! I am really glad to hear it, though 'nothing' certainly seems a strange answer. Natchalie, you know I almost thought that your companion had been saying something to agitate you?"

Lillian made no answer. Indeed she seemed incapable of speaking, and sat almost like a statue through all the chattering and the clatter and the courses, the monotonous talk of Mrs. Ogleby and the maddening trustees of her daughter. It really seemed to her that Mrs. Carrington never would leave off the signal to rise, and when at last it came, as her cousin passed out before her, she leaned with an utterer hand for support and held her little fingers in his for an instant. Lillian shrank back.

"In the name of God who are you?" she said under her breath, but with terrible earnestness. The young man glanced around them. Eustace was lingering under the arch of the door evidently watching them.

"Captain Ward of the *Sollie*; at your service, Miss," he answered, coldly.

Then he made a sharp pang at Lillian's heart. Doubt, terror, disappointment must out in some way. She pulled away her arm and ran out at a side-door, first whispering to Natchalie:

"Let no one come to look for me. I am sick, and want to be alone a little while."

Eustace saw her go and would have followed, but was held fast by the inexorable Clara.

"Now, Captain Danby, don't you see that it is a more philosophical and philanthropic view? Consider, Mr. Eustace, that Natchalie's nerves will snappish, snobbish fact, and he becomes disgusting; but say to yourself I imagine that there is a little bird in my breast and amiable; then you see how much more elevating and philosophic he would be made of."

"Probably; yes, certainly," sighed Eustace: wished that he dared consider Miss Clara's one practical piece of wisdom avoirdupois as the concretion of his fancy, and treat her accordingly.

Meanwhile Lillian, hidden in the depth of a little arbor situated a mile from the house, on what was known on the plantation as the Knoll; but the Knoll was a slight elevation, sinking toward the little rustic hedge, when the tall form of Captain Ward parted the bushes and stood before her. She started up at once, angry and terrified, but he caught her hands.

"Lillian, my little darling, don't you really know me? Does a little paint and a wig alter me so very much?"

"Harry! Harry Lidell!" Then drawing back, "Oh, I am half afraid of you! don't touch me yet. Are you sure you are yourself? those are your eyes, and it is your voice, but how could you come here? Oh, Harry! if it is you, don't torment me. I have suffered so much, so much, and am still full of illness. I felt as if shut out from every human sympathy."

"My poor little girl! you need feel so no longer. As for my coming, that was simple enough. I captured the *Sollie* by trying to run the blockade, helped ourselves to her papers, and the rig of her crew, and came on here to see you and Natchalie. That is, the others did: as for me, I confess that my chief anxiety was to see if my little Lilly would keep the promise she made me when we parted. You can never know what a thrill I felt when, wandering about the house, I came on your rose-bud in that dear old bow-window. I couldn't help kissing you, and then I dropped the rose and ring. Darling, that I should guess that I was not indifferent to you, but, Harry! go at once; you are in dreadful peril, unprotected."

"Your promise, Lilly; you promised when I came back to go with me, be it when and where it would. Will you keep it? The *Sollie* sails at midnight; will you go with me?"

Lillian looked down at the face in her hands.

"I will be father, brother, sister—all to you; pleaded the young lieutenant, softly and eagerly. "Take courage, Lilly. Say yes."

"Venez ma reine, venez ma belle," chanted Eustace's voice outside the arbor.

"Quick" urged Harry. "Speak, Lilly. Will you come?"

"Yes, if I am alive," answered Lillian, with sudden and strange vehemence, and breaking from his hold fled down the lanes like a frightened bird.

How the intervening time passed she hardly knew. People sung, talked, did various unmeaning things, and Lillian sang about, too. The hours (cycles they seemed to her) dragged away, the house looked quiet, and at midnight Lillian slipped from her cousin's side, and began hurrying on her clothes; but every hand and taken unto its self a crying, and Eustace had grown anxious and refused to open, and in her agitation she knocked down a chair. On the instant Natchalie's black eyes were wide open, and her little muslin night-cap perched up over the side of the bed.

"Lillian, Lily, are you going? What does this mean?"

"I want my sails; I left them in the library," and my head is intolerable."

"I should think so when you put on your hat and shawl and your boots! Lillian, you are a fool for your sails! Come back. Stop, Lillian! If you stir one step I will alarm the house."

Lillian came back and stood by the bed, white as marble, and with dilated, flashing eyes.

"I will go, though I have to run away."

"I am going to run away."

"What do you mean?"

"I promised Harry Lidell if alive, and I will go or die." Then suddenly throwing herself on her knees, and grasping her cousin's hand, "Oh, Natchalie, my little sister, pity me! I have suffered so this dreadful day. Harry Lidell is here; he dined with us to-day."

Natchalie struck her hands together.

"I knew it! I knew there was something odd about that Captain Ward."

"Natchalie, you know how long we have loved each other; but you can never know what it has been to be insulted from him, my life, my whole life, and to have to keep it from him. Natchalie, whatever you could say, know that I have said it, I would rather die than endure it again. Alarm the house if you choose, Natchalie. His life and mine are in your hands. You heard your father at dinner—you know whether or not I could survive him. Act as you think best."

But Natchalie's work nature was past acting. She could do nothing but crouch on the bed and sob. Lillian bent down and kissed her.

"Good-by, little sister. I do not think you will betray us."

Then left the cry at her heart should burst out, she ran quickly out at a little door in the lower hall of which she had taken the key, pursued by a confused humming noise of girls' voices, still sudden by strong arms seized and held her against a fast-beating heart.

"Have you, my darling, for coming, and God help me to make your happiness!" whispered Harry Lidell, low in her ear, as he hurried her toward the shore.

Mr. Carrington found in the morning an open door, a vacancy where the rose and ring had been, and a note on his library table, reading as follows:

"*Dr. Carrington:*

"DEAR SIR—For your hospitality of yesterday I am obliged; still more for the kind intentions that you were good enough to express in my behalf, though he is little me to afford you an opportunity to execute them.

"Your ward, Miss Sollie, is now going, with my distinguished consideration, to a better ones, but I offer an apology for carrying off your little Lilly. She was pressed on, as you know, long ago, and I only take what is my own. Will you have to Natchalie, and kiss her for Mrs. Carrington, I remain

Yours respectfully,

"H. LEWIS.

"(alias Captain Ward of the *Sollie*)."

WITHOUT SAIL OR RUDDER.

It is no longer strange that the men of the sea have a dialect and habituals all their own, for the longer they are separated more unused from the land is their life from the landsman's; no possible bridge may unite these hemispheres of human existence. In spite of mountains it may be scaled, in spite of stones or finger-posts to point highways; shut from land over a rounded sea of sea and sky will land become a doubtful memory, and when they meet a sail they ought, but for hardening repetition, to be startled at the sight of a ghost. Neither one could it be but that shadow and substance are confused, for the one is so thin and the land so near but seem, but a brief dream, from which awakened there will be the long swell and eternal lay of blue again? In this strangeness hours may thing a dissimilar. I accept the Flying Dutchman, who never makes land except in a storm, and then only sheep; his eyelids are dry, but let him shut them and he sits on towers and hear the bells in them. The men of Heligoland are not so unfortunate, for they can slid down this glassy slope out of sight of land, and be hapless in the thick of climbing lark.

Some such reflections as these were more misty than I have made them here, I had as I stood leaning on the rail full of a Gloucester schooner on a July afternoon of several years ago. Like those who are drifted, a long mate to make a great blaze at the start, I had rushed down to the pier as the first Nature had laid up for a dozen, and was grown to a dreamy quiet, and, indeed, almost to a stupid leaf for myself in the great unfathomable boat whose bottom I have been spending one after another since the first day. Be careful how you spend your strength, and then come to steal a look into this volume. It is the reading of individuals of any number of cities; but the old one sought fresh water and I was glad to get it. I am not to tell my own story, I must drop metaphor and tell that of one out of my bands; I was only on board a schooner bound for Gloucester, Massachusetts, for a passage cause and touched me on the shoulder. I started, and the Adalmonte and the Dutchman went back between the sea and sky, and I was standing in a dingy quarterjogy.

"I'm sorry 'bout the eyes; gettin' used to it, that's all. First trip out, ain't it?"

I nodded.

"Thought so," said the skipper. "Fresh-water enthusiasm—know it won't see it. You chaps take basin and bucket, and you wash and wash, and wonder when you hasn't seen any water 'cept what they wash their faces in you get a sort o' confused idea that you've seen it all, and you don't care one afore you can get the true one in. Only one thing to do, and that's to look at nothing else, and keep at it till you're used to it. Now an' then when there ain't fish in sight, an' every thing's one blue, like, I like to take a look at the sky myself. I've been watchin' you these ten minutes; while you was lookin' down you didn't see it, but you was sick, and I dare swear you hain't noticed how neat it looks off that side?"

I looked up, and saw a morning, and the skipper's phrase, it was "neat." We were then near the middle of the Bay, headed for the mouth of the St. Lawrence. A light wind broke ripples under the bows; the sun hung, a crumpled coppery disk, from the bottom of a watery cloud, and splintered slanting bolts of dull red fire on the masts of a vessel under him; the sea crawled away in lessening wrinkles until they blended with the horizon that bound them in; Anticosti Island lay vast in the distance like a shadow; and behind a white misty sweep I could see other schooners, some with blue and red bands, and some with the more quiet orange peel picked in relief against the sky—black-ground, sea, air, and sky, there there.

seemed met in transfiguration. I called the skipper's attention to another object that loomed up in our rear, a white, shapeless thing which might be a vessel, only it had no outlines; had some ocean-spirit suddenly taken form, or was Amphitrite floating to us on her morning-conch with curtains of cloud drawn round her?

"Guess 'tain't none o' *them*," said the skipper, after we had watched it a while; "I think it's one o' them things that knows what became o' the *Pacific;* it looks to me jus' like a berg, though it's mighty oncommon for one to get through in here."

Sure enough it was an iceberg—lonesone, half-melted thing! A sacrifice to Fate or its desire of travel; without oars or fins, there was no return when it once cast loose from recesses of Arctic night and headland—it had come through the Straits, spilling its life in the sea along its track, pale and quivering with the fatal warmth.

Perhaps I spoke out my thought. "Don't pity it," said the skipper; "it does me good to see it melt; it hadn't any business to be comin' this way. Them things look sleek in a picter', but 'tain't any more like the real things than a starved bear in a cage is like a real Rocky grizzler. This is jus' as nigh's I ever want to get to such a thing's that; ever sence I was up 'mong 'em where they grow it allers gives me the shakes to see one, an' I gen'rally give 'em plenty o' sea-room."

Aglow with curiosity at the prospect of such a novelty as a genuine sailor's yarn, I prompted the skipper with all zeal, and was rewarded by the certain sign of a fresh quid.

"'Twas some dozen years ago, when all kinds o' fishin' was better'n 'tis now, whalin' as well's the rest, for they hadn't got up these coal-burnin' 'bominations then, I was comin' home from a cruise in this bay, 'fore I got to be runnin' for myself. We'd jus' got through the Gut an' was headed for the cape, when we met a brig beatin' along to windward an' makin' speakin' signals. We see by her rig she wa'n't a fisherman, an' by the way she was handled she'd got a green set aboard, but she come 'longside an' told us she was from Boston, bound up north for the sport of it; a painter 'd chartered her, an' was crazy to go where he could sketch the ice from the life, he said. He come round in his boat himself, a bright-eyed, steel-springy, little chap; I see he'd got the true grit an' handled his oars neat, but a'ter all, it wasn't jus' nat'ral, he was used to mahog'ny an' red cedar more'n to white-ash. He said he'd hired his brig an' his men, but the lubbers 'd backed out, but he'd be d—d if he didn't go ahead if he had to swim for't; give him one decent man to spell him an' he'd send all he'd got back an' push along; an' he wanted to see any sailor on that fleet 'twas smart an' spunky enough to go say so an' name his price. This kind o' touched me in the right spot an' I was on my taps in a minute, an' told him I was his man. I asked him 'bout how fur up he meant to go, an' he said he didn't know any thin' about it; he was goin' till he got a sketch to suit him, if he had to squat on the end o' the North Pole. Father—he was skipper then an' I was sailin' under him—told me to mind my eye an' steer clear o' that scrape; but it didn't make no difference, I picked up a few things an' jumped into the boat. Probably I should been smarter if I hadn't been so smart; but young folks is obstreperous, an' I was only two-an'-twenty; besides, I was to go out on a craft of my own next time if we'd had good luck this trip; but it happened jus' so't we didn't, an' we was comin' home sheepish enough with our strike-barrels next to empty, an' so I was cross an' blue an' mos' ready for any thin' that come along; an' the offer of ten dollars a week an' a command of my own—that was the real spot 'twas touched, to be on my own deck a'ter bein' jus' cheated out of it—was more'n I could stand. I don't think I half heard what father said; fact is, a'ter a boy's old enough so't you can't make him mind it don't do no good to give him advice, for he'll take his course jus' as fur's he can get from what you tell him, an' I've heard folks say't a skittish horse, though I don't know myself for I never druv one, never takes the bit in his teeth till you try to hold him in a little—then he's off.

"But as I said, I'd gone an' done it 'thout stoppin' to think, an' the first I came to consider that I'd better have looked afore leapin' the old schooner was a little speck down south, an' instid o' bein' home in Gloucester in four days I was bound the Lord knew where, an' to be home the Lord knew when. But it don't mend a broken line to cry, an' I thought leastways I hadn't got to sneak home like a kicked cur; I was on my own deck an' a bigger craft it was than any mackerel-smack, an' I was sure to go where I should see somethin' new an' have a big yarn to spin if ever I got back. To be sure, I'd left a girl behind me, a tall lass straight an' trim's a bow, one 't could break wrists with most fellows who think they're cordy; but that didn't fret me much, for I knew she'd wait patiently, an' in fact every girl 't promises herself to a sailor knows the sea's got a promise of him as well's she an' may get its claim first. I couldn't have faced *her* after comin' back empty; father was older an' wouldn't mind it so much, 'cause every body knew he was a good hand, but my case was different, I'd got to show my smartness or 'twas all up with me.

"I found young Kellerton as good a fellow as ever was, only two or three years older'n me; I could hugged him for his grit, for he was a little ahead o' me there. He was jus' the sort o' company to keep off the dumps, an' the brig was a dull sailer, lumberin' an' rollin' a good deal, as if she wa'n't well balanced, though she was tough an' stanch for all that; besides, he'd sent off all but three o' the hands, so't it kep' us busy as bees to work the ship, an' somethin' to do's the best way to keep content. 'Twa'n't so easy by half as I thought, but I could manage things pretty well: a keen, quick eye, an' a steady hand that does what the eye says 'thout stoppin' to argy, are what you want to get along anywheres in the world, an' we both had *them*, so we didn't fear; but when we'd rounded Cape Race an' was fairly headed north the men begun to look white 'bout the gills, an' I—well, I was a little shaky, but Kellerton said he'd run into St. Johns an' land any man 't said so, but not one of 'em spoke. There wa'n't really no great danger ahead, but you must remember we was all young an' used to short cruises 'long shore, an' started in haste with some bad signs an' bad luck, not knowin', either, where we was bound to; but I believe I shouldn't backed out then if I'd known for certain I was never comin' back.

"It wasn't long afore we met our first iceberg, in a foggy morning so thick you couldn't see two yards from the wheel; the fog squatted on the water like a big sticky jelly, but the stars twinkled confusedly overhead, an' all a sudden a sort o' lane opened 'fore us with gray walls 't you couldn't see into an' couldn't hardly break a dent in, an' right ahead was a berg as big agen as the one you jus' see, as high's a church steeple set adrift on end, an' lookin' ghostly enough—I could see the freeze all over its sides. It come down the lane an' we sheered off as well's we could, but it grazed us when it slid by, makin' the brig shiver as though the touch felt cold.

"I don't remember any thin' more 'twas extr'ordinary till we got pretty well into Baffin's Bay; we stopped at one place where the natives live, an' I vow, fishin' ain't the cleanest business, but I thought I never see dirt afore. We got a few o' their dogs, to be in the fashion, though we didn't think of ever usin' 'em; as for furs an' supplies, Kellerton 'd laid in enough to serve through two winters. Them are queer waters to sail in, up there; instid o' genuine waves there's a little choppin' sea slappin' on the bows, an' the wind acts as if 'twas lost, sinks down a while an' then on a sudden gets up an' whops round one way an' 'nuther, ragin' an' tearin', as if 'twas a wild beast 't had got into a pit; every thin's turned round, and if there's any fishes I believe they swim tail first; there ain't no sound to be heard nor any livin' thing to be seen 'long shore, an' what green things there is looks as if they'd jus' stuck up their heads an' was too scared to grow any higher—you never see a sail, an' it's lonesome v'yagin'.

"But when we got up to where 'twas ice an' nothin' but ice, what with the crackin' an' grindin' there was noise an' excitement enough. Seems to me the Lord didn't finish this part the world, an' left all the materials lyin' round loose an' piled in great heaps. I ain't book-larned, though I read some when I'm in-shore, an' all I can 'member o' them places is a sort o' jumbled mess o' chunks, all mixed up together. There was bergs in all shapes: some like a mountain tipped upside down; pinnacly fellers runnin' up to a point as sharp's a needle; thin ones turned up on edge, lookin' like a sheet with a hole torn in it; some was stretched out full length fast asleep in the path, an' some juttin' over the water an' threat'nin' to fall, with long spars o' ice hangin' down off their heads. I can't tell half their shapes, but I couldn't get rid o' the notion that they was live critters sailin' about there so white and slow; and there was cliffs o' hard stone made into stairs as reg'lar's if they'd been cut with a knife, with moonshine tumblin' down 'em, an' every thin' looked big an' misty. We went along like as if we was goin' over dry land a'most, part the time in fogs, in the openin's in the ice; sometimes they'd open all nice till we'd got in, an' then shut an' squeeze the brig like a pair o' nut-crackers, an' we'd be penned 'thout a chance to move either way, but pretty soon they'd open their jaws an' let us out; an' bimeby a big berg 't had been lyin' in wait for us 'ud slide out of his hole meanin' to jam us agen the shore, the wind meanwhiles haulin' off to see the sport, and lettin' our sails flap down so't we'd have to get out a line an' make a race, all hands a-tuggin', an' the white monster 'd grind by so close we couldn't get the blade of a knife 'twixt his nose an' the ship's side. There was as many pretty sights as we could spare eyes for, but we wanted eyes all over our heads to see it all. The sun used to get up at midnight sometimes an' peek over the top of a berg, an' then the little white clouds off a good ways 'ud be like washed mats o' wool tied up with gilt strings, an' it seemed 's if the Lord's big furnace o' light had burst an' all the hot gold was a-drizzlin' from the bottom down onto the ice, an' spreadin 's it cooled; an' a'ter a while it 'ud shift a bit, an' there'd be a splosh of all sorts o' colors, an' instid o' gold a string o' diamonds an' all sorts o' jewels 't I don't know the names of 'ud come slippin' down—you could most hear 'em *ching* when they struck the ice. I used to look at Kellerton those times, an' I've seen his cheeks flush up red for all the world like a girl's, so't he looked positively han'some; I've always thought 'twas a pity such nice shows must be stuck way off to the top of the world where there's nobody but bears and walruses livin' to get the good of 'em, an' a man can't go after 'em 'thout riskin' his neck. But that's the way allers; you can't see the inside of a hole 'thout you put your head in it an' run your chances.

"Well, we worked 'long in this way till we'd got somewheres near the upper end o' Melville Bay. We wasn't much afraid, for we hadn't been through any thin' very solid, seein' we started early in the season, an' we knew 'twas safe enough while there was an openin' behind us; we'd no notion to get wedged in, but we was sure we could break our way back where 'twasn't open water, an' I s'pose, too, there was a kind o' excitement about it makin' us crazy to go ahead. But 'twouldn't do to risk it any further, for it'd now got close onto September, an' so we hauled up under the lee o' the biggest berg we could find, thinkin' to start south in a week an' then make quick time. Kellerton 'd got his book pretty full o' sketches, good sketches they was, too, but them places is so wild an' topsy-turvy like, 't I declare I couldn't tell, 'bout some the picters, which side up to hold 'em; the sea an' sky both is pretty much alike, an' icebergs ain't like other things, they lay in the water jus' as it happens; but some o' his figures o' bergs topplin' over look nat'ral enough: I can most hear the thump when they hit the water, and I'll show you some I've got in my bunk yet when we turn in. Kellerton couldn't use his paints out the cabin any, of course, an' not much any way, every thin' stiffens up so—he used to say he'd give his eye if he could only reach up an' get one brushful o' the sun's color; but he'd take his sketchin' frame an' go off, he and I, with the dogs a-scamperin' ahead, half a dozen miles from the brig, over the fields o' ice to draw, an' we had jolly times, for he was a crack hand to take hold of any thin', an' as good's a forecastle mess at yarns. He beat me out-and-out at shootin' all through, for he'd lived whole summers in the woods, while I was green at the business, an' somehow never could hold the thing steady. Two birds was all my game, an' I had a notion 't I'd take a seal home to show, any way. So I left him alone a mile or two from the brig, with a peaked berg liftin' up its head out o' fog an' mist on his paper, an' set off without the dogs, fur I didn't want their company, an' besides, they was unruly critters an' went jus' where they was a mind to. Not knowin' then the trick o' walkin' behind a screen, I couldn't get near enough to the seal for a decent shot till I'd gone quite a piece, an' at last I see one asleep an' managed to hit him by creepin' pretty close; he flopped, but afore he could roll into his hole I had my knife in him. I hitched a rope on an' begun draggin' him, which was hard work, but when I got mebbe a half mile I was brought up short by a crack an' a strip o' water at least a hunderd yards wide; I slapped my hand to my for'ead an' like to fainted, for I'd been up there long enough to know the meanin' on't. I could see a place I 'membered passin' a little time ago, jus' over the water, but it might as well been a hunderd miles, fur no live man could swim in that ice-water, an' I hadn't a dog to help pull me over. I run round another side an' 'twas water, round another an' 'twas jus' the same—'twas nothin' but water clear round an' the bergs an' the fast ice beyond, not a strip so wide's a razor-edge to crawl off on. I'd got to know it, the wind 'd broke my piece off the rest the field, an' I was afloat without sail or rudder.

"You want to know what I did—what 'ud you done in my place? I jus' sunk down on the ice fur a hearty cry, it come over me so sudden an' sweepin' like; but grown folks' tears ain't much 'count, leastways when they freeze on the cheek as fast's they come an' threaten to wall up the eyes, an' so I stopped that an' begun thinkin'. Kellerton 'd sarch fur me as long 's 'twas any use, but I knew the ship might as well been down to t'other pole fur any good she'd do me, though she wa'n't more'n three miles off; it don't make no difference whether a man drowns a rod from shore or fifty miles, only it does make the choke a little harder to get most in. Standin' here now on the *Huldy Stevens*, where I know every plank an' rope by heart, I can't hardly believe I ever was there, but Kellerton's picters 't I've got brings it all back; but 'twas real, an' I declare I'd ruther been on a log in the middle o' the Atlantic. The quickest thing was to jump under an' let my drowned head rap up agen the bottom o' the ice, but I could do that any time, an' when you've got a length o' rope 'twixt you an' dyin' an' don't know how long 'tis, jus' wait till the end comes into your hand afore you cast it off. I'd dropped my rifle when I run for the seal an lost that, leavin' me only five fathoms o' rope an a knife besides my two hands; I shouldn't freeze—'twa'n't likely, nor drown, an' the bears won't meddle 'cept they're ravenous; as for eatin', I'd got a few ship's-biscuit and the seal, and when these was gone?—well, then I'd go too.

"I knew I was driftin' pretty fast, but didn't know which way 'twas, an' it didn't much matter. Perhaps I should get onto a berg an' float down, an' I follered it clear down round Newfoundland; but that 'ud take six weeks, so't I should be sittin' stiff on it 'fore that time; an' when we got into the ships' track they'd see my face scowlin' down from the top o' the berg, an' mebbe take it for the berg's own head—perhaps some Gloucester man 'ud see it—an' it's one o' the onaccountable things in human natur' that I most laughed at first at thinkin' how queer I should look, an' then felt mad to think my own folks 't knowed me might see me, an' say they was sure all the while I'd never be back alive. Pretty soon a walrus stuck up his nose an' leaned his tushes on the ice, blowin' the water an' his strong-smellin' breath off his whiskers; an' I see a bear walkin' 'long out on the field, an' I thought I'd fretted myself for nothin'.

"I don'o why 'tis, but when one gets a bit onsettled he gets to hearin' queer sounds in the first place; an' somehow when you think of a voice it's allers a woman's. Jus' a little screech from a woman's throat 'll go further'n the loudest a man can bawl; an' when sailors hears cries a-comin' off the water 'thout any sail in sight, an' a wailin' abaft the mainmast an' through the shrouds, it's a woman's voice, never a man's; there's sunthin' 'bout women's voices that goes right through a man, an' starts him in a way 't nothin' else in the world can. For one reason or 'nuther I begun to hear all sorts o' voices moanin' round in the air, sobbin' right behind my head, it seemed, an' callin' to one 'nuther across the bergs. I could hear my old mother singin' above 'em all, jus' as she used to sing in the rockin'-chair by the window, with me on her knee, an' watchin' the landin' to see if father's smack had hove in sight. I could hear her singin' 'Mear' an' 'Boylston' to the hymn she liked; an' the words was:

'O where shall res' be found?—
Res' for the weary soul!—
'Twere vain the ocean's deps to sound,
Or sarch to either Pole.'

I don't remember whether I was scared or not, but it seemed real enough; an' if they was in trouble so was I, and misery loves company; but 'twas dre'ful ghostly. I wasn't sure—but if they was only *human* critters!

"'Twasn't so much dyin' that went so hard with me, or the way of it, but the place. Goin' down to Davy Jones an' rottin' 'mong weeds an' fishes ain't a decent or pleasant style o' burial; but sailors get used to such an idee by long cruisin'; an' out in the country, where the hills lie in the sun year on year, an' the grass an' flowers grows green an' kindly, with the singin' birds, an' brooks runnin' over the stones, an' every thin' full o' life, there's a fellow-feelin' with a man, for all these breathin' things have jus' the same wants as he has, an' live an' die jus' the way he does; an' so they try to make him happy while he's alive, an' when he's dead they hold him, an' kind o' mourn for him; an' God seems close by these. But up in them lonesome places there ain't a livin' soul, an' nothin' but cold bergs 'thout any feelin'. They don't live or grow, but stand piled up jus' the same one year to another; an' no matter what awful things might be goin' on afore 'em, they wouldn't care, but 'ud be stern all the same, an' the last look out o' starvin' eyes wouldn't move 'em to showin' pity; there ain't any *soul* there, but only jus' a pile o' dead an' still matter; an' it seemed to me—for the sun wasn't shinin' then—that God 'd heaped this part the world full o' frightful things, an' then gone away Himself an' left it. But sunthin' whispered, 'If I take the wings o' the mornin' an' fly to the outermost parts o' the earth, behold, Thou art there;' an' so I knew, an' blessed the Lord 't there's no such thing as bein' out o' His reach; that He's jus' as near 'mong icebergs as livin' hills, an' looks out jus' as much in the dark as in the mornin' flushes, fur He don't need the sun to see by; then I see the Lord's glory lightin' up the place, an' I felt I could trust Him, though trustin' an' bein' resigned in one's bed ain't much like doin' it alone on a slab o' ice up in the northern deserts. All the prayers 't I hadn't thought of sence I was a boy diggin' clams an' huntin' shells on the beaches they come back to me, an' I prayed with a will—fact is, there's no blessin' that stays by a man so long's them little prayers 't mothers teaches; they won't be forgot, an' they'll hide 'emselves, all white an' pure, down in the heart o' the worst sinner on earth, an' stay there till he gets in trouble, an' then come risin' out the filth to his mouth, jus' as a spring o' water bubbles up out of a muddy hollow; and I 'membered how I used to say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' an' I said it with real feelin', an' then I curled into a ball an' went to sleep.

"When I woke up the first thing 't come into my head was a line of a hymn I used to say, beginnin',

'Night her solemn mantle spreads,'

but 'twasn't dark, but a great deal worse'n dark, for the moon was shinin'. An' that moonlight was awful. It gave every thin' such a look as I can't tell you an' I never see afore or sence; the bergs reared 'emselves clear into the sky an' elbowed the clouds, glarin' with their white, frozen-lookin' eyes, an' throwin' black shadows onto the water, an' their sides was a great dazzle; all the little slabs o' ice piled round looked jus' like grave-stones, an' the moon was continually layin' out white shrouds on the water; the ragged cliffs was sheddin' the light off down to their feet, an' it was comin' down from above as fast's it fell off, the great hollows in the sides a-gapin' with their black mouths way in where the moon couldn't get; and now an' then a big lump 'ud roll off the top somewheres an' roar down into the water, makin' white streaks run 'long the sea, twistin' an' hurryin' like a troop o' scared ghosts; 'twas all big an' stretched-out an' glary, white and onsartain, what little black there was makin' the rest jus' so much whiter—'twas the frightfulest thing I see, an' I'd a sight ruther had it dark as pitch.

"Bimeby it begun to snow—the queerest snow 't ever fell, fur 'twas soft an' fine an' hardly seemed to be comin' down from clouds, only the air was full of it, settlin' round like a white lace veil; I couldn't see an inch, but 'twas better'n to have the moon all the time. Fallin' snow's lonesome; but we're all used to it so't it seems kind o' pleasant, an' it couldn't hurt my case any. I'd had to drink the sea-water afore an' worry it down best I could, an' so the snow seemed sent o' purpose an' I caught up a handful of it, but good God! what'd it mean? I might as well filled my mouth with blazin' coals, for it burned like fire, an' pretty soon I found my lips an' tongue was swelled thick an' raw an' bleedin'.

"I can't tell how long I was there or half what I did, for I couldn't notch the days, an' most likely I was wild a good part the time; it all seems queer an' confused now, as if I'd jus' woke up out of a talkin' dream. I must have got up every now an' then an' eat away on my seal, and then gone to sleep agen; fur that's the most I 'member while I was floatin' an' waitin' fur my fish to be gone an' then sunthin' to happen which only the Lord knew.

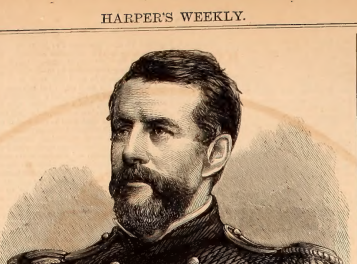
"That ripple you see there 'bout two miles off the lee-bow means we're goin' to work shortly an' 'minds me to be cuttin' my yarn short. I'd drifted a good ways in some direction, I couldn't tell what; but the water was gettin' more open an' the bergs was bigger an' more of 'em. The leads in the ice 'd got to be wider an' thicker, an' I thought most likely I'd floated toward the south, but I was in a perfect den o' bergs, sailin' in an' out with the wind an' sometimes only jus' missin' o' smashin' my little raft o' ice. There was one comin' straight down on me, an' all I could do was to wait an' see whether I found myself kickin' in the water, for I couldn't stir an inch; but when it come nearer I see masts an' cordage standin' out on the sky, but I was hazy an' didn't take any notice on't, though I heard the cables a-creakin', till the next thing I see a figure-head, a sailor holdin' a harpoon glidin' above me, an' there was a great thump and a crack run 'long close to me an' left me swimmin', or tryin' hard to, but in five minutes I was on board a British whaler 't had happened to drive agen me. I suppose mebbe I'd been four or five days on the ice, an' I'd drifted down into what the sailors call the 'Bergy Hole.' 'Twas a straight track an' a short run to home then, and a'ter a while I found Kellerton 'd sarched fur me till he'd got to leave or be froze in fur winter, an' then he left an' got into Boston a fortnight later'n I. That's the end. Mackerel ahead—here they gnaw! Look alive, lads, there's a school!"

BRIG.-GENERAL KEYES, U.S.A.

We publish on this page a portrait of General ERASMUS D. KEYES, commanding the Fifth Army Corps in the Army of the Potomac. General KEYES was born in Massachusetts about the year 1810, and entered West Point from that State in 1828. In 1832 he graduated and entered the Third Artillery, in which he served till 1837, when he became a member of General SCOTT's military family. In the following year he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General. In 1841 he obtained his commission, which he commanded for three years, after which he resumed the post of Instructor of Cavalry and Artillery at West Point. He remained in this position during the Mexican War.

At the outbreak of the rebellion General KEYES was one of the first officers to whom the Government looked for aid. On 14th May, 1861, he was appointed Colonel of the Eleventh Infantry—one of the new Regiments; and, three days afterward, Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He served in the Army of the Potomac under General M'DOWELL, and afterward, when the army was subdivided and reorganized under General M'CLELLAN, he obtained command of a corps d'armée.

He is regarded as one of the most efficient officers in the Army of the Potomac.



BRIGADIER GENERAL KEYES, U.S.A.—(PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.)

THE REBEL IRON-CLAD "ARKANSAS."

We publish herewith an illustration, from a sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, representing the REBEL IRON-CLAD STEAMER "ARKANSAS" RUNNING THROUGH OUR FLEET FROM THE MOUTH OF THE YAZOO RIVER TO THE PROTECTION OF THE BATTERIES AT VICKSBURG. The feat was equally glorious to the rebels as it was mortifying to us. After describing how the *Arkansas* was discovered in the YAZOO RIVER, and CAPTAIN WILLIS had dispatched the *Tyler* to warn the fleet, the *Herald* correspondent says:

The *Arkansas*, in return, fired two and a half inch bore guns with telling effect, but the test and only thing regarding her shot-proof qualities which could be ascertained, was that her armor was repeatedly perforated, some of the shot going entirely through and passing out on the opposite side. Two men were killed by a shot and three wounded by splinters. The loss is quite trifling. The *Carondelet* was not struck below the water-line, nor was her machinery injured. She will be in proper trim again in a short time.

The *Carondelet* at length succeeded in getting alongside and grappling the *Arkansas*. The order "Boarders" was given, was instantly passed, and the crew of the YAZOO, gallantly mounted the deck of the rebel and looked around for those they found so few to engage, and the crew of the *Arkansas* somebody or something else. The order "Boarders" was also instantly passed, and the iron hatches were closed and fastened down, so that it was utterly impossible to land forces and continue the action. The men of the *Carondelet* were much in the condition of one who attempts to open an oyster, but has neither knife, scissors, nor stone with which to perform the operation. Hide and shield were removed from various loopholes, and hot water and steam were sent forth from the pipes of the *Arkansas*, while the guns of the rebel continued to play against the comparatively frail sides of the *Carondelet*. The *Carondelet* replied with her steam apparatus, and this kind of fighting might have continued till both were exhausted had not the vessels struck bottom, by which the gunboats were lowered, and the *Arkansas* allowed to drift down the stream, leaving the *Carondelet* in the shore. To the surprise of those on the latter boat, the *Arkansas* did not renew the battle, but put on all steam and moved slowly down the river.

The *Tyler* succeeded in reaching the fleet nearly half an hour in advance of the *Arkansas*, thus giving a little time to prepare for the reception of the ram. None of the boats had much steam up, though all had fires in their furnaces. Instantly the anchors were made to get the boats ready to manœuvre in case the *Arkansas* should attempt to run them down.

But two or three were able to move at the time the *Arkansas* appeared around the bend, though the fires were "forced" as much as possible. The *Louisville* and *Cincinnati* succeeded in getting their wheels in motion and hoisting anchor, and the *Benton* had just swung from her moorings. The CAPE was doing her best, and the RAMS were pressing to perceive the exigencies of the occasion and make ready for an attack. The vessels of Commodore FARRAGUT's squadron lent to quietude, and determined to receive the enemy while at anchor.

As the *Arkansas* approached she encountered gun-boat No. 6 of FARRAGUT's fleet, carrying one heavy DAHLGREN and two light guns, and a crew of forty of the best. The boat received only a few shots from the *Arkansas*, as Captain WILLIS ordered his fire, and, sending one ball through the side of the latter, without stopping her engines the *Arkansas* ran past No. 6, and next encountered the *Louisville*, which gave her the full benefit of her broadside and bow guns. The *Arkansas* had by this time reached a position where her shot were effective in every direction, and she used all her guns at the same moment, firing of transports and gun-boat indiscriminately. None of the boats were able to fire more than one gun more than one or two times, and then the way out of reach. Most of the shots were thrown at short range, but many of the rebel projectiles plumed off, while the shells were observed into a thousand fragments by the force of the concussion alone. The *Benton*, *Louisville*, and *Cincinnati* moved as speedily as they could turn in the river, and followed closely upon the heels of the *Arkansas*.

As the rebel boat passed, the *Hartford*, *Iroquois*, and *Richmond* she received a heavy broadside from each. The *Essex*, which arrived only a few days since, managed to send two 160-pound shot clear forty through the sides of the *Arkansas*, causing her to careen fearfully. One of them is thought to have struck near her engine and caused her to lurch badly, as she kept her pump constantly going, and poured a stream of water from her after deck. One of the *Richmond*'s 160-pound Parrott shot is also thought to have gone completely through her. After each discharge of her guns the port-holes of the *Arkansas* were instantly closed, her sides presenting nothing but a mass of almost impenetrable wood and iron. One of these port-holes was left open for a moment, and a ball from the *Benton* entered, killing ten men and wounding several others. A shot from one of the boats, at short range, is said to have struck at right angles upon the side of the *Arkansas*, and rebounded, falling into the water close to the vessel, from which it was discharged.

The *Arkansas* did not slacken her speed during her perilous progress down the river, but kept steadily forward, firing her guns as she moved ahead. Her speed of motion is not as great as some of her friends have thought, as would seem, her immense weight causing her to draw too much water for rapid movements. Her enormous iron prow is very prominent to view; but she did not attempt to run it upon any of the boats after the first attack. This was probably owing to her slow pace, and it is to her failure in this respect that we are doubtless indebted for the present safety of our boats.

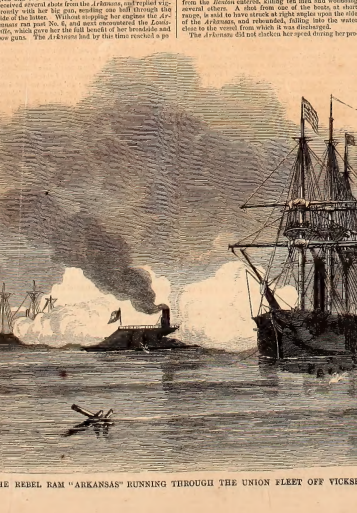
The ram *Lancaster*, No. 3, at one time started for the *Arkansas*, intending to run her down; but before getting along far she received three shots, one of which severed her steering-gear, and she was obliged to turn over to the CAPE to be towed, two of them fatally. Notwithstanding the great number of boats opposed to her, the *Arkansas* succeeded in passing safely through and making the protection of the rebel batteries.

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

We give on the next page a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. HALLECK, who was appointed on the 11th ult. Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States.

Henry Wager Halleck was born at Weston, Oneida County, New York, in 1820, and is consequently forty-two years of age. He entered West Point in 1835, graduated third in his class, and obtained a commission in the engineers. For a year he served as assistant professor of engineering at West Point. From 1840 to 1845 he exercised his military duties by lecturing; he likewise published one or two important scientific and military works. When the war with Mexico broke out he was in California, and for conduct in skirmishes there in November, 1847, he was brevetted Captain. He was subsequently chief of Commodore Shubrick's staff, Secretary of State of California, and, in 1849, a member of the Convention which drafted the Constitution of the State. He took such a liking to the Pacific coast that in 1854, being then Captain of Engineers, he resigned his rank, studied law, and opened an office in San Francisco. His firm, Halleck, Billings, Hyde, & Co., were very successful at the bar. It is a little curious that one of the first business transactions in which General HALLECK was engaged when he went to St. Louis to command the department of the West, was a pecuniary matter in which he acted as the legal adviser of his old client, Major-General PRIMROSE, when, in effect, he came to supersede.

When the rebellion broke out, General HALLECK was at once summoned from California by the Government, at the instance of General SCOTT, and appointed to the command from which PRIMROSE had been removed, and which General HUNTER had temporarily filled. His administration has been a series of brilliant triumphs. When he arrived at St. Louis the rebels held all Tennessee, most of Kentucky, and three-fourths of Missouri; the Mississippi was blockaded to within twenty miles of Cairo; secession was rampant and loyalty at a discount. General HALLECK began by hanging bridge-burners, which put a stop to the destruction of bridges; he then made the secession sympathizers pay the losses of Union men who had been robbed by the rebels; this put an end to rebel outrages on Unionists and cooled the wealthy traitors of St. Louis. Then moving his armies and his gunboats in a methodical manner, he expelled the rebels from Missouri and Northern Arkansas, took Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, and Island No. 10, compelled the evacuation successively of Bowling Green, Columbus, Corinth, and Cumberland Gap; and now enables his soldiers to rest on their arms during the hot months—having nearly completed the work they were set to do. He has hardly met



THE REBEL RAM "ARKANSAS" RUNNING THROUGH THE UNION FLEET OFF VICKSBURG.



MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

with a single check since he commenced his operations. So thorough has his work been, that even if the Union armies were to stay where they are and advance no further the rebellion could not survive.

In illustration of General Halleck's character, the *Herald* tells the following story of his boyhood:

When about sixteen years of age he formed the determination to leave the paternal mansion to his parents, and seek his fortune in the world. After consulting an uncle, who resided in Syracuse, he removed to Hudson, New York, and took board in his family of I. V. Bunnell, and, under the patronage of the aforesaid uncle, commenced his studies at the Hudson Academy, which was at that time conducted by J. W. Fairfield. To conceal his residence from his father, he entered the academy under the name of Henry Wager, and was thus known during his three years' residence in Hudson. He was known as a youth of quick perception and studious habits, acquiring himself with honor in his studies. After finishing his course at this academy, through the influence of the uncle before mentioned he was appointed a cadet at West Point.

His personal appearance is thus graphically sketched:

Major-General Halleck, in personal appearance, is below the medium height, straight, active, and well-formed, and has a brisk, energetic gait, significant of his firm and decisive character. His nose is delicate and well formed, his forehead ample, and his mouth by no means devoid of humor. His eye is of a hazel color, clear as a morning star, and of intense brilliancy. When he looks at a man it seems as though he were going literally to read him through and through. No amount of oily duplicity, no known effrontery, no studied concealment could avail any thing before that keen, penetrating glance. It is no eye to make an ill-regard tremble, and even honest men look about them to be sure they have not been up to some mischief. The profound and implicit confidence in him of all who have had dealings with him is no mystery after seeing what manner of man he is.

Such is his personal appearance, and he does business off hand, is impatient of long stories, and cuts away an officer short in his verbal communication. He evidently has his old ways: he puts on a citizen's dress and walks through the camp. Lately he helped a teamster out of the mud, then gave him a quarter to wear the child more carefully. He laughed heartily to hear the child cry out to the teamster, "Mister, you swore!" The high water in the river is unprecedentedly all but impassable. The teamster had wandered through it, and, having reached the top of the bluff, and being in sight of head-quarters, relieved himself of volley after volley of oaths upon the creek, his horses, the roads, and lastly upon General Halleck for not having the creek bridged. The criticism was just; but the General had already ordered the construction of a bridge, and, being incog., could enjoy the verbal castigation.

General Halleck in the camp and in the field is hardly the same person who might have been seen (previous to 8 P.M. Leaving from the Fleetzer House to head-quarters by 85 Lexington. He does not look a whit more military in uniform, as he looks, in his new and rich though plain civilian dress, very much like a successful clothier. In church he bears a most striking resemblance to some clergymen Methodist parson dressed in regimentals, with a wide, stiff-rimmed black felt hat sticking on the back of his head, at an erratic angle with the ground. His demeanor in front of his tent is very simple and business-like. No pomp, no unusual ceremony, and no lack of order. When on horseback his Western riding seller is more and more prominent. He neither looks like a soldier, rides like one, nor does he carry the state of a major-general in the field, but is the impersonation of the man of peace.

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "HIDE AND SEEK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.

THE tall man who had passed Captain Wragge in the dark proceeded rapidly along the public walk, struck off across the little waste patch of ground, and entered the open door of the Aldborough Hotel. The light in the passage, falling full on his face as he passed it, proved the truth of Captain Wragge's surmise, and showed the manager to be Mr. Kirke, of the merchant service.

Meeting the landlord in the passage, Mr. Kirke nodded to him with the familiarity of an old customer. "Have you got the paper?" he asked; "I want to look at the visitors' list."

"I have got it in my room, Sir," said the landlord, leading the way into a parlor at the back of the house. "Are there any friends of yours staying here, do you think?"

Without replying the seaman turned to the list, as soon as the newspaper was placed in his hand, and ran his finger down it, name by name. The finger suddenly stopped at this line: "Seaview Cottage; Mr. Noel Vanstone." Kirke, of the merchant service, repeated the name to himself, and put down the paper thoughtfully.

"Have you found any body you know, captain?" asked the landlord.

"I have found a name I know—a name my father used often to speak of in his time. Is this Mr. Vanstone a family man? Do you know if there is a young lady in the house?"

"I can't say, captain. My wife will be here directly: she is sure to know. It must have been some time ago, if your father knew this Mr. Vanstone?"

"It was some time ago. My father knew a

subaltern officer of that name when he was with his regiment in Canada. It would be curious if the person here turned out to be the same man, and if that young lady was his daughter."

"Excuse me, captain; but the young lady seems to hang a little on your mind," said the landlord, with a pleasant smile.

Mr. Kirke looked as if the form which his host's good-humor had just taken was not quite to his mind. He returned abruptly to the subaltern officer and the regiment in Canada.

"That poor fellow's story was as miserable a one as ever I heard," he said, looking fixedly absently at the visitors' list.

"Would there be any harm in telling it, Sir?" asked the landlord. "Miserable or no—a story's a story, when you know it to be true."

Mr. Kirke hesitated. "I hardly think I should be doing right to tell it," he said. "If this man or any relations of his are still alive, it is not a story they might like repeated to a host. All I can tell you is that my father was the salvation of that young officer under very dreadful circumstances. They parted in Canada. My father remained with his regiment: the young officer sold out and returned to England; and from that moment they lost sight of each other. It would be curious if this Vavasour here was the same man. It would be curious—"

He suddenly checked himself, just as another reference to "the young lady" was on the point of passing his lips. At the same moment the landlord's wife came in, and Mr. Kirke at once transferred his inquiries to the higher authority in the house.

"Do you know any thing of this Mr. Vavasour who is down here on the visitors' list?" asked the subaltern. "If he an old man?"

"He's a miserable little creature to look at," replied the landlady; "but he's not old, captain!"

"Then he is not the man I mean. Perhaps he is the man's son? Has he got any ladies with him?"

The landlady tossed her head, and pursed up her lips disparagingly.

"He has a housekeeper with him," she said, "a middle-aged person—not one of my sort. I dare say I'm wrong; but I don't like a dressy woman in her station of life."

Mr. Kirke began to look puzzled. "I must have made some mistake about the house," he said. "Young there's a lawn cut octagon-shape at Sea-View Cottage, and a white house all in the middle of the gravel walk?"

"That's not Sea-View, Sir! It's North Shingles you're talking of. Mr. Bygrave's. His wife and his niece came here by the coach to-day. His wife's tall enough to be put in a box, and the worst-dressed woman I ever set eyes on. But Mrs. Bygrave is worth looking at if you venture to say so. She's the finest girl, to my mind, we've had at Aldborough for many a long day. I suppose you they and I are talking of the same, captain?"

"No," said Mr. Kirke, with a shade of disappointment on his dark, weather-beaten face; "I never heard the name before."

After replying in these words he rose to take his leave. The landlord vainly invited him to drink a parting glass; the landlady vainly pressed him to stay another ten minutes, and another cup of tea. He only replied that his sister expected him, and that he must return to the entertainment immediately.

On leaving the hotel, Mr. Kirke set his face westward, and walked inland along the highroad as fast as the darkness would let him.

"Bygrave?" he thought to himself; "Now I know her name, how much am I the wiser for it? If it had been Vavasour, my father's son might have had a chance of making acquaintance with her." He stopped and looked back in the direction of Aldborough. "I wonder if I am?" he burst out suddenly, striking his stick on the ground. "I was very sorry last birthday." He turned, and went on again faster than before, with his head down, his resolute black eyes searching the darkness on the look-out for a carriage, and it many a time on the sea from the deck of his ship.

After more than an hour's walking, he reached a village, with a primitive little church and parsonage standing together in a hollow. He entered the house by the back way, and found his sister, the clergyman's wife, sitting alone over her work in the parlor.

"Where is your husband, Lizzie?" he asked, taking a chair in a corner.

William has gone out to see a sick person. He had just time enough before he went," she added, with a smile, "to tell me about you, and your baby; and he declares he will never trust himself at Aldborough, as long as you and your boy are a steady married man." She stopped, and looked at her brother more attentively than she had looked at him yet. "Robert!" she said, laying aside her work, and suddenly crossing the room to him—"you look anxious, you look distressed. William only laughed about your meeting with the young lady. Is it serious? Tell me, what is she like?"

He turned his head away at the question. She took a seat at his feet, and persisted in looking up at him. "Is it serious, Robert?" she repeated, softly.

Mrs. Kirke's mother-beaten face was accustomed to no concealments—it answered for him before he spoke a word. "Don't tell your husband till I am gone," he said, with a roughness quite new in his sister's experience of him. "I know I only deserve to be laughed at, but it hurts me for all that."

"Hurts you?" she repeated, in astonishment. "You can't think me half such a fool, Lizzie, as I think myself," pursued Kirke, bitterly. "A man at my age ought to know better. I have not set eyes on her for as much as a minute altogether; and there I have been, hanging about the place till after nightfall on the chance of seeing her again—skulking, I should have called it, if I had found one of my men doing what I have been doing myself. I believe I'm bewitched. She's a mere girl, Lizzie—I doubt if she's out of her teens; I'm old enough to be her father. It's all one: she stops in my mind in spite of me. I've had her face looking at me through the pitch darkness every step of the way to this house; and it's looking at me now, as plain as I look at your pretty face."

He rose impatiently, and began to walk backward and forward in the room. His sister looked after him with surprise as well as sympathy expressed in her face. From his boyhood upward he had always been accustomed to take the master of himself. Years since, in the failing health of his wife, he had kept his feelings to himself and their support. She had heard of him in the desperate emergencies of a life at sea, but had never heard of his losing command and look to his steady self-possession for rescue from closethreatening death, and had looked in vain. Never in all her life before had his sister seen the balance of that calm and equal mind lost as she saw it now.

"How can you talk so unreasonably about your age and yourself?" she said. "There is not a woman alive, Robert, who is good enough for you. What is her name?"

"Bygrave. What is her name?"

"No; but I might soon make acquaintance with her. Come, you had a little time before us; if I could only get to Aldborough to-night, I'd see her. But you are going away to-morrow; you ship sails at the end of the week."

"Thank God for that!" said Kirke, fervently.

"Are you glad to be going away?" she asked, more and more amazed at him.

"Right glad, Lizzie, for my own sake. If I ever get on shore again I shall find my way back to them on the deck of my ship. This girl has got between me and my thoughts already: she shan't be a girl, further, much longer between me and my duty. I'm determined on that. God as I have sense enough remaining to me, I trust myself within easy hail of Aldborough to-morrow morning. I'm good for another twenty miles of walking, and I'll begin the journey back to-night."

His sister started up, and caught him fast by the arm. "Robert!" she exclaimed; "you're not serious? You don't mean to leave us on foot alone in the dark?"

"It's only saying good-by, my dear, the last thing at night instead of the first thing in the morning," he answered, with a smile. "They and make allowances for me, Lizzie. My life has been passed among men, and I am not used to using my mind upset in this way. Men above are used to it; men above can take it easy. I can't. It's stopped, I shouldn't wonder, if I waited till to-morrow. I should only be going back to have another day's misery. I'm off to-night. I'm more ashamed of myself than I do already. I want to fight my way back to my duty and myself without delay. Don't say any more about it. Darkness is nothing to me—I'm used to darkness. I have not been in bed for two nights, and I can't lose my way. Let me go, Lizzie! The only sweet-heart I have any business with at my age is my ship. Let me get back to her!"

His sister still kept her hold of his arm, and still pleaded with him to stay till the morning. He listened to her with perfect patience and kindness, but she never shook his determination for an instant.

"What am I to say to William?" she pleaded.

"What can he think when he comes back and finds you gone?"

"Tell him I have taken the advice he gave me in his morning sermon, and have turned my back on the world, the flesh, and the devil."

"How can you talk so, Robert? And the boys too—you promised me to be kind to the boys during your holiday."

"That's true. I made my little nephews a promise, and I'll keep it." He kicked off his shoes as he spoke on the mat outside the door. "Light me a candle, Lizzie, Lizzie, I'll see the boys good-by without waking them."

She saw the uselessness of resisting him any longer, and, taking the candle, went before him up the stairs.

The boys—both young children—were sleeping together in the same bed. The youngest was his uncle's godson, and was called by his uncle's name. He lay peacefully with his head in a rough little toy ship hugged fast in his arms, Kirke's eyes rested on the child's face, and on the child's side and kissed him with the gentleness of a woman. "Poor little man!" and the subtler, tenderly; "he is as fond of the sea as I was at his age. I'll cut him out a better one when I come back. He'll make a fine sailor in a couple of these days, Lizzie, and will you let me make a sailor of him?"

"Oh, Robert, if you were only married and happy, as I am!"

"Hush! you has gone by, my dear. I must make the best of it as I am, with my little nephew for there to help me."

He left the room. His sister's tears fell fast as she followed him into the parlor. "There is something so very beautiful in the way he takes to us like this," she said. "Shall I go to Aldborough to-morrow, Robert, and try if I can get acquainted with this young lady?"

"No!" he replied. "Let her be. It's ordered that I am to see that girl again, I *shall* see her. Leave it to the future, and you leave it right." He put on his shoes, and took up his hat and stick. "I won't overtask myself," he said, cheerfully. "If the conch doesn't overtake me on the road, I'll be in time before I stop to breakfast. Dry your eyes, my dear, and give me a kiss."

She was like her brother in features and complexion, and she had a touch of her brother's spirit—she dashed away the tears, and took her leave of him bravely.

"I shall be back in a year's time," said Kirke, falling into his old sailor-like way at the door. "I'll bring you a China shawl, Lizzie, and a chest of tea for your store-room. Don't let the boys forget me, and don't think I'm doing wrong to leave you in this way. I know I'm doing right. God bless you and keep you, my dear—and your husband, your children! Goodby!"

He stooped and kissed her. She ran to the door to look after him. A puff of air extinguished the candle, and the black night shut him out from her in an instant.

Three days afterward the first-class merchantman *Endeavour*—Kirke, commander—sailed from London for the China Sea.

CHAPTER III.

THE threatening weather and change passed away with the night. When morning rose over Aldborough the sun was master in the blue heaven, and the waves were rippling gayly under the summer breeze.

At an hour when no other visitors on the watering-place were yet astir the indefatigable Wragge appeared at the door of North Shingles in search of company. He was accompanied, with a neatly-bound copy of Lyon's "Scientific Dialogues" in his hand. Arriving at the waste ground overlooking the sea, he descended to the beach and opened his book. The interview of the pair could be observed by all perceptive of the difficulties to be encountered in the coming enterprise. He was now doubly determined to try the Lyon-Wragge experiment at which he had hinted in his letter to Magdalen, and to constitute himself, in the character of a remarkably well-informed man, the centre of interest and attention of the formidable Mrs. Lecount.

Having taken his dose of ready-made science (to use his own expression) the first thing in the morning on an empty stomach, Captain Wragge joined his small family circle at breakfast-time with an appetite worthy of the day. He observed that Magdalen's face showed plain signs of a sleepless night. She made no complaint: her manner was composed, and in other respects perfectly under control. Mrs. Wragge—refreshed by undisturbed conscience-sleep and uninterrupted repose—was in excellent spirits, and up at heel (for a wonder) with both shoes. The captain himself, ready to appease the hunger-shoes of tissue paper, cut crisply into mysterious and unctuous rashers, which immediately provoked from her husband the shrewd answer-question, "What have you got there?"

Mrs. Wragge was in the habit of keeping, in timidly conciliating tones, "I went shopping in London, and bought an Oriental Cashmere Robe. It cost a deal of money, but it was going to try and save by making it myself. I've got the pattern, and the dress-making directions written out plain as print. I'll be very tidy, captain; I'll keep in my own corner, if you'll please to give me room; and whether it's Jane Buzzes, or whether it don't, I'll sit straight at my work all the day long."

"You will do your work," said the captain sternly, "when you know who you are, who I am, and why you're here. Not before. Show me your shoes! Good. Show me your cup! Good. Finish the breakfast."

When breakfast was over Mrs. Wragge received her orders to retire to an adjoining room, and to read aloud to herself her husband's own favorite author as soon as her back was turned Captain Wragge's voice resumed the conversation which had been suspended by Magdalen's own desire, on the preceding night. The questions he now put to her referred to the subject of her visit in disguise to Noel Vanstone's house. They were the questions of a thoroughly disciplined man—close, searching, and straight to the point. In less than half an hour's time he had made himself acquainted with every incident that had happened in Vauxhall Walk.

The conclusions which the captain drew after gaining his information were clear and easily stated.

On the adverse side of the question, he expressed his conviction that Mrs. Lecount had certainly detected her visitor to be disguised; that she had secretly felt the strongest suspicion of her identity; that she had purposely concealed Magdalen's identity, that she had, in her own person, defy the housekeeper's closest scrutiny, to be the master of possession on her concerned. The difficulty of deceiving Mrs. Lecount was, as well as her eyes, was, he readily admitted, not at all to be disposed of. But looking to the fact that Magdalen, on both the occasions when she had forgotten herself, had spoken in the heat of anger, it was of opinions that her voice had every reasonable chance of escaping detection if she carefully avoided the outbursts of temper for the future, and spoke in the most unnatural and ordinary tones which Mrs. Lecount had not yet heard. On the whole, the captain was inclined to pronounce the prospect hopeful if one serious obstacle were cleared away at the outset—that obstacle being nothing less than pressure on the scene of action of Mrs. Wragge.

To Magdalen's surprise, when the course of her narrative brought her to the story of the ghost, Captain Wragge listened with the air of a man who was more annoyed than amused by what he heard. When she had done, he plainly told her that her unlikely meeting on the stairs of the lodging-house with Mrs. Wragge was, in his opinion, the most serious of all the accidents that had happened in Vauxhall Walk.

"I can deal with the difficulty of my wife's inquisitiveness," he said, "as I have often dealt with it before. I can hammer her new identity into her head, but I can't hammer the ghost out of it. We have no security that the woman in the gray cloak and poke bonnet may not come back on their residence here, and the most critical time under the most awkward circumstances. In this English, my dear girl, Mrs. Wragge is a pitfall under your feet at every step we take."

"If we are aware of the pitfall," said Magdalen, "we can take our measures for avoiding it. What do you propose?"

"I propose," replied the captain, "the temporary retirement of Mrs. Wragge, looking simply in a pecuniary point of view, I can't afford a social separation from her. You have often read of very poor people being comfortably relieved by legacies reaching them from remote and unexpected quarters? Mrs. Wragge's case, when I married her, was one of those. An elderly female relative left the favors of fortune on that occasion with my wife; and if I don't keep up domestic appearances, I happen to know that Mrs. Wragge will procure a second legacy probably to me on that elderly relative's death. But for this circumstance I should probably long since have transferred my wife to the care of a society at large, in the agreeable conviction that if I didn't suppress her existence she would do it. Although I can't afford to take this course, I see no objection to having her comfortably boarded and lodged out of the way for a few days. Leaving me at a retired farm-house, in the character of a lady in affliction, for instance. You would find the expense trifling; I should find the relief unspeakable. What do you say? Shall I pack Mrs. Wragge off, and take her place in the next coach?"

"No," replied Magdalen, firmly. "The poor creature's life is hard enough already; I won't help to make it harder. She was affectionately kind to me when I was ill, and I think I won't allow her to be shut up among strangers while I am well. The risk of keeping her here is only one risk more, Mr. Wragge," said Captain Wragge, if you won't."

"Think twice," said the captain, gravely, before you decide on keeping Mrs. Wragge."

"Once is enough," returned Magdalen, "after what I have just seen of her."

"Very good," said the captain, resignedly. "I will undertake to keep her out of your sight. But I have a word to say on my own behalf. If my services are to be of any use to you, I can't afford to be starved while I am at sea. Understand, I won't trust my wife and Mrs. Lecount together, if I can help it. I will be sent; and I make it a condition that if Mrs. Wragge is to stay here she keeps her room. If you think her health requires exercise, you must let her go out in a hackney-coach; it is too important to be trifled with. What do you say—now?"

"I say yes," replied Magdalen, after a moment's consideration, "on the understanding that I am to have the last word to say in the process."

Captain Wragge bowed, and recovered his suavity of manner. "What are our plans?" he inquired. "Shall we start our enterprise this afternoon? Shall we begin with your introduction to Mrs. Lecount and her master?"

"Quite ready."

"Good again. We will meet them on the Parade at their usual hour for going out—two o'clock. Mrs. Wragge will be in her own room before me—just time enough to fit my wife into her new Skin. The process is absolutely necessary to prevent the unfortunate woman from a servant. Don't be afraid about the results; Mrs. Wragge has had a wonderful variety of assumed names hammered into her head in the course of her matrimonial career. It is merely a question of hammering the last impression once more. I think we have settled every thing now. Is there any thing else? Any last words to-day? Have you any employment for the morning?"

"No," said Magdalen. "I shall go back to my own room and try to rest."

"You had a disturbed night, I am afraid?" said the captain, politely opening the door for her.

"I fell asleep once or twice," she answered, carelessly; "but I suppose my rest was ill-timed, shaken. The bold black eyes of that man who stared so rudely at me yesterday evening seemed to be looking at me again in my dreams. If we see him to-day, and if he annoys me any more, I must request you to speak to him. We will meet here again at two o'clock. Don't be hard with Mrs. Wragge; teach her what she must learn as tenderly as you can."

With those words she left him and went up stairs.

She lay down on her bed with a heavy sigh and tried to sleep. It was useless. The dull weariness of body which she would willingly have won not the weariness which finds its remedy in repose. She rose, and sat down by the window, looking out listlessly over the sea.

A weaker nature than hers would not have felt the shock of the encounter as she had felt it—as she was feeling it still. A weaker nature would have found refuge in indignation, and comfort in tears. The passionate strength of Magdalen's love clung desperately to the sinking wreck of its one delusion—would not disturb herself from it by main force of will. All that her nature could do for the man she had wrong could do, was to shame her from dwelling on the thoughts which still caught their breath of life from the undying devotion of the past; which

cill perversely sacrificed Frank's heartless fare-well to any other but the inborn baseness of the man who had written it. The woman never lived yet who could cast a true love out of her heart because the object of it was unworthy of her. All she can do is to struggle with it in secret—to sink in the contest, if she is weak; to win her way through it, if she is strong, by a process of self-laceration which for all moral remedies applied to a woman's nature, the most dangerous and the most desperate, of all moral changes the change from love to hate is the most dark.

Mrs. Lecount was not strong enough to struggle through the struggle, and the issue of it had left her what she now was.

After sitting by the window for nearly an hour—her eyes looking mechanically at the view, her mind empty of all impressions, reflections, and of thoughts—she shook off the strange waking torpor that possessed her, and rose to prepare herself for the serious business of the day.

She went to the wardrobe, and took down from the peg her two dresses—a handsome one, which had been made for summer wear at the Comte Raven's a year since, and which had been one of the little articles that she was to have carried with her other possessions. After placing these dresses side by side on the bed, she looked at the wardrobe once more. It only contained one other summer dress—the plain alpaca gown which she had worn during her interview at Perivale with Noel Vanstone and Mrs. Lecount. This she left in its place, resolving not to wear it up from any part that the housekeeper could require a pattern too quiet to be noticed, and too common to be remembered. She was quite conscious that it was neither gay enough nor becoming enough for the purpose. After taking up a plain white muslin collar, a pair of large gilt gloves, and a garden-hat of Panama straw from the drawers of the wardrobe, she laid it, and put the key carefully in her pocket.

Instead of at once proceeding to dress herself, as she might have done, she now began another exercise which she wore, and yet inconsistently enough, which she could not forbear from practising when in a hurry, with a reckless laugh; "I am equally worthless in my own estimation, whatever I put on." She shuddered, with the instinct of her own laughter had startled her, and deeply caught up the dress which lay nearest to her hand. It was a colors were blue and white, the shade of blue which best suited her fair complexion. She hurriedly put the dress on, before she gave hear her looking-glass. For the first time in her life she shrank from meeting the reflection of herself, except for a moment, when she arranged her hair under her garden-hat, before the glass in the hall. Hitherto, she could not surf over her shoulders, and fitted on her face, with her back to the toilet-table. What! afraid?" she asked herself, feelingly sensitive that she was turning pale. "The rouge is still left in my box. I can't make a very fine show than it is already." She looked round to-ward its glass, and again turned away from it. "I am afraid," Mrs. Lecount repeated, more to well as her master. No paint." After ing her watch, she left the room and went down more quickly. It wanted ten minutes past two o'clo'clock.

Captain Wragge was waiting for her in the parlor—respectable in a frock-coat, a stiff summer cravat, and a high white hat; speckless and cheerfully calm. He was a half-smoked grey cheroot, and gaiters to match. His collar was higher than ever, and he carried a brass cane-stool in his hand. Any tradesman in Perivale who had seen him at that moment would have trusted him on the spot.

"Charming!" said the captain, paternally surveying Magdalen when she entered the room, "so fresh and cool! A little too pale, my dear, and a great deal too serious. Otherwise perfect. Try if you can laugh."

"When the time comes for smiling," said Magdalen, bitterly, "trust my dramatic training for any change of face that may be necessary. Where is Mrs. Wragge?"

Mrs. Wragge had learned her lesson," replied the captain, "and is rewarded by my permission to sit at work in her own room. A sanction her fancy for dress-making, because it is sure to shortly all her attention and to keep her at home. There is no fear of Mrs. Wragge and Samuel Rolle in a hurry, for there is no mistake the process of making it which she is not to consult. She will sit industriously at work in the garden the expression—like a hen over a chicken. I assure you we have no reason to sorrow. Nothing could be more convenient under the circumstances."

He strutted away to the window, looked out, beckoned to Magdalen to join him. "There he said, and pointed to the parade.

Mr. Noel Vanstone slowly walked by as she spoke, dressed in a complete suit of old-fashioned mourning. It was apparently not at all to him that the state of his health was at the worst. He leaned on Mrs. Lecount's arm, and looked protected from the sun by a light umbrella which he held over him. The housekeeper—in her best dress, as usual, in a rich black silk—moved with consummate solemnity, a black mantilla, an astonishing white bonnet, and a crisp blue veil. She screened her invalid master with the kindest attention: sometimes directing his notice re-ently to the various objects of the sea-view, sometimes bending her head in graceful acknowledgment of the courtesy of passing strangers on parade who stopped aside to let the invalid by. She produced a visible effect among the idlers on the beach. They looked after her with unanimous interest, and exchanged confidential nods of approval, which said as plainly as words could have expressed it—"A lady and gentleman, every inch a truly superior woman!"

Captain Wragge's part-colored eyes followed Mrs. Lecount with a steady, distrustful attention. "Tough work for us there," he whispered in Magdalen's ear; "tougher work than you think, before we turn that woman out of her place."

"Wait," said Magdalen, quietly. "Wait, and see."

She walked to the door. The captain followed her without making any further remark. "I'll wait till you're married," he thought to himself, "not a moment longer, offer me what you may."

At the bottom of the stairs Magdalen stopped him again:

"We will go that way," she said, pointing southward; "then turn, and meet them as they come back."

Captain Wragge signified his approval of the arrangement, and followed Magdalen to the sea-beach. As she opened it to pass through the garden-wicket, she was startled by a little nursery-maid and two little boys behind her, who had come out on the same errand. Instantly the lady started, looked eagerly, and smiled to herself as Magdalen came out. Curiosity had got the better of Kirkes's misery, and she had come to Aldborough for the express purpose of seeing Miss Bygrave.

Something in the shape of the lady's face, something in the expression of her dark eyes, reminded Magdalen of a woman whose image she once unconfirmed admiration had annoyed her on the previous evening. She instantly returned the stranger's scrutiny by a frowning, ungracious look. The lady colored, paid the nurse-maid a shilling, and walked away. Miss Bygrave was left to ponder over the question and answers plainly.

"A hard, bold, bad girl," thought Kirke's sister. "I wonder what she is thinking of to admire her? I am almost glad he is going to hope and trust he will never set eyes on Miss Bygrave again."

"What boors the people are here!" said Magdalen to Captain Wragge. "That woman was quite rude enough to stare at me, and to make him in the face. I wonder who she is?"

"I say!" said the clergyman's wife and the captain's sister. "Where's the woman to-day?"

"Oh his way to London, I should think, Sir. His doctor has sent him for change of air to China! As that one word passed the man's lips a pang of the old sorrow struck Magdalen to the heart. She turned away, to hide from her companion the bare mention of the merchant-captain's name. The remembrance of the events of the past night; and now, when she was most desperately and recklessly bent on forgetting her old homesick misery, it had been the immediate cause of recalling her friend to Frank.

"Come!" she said angrily to her companion. "What do we care about the man or his ship? Come away!"

"By all means," said Captain Wragge. "As long as we don't find friends of the Bygraves, what do we care about the rest of the world?"

They walked on southward for ten minutes or more; then turned and walked back again to meet Noel Vanstone and Mrs. Lecount.

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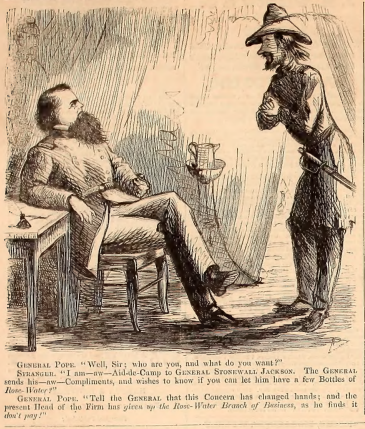
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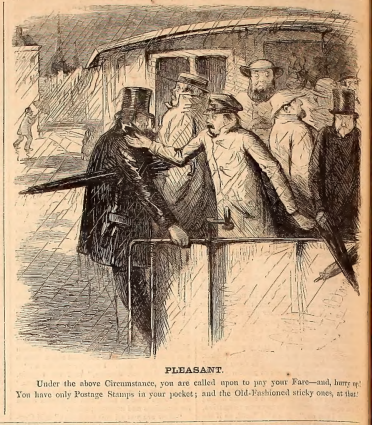
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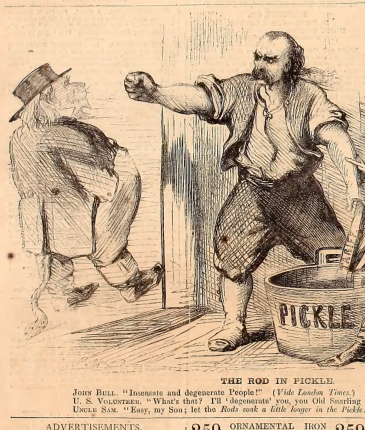


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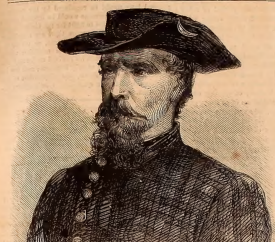
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VI.—No. 294.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3 00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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JOHN MORGAN, THE HIGHWAYMAN OF KENTUCKY.

THE BANDIT MORGAN.

WE give herewith a portrait of the guerrilla and bandit, JOHN MORGAN, of Kentucky. This man was a well-to-do planter in Kentucky when the war broke out. Having predatory instincts, he collected together a band of dare-devil vagabonds, proclaimed himself their captain, and commenced the life of a guerrilla chief. He has distinguished himself by burning bridges, tearing up railway tracks, robbing supply trains, and plundering and wasting the few remaining properous portions of Kentucky. Being well aware of the doom which awaits them if caught, he and his men display the most desperate courage in their encounters with the soldiers and the Home Guards, and thus far none of them have been captured alive. They have just completed a most successful raid through Kentucky, stealing their food, clothing, and other necessaries from the people of whom they claimed to be the friends. John Morgan is said to possess some of the chivalrous qualities of his namesake and prototype, Morgan, the Buccaneer of the Caribbean Sea: they will not, however, save him from being hanged if he falls into the hands of his fellow-citizens in Kentucky. Our portrait of him was made by a prisoner who was lately several days in his hands.

"AUNT CHARLOTTE"—OUR OLD COOK.

WITHIN our lines at Newbern "Aunt Charlotte," whose portrait we give herewith, is one of the institutions. She is an old family cook. When her master and mistress ran away and deserted her, to join their fortunes and their fates with that of rebels and traitors, on the approach of the national forces, and their premises were assigned by General Burnside as the head-quarters of the Sanitary Commission for his division, "Aunt Charlotte" came into the employ of the Sanitary Inspector for the Department of North Carolina, and many a sick and wounded soldier from the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts has had reason to bless the culinary accomplishments of this venerable contraband cook, and to praise the alacrity with which, in times of their greatest need, she exerted her skill to save them from suffering.

On one occasion, soon after the battle, when a steamboat-load of sick and wounded soldiers from the battle-field were unexpectedly landed in Newbern, and found themselves in a sore hall, with no accommodations for the night, without provisions or any appliances for cooking, and too late in the evening for any relief from the ordinary *regulation* sources—when their aide and devoted surgeon—since a martyr to his professional duties—was almost in despair at the prospect of that night's responsibility, "our old cook" was appealed to, and the alacrity with which she came to the relief, and the unbought zeal which she brought into that night's work should endear her to all whose sympathies are enlisted for the sick and wounded soldier.

By the time comfortable beds had been prepared for their occupation "Aunt Charlotte" had sent over a warm and bountiful supper fit sense forty odd famished and exhausted patients—a supper of those choice materials which the noble charity of Northern ladies has so generously supplied the service through the Sanitary Commission, and which the skill of "our old cook," on that night of wretchedness, served up to our wan and famished soldiers with a mirth and a delicacy of flavor which can only come from an accomplished *cuisine*, but which all palates, however unsophisticated, can appreciate. The poor soldiers were no less surprised than gratified at such unexpected relief from the sufferings of that wretched day of exposure and hunger. And their expressions of satisfaction, as they quietly dropped off to sleep after their hunger was appeased and their wants attended to, would almost have paid the old slave woman for her long life of toilings. The next morning, and the next night, and a second morning, did this old "colored lady" add to her ordinary day's labor the preparation of suitable food for this whole hospital of sick and wounded soldiers.



AUNT CHARLOTTE.

"Aunt Charlotte" was born in Charleston, South Carolina, but came many years ago to Newbern, and was the slave of one of its wealthiest citizens. She is about sixty-five years old. She has a great deal of character, and follows a thorough, systematic routine of life—always at her post—always reliable. She possesses no mean administrative abilities. She reminds one of an old merchant,



SEARCHING FOR REBELS IN A CAVE IN ALABAMA.—SKETCHED BY MR. HOSNER, THIRD OHIO VOLUNTEERS.—[SEE PAGE 525.]

habituated to a regular, systematic life, with ability enough to keep all surroundings subordinate to that system. It would seem as if we were to be superseded in her kitchen, she would lose her hold on life, and the whole "darkey" appendage to the domestic establishment would be deprived of its balance-wheel.

When, therefore, on the first occupation of the premises, she was told that so long as she did right she would keep her place in the kitchen, and receive six dollars a month, the "old lady" appreciated her position at once, and from that day forth, without further trouble to her employer, was secured the proper regulation and deportment of all the servants "on the lot"—men, women, and children—and all who visit them. Whatever ever happens among them to annoy or displease. The household is as well-ordered as if her old mistress were there to direct. In fact, appearances would lead to an inference that the old colored servant had heretofore habitually relieved her mistress of all such direction.

"Aunt Charlotte's" domestic relations are as well-ordered as the household. She has children, grand-children, and great grand-children. Her old husband "Uncle Sam"—a patriarch among men—now almost supernaturated, at the age of seventy-five, is General Burnside's gardener, and is delighting to witness the habitual care which "Old Aunty" takes of this venerable partner of her life and her bosom. At regular as the clock on the wall with his staff, comes in at mid-afternoon from his daily occupation. He invariably finds a meal prepared for him on the kitchen piazza, by the side of a well-scoured deal table. On this "Old Aunty" places before him a plate well filled with the best dishes which she has that day served for her employer's table. But "Old Aunty" is not content to further than supplying the appetite. She shows, maybe, her knowledge of human nature—at any rate, the wisdom of keeping the fountain awake—even after a good dinner; for, by the side of "Uncle Sam's" plate is invariably placed a small measure of corn in the ear. And after his dinner, the old man may always be seen wearing away the late hours of the afternoon in shelling of the corn for the next supper; for "our old cook" allows nothing "on the lot" to suffer for food.

Our sketch is a faithful everyday picture of the old lady, as she wished it taken, in an attitude showing her obedience to the duties of her station.

"Aunt Charlotte" has many virtues that ennoble her profession. And in the industrious performance of her duties in life, and in her attention to her Christian obligations—for she is a devoted churchmember, and regulates her servants by the simple understanding of the precepts of the Bible—she might safely be held up as an example to many who pride themselves on purer blood and a higher scale of existence.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1862.

IN EARNEST.

THE President has ordered a draft of THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN from the loyal States, in addition to the one forty of three hundred thousand volunteers, which is to come if they are not filled by 15th inst., are likewise to be filled by draft.

The people have received the news with exhilaration. A few craven spirits show signs of alarm; but the immense bulk of the people, including those who are subject to draft, hail the new policy with transport, as being the shortest and the only reliable road to the restoration of the Union and the re-establishment of peace. We must have, at the present time, fully 200,000 men in the field. An additional number of 600,000 will swell our army to the enormous figure of 800,000 effective men, exclusive of negroes. This force will enable us to occupy the rebels into the Gulf of Mexico, even though they should arm every male in their country. We may, therefore, consider the contemplated order of 4th inst. as rendering the victory of the Union a mathematical certainty, beyond all contingency and ground for assurance.

It will be received in our camps on the Mississippi and the James River with feelings which can be easily imagined that are indescribable. Those gallant bands of heroes, whose ranks have been thinned by the enemy's cannon and the fevers of the Chickahominy and the Tennessee, will learn with irrepressible delight that they are at last to be fully reinforced, and enabled to perform the work which they have so nobly begun. Our army in the West will read the order as meaning that Vicksburg is to be taken, the highwaymen who call themselves secessionists bound down and hung, and the navigation of the Mississippi secured beyond all possibility of accident. The Army of Virginia and the Army of the Potomac will discern in it substantial evidence that they are to receive from home the strength which they require to take Richmond, and drive the wretched, lying, swaggering slaveowners beyond Virginia into the swamps of the Carolinas, and eventually to the sands of the Gulf. A distinguished officer of the army of the Potomac, who has been here on public business for several days, could not control his feelings when he read the order, but burst into tears like a child, and, falling on his knees, cried, "Thank God! thank God! The country is saved! saved!"

And we who have staid at home, and died a hundred deaths in spirit at the news of our brave brothers being outnumbered in every fight, and perishing miserably in swamps and torrid sandplains, what shall we say of them? What can we say except to echo the cry of the officer, and thank God that the country is saved at last, and that our rulers have at length learned that a duty of making her superior strength tell in the war, and of leaving nothing hereafter to chance, the policy of drafting and conscription, at discretion becomes indefinite. The North can satisfy SIXTY MORE drafts of 300,000 men each, after supplying the 600,000 now called for. If 300,000 men, who will soon be in the field, should by any accident prove insufficient to subjugate the rebel host, the 600,000—why, it will be a matter of perfect ease to call out another levy of 300,000 or 500,000. The work has got to be done, and we can and will do it.

The effect upon the rebels of our new policy will be worth observing. Those among them who have any capacity of reasoning must now realize that it deprives them of the small chance of success which they derived from the previous feebleness of our military policy and from the division of commands. With all their skill and all their devilish energy they can not hope to cope with 800,000 men. Should such a man as Jefferson Davis must perceive that the cause of the Confederacy is lost. Beauregard, Lovell, and Price will probably come over to some since. If the Southern leaders were wise, they would anticipate the future, and at once take to colonizing, or they would succeed in the escape the consequences of the Confiscation Act. But men engaged in desperate enterprises seldom possess coolness enough to adopt a wise policy at critical moments. The probability is that the rebels will be spurred on by the news of the order of 4th to attempt a grand and bloody slaughter on Washington or Nashville—that they will stake every thing upon the die, and will either succeed in capturing one of the two capitals or lose all, or will utterly ruin themselves in the attempt.

Meanwhile let us not rashly conclude, because the Governments of foreign nations have no presentiment of interfering, that foreign intervention may not suddenly occur. It may come from the iron-foundry in the country, and every ship-yard, that is employed to be filled especially in the construction of the most approved class of iron-clad ships. Until the war ends, let us never stop building. Our foundries and shipyards never stop building. Our foundries and shipyards would not be too much to devote so long a coast line as ours, with its bays and rivers. There is no guarantee that England may not relish against foreign intervention but the certainty of being able to repel it.

The work before us we have to do is immense. But our capacity is still greater. The South has already developed its full strength. Every able-bodied man is in the army. Every weapon in the rebel States is in use. The public revenue is strained to the utmost. Every day increases the difficulty of feeding our armies by long drafting and transporting them. Of us, on the contrary, we may say, with Paul Jones, that we have only just begun to fight. We have a million of 900,000 men who will soon be in the field, a reserve of over 2,000,000 fighting men to fall back upon. Our supply of arms of all kinds is prodigious and daily increasing. Our people are only just awaking to the fact that this is a deathstruggle for them as well as for the rebels. Our means are unlimited, and our public credit stands higher than it did a year ago. After a year's blundering our military machinery is at length at last. We can now transport and feed and clothe and arm an army more easily than we could have done a regiment a year ago. After only a year's playing at war, we have discovered that, in order to beat, subjugate, and keep down 5,000,000 people on their own soil, we must employ every weapon we can find, and enlist in our service every creature and every thing that can assist us—including the 1,000,000 negroes who are ready to take our side.

In the language of gallant General Burnside: *"All is right at last to going right: only you must fill up the old regiments!"*

GENERAL BUTLER.

THE most amusing reading of the day is the articles in the British journals on General BUTLER. In one article in a leading British paper we find our gallant General described as a "cross raging nature and the law of nations," called a "shabby attorney," a "bully abroad and a lying," "brutal," "licentious," "insolent," and "vulgar;" "a Yankee spy," a "pettifogger," a dealer in "Billingsgate communings," "cruel," "deceit, vanity, and empty boasting" Nearly all the British papers assume, as a matter of undoubted historical certainty, that General BUTLER consigned the "pure and modern maidens and matrons" of New Orleans to the "brutal licentiousness of a Northern soldiery" The fact being, as these writers know perfectly well, that not one single lady in New Orleans has been outraged or insulted, and that no idea of outrage or insult ever existed save in the foul and prurient imaginations of those "guardians of civilization." So far from imitating the conduct of the British soldiery at Badajos, Lucknow, Delhi, Canton, etc.—where every female who could be found was brutally outraged—far from copying the "Booty and beauty" precedent established by the British General PAKENHAM in this very country, Major-General BUTLER of the troops under the command of General BUTLER have so conducted themselves that not a single complaint of wrong has been made, even by a female, though there have been women in New Orleans so forgetful of modesty and decency as to endeavor to provoke outrage by gross and insulting our soldiers, and even by spitting on the coffin of a dead officer of our army.

When the history of the present period comes to be written few actors upon the scene will win more encomium from the historian than General BUTLER. His name has been one of execration, not difficult. He was placed in command of the commercial metropolis of rebeldom, and called upon to deal with a city where about one-third as great as that which fled at his approach. He had to govern a city nine-tenths of whose people had sworn in the most solemn and wise were savagely hostile to him. For ten years before he came New Orleans had been in the hands of speculators, thieves, gamblers, swindlers, and robbers, who had overawed the authorities, and who, under the disorderly period of rebel supremacy, had perpetrated every crime with perfect impunity. For years, the season during which he was to hold New Orleans had been so unhealthy that it was no easy task to keep it. He was worth to spend a week in the place; yet he was to stay here with 5000 or 6000 Northern, unacclimated soldiers. He was involved in the duty of regulating the civil relations of non-combatant rebels toward the Union; of tracing out a path for the administration of the military government in a rebel city; of securing some supplies of sugar and cotton for the North and food for the starving inhabitants; of dealing at once with an extremely factious, treacherous, and rascally gang of foreigners, sympathizers with their rebellion, and claiming the protection of their respective Governments as a cloak for schemes of treason.

The history will decide that General BUTLER'S success in grappling with these unparalleled difficulties was so marked and so brilliant as to excite him the highest admiration of impartial men. For the first time for ten years he has given to New Orleans a good and a strong government. He has put down the Thugs. He has given employment in cleaning the streets to the unemployed workmen, and has thus fed their families and kept them from starving. He will probably demonstrate before the year is out that yellow fever, which has been the scourge of New Orleans, has now only the fruit of neglect and dirt, and that a little Northern cleanliness is an effectual guarantee against it. He has held the reins of government with a firm a hand that neither the traitors within nor the rebels without the city have ventured to attack him. He has reopened the port to Northern trade, and made his auspices Southern cotton and sugar are again largely exchanged for Northern food. He has fought the battle intrigues and consuls, and discomfited them at all points. He has established safe and sound precedents for the administration of military government in conquered cities which will be followed for generations. He has shown infinite promptitude rescued Northern property from the hands of Southern rogues. And at the same time he has not inflicted a single injustice upon the most rancorous of his enemies.

If we had a few more Major-Generals like BUTLER the rebellion would be crushed in short order.

THE LOUNGER.

WHAT NEXT?

At the moment of writing the public mind is in a curious condition of suspense. It is impossible to resemble that of the great and good Wigfall in the midst of our spring victories, who said, with bitter humor, "Nothing will be seen here, but we had heard of no new disaster since dinner.

The nation has been in a torpor of quiet. It is sound, as we sincerely believe, and heartily resolved and fully capable. It has the wish and the power to crush the rebellion. But it must have the conviction that its efforts will be made to tell; that the power which it is willing to use, shall be used to the utmost. The Government, which has hitherto so adequately responded to the averaging of these sentiments, seems not to preserve the harmony with the increased rapidity of that sentiment. The nation is the only loyal part of the nation—and that is the only portion which the Government is to look for guidance—suspects a very decided reluctance to the employment of vigorous measures. And it is just the doubt whether they are to come which keeps it in suspense.

It is a condition which requires some radical shock to disturb it and to rouse the national heart. Of course no one believes that we are about to be victorious state of the public mind. It is not the spirit which secures success, but sullenly forecasts defeat. It is an infinite pity, let it not become a disgraceful shame, that we are in this mood. But what can give us the shock? What can rouse us?

There are but two ways in which it can come. It must be from the enemy or from ourselves.

It may come from the enemy by some desperate movement against the army of the Peninsula or upon Washington. If the rebels should advance with a heavy body of seventy or eighty thousand men through Eastern Virginia, and the nation should see its capital actually threatened by them, if it did not spring to arms a million strong it would be because we have all been mistaken in supposing that we were a brave and patriotic people. The Government would fall, and utter anarchy succeed it.

On the other hand, the shock may come from our own Government by its frank declaration of the actual peril of the country, and by the summons to arms of every loyal and capable man in the land.

The immediate consequence at the North would be the complete relief of the heart pang, the death-grapple with rebellion; we may well know that while he struck at the disease he lay upon the rack of pain. Every one would be compelled to throw himself either entirely or entirely against the Government. At the South society would be disintegrated. In the Northern army the soldiers must inevitably scatter to their various homes. Many of the officers would be now unprofessionally and instantly such news circulating among the slaves. In 1812 they pleaded fear of insurrection as a reason for not conquering Canada; in the war; the white population was too thin.

It is better that this should be done, than that the nation should be destroyed. Then if done, the general levy would be regulated by the national power. Only loyal persons would be invited within our lines and enabled to fight for the Government. Then the Emancipation Proclamation are absolutely necessary for the work who came, and the work the better. The suppression of the rebellion would then be no obstacle but a direct advantage to the circumstances would be utterly hopeless; and the intervention once over, the entire disposition of the freedmen would be a question for subsequent deliberation.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

MR. BRADY'S series of card photographs of characteristic and picturesque scenes in every part of the seat of war in Virginia is profoundly interesting. With them in hand, the reader, like the strategist who conducts the campaign at home may almost see the places of which he is talking; may look for ever the brave Kearney fell from the field of Centreville, or stand among the ruins of Mrs. Henry's house at Hill Run where the battle was fiercest: or mass over the soldiers' graves; or look upon any part of the shattered stone bridge where the flight of our army was checked; or walk through Richmond, or sit upon the low, awkward piazza of the old Virginia house in which Johnson had his headquarters just before the battle of Seven Pines: or gaze from Cub Run to the brow of the hill when the brave Hampton Legion fell. Or, without descending to the Peninsula, the strategist at home may see the interior of battery No. 1, at York River, with its huge guns, or Fortress Monroe, or Yorktown, or he may step closer to the works and almost lay his hand upon the new and terrible Parrott pound rifle guns; or move on to the mortar battery at Newport with groups of officers at their posts; or look out upon the broken Alexandria Line from the earthworks through the orchards; or chat with the occasionals in front of Fort Lee and calmly watch Lee Fayette's head-quarters; or pass with amusement through the gateway at Yorktown; or count such rows of glacis in the wonderful works at Fort Ricardson; you may pause before the slave-pen of Price, Birch, & Co., in Alexandria, and cross the Long Bridge to Washington.

The collection has an almost painful interest. The vivid reality of the photographs is a thousand melancholy memories, and the interest is one which will only increase with time. For long after the fortifications and encampments have become grassgrown mounds upon which cattle graze, and long after the brave men whom valor and love for Union are gone, their children will stand pensively among them, and in these magic cards see them exactly as they were when the struggle was at its greatest, the timber just felled and placed, the earth just heaped up, and the very heart pause over it where the most buoyant mind grave as they contemplated the magnitude and character of the work to be done.

A LITTLE COMMON SENSE.

"BUT why," asks an honest man, "why do you people, who engage to manage the Government at any cost, always lurch into the 'slave question?' Why not let slavery take care of itself? It is strangling under the blows that it has dealt. But while honest Union people differ about it, why should we spend every time the war is mentioned? Do you think that slavery is the only fundamental military school that the blacks would be superior soldiers?"

Here is a volley of questions, but the answers are not very difficult.

We say the Government must be saved even at the cost of slavery, because there are a great many who are fighting against it who are devoted to the old Union men, who say that there is one price that we have no right to pay, and that is liberating slaves.

We, too, insist upon letting slavery take care of itself when the Government shall invite every loyal man to its assistance. But those who complain of us are the very ones who insist that slavery shall not take care of themselves, but shall be protected.

We speak of it constantly because every man man in the land knows that the war comes from slavery. And there had been no slavery there would have been no war. To put the Abolitionists cannot it does not help the matter. For what make the Abolitionists? And as long as men are men, just so long, wherever there is a Pro-slavery, there will be an Anti-slavery party. The same sense man knows not only that the war began in slavery but that its present strength is there. Sting that, and the whole rebellion writhes. That fact indicates a policy; and for that reason we hold it before the public mind.

We do not think that slavery is such a wonderful military school, but we do think that if you

can make it the interest of four millions of persons among ten million enemies to be your friends rather than indifferent to you, you have taken a very great road to defeating them. It is not the actual military aid of the freedmen themselves, but the immediate effect upon the mind and the army of the rebellion, and the effect upon the great body of loyal men, the immense majority, now with us but that they are not only saving their country but slaying its enemy, which is the conclusive argument for the liberating policy.

We have not all of us always been of this opinion. So long as it seemed to be certain that the insurrection would be suppressed by the army in the field the question was inevitably postponed. But now that the exigency demands the most summary measures, it inevitably reappears.

We debate it and insist upon debating it, as usual in this country public opinion governs, and when you have persuaded that, you have insured reality of policy. To refrain from this step is to abandon public opinion for the reason that you differ from it is only to say that you mustn't try to change it because it is not unanimously with you—a view thing to say. Nobody wishes to go faster than the general public sentiment; but in a discussion in this country, where public opinion is educated and intelligent, whoever outruns it overshoots the mark of useful action. But to persuade them is not to defy or to scorn as the enlightenment and education of public opinion; and to that end a frank and full discussion is always essential.

To suppose that such questions can be left to the course of events, as if there were any course of events independent of human agency, is feeble. That is the course of events but a succession of men applied and controlled by the wishes and the will of men? When the people of this country heartily desire a result the course of events will soon determine that result. Your duty, meanwhile, is to try to make those desire what you believe to be essential to their security. And you don't try so so long as you hold your tongue.

A NEW BROOM.

It can not be denied that the nation is disposed to give a fair trial to every chief military adviser whom the President summons. When Fremont was first retired and General McClellan was called to command him, there was a universal sense of pleasure and satisfaction. We instantly extolled the latter as "the soldier and the leader of hundreds of thousands of veterans" as if he knew how to do it. Epsom was after his long experiences. It was said that he was going to "put down the rebellion" only said, when a sword was given him in Philadelphia, "I know nothing to deserve it." Well, perhaps we replied: it is indeed true that Captain Cesar and Hannibal were charlatans compared with you.

A year has passed, and General Halleck is called to the chief command. He too is received with loving confidence. There are many who think him in order No. 8 cut him off from the sources of information. There are many who think that Prince Beauregard's retreat from Corinth. There are those who ask whether the plan of the Western campaign must be abandoned, and the many forts which have been so scattered concentrated at a commanding points. But whatever these questions and criticisms, there are probably very few men in the country who do not concede to him great military knowledge and a general capacity which is the ablest ally of special science.

He finds a working army in Virginia, known in their foes and are fully capable of maintaining it, and we only say that they may be led with vigor and comprehensive intelligence. No man had ever a clearer chance. The nation waits for its victory and its regeneration. It asks that no blood shall be wantonly too precious to be shed for it. But that blood shall be spared to secure it. If it feels sure that General Halleck's policy is the best for that, it is neither timid nor vacillating, it will give him all the hands and hearts he needs.

A WORD WITH WORKING MEN.

Lincoln was recently at extraordinary statement, that the President of the United States is the only man in the country recommending his subordinates to emancipation. Of course General Lincoln believes that the President without whom they are honorable men in the country, that every honest, capable, intelligent, loyal person shall have employment, and justly pay for it, we have no doubt. But because he is unique in being a man of good practical sense, and that he has especially recommended the employment of some loyal men to the exclusion of others, as their capacities, we have very serious doubts.

The whole weight of practical difficulty in dealing with the slavery question as connected with the war is the Irish jealousy of colored men. Mr. Lincoln's words and the sympathizing press are constantly pulling this wire. "Yes," they say, "that's it. The negro is to be excited at the expense of the Irishman"—or whatever race or color may put it. This is the steady talk of papers, which, as a class, are conducted for the purpose of cherishing this prejudice.

We say the cardinal principle of the Government is its impartiality. It recognizes no distinctions of race, but proposes ultimately to treat them as each other for any class. No man may truly doubt the essential character and intent of the Government from the President, and there is some mistake in the report, which we hope will be corrected before these lines are read.

We will say reasonable man, whether he be an Irishman or not, just consider this: that the slaves are in the South, and have a very strong attachment to their native region; that there is no motive to drive them here; that the climate suits them; that they understand and like labor; that they are not in the least a migratory people; and that the only reason why they come North at all is that they are kept as slaves instead of being hired as laborers at home. When they are free there will not be a single reason why they should wish to leave the South. While they are slaves, of course they will run away whenever they can, and will become the direct rival of Northern laborers. When they are free they will stay where they were born, and where they prefer to live.

A very little common sense goes a great way in considering this question.

A LITTLE CHARITY.

THE war ought to teach us little one lesson, and that is, forbearance—of leaders. We really know so very little. Yet we think we, honestly of plans and purposes, of successes and failures which we can not possibly know, because we have no means of knowing the truth. Common sense, we say, and we say truly, is as good in war as it is in every thing else. But the remark may remain true, and yet not very closely affect the particular point under discussion.

Take our peninsular campaign as an illustration. All who say, yes, say some zealous patriot, that a splendid army went there superbly equipped, and that it is half gone and its deadly peril. Common sense cries that such a thing would.

Yes, so it does if it knows the facts. If it knows what the peninsular campaign was carried out as it was conceived, if it knows why it was undertaken, if it knows the difficulties and dangers of the whole case. But common sense knows none of these things. But common sense will certainly agree that Pilate was a fool when he advised against the battle which was fought and won, and that he who preached him be answered, "Yes, but my counsel is not common sense."

Every story comes to us so beclouded with rumor, so hearsay, and extravagantly stated, that it is only common charity to wait a while until the fog lifts. A general may not be so great as Marlborough, but Marlborough was human, I have the misfortune to be married to the woman."

A person boasting of being able to sing alto, tenor, or bass, was asked which he could and said, "Yes, I know you can sing very high, very low, and very middling."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Which is the most extravagant of all cants?
A waste coat contentions.

Why is a blind man like a water-pipe?
Because he has fixtures in his head.

Why did the ascension of Victoria throw a greater damp over England than the death of King William?
Because he King was only mild (mixed), but the Queen was retiring (strong).

My first is of illustrious line,
Of beauteous age and fine device;
Which when my second does assail,
Both first and beauty then do fail:
My whole's an arduous task to do,
Which many have attempted too.
Mon-age.

Who is the greatest dandy of the ocean?
The swell of the sea.

Why does *Punch* make a horrible death?
Because he makes faces and busts diarrhœa.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEW LEVIES OF 600,000 MEN.

THE following order, calling for further recruits for the several States, has been issued:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, *August 4, 1862.*

Ordered, First—That a draft of three hundred thousand militia be immediately made from the militia of the several States, to serve for nine months, unless sooner discharged. The Secretary of War will assign the quotas to the States, and establish regulations for the draft.

Second—That if any State shall not by the 15th of August furnish its quota of the three hundred thousand militia, volunteers authorized by law, the deficiency of volunteers in that State shall be made up by a special draft from the militia. The Secretary of War will establish regulations for the draft.

Third—Regulations will be prepared by the War Department, with the approval of the President, with the object of securing the promotion of officers of the army and volunteer forces according to merit, and especially with a view of preventing the nomination and appointment in the militia of persons unfit for commissioned officers. The regulations will also provide for filling the service of militia companies proposed to be organized.

BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT.
EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The rebel batteries on the south side of James River opened fire at midnight on Hot ship, upon the mail-boat Galena at the mouth of Herring Creek, Captain Jeffers, wounding the first officer and the engineer. Captain Jeffers immediately ran his boat out of range. A shot of our vessels were struck by the rebel shot, but not seriously.

On the 14 August General McClellan threw 600 men across the river, who destroyed woods, houses, and every thing which could afford shelter to the rebels. The expedition went across the river accomplished its purpose without the loss of a man. It took accounts our gun-boats were shelling the houses and the entire shore, within range, down the river.

The army is in fine spirits. General McClellan is busy preparing for the coming attack. A reconnoissance of a body of cavalry and infantry was made on 14, down the Peninsula, between the Williamsburg road and the river pickets. None of the enemy were seen in the course of their advance.

A RECONNOISSANCE TOWARD PETERSBURG.

On the 14th Generals Keyes, Smith, Fitz John Porter, and Sumner made a reconnoissance to within fourteen miles of Petersburg on the road to Hicksford. After this route they met the Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry in line. Our men charged them, and the cavalry broke and fled. Our troops then to their encampment at Sycamore church, ten and a half miles from Petersburg. They again formed, but were not to fight, leaving behind all their tents, camp equipage, and provisions. Our troops built up camp-fires together and burned. The rebels had two horses killed, and their wounded, with two Indian prisoners. Our loss was one killed, after securing the country a short distance from they returned to the river.

WHAT M'CLELLAN WANTS.

General M'Clellan, in a letter to Governor Washburne of Maine, dated July 15, says: "New enlistments should be made to fill up old regiments, rather than to raise new ones. I would prefer fifty thousand recruits for my old regiments to the same number thousand men organized in new regiments."

CHANGE OF THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

General Halleck, according to the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, has completely defined his position with regard to certain matters of importance. He stated to certain prominent citizens of Ohio, and announced them as the views of the statement as they chose, that he was and had been in favor of a thorough cleansing of all the property of rebels, slaves, etc., included. He explained that order No. 3, as published, is right, to apply to any body, blacks or whites; that his theory was that no men not having military leaders in their camps should be allowed to be shot it, and that with the sole purpose of keeping military operations secret as possible that the order was issued. He stated that he had issued orders to M'Clellan to impress and use all the negroes he could get in any way which he can make them useful, and that he was to pay no stipulation as to their freedom. He says there are no orders to return fugitives or rebel masters. These questions belong to the civil authorities. As the rebels had brought on the war, they must bear its burdens with and would not consider them.

THE CAMPAIGN OF VIRGINIA.

General Pope took the command of the army on 29th July. Intelligence from this advance states that no general fight has been made since the advance commenced, and that the rebels have only had small strong reconnoissances making constructed at the front. The rebels in the valley of Orange are supposed to be in the highest spirits, and confident of complete success when they shall attack the army. The reconnoissances appear to be conducted with entire caution on his arrival, but it is said are not disposed to take the risk of offensive. Several of them are being executed outside our lines.

CAPTURE OF ORANGE COURT HOUSE.

Major-General Pope has pushed a reconnoissance in force as far as Orange Court House and captured two cavalry regiments of the enemy, under General Jackson. The rebels had disposed in accordance with their usual tactics. After reconnoitring column, under General Crawford, entered the building and pushed pickets to Orange Court House yesterday and took possession of the town. They were surprised by the appearance of the enemy's cavalry, under General Robertson. Eleven of the enemy were killed by the fire of our skirmishers; sixteen prisoners, one gun caught, two caissons, and two limbers. Our loss was one killed and seven wounded. The rebels retreated in such haste as to leave their wounded in our hands. The railroad and the country also between Orange Court House and Gordonsville was destroyed."

ARE THE REBELS EVACUATING RICHMOND?

Intelligence from General Pope's headquarters, partially confirmed by reports presented each day to Washington, states that the rebels are really evacuating Richmond and taking up a position on the south side of the James River. The cause of the movement is said to be the appearance of a pestilence at Richmond.

UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE THE ARKANSAS.

A special dispatch from Vicksburg, on the 23d, records the capture of the rebel ironclad Arkansas in the attempt to capture the rebel ram Arkansas. It appears that the engagement occurred between Commodore Farragut's fleet and the ironclad below was to engage the lower batteries, the first steamers were to engage the upper ones, and the gun-boats Essex and Queen were in the main time to attack the Arkansas as she came down. The engagement was most outstanding only a few shells were fired from the mortars and the Arkansas had no other effect than to fire from the Essex, which attempted to run into the Arkansas and to run her aground. The Arkansas was then attacked and her guns grazed her side. As the pursuit she gave the rebel ram considerable punish ment from her guns. The Arkansas, however, unsuspected she dropped down the river. The Queen, Lieutenant Porter, and the Essex, Captain Stevens, kept her company, but failed to run ashore. Perceiving herself, the Queen ran on to her assistance as to attack the more vulnerable body. Both boats then returned up the river.

REBEL CRAFT ON THE YAZOO.

From Vicksburg it is reported that the rebel fleet of the West, captured some time ago off Galveston by the rebels, is now in the Yazoo, and does a great deal of damage. Six is here-glass to a considerable extent. The Star of the West, recently seized, was also in the Yazoo, and has been plated something in the style of the Sumter. The Confederate steamer Music, which was lost in the Mississippi early during other steamers are said to be from New Orleans. The Music was also captured, and among other rebel plunder, 183 guns.

The Yazoo is a river of great importance to the Confederate rebellion, which is a perfect lock against ascending the river. It is a deep and narrow harbor on shore at that point.

A CUTTER OF A VALUABLE PRIZE.

On the 31st the United States gun-boat Juniata made a valuable capture off Wassaw Sound, Captain Craikshank, from Charleston, South Carolina, bound to Nassau with a cargo of cotton, and having on board Jacksons on the evening of July 31, and put a prize crew on board, and ordered her to New York. The Marguerite is a fine vessel of about 800 tons burden. The cargo consists of 1575 bales of sea-island cotton, and 1000 barrels of rosin.

A REBEL VIEW OF THE BATTLES BEFORE RICHMOND.

A refugee from Richmond states that it was asserted in the Richmond Examiner office in his presence that "General Lee had driven McClellan into the last ditch, and that Richmond was a success. Even the rebels seconded to M'Clellan's movement to the James River.

On the 30th of June the Examiner announced "that we were surrounded, driven into a swamp—McClellan's army was annihilated, and Richmond was safe." The Examiner said, was in his rear, Huger on his left, Hill and Longstreet on his front, and Jackson on his right flank, and the next day it was confidently expected he would be escorted through the streets in a cage. Next day the Examiner had changed, and the Examiner began its dispatches with "Our army is in full retreat." Then the news. The rebels were outgeneraled, and McClellan all right.

SALE OF REBEL RELICS IN AKRON.

Four hundred and eighteen rebel sheets bills, which had been sent to Akron, Ohio, were offered for sale out of General Beauregard, and captured in that city, were sold in Boston on the 30th ult. They weighed fourteen and a half of one hundred thousand pounds, and brought about twenty-four hundred dollars.

REBEL PRISONERS TAKING THE OATH.

It is stated that between four and five hundred of the rebel prisoners confined in Fort Delaware have voluntarily taken the oath of allegiance. The Southern Tigers were the most anxious to return to their loyalty.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE MOTION FOR RECOGNITION.

An important debate in the House of Commons of Commons took place on the 24th, on the question of mediation in America. Mr. Gregory moved for the papers on mediation, but after a very full discussion, in which Gregory and Lindsay supported the motion, and Palmerston, Russell, Forster and others on the part of the North, Lord Palmerston withdrew the motion. The debate was a most statesmanlike speech, and he withdrew his motion.

ARCHBISHOP RICHMOND.

A cenotaph, purporting to have come by the *Glasgow*, announcing the other defeat of General M'Clellan and the probable capitulation of his army, had been circulated in London on the day of the debate, and was generally credited.

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

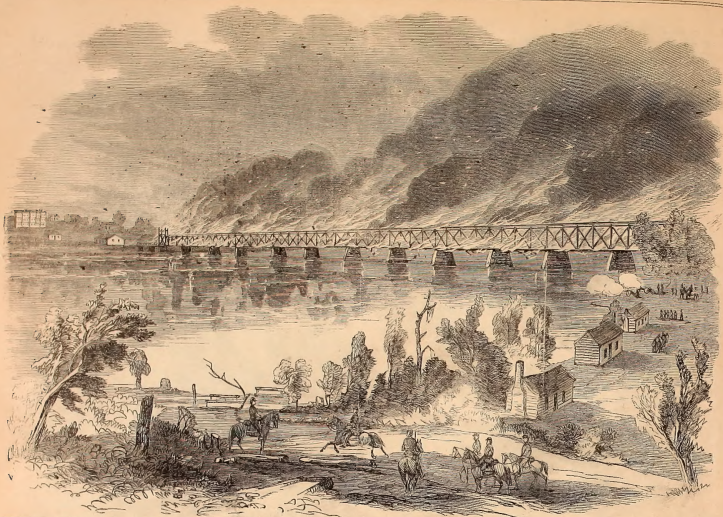
A NEWSPAPER-OFFICE MOBBED.

The office of the Montreal Herald, published at St. Stephens, New Brunswick, was mobbed, and the press broken, and the materials in it destroyed. The paper has advocated the Union cause.

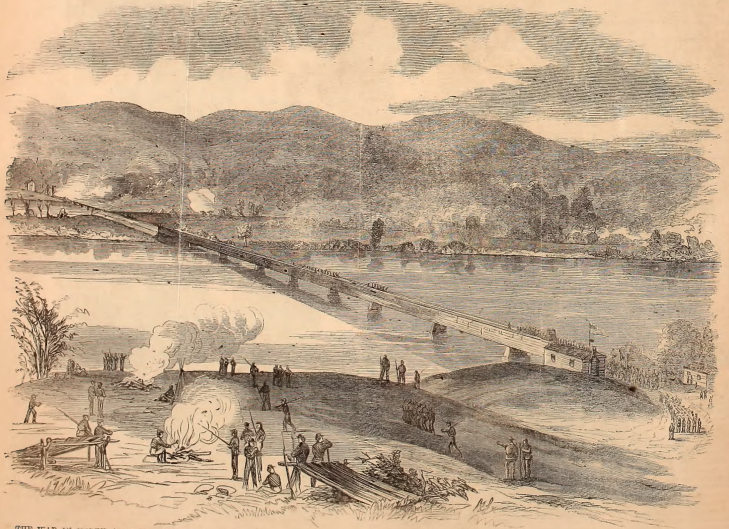
SCENE ON CAMDEN HEIGHTS, SHOWING MILITARY TRANSPORTATION—RESISTANCE CORD FALLING BACK.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 525.]



SUNDAY AT GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS—DIVINE SERVICES IN CAMP.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. E. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 525.]



THE WAR IN NORTH ALABAMA.—BURNING THE BRIDGE OVER THE TENNESSEE, AT DECATUR.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. HÜBNER, THIRD OHIO VOLUNTEERS.—[SEE PAGE 523.]



THE WAR IN NORTH ALABAMA.—ROUT OF A REBEL FORCE, UNDER GENERAL LEDBETTER, NEAR BRIDGEPORT.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. HÜBNER.—[SEE PAGE 523.]

WOMAN'S CALL TO THE MEN OF '62.

BUT a little while ago
Went brave heroes from our side,
Eager, longing for the foe—
Many for their country died.
Still that foe is marching on
Where "Old Glory" floats to-day;
Brothers, rouse ye, and begone—
Take our blessing, and away!

We, who looked so frail and weak,
Shrinking at the sight of blood:
Now we've but our word to speak,
Go! and trust your lives with God.
He who marks the sparrow's fall
Guide your footsteps in the fray
Only hear the country's call—
Take our blessing, and away!

Bless'd and honored shall ye be,
If God send you back in peace,
When our country shall be free,
And this dreary warfare cease.
But till honor is secure
Not one moment be your stay!
Prove what freemen can endure—
Take our blessing, and away!

If ye come not back again,
You shall watch us from above—
Calm and steadfast, through all pain,
Worthy of your highest love.
We have vowed a solemn vow
Ne'er to yield to rebel sway:
Only cowards linger now—
Take our blessing, and away!

"FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE."

I.

THROUGH the window of Mrs. Sydney's parlor shone the last rays of the declining sun, and touched with a golden glitter the dark hair of Philip Preston, as he sat waiting the appearance of Miss Sydney.

Presently she entered, with a slight rustling of silk, and coming up to Philip, put a little white hand in his for a moment, and then sat down on the sofa near him.

"What a stranger, Mr. Preston! I'm sure it's as agreeable surprise to see you here," she said.

"You're very kind to say so, Miss Clara."

"And I? Well, indeed, you seem to have been for some time. What in the world have you been doing with yourself? Give an account of your misspent time,—I have a friend who was misspent."

"Any way my absence has not grieved you much," he returned. And he thought he had good reason to say so.

Philip and his friend, Charlie Lenhart, were both in love with Clara Sydney, and she was in love with one of them. But she was a coquette, and so equally had she favored them it was difficult to tell which she preferred. Thus matters stood when, suddenly, Charlie appeared flushed by a fitful, joyous triumph, which he seemed more than half afraid, while Philip was visibly depressed in spirits. Charlie went oftener to call on Miss Sydney, and Philip gradually ceased his visits.

While I have been telling you this Clara had said, in reply, "Well, that must be consoling to your consciences, for, if I had grieved, think how much I should have suffered before you returned to comfort me!"

And she laughed, pleasantly.

"I wonder if she knows she's breaking my heart," thought Philip. "I don't believe she does. How lovely she is!"

This was true.

Clara was dreadfully pretty. She was petite, coy, graceful. Her complexion was a brilliant blending of pearls and roses. Her lips were just the tint of ripe cherries, and her smile was enchanting. Her hair was glossy brown, and her eyes of dark hazel. Her dress of pale blue was very becoming.

Philip gulped down a sigh as he looked at her, and tried to be gay.

He made a lamentable failure.

Then he plunged at once into the business which had brought him there.

"Pardon me if I seem a little hurried, Miss Clara, but I have but a few minutes to stay. I dropped in only to say good-by."

"Good-by! You're not going to leave us?"

"You'll find the lines falling, and pleasant ones, I'm sure, Miss Clara. I hope you will. Yes, I've collected that there's something more for me than wasting my time as I've been doing. I join the army within three days."

"Impossible! You're not in earnest, Philip!—Mr. Preston, you surprise me very much!"

She stooped to pick up her handkerchief; and when she raised her head, after rescuing from the carpet that little heap of cambric and lace, her face was very pale. She was conscious of a grateful feeling for the gathering twilight, and delayed her previous intention of ringing for lights.

"And you leave within three days?" she said. "Your stay with us is brief indeed!"

A silence of some minutes ensued.

Philip felt very uncomfortable.

"I think she might show a little more regret, only for friendship's sake," he thought. "My last visit too—but why should she care?"

He rose with a bitter feeling at his heart.

"Well, I must bid you good-by, Miss Clara."

"You'll wait and see mamma, won't you?

"I'll try to call on Mrs. Sydney again. I'm in great haste."

"Good-by, then. You have my best wishes, I need scarcely say. Pray give my love to your mother."

"I will. God bless you!"

Another moment and she was alone—still standing, nautily gazing at the door whence she had seen him go, her head slightly inclined, as he had dropped it, her lips pale, and her eyes wildly mournful.

A short, sharp cry broke from her.

"Gone! Oh my poor heart! And I may never see him more!"

She caught the hand he had held and raised kisses on it. Then she dropped down on the sofa, and buried her tears and passionate sobs in its satin cushions.

II.

SOON after the departure of Philip Charles Lockhart asked Clara to marry him—asked for that same little hand the absent soldier had pressed, and she had so regretfully ever since.

She refused, almost indignantly. So another lover left her, disappointed and miserable.

And now Clara thought the days very long and weary. Nothing, save the daily papers, seemed to her worth reading. She had been wont to declare that she never could understand how people read the war news with such avidity; but she never missed a single paragraph of it now.

Meanwhile her face grew pale and thin; and her eyes had a wistful expression, as though they had long looked for something and not yet found it. When she heard the news-boys calling "Extras" in the street her heart throbbed wildly, and she could scarcely see to read the accounts of "the last great battle."

III.

SUNDAY—the first day of June.

The gallant soldiers of the Republic, scarce rested from the long fight of Saturday, are once more moving into action. The rebel aquadrons, buoyant and hopeful, are charging down on the brave troops of Heintzelman and Couch.

Triumphant on a sea of blue the Stars and Stripes stream out with the wind. The air is all alive with martial music.

Quick and sharp come the words of command.

The clouds of battle smoke.

Brave hearts and listening ears are thrilled with a terrible delight.

"Charge!"

That clarion cry rends the air into a thousand sounds of battle.

Bayonets that erewhile gleamed like burnished silver are now red and slippery; balls speed on their ravenous thirst is all unslaked, and madly plunging onward they drink up blood in floods.

Faster and faster the morning falls upon on their death-dealing mission.

And sooner grows the smoke—more woeful still the carnage.

That's the loud roar of cannon rushing with thunder-sounding tramp, that's the shock and scream of exploding shell; and that—why that's a brave heart laid low! Some tender mother's only darling.

His last sigh breathed her name—"God help mother!" he said, and died. That one name he'd all shrived and torn, gathered his expiring breath to shout "On boys, on—fight till you die!" He died; never spoke again.

There, to the left, they lie bleeding, and the wounded, undressed horses crop grass still red with the dear old flag. Never again will the little hand that so tightly clutches the round stick strike the sounds of triumph!

But who is that to the right, fighting with such fearful energy?

Though always discharging, his gun seems never unloaded, and his bayonet broken in the middle yet does great service. Who is that heroic man?—whose fat balls back he never retreats—onward, onward, still onward he goes. And now he bleeds! But he still advances.

Who is he?* some one finds time to ask, even in that dreadful hour.

And his neighbor replies,

"He? Why, that's Phil Preston. They say he's under a vow to destroy a rebel for every year in his life. By God! what a pity he's only twenty-five!" And the fighting death before them; on, still on. Oh the glory, the splendid bravery of that wild, rushing charge! And now an exultant shout that fills even the hearts of the dying with joy—for the foe have fallen back. They break—they run!

The victory is ours!

What though the bloody field is yet more thickly strewn with dead—though the list of wounded and dying is increased by hundreds?

The victory is ours!

IV.

"WHAT, Phil, old fellow! is it you? And wounded too!"

Philip Preston, with one arm hanging useless at his side and blood streaming from a cut across his temple, but all undaunted, looks down at the sound of that voice; and if a thrill, a maddening thrill of hope, sweeps to his heart and weakens him more than his wounds and all the fighting of the day, he is too noble—too generous to heed it.

On the next instant he is kneeling beside the dying soldier.

"Charlie—what! You here, Charlie?"

"Yes, Phil. Oh help me to live a few minutes yet! There's something I must tell you, Philip, before I die. You may live to see her again."

And though Charlie can see but one aim now, that's a strong one; for he lifts Charlie Lockhart with a care and tenderness like off toward the rear, where the surgeons are.

V.

PHIL has had his wound dressed, and wears his broken arm in a sling.

The surgeon says it won't amount to any thing if he is careful, and recommends patience.

And Charlie also has improved. The bullet has been extracted from his side, his wounds are slowly healing, and he is doing well.

He isn't going to die this time.

Phil is happy—happy and has, so far, refused to let him talk.

But now that he seems so much better, and declares it will do him good to say what is on his mind, this stern nurse consents.

"I don't see why you're cruel," he says, "as anxious to hear your secret as you are to tell it, Charlie. What happened? Did you and Clara quarrel?"

"Oh no, we didn't quarrel exactly."

"Then what's the trouble?"

"She refused to marry me."

"Eh? Refused? Why, what are you talking about? I thought—"

"Yes, you know what you thought. I tried to make you understand that I had Clara Sydney's promise to be my wife."

"Yes, you did. And—"

"I lied," Charlie interrupted, impetuously—"I lied. Phil, Clara Sydney loves I've said it at last. Yes, dear old fellow! I, Charlie Lockhart, have deceived you. I lied to you, and you, brave as a lion, and true as Heaven, sit there looking at me, unable to comprehend such base cowardice."

"I can only say that your confession is a shock to the honest, upright nature of Philip Preston.

His first impulse was that he had rather have lost Clara than have discovered such treachery in a friend. But that didn't last long.

"Come, Charlie, look at me—give me your hand. I swear on my soul I had sooner have died fifty deaths than to have seen such a look as that on your face. I deserve it, too; but give me your hand, Phil, and try to think well of me."

"I do love you."

"It's over; let it go," he said. "I suppose all's fair in love and war, you know."

"And I was so madly in love with her, Phil. I didn't know what I was doing. I only felt capable of loving her, and determined to win her. I lost her. Forgive me, Phil; you can afford to, for she's yours now."

"How? Mine? What makes you think that?"

"Well, you know we always agreed that she loved one of us. I would have been fairer to have asked her which, and given her the choice, but I didn't dare to do that. Once, again, there was a time when I felt persuaded I was the favorite. If I could only dispose of you I felt sure of her. The moment she knew that she had already given me her promise, and you know the result. But from the manner of her refusal of my offer, and the way she took your departure, I am convinced that she loves you, and only wants to be asked to tell you so."

"If I could only be sure of this, Charlie."

"I feel sure enough to make affidavit of it without any particular conscientious pang."

"If that be true! Charlie, why, Charlie, you're a perfect blessing. But I'm sorry for your disappointment."

"Oh, don't mind me. I don't feel so very bad now I sit over. Some pretty girl will display better taste than your Clara," he added, laughing! "Come, don't get out of the war alive. I may, what's matter? I die a glorious death, and my mother will weep for her boy."

VI.

STILL Clara read the war news. She had read it so long, and he had escaped so often, she began to hope he bore a charmed life and would escape altogether.

He would return some time—the then list would come, sure and thin; yes, he would return and claim her.

The roses came slowly back to her cheeks, the thin face rounded again, the bright hope of a young heart revived over her.

Her imagination swept forward to the day when he would return.

She caught herself thinking how he would stand before her some day a sun-burnt hero, and say at last that he had waited long to hear,

"Clara, I love you!"

The sentence of the morning paper woke her from some such morning dream one day, and she read of that famous battle of Fairoaks, where brave Philip and the brave captains did such wonders.

With a palpitating heart—for she knew his regiment had been there—she hunted for the list of wounded.

Thank God! His name was not there.

But a more terrible list is yet unlooked at.

She sickened at the thought of finding his name in it.

No, she wouldn't look—because it couldn't—oh it could not be there.

Then why need she fear to look? One struggle —one effort of those cowardly eyes, and then her heart would beat calmly, peacefully again.

Quickly she scans the dreadful column—reaches freely a great sigh of relief—then a sob, a gasp, a thrill of anguish, and three words are graven on her heart.

"Philip Preston, killed."

Could she have died in that dreadful throe of agony—could she have fainted even—it would have been a relief respite.

But she couldn't die, and she never fainted.

And there lay the paper—three words standing out like fire, and scorring her brain—

"Philip Preston, killed."

Then a deathly feeling of sickness came over her, and the light died out of her eyes—the color from her cheeks and lips.

What a weary, weary waste lay all before her! She used to feel her pulse and place her hand over her heart. Then she sighed that she had so many, many years to live; for she was young, and though the pulse was languid and heavy, and the heart ached, it was with a dull pain, like old health and latent strength were in them both.

Three weeks had dragged along—Clara hardly knew how—when tidings came more longer than the whole nineteen years that had preceded them.

Again she sat in the parlor in the gathering twilight—alone.

She was holding her little hand up before her, and sadly wondering to think how little it was—so different from the pretty white hand she had put in Philip's as he left her.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss Clara."

The gentleman entered, and the servant went away.

Clara looked up languidly. She cared nothing about seeing people now.

There he stood before her—in his handsome uniform and epaulets; his face sun-browned and his left arm in a sling.

She had uttered no cry at the announcement of his death; but now she shrieked aloud.

"Philip, Philip! Not dead—not dead! Alive, and here with me again. Alive, and I see you once more, Philip, Philip!"

Away all forms of etiquette—away all polite, conventional phrases.

Her whole heart spoke in her words, and before she realized what she had said his arm was around her, he was kissing the trembling lips and the tender words that rushed from his lips had called into life those such a color as had not graced it for twelve months.

Wasn't it worth one bitter disappointment to feel those words ringing about him, those warm lips on his own, that little hand smoothing his hair so fondly?

Philip thought so.

"And how came that awful announcement, Philip?" Clara, shuddering at the recollection.

"Did you see that, dear? I hoped you hadn't seen it. It was a mistake. One of ours—Philip Preston—was killed, and the similarity of names misled the blunder."

"Oh, Philip!"

Clara was crying softly.

"What is it, dearest?"

"Nothing—I don't know; but I am so happy. Dear, dear Philip!"

MIRIAM, THE WIFE OF BROWN.

SAT sat by her parlor window—
Miriam, the wife of Brown—
Her eyes wandered over her carpet,
Where roses and lilies and pinks just run down.

She looked at her chairs and pictures,
At her various trifles and toys;
There was no one to disarrange them,
She had no girls and boys.

She thought of their pleasant dwelling,
Of the snug sum laid away;
And her small but generous style and study,
"We've enough for a rainy day."

Her thoughts described a circle
Whose radius was several feet;
And within it no dying soldier
And her sympathies could meet.

A step falls quick on the hall—dead—
"Tis husband! but why's he here?"
"Wife, will there's a call for soldiers—
I believe I shall volunteer."

"No, never, never!" she answered;
"We've enough, and you shall not go;
There are plenty of others besides you
Who can much better, I know."

There were tears on her long dark lashes—
"I'll give it up!" said he;
"So weep no more, gentle Miriam,
For the thing shall never be."

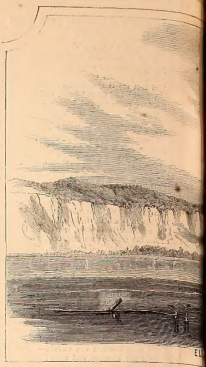
There are numberless Miriams scattered
Up and down in our country towns;
And among our should-be defenders
May be counted a plenty of Browns.

Oh woman! stand forth in your weakness,
Look upward and learn to be strong;
Bid your loved ones go forth to their duty,
And trust Him whose mercies are ever the same.

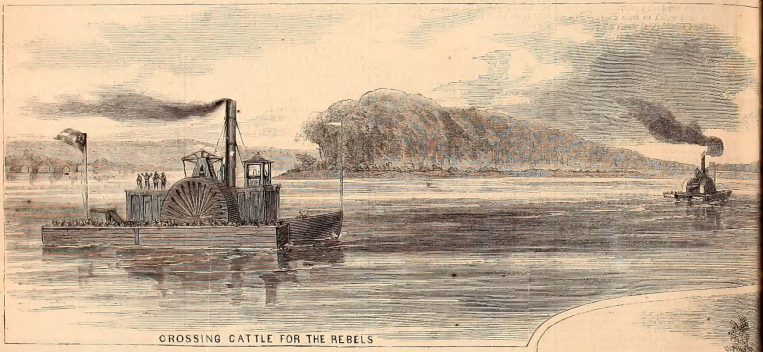
God calls as He never has called us—
Shall we turn with irreverence away?
Shall we let the foe fall for the many?
Then shame on the men of to-day!



COTTON HOARDS IN THE SWAMPS.



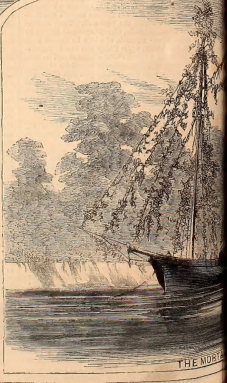
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CROSSING CATTLE FOR THE REBELS

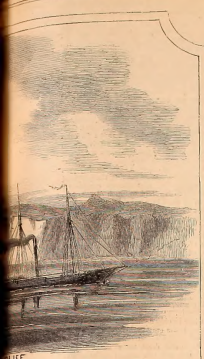


PORTER'S MORTAR IN ACTION.



THE MORT

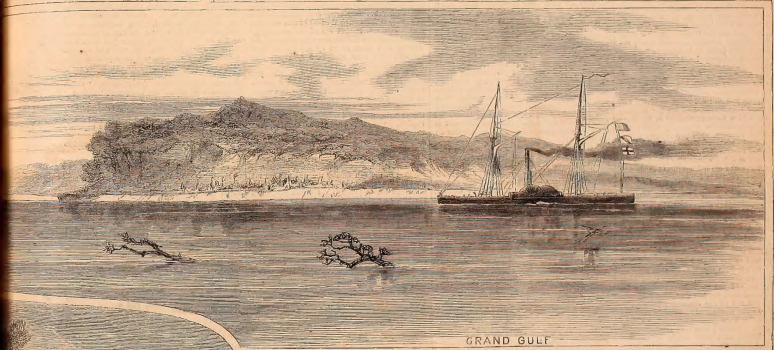
ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—SERVING



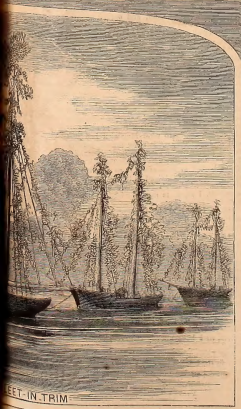
CLIFF.



CAPTURE OF RED BILL.



GRAND GULF.



FEET IN TRIM.



WATCHING FOR REBEL SHARPSHOOTERS.

THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 523.]

TILL DEATH.

Two hands held in one clasp,
  Two hearts bound in one chain,
Two bosoms beating warm,
  Loving, beloved again.

Two smiles of fervent faith
  On each caressing cheek,
Two voices soft and low
  As whispering angels speak.

Two figures kneeling glad
  Before the sacred shrine,
Two vows of mutual love
  Exchanged in sight divine.

Two coffins, side by side,
  Beneath the daisied sod,
Two spirits dwelling in
  The perfect rest of God.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IV.

Captain Wragge and Magdalen retraced their steps until they were again within view of North Shingles Villa before any signs appeared of Mrs. Lecount and her master. At that point the housekeeper's lavender-colored dress, the umbrella, and the feeble little figure in nankeen walking under it, became visible in the distance. The captain slackened his pace immediately, and issued his directions to Magdalen for her conduct at the coming interview in these words:

"Don't forget your smile," he said. "In all other respects you will do. The walk has improved your complexion, and the hat becomes you. Look Mrs. Lecount steadily in the face; show no embarrassment when you speak; and if Mr. Noel Vanstone pays you pointed attention, don't take too much notice of him while his housekeeper's eye is on you. Mind one thing! I have been at Joyce's Scientific Dialogues all the morning, and I am quite serious in meaning to give Mrs. Lecount the full benefit of my studies. If I can't contrive to divert her attention from you and her master, I won't give sixpence for our chance of success. Small-talk won't succeed with that woman; compliments won't succeed; jokes won't succeed; ready-made science may recall the deceased Professor, and ready-made science may do. We must establish a code of signals to let you know what I am about. Observe this camp-stool. When I shift it from my left hand to my right, I am talking Joyce. When I shift it from my right hand to my left, I am talking Wragge. In the first case, don't interrupt me—I am leading up to my point. In the second case, say any thing you like; my remarks are not of the slightest consequence. Would you like a rehearsal? Are you sure you understand? Very good—take my arm, and look happy. Steady! here they are."

The meeting took place nearly midway between Sea-View Cottage and North Shingles. Captain Wragge took off his tall white hat, and opened the interview immediately on the friendliest terms.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Lecount," he said, with the frank and cheerful politeness of a naturally sociable man. "Good-morning, Mr. Vanstone; I am sorry to see you suffering to-day. Mrs. Lecount, permit me to introduce my niece—my niece, Miss Bygrave. My dear girl, this is Mr. Noel Vanstone, our neighbor at Sea-View Cottage. We must positively be sociable at Aldborough, Mrs. Lecount. There is only one walk in the place (as my niece remarked to me just now, Mr. Vanstone), and on that walk we must all meet every time we go out. And why not? Are we formal people on either side? Nothing of the sort—we are just the reverse. You possess the continental facility of manner, Mr. Vanstone—I match you with the blunt cordiality of an old-fashioned Englishman—the ladies mingle together in harmonious variety, like flowers on the same bed—and the result is a mutual interest in making our sojourn at the sea-side agreeable to each other. Pardon my flow of spirits; pardon my feeling so cheerful and so young. The Iodine in the sea-air, Mrs. Lecount—the notorious effect of the Iodine in the sea-air!"

"You arrived yesterday, Miss Bygrave, did you not?" said the housekeeper, as soon as the captain's deluge of language had come to an end.

She addressed those words to Magdalen with a gentle, motherly interest in her youth and beauty, chastened by the deferential amiability which became her situation in Mr. Noel Vanstone's household. Not the faintest token of suspicion or surprise betrayed itself in her face, her voice, or her manner while she and Magdalen now looked at each other. It was plain at the outset that the true face and figure which she now saw recalled nothing to her mind of the false face and figure which she had seen in Vauxhall Walk. The disguise had evidently been complete enough even to baffle the penetration of Mrs. Lecount.

"My aunt and I came here yesterday evening," said Magdalen. "We found the latter part of the journey very fatiguing. I dare say you found it so too?"

She designedly made her answer longer than was necessary for the purpose of discovering, at the earliest opportunity, the effect which the sound of her voice produced on Mrs. Lecount.

The housekeeper's thin lips maintained their motherly smile—the housekeeper's amiable manner lost none of its modest deference; but the expression of her eyes suddenly changed from a look of attention to a look of inquiry. Magdalen quietly said a few words more, and then waited again for results. The change spread gradually all over Mrs. Lecount's face; the motherly smile died away; and the amiable manner betrayed a slight touch of restraint. Still, no signs of positive recognition appeared; the housekeeper's expression remained what it had been from the first—an expression of inquiry, and nothing more.

"You complained of fatigue, Sir, a few minutes since," she said, dropping all further conversation with Magdalen, and addressing her master. "Will you go in-doors and rest?"

The proprietor of Sea-View Cottage had hitherto confined himself to bowing, simpering, and admiring Magdalen through his half-closed eyelids. There was no mistaking the sudden flutter and agitation in his manner, and the heightened color in his wizen little face. Even the reptile temperament of Mr. Noel Vanstone warmed under the influence of the sex: he had an undeniably appreciative eye for a handsome woman, and Magdalen's grace and beauty were not thrown away on him.

"Will you go in-doors, Sir, and rest?" asked the housekeeper, repeating her question.

"Not yet, Lecount," said her master. "I fancy I feel stronger; I fancy I can go on a little." He turned, simpering, to Magdalen, and added in a lower tone, "I have found a new interest in my walk, Miss Bygrave. Don't desert us, or you will take the interest away with you."

He smiled and smirked in the highest approval of the ingenuity of his own compliment—from which Captain Wragge dextrously diverted the housekeeper's attention by ranging himself on her side of the path and speaking to her at the same moment. They all four walked on slowly. Mrs. Lecount said nothing more. She kept fast hold of her master's arm, and looked across him at Magdalen with the dangerous expression of inquiry more marked than ever in her handsome black eyes. That look was not lost on the wary Wragge. He shifted his indicative camp-stool from the left hand to the right, and opened his scientific batteries on the spot.

"A busy scene, Mrs. Lecount," said the captain, politely waving his camp-stool over the sea and the passing ships. "The greatness of England, ma'am—the true greatness of England. Pray observe how heavily some of those vessels are laden! I am often inclined to wonder whether the British sailor is at all aware, when he has got his cargo on board, of the Hydrostatic importance of the operation that he has performed. If I were suddenly transported to the deck of one of those vessels (which Heaven forbid, for I suffer at sea!), and if I said to a member of the crew, 'Jack! you have done wonders; you have grasped the theory of floating vessels'—how the gallant fellow would stare! And yet on that theory Jack's life depends. If he loads his vessel one-thirtieth part more than he ought what happens? He sails past Aldborough, I grant you, in safety. He enters the Thames, I grant you again, in safety. He gets on into the fresh water, as far, let us say, as Greenwich; and—down he goes! Down, ma'am, to the bottom of the river, as a matter of scientific certainty!"

Here he paused, and left Mrs. Lecount no polite alternative but to request an explanation.

"With infinite pleasure, ma'am," said the captain, drowning in the deepest notes of his voice the feeble treble in which Mr. Noel Vanstone paid his compliments to Magdalen. "We will start, if you please, with a first principle. All bodies whatever that float on the surface of the water displace as much fluid as is equal in weight to the weight of the bodies. Good! We have got our first principle. What do we deduce from it? Manifestly this: That in order to keep a vessel above water it is necessary to take care that the vessel and its cargo should be of less weight than the weight of a quantity of water—pray follow me here!—of a quantity of water equal in bulk to that part of the vessel which it will be safe to immerse in the water. Now, ma'am, salt water is specifically thirty times heavier than fresh or river water; and a vessel in the German Ocean will not sink so deep as a vessel in the Thames. Consequently, when we load our ship with a view to the London market, we have (Hydrostatically speaking) three alternatives. Either we load with one-thirtieth part less than we can carry at sea; or we take one-thirtieth part out at the mouth of the river; or we do neither the one nor the other, and, as I have already had the honor of remarking—down we go! Such," said the captain, shifting the camp-stool back again from his right hand to his left, in token that Joyce was done with for the time being—"such, my dear madam, is the theory of floating vessels. Permit me to add, in conclusion, you are heartily welcome to it."

"Thank you, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. "You have unintentionally saddened me, but the information I have received is not the less precious on that account. It is long, long ago, Mr. Bygrave, since I have heard myself addressed in the language of science. My dear husband made me his companion—my dear husband improved my mind as you have been trying to improve it. Nobody has taken pains with my intellect since. Many thanks, Sir. Your kind consideration for me is not thrown away."

She sighed with a plaintive humility, and privately opened her ears to the conversation on the other side of her.

A minute earlier she would have heard her master expressing himself in the most flattering terms on the subject of Miss Bygrave's appearance in her sea-side costume. But Magdalen had seen Captain Wragge's signal with the camp-stool, and had at once diverted Mr. Noel Vanstone to the topic of himself and his possessions by a neatly-timed question about his house at Aldborough.

"I don't wish to alarm you, Miss Bygrave," were the first words of Mr. Noel Vanstone's which caught Mrs. Lecount's attention; "but there is only one safe house in Aldborough, and that house is Mine. The sea may destroy all the other houses—it can't destroy Mine. My father took care of that; my father was a remarkable man. He had My house built on piles. I have reason to believe they are the strongest piles in England. Nothing can possibly knock them down—I don't care what the sea does—nothing can possibly knock them down."

"Then, if the sea invades us," said Magdalen, "we must all run for refuge to you."

Mr. Noel Vanstone saw his way to another compliment, and at the same moment the wary captain saw his way to another burst of science.

"I could almost wish the invasion might happen," murmured one of the gentlemen, "to give me the happiness of offering the refuge."

"I could almost swear the wind had shifted again!" exclaimed the other. "Where is a man I can ask? Oh there he is. Boatman! how's the wind now? Nor'west and by west still—hey? And southeast and by south yesterday evening—ha? Is there any thing more remarkable, Mrs. Lecount, than the variableness of the wind in this climate?" proceeded the captain, shifting the camp-stool to the scientific side of him. "Is there any natural phenomenon more bewildering to the scientific inquirer? You will tell me that the electric fluid which abounds in the air is the principal cause of this variableness. You will remind me of the experiment of that illustrious philosopher who measured the velocity of a great storm by a flight of small feathers. My dear madam, I grant all your propositions—"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount; "you kindly attribute to me a knowledge that I don't possess. Propositions, I regret to say, are quite beyond me."

"Don't misunderstand me, ma'am," continued the captain, politely unconscious of the interruption. "My remarks apply to the temperate zone only. Place me on the coasts between the tropics—place me where the wind blows toward the shore in the daytime, and toward the sea by night—and I instantly advance toward conclusive experiments. For example, I know that the heat of the sun during the day rarefies the air over the land, and so causes the wind. You challenge me to prove it. I escort you down the kitchen stairs (with your kind permission); I take my largest pie-dish out of the cook's hands; I fill it with cold water. Good! that dish of cold water represents the ocean. I next provide myself with one of our most precious domestic conveniences—a hot-water plate—I fill it with hot water, and I put it in the middle of the pie-dish. Good again! the hot-water plate represents the land rarefying the air over it. Bear that in mind, and give me a lighted candle. I hold my lighted candle over the cold water and blow it out. The smoke immediately moves from the dish to the plate. Before you have time to express your satisfaction I light the candle once more, and reverse the whole proceeding. I fill the pie-dish with hot water, and the plate with cold; I blow the candle out again, and the smoke moves this time from the plate to the dish. The smell is disagreeable, but the experiment is conclusive."

He shifted the camp-stool back again, and looked at Mrs. Lecount with his ingratiating smile. "You don't find me long-winded, ma'am—do you?" he said, in his easy, cheerful way, just as the housekeeper was privately opening her ears once more to the conversation on the other side of her.

"I am amazed, Sir, by the range of your information," replied Mrs. Lecount, observing the captain with some perplexity, but thus far with no distrust. She thought him eccentric, even for an Englishman, and possibly a little vain of his knowledge. But he had at least paid her the implied compliment of addressing that knowledge to herself, and she felt it the more sensibly from having hitherto found her scientific sympathies with her deceased husband treated with no great respect by the people with whom she came in contact. "Have you extended your inquiries, Sir," she proceeded, after a momentary hesitation, "to my late husband's branch of science? I merely ask, Mr. Bygrave, because (though I am only a woman) I think I might exchange ideas with you on the subject of the reptile creation."

Captain Wragge was far too sharp to risk his ready-made science on the enemy's ground. The old militiaman shook his wary head.

"Too vast a subject, ma'am," he said, "for a smatterer like me. The life and labors of such a philosopher as your husband, Mrs. Lecount, warn men of my intellectual calibre not to measure themselves with a giant. May I inquire," proceeded the captain, softly smoothing the way for future intercourse with Sea-View Cottage, "whether you possess any scientific memorials of the late Professor?"

"I possess his Tank, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount, modestly casting her eyes on the ground; "and one of his Subjects—a little foreign Toad."

"His Tank!" exclaimed the captain, in tones of mournful interest. "And his Toad! Pardon my blunt way of speaking my mind, ma'am. You possess an object of public interest; and, as one of the public, I acknowledge my curiosity to see it."

Mrs. Lecount's smooth cheeks colored with pleasure. The one assailable place in that cold and secret nature was the place occupied by the memory of the Professor. Her pride in his scientific achievements, and her mortification at finding them but little known out of his own country, were genuine feelings. Never had Captain Wragge burned his adulterated incense on the flimsy altar of human vanity to better purpose than he was burning it now.

"You are very good, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. "In honoring my husband's memory you honor *me*. But though you kindly treat me on a footing of equality, I must not forget that I fill a domestic situation. I shall feel it a privilege to show you my relics, if you will allow me to ask my master's permission first."

She turned to Mr. Noel Vanstone; her perfectly sincere intention of making the proposed request, mingling—in that strange complexity of motives which is found so much oftener in a woman's mind than in a man's—with her jealous distrust of the impression which Magdalen had produced on her master.

"May I make a request, Sir?" asked Mrs. Lecount, after waiting a moment to catch any fragments of tenderly-personal talk that might reach her, and after being again neatly baffled by Magdalen—thanks to the camp-stool. "Mr. Bygrave is one of the few persons in England who appreciate my husband's scientific labors. He honors me by wishing to see my little world of reptiles. May I show it to him?"

"By all means, Lecount," said Mr. Noel Vanstone, graciously. "You are an excellent creature, and I like to oblige you. Lecount's Tank, Mr. Bygrave, is the only tank in England—Lecount's Toad is the oldest toad in the world. Will you come and drink tea at seven o'clock to-night? And will you prevail on Miss Bygrave to accompany you? I want her to see my house. I don't think she has any idea what a strong house it is. Come and survey my premises, Miss Bygrave. You shall have a stick and rap on the walls; you shall go up stairs and stamp on the floors—and then you shall hear what it all cost." His eyes wrinkled up cunningly at the corners, and he slipped another tender speech into Magdalen's ear, under cover of the all-predominating voice in which Captain Wragge thanked him for the invitation. "Come punctually at seven," he whispered, "and pray wear that charming hat!"

Mrs. Lecount's lips closed ominously. She set down the captain's niece as a very serious drawback to the intellectual luxury of the captain's society.

"You are fatiguing yourself, Sir," she said to her master. "This is one of your bad days. Let me recommend you to be careful; let me beg you to walk back."

Having carried his point by inviting the new acquaintances to tea, Mr. Noel Vanstone proved to be unexpectedly docile. He acknowledged that he was a little fatigued, and turned back at once in obedience to the housekeeper's advice.

"Take my arm, Sir—take my arm, on the other side," said Captain Wragge, as they turned to retrace their steps. His parti-colored eyes looked significantly at Magdalen while he spoke, and warned her not to stretch Mrs. Lecount's endurance too far at starting. She instantly understood him, and in spite of Mr. Noel Vanstone's reiterated assertions that he stood in no need of the captain's arm, placed herself at once by the housekeeper's side. Mrs. Lecount recovered her good-humor, and opened another conversation with Magdalen, by making the one inquiry of all others which, under existing circumstances, was the hardest to answer.

"I presume Mrs. Bygrave is too tired after her journey to come out to-day?" said Mrs. Lecount. "Shall we have the pleasure of seeing her to-morrow?"

"Probably not," replied Magdalen. "My aunt is in delicate health."

"A complicated case, my dear madam," added the captain, conscious that Mrs. Wragge's personal appearance (if she happened to be seen by accident) would offer the flattest of all possible contradictions to what Magdalen had just said of her. "There is some remote nervous mischief which doesn't express itself externally. You would think my wife the picture of health, if you looked at her—and yet, so delusive are appearances, I am obliged to forbid her all excitement. She sees no society—our medical attendant, I regret to say, absolutely prohibits it."

"Very sad," said Mrs. Lecount. "The poor lady must often feel lonely, Sir, when you and your niece are away from her."

"No," replied the captain. "Mrs. Bygrave is a naturally domestic woman. When she is able to employ herself, she finds unlimited resources in her needle and thread." Having reached this stage of the explanation—and having purposely skirted, as it were, round the confines of truth, in the event of the housekeeper's curiosity leading her to make any private inquiries on the subject of Mrs. Wragge—the captain wisely checked his fluent tongue from carrying him into any further details. "I have great hope from the air of this place," he remarked in conclusion. "The Iodine, as I have already observed, does wonders."

Mrs. Lecount acknowledged the virtues of Iodine in the briefest possible form of words, and withdrew into the innermost sanctuary of her own thoughts. "Some mystery here," said the housekeeper to herself. "A lady who looks the picture of health; a lady who suffers from a complicated nervous malady; and a lady whose hand is steady enough to use her needle and thread, is a living mass of contradictions I don't quite understand. Do you make a long stay at Aldborough, Sir?" she added aloud; her eyes resting for a moment in steady scrutiny on the captain's face.

"It all depends, my dear madam, on Mrs. Bygrave. I trust we shall stay through the autumn. You are settled at Sea-View Cottage, I presume, for the season?"

"You must ask my master, Sir. It is for him to decide, not for me."

The answer was an unfortunate one. Mr. Noel Vanstone had been secretly annoyed by the change in the walking arrangements which had separated him from Magdalen. He attributed that change to the meddling influence of Mrs. Lecount, and he now took the earliest opportunity of resenting it on the spot.

"I have nothing to do with our stay at Aldborough," he broke out, peevishly. "You know as well as I do, Lecount, it all depends on *you*. Mrs. Lecount has a brother in Switzerland," he went on, addressing himself to the captain—"a brother who is seriously ill. If he gets worse, she will have to go there and see him. I can't accompany her, and I can't be left in the house by myself. I shall have to break up my establishment at Aldborough, and stay with some friends. It all depends on you, Lecount—or on your brother, which comes to the same thing. If it depended on *me*," continued Mr. Noel Vanstone, looking pointedly at Magdalen across the housekeeper, "I should stay at Aldborough all through the autumn with the greatest pleasure. With the greatest pleasure," he reiterated, repeating the words with a tender look for Magdalen, and a spiteful accent for Mrs. Lecount.

Thus far Captain Wragge had remained silent, carefully noting in his mind the promising possibilities of a separation between Mrs. Lecount and her master, which Mr. Noel Vanstone's little fretful outbreak had just disclosed to him. An ominous trembling in the housekeeper's thin lips, as her master openly exposed her family affairs before strangers, and openly set her jealousy at defiance, now warned him to interfere. If the misunderstanding were permitted to proceed to extremities, there was a chance that the invitation for that evening to Sea-View Cottage might be put off. Now, as ever, equal to the occasion, Captain Wragge called his useful information once more to the rescue. Under the learned auspices of Joyce he plunged for the third time into the ocean of science and brought up another pearl. He was still haranguing (on Pneumatics this time), still improving Mrs. Lecount's mind with his politest perseverance and his smoothest flow of language, when the walking party stopped at Mr. Noel Vanstone's door.

"Bless my soul, here we are at your house, Sir!" said the captain, interrupting himself in the middle of one of his graphic sentences. "I won't keep you standing a moment. Not a word of apology, Mrs. Lecount, I beg and pray! I will put that curious point in Pneumatics more clearly before you on a future occasion. In the mean time, I need only repeat that you can perform the experiment I have just mentioned to your own entire satisfaction with a bladder, an exhausted receiver, and a square box. At seven o'clock this evening, Sir—at seven o'clock, Mrs. Lecount. We have had a remarkably pleasant walk, and a most instructive interchange of ideas. Now, my dear girl, your aunt is waiting for us."

While Mrs. Lecount stepped aside to open the garden gate Mr. Noel Vanstone seized his opportunity, and shot a last tender glance at Magdalen—under shelter of the umbrella, which he had taken into his own hands for that express purpose. "Don't forget," he said, with his sweetest smile, "don't forget, when you come this evening, to wear that charming hat!" Before he could add any last words Mrs. Lecount glided back to her place, and the sheltering umbrella changed hands again immediately.

"An excellent morning's work!" said Captain Wragge, as he and Magdalen walked on together to North Shingles. "You and I and Joyce have all three done wonders. We have secured a friendly invitation at the first day's fishing for it."

He paused for an answer; and receiving none, observed Magdalen more attentively than he had observed her yet. Her face had turned deadly pale again, her eyes looked out mechanically straight before her in heedless, reckless despair.

"What is the matter?" he asked, with the greatest surprise. "Are you ill?"

She made no reply; she hardly seemed to hear him.

"Are you getting alarmed about Mrs. Lecount?" he inquired next. "There is not the least reason for alarm. She may fancy she has heard something like your voice before, but your face evidently bewilders her. Keep your temper, and you keep her in the dark. Keep her in the dark, and you will put that two hundred pounds into my hands before the autumn is over."

He waited again for an answer, and again she remained silent. The captain tried for the third time in another direction.

"Did you get any letters this morning?" he went on. "Is there bad news again from home? Any fresh difficulties with your sister?"

"Say nothing about my sister!" she broke out, passionately. "Neither you nor I are fit to speak of her."

She said those words at the garden gate, and hurried into the house by herself. He followed her, and heard the door of her own room violently shut to, violently locked and double locked. Solacing his indignation by an oath, Captain Wragge sullenly went into one of the parlors on the ground-floor to look after his wife. The room communicated with a smaller and darker room at the back of the house by means of a quaint little door, with a window in the upper half of it. Softly approaching this door, the captain drew the white muslin curtain which hung over the window, and looked into the inner room.

There was Mrs. Wragge, with her cap on one side, and her shoes down at heel; with a row of pins between her teeth; with the Oriental Cashmere Robe slowly slipping off the table; with her scissors suspended uncertain in one hand, and her written directions for dressmaking held doubtfully in the other—so absorbed over the invincible difficulties of her employment as to be perfectly unconscious that she was at that moment the object of her husband's superintending eye. Under other circumstances she would have been soon brought to a sense of her situation by the sound of his voice. But Captain Wragge was too anxious about Magdalen to waste any time on his wife, after satisfying himself that she was safe in her seclusion, and that she might be trusted to remain there.

He left the parlor, and after a little hesitation in the passage, stole up stairs and listened anxiously outside Magdalen's door. A dull sound of sobbing—a sound stifled in her handkerchief, or stifled in the bed-clothes—was all that caught his ear. He returned at once to the ground-floor, with some faint suspicion of the truth dawning on his mind at last.

"The devil take that sweet-heart of hers!" thought the captain. "Mr. Noel Vanstone has raised the ghost of him at starting."

THE WAR IN NORTH ALABAMA.

We illustrate on pages 513 and 516 some interesting scenes of General Mitchell's campaign in North Alabama. Our pictures are from sketches by Mr. Hübner, of the Third Ohio, who thus describes them:

BURNING THE TENNESSEE BRIDGE AT DECATUR.

"A part of Mitchell's division, under command of Colonel Lytle, Tenth Ohio Volunteers, Third Ohio Volunteers, Colonel J. Beatty, Coldwater Battery, Captain Loomis (Michigan Artillery), were sent to Decatur, which place they held until the rebels with overwhelming forces, under command of General Price, advanced on us. We prevented the rebels from following us by burning the bridge, also the railroad dépôt. Mitchell took possession of every boat, even of the smallest skiff, for twenty miles up and down the river, so the rebels had not the slightest means to cross.

"Captain Loomis did good work. His boys are the finest set of men I have ever seen.

"The bridge was a beautiful one, built of wood and iron, and 1700 yards long.

DEFEAT OF REBELS AT BRIDGEPORT.

"After our arrival at Huntsville our gallant leader, General Mitchell, who was much pleased with our conduct, sent us immediately to Bridgeport, Jackson County, twenty-four miles above Chattanooga (a small place of about six or eight houses), where another force of the rebels, under General Ledbetter, was advancing. We drove them back, burned a small bridge, and Loomis shelled them out of their camp, which was situated about a mile from the shore of the river.

GUERRILLAS AND BUSHWHACKERS.

"On our way from Bridgeport back to Huntsville two of our men got shot by some bushwhackers, who fired on our train out of the bushes in the vicinity of Paint Rock. Colonel J. Beatty stopped the train and sent several detachments in pursuit of the rebels. One party went to the town and captured four or five of the band; another party, under command of Captain M'Dougal, Company H, Third Regiment Ohio Volunteers, went into a cave which is in the neighborhood of Paint Rock. A slave negro led the way. The entrance of the cave is not easily detected. It is half hidden by bushes and rocks. We had to walk some distance with heads bent; but soon the cave got wider and wider, and looked like a church with fine columns and arches, strange formations of the dropping limestone. The red blaze of the torches produced a strange and beautiful effect. Often it seemed to us that we saw human figures in the deep shadow, often we raised our trusty rifles, but found we were aiming at some curious limestone formation. We went about two miles into the cave, found signs of occasional visits by human beings, and the negro assured us it was in fact a hiding-place of a guerrilla band.

"We had to go back when the torches burned down. There are many side caves and abysses, and without light it is a most dangerous place. The cave is five miles long, and has several outlets.

"We went back to where our train stopped. The other party arrived with the prisoners. One of them is a captain in some rebel cavalry company. They also found some guns.

"The boys were so enraged Colonel B. could hardly prevent them from hanging the murderers immediately. Some rebel houses were burned.

"Late at night we arrived at Huntsville and delivered the traitors into jail."

SCENES ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

We reproduce on pages 520 and 521 a number of sketches by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, representing Scenes on the Lower Mississippi. Mr. Davis thus describes his pictures:

HOARDS OF COTTON.

"The rebels, in burning the cotton of the planters, have made for themselves bitter enemies and for us strong friends. More than one planter told me that until their cotton was burned they were as good Confederate States men as any. Now they would rather *give* the Yankees every pound of it than have it fall into Confederate hands. They told me also that no planter had burned his own cotton willingly; and that cotton, in small quantities, was hidden in every swamp and bayou in Mississippi, it having been placed upon barges and taken, at high-water, up a then navigable bayou, which may only now be reached by canoes.

"Of the quantity of cotton destroyed I think we have but little comprehension. I was told in Memphis that, some time previous to the occupation of the place by our troops, there started from that city a lawless band of poor whites—bacon-eating scoundrels, who had never owned a pound of cotton in their lives. These visited the Mississippi on either side, burning and destroying. Up the Arkansas, the Red River, and the Yazoo, not a bale of cotton that they could find escaped the flames. They returned to Memphis, after an absence of five weeks, and reported the destruction of 800,000 bales of cotton.

CAPTURE OF RED BILL.

"For a long time after the occupation of the city of New Orleans there appeared to be a hesitancy among the people known to be Union, in coming forward and expressing their sentiments.

"The reason for this was soon found to be a fear of a band of desperadoes calling themselves Thugs. They had been in the habit for some years of murdering the citizens of New Orleans whenever and wherever they pleased. These men General Butler at once set about catching, for the purpose of trying, convicting, and punishing them for their crimes. Adams, the two Du Pratts, M'Niel, Leggett, and others, were soon in durance vile at the forts. There then remained but one of the desperadoes uncaptured, Red Bill, and he was soon discovered to be lurking near Lake Salvador, and parties were daily dispatched in quest of him, but for a long time were unsuccessful in their search.

"More definite intelligence reaching the parties in search, a party set out from New Orleans, disguised as fishermen, for Lake Salvador. Arriving at the lake they commenced hauling their seine, and were joined by another party of fishermen, and soon after by Red Bill. On leaving them he was tracked to his lair. At midnight, by creeping, they surrounded his couch, seized, and bound him. On searching his bed, two pistols and a hatchet were found under his pillow. He told his captors that he had seen the different parties sent to capture him—had talked and drank with them. General Butler will mete out a just punishment to this last of the Thugs, so that he will be no more a terror to the denizens of New Orleans.

CROSSING CATTLE FOR THE REBELS.

"A large portion of the supplies for the rebel army of the Valley of the Mississippi have come from Texas. The mouth of the Red River is the great crossing-place for these supplies. In the sketch two steamers, having barges laden with cattle in tow, are conveying them across the river. This favorite crossing-place is now, however, broken up, as one or more gun-boats are constantly stationed there. The *Hon. H. Webb* and the *Music* are now, with the exception of the *Arkansas*, the only rebel craft on the river. The two former are close prisoners on the Red River.

GRAND GULF.

"Of what was formerly the pretty little town of Grand Gulf there remains now a few chimneys standing. After two warnings not to fire into our transport vessels, and those laden with sick soldiers, which warnings were disregarded, a passing gun-boat took the matter in hand, and demolished the town. Since that event there has been no firing into our vessels, except from Vicksburg.

ELLIS CLIFF.

"Ellis Cliff is probably the strongest position on the river below Vicksburg. The river seems surrounded on three sides by a towering cliff, from 250 to 300 feet in height. From this place our vessels have been frequently fired into by light batteries which are kept on the move from place to place.

THE MORTAR FLEET.

"The mortar fleet of Commodore Porter has, by its wonderful efficiency and management, proved itself to be of immense value. I have watched the shells thrown from these vessels to a distance of over two miles, and two out of five shells would be sure to lodge in the earth-works being thrown up by the rebels. It hardly seems possible that a mortar should be capable of such accurate firing. The vessels are concealed in the most ingenious manner, every portion of the spars and rigging being carefully covered with branches of trees and shrubbery; so that at the distance of a mile and a half or two miles it is impossible to see the vessels, moored as they are near the thickly-wooded banks of the river.

"For the information of the many who may not be entirely *au fait* with the manipulation of the mortar and the mode of working it, I will give a short description of it: The mortar, by means of a mathematical instrument, is pointed at the exact elevation of 45 degrees. A wooden bar, or sight, with a spirit-level attached, is then firmly screwed to the trunnion, and the exact position of the mortar at its elevation of 45 degrees is marked upon it. With the distance to be fired varies the charge of powder, each charge being carefully weighed and placed in the mortar loose, instead of in cartridge. When the distance fired is very great, and the charge of powder in consequence large, the men—to avoid the effect of the heavy concussion—stand on tip-toe and with mouths open. The open mouth allows the sound to reach the inside of the ear-drum, reduces the effect of the concussion, and renders the shock much less severe."

A third picture shows us the Sharp-shooters of the Fleet lying behind the bulwarks on the look-out for rebel sharp-shooters ashore.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We continue in this number our series of illustrations of the Army of the Potomac, from sketches by Mr. Alfred R. Waud. Mr. Waud writes respecting the illustrations on pages 516 and 517:

THE RIGHT WING FALLING BACK.

"This was a scene to be remembered. It occurred at two A.M. on Sunday, 29th June. The clearing was filled with wagon-trains, shown up by the glare of fires lighted for the destruction of such stores as it was impossible to convey with the army. Among these the artillery and infantry steadily moved to take up positions for their defense. By the dull glow of the fires guns in position came into sight formed across the field; and occasionally, when a box of cartridges or other inflammable material would explode, the whole scene would be illuminated brightly in all its detail: artillery moving; guns in battery, with the tired cannoniers sleeping around them; wagon-trains forming for a move; soldiers burning stores, *con amore*, that 'Johnny Reb' might not profit by them; stragglers and sick working their weary way along, and much more, making a scene of the most dramatic character.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT HEAD-QUARTERS, HARRISON'S LANDING, VIRGINIA.

"Every Sunday morning an open-air service is held in the camp of head-quarters, at which General M'Clellan is a punctual attendant. Seated around may be seen generals, with members of the staff, and other officers of the army; sometimes a naval officer, and a few outsiders of various denominations. The attention displayed must be gratifying to the chaplains who officiate, though the gentlemen who represent the Church here are not generally its most brilliant lights. The scene is not without its suggestions. The groups of officers and soldiers, so lately grimed with dust and battle-sweat, and gaunt with fatigue and hunger, refreshed by rest, show few signs of their recent struggles. The sentries, leaning their heads upon their keen sabre-bayonets, join in the hymns—real Ironsides these. The military band takes the place of the organ, preluding and accompanying the hymns, in which few join, and playing for opening and closing voluntaries selections from *Traviata*. Down below rolls the placid yellow James, and from it arises other sounds: the hoarse roar of letting off steam; the rattling of a cable as a gun-boat or transport comes to an anchor; the shouts of drivers leading their horses splashing into the river to drink; and the spiteful, high-pressure puffing of a propeller looking after its tow. M'Clellan sits or stands calm and thoughtful through the service, the presence of a stranger drawing one quick, searching glance from him—a look which a sensitive individual would not care to encounter as a delinquent. In dress the General is, of all present, least ostentatious—a plain undress sack without shoulder-straps, pants without a stripe, gaiters, and a gray shirt comprising all. Yet none could fail to see at once in him the commander."

BAYONET CHARGE OF THE SECOND EXCELSIOR REGIMENT AT FAIROAKS.

Regarding the illustration on page 524, Mr. Waud writes:

"I send this under the direction of General Sickles and Colonel Hall (his was the only regiment of the Excelsior Brigade that charged). The locality is correct. The line of the men is correct, and the enemy's skirmishers as Hall found them. No hand-to-hand desperate work by demoniac individuals in Zouave dress and caps—the Excelsior Brigade wears the infantry uniform with felt hats. I could not send this at the time as I was flat on my back."

THE CONFLICT.

There are sounds of fearful meaning struggling through the steadfast pines,
And the pale earth shudders weakly to the tramp of battle lines,
And the bayonets flash defiance where the bright sun on them shines.

Months have gone since first this warning chilled with woe the south wind's heat:
"You have wronged us! you have trampled every right beneath your feet!
And no more with brothers' greetings, hands fast locking, will we meet!"

Then went down the flag of Sumter, and our young men, brave and strong,
Dropped the hands of dancing maidens, closed the lips of jest and song—
Paler grew the mothers' faces, gazing on the eager throng;

And from some the cry went upward, "Oh, my parted household band!
In the fearful hour of conflict face to face my sons shall stand,
God forbid that Death should find one guided by the other's hand!"

Oh the days that lie before us! who shall speak with steady tongue
Of the time when foul Disunion to the breeze its banner flung,
While the writhing, loathsome Hydra, hissing to its standard clung?

Many an old man's lips shall quiver when some fair child at his knee
Asks about his soldier father, dead beside the Tennessee;
"Grandpa, when the Union soldiers came, what made the generals flee?

"Mother says they fled one morning, riding swiftly down the hill,
And they made my darling father go with them against his will,
Else he might have been beside us, with his strong arms round me still."

Many a young man's hair shall whiten with the memory of that day
When he floated down the river, awful in its war array,
And beheld the white smoke curling where last morn his homestead lay.

Yet our soldiers smile right bravely, and with faces toward the foe,
Say, "Oh, let us hear the drum beat and the wild war bugle blow,
Darker glooms the doubt-veiled safety than the danger that we know.

"And the banner left by freedom unto North, South, East, and West,
Still shall lift o'er every city proud and high its eagle crest,
Though from every loyal fireside steps a hero to his rest."



BAYONET CHARGE OF THE SECOND EXCELSIOR REGIMENT, COLONEL HALL, AT THE BATTLE OF FAIROAKS, JUNE, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 533.]



THE PIRATE "SUMTER."—[Drawn by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.]

THE CRUISE OF THE REBEL SHIP "SUMTER."

[*From the Private Journal of one of her Officers.*]

New Orleans.—*June* 3, 1861.—This morning the *Sumter* went into commission. The Confederate tricolor with its eleven stars, each star representing a sovereign State, was raised at the peak of the vessel, and duly honored by a salute from her guns. For the past fortnight strenuous exertions have been used to get her ready to receive her armament, ammunition, stores, coals, etc., in order that she may get to sea before the mouths of the Mississippi are sealed by the blockading fleet of the United States Government. Already reports reach New Orleans that two ships of the enemy—the *Brooklyn* and the *Powhatan*, both steamers, and represented as having powerful batteries and being uncommonly swift—are lying off the mouths of the Mississippi. In the face of these discouraging rumors the commander of the naval station and his subordinates have at length completed the repairs on the *Habana*, and christened her the *Sumter*—a cherished name to every Southron. Who knows but that this little steamer may bear the Southern flag to distant seas, and win for herself an immortal name? Much is expected of her. Her model is perfectly symmetrical, her masts are long and raking, her spars slender and nicely proportioned. She is a propeller, bark-rigged, carrying five guns—four 32's, and one 68 on a pivot. Her complement of men is 114. She is to be commanded by Captain Semmes, a veteran officer of the old navy. All who know him represent him as being a skillful seaman, a good tactician, an excellent diplomatist, and a brave man.

June 13.—The *Sumter's* trial trip took place to-day. As the ship was cast loose from her moorings, and steamed out into the stream, the river's banks were crowded by an applauding multitude. When about ten miles above the city the guns were tested with satisfactory results.

June 17.—Sailing orders are momentarily expected. We may sail to-night. How the people flock to see her as the time draws near for her departure!

June 18.—The ship is under sailing orders, and the executive officer is instructed to permit no one to go ashore.

June 19.—Arrived here (opposite Forts St. Philip and Jackson) to-day. On the way to this place stopped at the Barracks to take in powder. Will remain here a while to perfect the men in their exercises at the guns. After which—why, probably an attempt will be made to run the blockade!

June 24.—(Head of the Passes.)—After remaining anchored a week between the forts, the welcome order was at length given to heave anchor and get under way. Never was an order more cheerfully obeyed! It is a matter of wonder how human beings can live there. The mosquitoes are greater torments than the ten plagues of Egypt combined! Here, at the Head of the Passes, it is a comparative elysium. The gentle breezes from the Gulf are most refreshing. The mast-heads of the ships composing the blockading squadron can be distinctly seen from aloft. How the *Sumter* will ever get out is a mystery.

June 25.—An officer was sent to-day to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. He and his commander afterward landed at the light-houses at Pass-à-l'Outre and South Point, destroyed the buildings, and turned adrift all the oil. This daring feat was accomplished under the very eyes of the enemy—the *Brooklyn* and *Powhatan* lying not more than two miles off.

June 29.—Since the *Sumter* left New Orleans the little steamer *Ivy* has acted as her tender. This morning she went down the river to reconnoitre, and soon returned and reported that the coast was clear. Immediately the vessel's anchor was hove up, and she was got under way. In less than half an hour she was at the bar. Before crossing it the huge hull of the *Brooklyn* was seen just behind a point of land not far off, with her top-gallant masts housed. She being too close to render the attempt to run the blockade safe, the *Sumter's* prow was turned in the direction whence she came, and soon afterward anchored at the Head of the Passes. Here she will wait, as did Micawber, for something to turn up. After all, who knows but that the wicked little *Ivy* brought a false report on purpose to create a little excitement—merely to prevent the boys dying of *ennui?*

June 29.—To-day a field howitzer—a 12-pounder —was brought down by the *Ivy* from Fort Jackson and added to the armament of the *Sumter*.

June 30, 4½ P.M.—The *Sumter* has run the blockade at last! She is now bounding over the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico; and if she does not soon slacken speed she will ere many days be in the Caribbean Sea. Every thing was managed admirably. At two o'clock in the morning the steamer *Empire Parish* dropped alongside laden with coal, 200 barrels of which were transferred to the *Sumter's* bunkers before daylight. The *Empire Parish* then steamed down the river, returning about eleven o'clock—just as all hands had been piped to muster—with the welcome intelligence that the blockading squadron had disappeared. The *Sumter* was got under way in double quick time. Directly after crossing the bar the *Brooklyn* was seen in chase of a sailing vessel, which chase she soon abandoned and shaped her course for the *Sumter*. At this time the latter ship had no sail on, but soon a favorable breeze sprung up, and the order was given to unfurl. The *Brooklyn* followed her example, spreading every yard of canvas that would draw. The speed of the two ships seemed to be about equal, and for more than two hours it was doubtful whether the little "rebel" would come out victor or vanquished. She was sadly out of trim, being too much down by the head, which caused her to plunge greatly, keeping the forecastle continually covered with spray. To remedy this the field howitzer and about 1500 gallons of water were thrown overboard. Up to this time the *Sumter* carried only 18 pounds of steam; suddenly the hand of the steam-gauge indicated that it had been increased to 27 pounds. It soon became evident that the *Sumter* was gaining on the Yankee. The *Brooklyn's* hull gradually sank beneath the horizon, but still she continued the chase, until nothing could be seen of her save her white sails—of which she carried a huge quantity. After a chase of four hours her commander saved the credit of his ship as a fast sailer by turning back! As soon as the enemy wore ship the *Sumter's* crew manned the rigging and cheered ship most heartily.

July 2.—The *Sumter* has steadily continued on her course southward. It is a great relief to be rid of all bustle, and be thus quietly cruising along.

July 3.—This afternoon, about three o'clock, the look-out reported a sail. As it was the first one seen her appearance was greeted with pleasure. Chase was given; but she proved to be, not a Yankee, but a Spaniard. Her papers were found correct, and she was permitted to continue on her course. Immediately afterward another sail was descried—the American ship *Golden Rocket*—a fine vessel of about 1000 tons burden, bound from Havana to Cienfuegos, in ballast. She being a lawful prize her crew was transferred to the *Sumter:* her spare sails and a portion of her stores were taken out of her, and then she was consigned to the flames. The *Rocket's* sails were all set, and the flames leaped into them, dancing a wild fantastic dance from rope to rope. As the fire spread and took a firmer hold of the doomed ship the heavens were illumined gloriously. But it was indeed a sad sight to witness the destruction of such a splendid vessel. When last seen she was a mass of flame from bowsprit to taffrail—enveloped in a winding-sheet of fire.

July 4.—This is the anniversary of the birth of freedom in the Western World; and on this day we, seamen of the Confederate States, captured the American brig *Cuba*. First sending on board a prize crew, we took her in tow. Soon afterward, however, the tow-line parted, when instructions were given to the prize-master to permit none of his men to go aloft, lest an attempt might be made to recapture her, the old crew being still on board. Late this afternoon another vessel—the brig *Machias*—was captured, and given in charge of a prize crew.

July 5.—The sound "Sail ho!" is becoming familiar to our ears. It was heard twice to-day, and each sail was a prize. The names of the vessels are the *Ben Dunning* and *Alibert Adams*, both brigs, and both from Cuban ports, laden with the productions of the tropics. If the *Sumter* continues capturing at this rate, she will soon be compelled to go into port to leave her prizes and get back her men who are in charge of them. It is likely she will put into some Cuban port, near which coast she now is.

July 6.—Success still attends us. Yesterday the bark *Louisa Kilham*, and the brigs *West Wind* and *Naiad*, were captured. This is doing a wholesale business. The *Sumter* is as attractive to Yankee ships as the light of a candle is to the fire-fly, and equally as fatal. After the capture of the last-named vessel we shaped our course for Cienfuegos, Cuba, and anchored near the outer fort, about four o'clock this afternoon. We waited outside until all our prizes, except the brig *Cuba*, which has not yet made her appearance, sailed in; the *Sumter* then followed in their wake, like a mother watchfully protecting her children. All the prizes brought into this port will be taken charge of by the Cuban authorities, subject to the order of the commander of the *Sumter*. This is cheering. The Northerners predicted that no nation with which they were on terms of amity would permit any vessel belonging to the Confederate States to enter their ports.

July 7.—Finished taking in water and coal, and sailed this morning.

July 17.—Arrived off the harbor of St. Anne, island of Curaçoa, yesterday evening, and this morning steamed in. The men are attired in their best clothes, the officers in full uniform, while the Confederate flag is flying, and the commander's whip-like pennant gayly fluttering at her main. Thousands of people are assembled on the quays to see the little stranger. Amicable relations have been established, and the *Sumter* is quite "a lion." She is in need of a few repairs, which will be made before we sail again.

July 24.—The *Sumter* sailed from St. Anne this morning. As she passed the guard-ship cheers were given, which were caught up by the multitudes assembled on either side of the inlet. Not the least gratifying part of this ovation was the waving of handkerchiefs by some of earth's fairest daughters. These friendly manifestations were duly appreciated, as we proved at the time.

July 25.—The old, familiar sound "Sail ho!" is heard once more. "Star-spangled banner, long may it wave!" Francis Key never uttered this prayer more fervently than do the *Sumter* "rebels;" for they know that wherever "floats that standard sheet" they are sure of a prize. This one is the *Abby Bradford*, a pretty little schooner, hailing from Portland, State of Maine. As she has a full cargo, a prize crew has been put on board, who will take her into the nearest port, the *Sumter* accompanying her.

July 26.—Anchored to-day outside the harbor of Porto Cabello, Republic of Venezuela. Owing to the commander's refusal to comply with a certain port regulation the authorities would not grant either the *Sumter* or her prize permission to enter the harbor.

July 27.—Being still unable to gain admission into the harbor the *Sumter* and her prize left Porto Cabello this morning. Not long afterward the bark *Joseph Maxwell*, of Philadelphia, was captured. Her cargo being very valuable, and selected with a view to its sale in the West Indies, or the Spanish Main, the *Sumter* returned with her to Porto Cabello. The authorities refused to admit either vessel, but a portion of the crew of the *Maxwell* was allowed to land, being taken charge of by the United States consul. Thereupon the *Sumter* and the *Maxwell* left the port; and when out at sea a prize crew was sent on board with orders to sail for Cienfuegos. At the same time the *Abby Bradford* was dispatched to New Orleans by way of Berwick's Bay.

July 30.—Arrived about noon at Port of Spain, Island of Trinidad.

August 1.—A great number of persons have visited the *Sumter* here. They can not conceive how it was possible for her to have run the blockade at New Orleans. They had read all the proclamations of the President of the Northern Republic, and believed he would make good his threats; and again, they believed that the Northern navy was sufficiently numerous to sweep from the seas every ship of the Southern Confederacy.

August 3.—The British steamer *Cadmus* arrived to-day. She is a stanch-looking vessel, carrying twelve guns. The most friendly intercourse exists between the two commanders and their officers. The remark was made, "The English here treat us more like princes than plain Republican Americans." No tidings have been received of the prize brig *Cuba*, captured off Cienfuegos. The journals make no mention of her arrival there; and fears are entertained that ill has befallen her.

August 5.—Sailed from Port of Spain.

August 16.—Arrived off the harbor of Cayenne, French Guiana. The commander being unwilling to comply with one of the port laws relative to war-vessels the *Sumter* left during the afternoon. Some of her officers, however, went ashore, and learned that two days before a United States gun-boat had been there looking for the *Sumter*.

August 18.—After leaving Cayenne the vessel's course was shaped for Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana, off which port she signaled for a pilot until sundown; none having arrived at that hour she came to anchor. About twilight a sail was seen in the distance approaching the *Sumter*. It was soon apparent that she was a steam war-vessel. Steam was raised, the anchor hove up, all hands beat to quarters, the guns manned, the old charges drawn and fresh ones put in their places. By the time all these preliminaries had been arranged it was ascertained, by the aid of the night telescope, that the strange vessel had anchored. The *Sumter* followed suit; but a vigilant look-out is kept upon the movements of our supposed enemy.

August 19.—Early this morning the look-outs had reported that the steamer outside was under way. Slowly she steamed toward the *Sumter*, seeming to have made every preparation for attack. She had not yet hoisted her flag, neither had the *Sumter*—each commander being apparently desirous of learning the nationality of the other first, and of letting him know, by a death-dealing broadside, that an enemy was at hand. The stranger looked like an American-built vessel, having long mast-heads and a sharp overhanging bow. Yes, there was no mistaking her—she must be one of the gun-boats sent in search of the *Sumter*. When she was near enough for the number of her guns to be determined, we were glad to find that she carried but one gun more than the *Sumter*, and that the disparity was no greater. Slowly and cautiously the vessels neared each other. When not more than a cable's length off, our first lieutenant hailed her in a loud voice, "Ship ahoy!" "Hallo!" was promptly answered. "This is the Confederate States steamer *Sumter*—what vessel is that?" After waiting about half a minute, which seemed an age, the *enemy* replied: "The French steamer *Abbeville!*" Here was a disappointment—after all this preparation for mortal combat, to find at last that the supposed enemy was a friend! There was not a single man who would not freely have relinquished all the prize-money then due to him could he have transformed the Frenchman into a Yankee. She was nearer the equal of the *Sumter* than they ever expected to meet again, and the *Sumter* had captured so many merchantmen that it might be said she did not care to meet any other class of vessels. After the Frenchman had given his name he was asked if he had a pilot. He answered in the negative; and added that it was his intention to go in without one, as he knew the channel well. He did so, and we followed him. Soon after the *Sumter* anchored one of the Governor's aids came on board to welcome our commander. Several Yankee vessels in port, as soon as the *Sumter* arrived, ran up the Stars and Stripes.

August 28.—No one belonging to the *Sumter* has cause to complain of the treatment he has received here. Not a day has passed since her arrival but what some demonstration of sympathy for the cause of the South, or of respect and friendship for the commander of the *Sumter*, has taken place. . . . . Late advices from Cuba announce that the crew of a small vessel, previously captured by a Southern man-of-war—name not given—had overpowered and murdered the prize crew. It is feared that the "small vessel" alluded to is the brig *Cuba*.

August 29.—We received intelligence this morning that a gun-boat, bearing the flag of the United States, had been seen cruising off the mouth of the Surinam—the river on which Paramaribo is situated. If this is true, this vessel is no doubt one of the fleet of cruisers sent in search of the *Sumter*.

August 30.—The *Sumter* steamed out of the harbor, followed by the most cheering evidences of the friendship of the people.

September 5.—(Maranham.)—After five days' pleasant sailing from Paramaribo, the *Sumter* arrived, without any thing having occurred worthy of note, in the domains of the Emperor of Brazil. Found in port two Brazilian men-of-war—between which, and right abreast of an immense fort, she is now at anchor.

September 14.—The *Sumter* has been ready to sail for several days, but has been detained on account of the non-arrival of the mail, which was received yesterday. Its advices confirm the recapture of the brig *Cuba*. The prize crew consisted of two sailors and two marines, the prize-master being Midshipman Hudgins. One of the sailors, Davidson, informed the captain of the brig, who, although a prisoner, was allowed to remain on board the *Cuba*, that he and the other sailor, Spencer, were willing to lay down their arms and surrender the vessel to him, provided he would guarantee them pardon from the President of the United States. Captain Stroud promised to use his influence to that end, whereupon the sailors delivered up their arms, and tried to persuade the marines to follow their example. They refused, and informed Mr. Hudgins of the treachery of the two sailors. By this time Captain Stroud, having taken measures for regaining possession of the brig, ordered Mr. Hudgins to give up his weapons. He declined to do so, whereupon Captain Stroud made a signal, which was answered by his own men and the renegades. In the mean time Mr. Hudgins climbed a mast, from which he fired repeatedly at the party on deck, wounding several men, one fatally; however, he himself was wounded in turn, and thus compelled to descend. The two marines gallantly seconded their commander, but were soon overpowered and put in irons—a punishment that was afterward accorded to the two traitors.

September 15.—Sailed from San Juan de Maranham, Brazil.

September 25.—The *Sumter* has now ceased to exercise her vocation so long that the Yankee shippers doubtless think she has bidden farewell to the Spanish Main. If Captain Briggs, of the *Joseph Park*, entertained any such opinion he was undeceived to-day. About three o'clock this afternoon a rakish-looking little bark hove in sight; it was Briggs's brigantine. We were soon alongside of her. When her first-mate made the unpleasant discovery that his neighbor was an armed Confederate vessel he attempted to give his bark more sea-room; but his efforts availed him not, though he handled his vessel in a very seamanlike manner. The *Joseph Park*, too, was remarkably swift. However, the captain thought it best to heave-to and haul down the once glorious Stars and Stripes.

September 27.—For the past two days the *Sumter* and her prize have been cruising along under easy sail, both vessels displaying lights at night, and keeping within sight of each other during the day. To-day, however, the *Sumter* dropped alongside of the *Park*, and after the transfer of the prize crew and a portion of her stores to the steamer, she was first used as a target, and then made a bonfire of.

October 22.—Nearly one month has elapsed since the capture of the *Joseph Park*, and not a single sail has been seen during that time. We think of the Yankees' boast, that their sails whiten the ocean!

October 24.—A sail at last! It is a pleasure to see one occasionally, though it may not be one of the kind we are in quest of. To-day a French brig was boarded. The captain being asked the news from the States, replied, "Before I left home I heard they were fighting in America, but I did not learn who were the belligerents, what they were fighting for, or which was the victorious party!" This Gaul certainly takes very little interest in other people's affairs.

October 28.—The cruise of the *Sumter*, during the last month, has been attended with so little success that it seemed her guardian angel had flown; but to-day she has shown her face again. The blessing she has bestowed on us this time is a pretty little schooner, the *Daniel Trowbridge*, crammed with every thing in the eating line we could desire.

October 29.—Early this morning a boat was sent off to the prize for a supply of fresh provisions and returned with sheep, pigs, potatoes, and an abundance of fowl—luxuries we had not indulged in for a long time. During the excellent dinner we enjoyed to-day many thanks were expressed for the kindness of Uncle Abe, in thus remembering us in our hour of need—of fresh provisions.

October 31.—Since the capture of the *Trowbridge* every body has been busy. A portion of the crew has been employed on the prize, breaking out in the hold, to get the provisions required for the ship's use; while another gang has been making room for the reception of new stores. During this time her decks have looked liked a compromise between a provision wareroom and a slaughter-house. Such was the condition of the *Sumter* when, this morning, at eight o'clock, a sail was descried. Preparation was immediately made for the chase. The prize crew was recalled from the schooner, with instructions to fire her before they left. We had become tired of the routine of the past three days, and were glad of the opportunity for a change. What a pleasure it is to be in chase of a ship, especially if her captain is a plucky fellow and a good seaman, as was he of the Danish brigantine *Eliza?* After boarding this ship we proceeded on our course.

November 1.—At half past three o'clock this morning a very large and brilliant light was seen from the deck of the *Sumter*. On nearing it, it was discovered to be the burning wreck of the *Trowbridge*. The *Sumter's* course had been changed since she left the schooner in the morning, which accounts for the second meeting of the two vessels—one trim and rakish in appearance, her decks crowded with happy devil-may-care fellows, to whom it mattered not in what direction the prow of their craft was turned; the other a miserable wreck, abandoned to the mercy of the wind and wave, and sending up to heaven masses of smoke and sheets of flame.

November 2.—No fewer than three sail have been overhauled to-day, all carrying the flag of Great Britain. One of them reported the capture of the "pirate" *Sumter*, off Charleston Harbor, after a most determined resistance, in which she was dismasted, and lost more than half her crew.

November 5.—We meet so many vessels under British colors that the question arises—Are not many of them Yankees in disguise? When we were at San Juan de Maranham it was positively asserted that many Yankee skippers had effected, at that port, a bogus sale of their vessels to English merchants, so that when they sailed they would be under the protection of the British flag! How humiliating it must be to be compelled to resort to these shifts! To-day we boarded the British brigantine *Rothsay*, the French brig *Hélène*, and the British ship *Plover*. The captain of the *Plover* asked the boarding officer if he was in search of the *Sumter*—having mistaken her for a Yankee gunboat. The officer, believing the skipper to be in jest, replied affirmatively. "Then," said the skipper, "it will take a smarter-looking craft than yours to catch the *Sumter*; and even if you find her you can't *take* her!"

November 7.—Boarded another vessel bearing the British flag—no evidence, nowadays, that she is owned by British subjects: also a French brig.

November 8.—Still another Britisher! The shipbuilders of Albion must have been busy lately.

November 9.—This morning the *Sumter* arrived at Port Royal, island of Martinique. Astern of us is the French gun-boat *Achéron*, whose captain paid his respects to the commander of the *Sumter* soon after she anchored.

November 10.—We have learned, since our arrival here, that the United States gun-boat reported cruising off the mouth of the Surinam River was the *Keystone State*. The commander made diligent inquiries respecting the whereabouts of the *Sumter*. On learning from one of the pilots that she was up the river at Paramaribo he immediately put to sea. He acted wisely: for the *Keystone State* is not more than a match for the *Sumter*. In trying to capture her he might have lost his own ship.

November 12.—Our stay in Port Royal will be an era in the cruise of the *Sumter*. The crew were permitted to go ashore, and seemed to have enjoyed themselves in the style peculiar to old salts. It has been hinted that the *Sumter* boys are strong advocates of temperance, inasmuch as they strove to *put down* every beverage that would intoxicate. They had many furious encounters in endeavoring to enforce their abstemious principles, for several came aboard minus various very necessary articles of wearing apparel. One of them, to show his love of pure cold water, jumped off the wharf and attempted to *wade* to the ship. Had not a boat been promptly sent to his assistance he would never more have answered to the muster-roll. After being fished out of the water and deposited in the boat he attempted to jump out of it, and it required the combined efforts of the crew to prevent it. Seeing that there was danger of the boat being capsized, the commander of the *Achéron* kindly sent his gig to tow the boat alongside of the *Sumter*.

November 13.—(St. Pierre.)—We arrived here about noon, having left Port Royal in the morning. Being unable to procure coal at the latter port it was necessary to come hither. As there are so many Yankee cruisers around the West Indies the *Sumter* will not prolong her stay here. A few days before the *Sumter* reached Port Royal the United States war steamer *Iroquoise* put in there, but staid only long enough to inquire after the *Sumter*. She was described as a gun-boat of the largest class, carrying guns of the heaviest calibre.

November 14.—The *Iroquoise* has arrived! When first opening the harbor she was disguised; her yards were braced every way, the Danish flag flying at her peak. But this ruse did not deceive us, for many of us had seen her before. Having taken her position in front of the harbor she hoisted the Stars and Stripes, while some of her crew set to work at something on her forecastle—doubtless mounting the forward pivot gun, a 120-pounder. The *Iroquoise* is a magnificent-looking craft, bark-rigged, carrying six heavy guns. As soon as she hoisted the United States flag crowds of people collected on the quays to get a good look at her, some of them even expecting that she would give us battle then and there. Preparations were immediately made for this event. Our ship was cleared for action. The carpenter's gang were set to work making shot-plugs. At twilight all hands were mustered on the quarter-deck, where small-arms were served out; and look-outs were doubled fore and aft.

November 15.—Last night about 11 o'clock the *Iroquoise* was seen slowly approaching the *Sumter*. Immediately all hands were called with as little noise as possible. No drum beat to quarters; but "Boys, rouse up, the *Iroquoise* is alongside ready to grapple us!" was sufficient to clear the gun-deck of hammocks in a remarkably short space of time. The gun-deck, being already cleared for action, was properly lighted; the guns were manned, the magazine was opened, and the surgeon and his assistant "stood by." Our big pivot-gun bore directly on the *Iroquoise;* and her crew (the picked men of the ship) made a picture not easily forgotten, as they stood about her, every man with a revolver in his belt and a cutlass at his side. It was thought that the *Iroquoise* would undertake to board us in boats. Had the attempt been made the Yankees would have met with a warm reception. Captain Palmer went ashore directly after his arrival, and boasted that as he had been sent after the *Sumter* he intended to take her. He even had the assurance to ask permission of the authorities to capture her in the harbor. To this modest request he received for an answer: "The *Sumter* can remain in our port and receive the protection of our flag during the pleasure of her commander; but if she, or the *Iroquoise*, violates the neutrality of the port the guns of our forts shall be turned against her." From this we inferred that Captain Palmer might endeavor to carry his point by stratagem. The boys knew that once in the hands of the Yankees they could not expect any other than the most brutal treatment, and, remembering the fate of the *Savannah's* crew, resolved never to give up the ship. Death is preferable to capture.... Seeing that the commander of the *Sumter* and his little crew were as wide awake as himself, Captain Palmer wisely concluded to defer the attack. As the *Iroquoise* wore round and stood out to sea our men were ordered to leave their quarters. Some of them took their hammocks below to finish their night's sleep; others turned into the hammock nettings, or lay upon the deck, all with their arms girded on them or within reach. A few loitered about, discussing the probability of another visit from our friends. The *Iroquoise* dropped alongside of us about one o'clock, and again at three o'clock in the morning, but attempted nothing. ——The French gun-boat *Achéron*, 8 guns, arrived to-day from Port Royal. The commander paid his respects to our captain, through one of his officers, soon after she came to anchor, which courtesy was reciprocated. It is understood that the *Achéron* will have no communication with the *Iroquoise*, nor permit her to communicate with the shore, otherwise than by signals, until she anchors.

November 16.—The *Iroquoise* dropped anchor to-day. Thereupon the commander of the *Achéron* sent an officer on board to confer with Captain Palmer. The result of the conference is that the *Iroquoise* must come to anchor, or else must go three miles outside of the harbor. Immediately after the departure of the officer the *Iroquoise* hove anchor for a cruise in the harbor.

November 17.—The time having arrived for the *Iroquoise* either to anchor or leave the harbor, she chose the latter alternative, and is now three miles outside.

November 19.—The *Iroquoise* still hovers about us. The harbor, like that of New Orleans, is crescent-shaped, but the points are more clearly defined than those of the Crescent City. Between these two points of land, about three miles apart, the *Iroquoise* has taken her position, and is continually steaming from one to the other. It reminds one of a big bully swaggering in front of a little man's door, and daring him to come out and fight.

November 22.—The *Sumter* raised steam late this afternoon to test the repairs that have been made on her machinery. Seeing the smoke the *Iroquoise*, after dark, came in much nearer than usual. We learned to-day that several of the crew of the *Joseph Park* and *Daniel Trowbridge*, put ashore at Port Royal by the *Sumter*, but afterward sent to this place by the United States Consul, are now serving on the *Iroquoise*. Before they left the *Sumter* they all spoke gratefully of the treatment they had received, and solemnly swore not to take up arms against the Confederate States during the present struggle.

November 23.—The *Sumter* is once more in blue water! Every preparation having been made, the ship being in good sailing trim, a portion of her stores placed on the spar-deck, to be hove overboard to lighten her in case it was necessary, precisely as the eight o'clock gun was fired she slipped her anchor and steamed slowly out to sea, keeping close under cover of the land. Scarcely had her propeller revolved a dozen times before a blue light appeared at the mast-head of the only Yankee ship in port. Then a second signal was displayed on shore, and then another. The engine was stopped. The *Sumter* was now abreast of the French war steamer, which was under the guns of the fort, but nothing could be seen of the *Iroquoise*. The engine was again started; our ship moving very slowly, and still closely hugging the land. When nearly opposite the southern point the *Iroquoise* was seen bearing down on us; but as we were so completely under cover of the land, it was not likely that she saw us. The *Sumter's* prow was turned in the direction of the other point, but afterward she ran closer into the harbor, all the time watching every movement of the *Iroquoise*. Seeing that she was still watching the southern point, the *Sumter* shot across to the northern point at her fullest speed. Just before she reached the point a vessel was seen a little ahead of her. The engine was again stopped to determine the character of this craft. The darkness was so intense that it was impossible to make her out at first. A blundering quarter-master pronounced her to be an armed steamer; after a minute of anxious suspense she was transformed into a sailing frigate, lying broadside on; and finally, while we were in momentary expectation of attack, she proved to be a harmless little fore-and-aft schooner. About a quarter of an hour was lost in making out this vessel. The engine was again set in motion, and in a few minutes the *Sumter* was rounding the point. After she passed Diamond Rock she gave the land a wider berth, heading for the open sea. Even at this moment we could scarcely realize that the wide-awake Captain Palmer could be foiled so easily. Did he wait until morning watching the southern point? or did he give chase to an imaginary *Sumter?* It will be hard to convince him now that the rebels did not leave St. Pierre either by the overland or the underground route..... The *Sumter* passed the Island of Dominique at 10.35. Allowing for the detention at the point, she made the thirty miles in two hours; this is good time, considering that she encountered a head wind and a rough sea. The boys refuse to call this running the blockade; they say it was merely a little Saturday night's frolic, and it would be nothing but right to return and give Captain Palmer another chance of promotion. It should have been stated that a large and brilliant light, which was placed astern of the *Sumter*, in the window of a building near the Cathedral, every night after the arrival of the *Iroquoise*, was hauled down as soon as the former got under way. Four lights, seemingly on a flag-staff, were placed one above another, on a house-top, supposed to be that of the United States Consul; after being displayed about five minutes they were put out, one at a time. The vessel that raised a blue light to her mast-head was the same one that hauled down the British flag, which she had flown ever since the *Sumter* had been in port, and hoisted her proper colors, the Stars and Stripes, as soon as the *Iroquoise* arrived.

November 25.—To-day we captured the ship *Montmorenci*, of Bath, Maine, with a cargo of 1800 tons of coal, consigned to British residents in St. Thomas. Her captain executed a bond to the value of the ship in favor of the commander of the *Sumter*. After taking from her her papers and colors she was permitted to continue on her course.

November 26.—Captured and burned the schooner *Arcade*, of Portland, Maine.

December 3.—Early this morning a large ship was overhauled—the *Vigilant*, bound to Sombrero Island for guano. Her crew, all blacks, were terribly frightened at seeing the *Sumter*. When the prize-crew boarded her the negroes could hardly be prevented from jumping overboard, and when they came aboard the *Sumter* they acted as though their hour had come. Some of them verily believed that they would have to walk a plank. The *Vigilant* was stripped of every thing we wanted and then fired. We took from her a 9-pounder rifle-gun, which is mounted on the forecastle, in place of the one hove overboard in running the blockade of the Mississippi.

December 8.—Maine has given us three ships this week; now it is the turn of the old Bay State. A bark, fitted out for a three-years' whaling voyage, was made a bonfire of to-day. She was fourteen days out from New Bedford. She had sprung a leak, which kept the men continually at the pumps; some of them were in an almost exhausted condition. The approach of the *Sumter* was hailed with joy.

December 14.—For several days past we have had rough weather; and last night it blew a perfect hurricane. Early in the evening all the hatches were battened down, and the guns secured—precautions which were taken not a moment too soon. At midnight the gale raged with extraordinary violence. Winds and waves seemed to have entered into a league to destroy us. At one o'clock this morning a sea struck her forward, staving in the bulwarks on the starboard side of the gun-deck, and carrying away one of the stanchions to which the bow guns were partly secured. The gun, a 32-pounder, finding itself adrift, started off on a cruise on its own account. It was soon captured, however, and carried back to its old quarters. The hole in the ship's side was temporarily repaired, by which time the flying jib-boom was sprung; however, we got it rigged in, and all the gear and the jib were saved in good condition. Just before daylight the storm began to abate, but even now (11 A.M.) the ship is pitching terribly, showing her keel to the skies and her decks to the fishes. The *Sumter*, in passing through this ordeal, proved herself a much better sea-boat than many of us even hoped to find her.

December 25.—Christmas! In the South, this year, Christmas is not likely to be celebrated as in the old days. It will probably be turned into a day of fasting and mourning, and prayers will ascend for the repose of the souls of those who have fallen in battle, and for the safety of the thousands of fathers, husbands, and brothers whose lives are staked for their country's cause. We, here in the Western Ocean, have passed a sad day—a miserable imitation of Christmas.

December 28.—The British bark *Rouchabuctoo*, of Aberdeen, was boarded to-day. She brought intelligence of the burning, in the British Channel, of the American packet-ship *Harvey Birch*, by a side-wheel steamer carrying the Confederate flag, and supposed to be the *Nashville*.

December 29.—In the track of vessels again. To-day the Southern flag exchanged courtesies with the shipping of many nations—British, French, Dutch, Prussian, etc.—twenty-seven sail in all. Out of this number not a single Yankee! If the terrible *Nashville* has captured them all on this side of the Atlantic, the *Sumter* will have to return to her old cruising ground in the Caribbean Sea.

December 30.—The *Sumter* has been half a year out from New Orleans to-day. Since that date she has run two blockades, and evaded the vigilance of the fleet of gun-boats which have been searching for her all over the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. She has captured sixteen valuable prizes; visited ports in Cuba, Curaçoa, Trinidad, Martinique, Venezuela, Dutch and French Guiana, and Brazil. A still more creditable feat is that of crossing the Atlantic in the dead of winter; for the *Sumter* is any thing but a stanch ship. What a reflection it is on the vaunted efficiency of the United States Navy, that a little bark of less than 500 tons, with a crew of only 114 men, should for six months prey upon its shipping without having once to fight for it! Her success in running the blockade of St. Pierre may be attributed to a lack of vigilance on the part of Captain Palmer. In fact, it was the stupidity of his friends on shore that deceived him. He would have done well by imitating the *Sumter* in muffling his lights. He should have remembered how that mighty warrior of olden times, Gideon, with only 300 men, put to flight the hosts of Midian: it was merely by the judicious use of lights!

January 3, 1862.—Several vessels have been seen, but the sea was too rough to overhaul them.

January 4.—We have arrived at Cadiz. We steamed in without a pilot, though one towed astern, and gave directions as to the channel, not daring to venture on to her decks until she had been boarded by the health officers. These gentlemen have ordered the *Sumter* into quarantine for three days.

January 5.—This morning our commander was ordered to leave the port within twenty-four hours. He refused to obey this strange order. The *Sumter* is not in a sea-worthy condition, being very leaky. It is a flagrant violation of international law to withhold succor from a distressed vessel, even though she belongs to an enemy and in time of war. If any doubt existed as to whether an attempt would be made to enforce this mandate, it is now removed. Toward nightfall a large frigate steamed down from the inner bay—the rendezvous of the Spanish war vessels—and anchored near the *Sumter*. It is madness to expect that the *Sumter* would be the victor in an engagement with *her*. Notwithstanding this our commander will not leave this port until his vessel is repaired.

January 6.—The hour fixed for our departure has come and gone. This morning the authorities informed us that the Spanish Cabinet had refused to sanction their action, and therefore the *Sumter* would be permitted to remain in the port of Cadiz. Soon afterward the frigate hove anchor and left. Thus ends this miserable farce. Our commander is destined to be popular with the Spaniards: they invariably honor those whom they can not bully.

January 7.—This afternoon the prisoners captured on board the *Arcade*, the *Vigilant*, and the *Eben Dodge*—forty-three in all—were sent ashore, the captains of the respective vessels having previously made arrangements with the United States Consul for sending them away. We heartily wish them a pleasant passage home.

January 12.—Steamed about fifteen miles up the inlet to the Government navy-yard, where the *Sumter* is to be thoroughly overhauled for repairs.

January 14.—The ship has been carefully inspected, and as she is not so much in need of repairs as was anticipated, she will haul out of dock to-morrow. She looks no less beautiful out of the water than in it. Her great length, in proportion to her beam, gives her the appearance of a much larger vessel than she really is.

January 15.—Hauled out of the dry dock and were towed down to the city.

January 16.—Seven of the crew have deserted here; and so the commander, hearing that much discontent existed in the ship, ordered all hands to be assembled, and addressed them as follows: "I have had you mustered to tell you that I have just received a dispatch from our commissioner in London. He has sent us money and clothing, which are on the way, and will be here in a few days. When they come to hand you will get liberty and money, and will have your run on shore as heretofore. I have endeavored to make you as comfortable as the circumstances of the ship would allow. I am deeply grieved that any of my crew should feel themselves so ill-treated or badly provided for as to desert their colors; not only desert, but to basely sell themselves to the enemy. I will now read to you the law of the Confederate States navy for the punishment of desertion." After reading the clause making desertion punishable with death, he continued: "If I catch any of those deserters I will execute them at the yard-arm. The law leaves me no other alternative. I thought the *Sumter* had acquired some little reputation that would attach her crew to her. The enemy have been chasing you hither and thither. They have been searching for

you all over the world; this fact alone should teach you the importance the enemy attach to your capture. You are well thought of by our own Government and throughout Europe. Almost every newspaper I see contains some flattering notice of the *Sumter*; and the time will come when it will be thought no little credit to have served on her. Now, any of you who wish to leave can do so. I will not send officers in the boats to watch you. I do not wish to command a prison ship. I would much rather a man would desert our flag now, in port, than desert his gun in time of action. I will not have such men: I can dispense with all such dross." Then, after calling upon several of the men, upon whom he conferred rates for their good conduct, he ordered all hands to be piped down. The captain's address was delivered with deep emotion, and evidently had the effect of buoying up the spirits of those who were dispirited, if any there were. The United States Consul offers tempting inducements to all who will desert the *Sumter*. He has runners who besiege every boat we send ashore, and who employ every means (except force) to persuade the men to leave.

January 17.—Owing to our inability to procure what we required in Cadiz we sailed thence to Gibraltar, only eighty miles distant, which we will reach to-morrow. The conduct of the Spaniards toward us has been so vacillating as to be the source of much annoyance. The day after the arrival of the *Sumter* objection was made to her remaining longer than twenty-four hours. To the order to leave our commander answered that the Queen's proclamation did not apply to vessels in distress; that he would not endanger the lives of his command by going to sea in the condition his vessel was then in. In order to force him to respect this mandate a mammoth frigate was menacingly stationed near the *Sumter*. When the hour for our departure came the Spaniards magnanimously granted us permission to remain. Next she was hauled into one of the Government docks, the officials as polite as Parisians, and seemingly fearful of their inability to pay sufficient deference to our commander. After undergoing slight repairs the *Sumter* was towed down to the city. Here she procured a supply of water, but not a bucket of coal, the sale of it being positively forbidden. The commander was again ordered to leave within two hours. Six hours thereafter the authorities notified him verbally that he could remain and get every thing he required. He replied that he desired nothing from the Spaniards, and would have no further intercourse with them. The written permission of the authorities was promised and declined. Soon after the messenger had left the ship we got under way. When abreast of the outer port the *Sumter* was hailed by a row-boat, the oarsmen bending to their work as though their lives depended on the delivery of the huge papers held aloft by an official in the bow of the boat. Great must have been his astonishment on learning that this document was not worth stopping for!

January 18.—We are under the guns of Gibraltar the impregnable. We did not make the harbor until after nightfall, having been detained overhauling a couple of Yankees—the barks *Neapolitan* and *Investigator*. The crew of the former were transferred to the latter, when, after taking from her her papers and colors, she proceeded on her voyage. The *Investigator's* cargo was consigned to English merchants—hence her release. While we were taking from the *Neapolitan* what was necessary for the ship's use we drifted within three miles of the coast of Morocco, where she was burned. Soon after we anchored the senior naval officer of this station sent off a boat tendering his respects, and inquiring if he could be of any service to the commander of the *Sumter*.

January 19.—We have received numerous visitors from the British steam-frigate *Scylla*. They expressed surprise that so small a craft should create such a noise in the world. The old saying, that birds of a feather will flock together, is well exemplified in the visits of men-of-war's men to each other.

January 21.—The bark *Investigator*, after she was released by the *Sumter*, on the 18th, put into this port and landed the crew of the *Neapolitan*. She sailed to-day for Liverpool. As soon as the *Sumter* arrived the commander was notified that he would not be permitted to land any prisoners of war. As *passengers*, however, there was no objection to landing them from the bark!

February 12.—The United States gun-boat *Tuscarora*, which for several weeks has been watching the Confederate States steamer *Nashville* at Southampton, made her appearance here about noon. She is sent hither to watch the *Sumter*, and is now at anchor about half a mile astern of us. She is a new vessel, nearly three times the size of the *Sumter*, and carries nine guns, two of them of the heaviest calibre known to the Northern navy. However, she is not too big to be eluded.

February 13.—The *Tuscarora* has steamed over to the Spanish side. This Captain Craven no doubt considers a shrewd move, for, being in Spanish waters, he will have the right to leave at the same hour that the *Sumter* does.

February 21.—The paymaster of the *Sumter* left here in a French steamer, on the 18th, for Cadiz. He was accompanied by a Southerner, who was formerly United States Vice-Consul at Cadiz, but resigned on the inauguration of the rail-splitting President of the Northern Confederacy. The steamer stopped at Tangiers, in Morocco, and these two gentlemen went ashore, when they were arrested by a *posse* of soldier-policemen, and dragged to the residence of the United States Consul, where they were incarcerated in irons, as though they were guilty of a heinous crime. With Morocco, as with most Mahommedan countries, Christian powers have stipulated that their citizens and subjects shall not be amenable to the laws of the Moslem, but remain under the jurisdiction of the representatives of their respective Governments. These gentlemen had, of course, no suspicion that such an act could be perpetrated in the territory of a neutral power, notwithstanding the existence of this custom, or they never would have exposed themselves to the treatment they have experienced.

February 22.—A letter has been received from the paymaster, announcing that he had made his escape, but was afterward recaptured. He states that his treatment is of the harshest kind, and is rendered still more unendurable by many indignities.

February 23.—We raised steam to-day to go alongside of a coal-ship. While the vessel was being unmoored an accident occurred to one of the boilers, of so serious a nature as to compel us to postpone taking in our supply of coals for a few days. The boilers are well-nigh worn out.

February 24.—By the last steamer from England we are in receipt of the London *Times* of a recent date, containing statements made by Captains Smith, Minott, and Hoxie, whose vessels—the *Arcade*, *Vigilant*, and *Eben Dodge*—were captured and destroyed at sea on the *Sumter's* passage across the Atlantic. They complain of the filthy condition of the vessel, and of their being messed with the petty officers. Now the truth is that they messed with the warrant officers, whose mess-room, although situated forward, on the orlop deck, was as comfortable and commodious as the size of the ship would allow. For obvious reasons they were not quartered in the cabin or ward-room. When the *Eben Dodge*, Captain Hoxie's ship, was captured, she was in a sinking condition. Her men were so worn at the pump that half of them were helpless, and their health was as carefully attended to by our surgeon and his assistant as that of our own men. Captain Hoxie also complained that his crew were robbed of all their clothing except one suit. The *Eben Dodge* had an outfit of clothing for three years. This clothing was the property of the owners of the ship, put aboard to be served out to the crew as they might require it, and to be charged to their respective accounts. The *Dodge*, when captured, became the property of the Confederate States, with all her tackle and stores; nevertheless, the crew were permitted to retain two suits besides those they wore at the time of capture.

February 28.—Several days ago a large sailing war-vessel made her appearance off this harbor. She bears the Stars and Stripes, and appears to be heavily armed. She sailed to-day.

March 1.—The unknown war-vessel spoken of above is the United States sloop-of-war *Ino*, 23 guns. When she left yesterday she sailed across the strait to Tangiers, and took aboard the paymaster of the *Sumter*. She afterward returned and anchored in Spanish waters, off Algeciras, whence she sailed to-day for the States, leaving to the *Tuscarora* the pleasant duty of looking after the *Sumter*. The *Ino* is said to be a merchantman transformed into a war-vessel. The intention of the shrewd Secretary of the Northern Navy was to send her into the Mediterranean, where she would be likely to encounter the *Sumter*. The *Sumter*, of course, would drop alongside of her, thinking her an ordinary merchant ship, when the batteries of the *Ino* would open on her, and, with a single broadside, blow the *Sumter* into a million of pieces.

March 10.—There has been considerable movement among the Northern war-vessels in these and adjacent waters during the past few days. The *Kearsarge*, Commander Pickering, seven guns, which arrived at Algeciras on the 7th, steamed over and anchored astern of us on the following day. Being ordered to leave yesterday, she returned to the Spanish side. Her guns were all run in, and the ports closed, but at every air and light port a dozen heads could be seen, every eye strained to catch a glimpse of the little blockade-runner. The *Kearsarge* may be a stronger ship, and better armed and more numerously manned than the *Sumter*, but we can beat the Yankees singing. Our old friend the *Tuscarora* now lies just outside the neutral ground in Spanish waters, having been ordered away from this side. The *Flambeau* is at Tangiers, and another Northern war-vessel, name unknown, is reported cruising about the mouth of the Mediterranean.

March 14.—After nightfall yesterday an armed sailing-vessel, flying the Stars and Stripes, in attempting to enter the harbor of Algeciras, was fired at twice. She then wore ship, and stood over to this side of the bay and anchored near the neutral ground. This morning she sailed over to Algeciras. The supposed cause of her being fired on is her violation of the port regulation forbidding the entry of vessels after sundown.

April 3.—By late advices from the United States we learn that a general naval court-martial had been convened in the Federal capital, and among the cases tried were those of the commanders of the *Brooklyn* and *Keystone State*, the offense of the first being his permitting the *Sumter* to leave the Mississippi River and go to sea while his vessel was stationed there to blockade one of the mouths of that river. It was proved in evidence that the *Brooklyn* was in an unseaworthy condition; that her boilers were unsafe under a full head of steam; and that she was in chase of another vessel at the time the *Sumter* made her escape. If the *Brooklyn* was not sea-worthy, why was she retained as one of the blockading fleet? It is a well-known fact that the *Brooklyn* was one of the strongest and fleetest vessels belonging to the Northern navy, and was, on the 30th of last June, in complete order in every respect. The commander of the *Keystone State* was not so fortunate. It was proved that he was in possession of authentic information respecting the whereabouts of the *Sumter*; that she was at the time lying at anchor in the Surinam River, near Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana; that she was poorly armed, and not fully manned; and that there was no excuse whatever for his not meeting her and giving her battle. The commander of the *Keystone State* was sentenced to be cashiered accordingly.

April 8.—Owing to the *Sumter's* boilers being completely worn out—they having been patched so often that no reliance can be placed in them—our commander has determined to disband and pay off his crew, and lay up the old ship until the expiration of the war. This news is received on all hands with great joy. We are heartily sick of the life of inactivity we have been leading for the past three months, though much regret will be felt at leaving the old ship which has carried us over so many miles of ocean and through so many perils.

April 9.—Paying off and disbanding the crew was commenced to-day. A portion of the crew was sent ashore this afternoon, and the balance will follow them to-morrow. In leaving the *Sumter* many pleasant associations are broken up—many cherished friends are separated. There is not a single man on her but who entertains for our old commander a sincere respect, and would be willing to follow him any where.

April 10.—Yesterday the paymaster finished paying off the crew, with the exception of eleven men who remain on board to take care of the ship.

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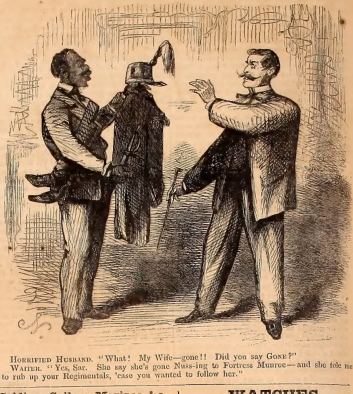
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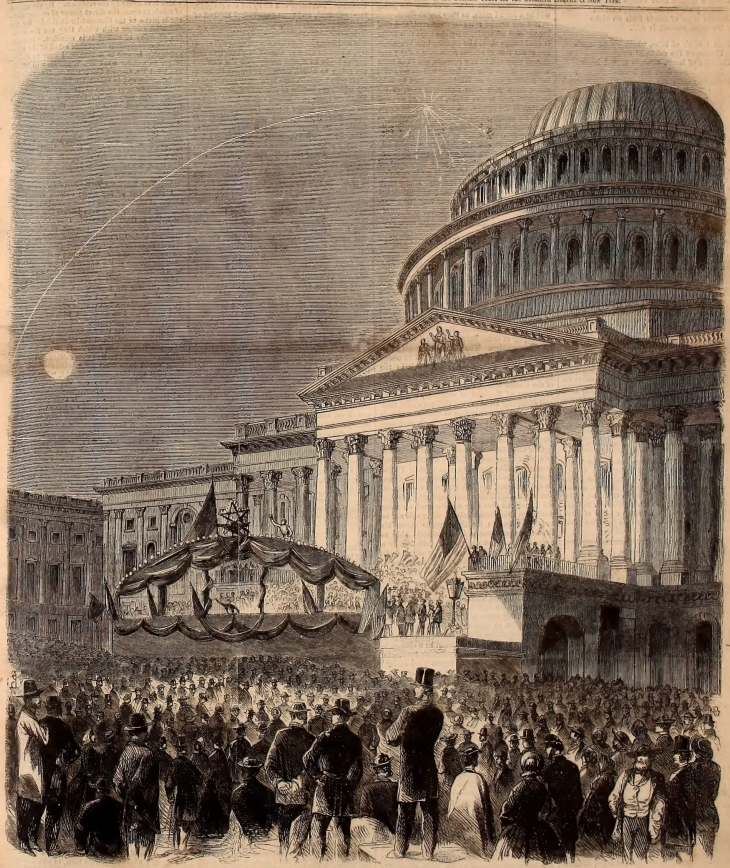
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GREAT WAR MEETING AT WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, AUGUST 6, 1862.—[See Page 259.]

SILENTIA.

SOFTLY the shadows come and pass
As the birds go lightly by,
Like waving blots on the shining grass
Or against the bright blue sky—
And I know that birds sing heavenly songs,
For in days now past and gone
This ear, that gives no sound or thrill,
Drank in each liquid tone.

In solemn silence, dark and deep,
Life's current slowly flows,
Its course as still, no echo breaks
The changeless, drear repose.
I see the eye grow quickly bright
And smiles on the faces dawn,
I thank my God for the gift of sight,
But a voice I never hear.

No footfall tells that friends are nigh,
For they come and go like ghosts—
Appear beside me quick as thought,
And as swiftly they are lost.
When a skilful hand sweeps over the chords,
Then I see the harp strings thrill;
But the wave of music finds no shore
To break on—all is still.

Then I think of Him, whose potent touch
Unstopped the deafened ear,
Thankful of heart, through Him I know
In the better land I'll hear—
When the angel sings through the ranks resound,
And the harpers' praises swell,
On "the shining shore" will the tide come in,
And the breakers say, "All's well!"

THE MURDER OF GENERAL ROBERT L. M'COOK.

WE illustrate on page 541 the brutal and cold-blooded murder of GENERAL ROBERT L. M'COOK, who was assassinated by miscreants calling themselves guerrillas, near Salem, Alabama, on 5th instant. The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* thus recounts the outrage:

Nashville, August 7.—Midnight.

The city is in a perfect uproar of excitement over the details of the death of the brave General Robert L. M'Cook, of Ohio. His gallant record in active service, and his love lying at the Commercial Hotel.

I write this at midnight, and therefore am unable to send you as full particulars as I could wish. On Tuesday last General Robert L. M'Cook, who was sick, for the time very sick, was in an ambulance near Salem, Alabama, on his way to his brigade. The ambulance was traveling over the usual military road, and about ten o'clock in the morning it arrived at a plantation where there was an abundance of water. After refreshing themselves they started on their journey again. Shortly afterwards the driver, whose attitude and position was quickly described, is supposed, for before the ambulance had proceeded three miles the driver discovered that a bullet was pierced in his breast.

It was impossible to think of flight, and General M'Cook's gallantry exhibited any idea of recreating him. The guerrillas leader ordered the ambulance to stop, the assassins at the same time surrounding it. The vehicle was then upset, and the sick officer turned into the road. While on his knees, helpless and sick, he was shot in the left ear, back, and shot through the side.

The wound was fatal, General M'Cook surviving it but a few hours. He bore his suffering heroically, and to the last manifested the undaunted courage, the true heroism which characterized his brother, General Alexander McDowell M'Cook, who fell at the head of his division like a true soldier and hero.

When the news of the murder became known among the camps, the excitement was intense. The Ninth Ohio, M'Cook's own regiment, on learning of the assassination, marched back to the scene of the occurrence, burned every house in the neighborhood and laid waste the lands. Several men who were implicated in the murder were taken out and hung to trees by the infuriated soldiery.

General Robert M'Cook was one of seven brothers who are or were in the Union service. One of them was killed at Ball Run. Another, the eldest, is General Alexander McDowell M'Cook, who was one of the most distinguished officers in the West. The father of these gallant men is a paymaster in General Buell's army. The whole country will feel that General Robert M'Cook has roused the West to a pitch of ungovernable fury.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1862.

THE BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

THE Army of Virginia has drawn blood. A Confederate force, under Jackson and Ewell, from Gordonsville, on August 9, General Banks's corps—about 7000 strong—encountered some 15,000 of the enemy, under Jackson and Ewell, and fought them till nightfall. The battle did not lead to any substantial results that day. But on Sunday the rebels fell back toward the Rapidan, and sent in a flag of truce for permission to bury their dead. At that time heavy reinforcements were pouring in from the other corps composing Pope's army, and Sigel was in the front.

This may be deemed an auspicious commencement of the new campaign in Northern Virginia. We do not know, and if we knew would not publish, the number of General Pope's army. But it is no secret that, when assembled together, it is too strong for the force with which Jackson has been operating, and that its strength is being increased day by day. Troops are moving forward to reinforce it in very large numbers indeed. In the course of a couple of weeks it will require the bulk of the rebel army before Richmond to resist its onward march. The moment that army goes out to fight Pope, M'Clellan will move, and the result then will be a mere matter of time.

Our generals are thus carrying out to the letter, though in a different locality, the precise plan which General M'Clellan formed six months ago for the defeat and destruction of the rebel army in Virginia. According to that plan, while he moved up the Peninsula through Yorktown and Williamsburg, M'Dowell, with 40,000 men, was to come down on the rebel flank from Fredericksburg. But this scheme been fairly carried on, Richmond would probably have been in our possession in June last, and Joe Johnston's army would have been where Pope's now is.

With the circumstances which overthrew this plan every reader is familiar. Taught wisdom by experience, we are not likely to fall into again on a grander scale. Pope is moving down upon Richmond by way of Culpepper, while M'Clellan is making ready to leave you or one or both banks of the James River. In the course of a short while each of the two armies, M'Clellan's and Pope's, will be too strong to be kept in check by any thing short of the entire rebel army. When that moment arrives the game will be a forced one, as that of the crown.

But our armies must be reinforced, and that largely and promptly. By the time this paper is read troops should be pouring into Washington at the rate of several regiments a day: and though they will be raw recruits, not fit to meet veterans in the open field, they will be very well for garrison duty at Washington, and by brigading them with older regiments may, in the course of five or six weeks, be ready for good account in the armies. There should, however, be no tenderness about drafting; no listening to idle promises of more regiments by October; no swerving from the policy of the order of August 4th. If this rebellion is to be put down at all, it must be put down by arms and not sympathy developed. By October we must have 900,000 or 1,000,000 men in the field. If we have them, we shall have peace in the spring. If we have more blunders or changes of purpose prevent their being raised by that time, the war may last a couple of years longer.

THE CASE OF THE BORDER PROVINCES.

THE Prime Minister of Great Britain has followed the lead of the London journals in sneering at the British North American Provinces. Canada is a great country, he said in effect, but was not fool enough to raise and support a standing army of 50,000 men for the purpose of fighting battles in which she had no part, and have no possible interest, she is an ungrateful dependency of Great Britain, and not worthy of British protection. Such is his view of the case. Since, possessing a territory compared to which the British Islands are a mere speck in the ocean, and with resources in the mines of the United States, are accused by the leading statesmen of England of stupidity, meanness, and ingratitude because they do not spend their money in supporting armies to menace a friendly neighbor whom England, through manufacturing, commercial, and political rivalry would like to see ruined.

Our Canadian contemporaries are well able to answer these unjust libels in the fitting language. The sensible action of their Parliament, in refusing to raise an army which Canada did not need, is their best vindication. But when Lord Palmerston arrogantly notifies the Canadians that they must expect no more protection from the mother country if they not be wanting voices in the Province to assure his Lordship that Canada is abundantly able to protect herself, not only is there a lack of a discreet and liberal foreign policy which seeks no quarrels, provokes no attack, and aims to make friends, not enemies. This is a policy which Lord Palmerston never did and never will understand; but there are men in Canada, if we mistake not, who are capable of mastering and acting upon it.

At an early stage in the present civil war we took occasion to state that one of the most obvious consequences of the conflict which at present desolates this country would be a change in the political condition of the British North Provinces. The people of the United States have learned by doing what the past year to perceive that they can never be safe and prosperous as European Powers holds territory on this continent. So long as Great Britain can collect armies and launch gun-boats on the Great Lakes and on the western States will never be safe. And it is idle to say, as Canadians do, that we can collect armies and build gun-boats as well. Bombarding Toronto would not console us for the bombardment of Chicago or the capture of Kingston for the surprise of Detroit. Fighting, bombarding, and capturing cities is not the business we want to prosecute. We want peace—steady, perpetual peace—which can not be broke at the whim of a crazy politician or through a fury of an excited mob. To secure peace we must have material guarantees, and the only guarantee that we can obtain, or that ought to satisfy us, is the Independence of the British Provinces.

For many years prior to the present war it was taken for granted by the more reasonable class of statesmen in this country that we had nothing to fear from England; because her rulers and her people were, on the whole, friendly to us, and we were united to her by so many ties of relationship and commerce. This delusion has been dissipated by the experience of the past year. The *Trent* affair showed that Great Britain is ready to avail herself of any pretext and any safe opportunity to ruin that country, for the sake of destroying a commercial rival; and the same time demonstrating the failure of democratic institutions. This discovery must henceforth govern our foreign policy. We want neither England England nor our enemy; lying in wait for us, and seeking to destroy us whenever opportunity offers. We must forget all the old gas about a common origin, a common tongue, and so forth, and simply realize that Great Britain will be upon us if ever we give her the opportunity. We must either protect ourselves by building great fleets of ironclad vessels, and enlarging our canals so as to give them access to the lakes, at an enormous expense, or we must negotiate England out of Canada. The latter will be by far the simplest, most effectual, and most economical method of securing peace on this continent.

Whenever the political relations between Canada and Great Britain are discussed in this country, a certain class of Canadian politicians and papers begin to squeal lustily that the Yankees are going to annex them. Let these innocuous souls take heart. There is no party in this country which is anxious to annex Canada. If the Provinces come to this country, on the land, to be for admission to the Union, Congress would be much divided in opinion on the subject. It would be a long time in our history that if ever to have the British Provinces in the Union; but in many others it would be a decided detriment. The admission of the French Province of Lower Canada would add seriously to our dangers, and would be violently opposed by a large section of people in this country. On the other hand, while Canada would, in the event of annexation, gain much by becoming part of a great and powerful nation, she would at the same time lose something by surrendering her separate nationality; and it is not easy for a foreigner to decide which consideration would be more conclusive to her interest. If, after establishing their independence, and taking their place fairly among the nations, the people of the British Provinces felt that it would be to their interest to unite their destinies with ours, the subject would receive full consideration, and we should be a large party here who would welcome their admission to the Confederacy. But the application would have to come from Canada. When, in 1849, a large number of Canadians, comprising the bulk of the wealth and intelligence of the Province, petitioned for annexation for the open and avowed purpose of securing annexation, they received no encouragement from here. The people of the United States waited. They were in no hurry.

For the sake of seeing the British Provinces independent, and consequently no longer a menace to us, and no longer liable to be used as cat's-paw by our commercial and political rivals across the ocean, the United States would give and sacrifice much. Circumstances can be imagined under which they would go to war to achieve this end. But to force Canada into the Union no American will ever shoulder a musket or draw a sword.

THE LOUNGER.

VIGOR AND RIGOR.

THE spirit and unanimity of our national salvation may be stated in two words: vigor and rigor. The peculiar circumstances which fully justified the slow and tentative policy of the early war exist no longer. For the same reason that the Government was slow then, it should be rapid now. When it knew not upon whom to count; when there were neither men, money, nor material; when it was questionable whether the Border States were for us or against us; and it was doubtful whether the rebellion were not successful before it should fail, then the Government was compelled to temporize and delay. But now when the conspiracy is full of years, when it is manifest that the nation must hopelessly conquer the rebels, or that they will utterly subjugate the nation; and when the call for immense armies and vast armaments are prepared upon both sides, upon the war in a gigantic scale, to delay, to hesitate, to vacillate is ignominious, doubt is dangerous, delay is fatal.

What is the vital necessity of our situation? To strike the rebellion heavily upon every side; to weaken it at all points; to crush it everywhere, it, but entirely to uproot and annihilate it. If a fire seizes our houses we do not cover it up, we put it out. If a pestilence falls upon the citizens we do not only cure them, we change the very condition of the atmosphere which breeds and nourishes death. If a poisonous reptile in the garden, or a wild beast in the woods, threatens our children, we do not drive them away merely, we pursue them, seize them, drag them into day, and kill them beyond pendulousness of recovery. The vital necessity of the nation is, that rebellion shall be utterly destroyed in all its symptoms and its essence; and that the colossal and unsparing result purchased by the enormous expenditure of every thing precious to man in this war, shall be the absolute release of the country from the slightest risk of any return of the terrible conflict.

Father, mother, why have you given your son to the chances of civil war? Brothers all, why have we said good-by with smiles and heard of a death of our brave and beautiful without a tear and with only a quicker beating pulse? Friends, why stand we ready to-day to leave wife and child, if it must be so, and die in battle or of wasting sickness? Is it that things may be smoothed up for a little while? Is it that the next generation, that the children for whom we fight, may have the fighting to do all over again? Is it that the terrible injustice which bred the war shall have new chances to be untangled in our political life? Is it that the illusion and the development of Liberty? It is not the Government, but what the Government is for. The Government is a political organization to secure Liberty; and this war is here because that organization has been used to subvert Liberty. We preserve the Union, but what is the Union? It is a loaded power to secure the results contemplated by the Government.

Let us take care then that the conspiracy does not abide in the Union to subvert it step by step. Let us take care that it is Slavery, and not Liberty which is to be the result. By the speed and vigor of rebels to arms, the direct power of rebellious Slavery is given to the Commander-in-chief. By the unanimous spirit with which they rise to arms, the necessity of ending it is manifest. Energy, energy, energy—as it all that is asked of the Government. Danger to the Government is to delay, longer to wonder what Mr. Wickliffe will think, and what Mr. Vallandigham will say. Danger to the Government and to betray the hope of humanity. They may be good men and true, of that we do not speak. But they are not true if they take other men, and the conditions they impose are simply the means by which they use the opportunity. A policy as great, as generous, and as intelligent as the people, is the only policy that can save the nation. Timidity in the Government knows no music but vigorous; but does it sufficiently remember that rigor is essential to vigor? If it can not take risks, the rebels can and will.

THE BOOT ON THE RIGHT FOOT.

A GOOD test of our secret opinion of the real loyalty of certain papers and persons is to ask the question whether we would interfere the safety of the nation to them in the present crisis.

There are papers and persons of whom Mr. Wickliffe in his proposed resolution is to read that terrible diatribes you would fancy that a dark and desperate band of conspirators had laid their hands upon the throat of the nation and were swore to have its life-blood; were marshaled in battle-array and moving upon the very capital of the Government, justly exciting the ferocity of feeling with which they are denounced, and which is only equaled by the Abolitionists: while certain of our fellow-citizens had fallen into error, not without great reason, and were misled rebels.

"Let us suppress the Abolitionists," cries some timorous lover of order, "and the rebellion will end." Of course it will, you dear soul! and if all your fellow-citizens had been of your calibre and kidney there would have been no rebellion, and no fear of the tyranny of the Stuarts. If Otis and Patrick Henry had been Democrats "Hurrah for writing and the stamp act!" there would have been no bloody revolution. If Mirabeau and the French people had been Democrats "To be sure the people must have been annihilated, every liberty destroyed, and a few rich and remorseless people would have governed France; but there would have been no difficulty, except moral rot and general national decay."

"Let us suppress the Abolitionists!" But suppose you begin at the beginning. First subdue the common sense of the loyal people of the country: then you may subdue those who influence it. It is not what you call with an amusing paradox of abolitionism that has caused the war, but the opening of the eyes of the people so that they saw the nature of the conflict which a long period of the slavery is at the bottom of this rebellion. If there had been no slavery there would have been no rebellion. If there would have been no abolitionism. The temperance movement springs from drunkenness; and drunkenness was once said to kill his wife, don't you think that the tee-totalers are responsible for it?

Slavery is trying to kill the country. It had almost succeeded. "Watch! watch!" shouted the Abolitionists. "Watch!" shouted the people as crime was discovered, shot and stabbed right and left. "There! there!" cry the sensible Wickliffe Democracy—"Watch! watch!" cry the people. The Watch! Why the devil can't you hold your tongues? Let us suppress those fellows that cry Watch! watch! and all will be quiet again!"

Certainly: a dead dog or a dead nation are both very quiet. And a watch-dog is very annoyed, with its own consent, by a slave system like ours, is the deadest and meanest of all dead dogs.

A LITTLE COMMON SENSE.

IT is constantly said by those who resist an energetic prosecution of the Abolitionists that the freedom of the blacks would overrun the North with laborers, and take the bread from the mouths of our working men. The Irish laborers especially are told that to enlist for this war is to fight for men who are their direct rivals; and every possible appeal is made to their prejudices and ignorance by newspapers and politicians that care to pander to the basest passions of human nature.

It can not, therefore, be too constantly and earnestly repeated that the blacks live in a part of the country where they were born, to which they have the strongest attachment, and in which if

cessarily prefer to live: that they naturally like the climate which is kindest, and the labor to which they are accustomed, and that the population is so much that they are wanted where they are, every man of them, and as many more, and twice as many more. The only reason that they do not say this is that they are not free men.

Why do we not send negroes to the South? Because they would not better themselves. Why do the slaves come North? Because they can better themselves by coming. If, therefore, any laboring man wishes to stay at home let him vote for what their interest to stay, and they won't trouble any body here at the North. If the slaves of the cotton-fields at the South were as free as those who cultivate the corn-fields at the North, they would not be forced to come here.

"But you don't mean to say that those fellows are equal to us?" says an indignant gentleman. Well, that is as it happens. Any man who believes himself a better man than he who doesn't, a man who gets drunk, and beats his wife, and curses his children, and is an ignorant, brutal sot, and public pest and nuisance, is no better man because his nose is red and his cheek dirty white. Robert Small is a much more honorable man than Robert Gamble, however dark the complexion the latter person may be.

And if the blacks are not equal to the whites—whatever the word equal may mean—then what? It is a universal law that the influx of the poor reinforces the vigor of the good one. The emigration of unskilled laborers from Europe to this country has promoted the native American laboring man to be of profit. If a race is inferior, a superior race need not be afraid of it. If God has made it inferior it will remain so, and you need not bother your brains about keeping it so. If it is made inferior, you may treat it with the utmost justice and charity, and still it will not become superior.

But if it is made inferior is still a human race, with the attributes and instincts of other men, and if you treat it with infamous injustice and call it tutelage, and outrage and degrade it out of humanity and call it Christianity; it may remain slavish and motionless; but God does not sleep, nor his justice slumber, and suddenly or unexpectedly as the superior races will fall into the most sanguinary civil war, because injustice to any man affects all men, and because man and man are more like, be human still.

If we want to keep the peace all round let us be just to every man. If you want the black laborer to stay at the South, do all you can to make him want to stay. Give him the same security there that we all have here, and he will trouble us less than a good many white men that could be named.

A PATRIARCH.

In his last book Gasparin warns us of probable trouble with Europe. "End your war," he says, "or you will have more war with Europe to-morrow for." Meanwhile our particular friend Atherton seems to be in no hurry. He remembers that the nation used to say, "When your enemy is eating himself up, keep off, he is doing your work for you pretty well." The English Government evidently thinks that we are *in articulo*: that a very few months will see our final decease; and that Great Britain will have nothing to do but to pick our bones at her leisure. The learned Spence, who does the secession for the *London Times*, sits in his arm-chair, bent eyes, lifts his admirable hands, and exclaims "There! you see it is impossible to subdue that gallant, kind-hearted, noble people." Meanwhile the bad and noble heroes who are fighting so hard to feast an open market for children and a shambles for human flesh.

Meanwhile, also, the feeling in this country that we must patiently relegate crime to the world which John Bull, is, at least, ceasing to be amiable. That benign old gentleman is wonderfully quiet. That benign old gentleman is wonderfully quiet. Instead of "Bull in a China Shop," as the bottle-green Patriarch. The Patriarch is a fat, elderly person, with a very sandy head, and very sandy hands, which he is always rubbing with an air of such complacent good-will to mankind that if you would think you beheld brotherly love embodied. He wears a spotless suit of bottle-green broadcloth, and turns his great face from side to side, showing what you think is a beaming expression, until you see that the bland smoothness is only the fleshy horizon cape of a monocle-cliff, and that the great lump of man twiddling his fingers with such infinite regard for the luxury of the process, and scrolled old hunks, who grinds the face of the poor and bloats into fatness upon the tears, and agony, and despair of the imbecile and weak and unfortunate.

This country will frankly own that it has been taken in for a long time by the bald pate, and the big paunch, and the beaming smoothness of John Bull. It has trusted him with a heart as big and surly, generosity. It believed him capable of one high emotion. It knew him to be capable of a bull, but it confided in his bellowing sound at the core. It saw in his history the steady, though bloody and difficult, development of great principles of free government, and it supposed he understood and valued them. That country finds him hoping unreasonably for its destruction; in every mean and stealthy way helping the assassins who are trying to steal to its throat; laughing at its misfortune, taunting it with an early and terrible doom; jeering, sneering, scolding, and spitting upon it—and the blandly rubbing his hands with a slight shrug of sanctimonious horror, wondering that he should be thought unfriendly.

With John Bull, as with every other bully, the question is, "Shall I gain or lose by sailing into this quarrel?" His action depends entirely upon that. Nor will he contemplate it precisely as we do. We may prove to our complete satisfaction that he has nothing to gain by it, and just as our proof is complete he may take a step into it. Let us end the war, therefore, before he has a chance to join in. One at a time. Is it worth while to drag on until we have another nation or two to fight as well as bull? Does not every day we wait only serve to spare any stroke that will end it soon and triumphantly?

OF ETIQUETTE.

WHAT a pity it would be, cries a recent writer, if this epitaph should be written for the nation, that it lost its own liberty in trying to free others!

This is a current platitude, and ought to be checked.

In the first place, if such an epitaph were written, there would be a nobler one than ever any nation in history. That of Rome [illegible] Here is a nation that lost its life in trying to steal the life, erty of other people." That is not a very pleasing epitaph. Or how would the writer like to have it said, "Here lies the nation that lived and flourished by depriving other people of their rights?" It would be a good and true epitaph of Rome. But the writer in question does not think so, but it would not be a very glorious account of this nation. Moreover, it is the truest form of words we can speak, to think that if Lafayette had died at the battle of Brandywine, where he was wounded in fighting for the liberty of another people, he would have died a fool's death or have left an inglorious memory? Could there have been a nobler, a more exquisitely Christian epitaph than this: "Here lies a Frenchman who died for the liberties of America!"

In the second place, this war is not the struggle of one people to free another. It is the effort of a nation to maintain the foundation of its own life and existence, which is the guarantee of ultimate liberty to every inhabitant of its soil.

But it is a natural and proper exercise of that war, it should, by the way and as a means of sure and speedier success, to free the slaves. Because the world believes its political and social system of the incessant cause of irritation, would it to an event of this war, that if the South, in the end, it were still unable to conquer, and its own civil liberties sank under the same system which destroyed the personal rights of other men, would it be better that the effort had not been made?

Which is the nobler cause? "Here lies a people that lost its life in trying to save that of another"? or this, "Here lies a nation that died because it would not help another to its life?" Death is not the worst catastrophe either for a man or a people. But to die of fear is inexpressibly ignominious.

HONORARY DEGREES.

COLLEGE degrees have this year acquired a new importance. Many of the best soldiers in the country have complimented with the degree of Doctor of Laws the two men in Europe who in most truly and steadily and ably defended the American question. Harvard confers the honor upon the English historian, John Lothrop Motley, and upon the Frenchman, Count Gasparin. It is interesting also that the Wesleyan University at Middletown has conferred the title upon Bishop Iowa, Bishop Ames.

This is the resolution upon the part of the representatives of educated America of the sympathy of thoughtful Europe. All men of a certain height of mind are in sympathy with every step in human development. Such men form but one party in all countries and times. The intellectual Republican party is not necessarily American. In England, for instance, while Lord Palmerston has a majority in the House of Commons, the intellectual leaders are following, John Stuart Mill is almost alone in the tone of his philosophy of the spirit of the time, and Motley is almost faithfully represents the tendency of the best English thought, and of that ideal England which symbolizes to the world the nation the perfection of Saxon development.

English civilization is to be estimated by such men as Mill and Motley, and Carlyle and the editors of the *Times*. France is to be judged by Gasparin, by Count Montalembert, by Laboulaye. In America, in the same way, is to be contemplated in a very few thinkers, not in the general talk of the country, which is always more or less that of ignorance and prejudice. If Palmerston were the best that England could show to-day, then would England be when to-day becomes history. If the words of those who point the inevitable and glorious tendency of our present struggle are forgotten, what kind of spectacle would these days of ours offer to the Future?

But the degrees conferred upon Mill, and Gasparin, and Ericsson, the United States clasp hands with the noblest spirit of the contemporary world.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

SIDNEY SMITH, the celebrated wit, and a good many other people, was in the habit of saying that a hearty laugh was the best thing in the world. Dr. Abernethy engaged in a suit of venerable body, and he thought that a hearty laugh got to be a thing, going, and a bad, a bad, going?" when he saw the learned gentleman's patient with a lot of glass-cases, glass-pipes, carpets, pots, and perfumery, and finally this let me knock down."

"Go—go!" said Smith, gazing at the smiling counsel.

"What! Golly?" said the stranger, "I don't know what's he why you, then?"

"Why, I'll bet you bid on the lot," said Smith.

"Bet! Dey no bet if I don't," said the stranger.

"Why, did you not wink, and keep winking?"

"Wink—wink! Well, I did, and I did not, at me. I thought you were winking as much as to say 'Keep dark, I'll stick somebody into that lot of stuff;' and I winked as much as to say, 'I'll be hanged if you don't, mister!'"

"Walk with the Beautiful" is the title of some verses which have been going the round of some of the papers. Old Stuckly attempted to follow the advice, but after a considerable walk with the Beautiful, found she was met by an indignant wife. He says he will take the advice next time he puts a sweet on.

Make the best of every thing. If you have the impudence, exult that you have a genius prospect before you.

INDIAN OUTRAGE.—"Julius, I understand your aunt is dead." "Yes, Tom, and you would be dead, too, if she had of course." "Julius, she left me a big fortune at my death." "Tom, I'll be at the will read." "It will didn't read—a man read it." "I mean, what did she leave you? said brother?" "Why she left him de inside ob de house, an' me de outside."

A man of property, whose health happened to give way under long-continued intemperance, consulted Dr. S——, who said, "I can cure you if you will do as I tell you." His patient promised obedience. "Now," said the doctor, "you must drink no more." "Ye—yes man must drink no more. You will be arrested, convicted, and placed in a situation where you will be compelled to drink water, and in a short time your health will be perfectly restored."

"What is your fare, coachee?" said a stout gentleman, stepping from a cab-door in the rain.

COACHEE. "One shilling, Sir."

GENT. "One shilling! What an imposition for so short a distance!"

COACHEE. "Well, I'm sure it can't be any proper fare."

GENT. "Why, I'll give you a crown." [He is magnanimous.]

COACHEE. (Coachee is sworn.) "There, then, that's the full-blooded Britishest act I've known."

HORNE generally are a mystery, but you can always see the drift of a snow-storm.

Scrutinize a lawyer when he tells you how to avoid litigation, and you will see the drift of his advice.

The industrious old lady who walked all over town with a can in her hand to procure a quart of the "milk of human kindness" for a sick neighbor, was rewarded by a gentle little jam out of the door. She got the jam on her fingers.

Said an old preacher once, "Fellow-sinners, if you were to see a man in a field with a bull, and a pitchfork, and (pointing to a rickety pair at one end of the shorts) standing between your eternal salvation, I really believe hardly any of you would try it. But let any man proclaim that he has got a new religion for you, and you will all Fill be bound there would be such a getting up stairs as you never did see.

An ambitious barber advertises himself as a "professor of Dercescapilatorian and Depilacreation."

Did you ever travel in an omnibus on a rainy day, without hearing the driver say, "Keep your feet dry, gentlemen, and smoog that number two woman covered with umbrella?" Or, "Gentlemen, remember, I'm not out of an omnibus—I am outbuses! You've eat you coil one money and you shall have a ride for nothing, and I pitches an rain-water to an unusual smell."

Some years ago, one of the guards of a Liverpool coach, who had a peculiar way of telling a particular story along the railroad, called out to the driver as he left, "Jem, what's the name of that gentleman at that 'ere jug-ha'? Come, can't you tell me up on a gallop?"

"The youngest married girl is so chicken—if she is a goose. It is beauty-principles to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

"Why, when is a great like a hog? When it begins to rot. When it is like a soldier? When it begins to groan. And when is it like an editor? When it begins to blow.

The *Farmer Journal* says "that there is great art in making a good pudding." Yes, a fine flesh cheek is an admirable proclusion of Art, and a very old one is often a splendid piece of workmanship.

Extempore preaching is like extempore fiddling—none but the most finished performers should attempt it.

A SPLENDID CLIMATE.—In California a "shower" continued about three days, when it "set in to rain."

AN OYSTER.—Why is an oyster alcoy in his bed like Lot's wife?—Cause he's "turned in" to sea.

To a gathering of learned friends, Adam Smith said, as he was dying, "I believe we must adjourn this meeting to another place."

A FLAT.—The largest "marine stores" in the world are at the bottom of the sea.

"Flagrant extract," as the dentist said when he took out two sound teeth at one pull.

THERE.—"Short calls are best," as the fly said when he alighted upon the bald head.

It is impossible to look at the sleepers in a church without being reminded that Sunday is a day of rest.

POET BROWN, who is married, says the only peace he ever has is a piece of Brown bread.

The charities of a good many rich people seem altogether *indispensable*.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is a naughty boy like a penny stamp?
Because he is a bad boy and the head of the queen.

My first two letters a man,
In the garden two letters a woman,
My first four a great man,
My whole a noble woman.
He, her, hero, heroine drenched.

Which is the smallest bridge in the world?
The bridge of the nose.

Why do women wore to kiss Mary the house-maid, to what place of punishment would she consign him?
A chimney!—Punch.

Why is Westminster Abbey like the funder?
Because it contains the ashes of many of the gale great.

Why is a miser like a man with a short memory?
Because he is always for getting Everything.

Why is it better to be rich than to be beloved?
Because a hot stake is better than a cold shop.

If a Frenchman was to fall into a tub of grease, what English word would he utter as the deplorable stamp?
Indefatigable (in de fat) pubble.

My first will give a good advice,
The next is but an humble fate,
My whole is what we often have
To those whom fatiloss hearts forsake.
Will-low.

Which of the seven wonders of the world is a locomotive engine like?
Semaine (soul-case) *of Rhodes (roads).*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A BATTLE NEAR CULPEPPER.

GENERAL POPE and Stonewall Jackson have met at last, and a fierce battle has been fought, apparently without any decided advantage on either side, save that our advance held the ground on which the battle was fought, equivalent to a victory. On Friday General M'Dowell's cavalry had the extreme advance, near the Rapidan Riv-

er, and were engaged in skirmishes all day, taking some prisoners. Saturday morning with a slight fog. Sunday morning, while a large rebel force was endeavoring to surround and cut him off, General Banks came up with four regiments of cavalry, and delayed the rebel advance. Sunday afternoon the battle commenced in earnest. Both under Jackson and Ewell, at a place about six miles south of Culpepper Court House. At first the contest was almost entirely by artillery, but at 6 o'clock the infantry became engaged, and a determined fight began. The rebels were in the woods—our men in open fields. General Banks right, under General Williams, suffered severely. At this time the rebels were joined in full force by Ewell's corps. General Pope arrived on the field accompanied by General M'Dowell and a staff of his corps. Then the fight was exhaustingly over, General Banks holding his original ground. The artillery on both sides was engaged until nearly 11 o'clock, the night being very clear, with bright moonlight. The rebels then withdrew, and our men lay on their arms. Monday morning a sudden attack on our left was made to take them, but failed. The fire of the rebel batteries was very destructive, but our losses were under arms and in position all night. General Banks is highly praised for his personal gallantry and the excellent conduct of his troops. The total loss is estimated at 2000 to 3000 killed and wounded on both sides. The rebel General Ewell were both in the battle, and General A. P. Hill came up with Ewell, and therefore there is definitely known at this time our men arrived. There was some skirmishing on Tuesday morning, but no general battle, and this troops in much exhausted that no general engagement was fought.

IT WAS A VICTORY FOR US.

On Sunday the rebels fell back on Gordonsville, and rent in a flag of truce for permission to bury their dead.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

Secretary Stanton has issued two important orders, in the extension of the draft, and in keeping out of the operations of the lines. The first forbids all those persons liable to draft from leaving the United States or any other State or country, upon pain of arrest; and in all such cases the bonds of sureties are forfeited. The other is that no consigns all parties saying or doing any thing to obstruct the draft, or to give aid or comfort to the rebels, by order of any United States officer, State officer, or policeman.

NEW YORK'S QUOTA.

General Morgan, Governor of the State of New York, has announced the quota of the State, for the draft call, to be 63,233 men. The quota of the city of New York is 17,000. The quota of Brooklyn is 6,000. The quota of the Fifth Assistant-General, but officially stated that "abatements and deductions will be made from the quota to be offered by a State, any time before the draft is actually made, which will be equivalent to 63,233 men." Deductions and credited upon the draft as a proportionable reduction."

DESTRUCTION OF THE "ARKANSAS."

The following is from the Richmond *Examiner* of Thursday:

RICHMOND, August 6, 1862.

A dispatch from General Van Dorn to Secretary Mallory states that the ram Arkansas, after passing the Yankee fleet and Vicksburg, had been destroyed. She left Vicksburg on Monday morning, and passed through Yazoo Pass. After getting into the Mississippi, she was fired by the crew, and they then before the draft is actually made, which will be equivalent to 63,233 men." Deductions and credited upon the draft as a proportionable reduction."

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GUERRILLAS BEATEN IN THE WEST.

A dispatch from Brigadier-General Schofield to General Halleck, dated St. Louis, 14th inst., states that Marmaduke's and Colonel M'Neil, with one thousand men, beat Porter-Price's guerrillas, numbering two thousand men, at Black River, on the 7th, and again near Stockton on the 9th inst. Several hundred rebels were killed and wounded in both engagements.

A "HERRIMAC" AT SAVANNAH.

The rebels on the Savannah River have created a sensation at Savannah. She has been stirred from the British steamer Fingal, which was purchased by the Secessionists last fall by the Fingal, which was purchased by the Secessionists last spring, and, it is said, is now quite a formidable engine of destruction. She is covered with a heavy coating of iron, has eight Columbiads, four 80-pound rifle guns, and two 24-pounders for stern guns. She is to be fully equipped as the *Merrimac* in shape and form, with a sweeper beak at her stem. She is expected to be ready for action in a week. The plan of the rebels is said to be: first, to destroy our fleet, and then to run down the *Fingal* and sink her at the mouth of the river, and thus bottle up the fleet. Should they succeed, they would be able to raise the blockade—blow up Hilton Head, Beaufort, and Port Royal, and, in fact, to recapture all the Secession strongholds on the coast.

DISASTERS AT THE NORTH.

Some extraordinary developments of latent treason have been made in the city of Chicago. A secret league, by the name of the United States District Court of that State, at Indianapolis, in May last, and established a secret organization, called the "Knights of the Golden Circle," whose purposes are declared to be treasonable. The Grand Jury found that there are 15,000 members of an order directly in league with the secessionists of Dixie. They have done so by a sworn oath to aid the rebels in their efforts to overthrow the Government. They have also been in the habit of holding secret meetings. The indictments have been found against the leaders, and the Copperhead Convention has since been bombarded—arrests were said. Many of those found have been indicted—absent from the session.

WHAT THE WEST HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.

The following table shows what the West has done for the war in the way of troops furnished:

Illinois	69,219	Kansas	8,363
Indiana	40,078	Minnesota	4,025
Missouri	40,258	Colorado	1,309
Wisconsin	36,673	Nebraska	1,050
Michigan	19,699		
Iowa	16,968	Total	237,554

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

REBEL SYMPATHIZERS ARRESTED.

FORTY merchants and ship-owners of Liverpool memorialized Earl Russell to prevent the fitting out of vessels of unlicensed law by the Federal cruisers in the Bahama waters, and Lord Russell has issued a circular to them justifying the proceedings of the cruisers, saying to the owners of vessels that they must not complain if the vessels of running the blockade.

The Queen has issued a proclamation, which prohibits British subjects taking letters of marque or general struggle.

FRANCE AND MEXICO.

A debate occurred in Parliament on the 12th ult. upon the defeats of Generals Forey and Bazaine, and the end England has now sent all the troops she could to Canada, and it rests with the Canadian people if further preparations to protect the colonies from invasion.

Lord Palmerston declared that he could not see why any immediate danger at any invasion of Canada. He believed that the people of Canada, whatever of authority taking such a course, would resist the invasion without the interference of British troops. He was sure that the people of Canada would not submit to be conquered by the United States. He could not see any reason for an act complimentary to Canada—that the Canadian people had been induced to believe that the maintenance of their independence was of the greatest importance to England, and that they ought to show them that they do not care a farthing about their adherence to England.

THE "TUSCORORA" AT WORK.

The United States steamer *Tuscorora*, which arrived at Queenstown on the 31st of July, has caused a new English excitement by her capture of the Confederate steamer *Sumter*. She really left Queenstown with a war cargo for the Confederates, but, as is England, where all her dealings shipped crew deemed best.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT HARRISON'S LANDING.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 535.]

HERON CREEK, NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, ON WHICH THE RIGHT WING OF THE ARMY RESTS.



KIMMIDGE'S CREEK, LAST DEFENSE OF THE CAMP AT HARRISON'S LANDING.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 535.]



MAP OF THE COUNTRY SURROUNDING RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE RAILROADS, PRINCIPAL ROADS, WATER-COURSES, ETC.

RACHEL GREENOUGH'S BOON.

SUNSET on the East River—and a lovelier stretch of sky never gladdened the eye of beauty-seeking poet! A warm little music-box of an April sunset was dimpling the turbid tides like the dances of invisible fairies, and the shining sheets of gold, melting away to wreathe themselves about the arch of a shadowy rainbow, whose subsun splendor glimmered with the heavens, were transformed into so many tiny kaleidoscopes, as the level sun streamed impartially through the prisms of the great city. Involuntarily the passers-by on all thronged to the rough wooden guards of the ferry-boat, and the usually stolid-looking ticket-taker, for the first time in a sudden thrill at his heart as the sky and all else seemed to dance with delight, and even suggested sun-threw down his ticket-punch, and with blind fury of tremulous waves: if he hadn't, he would have been an iron man indeed! When nature speaks in some instinctive tone, she is sure to interpret her language and how before it!

Rachel Greenough leaned over the guard-gazing intently at the bright sky, her lips apart, and a rush upon her generally colorless cheek. She was not a beauty, but she was a lady, and as she passed up the streets you would not have cared to look her twice. She was merely a nice-looking girl, rather tall, with black hair growing low on her forehead, and gray, thoughtful eyes. But the stalwart young man at her side firmly believed her to be a sweeter or truer face in all the wide world; and he ought to know, for hadn't he known her ever since they sat side by side on the broad-backed seat of the old red-school-house under the hill? Hadn't he dealt all his first written twaddle of the Old Poplar Farm which Rachel's father used to own?

"Isn't this a splendid shower, Rachel? How delicious the air is! Why, Rachel, you're not crying, are wistfully up into his face.

"Don't it remind you of the April rains that used to patter on the brook, where the wild honeysuckles and the hazel bushes grew, Charles? Oh, how I long to escape from the city, and smell the trees, and feel the sweet country winds upon my brow!"

"So do I, Rachel," he answered; "you can't imagine how beautiful it looks at the old farm—the violets are all blue upon the meadows, and the robins are the borders where you planted the crocuses look as they were edged with gold!"

"I wish I could see them!" murmured Rachel, with clasped hands.

"Then, dearest," urged the young man, eagerly, "why not accept my offer at once? Why need you stay here, working brain and health away, when I would so gladly for both? Rachel, don't you know how warm a welcome my mother would give you at the old homestead? Be my wife, dear, and the rose of the spring-time will be brighter to us than ever blossomed before!"

"Not yet, not yet, dear Charles," she said, in a low voice, but one which was too decided to admit of appeal. "My mission is still unaccomplished."

"Rachel," said the young man, "I won't deny that your language is beyond my comprehension. You always were too good and wise for me, darling; but I'll wait your own time, even if it should be a hundred years!"

She put her little hand in his, with a confiding gesture that made his manly heart leap with gratified pride.

"I don't wonder you are tired of the city, Rachel," he went on, basking in the sunshine of her blessed embarrassment: "for even I, who have only been here a week, feel as if I should die in the whirlpool. And you have lived here—let me see—"

"Ten years," said Rachel, quietly. "See, Charles, the boat has stopped: we are at the New York pier. And now, good-by!"

"And please tell me you again?"

"I don't know, dearest—in Heaven's own good time. Until then, good-by!"

Charles Harford stood on the crowded pier, heedless of hurrying passengers and shouting carmen —stood, in fact, as one who is in a dream, and is dazed from the level sunshine with one hand, watching the slender little figure of Rachel with its simple straw bonnet until it had disappeared in the swaying crowd. And then he turned slowly away, feeling as if he would encounter what was to be a boy again, with a boy's privileges of "crying out" his grief!

The April shower had tinkled out its brief tune, and floated away, through the golden archway of sunset, to surprise the flowers in other regions. On the narrow panes of the little city window the lingering rays yet sparkled like diamond-points, and all along the western horizon great ridges of luminous cloud-pearl lay heaped in fantastic piles and drifts. How it had rained and rained for a faint, sweet odor there was in the moist atmosphere!—a smell of springing grass, of wet earth, of budding and moss-patches, sending up aromatic incense through layers of brown, fallen leaves. Even in the city streets the April Greenough had a fresh, sweet charm, and stretched his gray head out of the window, like a captive who looks through prison-bars, and vainly yearns for his native fields.

"Come, father, tea's ready!" said his budding little brother-half, who, with one eye on the clock and one on the singing tea-kettle, had spread the round cloth-topped table, setting forth the cups and saucers of brilliant blue flowers, and the old-fashioned, elaborately disposing the rarity of the season—a bumdled of lingering cowslips, which she arranged in their necks in clear cold water—in the centre of the small feast. "I hear Rachel's footstep on the stairs; and here's your big cushioned chair, all ready for you. And I've bought the nicest radishes, and—why, father, what's the matter?"

Mrs. Greenough's cheerful, chirping tones had changed to an accent of grieved surprise as her eye fell on her husband's face.

"Oh, wife, wife!" groaned forth Abel, limping to his chair with rheumatism-cramped limbs, "it does seem as if I couldn't live, nohow, in this shutup hole. I don't mind it so much in the winter; but when it comes to be this time o' year I feel as though I was perishin' for a sight of the green that used to blow from the old pine woods under the Poplar Farm!"

Rachel's soft step, as she came into the room, with a fresh color in her cheeks and lips, interrupted him; but as she went on to give him his usual kiss of greeting he resumed:

"What's the use of all your book-learnin', and your ground-and-lofty work, daughter? It can't give me back the old meadows and pasture land that was my birthright, and it can't prop me into even our daily bread for us, and you are a good, dutiful child, but what's the use?" Livin' ain't livin' at this cramped-up, smoky place, and I'm only a might as well starve to death as pine to death! Why don't you speak, Rachel? Haven't you got a hand a chance, and leave the poverty-stricken old folks to take care of themselves?"

Rachel pressed her head close to her father's burning brow. "Father, you are tired. You will feel better by-and-by."

But the old man, softened by those gentle tones, clasped his arms about his daughter's neck with a moment of repentant sobs and tender caresses.

"Late that night Rachel sat at her writing, the shaded gaslight throwing its little circle of brilliance upon the pale, pure face of the fair young person, which had been her companion for so long.

"Yes, I can write it now," she said, musingly, and the old lady, who was nodding in her chair, having long since laid aside the silver-bowed spectacles, and also borne testimony to the fact that she had borne her company during the earlier part of the evening.

"I know it, mother, but I must work some time yet. Don't sit up for me!"

"Why, what are you to buy about?"

"Mother," said Rachel, leaving her work to come and kneel down in the dark, formed by the head resting on the lap that had been her refuge in so many childish troubles, "I am writing a book, and it is nearly completed."

"A book? dear me, child; won't it take you years?"

"Not quite," said Rachel, smiling; "but particularly with it to be a secret for the present."

"Well, then, I'll say nothing about—not even to father. But don't work yourself to death, darling!"

Rachel kissed the withered forehead, and went back with renewed vigor to her toil.

A year had come and gone since then a year, and the May days were growing longer and sweeter, when Rachel came home one evening earlier than usual.

"Father, would not you like to take a long ride tomorrow, with somebody else?"

"A ride?" repeated the old man, mechanically, "a ride into the country? Oh yes, let us go!" I should enjoy it amazingly, and perhaps the old eyes more good than all the rose-water in the world!"

The next day came, and as the carriage rolled through fragrant country roads, where the banks were starred with the wild-flowers of early spring, and the gnarled old apple-trees shook their coronals of pink blossoms overhead, Rachel Greenough's heart beat with the glad feelings he had not known for so long, long ago!

"Rachel, this is something like *living!* But isn't this the Wayseborough road we are turning into? Do you mean to visit the Old Poplar Farm?"

"Would you like to, dear father, father?"

"Would I *like* it, daughter?" repeated Abel, almost overpowered with joy.

Rachel leaned over to clasp the old man's tremulous hand.

"Dear father, you shall see it!"

There it lay in the mellow noonday sunshine, the stately pyramidal poplars, the orchard-trees, gay of old, in front of the portico, and the grove of dark cedars still casting eldritch shadows on the velvet green at the northern end of the house. The summer sucks waved its clusters of bloom around the porch-pillars, as if each day had elapsed since the Greenoughs passed out beneath them with a breaking heart; and the brown-breasted robins, darting in and out of the cedar-trees, and every-where, even the new-comers shyly, as if uncertain whether they were friends or foes. Not a patch of ground in the grove but was green and roof—not a prayer stain on the antique well-sweep, so clearly outlined against the blue sky, but what it might have been polished it yesterday.

"But, Rachel," said the old man, uneasily, "why is no one stirring about the place? Why does it look so deserted?"

"Father, I bought it a few days since, father, and it has been vacated, ready for the new occupants."

"And where are they, daughter?" he question-ed, as he stood on the sunshiny porch looking wistfully about him.

"Here, dearest father!" said Rachel, throwing her arms about his neck. "We are the owners of the dear old farm once more. I bought it, and paid for it yesterday. Will you take it as a gift from your own little Rachel?"

"Father, it is for this that I have been toiling during the last eleven years. My work is done at last—tell me that you are happy!"

But ere Abel Greenough could make a full figure darted from the wall of cedars, and Charles Harford caught the old man's prostrate form.

"Mysterious little riddle! And I should never have known it but for the letter accidentally revealed the name of the anonymous purchaser of the Old Poplar Farm! But, Rachel, am I right in concluding that the mission you have so often spoken of is at length fulfilled? Rachel, is the time come at last—tell me that you are my little wife?"

Nobody could ever assert distinctly just what Rachel answered to this appeal, but it certainly seemed "Yes." For when the purple-and-gold-winged butterflies swarmed in early June around the snowy blooms of the great white rose-tree under the southern windows, every bud was gathered to deck the bridal-wreath of a quiet bride whose dress of moonlight-colored silk was scarcely more spotless than her heart.

Old Abel Greenough was in his glory that night, welcoming once more to his home the friends and neighbors from whom he had been long ago, and never weary of telling how it was that he had come back to them.

Charles, he said, as the handsome young bridegroom came to tell Rachel that the clergyman was waiting—and it strange one last time—was now but in her hair, "I should almost grudge my little one to any one else than you. Take her, my son, for she is worth half a gold a wife as she has been a daughter, you've got a treasure worth all the diamonds of Golconda!"

And so Rachel Greenough was married at last under the peaceful roof of the Old Poplar Farmhouse.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We continue our series of illustrations of THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, from sketches by our artist, Mr. A. R. Waud. On page 532 we give a general view of

HARRISON'S LANDING.

Mr. Waud writes: "From the top of the old Harrison Mansion a good view can be obtained of the opposite shore, from whose thickly-wooded banks peeped till recently the old Rufin House, now destroyed by the Union troops, in retaliation for the attack upon them that locality on our crossing the river is, as usual, lively with shipping of all kinds, large and small; around the dock, near the middle of the picture, the craft belonging to the Sanitary Commission is clustered, taking off the sick. On the left is the dock, formed by about twenty barges, for the distribution of forage. Here there is always a crowd of wagons waiting to be served; and on the barges numerous tents of all conceivable shapes are raised for the convenience of the wharfmen and contrabands. In the foreground the tents of the principal hospital of the army appear partly in what was once the garden of the Harrison Mansion.

BERDAN CHECK.

"Herron Creek, near Kinsman's Landing [of which we give an illustration on page 533], winds through a soft, oozy marsh, covered with rank and luxuriant grass, and bordered by a dense row of which bit a soldier last week so severely that he died. It makes a feature in the landscape quite picturesque, and reminds the sight of our line unpregnable.

KIMMIDGE'S CREEK.

"Kimmidge's Creek [which we illustrate on page 533] forms the defense of the extreme left, and is an impassable one. The creek on the right. It is a savage-looking hollow, filled with felled and burned trees, dense shrubbery, marsh and small-coal-pens. Our line is bounded on the one in the James; as also in Herron Creek, on the right wing.

"Much as could be said at the North may affect to despise mud digging, it does not detract from the comforts—such as they are—of camp to know that the Army of the Potomac has made the position impregnable.

"This sketch will readily explain why the rebels have not found it in their hearts yet to attack M'Clellan. Frowning forts rising in embrazured tiers above the high-pits behind solid earthworks, mounted with heavy guns, and defended by the Army of the Potomac, are a formidable front which the Chivalry care to butt their heads against."

THE BALLOON AT WORK.

On page 541 we illustrate the departure of one of the Army Balloons, on board a river steamer, for a reconnoissance toward Richmond. The unwieldy mass sways gently on the breeze, and presents a very remarkable appearance as it moves up the river.

THE BURNING OF RUFFIN'S HOUSE.

We illustrate this affair on page 540, from a sketch by an officer of the *Mahaska*. On 31st July the rebels opened fire upon our transports and troops at Harrison's Landing, from field batteries on the opposite side of the river. The *Tribune* correspondent describes the affair thus:

"The river opposite the landing is narrower than at any other part opposite the ground on which our army is encamped, there being only about half a mile wide. More than three-quarters of this is occupied by a long, narrow island in the river. Directly opposite Harrison's Landing is the rapid flanks of the rebel guns, while the broad arm of the river is filled with a number of shot and shell, bursting and whizzing in the most lively manner, accompanied by our whole camp, and giving the enemy a 'rale shew' at us.

* * *

I had a good chance of observing the position of the rebel batteries, as they were then in number, one being directly opposite the mail-boat landing, another about a mile further up, and a third about a mile further down the wharf. I should think each battery consisted of about ten guns, all of which, I and 12 pounders. They were worked well and had the range nearly exact, but most of their time-fuses were cut too short for us.

* * *

The whole of our gun-boats except one were away up the river some miles above the mouth of the Herrick Creek, Yorktown. The one that was there was ordered down to us in that direction; the best thing we could do was to endeavor to silence the guns, so we up and engaged the battery opposite to the mail-dock. Its splendid rifle guns were soon getting into the swash. Soon after the gun-boat opened fire on the rebel batteries, our guns were their blazing contents into the cowardly foe that never showed himself to the enemy. Now the gallant gunmen of the First Connecticut Artillery (Colonel Tyler) were not to be outdone in their determination to silence half a mile away. There was only a guard left over the guns, the men being crowded the above distance from them, and in a few seconds the 32-pounders and the splendid Whitworth blazed away at the rebels, producing an electric effect, and in a few rounds completely silenced the rascals, who ran for their lives miles away out of range.

On the following day two regiments of regulars from General F. J. Porter's corps, crossed the river under cover of the guns of the *Mahaska*. As there was no landing-place it took them a long time to effect a landing. Squads of the enemy's horse were seen riding along the river banks some time previous, and much excitement was manifested while our troops were crossing. A landing is effected by the two regiments at six o'clock, and in a short time after dense clouds of smoke were seen issuing from the houses of the secesh, which were about one mile from the banks of the river. Ten houses—among others that of the Hon. Edmund Ruffin—were burned down by our troops. They landed under the protection of our gun-boats. Cheers rent the air as the fire was observed breaking out on the other side. When all was consumed our men returned.

OUR NEW IRON-CLADS.

On page 536 we give illustrations of the new iron-clad frigates *Ironsides*, which is being constructed in this city, and the *Monitor*, at the Novelty Works; and the *Whitney Battery*, which has just been completed at the Navy-Yard at Sackett's Harbor, in this city. The following descriptions will add to the value of the illustrations:

THE "IRONSIDES."

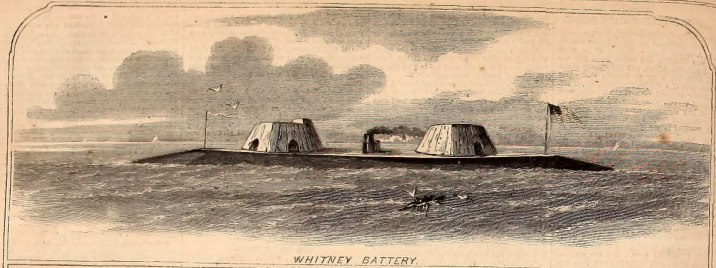
This splendid vessel is a model from the yard of William Cramp, Philadelphia, on the 5th ult. She is the first iron-clad vessel constructed in Philadelphia, and her name was duly sung over and Philadelphia in ship-launching style—"Miss Ironsides." Her dimensions are the same as those of the *Merrimac*, and she is built upon the model of the *Ironsides* into her native element. She is the first iron-plated war-vessel ever built in this city by the United States Government, and is constructed from plans and specifications presented to the Navy Department last September by Merrick & Sons, of Philadelphia, who are the sole constructors with the Government. She in turn contracted with Cramp & Sons; also with the Bridesburg Rolling Mills, for the plating. For the hull-plating, receiving to themselves the construction of the machinery and the screw-propeller, with the several parts. The contract is dated October 15, and the vessel is to be delivered complete in all her parts, ready for service, in 150 days from that date. She is a full-rigged ship, and Naval Constructor Henry Hoover, her builder, says that she will be fast 6 knots under sail. She has been, being 2250 tons, and having a berth, gun, and spar deck, the latter being 180 feet. The bulwarks are of iron, filled in solid and caked, and the average thickness of the deck is about one foot below. The living compartments are a point four feet below her water-line, and extends to her spar-deck. The armament consists of four horizontal direct-action steam-engines, with cylinders of 50 inches diameter and 24 inches stroke, fastened directly to the revolutions per minute, and drive a brass 4-bladed propeller of 14 feet diameter and 18 feet pitch. The rudder is also in number (horizontal tubular), and is 25 feet long from the top to the bottom, and 5 feet 6 inches in thickness. The armament consists of 10 Dahlgren 11-inch Dahlgren guns on the gun-deck, and two 100-pounder Parrotts guns on the spar-deck. The vessel is to be fitted for iron shutters five inches thick, worked from the inside. At the bow is an ample steam windlass, and at the hull an steam, she will have three masts, and be bark-rigged, her topmasts and topsail yards to be housed when they are lowered, and leave simply the three lower masts in view. When in action all the sails will be carried previous then shot or shell, and are below the spar-deck; the compartments of the vessel are to be divided by a strong shot-proof iron bulk-out, which rises above the spar-deck, and runs within the vessel from one side to the other. This signals communicate with the officers of all the compartments, and in case the vessel can carry a large crew, sufficient to fill all the guns, and to work the vessel, unable to shot and shell, she will seek close action, and lie across of her enemy's spar, or by the use of her ram, disarm her opponent. Her light draught of water, 16 feet, will enable her to go in shore where a large vessel of 24 feet keel into and Sumter can be visited by her, and she may be able to make an impression on Charleston before they are repossessed by the United States.

THE "MONITOR."

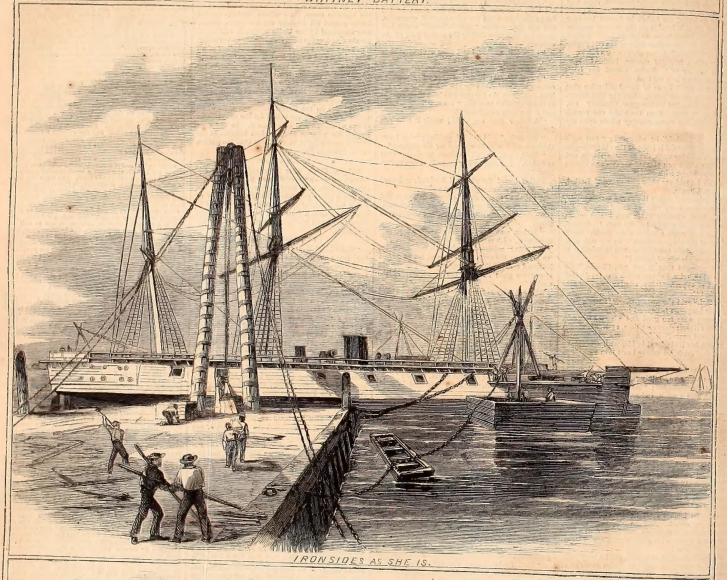
She is to be clothed amidships with iron plates ranging from three and a half inches to four and a half inches thick, and will be so caused four feet below her water-line. She is to have two revolving turrets, each of which will contain but one gun on the *Monitor*, with a powerful ram on her bow. The plating on the ram will be about 12 feet below thick and twenty feet long, thus giving her a wedge on her bow of twenty feet. Each of the turrets will be twenty feet diameter inside, the plating of which will consist of three courses of inch iron. Each plate for a turret is also feet in length by forty inches wide. Two courses of iron bolts are placed in each, and they are of steel, solid, in a powerful hydraulic press. The bed plate of the turret is of a circular form, and the deck is also of a circular form. A plate to be bent in placed, upon the centre bed plate of the turret, and the plates are then to be ground forms up into the centre, and the bolts driven home. The plates are to be driven against the top block. The pressure is to be on each plate is about 100 tons. In the upper curve, is three and a half million pounds. By this means the plates are to be brought to a perfect uniformity and accuracy secured for the whole. The bending of the plates is done for the use and also for a barrel is also fast in length by forty inches wide. Two courses of iron bolts are placed in each, and they are of steel, solid, in a powerful hydraulic press. The bed plate of the turret is of a circular form, and the deck is also of a circular form. A plate to be bent in placed, upon the centre bed plate of the turret, and the plates are then to be ground forms up into the centre, and the bolts driven home. The plates are to be driven against the top block. The pressure is to be on each plate is about 100 tons. In the upper curve, is three and a half million pounds. By this means the plates are to be brought to a perfect uniformity and accuracy secured for the whole. The bending of the plates is done for the use and also for a barrel of the frigate is quite a different and difficult operation to perform compared with the bending of armor plates. Each plates time has to be bent to the proper curve to suit the very particular position in the vessel's side it is to be bent into, but the edges also, must be bent to suit the particular position they are to occupy. The compartments are to be furnished by several compartments, and will be divided by iron bulk-heads. When they arrive they resemble huge shallow iron pans, varying in depth from the centre to the curve foot, and in breadth from twenty-two to twenty-four inches. The plates are to be about one inch and a half inches. One of sixteen and a half feet in length and twenty-two inches in breadth and two hundred pounds, one of twenty-two feet in length, for the ram, weighs over four tons. Each plate is to be tested before they are bent, and the operations connected with bending them are necessarily slow and tedious, requiring the most extreme greatest care and skill to conduct properly. Of course it is impossible to bend each plate exactly to the curve required, at first bend to nearly a white heat, and then, with a movable arched bed, the plate is forced to the curve required to conform to the curve. To prove for bending is quite different from the bending of the gun-plate.

THE GUNS.

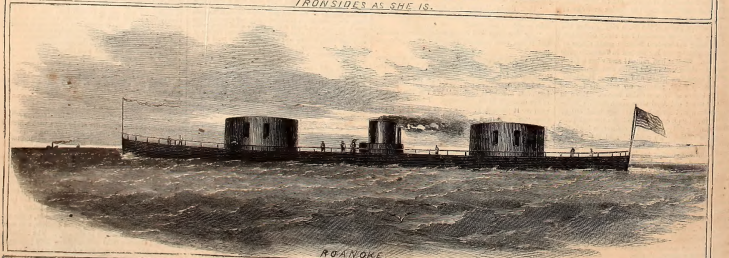
On page 537 we give a series of illustrations representing the manufacture of the guns with which the *Ironsides* and the new *Monitors* are to be armed. They are known as the called Dahlgren guns, having been first made by Captain Rodman, of the artillery, who afterwards called in the aid of Mr. Dahlgren in the service. Their peculiarity consists in their size, which is far greater than that of any other guns in the service. The interior or bore-space of water is poured through the muzzle, coming out at the vent, so that the gun is cooled from the inside, thus obviating flaws. There are being cast of these guns at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, quite a large number, some 15-inch, some 20-inch, and we hear of some even larger in the bore. The 20-inch guns will throw a solid ball weighing 1500 pounds, which would go through the side of any vessel ever constructed, or batter down almost any wall. It is designed to arm the new *Monitors* and all our coast fortifications with these guns.



WHITNEY BATTERY.

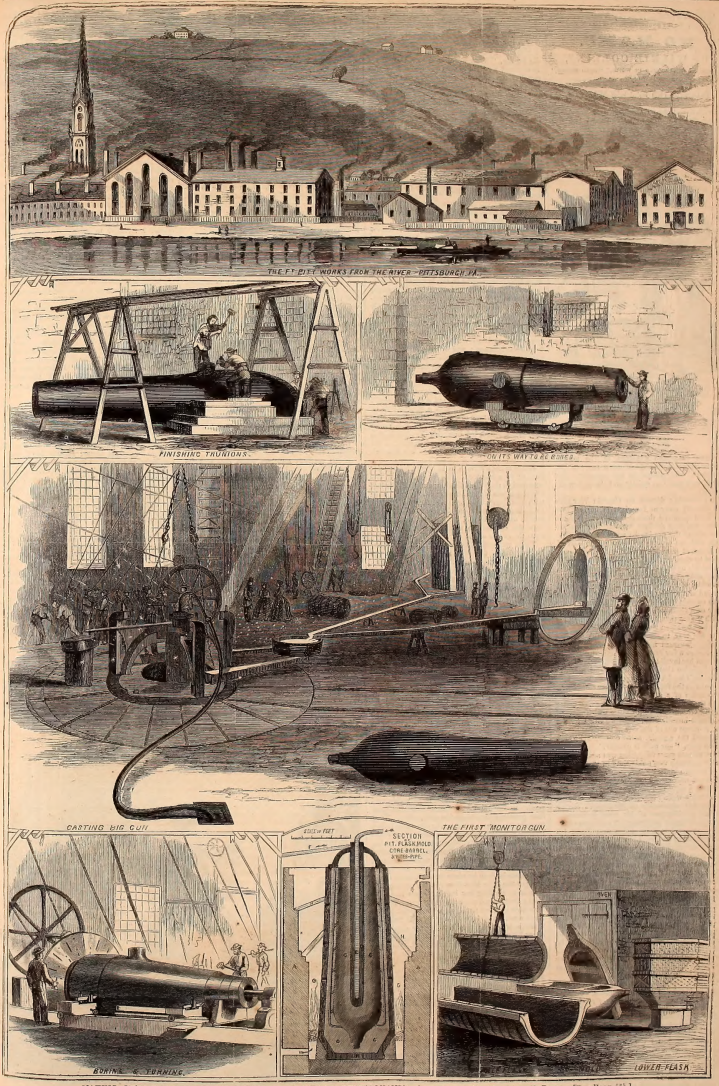


IRONSIDES AS SHE IS.



ROANOKE.

SPECIMENS OF OUR NEW IRON-CLAD NAVY.—[SEE PAGE 535.]



MAKING GUNS FOR THE NEW MONITORS AT PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 533.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Magdalen appeared in the parlor, shortly before seven o'clock, not a trace of discomposure was visible in her manner. She looked and spoke as quietly and unconcernedly as usual.

The lowering distrust on Captain Wragge's face cleared away at the sight of her. There had been moments during the afternoon when he had seriously doubted whether the pleasure of satisfying the grudge he owed to Noel Vanstone, and the prospect of earning the sum of two hundred pounds, would not be dearly purchased by running the risk of discovery to which Magdalen's uncertain temper might expose him at any hour of the day. The plain proof now before him of her powers of self-control relieved his mind of a serious anxiety. It mattered little to the captain what she suffered in the privacy of her own chamber, so long as she came out of it with a face that would bear inspection and a voice that betrayed nothing.

On the way to Sea-View Cottage Captain Wragge expressed his intention of asking the housekeeper a few sympathizing questions on the subject of her invalid brother in Switzerland. He was of opinion that the critical condition of the gentleman's health might exercise an important influence on the future progress of the conspiracy. Any chance of a separation, he remarked, between the housekeeper and her master was, under existing circumstances, a chance which deserved the closest investigation. "If we can only get Mrs. Lecount out of the way at the right time, whispered the captain, as he opened the lane's garden gate, "our man is caught!"

In a minute more Magdalen was again under Noel Vanstone's roof; this time in the character of his own invited guest.

The proceedings of the evening were for the most part a repetition of the proceedings during the morning's visit. Mr. Noel Vanstone vibrated between his admiration of Magdalen's beauty and his glorification of his own possessions. Captain Wragge's inexhaustible outflows of information — relieved by delicately-indirect inquiries relative to Mrs. Lecount's character — perpetually diverted the housekeeper's jealous vigilance from dwelling on the looks and language of her master. So the evening passed, until ten o'clock. By that time the captain's ready-made science was exhausted, and the housekeeper's temper was forcing its way to the surface. Once more Captain Wragge warned Magdalen by a look, and, in spite of Mr. Noel Vanstone's deplorable protest, wisely rose to say good-night.

"I have got no information," remarked the captain, on his way back. "Mrs. Lecount's brother lives at Zurich. He is a bachelor; he possesses a little money; and his sister is his nearest relation. If he will only be so obliging as to break up altogether he will save us a world of trouble with Mrs Lecount."

It was a fine moonlight night. He looked at the sky, and at the trees, and at the house, to see if her intractable depression of spirits had seized on her again.

No! her variable humor had changed once more. She looked about her with a flaunting, feverish gayety; she scoffed at the bare idea of any serious difficulty with Mrs. Lecount; she mimicked Noel Vanstone's high-pitched voice, and repeated Noel Vanstone's high-flown compliments, with a bitter enjoyment of turning him into ridicule. Instead of running through her part as before, she sauntered carelessly by her companion's side, humming little snatches of song, and kicking the loose pebbles right and left on the garden-walk. Captain Wragge hailed the change in her as the best of good omens. He thought he saw plain signs that the family spirit was at last coming back again.

"Well," he said, as he lit her bedroom candle for her, "when we all meet on the parade to-morrow, we shall see, as our nautical friends say, how the land lies. One thing I can tell you, my dear girl—I have used my eyes to very little purpose if there is not a storm brewing to-night at Mr. Noel Vanstone's domestic atmosphere."

The captain's habitual prudence had not misled him. As soon as the door of Sea-View Cottage was closed on the parting guests Mrs. Lecount made an effort to assert the ascendency which Magdalen's influence was threatening already.

She employed every artifice of which she was mistress to ascertain Magdalen's true position in Noel Vanstone's estimation. She tried again and again to lure him into an unreserved expression of the pleasure which he felt already in the society of the beautiful Miss Bygrave; she threw herself in and out of every weakness in his character as the frogs and efts twined themselves in and out of the network of a fishing-net. But she made one serious mistake which very clever people in their intercourse with inferior intellectual interests are almost universally apt to commit—she trusted implicitly to the folly of a fool. She forgot that one of the lowest of human faculties — cunning—is exactly the capacity which is often most largely developed in the lowest of intellectual natures. If she had been honestly angry with her master she would probably have frightened him. If she had opened her mind plainly to his view she would have astonished him by presenting a chain of ideas to his limited perceptions, which they were not equal enough to grasp; his curiosity would have led him to ask for an explanation; and by practising on that curiosity, she might have had him at her mercy. As it was, she set her cunning against his, and the fool proved a match for her. Mr. Noel Vanstone, to whom all large-minded motives under heaven were inscrutable mysteries, saw the small-minded motive at the bottom of his housekeeper's conduct with as instantaneous a penetration as if he had been a man of the highest order. Mrs. Lecount left him for the night foiled, and knowing she was foiled, left him with the certain sense of her opponent, and a low-lived longing in her elegant finger-nails to set them in her master's face.

She was not a woman to be beaten by one defeat, or by a hundred. She was positively determined to think, and think again, until she had found a means of checking the growing intimacy which had arisen at once between Miss Bygrave and her master. Her own reputation, the absolute security of her own position, were both at stake. Her very livelihood depended on the success with which she could oppose the conspiracy that was now forming against her. Under these circumstances, what was the safe course to take with her master?

If she suddenly told him, when they met the next morning, what had passed through her mind that night, her knowledge of Mr. Noel Vanstone warned her that one of two results would certainly happen. Either he would be angry and disputatious; would ask for proofs; and, finding none forthcoming, would accuse her of alarming him without a cause to serve her own jealous ends of keeping Magdalen out of the house—or he would be seriously startled, would clamor for the protection of the law, and would warn the Bygraves to stand on their defense at the outset. If Magdalen only had been concerned in the conspiracy this latter consequence would have presumed so great importance in the housekeeper's mind. But seeing the deception as she now saw it, she was by no power a woman to foil in defeating the captain's inexhaustible fertility of resource at its very outset. "If I can't meet this impudent villain with plain proofs to help me," thought Mrs. Lecount, "I may open my master's eyes to-morrow morning, and Mr. Bygrave will shut them up again before night. She raised a playing-card with all his own cards under the table, and he will win the game to a certainty if he sees my hand at starting."

This policy of waiting was so manifestly the wise policy—the wily Mr. Bygrave was so sure to have provided himself in case of emergency with evidence to prove the identity of Miss Garth and his niece had assumed for their purpose—that Mrs. Lecount at once decided to keep her own counsel the next morning, and to pause before attacking the conspiracy until she could produce unanswerable facts to help her. Her master's acquaintance with the Bygraves was only an acquaintance of one day's standing. There was no fear of its developing into a dangerous intimacy if she merely allowed it to continue for a few days more, and if she permanently checked it, at the latest, in a week's time.

In the interval what measures could she take to remove the obstacles which now stood in her way, and to provide herself with the weapon which she now wanted?

Reflection showed her three different chances in her favor—three different ways of arriving at the necessary discovery.

The first chance was to cultivate friendly terms with Magdalen, and then, taking her unawares, to entrap her into betraying herself in Noel Vanstone's presence. The second was to write to the elder Miss Vanstone, and to ask in the same alarming terms for putting the question) for information on the subject of her younger sister's whereabouts, and of any peculiarities in her personal appearance which might enable a stranger to identify her. The third chance was to penetrate the mystery of Mr. Bygrave's seclusion, and to ascertain at a personal interview whether the invalid lady's real confidante might not possibly be the motive agency for keeping her husband's secrets. Resolving to try all three chances in the order in which they are here enumerated, Mrs. Lecount was aware by Magdalen on the day that was now already at hand, Mrs. Lecount at last took off her dressing-gown, and allowed her weaker nature to join with her for a little sleep.

The dawn was breaking over the cold gray sea as she lay down in her bed again. The last idea in her mind before she fell asleep was characteristic of the woman—it was an idea that threatened the captain. "He has trifled with the sacred contempt of my husband, and caught the Professor's widow. "On my life and honor I will make him pay for it!"

Early the next morning Magdalen began the day—according to her agreement with the captain—by taking Mrs. Wragge out for a little exercise at an hour when there was no fear of her encountering the public visitors. She pleaded hard to be left at home; having the Orient Cashmere Robe still on her hands, and thought it necessary to read her directions for dress-making, for the hundredth time at least, before (to use her own expression) she could "screw up her courage to put the scissors into the stuff." But her companion would take no denial, and she was forced to go out. The one guileless purpose of the life which Magdalen now led was the resolution that poor Mrs. Wragge should not be made a prisoner on her account—and to that resolution she mechanically clung, as the last token left her by which to know her better self.

They returned later than usual to breakfast. While Mrs. Wragge was up stairs straightening herself from head to foot to meet the morning inspection of her husband's orderly eye, and while Magdalen and the captain were waiting for her in the parlor, the servant came in with a note from Sea-View Cottage. The messenger was waiting for an answer, and the note was addressed to Captain Wragge.

The captain opened the note and read these lines:

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. Noel Vanstone desires me to write and tell you that he proposes enjoying this fine day by taking a long drive to a place on the moors, called Dead Man's Cross, and that he intends to have the pleasure of a carriage airing given him the pleasure of your company, and Miss Bygrave's company on this occasion. I am kindly permitted to be one of the party; and if I may say so without impropriety, I would venture to add that I shall feel as much pleasure as my master if you and your young lady

"SHE LOOKED EVERY YEAR OF HER AGE AS SHE MIXED THE SPIRIT WITH WATER."

can favor us with your company.

"I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant,

"MARIA VANSTONE."

She got out of bed and kindled the light once

all connect to join us. We propose leaving Aldborough and, if given a clear stage, [illegible]

"Believe me, dear Sir, your humble servant,
"VINCENT LECOUNT."

"Who is the letter from?" asked Magdalen, as, making a change in Captain Wragge's face as he read it, she saw that they want with us at Scot Cottage?"

"Pardon me," said the captain, gravely, "this requires consideration. Let me have a minute or two to think."

He took a few turns up and down the room—then suddenly stepped aside to a table in a corner, on which his writing materials were placed.

"I am not sure, Magdalen," said he, taking the pen, speaking concisely to himself. He winked his brown eye, took up his pen, and wrote the answer.

"Can you speak now?" inquired Magdalen, when the captain had left the room. "What are you like letter say, and how have you answered it?"

The captain placed the letter in her hand. "I have accepted the invitation," he replied, quietly.

Magdalen read the letter. "Hidden enmity to discovery," she said, "and open friendship to-day. What does it mean?"

"It means," said Captain Wragge, that Mrs. Lecount is even sharper than I thought she was, if she found you out."

"Impossible!" cried Magdalen. "Quite impossible in the time!"

"I can't say *how* she has found you out," proceeded the captain, with great composure; "she may know more of your voice than we suppose she know. Or she may have discovered you in retrospect, rather a suspicious family; and my thing suspicious, in which a woman was concerned, may have been in my mind back in the morning call of years in Vauxhall Walk. Whichever way it may be, the meaning of this sudden change is clear enough. She has found us out, and she wants to put her discovery to the proof by slipping in as unsuspected a person as ever cover of a little friendly talk. My experience of humanity has been a varied one, and Mrs. Lecount is not the first by many dozen in petticoats whom I have had to deal with. All the world is divided into two parts—and out of the scenes on our little stage is shut in from this moment."

With those words he took his copy of Joyce's Scientific Dialogues out of his pocket. "You've done with already, my friend!" said Magdalen, recognizing his useful information a farewell smack with his hand, and looking it up in the cupboard. "Such is human popularity!" continued the indomitable vagabond, putting the key cheerfully in his pocket. "Yesterday I was in favor—to-day I am not. To-day I don't care that for him!" He snapped his fingers and sat down to breakfast.

"I don't understand," said Magdalen, watching at him angrily. "Are you leaving me to my own resources for the future?"

"My dear girl!" cried Captain Wragge, "can't you accustom yourself to my dash of humor yet? I have done with you for the time, since, simply because I am quite sure that Mrs. Lecount has done believing in me. Haven't I accepted the invitation to Limmeridge in her mind easy. The help I have given you already counts for nothing—remember that. The help I am going to give you now. My honor is concerned in bowling out Mrs. Lecount. This last move of hers has made it a personal matter between us. *The woman actually thinks she can take me in!!!*" cried the captain, striking his knife-handle on the table in a transport of serious indignation. "By Heavens, I never was so insulted before in my life! I forget my character in to the table, my dear, and give me half a minute's attention to what I have to say next."

Magdalen obeyed him. Captain Wragge cautiously lowered his voice, and began as follows:

"I have told you all along," he said, "the one thing needful is never to let Mrs. Lecount catch you with your wits unsteadied. I say the same, after what has happened this morning. Let her suspect you! I will not have the slightest of foundation for her suspicions unless to help her. We shall see to-day if she has been foolish enough to betray herself to Noel Vanstone before she has any facts to support her. I doubt it. If she has, we shall have the clearest proofs of our identity with the Bygraves on his feeble little head till it absolutely aches with conviction. We have two things to do on this occasion. First, to distrust every word Mrs. Lecount says to you. Secondly, to watch her for fascinations, and make sure of Mr. Noel Vanstone, during from to-day. I will give you the opportunity when we leave the cottage, and take our walk at Dunwich. Wear your hat, wear your smile; do your figure conscientiously light; put on your neatest boots and brightest gloves; tie the miserable little wretch to your apron-strings—in short, leave the whole future management of this matter after that to me. Steady! here is Mrs. Wragge; we must be doubly careful in looking after her now. Show me your cup, Mrs. Wragge! show me your shoes! What do I see on your upper lip? Dirt! You don't have spots! Take it off after breakfast and put on another. Pull your chair to the middle of the table—more to the light—more still. Make the breakfast."

At a quarter before eleven Mrs. Wragge (with her own entire concurrence) was dismissed to the back-room, to bewilder herself over the sacrifice of dressmaking for the rest of the day. Punctually as the clock struck the hour Mrs. Lecount and her master drove up to the gate of North Shingles, and found Magdalen and Captain Wragge waiting for them in the garden.

On the way to Dunwich nothing occurred to disturb the enjoyment of the drive. Mr. Noel Vanstone was in excellent health and high good-humor. Lecount had apologized for the little misunderstanding of the previous night; Lecount had petitioned for the excursion as a treat to herself. He thought of these concessions, and looked at Magdalen, and smirked and simpered without intermission. Mrs. Lecount acted her part to perfection. She was motherly with Magdalen, and tenderly attentive to Noel Vanstone. She was apparently interested in Captain Wragge's conversation, and meekly disappointed to find it turn on general subjects to the exclusion of cures. Not a word or look escaped her which hinted in the remotest degree at her real purpose. Never was there a more consummate diplomacy and propriety; and she was the only one of the party on that sultry summer's day who was perfectly cool in the hottest part of the journey.

As they left the carriage on their arrival at Dunwich, the captain, who was walking next after Mrs. Lecount's eye was off him and fortified Magdalen by a last warning word.

"Wear the oil!" he whispered. "She will show her claws on the way back."

They left the village and walked to the ruins of a convent near at hand—the last relic of the once-populous city of Dunwich which has suffered the destruction of its place successively by the all-devouring sea. After looking at the ruins they sought the shade of a little wood between the village and the low sand-hills which overlook the German Ocean. Here Captain Wragge appointed time to let Magdalen and Noel Vanstone advance some distance in front of Mrs. Lecount and himself—took the wrong path, and immediately got lost in the most consummate dexterity. After a few minutes' wandering (in the wrong direction) he found an open space near the sea, and politely opening his camp-stool for the housekeeper's accommodation, proposed sitting down where they were till the missing members of the party came this way and discovered them.

Mrs. Lecount accepted the proposal. She was perfectly well aware that her escort had lost himself on purpose, and that Magdalen was equally disturbing influence on the smooth amiability of her manner. But a day of opportunities had now at last not come yet—she merely added the new item to her list, and availed herself of the camp-stool. Captain Wragge established himself in a romantic attitude at her feet; and the two determined enemies (grouped like two figures in a picture) fell into as easy and pleasant a conversation as if they had been friends of twenty years' standing.

"I know you, ma'am!" thought the captain, while Mrs. Lecount was talking to him.

"I know you, sir!" was written in my ready-made science, and you wouldn't object to drown me in the Dreadful Hollow."

"You villain with the brown eye and the green!" thought Mrs. Lecount, as the captain caught the drift of conversation and said, with "thick as your skin is I'll sting you through it yet." He was quite ready to oblige Mrs. Lecount: they talked fluently on general subjects, on public affairs, on local scenery, on society in England and abroad, on climate, on health, on climate, books, marriage, and money—talked without a moment's intermission, and without understanding on either side for nearly an hour before Magdalen and Noel Vanstone strayed that way and made their appearance on the sand-hills.

When they reached the Inn at which the carriage was waiting for them, Captain Wragge proposed refreshment in undisturbed possession of her master and signed to Magdalen to drop back for a moment into the rear with him.

"Well?" asked the captain in a whisper; "is he fast to your apron-strings?"

Magdalen nodded, and said to foot as she answered.

"He has kissed my hand," she said. "Does that tell you enough? Don't let him sit next me on the way home! I have borne all I can bear already for the rest of the day."

"I'll put you on the front seat of the carriage," replied the captain, "side by side with me."

On the journey back Lecount verified Captain Wragge's prediction. She showed her claws.

The one journey back Lecount verified Captain Wragge's prediction. She showed her claws.

The circumstances could hardly have favored her more. Magdalen's spirits were depressed; she was tired; she was out of temper. Even the naturally opposite the housekeeper—who had been compelled to submit to considerable fatigue in the midst of honor next her master. With every facility for observing the slightest changes that occurred over Noel Vanstone's face, Mrs. Lecount her first experiment by leading the conversation to the subject of Combe-Raven, and to the various advantages offered to residents by the various quarters of the metropolis on both sides of the river. Noel Vanstone listened with interest. His attention sooner than she had anticipated, and interposed impatiently with the question, "Where is Vauxhall Walk, ma'am," thought the captain; "I'll get there before you."

He entered on what was a purely fictitious description of the various quarters of London in which he had himself resided, and advised Noel Vanstone to establish himself in one of them, saved Magdalen from the sudden question relating to Vauxhall Walk, and, by thus leading the conversation, gave her good starting her to begin with. From his references he passed smoothly to himself, and to the part he had played in saving the life (the charge of Mr. Bygrave) into the housekeeper's care —not forgetting his brother's grave in Honduras, with the monument by the self-taught negro artist, and his brother's hugely overpaid widow, on the ground-floor of the boarding-house at Cheltenham. As a means of giving Magdalen time to compose herself this narrative of autobiographical information attracted Mrs. Lecount, but it answered no other purpose. Mrs. Lecount listened, without being imposed on by a single word the captain said to her. He merely confirmed her conviction of the hopelessness of taking Noel Vanstone into her confidence before she had facts to help her against Captain Wragge's otherwise unassailable position in the identity which he had assumed. She quietly waited until he had done, and then returned to the charge.

It is a coincidence that your uncle should once have resided in Vauxhall Walk," she said, addressing herself to Magdalen. "My aunt has a house in the same place; and we lived there before we came to Aldborough. May I inquire, Miss Bygrave, whether you know any thing of a lady named Miss Garth?"

This time the gag the moment before the captain could interfere. Magdalen ought to have been prepared for it by what had already passed in her presence; but she had not had been shaken by the earlier events of the day, and she could only answer the question in the negative, almost before she had time to control herself. Her hesitation was of too momentary a nature to attract the attention of any unsuspicious person. But it lasted long enough to confirm Mrs. Lecount's private convictions, and to encourage her to push the matter further.

"I only asked," she continued, steadily fixing her eyes on Magdalen, steadily disregarding the efforts which Captain Wragge made to join in the conversation, "because Miss Garth is a friend of mine, and I am curious to find out what I can about her. The day before we left Vauxhall Walk, a person who presented herself under the name I have mentioned, paid us a visit under very extraordinary circumstances."

With a smooth, ingratiating manner, with a refinement of courtesy that was little less than devilish in its ingenious assumption of the language of pity, she now boldly described Magdalen's appearance in disguise, in Magdalen's own presence. She slightingly referred to the master and mistress of Combe-Raven as persons who had always annoyed the elder and more respectable branch of the family; she mourned over the family quarrel, and pursued Magdalen, openly betraying herself, if Captain Wragge had not checked her in full career by a loud exclamation of surprise, and a sudden attack at Magdalen's wrist.

"Let me thousand pardons, my dear madam!" cried the captain. "I see in my niece's face, I feel in my niece's pulse, that one of her vicious attacks of headache has come on again. Oh, my dear girl! Why hesitate among friends to confess that you have a pain? What mistaken delicacy was! Her face shows she is suffering—doesn't it, Mrs. Lecount? Darting pains, Mrs. Vanstone, darting pains in the left side of the head. Pull down your veil, my dear, and lean on me. Our kind friends will excuse you for the rest of the day."

Before Mrs. Lecount could throw an instant's reflection on the appearance of the incredible attack her master's fidgety sympathy declared itself actively in the manner best anticipated, in the then active manifestations. He stopped the carriage, and insisted on an immediate change in the arrangement of places—the comfortable back seat for Miss Bygrave and her uncle, the front seat for Lecount and himself. "Will that do?" he asked, anxiously. "Excellent creature! Let her give it directly to Miss Bygrave, and let her be comfortable as well as ill!" The coachman shook Miss Bygrave he should not have a halfpenny for himself. Momentum was frustrated, and the journey began.

In these cases, Mr. Noel Vanstone ran—with brief intervals for breathing-time—in a considerably ascending scale of sympathy and self-importance throughout the drive home.

Mrs. Lecount accepted her defeat with a composure which, during the moment when Captain Wragge interrupted her her thin lips closed, and opened on the other side of the carriage. The warmest expressions of her master's anxiety for the suffering young lady produced from her no other demonstration of anger. She took as little notice of him as possible. She had no attention whatever to bestow on the consoling considerations for his valuable health which the housekeeper's own hard black eyes looked out of the window. She opened one, and with her eyes closed and her veil down. It was only when the carriage stopped at North Shingles that Captain Wragge, in handing Magdalen out, that the housekeeper at last condescended to notice him. As he smiled and took off his hat at the carriage-door the strong restraint she had laid on herself suddenly gave way, and she flashed one look at him which scorched up the captain's politeness on the spot. He turned at once, with a hasty acknowledgment of Noel Vanstone's last sympathetic inquiries, and took Magdalen into the house.

"I told you so!" he said, in a low voice, to her. "It is not my fault that she scratched you before I could stop her. She hasn't hurt you, has she?"

"She has hurt me to some purpose," said Magdalen—"she has given me the courage to go on. Say what must be done to-morrow, and trust me to do it." She sighed heavily as she said those words, and went up to her room.

Captain Wragge walked meditatively into the parlor and sent directly on to consider. He by no means so certain as he could have wished of the most prudent course for the part of the enemy after the defeat of that day. The housekeeper's farewell look had plainly informed him that she was at the end of her resources yet, and that the unfortunate fish the full importance of preparing himself in good time to meet the attack which she took in advance. He lit a cigar, and bent his wary mind on the dangers of the future.

Mrs. Lecount ordered a cup of tea, shared her writing-case, and began the rough draught of a letter to Mr. Noel Vanstone. Her habitual exasperation at the failure of her first attempt to expose the conspiracy had not blinded her to the necessity of making a second effort before Noel Vanstone's growing infatuation got beyond her control. The waiter set for Magdalen having failed, the chance of entrapping Magdalen's sister was the next chance to try. Mrs. Lecount ordered a cup of tea, opened her writing-case, and began the rough draught of a letter to Mr. Noel Vanstone the elder by the morrow's post.

So the day's skirmish ended. The heat of the battle was yet to come.

"PARVULI."

STREAMETH the sunset through the pane,
Glitter the drops of summer-rain,
That, soothing, fall in sparkling shower
Upon the couching Passion-flower.

As pensive, but not sad, I muse
Upon—*one single gate of these!*
A ting white-laced frock. Ah! well,
I love the pretty "bagatelle!"

A cradle-couch beside my knee,
A tiny head—a curly fleece—
The little fingers in their clasp
The coverlet unconscious grasp.

As yet unwaked, the soul within
Her Chrysalis lies slumbering.
The fate that in the morning rose—
Who dreams what in the casket grows?

A solemn trust!—and yet how dear!
Ah! but for children blooming here
This earth a joyless world would be,
And life itself a vacancy!

'Tis little fingers mould us all,
'Tis little voices heavenward call,
'Tis little hearts that heaven prepare,
And little angels lead us there!

WAR MEETING AT WASHINGTON.

ON page 529 we give an illustration of the GREAT WAR MEETING which was held at Washington on the 6th inst. It was a very large and most enthusiastic meeting, and the feeling in favor of the thorough prosecution of the war was unanimous. The President was present, and took in compliance with the earnest request of the crowd, made a few remarks as follows:

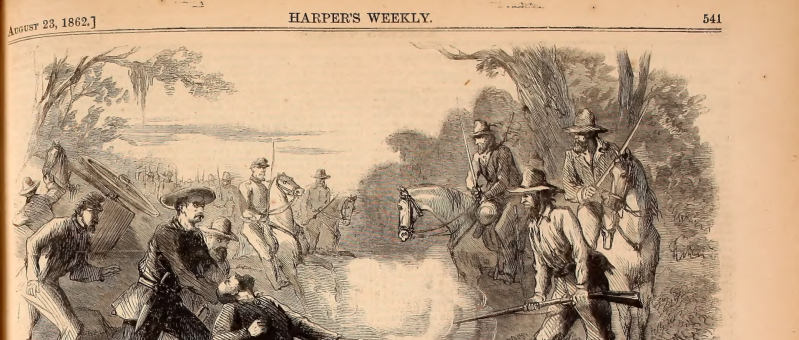
"FELLOW-CITIZENS,—I believe there is no precedent for my appearing before you on this occasion—[applause]—but I see no reason why I should not avail myself of the privilege. I am now to hear you, and not to speak. I have no patriotic remarks—[applause and laughter]—which I can offer upon this occasion. I have not even any suggestions. I have found nothing in the circumstances around me which I have not known, or which, however, have an impression that there are possibly some things which I know better than you. No, no; none can do better than yourself; you have been meeting your military commanders, as I will or could, and therefore I propose but to detain you a moment longer. [Cries of "No, no," "Go on," "Encourage the rebels!"] I am very little inclined on any occasion to say any thing unless I have the pleasure to be called by it. [A voice—"You do that. Go on!"] The only thing I think of just now which ought to be better said than it has been said is a matter in which we have heretofore had some difficulty. [A voice—"What is it?"] There is, my friend, [A voice—"What is it?"] there is a want of unity of purpose between the General-in-Chief and the Secretary of War. Now, I cannot go into the particulars of the case, but I suppose I occupy a position that enables me to understand it better than anybody else. [Laughter.] I am sure that neither of these gentlemen would be willingly wrong, but I know he does not think of them together no more than any of the rest of you. [Laughter.] Some of them think Mr. [Cries of "Stanton and other"] Well, Secretary Stanton. [Cries of "Bravo!"] Disputes about how many men General McClellan has, and how many he ought to have, and how he has had a very large number, and those who would have given him the control of War and left him to do it would dispense him talk if the grand total of peace and war men, and how many he ought to have, and how he has not, and how many he ought to have had, and how he has had those at present fit for duty. [Laughter.] The Secretary of War did not think that General McClellan was not to blame for asking give him. General McClellan is not to blame for asking for what he wanted needed, and the Secretary of War is not to blame for not giving what he had none to give. [Laughter.] Now, and ever since the [Cries of "Good, good!"] and I [Applause.] so far at least, the Secretary of War has withheld no one thing at any time in my power to give him. [Cries of "Good!"] Now, I will explain—[Cries of "No, no!"] I will explain, and a voice.—"Give him enough to-day!] I have no accusation against him. I believe he is honest, and able too—[applause]—and I am willing to justify myself, and I am willing to justify myself what has been quite me to do, to take upon myself what has been done by him. [Applause.] So far as withholding from him—I have indeed [Cries of "Good!"] and now I avail myself of my privilege of saying so much.



THE PACIFIC MAIL COMPANY'S STEAMER "GOLDEN GATE," BURNED AT SEA JULY 27, 1862.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE UNITED STATES INFANTRY BURNING THE HOUSE OF THE REBEL RUFFIN UNDER THE GUNS OF THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "MAHASKA."
SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE "MAHASKA."—[SEE PAGE 535.]



THE MURDER OF GENERAL ROBERT L. M'COOK, NEAR SALEM, ALABAMA.—[SEE PAGE 539.]

STEINWAY'S PIANOS.

We publish below two illustrations of STEINWAY'S PIANOS, made by Steinway & Sons, of Walker Street, New York City, which received a first prize medal at the London Exhibition, having been characterized by the jurors as "Powerful, fine, brilliant, and sympathetic tone of piano, with excellent workmanship shown in grand and square pianos."

In order to show how widely these pianos are appreciated abroad, we subjoin a few extracts.

The *London News of the World* (illustrated) says of these pianos:

"Their magnificent pianos, manufactured by Messrs. Steinway & Sons, of New York, are without doubt the most powerful instruments in the room. They possess a rich and full tone, both round and brilliant, of great power, and combine the qualities of brilliancy and great power without the slightest approach to harshness. We will describe, as well as we are able, the peculiarities belonging to them. The bent-covered strings are carried over and over the lower steel ones. By adopting this plan the bridge on which the covered strings rest is in the middle of the back part of the sounding-board, which naturally gives them a greater amount of vibration than if the strings were placed on one side of the sounding-board, as in our English pianos. The manner in which the metallic bars and bars are arranged is very excellent, the whole rising out in one piece, by which means all possibility of the sounding-board frequently cracking when the weather or climate may be changed, is entirely avoided. Messrs. Steinway's patent overstrung action is another great feature in these pianos, for although it produces a repeat of the most perfect kind, it has a check that is firm and unvarying, and of a most ingenious character—the whole thing is so ordinary simple that it can be understood almost at a glance by any ordinary piano-forte tuner; and we feel bound to add that they have an elasticity of touch and firmness of action that we have rarely, if ever, seen surpassed.

"In grand pianos, and indeed in all which have a great length of string, there is a difficulty in dampening or stopping the sound of the note directly the finger is taken off. This difficulty, too, has been overcome by Messrs. Steinway, for they use a damper which stops the sound as soon as the notes are raised from the keys. The American makers are generally very elaborate in the getting up of the cases for their pianos, and those of Messrs. Steinway are very rich carved work, are massive and elegant in their appearance, and are well suited to them, which makes the surface of the case look more like a piece of plate-glass than what it really is. We would advise all who have a taste for music, and are fond of hearing a good piano, to visit these magnificent instruments the next time they go to the International Exhibition. They are to be found in Class 16, United States Department. We are informed that Messrs. Steinway are to receive first-class medal for their pianos. The whole of Messrs. Steinway and Sons' pianos have been purchased by the enterprising firm of CRAMER, BEALE, & WOOD, the proprietors of the great PIANO-FORTE GALLERY in Regent Street, who, we understand, are appointed the sole agents for them in England."

The special correspondent of the New York *Times* writes:

"In Class 16 there are four exhibitors, two of whom receive the medal. This is the musical instrument class, and I am not wrong in saying that it has been the great feature of the American Department. In a former letter I referred to the extraordinary excitement that had been occasioned among piano-forte makers and professors by the startling power and excellence of Messrs. Steinway & Sons' instrument. The American Court was crowded with the curious in such matters; all the best players in London tried the pianos, and some of the most critical occasion even went so far as to break the instrument open to see the 'improvements' which it locked. Several weeks ago the two grands and two squares were sold to Messrs. CRAMER, BEALE, & WOOD, who were so satisfied with their bargain, and confident that a European business could be established by Messrs. Steinway & Sons, that they have ever since renovated themselves at their agents, and, as I am informed, have forwarded an extensive order for eight pianos. Four other cash applications were made for the purchase of these particular instruments, and I am confident that if a fourth 'grands' were here they would all of like fate. The jurors in this class were as follows:

"W. Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D., London; J. R. Planché, M. D., United States; Right Honorable Sir George Clerk, F.R.S., Chairman, Edinburgh; Fétis, Deputy-Chairman, Belgium; Hullmandel, France; Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Mus. D., Oxford; Ernst Pauer, Austria; William Pole, Mus. B., F.R.S., Secretary, London; J. Schiedmayer, Zoll-Vereins; Earl of Wilton, G.C.H., London; Henry Wyatt, Mus. D., London.

"And the awards are: Steinway & Sons, medal; 'Powerful, clear, and brilliant tone of piano, with excellent workmanship shown in a grand piano and a square piano of very large dimensions.' Messrs. Steinway's intonement by the jurors is emphatic, and strongest and more to the point than that of any European maker."

M. Henri Heche, one of the most competent musical critics in France, says, in the *Presse Musicale* of Paris:

"The firm of Steinway & Sons, from New York, exhibits two pianos—one grand piano and one square piano—both of which have particularly attracted the attention of the jury. This firm, not known among the exhibitors of the first rank, has, however, in a few years, by very short time, established a reputation. Messrs. Steinway & Sons have, to say so, the monopoly to sell pianos in America, and in New York they have considerably outstripped the other manufacturers. Undoubtedly, therefore, Messrs. Steinway may claim to be classed with Messrs. Erard, Pleyel, Broadwood, etc. Such importance naturally called the attention of the international jury to the Steinway pianos; but there were better reasons still for their attention, and the first of these reasons is the excellency of the pianos. The firm is also the only one which distinguished itself in the manufacturing of pianos by new inventions, worthy of being favorably considered."

M. Heche continues his letter by comparing the old and new method of piano making, mentioning especially that Messrs. Steinway prepare the wood which they choose with the utmost care, and only take the very left materials for their pianos. He after this praises the invention of *overstringing*, for which Messrs. Steinway have a patent, and says:

"I have been able to judge upon the effect of this new method, and can tell you that the square piano of Messrs. Steinway fully possesses the tone of a grand piano; it is grand in quality. The angles sound, the extension, the even tone, the sweetness, the power, are combined in this piano to no other piano I have seen, and this is the result of the new inventions which I mentioned."

About the grand piano the writer makes the following eulogistic remarks:

"The grand piano unites in itself all the qualities which you can demand of a correct piano. The character, the power, and the even tone are most remarkable. The touch is comparatively light; it is adapted for every shade of expression, and in every part the instrument will develop, according to the wish of the player, power, roundness, and especially that soft tone which is necessary for accompaniment. I do not hesitate to say that this piano is by far better than all the English pianos which I have seen at the Exhibition, including the pianos of Broadwood. Finally, I can tell you that Messrs. Steinway & Sons are going to receive the medal for sonority and clearness, brilliancy and sympathetic tone of their pianos."



PIANOS EXHIBITED BY MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS, OF NEW YORK, AT THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF LONDON.

THE LOSS OF THE "GOLDEN GATE."

We illustrate on page 540 the burning of the *Golden Gate*, which took place in the Pacific Ocean, off Manzanilla, Mexico, on 27th ult. The following description of the steamer is reliable:

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer *Golden Gate* was a side-wheel steamer, 1862 tons, and was built at this port by William H. Webb, in 1859. Her dimensions were as follows: length 250 feet, breadth 32 feet, depth of hold 23 feet. Her draught of water was about 16 feet.

She was one of the finest boats on the route between Panama and San Francisco, and was a favorite with the traveling public. She was launched January 21, 1850, and was built for HOWLAND & ASPINWALL. Her engines were constructed at the Novelty Works.

She was a fast vessel, and could accommodate about nine hundred passengers, besides a large quantity of freight. She was rated at the Underwriters All, and her coppering against fire were recorded "good." She had two independent fire-pumps, and one bilge-pump, with hose, etc. She had oscillating engines and two cylinders of eighty-inch diameter, with nine-feet stroke piston.

She carried from eight to twelve boats, sufficient to carry several hundred persons.

The *Golden Gate* was rigged in 1856, 1858, 1859, and lately she has been put in excellent order.

Manzanilla, off which it appears the steamer was when the fire broke out, is in the bay of Limon, Isthmus of Panama. The steamers from San Francisco call there to ship treasure brought from the mines of Colonia, in Mexico. It is about three hundred miles south of Acapulco and about fifteen hundred south of San Francisco.

The accident occurred as follows:

On the 27th ult., at a quarter to five P.M., when fifteen miles south of Manzanilla, while the passengers were dressing, an alarm of fire was heard. The steamer was promptly headed for the shore, three and a half miles distant, the flames meanwhile making fearful headway.

At a quarter past five the upper deck fell in.

Soon after the steamer struck the beach, and the passengers and crew who had not got into the boats jumped overboard and endeavored to swim ashore.

About one hundred, including the children, swam or were washed ashore alive.

The ship burned to the water's edge and soon disappeared.

Those passengers who reached the shore made their way four miles to Manzanilla, where they arrived on the 28th, just as the steamer *St. Louis* arrived up from Panama.

Some few others escaped to Manzanilla in boats. One boat, with thirty persons on board, has not been heard from, but probably made the shore south of Manzanilla.

A CORPORAL'S STORY.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I ENLISTED as a private in Company C, Captain Black,—th Regiment, New York State Volunteers, April 30, 1861, to serve the State for two years. When I enlisted the Captain promised my friends that he would never leave his company, but take care of his men to the end of the war. The people of our town promised that they would take care of my wife and child and see that they wanted for nothing. The Government promised me good clothes, eleven and a half dollars a month, good fare, and the best of care if I was sick or wounded. In these things I did not care about. I was very poor, but I thought if I might have to my toy my name with the letter "U" which is for the Union," that he would be richer than any thing else his father could give him would make him. Every thing was new and exciting to us in a few days after we were mustered into the United States service. Much to our disappointment we were only mustered for three months, because we were two-years' men and not three-years' men. After we were mustered we got our shoddy clothes and old muskets—flint locks altered to percussion. Our Colonel was green, and our Captain was green also too much. Some of the men wanted to see all the places we marched through, and went off to look without permission and got severely punished. I thought it was not right to go off so, but I thought they ought to have been punished by their own company officers before they were punished for not knowing it. It seemed to us that as fast as the Colonel or Captain learned any thing out of the Tactics, or the Army Regulations, or the Articles of War, they ran traps for us to catch us in and punish us. We all got a good deal discouraged at first, but after a while we got a new Colonel and Captain, and he told us we could be punished orderly, decent, and do all the drudgery and suffer all the hardship of a soldier's life and not be rewarded. That to obey orders was no disgrace, but, on the contrary, to be undisciplined and disorderly made us only brutes and slaves.

Most of our officers and men were in good spirits and determination after this. We expected to have a good fight, and go home the first three months were over.

The Government had not the means to provide for us very well at first, and our quarter-master spent his time telling about for fun instead of going for us what he might have got, and the Government did not pay us any thing because we were three-months' men. All this we put up with cheerfully because it was summer time, and in three months we would be home again.

It was pretty hard sometimes. We had nothing to eat, our tents were taken away, and we slept on the wet ground just as we could lie down. Then we all got sick, and there were no hospitals except such as the surgeon carried in a wagon. Some of the men got sunstruck a good deal at first. They told them this was not manly. If we died doing our duty it was just as good as being shot in battle.

But it was pretty tough when our three months were nearly up—and we had never had a fight, and it seemed as if we never should—to be claimed for the rest of two years, and taken at our word. It's a new bargain we to be made we thought we had a right, the same as at the first, to volunteer instead of being forced. This made us a good deal of trouble; but I thought that the Government would not take us if they did not need us; and I made up my mind if this great nation needed a poor man like me it could have me in its service, and if not, besides, we had learned just what we ought to know to be good for something, and had got toughened to it. For one I felt rather proud that we was considered good enough to be kept. And if it had not been for Sally and Johnny I would have thing from the sulphurs and had a hard look for the winter coming on, I should not have cared to be any where else. Some of our officers fellows asked me how I liked being pressed away from my wife and boy. Well, I said, I should be glad to go home and see them; but if it was to sneak out and have somebody else fight for my wife and boy while I staid at home, I should be ashamed to have my John call me father at that.

After a while we got over grumbling, and began to take pride in standing hardship and keeping ourselves as comfortable and clean as possible, no matter how bad the weather and how hard the service.

One day last December, after a long march in the snow, which slipped, and slushed, and mulled out shoes, and then froze the shoes stiff, we got into our cabins at last, and as we were not to be without supper or breakfast next morning, for the roads were so bad the wagons could not get up. Well, that morning our Brigadier-General came down to see us. We heard he was coming, and every man had his musket brought in and his cabin brushed up, the snow had cleaned our shoes, and our cotton cloth-covers," as the boys called their overalls, were very clean. The General looked pleased on a frosty morning. So we were paraded in line as for drum parade, and when we presented arms as the General it went like the tick of a clock, for we were vexed, and we would have done it fine that morning if we had died. "Ah, ha, boys," the General said, "somebody has been living about you. They said you had no time for breakfast, and that your feet were frozen off you, and that you slept in a barn last night." We heard how he bragged about us afterward, and said that there was not a hay seed on our coats or a ration in the bellies of the whole regiment. The next day we went into Clear Spring, in Maryland, and that is a place for Union soldiers I wont say. The people gave us the whole town, and all they had was welcome. It is only a village town, but, as one of the girls said to Pat Maguire, that though there was not a big house, it was the right smart of folks there. Here we had a good rest, plenty to eat, and a hearty welcome.

The first time we had a scrimmage with the secesh was not a long while after this. We forded the Potomac and marched toward Martinsburg. Cold and wet was nothing new, and hungry was not to be talked of. We were at last going to fight Jackson and Co. We thought our first fight was beautiful. The secesh all ran away as soon as we began firing. They were Virginia Militia. Some of our officers wrote home flaming accounts of the fight, but our Colonel wrote a very quiet severe on us, and said such nonsense would spoil us. He ordered us and ordered us till day and night as hard as soldiers but orders. On third day's de-ploy column. Battalion by right and left flanks. Double quick. We marched a-reel on a run. We believe that we would have all skedaddled if we had not been more afraid to disobey orders. I thought it all over, and my company was in third division, and we had to stand fast while the rest formed on us and then we had to run on the rear. A cold sweat stood all over me, but I had not time to think before the other division were double-quick. I lay it through some open ground into the road, and when we were ordered to lie down till our battery came up. Pretty soon the artillery horses advanced on us down through a dip in the ground, halting occasionally and loading and firing as they came on. The shells whistled over us, and we done no harm. Our battery on our right drew the fire of the secesh artillery, and we had an open chance before us. By forming on third division we had just a slight roll of ground between us and the dip in the meadow, and the shells from the flying balls from the battery would ricochet over us, or fall short and plough without striking. A few men got hit with pieces of shell, but not many. I was hit by artillery was from the first firing. The Colonel heard looking against a tree, and when he came down of the knoll, as cool as a cucumber, watching the enemy. The surgeon, and assistant, and band were looking up the wounded and not carrying them to the rear out of fire. Every now and then the Colonel would order us to lie down on the aiming the ground, and I could see him from where I was blow his teeth with a fierce-looking kind of grin as he looked at us. The same as I could understand by me, just wait 'till I order these fellows at you. It seemed a very long time before we came on. We fired a single volley at 100 yards distance and then fixed bayonets, and down we went at double-quick charge, every man for himself as he pleased. The Georgians stood till we were twenty paces from them, and then broke and ran in a mass fence, where they tried to rally, but in climbing the fence we came up with them, and the rails flew in all sort after them as they went. I got the battery, which could not hit us without hitting them. So we took the battery and the prisoners. This is all I know about the first battle of Winchester. After we were ordered up to fire and charge I did not see my body that looked scared. I felt as much as I could think any thing about it then, though, 'till the smoke broke, men were every now and then dropping out of the ranks hit or killed.

Our Brigadier-General came down to us on next morning, and we were ordered to march after him, and he made us another short speech. Says he: "Boys, we have been just learning you how a little more, and you have done it fine. Now all I am going to take you over into McClellan's camp one of these days, and then I shall expect you to fight in real earnest. But I see your clothes look as nice as usual this morning." We had a bold talking. Sergeant in the color-guard, who was a good scholar. "That's more than yours do, General," which made us all grin. For the rest of his story I had a hole through it, and his baggage had been started toward Manassas the day before the fight, and he had no change, and the hole could only be mended with a patch; but I suppose for as cool as he would talk to us he was not much afraid of a hole in his coat. If he wasn't we was. We lay at Winchester for some days before we marched across the Shenandoah for Manassas, and while there there I went into the hospitals where our boys and the secesh wounded were together, and as well as here I saw something that made me feel pretty bad. One of our corporals had a bullet through his thigh. He was wounded on picket before the battles the battle. He had an Irishman on his picket-guard his mouth smoking his pipe through any thing and every thing. Well, the Irishman died during this night, so Pat lighted his pipe and smoked away, lying down with his wounded leg stretched out, and for it was not his relief, and as he could not sleep he made could take it out in a good smoke. This spark of fire made a good mark, and every soon a bullet struck the corporal who was standing some distance from Pat. "Bless the pipe, Sim," says Pat, "for if you had been smoking it, corporal, he would have fired at you and hit me." To guard against being by Yorc and Jackson was approached cautiously toward the place from which the shot had been fired. They found a number of secesh there, and soon came to a badly wounded man, in a farmer's dress, with a large bore rifle lying by his side. They stopped to look at him, and as they could, and turned out Pat's relief to carry him and the corporal to the nearest house in our lines. This turned out to be the farmer's own house. But it was deserted of every body except an old darkey and a little girl about nine years old. It turned out that they had been sent to the house by the girl's mother, a neighbor's wife, and when we carried them, to get some clothes, left behind when they ran away from their home, which they did on hearing that Jackson was coming back to drive us out of Winchester. They went into the mountains, just as a few days afterward Union men fled to the other had started from his hiding-place for news, when he was impressed by the secesh and made to serve as guide for placing the pickets as he knew the neighborhood. He said that he had his rifle to protect himself with, and I believed him. But when they saw Pat's pipe, knowing him to be a good shot, they compelled him to fire at the light, he purposely aimed one side and hit the corporal. Our return fire drove away their picket, but wounded him in the arm and side in a few days. The darkey went back to the mountains but the little girl would not leave her father, and he was glad of it. Pat stopped along the corporal's. She staid with him giving him water, bathing his head, and saying, "Never mind your daddy" all the while till he died." Pat got a pass to go and see the poor man buried, and the next roll call he was among the missing. I never saw any more of him.

Pat for the next four days, when he came into camp and reported for duty, was pulled to pieces by his pass as innocent as a baby. Upon being questioned about such an absurd pretense as the pass for the next days, Pat was said he had to go base with the mourner from the funeral. And the fact was, the fellow had taken the little girl home to her mother in the mountains.

I do not know if you will think what I say of my interest worthy of publication. I have given a plain soldier's account of what did happen really in this war would encourage some others to enlist just now when we want them. If you have not furnished out somewhat from what we were at first, and if our people will continue to be well regimented with names already on their flags, or get up new ones that will do better than we have, why then it seems to me we all our rebellion before the end old enough to go alone. And if they don't come soon, I don't see why a great many more will have to come by-and-by.

I am yours, very respectfully,

EZRA HYDE,

Corporal Company C.

—th N. Y. S. Volunteers.

I WOULDN'T WOULD YOU?

Who doesn't now read the paper
More than a month before
Eagerly watching the symptoms
Of our great political sore?
Some only to scoff and grumble,
To sleep and loaf and chew,
Doing nothing to ease the smarting;
I wouldn't do that—would you?

Some canvass their rulers' merits,
While they hint, with a lofty grace,
What they in their wiser wisdom
Would do if they filled their place.
They keep aloof from the struggle,
They choose to talk, not do,
While others are fighting battles;
I wouldn't do that—would you?

Some peck at our noble generals
As a cockerel would at the sun,
And understand their movements
About the same each one.
They stay 'neath pleasant home shadows,
While others dare and do,
And from lack of their aid are falling;
I wouldn't do that—would you?

When voices are calling loudly
For help in the contest at hand,
Be sure to keep out the shadow
Of their idol self-hood stand;
Willing the few brave spirits
Right the fearful strife through,
And sow the land with their ashes;
I wouldn't do that—would you?

There's many a noble woman
Would shield by her husband's side,
And face the foe bravely with him
Through the battle's fearful tide.
Others there are shrinking,
When they fain would blow too,
Their husbands, sons, or brothers;
I wouldn't do that—would you?

Some only remember the circle
That gathers about their board,
While the sick and suffering soldier
There's nothing they can afford;
Their ear is to the ground listening
That is piercing our country through,
While our bravest and best are dying;
I wouldn't do that—would you?

THE FORGED CHECK.

THE tall white pine-trees in front of the antique red brick house were motionless in the heat, and the sunshine lay in latticed gleams athwart the floor; but within the house all was coolness. The voice of the distant reapers floated down, like sounds in a dream, to the ear of Ellice May, as she sat in the door-way, her work lying idly in her lap, and her eyes fixed on the hazy August hills. Beautiful she was, indeed, with her large, delicately black, fringed with dark lashes that almost shadowed her cheek. There was something Eastern in the style of Ellice May's beauty—the olive cheek stained with rose; the small, scarlet mouth; and the serene, straight features. As for the little hands—taper-fingered and pink-tipped—they certainly seemed made expressly to beckon dark-skinned slaves and wield a fan indolently. Not a care owns no love of climate; and sometimes you are startled by finding this Eastern beauty the type of face among Down-east New England damsel, just as a few evergreens amongst the autumn blue-bells and mountain daisies on a farm-house window-ledge.

"Now, don't look off into vacancy so provokingly, Ellice!" said a tall, handsome youth, who was leaning against one of the columns of the piazza. "Do be gracious to a visitor who is driven all the way from town this broiling day just to catch a glimpse of your bright eyes!"

Ellice turned her head and smiled, but thought idly still; it was plain she was thinking of something else.

"How do you like my new pair of grays, Ellice?" he continued, presently. "I bought them with a special eye to your preference. But then those lazy rascals under the gig-house don't tell you there's blood there!"

"They are very pretty," said Ellice, quietly, "very pretty and well matched. But, Harry, Ellice, what ails you to-day? I don't believe you have half an eye for me as you used. Give me one of your old smiles, now—honest!—and tell me that you haven't entirely forgotten your old playmate for Hugh Irving. I met him just below the turn of the road as I drove over—didn't you speak, however. By-the-way, Ellice, I've done a pretty insane piece of business to-day that, I imagine, will put Hugh Irving effectually down for the present."

"What do you mean, Frazer?" said Ellice, suddenly rousing herself from her temporary abstraction.

"I mean that we manœuvred the mortgages on the old Irving farm, and foreclosed a week or two ago, and I foreclosed to-day at twelve o'clock, just half an hour after it became due."

"You foreclosed it?"

"Yes, and I defy Mr. Hugh to help himself. Of course they will have to sell the farm; and it is a prodigiously close, for I have only waited a chance to break Hugh Irving's pride, and fortunate forever after. I'll be bound he'll never in his own route this moment to give directions to that outlaws lawyer of his, blessedly unconscious! The Irving Place must go, Ellice, for it is of no use to a possibility for them to raise the money at so short a notice; and, with all the rest, it won't be a bad arrangement for me, pecuniarily speaking."

But Ellice had risen from her seat with redoubled energy, and was looking down upon Harry with angry sparkle.

"Frazer Martin, you are not in earnest?"

"Never more so in my life, my love!"

"You would not stoop to such a dishonorable, unchristian action, Frazer, as to—"

"Not at all dishonorable, Ellice; only a trick of the trade. I am sorry you look at it precisely so, but I would stretch a point or two to make Hugh Irving feel my power."

"Despicable! base!" reiterated Ellice, wringing her hands passionately. "Frazer, I never would have believed it of you!"

"Scold away, darling!" said Martin, carelessly touching her braids of shining black hair, as they swept down her cheek. "I know no kiss her sweet you look with those cheeks blazing and the great eyes dilated. I like to see you get excited!"

"If I've really any power over you, Frazer, go, this moment, and undo the work of evil. Do not let Hugh Irving suffer for your cruel and needless malice. Remember the Place is his home—his all. Hasten back to the city, for Heaven's sake!"

"Never!" answered Martin, with a look and a almost demoniac light in his eye. "I tell you, Ellice, I have the man, and I will not bate my hold upon him!"

"Then, Frazer," said Ellice, calmly, "our engagement is at an end. I will not marry a man who has taught me to despise him!"

"Now, my darling, don't be so!" said Frazer Martin, coaxingly. "You know very well that you love me—that you are my affianced wife. Tell the truth, now; own up that you only want to tease me!"

He would have passed his arm about her waist but she drew back with dignity.

"I might have loved you once, Frazer, or believed that I did; but you have killed my remember, my fickle fair one, that you can not smile me back again when you are wearied of playing the coquette. Make your choice now, or forever!"

"It is made; good-evening, Mr. Martin!" said Ellice, calmly. And calmly she stood there—her white dress fluttering in the sunset breeze, while Martin twitched the reins of his splendid grays from the post and sprang into his carriage, driving off like a whirlwind.

Noble Ellice, indeed; she was true to her womanhood, true to herself; and even at the time when Hugh Irving lost his ancestral patrimony he gained soul and body, for the chance of striking that man's cup of happiness to the ground!

Twenty years had wrought but little change in the dark beauty of Ellice Irving. One or two threads of silver had interwoven themselves in the abundant braids of ebon hair, and the peach-bloom color of girlhood had given place to

A father rose on her cheek; but Ellice was lovely still as the stood, in the frosty October twilight, shading her eyes with one fair jewelled hand, while the other pushed aside the crimson trails of the vine that touched vine which hung over the piazza pillars.

Looking for her husband. Ah! there was no loving eye to watch for Frazer Martin's erring footsteps!

At length he came, welcomed home by the glow of firelight, and the merry voices of little children, and the gentle calm of Ellice's smile! The world called Hugh living a fortunate man, because he had prospered accordingly in the pursuit of commerce; but what would the world have said could it have peered into his inmost heart, and seen there what a sad an undiscovered word to express that blue!

"But, Hugh, something has annoyed you; your face grave and thoughtful," said Mrs. Irving, when at length the noisy crew of little ones were safely packed off to bed, and husband and wife were sitting together—Hugh in a velvet easy-chair, and Ellice on a low ottoman footstool, with her head resting on his knee, as she had been used to do in the days of bridehood.

"You are a sensible witch, Ellice!" said Hugh, laughing. "I believe you know every thought that crosses my mind. Yes, dearest, I have been excessively annoyed!"

"Tell me about it, Hugh; you know you never have any secrets from me."

She put her little hand carelessly into his: he clasped and kissed it. The thought passed through her—"I have an opportunity to-day, Ellice, to pay of a very old debt—to pay it with interest. What do you advise?"

"Don't talk in riddles, you provoking fellow! Speak out plainly, or I never shall be able to comprehend you," said Mrs. Irving.

"Listen, then, my dear wife," said Hugh, suddenly grave, almost stern in his tone and manner. "You know that I have been in the habit of depositing, from time to time, large amounts of money in the hands of the —— Bank, at New York? Well, I had occasion, not long since, to send for a supply. It was duly forwarded to me, with a notice that I had slightly overdrawn my account. I knew this to be impossible, as the balancing things have rarely ten thousand dollars, and my order was but for five. On examining the statement of accounts sent on with the funds I discovered that a check for five thousand dollars, bearing my signature, had been presented and cashed some six months previously. Now I had never before in my life signed any such check."

"Well?" said Ellice, her lips apart, and her eyes fixed earnestly on her husband's grave face.

"And the name of the man who presented this check—this forged check, remember—was Frazer Martin!"

Ellice grew pale, and clasped her hands tightly together. "Good Heaven, Hugh, can this thing be possible?"

"Not merely possible, love, but *certain*. A fit winding up of his career of recklessness and dissipation," said Irving, bitterly.

"But, Hugh, what measures have you taken?" asked Ellice, who seemed scarcely able to realize the stupendous fraud.

"What is the consequence, Hugh?"

"Imprisonment for life!" was the stern answer.

Ellice trembled, and half opened her lips, but there was no gleam of encouragement in the dark love of her husband.

"Oh, Hugh, dear Hugh, to think that *I* might have been the wife of this wretched man!"

Mr. Irving passed his hand fondly over his wife's hair and drew her closer toward him, as if he would avert the unwonted thought of danger from her.

"If you please, ma'am," said a servant, putting his head in at the door, "would you please to step hall a minute? The housekeeper wants to speak a word with you."

Mrs. Irving rose and passed quietly out of the room. Hugh remained in his old position, gazing into the fire with set brow and compressed lips. In a moment his wife returned with a white, shocked face.

Hugh—husband—I have a sad story to tell you. The servants have brought in a poor, footsore creature, wearied with travel, and ill, fear, on the verge of fever. He fell on the wayside, a little way below, and Bruce found him as he came back from stabling your horses. He is now in the kitchen with fatigue and privation—shall we take him in?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Irving, rousing himself with an effort from the train of thought in which he had been wellnigh absorbed; "let the servants see that he has every care!"

"But Hugh, dearest," pleaded the wife, looking with grieved, terrified eyes into his face, "you will come and see him? We have laid him on the sofa in the anteroom."

"If you wish it, my dear, certainly," said Mr. Irving. "Why, what is the matter? You trembe like a leaf!"

"Oh, my husband!" murmured Ellice, pausing at their feet toward the threshold, as if afraid to only remember the Bible words, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

Hugh Irving had not time to make an explanation of her words ere he found himself in the ante-room from which the servants had all been dismissed. There, upon the sofa, lay a wild-eyed man with tatty garb and bleeding feet, his clothes in tatters and his face shadowed by a beard of several days' growth. As Mr. Irving approached he gave a faint cry, and endeavored to spring from his couch, like one who would flee, but weakness and approaching illness overpowered him, and he sank back on the sofa, covering his face with the tattered hands. And, as he did so, Hugh Irving knew that he stood in the ghastly presence of his doubliest foe, Frazer Martin.

"Have they come to arrest me?" shrieked the poor, half-delirious creature. "I have fled long, but I was not fast enough for them. I am weak and ill. I think I am going to die. But send for me, away. Don't let *him* see me! I know it would be detected, but I thought I could replace the money before *he* knew it! I did not dream that it would all be swallowed up in that miserable speculation! Is it *he*, or only another troubled vision?"

"It is I, Frazer Martin," returned Hugh, coldly. "You will have yes enough to see for yourself."

"I can say nothing. I have no excuse to plead; but for God's sake do not deliver me into the hands of the law! I fled from it, and beyond its reach, but you see how weak I am! Have mercy on me! Oh, Hugh Irving, you have a heart, I know, for me! I shall soon be beyond the reach of earthly aid or pardon!"

His pleadings imploring voice—almost abject in its entreaty—jarred on Irving's ear. He turned to Ellice, who stood by his side.

"Ellice, if I pursue the plans I had arranged the officers of justice will be here at noon to-morrow; if not—"

"But you will not, dearest Hugh!" cried his wife, whose quick ear had caught the meaning change in his face. "You will forgive, as we ourselves hope, one day, to be forgiven! For my sake, dear love!"

"For your sake, sweet wife, and Heaven's!"

And Frazer Martin knew that he was safe!

The next morning the sun only entered the darkened room where lay the rival of his youthful boy-days, and found the sufferer in the grim eyes of the sick man turned wistfully toward him, as the feeble hand was stretched forth.

"Do not fear, Frazer," said Hugh, encouragingly. "I have sent a letter to the Bank, inclosing the amount of the money accused by overdrawn. Rest in peace, for no act of mine shall ever disturb your safety!"

The feeble flush mounted to the wan cheek where health's rosy tide should never mantle more.

"It is more than I deserve, Hugh Irving, and I feel acutely how little it is deserved. No revenge could cut to my heart like this. I shall not live to thank you, but you have now fixed in my days in a prison cell. Ellice—for I may call you once more by the sweet name of other times, you are glad to have married Hugh Irving. He is worthy of you—I never was!"

The sick man paused as he died, holding with his last grasp Hugh Irving's hand, and only relaxing the chill pressure when, at last, his soul passed forth into the great Hereafter, where neither friendship nor enmity could follow him.

The five thousand dollars—need we say it?—was never missed; but in its stead there came a deep peace far more precious to Hugh and Ellice Irving than heaps of Gold and diamonds from Golconda. The sun of Frazer Martin's life had not gone down upon their wrath!

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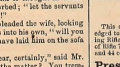
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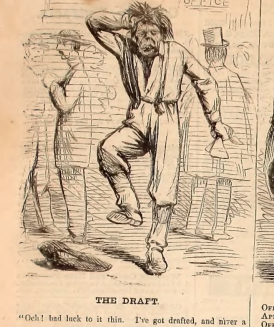
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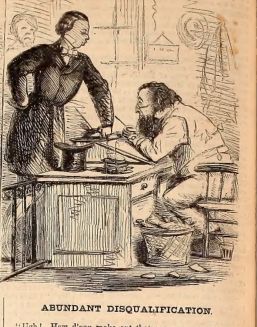
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VI.—No. 296.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3 00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL MICHAEL CORCORAN, LATE COLONEL SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

GENERAL CORCORAN.

On page 549 we present a portrait of BRIGADIER-GENERAL MICHAEL CORCORAN, whose release from captivity has been one of the most interesting events of the past week.

General Michael Corcoran was born in Ireland, but came to this country at a very early age. He engaged in various employments here, and at the time the war broke out was employed as a clerk in the New York Post-office. He had always evinced a fondness for soldiering, and had risen, by his attention to drill and his devotion to the interests of the regiment, from the rank of private to that of Colonel of the Sixty-ninth Regiment New York State Militia. He first rose into notice when the Prince of Wales was here, by refusing to turn out his regiment in honor of the nation's guest. His conduct at the time was the subject of severe and malevolent, and he was even court-martialed for it. It will suffice to say that for that offense no one will be disposed to censure him now. For Prince Albert Edward were to come here to-morrow, there is not a Colonel in the service who would willingly or by choice be host to the throne of a country which has treated us as England has done during the past year. At the outbreak of the war Colonel Corcoran was one of the first Colonels who reported a regiment ready; and early in April, 1861, the gallant Sixty-ninth marched to the Seventy-third strong. They were stationed for some time on Arlington Heights, where they bore with substantial token of their visit in the shape of Fort Corcoran. Their term of service expired on the 30th July, and they were then mustered out, to join their homes. But a battle was imminent, and after a heart-stirring appeal from Colonel Corcoran, the entire regiment decided to see it out. At Bull Run they behaved with gallantry, and won the praise of their General. Unfortunately, in the retreat the Colonel got separated from his men, and was taken prisoner. This was thirteen months ago. During last time General Corcoran has endured privations of all kinds, in prison at Richmond, Charleston, Columbia, and Salisbury—suffering slights and insults beyond all imagination; badly fed, badly lodged, badly treated by brutal jailers, and badly treated by false promises of liberty which were always broken. And now the gallant fellow is back with us again, and ready and eager to fight once more under the glorious old Flag. At his reception at Washington he said:

SOLDIERS AND COMRADES—For this kindly greeting on my arrival I return you a my most fervent thanks. Both officers and men I have not had the honor to meet for many months; nor is it possible for such a chance to come from any other quarter than those actively and practically engaged in the service. There is not a person in the country who more than I does not love, marching, as they are, to the consummation and only guarantee of the peace of this glorious Union. The very sound of the roll of the drum is to me like the voice of a friend. They remind me of the cheering I used to hear in Fourth of July processions in North Carolina, for the maintenance of the glorious institutions which we have lived, (Applause.) Massachusetts has always done well, and taken a great part in all the struggles of her sister States. I am heart glad to see that she has come forth with redoubled vigor this time. Her children, who will, I trust, strike such a blow as will crush the miscreants that have dared to raise the fire of the infamous rebellion. Yes, I will, and cries "We will, we will!") I hope to hear a good account of the men who are now before me. I am confident I do hope that New York will not forth her fair name, will not be second to any other State in the Union that will, this heavy contest, send out their sons to battle for the rebellious. Gentlemen, I had hoped the whole matter would have been settled ere now. But it is to be regret that I am now here and shall be permitted to take my musket in my hand. But no other country will ever enjoy one more blessings our enemies. I hope the number that has been sent for by the President of the United States will come forward voluntarily and enroll themselves in their country's cause, but I think myself if none will be obliged to be drafted, for I want a few of the fault-finders, (Cheers and cries of "Good, good!") some of those who are home military critics to have an opportunity of displaying their mongrel courage. I shall not be satisfied unless I can want to see the lukewarm men, the men who are afraid of their property, the men who have no brains to receive it by cannon and the blood of their most patriotic brethren, will be the first to take advantage of every thing good in the country that is left to them, and will be willing to sustain in the hour of her need. I want those men made to fit up and march, and shall not regret if there is an order sent of getting them to draft them. (Cries of "Good, good!") I say, gentlemen, I shall do my best that the Government has adopted vigorous measures for the prosecution of the war, and that Congress has passed the most effective with ample power to do so. I trust the President implicitly. I would not have invested him with such power or to push the rebellion. The rebels have given to them with the power of their hands, and they must be done with. Now is the hour or the hour never. Now or never must the rebellion. If be broken and the Union sustained and restored. Gentlemen, I did not intend to make a speech—(Cries of "Go on, go on!" and cheers)—and will reserve any further remarks I may have to make to a future occasion.

The public learn with satisfaction that this President, in consideration of his captivity and his hereditary, has appointed him a Brigadier-General, his commission to date from the Battle of Bull Run.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1862.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE Army of the Potomac has evacuated Harrison's Landing without the loss of a man or a dollar's worth of property, and with its way to new fields of battle. We trust that the military critics who so highly eulogized General Beauregard for evacuating Corinth, and General Johnson for evacuating Manassas without being molested by our armies, will render to General M'Clellan his due meed of praise for having, under circumstances of far greater difficulty, accomplished this last evacuation with at least equal success.

Whether our troops ought ever to have gone to or place from which it required consummate generalship to extricate them, whether, as General M'Clellan, would not have acted more wisely in turning back from Yorktown as soon as he ascertained that the civilian commanders at Washington had upset his plans for the campaign on the Peninsula, by depriving him of the army of 40,000 men led by General M'Dowell, are questions which can safely be left open for discussion when the war is over. It is easy to understand the reasons which may have induced General M'Clellan to persevere in his expedition even against the dictates of his judgment. But this is not the time to consider it.

What we have to do now is to beat the enemy, and this, with God's help, we are in a better position to do now than we were before. The Army of the Potomac, consisting of fully 80,000 veterans, will soon be co-operating with the Army of Virginia. Regiments are pouring into Washington at the rate of seven or eight a day. By the 1st September more than the first 300,000 men will be in the field, and by 1st October the second 300,000 will likewise be under arms. We shall then have 1,000,000 of men actually fighting for the rebellion, and of fully 100,000 in camp at home to fill vacancies by death. This force, in cool, healthy weather, led by generals of tried courage and experience, must be hardy the rebellion before the end of the winter.

OUR NEW NAVY.

WE devoted some space last week to illustrations of three new iron-clad vessels which are being built for the navy. Very few persons are aware that we are building a navy which will not only be more powerful than that of any other nation in the world, but which will be equal in strength to the combined navies of the entire European world.

When the rebellion broke out our navy consisted of 88 vessels, of which 43 were sailing craft and 9 store-ships. Of the 36 steam-vessels of war, 11 were Secretary Welles made his last report to Congress our navy consisted of 42 vessels, a majority of them propelled 202 vessels, a majority of them propelled by steam. It included in this list were 23 steam-gun-boats of about 500 tons each, all of which were constructed for Government by the most approved excellent vessels for the blockade; 9 larger steam gun-boats, of about 1600 tons each, built by Secretary Welles's predecessor (seven of them iron); 10 side-wheel steamers of about 800 tons each, similar in build to the *Octorara*; 37 purchased steamers, unarmed except for small gun-boats; 42 purchased screw-steamers converted into gun-boats; 13 ships, 18 barks, and 20 schooners. Of these vessels the majority had a view serving either on the blockade or as mortar vessels. For naval warfare in American waters this list was admirably adapted, but useless for a foreign nation. In our waters—which are the only ones in which we are likely to engage in naval warfare—the iron-clad vessels of the European Powers could not manceuvre. Our light-draft vessels, armed with heavy guns, would be a match for them.

But the events of the past year have made it plain that naval battles hereafter must be fought by iron-clad vessels, and that wooden ships must but with iron hulls. Iron-clad gun-boats are going to win every naval battle that is won in the next generation. Hence the Navy Board has the most and the best iron-clad navy will be masters of the seas.

The Monitor has at the present time three iron-clad men of war afloat—the *Warrior*, the *Black Prince*, and the *Defiance*; all large vessels carrying much weight of iron armor, and mounting port except Portland, or perhaps New York at very high rates. She has twelve more vessels building, each of which will be of about 3500 tons, five of 4000 tons, and three of 3500 or 3000 tons. Of these it is hoped that four will be completed by the end of October. The first of the pirated Captain Ericsson's invention of turrets, is raveling one or two three-deckers, which will be ready early in the spring. The only vessel afloat in 1863, Great Britain will have a fleet of iron-clad vessels. Whether any of them will be able to live in a storm sufficiently severe to enable us to fulfill the threat of the London *Times* and the other vessels of her class, however often we may be tempted to appeal to the smooth-bore thirty-twos, would not resist the impinging force of a 100-pounder Parrott shot, or a Dahlgren 13-inch solid shot. These projectiles would go right through the *Warrior*. When our forts and iron-clad vessels are armed with rifled guns, therefore, it will be safe to conclude that the iron-clad navy of England will be powerless against us.

France is said to have 6 iron-clad vessels afloat, after the fashion of *La Gloire*, and 11 more on the stocks. These vessels are not more heavily plated than the British craft of the same class, and they have never been to sea. Besides these the Emperor has constructed a very large number of gun-boat-batteries, partially ironplated, intended to land troops on soil not far distant from the coast of France. These vessels are said to be strong enough to repel shot from old-fashioned smooth-bore guns. As, however, they are not calculated to cross the ocean, they possess no interest for us.

The United States have 14 iron-clad vessels afloat. Of these, 11 are Mississippi River boats, mostly plated with 2½ inch iron, and though very serviceable against forts or wooden boats, not calculated to fight craft like the *Monitor* or the *Arkansas*. Four of these 11, including the *Essex*, Commodore Porter's flag-ship, were purchased by the Government; the others, including the famous *Benton* and *Carondelet*, were built on contract for the government at St. Louis. They are good boats and have done good service, but they are not up to the times. The remaining three vessels are in the service of the Government are the *Monitor*, the *Galena*, and the *Naugatuck*. The latter is hardly worth enumerating, and is not likely to figure prominently in the ranks of our navy. The merit of the *Galena* remains to be tested. Naval officers, as a rule, have very little faith in her. At Port Darling, the rebel shot went through and through her 3-inch plating, and many men were wounded by the splinters of the bolts and nuts which fasten her bulwarks together. She rendered good service to the Union army at the battle of July 1; but we are inclined to think that her future career will not be very active. Of the *Monitor* it is needless to say any thing.

Besides these vessels Government is building now iron-clad vessels in every ship-yard in the country. The exact number of vessels contracted for and actually in course of construction could not be ascertained. But it is certain that the following craft are being built:

1. The *Roanoke*, a frigate, 18 guns, plated with 4½-inch plates, nearly ready, at Philadelphia. She will be the most formidable vessel in our navy when she is completed. She carries two most formidable 100-pound rifled guns, and is said to draw only 14 feet of water. She will fulfill the requirements of the builders, she will be the finest iron-clad vessel afloat.

2. The *Roanoke*, ruzeed from a first-class 40-gun frigate into a *Monitor* battery, plated with 4½-inch plates, with three turrets. She will not be ready for many days yet, but when she is ready, she will be very formidable craft. She will carry six 15-inch Dahlgren guns.

3. The *Wiltsey Battery*, a vessel with turrets, but of "low freeboard," but differing from them in being a ram as well as a gun-boat, in having its sides inclined so as to shed shot, and in having her engines placed below the water. She is only 160 feet long, and will have two turrets, with an 11-inch gun in each. She will be ready for service about the 1st September.

4. The *Quintard Battery*, also a turreted vessel, with two turrets and two guns in each—similar to the *Wiltsey*. She will be ready in two months.

5. The *Mistress*, larger than the vessel which pirated Captain Ericsson's with one turret containing two guns. These vessels will be 200 feet long, and will be improvements in both respects upon the original *Monitor*.

The first of them will be ready for service about September 10, and the last of the ten about December 10, and the latest will fulfill their engagement. They are being constructed at Boston, Greenpoint, Hoboken, Jersey City, Greenpoint, and Port Delaware. Most of them are being built under the direction of Mr. T. F. Rowland, of this city. The three which are being built at Greenpoint, will be named respectively the *Passaic*, *Montauk*, and *Catskill*.

6. Two *Ericsson Monitors*, of 320 and 340 feet in length, like the former with one, the latter with two turrets. These vessels will be the most powerful vessels in the world. They will be built so as to secure a high degree of speed, and will be very serviceable as rams, being, as Captain Ericsson says, capable of splitting an ordinary ship. They will carry 16-inch guns, which are being cast specially for them at Pittsburg. These vessels will not be in the service for some time; they would be able to sink such vessels as the *Warrior* in short order. They have been named by Mr. Lincoln *Puritan* and *Dictator*.

7. Ten iron-plated gun-boats for service on the Mississippi and Ohio, each carrying 2 guns, plated with 2½-inch iron, and carrying 2 heavy guns. They are to be ready in about six weeks.

8. Three river *Monitors*, to wit: the *Catawba*, 162 feet, the *Indianola*, 170, and the *Tuscumbia*, 170. These vessels will each carry two 15-pound guns in a turret, plated with 5-inch iron. They will draw from 3½ to 4½ inches.

9. A tremendous ram, 7000 tons, to be built by William H. Webb, of this city, at a cost of $1,250,000. She is to have two turrets, and to be plated all over with 6-inch iron. Her chief peculiarity, however, is a ram-bow, which purpose she is to steam 18 miles an hour.

Besides these, there is a large *Monitor* building for service on the Pacific coast, and one of two other large iron-clads contracted for under circumstances of great secrecy by the Navy Department. We presume we are not out of the way when we say that by 1st January next we shall have twenty first-class iron-clads afloat—vessels capable of running any batteries in the world, and sinking, in a short time, any vessels in the navies of Europe. We take for granted that, if it becomes necessary, the iron-clads which Captain Ericsson and Mr. Rowland are constructing could sail up the Thames to London Bridge with perfect impunity, sinking every war-vessel they found in their way, and could dictate terms to the British over the ruins of the House of Lords.

We are not building any iron-clad vessels on the lakes, for the reason that the treaty with England forbids any thing of the kind. An effort is being made to induce the Government to widen the locks on the Erie Canal so as to enable our *Monitors* to pass through into the lakes, if necessary. This will merely prove an expensive job. It would be far cheaper and more desirable to negotiate with Great Britain for the independence of Canada, which would render it unnecessary to provide for the safety of our cities on the lakes.

THE LOUNGER.

THE COMING WRETCH.

The rebels are making fresh raids. They tell us plainly and in the most contemptuous way that they come of a master race, and we Northerners, the southern emigrants of a serfish and mean race. They disdainfully declare that they have chosen and that we—that they are born masters, that they have whipped us in like hounds before, and that they will do it again; that we are peddling knaves and cowards, who would gladly accept our sole for ignores, and who instinctively cryel before the ground before the chivalrous gentlemen of the South.

Well, fellow-Northerners, they will make their words good unless we labor and fight with more loyalty as they in themselves. They have ranged their clans and clan-chiefs in a solid phalanx, and they will be irregular the scope of the contest. Their system must be annihilated or ours must. We must conquer and subdue them, or they will be absolutely overcome us. After sixteen months of war they are flushed with hope and confidence; they know to prove a stronger race than ours. They have always meant conquest of the North. They hoped it would come by political weakness, and then a peaceable surrender of the North under the name of reconstruction. But they believe now that a more practical result can be attained—disunion.

Let us there is but one thing that can help it; that is, the resolution of the North that they shall be exterminated, if extermination is necessary to the preservation of our system. More than any and inexorable determination, we shall succeed in exterminating them. They will not be able to integrate their society. We shall make the foundations of their social system quiver and shake beneath their feet. We shall make their whole success over them and the air with terror around them. Rather than submit to the Union they must share this Government and ruin the foundations of civil order, the death and horror and desolation in which they would involve the land will recoil on them. Who are they, and for what purpose is it, that they are to disturb with fire and blood the civilization of the world, the peace in which we have all living—a peace which provided every peaceful manner for different opinions and creed? They have brought the sword against us. Let them fall the edge of that sword in all its sharpness, rather than that we should perish by it.

Not a hair of their heads would we have injured. They laughed at our forbearance, our mawkishness. Gladly would we have borne and forborne. They sneered with the insolent defiance of the barbarian at which they deem a weakling. The whole value of Liberty we strained Peace almost to pusillanimity. For the sake of Slavery they struck with keen eye into the cruelest war. In the name of Justice let them have that war to the utmost.

When *that* is done, if this nation we shall not be troubled about M'Clellan's army, nor anxious about the Virginia campaign, nor quaking, as we are at this moment, lest Washington be taken; but the quaking and the fear will be in the hearts of which they do not dream. We shall have the fear at last the voice of the awaking wrath of Liberty—a wrath which, once aroused, they can no more resist than dead leaves in the forest can withstand the equinoctial gale.

BAT'S VIEWS.

OLD Bat, the statesman, who haunts the grocery at the corner of 36th Street, said the other day that he was a better Union man than Greeley, and he could prove it. "The President," said he, "doesn't like slavery, and wants to get rid of it; but I am for saving the Union either by carrying Liberty to the Gulf or Slavery to the Lakes."

The Bat school of statesmen is tolerably large. They blame themselves upon their peculiar policy. "I am," they declaratively they cry, "are you ready to shout save the Union, when it means Slavery?" "Are you ready to shout save it by destroying Liberty?"

When they put the question so, they put it fairly and the answer may be equally plain—as it all willing to suffer temporary deprivations of liberty for the sake of saving the Government for which sources permanent Liberty. It is upon the same principle that we are willing to suffer a painful surgical operation that we may be free from pain afterward. But when you ask us whether, in order to live, we are prepared to do that which must be done to secure personal and political liberty, we are willing to be deprived of that liberty forever, you ask an absurdity. You might as well wonder whether, in order to save his life, a man would be willing that his heart should be cut out. That would be the destruction of his life. To save the Government by destroying Liberty is equally inexplicable. Slavery means an armed force to keep it down, and their money, and means to give and take—that the end to save the Union. But what is the Union?

It is a political organization for specified purposes. They are not fighting for the Union merely because it is a Union, for it might exist for inhuman and nefarious ends. The combination of pirate vessels into a pirate fleet is a union by which more money might be made than by the separate ships; but it would be a union more despicable and dangerous in the exact degree that it was larger and stronger. The great multitude of citizens are fighting to the death for this Union because they believe with all their hearts in the objects it was founded to secure and in the certainty of its securing them. And the great end of that Union is to give every man the fairest possible chance. In its formation it supposed and intended that by this time all artificial distinctions would have been removed, and that the general equality of opportunity would have secured the general welfare.

To ask, therefore, whether you would not extend Slavery all over the land to save the Union is to ask the supremely silly question whether you would not put out your eyes to save your sight. Remember that the Union is so priceless because by its lawful operation it secures to every man the largest liberty of thought, speech, and action. And it is because the only privileged class in the country saw that the lawful working of the Union was going to secure more liberty than they thought compatible with their continued monopoly of the Government that they are now trying so hard to dissolve the Union. Let us say to them that we will willingly extend Slavery to save it and they will clasp us to their hearts. They say and believe that they are our natural masters. They will be entirely justified in saying so when Bat speaks for the country.

ENERGY NOT CRUELTY.

"You call for severity," says some doubting soul; "but was it ever found that a system of fire and sword in war was a wise system? Is there not common sense in war as in every thing else; and may you not conduct it so savagely as to drive the enemy into desperation, when a more moderate method would have induced them to surrender?"

Certainly you may. But does any body but Jeff Davis and John Bull insinuate that the Government has waged this war savagely? Read any account of the treatment of our prisoners in Richmond, Salisbury, Montgomery, or Charleston, and the filth, the poison, the foul food, the sickening inhumanity of treatment are revolting. On the other hand, do you suppose that the rebel prisoners at Camp Douglas, on Delaware Island, or elsewhere, suffer? Do you suppose Soulé is stifled in indescribable nastiness at Fort Lafayette? Do you not know that our own captains were turned out of their comfortable quarters at Fort Warren to accommodate the wretched old Mason and Slidell; and that the Baltimore prisoners in the same fort received every luxury from people in Boston? Have we boiled bones and carved skulls? Have we hung men of rebellious sympathies?

No: no man will charge upon the Government any undue harshness in the conduct of the war hitherto. It began by declaring privateersmen to be pirates, but its roaring was that of a sucking dove. It has taken thousands of prisoners—many, like Buckner, aggravated traitors. Did it try even that man, that, if found guilty, there might be an example? No; it has exchanged him. With the exception of some guerrillas shot upon the spot like other noxious vermin, has there been any solitary instance of rebel life taken except upon the battle-field? None; none at all.

Nor does any one ask for an inhuman or savage policy now. All that is asked is that we understand that we are at war, and that we use every lawful means of warfare. Having found that tufts of grass and twigs lightly thrown will not drive the enemy away, let us try stones. Having been forced to rely upon war, let us show those who have invoked it that we are more terrible in its use than they; that if they hit, we shall hit harder; that if we bleed, they shall bleed more copiously; that if we suffer, they shall endure anguish.

The severity that drives an enemy to despair is wanton cruelty. It is the conduct of the British in India and China, a conduct in war which makes them the most hated of nations. But British brutality stands alone. The magnanimous Britons alone blow men from the cannon's mouth because they do not side with heartless foreigners against their own country. They alone deliver young wives, nearly mothers, to the disemboweling knife of barbarians. The energy in the prosecution of this war which is demanded by all loyal men is neither torture nor wanton suffering, but the sternest use of every weapon of war.

NO FIGS FROM THISTLES.

There has been some question whether General Pope's order for our troops to live upon the enemy, and not to guard the property of rebels, is not an abandonment of the country to the rapine of our own soldiers. Several letters have been printed from the seat of war in Virginia apprehending the demoralizing effect of the order upon our own men, and fearing that all discipline would be destroyed.

But this fear arises from a misunderstanding. The order of living upon the enemy does not mean allowing robbery and ravage of every kind. It means simply that all property within our lines is to be occupied by the military authorities, and appropriated to our use under military regulations, and that when we move all that can not be of service to us shall be destroyed, that it may not serve the rebels. To secure this result it must, of course, be guarded. But instead of guarding it for the enemy, it will be held by ourselves for ourselves. The object of the order is to prevent the protection of property intended to help the overthrow of the Government. The result of it will be the necessity of every man's deciding whether he will take the chance of safety under our Government or under the rebellion.

Two soldiers of our army in Virginia came to a farm-house and begged for some water. The virago in charge said that if they were Confederates they might drink and welcome; if not, they might go hang. Finding the chance hopeless the soldiers went off. The next day the woman sent to our Commanding General for a guard to protect her house and property against stragglers! So when we went into Maryland, the secession districts were overrun with a vast crowd of customers, who paid for what otherwise would have had no sale at all, and paid in gold, which was immediately converted into shot and shell to kill loyal men and destroy the Government. General Pope's order is intended to make such absurdity impossible. To expect to make Union men out of Secessionists by showing them that they may rebel in perfect safety, is as wise as to try to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. It is an alchemy in which General Pope does not believe.

There is one argument, and one only, which will make Union men, and that is the lesson of hard experience that the Government is overwhelmingly powerful and superior, and respects itself enough to make its enemies suffer.

VALLANDIGHAM.

It is an interesting inquiry why Mr. Soulé is shut up in Fort Lafayette and Mr. Vallandigham is not. Mr. Vallandigham urges people to do what Mr. Soulé has done. Engaged in a mortal struggle for its existence, the Government is straining every nerve, and Mr. Vallandigham exhorts citizens to resist it passively. The friend of the rebel leaders, conspicuous in his subservience to every nod of the aristocratic faction which has brought all the desolation of this war upon the country, Mr. Vallandigham now virtually counsels surrender to their infamous insurrection.

If it be asked if he has not a right to his opinion and to the expression of it, the reply is, that the necessities of war supersede the privileges of peace. The right of absolutely free discussion upon the rights and wrongs of secession was allowed down to the beginning of hostilities by the rebels. The very day after the capture of Sumter, even, there were voices in this city in favor of yielding to the conspiracy.

But when war began debate ended. Open justification of the rebels became, under the changed circumstances, an act of rebellion. Words were things. Orators who tried to deaden public ardor, newspapers which strove to paralyze the national arm by every kind of appeal to ignorance and prejudice, were dealt with, and justly, as conspirators aiding and abetting. The man who endeavors to turn aside the officer who is upon the track of an accomplice, actually committing a murder, is not less criminal than the murderer. So the man who, by tongue or pen, aims to weaken the public mind in such a solemn and critical moment as this—and as the whole last year has been—is not less criminal than if he fought against us with arms.

If Mr. Vallandigham were detected in sending to Jeff Davis an accurate account of the number, distribution, and purpose of Pope's army, should he be sheltered from punishment by the plea that, as an American citizen, he had a perfect right to get and use information of public matters as he chose? The reply would be, whoever chooses to help our enemies does it at his peril. So, when he tries to persuade men not to support the Government against the rebellion, he helps our enemies; and he should do it at his peril.

Criticism of the causes of the war, or of its conduct, if they are made in an evident and sincere spirit of loyalty, however sharp they may be, are tolerable, for they assume the justice of the cause. But a man who thinks the war wrong, the Government tyrannical, the rebels right, even if a little irregular, is a man who ought not to be allowed to help them by his words in the desperate moment of the struggle.

This is the temporary denial of free speech. Of course it is. It is a temporary suspension of individual freedom that the very guarantee of all permanent freedom may be secured. It is the denial of the privilege to the private soldier of trying to raise a mutiny in the ranks on the very battle-field. This is the temporary limitation of free speech to which every true lover of liberty in the land gladly submits, and of which only rebels and rebel sympathizers complain. If Mr. Vallandigham thinks the rebels right, let him hold his tongue. If he says so, when their hand is on our throat, let his tongue be held.

A SUGGESTION.

The Lounger most cordially sympathizes with the suggestion of his correspondent:

"Dear Mr. Lounger,—Since the war began you have been so serious in your columns that I have not dared to write to you; but I have something to say now, which I think you will listen to.

"The other morning I wanted a few spools of thread and a piece of tape, and put on my bonnet and ran to Haberdasher & Co.'s to get them. It was a warm day and there were not many people in the street, and when I got into the shop I was quite confused by the number of young men who came politely forward and asked to serve me with what I wished. They were not the foolish, simpering fellows of whom there are so many pictures and so much fun in *Punch;* but they seemed to be quick, intelligent, and well-bred.

"I bought my thread and tape, and as I sauntered home, thinking of my brother Ned, who is with Pope in Virginia, I saw upon a pile of bricks a poster headed 'Recruits wanted.' Of course we all know that they are wanted. We know how much is left undone for the want of men. Yes, Mr. Lounger, and *I* know that if women would answer it would be left undone no longer.

"Now we women are as much interested in the war as you men. The Southern women, indeed, are said to be the main-stay of the rebellion, and the Northern women have been the chief solace and cure of our wounded soldiers. How they have worked in every way that women can, to help the great cause! And yet there is one other way. It is this. Let some of us do the work of Haberdasher & Co.'s clerks, and let them go to the war. At the Sanitary Commission rooms, and the hospitals, etc., there are as many women as can be made useful. But I—and I am sure there are plenty like me—would willingly take the places of these young men until they return. We can sell thread and measure ribbon and do up tape, perhaps not as well as they, but well enough for the purpose.

"Of course there are many of them who have mothers and sisters and families dependent upon them who could not easily go. But they ought to remember that business will revive only with peace, and if the war continues they must, many of them, lose their places. Then there are a great many who have nobody but themselves to look after, and they might surely go.

"I write to you, hoping that you will print my letter, and that they may see it. If they do, I hope they will think seriously of what I say. I can not put it in pretty language, but it means just the same. It means that I, for one, do not believe that a man hasn't a soul above buttons merely because he sells them; and I don't believe that a man can not handle a rifle skillfully because he is nimble with the yard-stick. At least, let's try, Mr. Lounger.

"Your faithful friend and constant reader,

"Lucy Lamb."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A POEM TO PATTI.

Oh charming Adelina!
How sweet is thy *Amina!*
How bewitching thy *Zerlina!*
How seldom has there been a
More tunable *Norina!*
And have I ever seen a
More enjoyable *Rosina?*
But to tell the praise I mean a-
-Las! there should have been a
Score more rhymes to Adelina.

The Weather again.—Heine said (exulting in the cool gloom of a cathedral in a real July) that Roman Catholicism was a very good religion for the summer. If so, no wonder the Pope feels discouraged this year.

Charles Incledon was proverbial for the coolness with which he regarded the turbulence of an audience. He always listened to the "storm" with the utmost nonchalance, and occasionally addressed the noisy tenants of Olympus. One evening he was prevented from singing by a dire conflict in the most classical part of the house; and after pacing the stage for some time, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," he pulled his watch deliberately from his fob, and thus addressed them: "Ladies and gentlemen, if you would contrive to finish this row in a quarter of an hour, I would esteem it as a particular favor. I'm engaged to sup with a friend at half past eleven, and I have very little time to spare." This good-humored rebuke had the desired effect, and the belligerent parties "grounded arms" immediately.

Ask a lady her age, and the information contained in her reply will probably *not* be reliable; but inquire the age of her dearest friend, and the answer may be implicitly believed.

A spiteful old bachelor says of the new style of bonnets: "Their only redeeming feature is, they afford room for a small conservatory on the top of the head."

A Scotch paper tells the story of a dairy farmer who, after the burial of his wife, drove a hard bargain with the grave-digger, who, bringing his hand down on his shovel, exclaims, "Down wi' anither shillin', or up she comes!"

A boarding-house keeper advertises "Board for two gentlemen with gas."

The law is a pretty bird, and has charming wings. 'Twould be quite a bird of Paradise if it didn't carry such a terrible bill.

Peace can do a good deal toward making a gentleman, but war is more likely to finish him.

Irish Advertisements.—The following is considered rather a good specimen of an Irish advertisement: "If the gentleman who keeps a shoe-shop with a red head will return the umbrella which he borrowed of a young lady with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to her advantage."

A merchant in Burlington having sunk his shop floor a few feet, announces that, "in consequence of recent improvements, goods will be sold much lower than formerly."

Old fools are more foolish than young ones; they have had much longer practice.

The farmer is a conqueror who wins victories upon important fields—at the point of the plow-share.

A man under sentence of death by hanging asked the sheriff, the evening previous to the execution, "I say, Mr. Sheriff, at what hour is that little affair of mine coming off?"

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating one.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ For an account of the Battle of Cedar Mountain and the attack on Baton Rouge see pages 558 and 559.

ORDER RESPECTING VOLUNTEERS AND MILITIA—OFFICIAL.

War Department, Washington Aug. 14, 1862.

Ordered—First—That after the 15th day of this month bounty and advance pay shall not be paid to volunteers for any new regiments, but only to volunteers for regiments now in the field and volunteers to fill up new regiments now organizing, but not yet full.

Second—Volunteers to fill up new regiments now organizing will be received and paid the bounty and advance pay until the 22d day of this month; and, if not completed by that time, the incomplete regiments will be consolidated and superfluous officers mustered out.

Third—Volunteers to fill up the old regiments will be received and paid the bounty and advance pay until the 1st day of September.

Fourth—The draft for three hundred thousand militia, called for by the President, will be made on Wednesday, the 3d day of September, between the hours of nine o'clock A.M. and five o'clock P.M., and continue from day to day, between the same hours, until completed.

Fifth—If the old regiments should not be filled up by volunteers before the 1st day of September a special draft will be ordered for the deficiency.

Sixth—The exigencies of the service require that officers now in the field should remain with their commands, and no officer now in the field, in the regular or volunteer service, will, under any circumstances, be detailed to accept a new command.

By order of the President.

Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

HOW TO ENROLL AND DRAFT MILITIA.

War Department, Washington, Aug. 14, 1862.

Ordered—Eighth—That in filling all requisitions for militia the quotas of the several States will be apportioned by the Governors among the several counties, and, where practicable, among the subdivisions of counties, so that allowance shall be made to such counties and subdivisions for all volunteers heretofore furnished by them and mustered into the service of the United States, and whose stipulated term of service shall not have expired.

Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

EVACUATION OF HARRISON'S LANDING.

The news from General M'Clellan's army is very important. The whole force has been removed from Harrison's Landing to Williamsburg without the loss of a single man or any of the Government property. The movement has been most successfully carried out, even in the face of a subtle foe.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

Major Fifield has succeeded in capturing several hundred bags of flour belonging to the rebel States, amounting to about 12,000 pounds. Contrabands report that Jackson's army has been considerably reinforced from Richmond. The Union army now occupies the line of the Rapidan from Raccoon Ford to Cave's Ford, with pickets beyond. General Siegel, who is in the advance, has driven back that part of the enemy's force which attempted to cross the river on the morning of the 16th inst. Late dispatches state that a general advance toward the Rapidan was made on 17th. All was quiet up to one o'clock in the afternoon, the rebels not disputing the movement.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "ARKANSAS."

United States Gun-boat "Essex," Off Baton Rouge, Louisiana, August 6, 1862.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

Sir,—On the evening of the 4th inst. I was informed by General Williams, commanding the United States forces at this port, that the enemy, in considerable strength, was moving on this place.

The rebel ram *Arkansas*, with two gun-boats from the Red River—the *Webb* and *Music*—were also in the vicinity of the city to support the attack of the rebel army.

I made such a disposition of the naval force under my command as I thought would give the most aid to our small force on shore.

On the morning of the 5th inst., at one o'clock, the enemy made an attack on our land forces, and drove in the left wing of our army, killing General Williams. Our men retreating, I opened fire from the *Essex* with shot and shell over them on the advancing enemy, and turned them back with considerable loss. It was doubtless the intention of the enemy to make a simultaneous attack by land and water, but the fire of the *Essex* driving the rebels back evidently disconcerted their plans.

Though not making her appearance, I had information of the vicinity of the ram *Arkansas* about four miles above my anchorage on the river, and this morning I determined to steam up the river, attack her, and, if possible, prevent her rendering further assistance to the land forces she was co-operating with. At ten A.M. I came in sight of her at about the distance of half a mile, and immediately opened fire. After an action of about twenty minutes I succeeded in setting her on fire, and at meridian she blew up with a tremendous explosion.

The *Arkansas* had a crew of one hundred and eighty men and mounted ten guns—six 8-inch and four 50-pounder rifled cannon. This vessel—the *Essex*—mounts seven guns, and had only forty men on duty at the time of our going into action. My First Master, Mr. R. K. Riley, was in the sick hospital, and his place was supplied by Second Master David Porter Rosenmiller, who conducted himself to my entire satisfaction.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. D. Porter,

Commanding Division of Flotilla in Western Waters.

PURGING KENTUCKY OF TRAITORS.

John F. Fiske has resigned the Speakership of the Kentucky Legislature, and James F. Robinson, a well-known Union man, has been elected in his stead. Governor Magoffin has also resigned his office, and Robinson, therefore, becomes Governor *de facto* for the remainder of Magoffin's unexpired term. M. Johnson, of Lexington, also a Union man, has been elected Secretary of State. These resignations and elections virtually restore Kentucky entirely to the Union, as by the resignation of J. B. Temple, Acting-Governor Robinson becomes President of the Military Board.

UNION PRISONERS IN CLOSE CONFINEMENT.

A number of Union prisoners from General Pope's army had arrived in Richmond. They were put "in solitary confinement, in conformity with instructions, and the rule, as enforced, will not be departed from under any consideration whatever." Among the prisoners was Brigadier-General Prince and thirty-four officers.

MAKING TRAITORS PAY.

General Butler, in New Orleans, is determined to carry out the order of making the rebels pay some of the expenses of the war. He has taken a list of all those who subscribed to aid the Southern Confederacy. These merchants and others agreed to pay the amount of a million and a quarter of dollars to that cause. He has therefore taxed them, and all the cotton brokers who advised the planters not to bring down their cotton so as to secure foreign intervention, to the tune of over three hundred and forty thousand dollars to help maintain the poor of New Orleans.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES ON THE WAR.

Archbishop Hughes delivered a most important and patriotic sermon on 17th, in St. Patrick's Cathedral. After reciting his course of action in Europe, he calls upon the whole North to come out in its strength, for "volunteering to continue and for a draft to be made." He said that if three hundred thousand men were not enough, to call out another three hundred thousand. "The people should insist on being drafted, and so bring this unnatural strife to a close" by strength of might alone.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH REBEL GENERALS.

The papers publish a correspondence between the rebel commander and the General-in-Chief relative to repudiation of paroles and oaths of allegiance. The language of the rebel General Lee's communications is considered by General Halleck to be "couched in language exceedingly insulting to the Government of the United States," and he has therefore "declined to receive them." They were, therefore, returned unanswered, except as above quoted.

ELECTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The election in North Carolina has turned out to be a victory for the moderate men who are accused of Unionism. The ultra secesh candidates for every office have been defeated by an overwhelming majority, and Vance (Union) has carried the State for Governor against Johnson (Rebel) by a surplus of forty thousand votes.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE QUEEN ON NEUTRALITY.

The Queen, in a speech proroguing Parliament, says: "Civil war, which for some time has been raging in America, has unfortunately continued in unabated intensity, and the evils with which it has been attended have not been confined to the American continent; but her Majesty, having from the outset determined to take no part in the contest, has seen no reason to depart from the neutrality which she has steadily adhered to."

THE CONFEDERATES IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the House of Lords Earl Stratheden moved for the correspondence with Mr. Mason relative to the acknowledgment of the Southern States. Earl Russell said it was not expedient to produce papers. The agent of the Confederate States was not recognized, and all communications were unofficial. Correspondence had taken place with Messrs. Adams and Seward, but the British Government replied as before. He stated that no communication had been received from any foreign Power relative to the recognition of the Southern States. Earl Malmesbury suggested that the Government should communicate with other Powers, with a view of offering mediation if a favorable opportunity arises, to which Earl Russell agreed that if mediation is offered all Powers should join in it. The motion was finally withdrawn.

FRANCE.

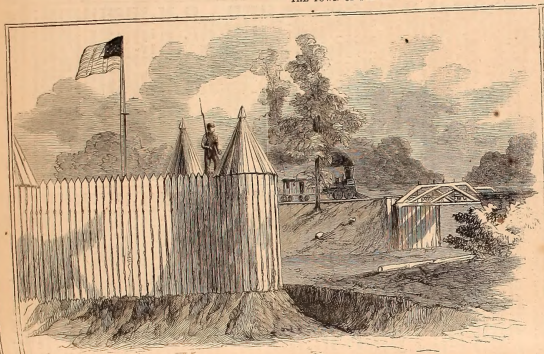
COTTON IN ALGERIA.

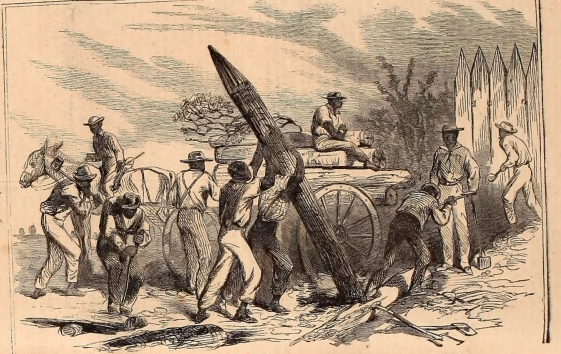
It is reported that the French Council of State are trying to devise means to render France independent of America for cotton.

DRY GOODS



THE TOWN OF STEVENSON, ALABAMA, HELD BY THE UNION FORCES.—Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.—[See Page 558.]





NEGROES BUILDING STOCKADES UNDER THE RECENT ACT OF CONGRESS.—Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.—[See Page 558.]

SERVING HIS COUNTRY.

At the breakfast-table that morning there was quite a show of guests, even so early as 7.30. The majority elderly and middle-aged men, a few matrons, and one young lady. Only one. The rest were making amends for last night's late hours of flirting and dancing. There had been a party somewhere, and the flirting and dancing went far into the night and the

"Wee sma' hours ayont the twal."

But our one young lady here looks as fresh and bright as if she had gone to bed with the birds, instead of waltzing with Barry Sandford until midnight, or listening to the band with Lieutenant Morris, or talking brilliant, unsatisfactory talk with elegant, satirical Althorpe.

When she came into the dining-hall the group of gentlemen were discussing some question rather loudly, you might almost have said angrily. She came in quietly, bringing youth and health and delicate womanliness with her. The atmosphere changed. The frown cleared from old Mr. Jarvies's brow, the sharp words staid on the Hon. Tom Wilmer's heavy lips, and a gray-haised *militaire* lowered his lance of discussion as she passed by.

Just as she took her seat up came that smiling factotum, James, bearing upon his tray nothing edible, but a glass dish filled with water-lilies, fresh and dewy as the dawn.

He put them down without a word before the young lady's plate.

"Who sent them, James?"

"Couldn't say, Miss; one o' the bell-boys brought 'em down and said they were sent in for Miss Gaines. I didn't ask any questions."

Miss Gaines bit her lip, half in amusement half in vexation. She understood James pretty thoroughly, and guessed that he was keeping somebody's secret under his innocent manner. Of course *she* could ask no further questions, thus put *en règle* by James's *finesse*.

Presently saunters in Althorpe; "elegant, satirical Althorpe"—white-clad in glistening linen. Came in hiding a yawn behind the whitest hand, with one curious little old-fashioned ring on the third finger, which he said belonged to his ladye love.

He took the vacant place by Miss Gaines, bowing and smiling his "good-morning." Then he put his face down to the lilies.

"Did you go out boating on the pond after I left you last night, and are these your spoils?" he asked, with a laugh in his voice, and the voice down among the lilies, where he was breathing sweetness.

"No, I wish I had. You may laugh, Mr. Althorpe, but I am quite sentimental enough to be willing to wake through the night for a sight of the lovely things as they grow."

He did laugh, lowly, lightly, as was his way, and elevating his eyebrows.

"What youngster did you make happy with your pence then, Miss Margaret?" he asked, in a listless manner.

Miss Margaret smiled to herself. She was not to be taken in by the listless manner. So Mr. Althorpe was curious.

"I didn't buy them, Mr. Althorpe," she replied, quietly. "Some one kindly sent them in to me; and I have a fancy they have never been tied up for vending."

"No! What inner sight reveals these things to you, Miss Margaret, that are hidden from common ken?"

She parted the buds and blossoms and showed the spiral stems beneath the water.

"This is my inner sight, Mr. Althorpe; they are broken, not cut. That is unprofessional. You never see them sold except in smoothly-cut bunches."

"Oh, that is it?" with another low, light laugh. "And you like them better, I suppose, Miss Margaret, for somebody's dozing about 'tween dark and dawn, and then wading knee-deep to gather them specially for you?"

"Of course I do," she answered, with a little defiant nod at his satire.

"Of course you do," he repeated, highly amused; "but you wouldn't wet the sole of your little slipper for such as these."

"Indeed I would. Last summer, at Shell Beach, we rode over to Long Pond one morning before day had begun to dawn, and went rowing out in the summer dark. Only girls, too, not a gentleman; and we came home wet and dripping, I assure you, but with such loads of lilies," and she laughed aloud as she remembered her frolic.

Old Mr. Jarvies glanced up with a smile as he caught it, and the Hon. Tom turned quickly in the midst of—"I tell you, gentlemen, what we want is organization," turned and listened, while General Rose pledged her with a beaming look over his glass of hock.

Althorpe alone was imperturbable; asking languidly, as he sipped his coffee,

"So you don't know who sent them?"

"Oh, Charley Morris, I suppose; nobody gets up early enough for such things but Charley," she returned, as if there was no question about the matter.

"Or stays up, perhaps; perhaps playing billiards, or losing his pay over a loo-table."

"Mr. Althorpe!"

"Well, why not; why shouldn't I speak of what is so openly done. It may be all very naughty, Miss Margaret, but we do it; and why shouldn't we own it. The worst of it is its cloak, I'm thinking; a very flimsy one too. Yes we do it, Miss Margaret. I do it. I did it last night, playing far into the small hours after I left you. Fancy me, then, getting sentimental; rushing off to Lily Pond and coming back laden with purity and sweetness in the shape of pond-lilies to lay mysteriously at my lady's feet—in other words, on her breakfast-table, where she imagines me at every whiff of odor a gallant cavalier, whose devotion is only equaled by his simple habits—up with the lark, and all that sort of thing; while at that very moment, very likely, the cavalier is taking revenge by a long doze deep into the day."

A look of impatience flitted over Margy Gaines's face, and she answered,

"I shall believe you always put extreme cases, Mr. Althorpe."

He shrugged his shoulders. "My dear child, the exceptions would be extreme."

Once in a while Lawrence Althorpe had a way of speaking as if he were a dozen years your senior; a pretty sort of affectation which wasn't unpleasant.

"But what makes you talk so?" said Margy, vexatiously. "What makes you want me to know that men are so bad?"

"They are not so bad, only I don't want you to think them so good, for that's dangerous thinking. You'll be disappointed some day. If you think them rather weak and miserable sinners, to begin with, you'll not have to weep over a ruined air-castle. Suppose, now, I had believed a certain young lady—well, let us say Miss Margaret Gaines—to be the very essence of amiability, one who never scolded the maids, or got out of patience with her younger brother, or flirted with her cousin. And suppose, on closer acquaintance, I found that she committed every one of these deeds, don't you think I should be woefully cut up and chagrined by my mistake, after expecting such perfection? I only say *if* I had; I assure you I like Miss Gaines much better as she is."

Margaret laughed, and cast a slightly saucy look at Mr. Althorpe, which said quite plainly, "How do you dare, Sir, accuse me to my face of my misdoings (for she plead guilty to every one)?" Althorpe laughed too—a soft, hearty, enjoyable laugh—at the way she took it.

"But," she expostulated, "you do not state the case fairly. You give men such wider range of misdoing to apologize for."

"Because the world—society—gives it, Miss Margaret; and you must pardon proportionately, making due allowance."

She drew a deep breath and bent down to the lilies. Breaking one off she put it in her bosom, saying, "Well, no matter what the way was, it was good to get the lilies; and I've no doubt Charley was the better for it, even if he rushed off after such nefarious proceedings as you describe—which I don't say I believe that he did."

"And which I don't say *I* believe he did—I was only supposing a case. I never saw Lieutenant Charley play in my life," answered Althorpe, lazily.

By-and-by he broke silence over his third cup, by asking,

"How does it always happen, Miss Margaret, that you are down before any of the other young ladies? Come, I'm curious; will you tell me?"

"Well, it is a matter of taste. The mornings at this season are so exquisite; and then—and then—shall I tell you, Mr. Althorpe, truly and honestly, as Jimmy says?"

"Yes, do."

"Well, I can't afford to lose such beautifiers as these early morning hours are at Newport. They are balm and bloom to life and complexion. I like to feel well—in Jimmy's phraseology, "as if I could jump over the house—and I like to look well. Could there be better reasons, Mr. Althorpe?"

"Not possibly!" and he laughed outright at her candor.

Here, from his place farther down the table, General Rose called out, in his petulant voice,

"Althorpe! Althorpe! why don't you join the army? You are young, strong, and able. We want just such men as you. Come! why don't you?"

They all looked round upon Althorpe at this, for they were all curious to know why he didn't, and nobody had ever dared to ask before. Althorpe was a self-possessed fellow, certainly. Not a muscle betrayed annoyance, though he was the most excessively reticent man, and this blunt question must have annoyed him intensely. Not a muscle of his face moved; he quietly helped himself to a roll; brushed a fly from his hand in his negligent manner; then answered, with the slightest approach to a drawl in his voice,

"Why don't I? Well, General, that is just what I don't know. I should like to know, upon my word! Why don't I? sure enough. Young, and strong, and able—an idle fellow, needing occupation. Why don't I? I think it must be because it hurts. I shouldn't like to be hurt. I'm a dreadfully selfish fellow, you see!"

This was all said with the most good-humored air possible—a pleasant, *dégagé* manner impossible to describe; but not a person who heard believed a word of it.

Yet it was impossible for even the choleric General Rose to take offense at this answer, so easy-tempered and tinged with *bonhomie* did it sound. But nobody believed a word of it; for every one knew the reputation of Lawrence Althorpe was that of "the coolest fellow alive." And two years ago he had fought a duel in South Carolina under circumstances that carried conviction at least of his intrepidity. General Rose, of course, did not pursue the subject, and presently they left the table.

Margy Gaines took up her lilies tenderly; and as Althorpe walked down the room with her, he said, with that curious, perplexing manner of his, half banter, half earnest,

"'Her dress was like the lilies,
And her heart as pure as they;
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.'"

All the time she was arranging the flowers in her own room she was thinking, "What a strange fellow Althorpe is! How he laughs, and sneers, and disbelieves in every thing and every body, even himself. A perfect disciple of Thackeray! Sometimes I think he is better than he seems; then I have no faith in him, he is so cold and heartless. Now if that wasn't positively ill-natured, not to say bad taste, my superfine *elégant*, to cavil at Charley Morris in the way you did. Charley, who is so generous and honest! Such a brave little fellow too, all patriotism and enthusiasm in his profession! I wonder Althorpe *doesn't* go. He's no coward—not afraid of the hurt by any means; but I do believe it was just as he said—he's selfish, and, though not afraid of the danger or the hurt, doesn't like the trouble. That sounds just like him. Oh, Althorpe, Althorpe! what a narrow life you lead. No wonder you see every thing through blue spectacles. Eh: who's that whistling on the piazza?"—looks out of the window—"Morris, I knew; nobody whistles the Zauberflote like that but Lieutenant Charley. He's come over from the yacht for the *second time this morning!* I wish he was staying here—such a nice, good fellow. I'll run down and thank him for the lilies."

So she ran; her dress, like the lilies, as pure indeed—one of those soft, white mulls that make pretty women look so much prettier.

"Oh, good-morning, Master Charley! I've found you out, Sir, though James kept faithful guard over the secret."

Charley looked puzzled.

She burst out laughing.

"You needn't put on that demure face, Lieutenant Morris. I knew at once nobody else gets up here in season for such expeditions, or cares to go if they do. I knew your tastes, you see. And the lilies are very lovely. I wear one for sign, you see;" pointing to the white flower drooping into her bosom.

"I really, Miss Margy, am entirely at sea; I'm sure I should be only too happy to own to any thing that gives you pleasure; but upon my word—

"What, you mean to say honestly that you didn't send me a dish of lilies this morning?"

"I mean to say now that I am the most miserable fellow alive that I *didn't* send them. Why couldn't I have done it? And to think you gave me credit when I was— Stupid! I'm certainly losing my wits, Miss Margy."

"When you were where, Sir?"

"I? Oh, I dropped in to two or three places to see the boys and smoke, etc., while somebody else was getting the lilies.

"*I dropped in to two or three places to see the boys and smoke, etc.*" Margy thought of Althorpe's bold suggestion.

Charley colored and looked away when he said this; was he evading the truth, and was the truth—a loo-table?

Which did she like best, Charley's modest shamefaced evasion, or Althorpe's daring defiance? So perplexed was she, she hardly knew herself. Half angry too at Althorpe's possibility of right in his suggestion.

Walking up and down the piazza they by-and-by met Althorpe, who looked a little quizzically at Lieutenant Charley. "I was mistaken after all, Mr. Althorpe," Margy remarked.

The gentleman bowed.

"So Charley didn't send the water-lilies? She was so sure, Charley, that only you could do it."

"And I am mortified that she should be mistaken," Charley answered, gallantly; "though I fancy I should have swam across to the Burton's green-house and added a few of those lovely late royalist roses before I had thought my offering fit to be laid at such a shrine."

Margy laughed a little, slyly, and answered, stealing a saucy glance at the two—"I have a special weakness for pond-lilies, and for those who love pond-lilies."

Any one might have noticed the slight disconcerting of Lieutenant Morris at this, and the furtive smile of Althorpe's.

Lieutenant Charley's star was down for the time. It rose again in a moment.

It was a close morning even at Newport, and they presently ceased walking, and, turning some chairs into an angle of cool and shade, seated themselves for easier talking. "My furlough is up in another week," Morris remarked, *en passant*.

"No—is it? How's your leg?" asked Althorpe.

"Oh, that'll be all right in a few days—just a little inflammation which the bathing is rapidly curing. Halliday is much worse off. They have never been able to get the ball out of his leg; but he says it has settled into a safe place, and he shall go back with me any way, spite of the lameness; and he hobbles round on a stick now."

"Halliday is in your regiment, isn't he?" asked Althorpe.

"Yes, and the same company. We fought close together at Fairoaks—side by side sometimes. You know what a close conflict that was; how we pushed on through swamps, up to the waist in water, once in a while, and under a galling fire; and such a din of musketry that not an order could be heard, and only example served us. Every officer in the saddle, you see, then, had to keep ahead, in advance, to show what must be done. Ah, it was hot work, I tell you!"

Margy Gaines was leaning forward in breathless interest; and as he paused a moment, asked, eagerly, one of those peculiarly womanly questions.

"How did you feel then? what were your thoughts?"

He laughed. "Well, it was odd; but I found myself in the intervals of those action-orders declaiming aloud, though I couldn't hear my own voice scarcely, that ballad in the cavalier songs:

"'We were standing foot to foot, and giving shoot for shoot,
Hot and strong went our volleys at the blue;
We knelt, but not for grace, and the fuse lit up the face
Of the gunner, as the round shot by us flew.'

"Yes, there I was, actually screaming that forth in a sort of rhythmic order, and half unconsciously."

Althorpe smiled, saying, "Well, that was certainly a good war-cry. The ruling passion strong at the death, Charley. I remember you a small youngster at Cambridge reciting verses in your sleep; only the theme then was of some fair Dulcinea, who had subjugated your heart for the space of a week, perhaps."

"But how did you feel when you were wounded? What was the first sensation?" Margy kept on, utterly oblivious of every thing but the glorious topic of "ball and bayonet."

"Bless you, I didn't know I was hit. I was in the thick of the advance, men falling dead around me all the time, and just breathing a moment after fire, when I wondered why I couldn't move my left leg—my foot was like lead in the stirrup. I looked down, and saw a clean mark where a ball had struck, and the blood soaking through. It was a little quieter then, and I said to Marvyn, the orderly sergeant, who was near by, 'I believe I'm hit.' Then I got him to slip my foot a little to alter my position, for I hadn't any power over it. It was perfectly paralyzed for a while; luckily, though, I believe that is by no means uncommon.

"But that wasn't any thing. You should have seen Halliday in the bayonet charge. He had been wounded twice then by rifle shots; and when that order to charge bayonets came he went forward with a cheer that rung above all others, and a glance of such enthusiasm, while his face was dabbled with blood, and blood dripping from the wound in his shoulder, that I believe he was an inspiration. Who could fall back with such an example? The men on his line were wavering at first, and a panic would soon have attacked them. Jack always had a genius for seizing opportunities in the nick of time. He seized one now that told. When I saw him pressing down there was a sort of smile on his face, as if he was inviting the men to sure victory; then he waved his sword, cheered, and dashed on. Jove! you should have seen them plunge headlong after him.

"And afterward, when he came back, a sabre-cut across his cheek, but supporting poor Smythe—Lieutenant Smythe, you know, who died since at the hospital—insisting upon Smythe's receiving the surgeon's first care, and altogether overlooking himself, you'd better believe the boys shouted for him."

"And you, Charley," Althorpe suggested, "tell us how you got back to camp with that wound of yours?"

"Well, I'd got pretty faint by the time we were ready to return, and once came precious near reeling from my saddle; but one of the men near set me right, and I managed to keep on till we arrived?"

"Where was Sergeant Marvyn all the time? Was there nobody to assist you?"

"Well, the fact was, Althorpe, I was so much better off than some of the poor fellows that I couldn't stand taking the care that might save the life of another; so I made Marvyn ride on and help the rest."

An odd smile dawned on Althorpe's impassible face. "So you took the risk of profiting by a rebel surgeon instead of your own for the sake of men who couldn't live any way, I dare say. Charley, you always were a good-natured goose!"

Charley laughed over this speech, but Margy Gaines frowned.

She looked admiringly, as any woman must, at the modest, manly fellow, so unconscious of his own merits, so conscious of his comrade's.

Lieutenant Charley's star had arisen.

Just then came out General Rose from the hall, where he had been reading his paper. His face brightened as he saw young Morris.

"Well, Sir, how's the leg to-day?"

The Lieutenant touched his cap.

"Almost ready for action, Sir. I shall be off next week."

The General bowed with gracious pleasure to the young soldier, adding a word or two of graceful compliment, and passed on, casting rather a grim look at Althorpe, whom he considered, I suppose, about as useless a bit of flesh as cumbered the earth. Althorpe himself catching it, smiled satirically, and quoted in a musing tone from one of the famous old French cynics: "The world is a farce, and its favors are follies; but farces and follies are very dear to human hearts."

"When its favors are well-earned I think they cease to be follies," spoke up Miss Margy Gaines, with a fine scarlet flushing her cheeks, as she bade the gentlemen good-morning and went up to her room.

Mrs. Alayne Gaines—Aunt Alayne—wanted to know what had disturbed Miss Margy, as she appeared before her with the red in her cheeks and the fire in her eyes.

"Althorpe has disturbed me; I do think he is outrageous, Aunt Alayne." And she repeated the conversation.

Aunt Alayne was an easy-tempered body; then Althorpe was a *bon parti* too; so she offered, consolingly,

"Oh, well, he doesn't mean it."

Excitable little Margy blazed.

"Doesn't mean it! That's the worst of it! How can a man with any soul or heart jest over such subjects? He hasn't a spark of patriotism or feeling, the idle, selfish fellow. If he was a ninny, like Lifford, one wouldn't care so much; but with an intellect and culture such as his, it is positively painful to see only careless waste of life. Why doesn't he put himself to some use? There he goes now, riding off to his club, I suppose, and Barton driving! Why doesn't he drive himself? Why doesn't he walk?" She finished with a little fizz and flash, which was laughable when we consider that Miss Margy Gaines was by no means of the democracy who sneer at "tandems and tilburys, and jaunty grooms and footmen," but a young person of decidedly luxurious, not to say extravagant, tastes, who followed them out, too, as well as she was able. But we must make allowance for the blaze of patriotism which set fire to the combustible temper of which Mr. Althorpe spoke rather impertinently a while ago.

The patriotic flame was kept burning brightly the ensuing week. What with Lieutenant Charley, and the hero Halliday, and General Rose's frequent presence and inspiring talk, the time flew. Althorpe in the mean while laughed, and declared their talk was continually running to the tune of the Star-Spangled Banner and Yankee Doodle.

To Margy Gaines's surprise this laughing banter did not seem to offend either Morris or Halliday. The latter, in fact, appeared to regard Althorpe with admiration, and Margy used to see

them driving out together nearly every day, and sometimes Halliday, poor wounded soldier, would come walking up the avenue, leaning wearily on Althorpe's arm; and then Margy would notice that the talking seemed earnest and grave, and Althorpe's face wore none of its cynic sneers. Then Margy would relent, perhaps, to return again to her belligerent position that same evening, very likely, at some irreverent satire of the incorrigible Althorpe's.

So she had gradually worked herself up into quite a little prejudice for the gentleman, which wasn't pleasant nor comfortable; for there was a curious charm about the man that held people, spite of themselves, enchained with a sort of admiring respect for his honest disbeliefs and courageous daring of speech: but Margy Gaines was not going to be misled by these brilliant qualities, when such lack of Christian charity and self-sacrifice were apparent; and it really seemed that she spared no pains to let the gentleman know precisely in what regard she held him; and actually—this was the most provoking part of it—the audacious fellow appeared to mind it no more than the buzzing of a fly. But one night Margy felt strangely sorry and rebuked.

They were sitting in a group of a dozen or so, outside one of the deep windows, and a mixture of gaslight and moon-rays lit them up, and showed faces and features distinctly to each other. In view of their coming change of life, perhaps, Morris and Halliday were unusually quiet though certainly not downcast; a little graver, that was all. Althorpe, on the other hand, was full of sharp wit and odd satire, uncommonly brilliant and gracious at the same time.

At the last of the evening the two soldiers, Halliday especially, in speaking of the next few months that were to come, dwelt with a certain yearning tenderness upon the peaceful scenes they would leave behind them, Althorpe answered, gayly,

"Yes, think of the hops and matinées, the parties and pleasurings of all descriptions. Think what entrancing polkas you lose, what waltzes you forego, what walks and talks, what boatings and bathings, all to be put against tent-life, and swamp marches, and the chance of a broken leg, from which discomforts you extract that one little sweet kernel, patriotism."

The "boys" laughed with seeming good understanding of his speech. Indeed, so great was this man's charm for some, that they never thought to question what he said or what he did; but Margy was sorely irritated, and replied sharply,

"Mr. Althorpe cares so little for that sweet kernel that he will do himself the pleasure and honor of dancing your polkas and waltzes while you fight his battles."

Honest Jack Halliday, speaking of it afterward, said that those who heard this were so amazed that they looked at the speaker in wonderment and silence; and a few moments later, when the young lady rose and bade them good-night, the little incident took place which brought her rebuke.

She had turned to go through the low open window, but her foot caught, and her head, reared rather too loftily for the occasion, struck the lower bar.

Althorpe was the first to spring forward, and his arm saved her from falling. The next instant he flung up the sash, and helping her over the sill, stood at the inner door waiting for her to pass. Lifting her eyes to thank him, she met a look, kind but with a dignity of reproach which touched her sorely. The color rose, her glance fell, and her "Thank you" came somewhat faintly.

In vain, thinking it over, she tried to justify herself, recalling his sneering satire. Remembering that look, she felt humiliated and abashed, and asked herself, "What right have I to judge him?"

Such a position isn't pleasant, and in it we are rather inclined to be unjust and inconsistent. Thus Miss Margaret Gaines found herself placed. It wasn't pleasant to feel humiliated, and she did not like Mr. Althorpe's society any the better for it. But not a whit did Mr. Althorpe change to her. Easy, brilliant, and good-humored, he went on as before, with a sort of *insouciant* gayety which was specially trying to her now. And in this way the week passed, and an eventful day came.

Looking out of the window in the morning she had seen Althorpe welcoming a stranger, a new-comer, just alighting from a carriage at the door. A few minutes later, in the room adjoining her own, and connected by a barred door, she heard voices, Althorpe's and another's, commonplaces about the apartment, etc. But by-and-by the little bustle of arrival was over, and the desultory talk, light and indifferent, deepened. Margy forgot herself as she involuntarily listened.

The state of the country being mentioned by the stranger, Althorpe joined him in a grave earnestness of regret and sorrow for the dark days that were upon them that Margaret had never heard from his lips before. Evidently this stranger stood in some nearer, closer relation of friendship to him than any other.

At last the new voice said,

"I shall throw up my official position, Althorpe, and join the army. I have had a commission offered me by General ——. My human nature can stand it no longer. We need men, men to save the country."

"I wish to Heaven I could go with you!" suddenly burst from Althorpe.

The other paused a moment; then lower of tone, with infinite tenderness, as it were, he asked,

"And why don't you, Althorpe? I have never asked you before; but I have wondered, knowing your feelings."

"You have wondered and never doubted, Allen; knowing me to be an able-bodied fellow, rich and idle."

"Doubt? Doubt and you can't come together in my mind, Althorpe. If others think you a cold-blooded cynic, I know they are entirely mistaken. I know the big heart underneath, Larry. Doubt you? I should think not."

"And because you have not, because you *do* not; and have all this time left me unquestioned by look or word, Allen, I will tell you why I do not go; but it is under a bond of solemn, sacred silence. You will keep my secret, Allen—a secret known only to one other besides myself?"

"Of course, my boy—I keep your secrets. Go on."

There was a brief pause; then, in a quiet sort of way, Althorpe began:

"You know that I am counted immensely wealthy, Allen—that my income is very large; but you do not know that the property from which I derive my income is entailed."

Margaret wondered what this had to do with the matter. Perhaps his other listener wondered as well, but it was not for long.

"By the will of my great-uncle, from whom this fortune came, the next heir is my cousin, Crawford More."

"Crawford More!" burst out his companion; "that selfish libertine, Crawford More!"

"Yes; a selfish libertine, as you say; a man careless of every thing but his own personal pleasure; unscrupulous and unprincipled to the last degree. If I should die, you can judge what use he would make of this princely fortune. You can judge if the country would gain by it." A little pause again, which the other did not break; and then again, in a hesitating voice of reluctant shyness, which no one would have suspected in Lawrence Althorpe, "I have but one life, Allen; I might lay it down on the first day I entered the field. Then my use would be all gone, and the property, over which I have no control, would be worse than useless to my country, for you well know the Southern sympathies of More. So I stay at home, take the best possible care of my life, and put my money as fast as I get it to the national use. You know what my income is; you know what my expenses were. I'll show you what they are now." A sound of a pen scratching something on a piece of paper came to Margaret's ears. Then the other's voice, exclaiming, as he read it, "Jove, Althorpe! you don't mean to say—?" "Yes; I mean to say that I am serving my country to the best of my ability. Under the circumstances I can't risk my life for it, you see, for the country would lose by it."

The old jocular tone, deprecating sentiment, was coming back again; but Allen stayed it a moment as he exclaimed,

"And here you go on—why it is more than a year—the very soul of patriotism! A soldier, too, by natural qualities, silently bearing speculation and suspicion of your inactive position, while you are learning to live on a tenth part of your income that the rest may be given to support the government! You, the proudest man alive, bear suspicion and blame, and deprive yourself of the very life you long for—for I always knew you were a born soldier, Althorpe—that you may *serve your country to the best of your ability!* Althorpe, you are a hero! But, my dear boy, you will pardon me for saying that you are morbidly modest. Why not give your motive?"

"No, no, Allen; it would sound Quixotic, sentimental, and all that sort of thing. Besides, the world would get it wrong some way. I should be no better for it. Then what does it matter? I hate to be talked over in that way. You know what I have suffered from ostentation and display. My poor father, you know—it was his one folly; and perhaps that *has* made me morbid. But let us say no more about it. Remember you are to keep my secret."

"Of course; but, Larry, I wish I could be delirious, and let it out innocently."

A laugh followed this. But Margy Gaines waited to hear no more. Impulsive little enthusiast! she looked upon herself as an instrument of deliverance; and any one could have caught glimpses of her meaning if they had heard her as she flew about softly from toilet to table in her hurried dressing, saying lowly to herself, "The splendid fellow! To think I have so misjudged him! I'll atone for it, though! Let it out innocently! They little think who—oh dear!" jerk, and away went a shoe-lace. "If Justine wouldn't chatter so I'd ring for her; but they'd—there goes another string! I never *shall* get ready!"

But she did, and in a few minutes was speeding away on her self-imposed mission.

By night of that day the reason of Lawrence Althorpe's apparent inaction was no longer a secret among those who had wondered and speculated there.

Lawrence himself, sauntering out upon the piazza that night, was met with hearty hand-shakes and compliments; and General Rose, gouty old veteran, almost embraced him in his fervor of apology and praise.

What did it mean? Embarrassed and annoyed as *he* could not help being, even in the natural gladness of being understood, he turned with a look of reproach to Allen. Could it be that that old friend had betrayed him?

But just here a little hand goes winding across his arm; a sweet voice pleads in its prettiest way,

"I've got something to tell you, Mr. Althorpe; will you come and listen?"

Do you think, Stoic as he tried to be, that he could resist that? No; and, walking up and down there, Margy made her confession. Told him how she had played eavesdropper, and then spread her knowledge.

Would he forgive her? Stealing a look at the grave, quiet face bent thoughtfully down. Would he forgive her? He drew her off upon one of the side piazzas.

"Forgive you, dear child!" he said, wistfully. "I have much to be forgiven; but now you know I am not quite so bad as you thought, do you think you could take the rest on trust, Margy?"

She started, colored. What! did she understand him? He gathered hope from her shy warmth, and went on:

"Margaret; Margy; don't you know that I've been in love with you all the time? Do you think you could like me a little, Margy?"

There was no sneering now, no lightness, only deep, honest tenderness.

And Margy? If you have not guessed that out of her unacknowledged interest in this "cold-blooded cynic" had sprung her fierce resentment, you are not so wise as I thought. Perhaps Lawrence Althorpe read something of this in her *naïve* confession, and so took heart of faith to proffer his suit.

He did not proffer it in vain. And walking there, she suddenly asked,

"Mr. Althorpe, did you send me those lilies?"

"I did, Miss Gaines," he answered, with mock gravity. "I dazed about from dark to dawn, and waded knee-deep to please a small person, who immediately attributes my sentimentalism to another man;" and once more he glowed with the old wit that Margy was never more to misunderstand.

But a trial and test was coming to Margaret Gaines which would prove her patriotic enthusiasm. That very week came intelligence that changed the plans of Lawrence Althorpe.

Crawford More was dead.

The property in this event was, according to this strange will, to remain without reservation in the possession of Lawrence Althorpe and his heirs, or legatees, according to his own disposition. When Margaret was apprised she well knew what to expect. Her heart sickened as she contemplated probable consequences; but lifting her eyes to the face of her lover, she had no words of discouragement or of discontent to offer. That face with its shade of bondage forever lifted from it, free to wear no masks, but follow out its destiny. He would fight for his country after all! That was what she read there.

The vast property left to him now without "reservation, according to his own disposition," was most generously disposed. A portion set apart whose yearly income was to be applied to that "sacred use" he had so faithfully kept in view, whether he lived to fight for the cause or laid down his life on his first battle-field.

Going, he drew from his finger that curious little ring that had often excited question in Margy's mind. The ring he had avowed to be his ladye love's.

"It was my mother's betrothal ring, Margy," he said, "and dearer to me than any token I could bestow: will you wear it for yours, dear?"

And Margy's last misgiving was removed. She would never more doubt or misunderstand this loyal, tender heart—no matter under what masks it might hide itself, either in seeking her love or serving his country.

THE LATE GENERAL ROBERT L. M'COOK.

On page 556 we publish a portrait of the late General Robert L. M'Cook, who was brutally murdered on 6th inst. by a band of Southern banditti, near Salem, Alabama. Our portrait is from a card-photograph, kindly furnished us by Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

Robert L. M'Cook was a native of Jefferson County, Ohio, and thirty-five years of age at the time of his death. As a boy he was very manly, and attracted considerable attention. He studied law, and opened an office, when he came of age, at Columbus, but subsequently removed to Cincinnati. Though a Buchanan Democrat, Robert L. M'Cook was one of the first men at the West to denounce the imbecility and treason which marked the close of Buchanan's administration; and as soon as the first call for troops was issued he raised a regiment of Germans.

We take the following account of his glorious career as a soldier from the Cincinnati *Commercial*:

His regiment was detained in Camp Harrison and Camp Dennison from April until the middle of June (1861), during which period it was drilled into a state of extraordinary perfection, and it was characterized by General M'Clellan as the best regiment he had ever seen, whether in Europe or America. This distinguished compliment was iterated and reiterated after it entered the field. On the 18th of June, last year, Colonel M'Cook landed at Parkersburg, and his regiment was immediately attached by General M'Clellan as his vanguard; and it accompanied him to Grafton, near which point it went into camp on the night of the 22d June. The next day it marched to Phillippi, at which point an attack by the enemy was expected. The troops which were then holding that position were encamped upon the mountains. Colonel M'Cook conceiving that the valley was more desirable, moved his men directly down, against the suggestions of the officers, who regarded his movement dangerous. Said M'Cook, "We came to fight, and if the rebels think they can drive my Dutchmen out of the hollow, let 'em try it." During a few days he was in command at Phillippi, by virtue of seniority; but when General Rosecrans moved down toward Buckhannon, M'Cook was ordered to advance; and he took the van, moving into Buckhannon at the head of the column. He had now been in the field but three weeks, but he had already established a reputation for daring, and was reported the most reliable and valuable reconnoissance officer in the army. When General M'Clellan joined the column at Buckhannon M'Cook was again placed in advance, and he led the van thenceforth as long as General M'Clellan was in Western Virginia.

At Rich Mountain his regiment was selected to make the armed reconnoissance on the 10th of July, and it was so admirably managed that it won the applause of the whole army. Five of his "Bully Dutchmen" fell in the enterprise. But for green troops their steadiness and mobility was considered astonishing. Veterans could not have behaved better. After the battle of Rich Mountain (11th), General M'Clellan moved rapidly on beyond Cheat Mountain, M'Cook being still in advance; but the campaign was soon closed. General M'Clellan was then called to Washington, and General Rosecrans assumed command of the Department. M'Cook was now sent up the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to New Creek, where he saw much severe service; and before the middle of August he had crossed and recrossed Rich Mountain with his regiment six times. When General Rosecrans perfected the plan of his Gauley River campaign M'Cook was again required, and at Sutton he was assigned to command the Second Brigade.

On the 10th of September, at the battle of Carnifex Ferry, his command was held in reserve several hours, but at last an order to advance was received. A scene of enthusiasm, inspired by the gallant M'Cook, ensued which beggared description. He inflamed the men with fiery ardor by the most passionate appeals to their patriotism, and, under the direction of the gallant Hartsuff (now Brigadier) they marched in splendid order into the fight. Unhappily, the order of combat was such that they were not hurled immediately upon the breast-works of the enemy, but by orders of the superior officer they were held under a sharp fire without being able to return it effectively—M'Cook begging for an opportunity to carry his "Bully Dutchmen" over the "sticks and dirt" which protected the enemy. Here again the bold, determined character of our townsman was displayed, and his heroes came out of the fight more devoted to him than before.

After the retreat of the enemy, M'Cook's brigade was dispatched in pursuit, and he followed vigorously until halted by orders. At Sewall Mountain, and on New River, he was engaged in severe skirmishing, losing men on each occasion. After the escape of Floyd from Cotton Hill, he was finally, after six months of extraordinary service, in which he exhibited courage, enterprise, and judgment of a high order, ordered to Kentucky.

His subsequent career—so recent that it must be familiar to all—need not be detailed. He was not long in Kentucky before he gave the rebels a taste of the quality of his "Bully Dutchmen." They will never forget Mill Springs. The General commanding, and the troops alike, award that victory to Colonel M'Cook. It was one of the most glorious and most important of the war, because it broke the chain of defeats, and inaugurated a series of brilliant triumphs. It was memorable, also, as the first in the war in which bayonets were used effectively, and it was Colonel M'Cook who ordered cold steel into requisition. It was here that he was wounded, and although most men would have taken advantage of such a circumstance to enjoy a long furlough, he remained away from his post only long enough to recover sufficient strength to ride on horseback, and he returned to duty long before the wound healed—setting an example of devotion to duty eminently characteristic of himself, but of few other officers in service. After the evacuation of Bowling Green he moved forward with General Buell's command, but we believe was not in any engagement after Mill Springs. For his conduct in the latter the President promptly promoted him to a Brigadiership, and the Senate confirmed the appointment unanimously; but on account of the mutual attachment existing between himself and his splendid regiment, and on account of some dispute relative to his successor, which could not be amicably arranged, he never accepted his new commission.

Colonel M'Cook was a hardy, muscular man, of medium height. He so scorned display that he steadfastly refused to wear the uniform of his rank. He was frank and rugged, with stern decision of character, and was remarkable for his devotion to his regiment. Indeed he carried his disposition to provide for it to such an extent that he frequently had the field-officers of the whole army of Western Virginia protesting against his determined and successful efforts in securing the comfort of his command.

We gave an account of his murder in last week's paper. The following, from the *Commercial*, is another version:

The General was not riding in advance of his whole brigade, as the first accounts led us to suppose, but between the several regiments composing it. The 18th Regulars and a part of the 1st Ohio Cavalry had passed over the road ahead of him. The rebel assassins lay in waiting in brush adjoining the road all the morning, and managed to remain undiscovered by the advance body of the brigade. It is supposed that they were fully apprised by citizen spies of the General's helpless condition and mode of traveling, and formed an ambush for the special purpose of his assassination. They were about one hundred and fifty strong, and partly composed of Forrest's Cavalry, and partly of residents of the vicinity. The individual who shot the General is known to be one of the latter. The cowardly murderer goes by the name of Charles Wood.

The General was accompanied by his usual escort of twelve of the 1st Ohio Cavalry on the day of his death. Unfortunately, just before the guerrillas commenced their work, he sent three of these with orders to different portions of the brigade. At the time the attack was made three others were off the road looking out for a camping-ground. The escort was thus reduced to six. Of this corporal's guard five started to run after the first shot from the rebels. In vain did the remaining one call upon them not to act like cowards, but stand and defend their General. In vain did the latter himself order them to rally in the road between the guerrillas and his vehicle, so as to give him time to get a start. They followed their craven instincts, and sacrificed their General. The brave sixth man stood alone, and was wounded and captured. The General was riding in a spring-wagon and lying down.

Captain Hunter Brooke, formerly of this city, was riding with the General, who, owing to his feeble condition, was lying in the bottom of the box. When the guerrillas opened fire upon the conveyance, General M'Cook at once exclaimed, "The bushwhackers are upon us!" ordered the driver, his negro servant John, to turn quickly around, and rose to his knees to assist him in holding the frightened horses. The team was just fairly started when the murderer of the General came up and ordered it to halt. It being impossible to check the spirited horses at once, the team kept moving, when the guerrilla again ordered it to halt, but almost instantaneously fired the fatal shot from his carbine, although Captain Brooke begged him not to fire upon a sick man. Another rebel rode up at the same time and aimed his gun, when the General told him reproachfully, "You needn't shoot, I am already fatally wounded." The bullet passed entirely through his body, fatally tearing the intestines.

The main body of the rebels pursued the flying escort, and but three or four remained with their victim. The General was driven to and taken into the house, at which he died, by Captain Brooke and John. He stated afterward that when the party came up to the house *the occupants, men, women, and children, clapped their hands in approbation of the rebel achievement.* In a few minutes those that had gone in pursuit came tearing back, and hurried off with Captain Brooke. John, upon the advice of the General, had previously managed to escape out of the house and through a corn-field. Shortly afterward Captain Burt and party arrived.

The General lived about twenty-four hours after being wounded. He was conscious to the last, although frequently unable to speak from the dreadful pain he was suffering. Whenever able he uttered words of advice, gratitude, and consolation to those around him. The last moments found him as firm and calm as ever he was in the face of death.

Retribution—terrible retribution—is being dealt by the 9th Ohio. The hands of the men that cheered rebel murderers will clap no more. With fire, and sword, and bayonet the scene of the foul assassination was reduced to a state of desolation from which it will not recover until time will have swept away the remembrance of the death of Robert L. M'Cook.

The M'Cook family, as we have before intimated, appears to be pretty full of fighting qualities. The following is a list of the members of this family, all near relatives of Dr. George M'Cook, Sen., of Pittsburg, who have entered their country's service. They are as follows:

A. L. M'Cook, Surgeon.

Colonel George W. M'Cook, served during the three months.

General Alexander M'Dowell M'Cook.

General Robert L. M'Cook, Colonel Ninth Ohio.

Daniel M'Cook, Jun., Adjutant-General in General M'Cook's staff.

Edward M'Cook, Captain in Colonel Logan's Illinois regiment.

Charles M'Cook, killed at the battle of Bull Run.

Judge M'Cook, his father, also had a fight on his own hook at Bolivar Heights under Colonel Geary, and was paymaster at Corinth.

Edward S. M'Cook, Lieutenant in the Regular Army.

Major Anson M'Cook, Second Ohio.

Captain Henry M'Cook, in an Illinois regiment—number not known.

Sheldon M'Cook, Lieutenant in the Navy, on the flag-ship *Minnesota*.

John M'Cook, Quarter-master in a Virginia regiment.

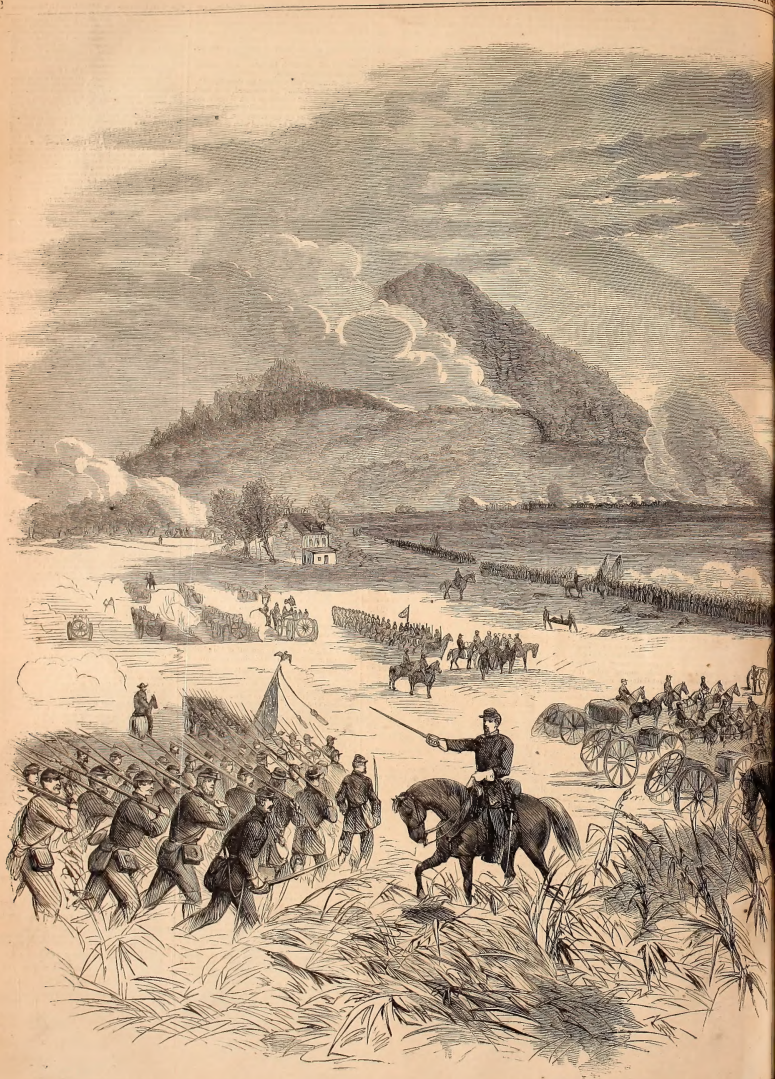
Major Anson M'Cook was in the battle of West Liberty, Kentucky.

Captain Edwin M'Cook, of Colonel Logan's regiment, lost thirty men in the battle of Belmont, Missouri.

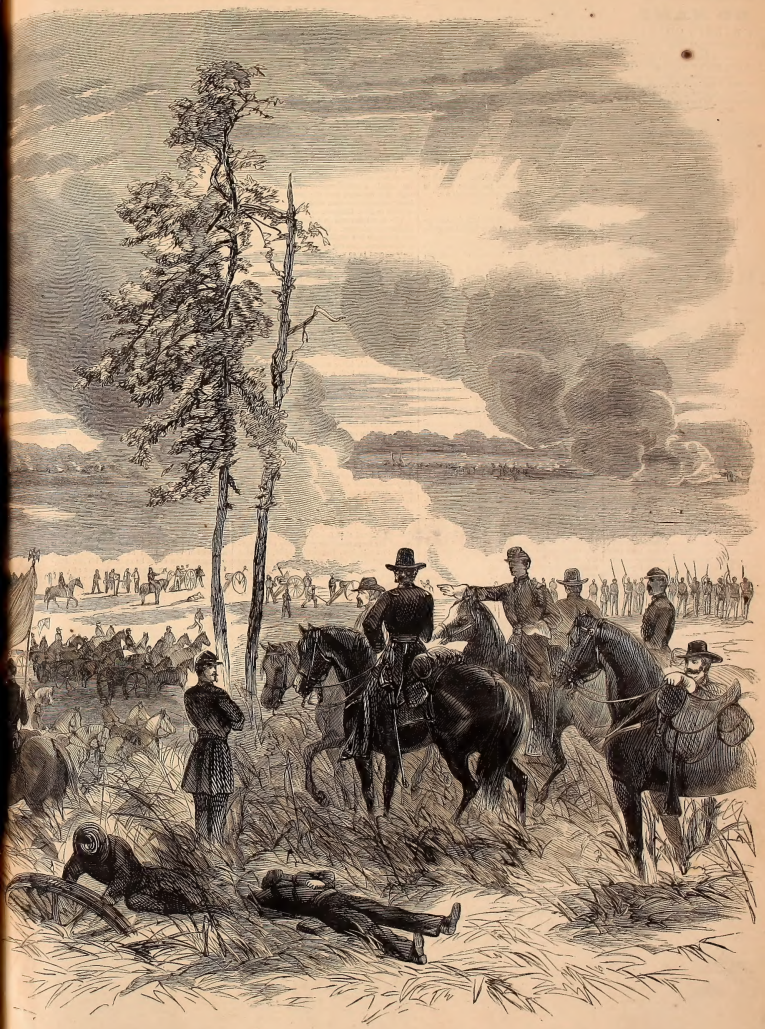
Captain Henry M'Cook was taken prisoner at the battle of Belmont, Missouri.

Lieutenant Sheldon M'Cook is on board the flag-ship *Minnesota*, and consequently was at the capture of Port Royal and Beaufort.

Members of the family were in the following battles: Bull Run, Phillippi, Rich Mountain, Carnifex Ferry, Hatteras, Wilson's Creek, Belmont, Port Royal and Beaufort, West Liberty, and Bolivar Heights, Virginia.



THE BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN, FOUGHT AUGU



, 1862.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 558.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McLENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER VI.

ALL human penetration has its limits. Accurately as Captain Wragge had seen his way hitherto, even his sharp insight was now at fault. He finished his cigar with the mortifying conviction that he was totally unprepared for Mrs. Lecount's next proceeding.

In this emergency his experience warned him that there was one safe course, and one only, which he could take. He resolved to try the confusing effect on the housekeeper of a complete change of tactics before she had time to press her advantage and attack him in the dark. With this view he sent the servant up stairs to request that Miss Bygrave would come down and speak to him.

"I hope I don't disturb you," said the captain when Magdalen entered the room. "Allow me to apologize for the smell of tobacco, and to say two words on the subject of our next proceedings. To put it with my customary frankness, Mrs. Lecount puzzles me, and I propose to return the compliment by puzzling her. In the course of action which I have to suggest is a very simple one. I have had the honor of giving you a serious moral attack already, and I beg your permission (when Mr. Noel Vanstone sends to inquire to-morrow morning) to take the further liberty of laying you up altogether. Question from Sea-View Cottage: 'How is Miss Bygrave this morning?' Answer from North Shingles: 'Much worse; Miss Bygrave is confined to her room.' Question repeated every day, say for a fortnight: 'How is Miss Bygrave?' Answer repeated, if necessary, for the same time: 'No better.' Can you bear the imprisonment? I see no objection to your getting a breath of fresh air the first thing in the morning or the last thing at night. But for the whole of the day, there is no disguising it, you must put yourself in the same category with Miss Wragge—you must keep your room."

"What is your object in wishing me to do this?" inquired Magdalen.

"My object is two-fold," replied the captain. "I wish for my own enjoyment, and in fact I cannot see my way plainly to Mrs. Lecount's move, if I feel sure of it, but for the purpose to make another attempt at opening her master's eyes to the truth. Whatever means she may employ to discover your identity, personal communication with you must be necessary to the accomplishment of her object. Deny her that, if I stop that communication, I put an obstacle in her way at starting—or, as we say at cards, I force her hand. Do you see that now?"

Magdalen saw it plainly. The captain went on:

"My second reason for shutting you up," he said, "refers entirely to Mrs. Lecount's master. The growth of love, my dear child, is, in one respect, unlike all other growths—it flourishes under adverse circumstances. Our first course of action is to make Mr. Noel Vanstone feel the charm of your society. Our next is to drive him distracted by the loss of it. I should like to expound a few more maxims, with a view to furthering this end, but for our present position we must return toward Mrs. Lecount. As it is, we must trust to the effect you produced yesterday, and try the experiment of a sudden appearance rather sooner than I could have otherwise wished. I shall see Mr. Noel Vanstone, though you don't —and if there is a raw place established any where about the region of that gentleman's heart, trust me to hit him on it! You are now in full possession of my views. Take your time to consider, and give me your answer—Yes or No."

"Any change is for the better," said Magdalen, "which keeps me out of the company of Mrs. Lecount and her master! Let it be as you wish."

She had hitherto answered faintly and wearily; but she spoke those last words with a heightened tone and a rising color—signs which warned Captain Wragge not to press her further.

"Very good," said the captain. "As usual, we understand each other. I see you are tired, and I won't detain you any longer."

He rose to open the door, stopped half-way to it, and came back again. "I am sure me to arrange matters with the servant down stairs," he continued. "I dare say she can't abide her own bed, and we must purchase the girl's discretion when she answers the door—without taking her into our confidence, of course. I will make her understand that she is to say you are ill, just as she might say we are not at home, as a hint at keeping unwelcome acquaintances out of the house. Allow me to open the door for you. I beg your pardon, you are finishing Mrs. Wragge's work-room instead of going to your own."

"I know I am," said Magdalen. "I wish to remove Mrs. Wragge from the worst room in the house and to take her up stairs with me."

"For the evening?"

"For the whole time, if you please," said the captain. "Take Mrs. Wragge, by all means. I don't want her." Having resigned the partner of his existence in those terms, he discreetly returned to the parlor. "The weakness of the sex!" thought the captain, tapping his sagacious head. "Only a hint on the female intellect—and the female temper gives way directly."

The strain to which the captain alluded was not confined that evening to the female intellect in North Shingles. After a long day's writing and toilet at Sea View. For nearly two hours Mrs. Lecount was at the window—now pacing, and writing again, before she could produce a letter to Miss Vanstone the elder which exactly accomplished the object on which she aimed. When the rough draft was completed to her satisfaction, and she had a fair copy of it forthwith, to be posted the next day.

Her letter thus produced was a master-piece of ingenuity. After the most unexceptionable references the housekeeper plainly informed Norah of the appearance of the new name and style of Vauxhall Walk; of the conversation which passed at the interview; and of her own suspicion that the person claiming to be Miss Bygrave was, in all probability, the younger Miss Vanstone herself. Having put this view before her, Mrs. Lecount next proceeded to say that her master was in possession of evidence which would justify him in refusing to see his wife's sister, if he knew the conspiracy with which he was threatened; that he had, in fact, received a letter from Captain Wragge, and that he only hesitated to protect himself in deference to family considerations, and to the wishes of his wife. Captain Wragge might so influence her sister as to render it unnecessary to proceed to extremities.

Under these circumstances (the letter continued) it was plainly necessary that the disguised person in Vauxhall Walk should be instantly identified—for if Mrs. Lecount's guess proved to be wrong, and if the person in question was a stranger, Mr. Noel Vanstone was positively resolved to prosecute in his own defence. Events in Aldborough would write back again to report abroad, would enable Mrs. Lecount in a few days to gain sight of the suspected person, in her own character. But as the housekeeper was entirely unacquainted with the younger Miss Vanstone, it was obviously desirable that some better informed person should, in this particular, take the matter in hand. If the elder Miss Vanstone happened to be at liberty to come to Aldborough herself, would she kindly write and say so? and Mrs. Lecount would write back again to appoint a day. If, on the other hand, Miss Vanstone was prevented from taking the journey, Mrs. Lecount suggested that Norah herself should contain the fullest description of her sister's personal appearance—should mention any little peculiarities which might exist in the way of marks on the face or hands—and should state (in case she had written before) what the address was in her last letter, and failing that, what the postmark was on the envelope. This information to help her, Mrs. Lecount would, in the interest of the misguided young lady herself, accept the responsibility of privately identifying her; and would write back immediately to acquaint the elder Miss Vanstone with the result.

The difficulty of sending this letter to the right address gave Mrs. Lecount very little trouble. Remembering the name of the lawyer who had pleaded the cause of the two sisters, in Michael Vanstone's time, she directed her letter to "Miss Vanstone, care of —— Pendril, Esquire, London." This she inclosed in a second envelope, addressed to Mr. Noel Vanstone's solicitor, with a line inside, requesting that gentleman to send it at once to the office of Mr. Pendril.

"Now," thought Mrs. Lecount, as she locked the letter up in her desk, preparatory to posting it the next day, with her own hand, "Now I have got her!"

The next morning the servant from Sea View came, with her master's compliments, to make inquiries after Miss Bygrave's health. Captain Wragge's bulletin was duly announced—Miss Bygrave was so ill as to be confined to her room.

On the reception of this intelligence, Mr. Noel Vanstone's anxiety led him to call at North Shingles himself, when he went out for his afternoon walk. Miss Bygrave was no better. He inquired if he could see Mr. Bygrave. The wife's captain was prepared to meet this emergency. He thought a little arresting suspense would do Mr. Noel Vanstone no harm; and he had carefully charged the servant, in case of necessity, with her answer: "Mr. Bygrave begged to be excused; he was not able to see any one."

On the second day inquiries were made as before, by message in the morning, and by Mr. Noel Vanstone himself in the afternoon. The morning answer relating to Magdalen was, "A shade better." The afternoon answer (relating to Captain Wragge) was, "Mr. Bygrave had just gone out." That evening Mr. Noel Vanstone's temper was very uncertain; and Mrs. Lecount's patience and tact were sorely tried in the effort to avoid offending him.

On the third morning the report of the sufferers by young and by sex favorable—"Miss Bygrave was still very poorly, and not able to leave her bed." The servant, returning to Sea View with this message, met the postman, and took into the breakfast-room with her two letters addressed to Mrs. Lecount.

The first letter was in a handwriting familiar to the housekeeper. It was from the medical attendant on her invalid brother at Zurich; and it announced that the patient's malady had latterly altered in so marked a manner for the better that there was every hope now of preserving his life.

The address on the second letter was in a strange handwriting. Mrs. Lecount, concluding that it was the answer from Miss Vanstone, waited to read it until breakfast was over, and she could retire to her own room.

She opened the letter, looked at once for the name at the end, and started a little as she read it. The signature was not "Norah Vanstone," but "Horace Holmcroft."

Miss Garth's letter announced that the elder Miss Vanstone had, a week since, accepted an engagement as governess—subject to the condition of joining the family of her employer at their temporary residence in the south of France, and of returning with them—then their course back to England, probably in a month or six weeks' time. During the interval of this necessary absence Miss Vanstone had requested Miss Garth to open all her letters; her main object in making that arrangement being to provide for the speedy answering of any communication which might arrive for her from her sister. Miss Magdalen Vanstone had not written since the middle of July—on which occasion the post-mark on the letter showed that it must have been posted in London, in the district of Lambeth—and her elder sister had left England in a state of the most distressing anxiety on her account.

Having completed this explanation Miss Garth then mentioned that family circumstances prevented her from traveling personally to Aldborough to assist Mr. Lecount's object, but that she was provided with a substitute, in every way fitter for the purpose, in the person of Mr. Pendril. That gentleman was well acquainted with Miss Magdalen Vanstone; and his professional experience and discretion would render his assistance doubly valuable. He had already consented to travel to Aldborough whenever it might be thought necessary. But as his time was very valuable, Miss Garth specially requested that he might not be sent for until Mrs. Lecount was quite sure of the day on which his services might be required.

While proposing this arrangement Miss Garth added that she thought it right to furnish her correspondent with a written description of the younger Miss Vanstone as well. An emergency might happen which would allow Mrs. Lecount no time for securing Mr. Pendril's services: and the execution of Mr. Noel Vanstone's intentions toward the unhappy girl who was the object of his forbearance might be fatally delayed by an unforeseen difficulty in establishing her identity. The personal description, transmitted under these circumstances, had been followed. It omitted no personal peculiarity by which Magdalen could be recognized; and it included the "two little moles close together on the left side of the nose," which had been formerly mentioned in the printed hand-bills sent to Vienna.

In conclusion Miss Garth expressed her fears that Mrs. Lecount's suspicions were only too likely to be proved true. While, however, there was the faintest chance that the conspiracy might turn out to be directed by a stranger, Miss Garth felt bound in gratitude toward Mr. Noel Vanstone, to assist the legal proceedings which would, in that case, be instituted. She accordingly suspended her own formal denial—which she would personally repeat, if necessary—of any identity between herself and the person in disguise who had made use of her name. She was the Miss Garth who had been the situation of the late Mr. Andrew Vanstone's governess; and she had never in her life been in, or near, the neighborhood of Vauxhall Walk.

With this declinature—and with the writer's fervent assurances that she would do all for Magdalen's advantage which her sister might have done if her sister had been in England—the letter concluded. It was signed in full, and was dated with the business-like accuracy in such matters which had always distinguished Miss Garth's character.

This letter placed a formidable weapon in the housekeeper's hands.

It provided a means of establishing Miss Bygrave's identity through the intervention of a lawyer by profession. It contained a personal description minute enough to be used to advantage, if necessary, before Mr. Pendril's appearance. It presented a signed exposure of the false Miss Garth, under the hand of the true Miss Garth; and it established the fact that the last letters received by the absent Miss Vanstone from the younger had been posted (and therefore probably written) in the neighborhood of Vauxhall Walk. If any later letter had been received, with the Aldborough post-mark, the chain of evidence, so far as the question of localities was concerned, might doubtless have been more complete. But, as it was, there was testimony enough (aided as that testimony might be, by the fragment of the brown alpaca dress still in Mrs. Lecount's possession) to raise a shrewd which hung over the conspiracy, and to place Mr. Noel Vanstone face to face with the plain and startling truth.

The one obstacle which now stood in the way of immediate action on the housekeeper's part was the obstacle of Miss Bygrave's present seclusion within the limits of her own room. The question of gaining personal access to her, was a question which must be decided before any communication could be opened with Mr. Pendril. Mrs. Lecount put on her bonnet at once, and called at North Shingles to try what discoveries she could make for herself before post-time.

On this occasion Mr. Bygrave was at home, and she was admitted without the least difficulty.

Careful consideration that morning had decided Captain Wragge on advancing matters a little nearer to the crisis. The means by which he proposed achieving this result made it necessary for him to see the housekeeper and her master separately, and to set them at variance by producing two totally opposite impressions relating to himself on their minds. Mrs. Le-

"A MYSTERY IN HIS OWN HOUSE, UNDER HIS OWN NOSE! WHAT DID IT MEAN?,

cousin's visit, therefore, instead of causing him any embarrassment, was the most welcome occurrence he could have wished for. He received her in the parlor with a marked restraint of manner for which she was quite unprepared. His ingratiating smile was gone and an impenetrable solemnity of countenance appeared in its stead.

"I have ventured to intrude on you, Sir," said Mrs. Locust, "to express the regret with which both my cousin and I have learned of Miss Bygrave's illness. Is there no improvement?"

"No, ma'am," replied the captain, as briefly as possible. "My niece is no better."

"I have had some experience, Mr. Bygrave, in nursing. If I could be of any use—"

"Thank you, Mrs. Locust. There is no necessity for our taking advantage of your kindness."

This plain answer was followed by a moment's silence. The housekeeper felt some little perplexity. What had become of Mr. Bygrave's elaborate courtesy, and Mr. Bygrave's many words? Did he want to offend her? If he did, Mrs. Locust then and there determined that he should not gain his object.

"May I inquire the nature of the illness?" she persisted. "It is not connected, I hope, with our excursion to Dunwich?"

"I regret to say, ma'am," replied the captain, "it began with that unfortunate affair in the carriage."

"Ah, so!" thought Mrs. Locust. "He doesn't even try to make me think the illness a real one; he throws off the mask at starting!—It is a severe illness, Sir?" she added aloud.

The captain answered by a solemn affirmative inclination of the head.

"Then you have two nervous sufferers in the house, Mr. Bygrave?"

"Yes, ma'am—two. My wife and my niece."

"I.at is rather a strange coincidence of misfortunes."

"It is, ma'am. Very strange."

In spite of Mrs. Locust's resolution not to be offended, Mr. Bygrave's manner, and especially his sensibility to every stroke she aimed at him began to ruffle her. She was conscious of some little difficulty in securing the self-possession before she could say any thing more.

"Is there no immediate hope," she resumed, "of Miss Bygrave being able to leave her room?"

"None whatever, ma'am."

"You are satisfied, I suppose, with the medical attendance?"

"I have no medical attendance," said the captain, composedly. "I watch the case myself."

The gathering venom in Mrs. Locust swelled up at that reply, and overflowed at her lips.

"Your smattering of science, Sir," she said, with a malicious smile, "includes, I presume, a smattering of medicine as well?"

"It does, ma'am," answered the captain, without the slightest disturbance of face or manner. "I know as much of medicine as I do of chemistry."

The tone in which he spoke those words left Mrs. Locust but one dignified alternative. She rose to terminate the interview. The temptation of the moment proved too much for her, and she could not resist casting the shadow of a threat over Captain Wragge's partner.

"I defer thanking you, Sir, for the manner in which you have received me," she said, "until I can pay the debt of obligation with some grace. In the mean time I am glad to infer, from the absence of a medical attendant in the house, that Miss Bygrave's illness is much less serious than I had supposed it to be when I came here."

"I never contradict a lady, ma'am," rejoined the incorrigible captain. "If I, in your pleasure, when we next meet, to think my remarks quite well, I shall bow resignedly to the expression of your opinion." With those words he followed the housekeeper into the passage, and politely opened the door for her. "I mark the trick, ma'am!" he said to himself, as he closed it again. "The trump-card in your hand is a sight of my niece, and I'll take care you don't play it!"

He returned to the parlor and composedly awaited the next event which was likely to bring him a visit from Mrs. Locust's master. In less than an hour results began to appear. Wragge's anticipations, and Mr. Noel Vanstone walked in.

"My dear Sir!" cried the captain, cordially seizing his visitor's reluctant hand, "I know what you have come for. But, before you open the box of her visit here, and has no doubt declared that my niece's illness is a mere subterfuge. You feel surprised, you feel (if you possess the use of trifling with your kind sympathies—in short, you require an explanation. That explanation you shall have. Take a seat, Mr. Vanstone. I am about to throw myself on your sense and judgment as a man of the world. I acknowledge that we are in a false position, Sir; and I tell you plainly at the outset—your housekeeper is the cause of it."

For once in his life Mr. Noel Vanstone opened his eyes. "Locust!" he exclaimed, in the utmost bewilderment.

"The same, Sir," replied Captain Wragge. "I am afraid I offended Mrs. Lecount, when we came here this morning, by a want of cordiality in my manner. I am a plain man, and I can't assume what I don't feel. For be it from me to breathe a word against your housekeeper's character. She is, no doubt, a most excellent and trust-worthy woman; but she has one serious failing common to persons at her time of life who occupy her situation—she is jealous of her influence over her master, although you may not have observed it."

"I beg your pardon," interposed Mr. Noel Vanstone; "my observation is remarkably quick. Nothing escapes it."

"In that case, Sir," resumed the captain, "you can not fail to have noticed that Mrs. Lecount has allowed her jealousy to affect her conduct toward my niece?"

Mr. Noel Vanstone thought of the domestic storm at arm's length between Mrs. Lecount and himself when his guests of the evening had left Vere View, and failed to see his way to any direct reply. He inclined on the upon. Politely declaring that he was always an early man when the morning presented any special attraction to him, he awaited the explanations for seven o'clock, and rose soon afterward to take his leave.

"Understand a parting," said Captain Wragge. "This conversation is entirely between ourselves. Mrs. Locust must know nothing of the impression which has produced on my mind. I have not mentioned it to you to account for my apparently unfriendly conduct, and to satisfy your own mind. In confidence, Mr. Vanstone—strictly in confidence. Good-morning!"

With those parting words the captain bowed his visitor out. Unless some unexpected disaster occurred, he now saw his way safely to the end of the enterprise. He had gained the most important steps in advance that morning. He had sown the seeds of variance between the housekeeper and her master, and he had given Mr. Noel Vanstone a common interest with Magdalen and himself in keeping a secret from Mrs. Lecount. "We have caught our man," thought Captain Wragge, cheerfully rubbing his hands—"we have caught our man at last!"

Leaving North Shingles, Mr. Noel Vanstone walked straight home, fully resolved on his place in his own estimation, and sternly determined to carry matters with a high hand if he found himself in collision with Mrs. Lecount.

The housekeeper received her master at the door with her mildest manner and her gentlest smile. She addressed him with downcast eyes; and replied to his contemptuous assertion of independence a barrier of impenetrable respect.

"May I venture to ask, Sir," she began, "if Mr. Wragge has left Magdalen his leg on view for the same conclusion as mine on the subject of Miss Bygrave's illness?"

"Certainly not, Locust. I consider your conclusion to have been both hasty and prejudiced."

"I am sorry to hear it, Sir. I felt hurt by Mr. Bygrave's misconception of me—but I was not aware that my judgment was prejudiced by it. Perhaps he received you, Sir, with a warmer appreciation?"

"He received me like a gentleman—that is all I think it necessary to say, Locust—he received me like a gentleman."

This answer satisfied Mrs. Lecount on the one doubtful point which had perplexed her. Whatever Mr. Bygrave's sudden coolness toward her self might mean, his polite reception of her master implied that the plot of detention had not daunted him, and that the conspiracy was still in full progress. Her task was therefore clearly defined.

"You will probably visit Mr. Bygrave again, Sir?"

"Of course I shall visit him—if I please."

"And perhaps see Miss Bygrave, if she gets better?"

"Why not? I should be glad to know why not? Is it necessary to ask your leave first, Locust?"

"By no means, Sir. As you have often said (and as I most entirely agree with you), you are master. It may surprise you to hear it, Mr. Noel, but I have a private reason for wishing that you should see Miss Bygrave again."

Mr. Noel started a little, and looked at his housekeeper with some curiosity.

"I have a strange fancy of my own, Sir, about that young lady," proceeded Mrs. Lecount. "If you will excuse my fancy, and indulge it, you will do me a favor for which I shall be very grateful."

"A fancy?" repeated her master, in growing surprise. "What fancy?"

"Only this, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount.

She took from one of the neat little pockets of her apron a number of note paper, carefully folded into the smallest possible compass, and respectfully placed it on Mr. Noel Vanstone's knee.

"If you are willing to oblige an old and faithful servant, Mr. Noel," she said, in a very quiet and very deferential manner, "you will kindly put that morsel of paper into your waistcoat-pocket; you will read it, for the first time, *when you are next in Miss Bygrave's company*; and you will say nothing at what has now caused business to stir in your memory, from this time to that. I promise to explain my strange request, Sir, when you have done what I ask, and when your next interview with Miss Bygrave has come to an end."

She curtsied with her best grace, and quietly left the room.

Mr. Noel Vanstone looked from the folded paper to the door and from the door back to the folded paper, in unutterable astonishment. A mystery in his own house, under his own nose! What did it mean?

It meant that Mrs. Lecount had not wasted her time that morning. While the captain was casting the net over his visitor at North Shingles, the housekeeper was steadily mining the ground under his feet. The folded paper contained nothing less than a carefully-written extract from the personal description of Magdalen in Miss Garth's letter. With a daring ingenuity which only a woman's resources might have equal, Mrs. Lecount had found her instrument for exposing the conspiracy, in the unsuspecting person of the victim himself!

I am aware, is an unusual one—but later in the day my niece may be resting on the sofa, and may not be able to see visitors."

Having made this proposal, purely for the purpose of enabling Mr. Noel Vanstone to escape to North Shingles at an hour in the morning when his housekeeper would be probably in bed, Captain Wragge left him to take the hint, if he could, as indirectly as it had been given. He proved sharp enough (the case being one in which his own interests were concerned) to close with the proposal on the spot. Politely declaring that he was always an early man when the morning presented any special attraction to him, he awaited the explanations for seven o'clock, and rose soon afterward to take his leave.

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"He received me like a gentleman—that is all I think it necessary to say, Locust—he received me like a gentleman."

This answer satisfied Mrs. Lecount on the one doubtful point which had perplexed her. Whatever Mr. Bygrave's sudden coolness toward herself might mean, his polite reception of her master implied that the plot of detention had not daunted him, and that the conspiracy was still in full progress. Her task was therefore clearly defined. She had expressly calculated on this result. After a moment's thinking she addressed her master without further preface:

"You will probably visit Mr. Bygrave again, Sir?"

"Of course I shall visit him—if I please."

"And perhaps see Miss Bygrave, if she gets better?"

"Why not? I should be glad to know why not. Is it necessary to ask your leave first, Locust?"

"By no means, Sir. As you have often said (and as I most entirely agree with you), you are master. It may surprise you to hear it, Mr. Noel, but I have a private reason for wishing that you should see Miss Bygrave again."

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WRITTEN IN SAND.

THE thrifty western wind swept warm
Down all the slopes of the silent shore;
The light was failing fast; and my arm
Held the woman whom I adore.

She has a stately Juno-like face
Who has promis'd to stoop to be my wife;
A calm, unfaltering voice, and the grace
That comes with knowledge of life.

And as she look'd on the dark'ning sea,
And as I look'd in her eyes divine,
I "my own" write on the sand," she said,
"The name that will soon be mine."

The night was warm, and the honey-breath
Of the flowers on the cliffs was on my cheek;
But across me there swept even of the coldness of death,
And my tongue refused to speak.

For full on my ear, with a sudden rush,
There fell the sound of a distant shore;
And before we there rose the delicate blush
Of a cheek that shall blush no more.

And all the wealth of my present bliss,
The stately Juno-face at my side,
The half-caressant, half-careless kiss
Of her who shall soon be my bride—

Pass'd into darkness . . . and we stood,
My love and I, by the little bay
Sheltered over with fern-wood,
And then I remember'd a story,

And as I read her eyes' soft shame,
And as I held her trembling hand,
Slowly I wrote again a name
That was straight with ours in sand!

"Ah, not for me!" said a childish voice;
"That hope is all too high for me.
I am not worthy to be your choice:
Blot it away, O sea!"

And as the tide rose high, a wave,
Sudden and cold, swept the sweet name over;
And then I remember'd a grave,
And that I had forgot to love her.

But still, wherever we walk'd that night,
My bride and I, through the twilight gray,
Written in letters distinct and white,
Her name went before me.

And not for thrice her father's land,
And not for thrice the charms of my bride,
Could I have written a name i' the sand,
Save the name of her who died.

THE GUERRILLAS IN THE WEST.

ON page 548 we publish an illustration of the SACKING OF A CITY IN THE WEST BY THE GUERRILLAS under JOHN MORGAN. This shameless miscreant boasted of it when he returned from his raids in East Tennessee, that he had destroyed $2,000,000 worth of property during his raid into Kentucky. He did not enumerate the murders or the many outrages committed by his men; but we know from many sources that they did not perpetrate a thousandth part of crime. Guerrilla warfare involves, as a matter of necessity, almost every other horror in the calendar —murder, rape, robbery, and arson. The band which unites members of a guerrilla band together is love of plunder, lust, and violence. War, as carried on by civilized armies, has no attractions for them. It would not pay them. To reward them for the risks they run and the hardships they encounter without pay, they must make free with life, female virtue, and property. Wherever Morgan has penetrated shrieks of agony have gone up to Heaven from outraged matrons and maidens, butchered children, and sacked households. Parson Brownlee's book informs us of the degree of humanity possessed by the ruffians who ride with Morgan. Such God-forsaken wretches can not be found out of the purlieus of hell and the Feejee Islands and the Southern Slave States. The day will come when the West will exact a fearful retribution for the savage acts it endures at the hands of these creatures of slavery. Meanwhile they go on, ruining one of the finest regions of the world, without the poor credit of helping their bad cause one single hair's-breadth.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

WE publish on page 557 a couple of pictures of the ARMY OF VIRGINIA, one representing a REVIEW OF GENERAL FREMONT'S ARMY IN CENTRAL POPE, from a drawing by Mr. Anton Kellner; the other, opposite, the RECEPTION OF COMMANDANTS AT COLONEL CLUSERET'S HEAD-QUARTERS, from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Davenport.

General Siegel commands the army lately commanded by General Fremont. He is said to be a high condition of efficiency. He is considered is known to be one of the ablest and most skilful of the foreign officers in our service. He left, we his native in Germany in 1848, and here he distracted general of brigade volunteers. Since by his conduct at the Battle of Pea Ridge, in Arkansas. When the right time comes General Siegel will be heard from.

Contrabands are flocking in to the army of Virginia in very large numbers. From the reports of the rebels themselves it appears that the able-bodied slaves in the northern counties of Virginia are rapidly disappearing. Well they may. We offer them freedom and work at good wages in exchange for slavery, for death, and for the prospect of being sold South. By-and-by we shall have enough of them on hand to build all our fortifications and do the work of laborers for the whole army.



THE LATE GENERAL R. L. M'COOK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. CLARKE & CO., OF CINCINNATI.—[SEE PAGE 851.]

THE REBEL GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.

We publish on this page, from a photograph by Brody, a portrait of the famous rebel General Thomas Jefferson Jackson, better known as Stonewall Jackson.

Thomas J. Jackson was born in Virginia about the year 1825, and is consequently about thirty-eight years of age. He graduated at West Point in 1846, and in the following year accompanied Magruder's battery to Mexico. At Contreras and Churubusco he distinguished himself so highly on the field that he was brevetted Captain for gallantry. At Chapultepec he again won laurels, and was brevetted Major for gallant and meritorious conduct. On his return from Mexico he was for some time in command at Fort Hamilton; but in 1852 he resigned his rank. At the outbreak of the rebellion Major Jackson was one of those Southerners who were greatly embarrassed to discover the true line of their duty. He had married a Northern wife, was an honorable and conscientious man, and long hesitated what course to pursue. It is stated that his father-in-law, a Northern clergyman, visited him, and urged him to remain faithful to his country and his flag. They spent several hours in prayer together, and Jackson confessed that the struggle was sore. But finally the pernicious doctrine of State Rights, which, Jackson, like so many other gallant Southrons, had imbibed early in life, won the day: "I must go with Virginia!" he cried, and plunged headlong into the vortex of treason.

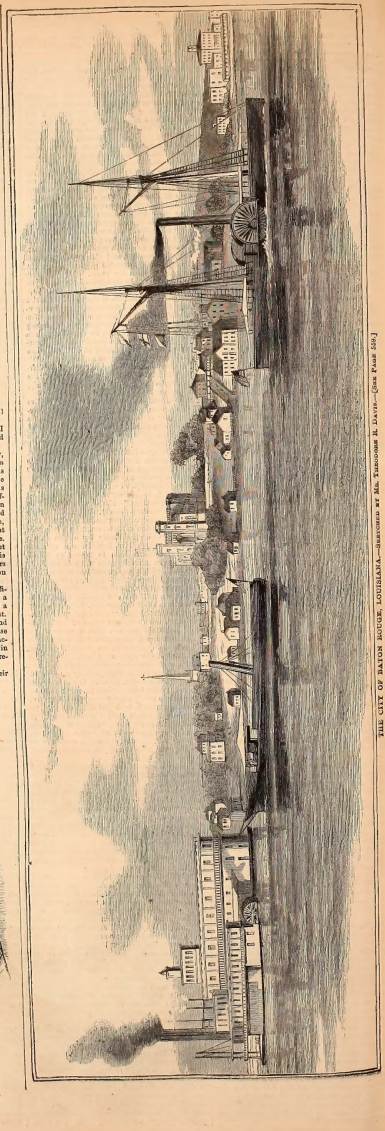
As a rebel officer he has been energetic, lucky, and skilful. At Bull Run he won his spurs as one of "Stonewall" by promising Beauregard that his brigade should stand like a stone wall before the enemy; the promise was kept. He fought Shields near Winchester, in March last, with rather indifferent success. But his pursuit of Banks down the Shenandoah Valley was very successful, and infused some heart into the rebel cause. Again, in June, his attack on M'Clellan's right wing at Mechanicsville helped his fame among his people. At Cedar Mountain his design showed skill, but the steadily courage of Banks's troops foiled his purpose. He will shortly come to close quarters with a General who is fully his match—John Pope.

Stonewall Jackson is by all odds the ablest officer in the rebel army. Beauregard, who was a year ago considered their crack leader, evinced a sad lack of capacity in the contest in the West. He was completely outgeneraled by Halleck, and had the mortification of seeing his army disperse and leave him without a command after the evacuation of Corinth. He is now said to be living in retirement in Mississippi, overwhelmed by remorse.

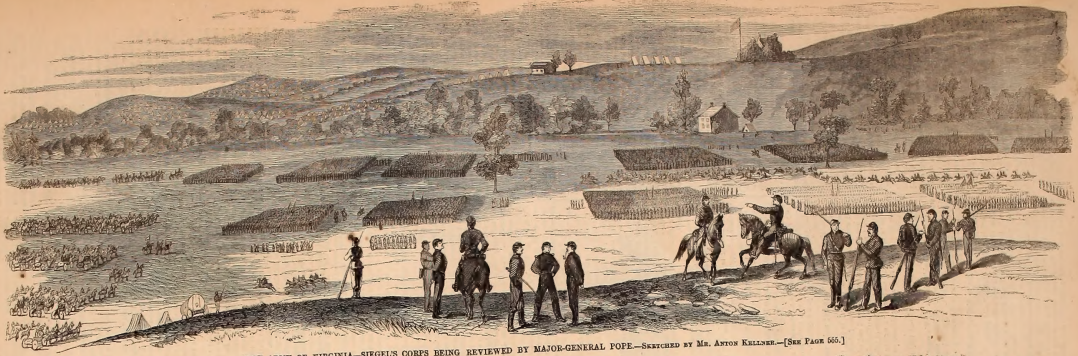
Neither Lee nor Johnson have fulfilled their promise.



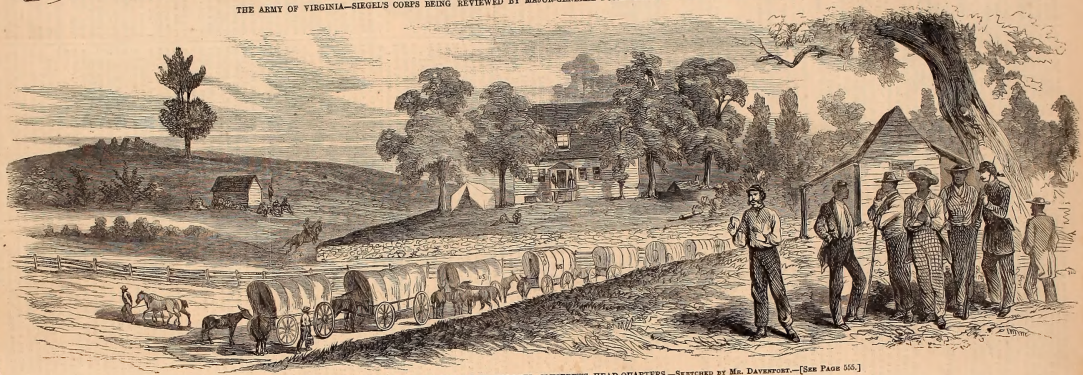
THE REBEL GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



THE CITY OF BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.—SEIZED BY MR. THEODORE H. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 549.]



THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA—SIEGEL'S CORPS BEING REVIEWED BY MAJOR-GENERAL POPE.—Sketched by Mr. Anton Kellner.—[See Page 565.]



THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA—CONTRABANDS COMING IN TO COLONEL CLUSERET'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—Sketched by Mr. Davenport.—[See Page 565.]

MY PHILIP.

THERE was the quick, sharp rap of the postman at the door. Our postman always seemed to sympathize with his bundle of letters; and he knew us all so well, that he knew the contents or subjects of our letters almost as well as if he had been clairvoyant.

I was expecting my brother on that day; and, instead of him, there came a letter.

"Good news from William, I don't doubt," said the postman, as he gave me change.

"There generally is good news from brother," said I, smiling.

"William is a fine fellow," said he, tightening the string on his bundle of letters, and then he went on his way.

I remember thinking, what if he should lose one of those precious letters? What if he had lost mine? Why did he not carry them in a bag? How could he risk losing such precious things? But they all risk losing letters just the same way, for no letter-carrier in city or village ever uses any security for his parcel of letters but a string while he is distributing them to their many owners.

I went in to read my news from brother, whatever it might be. My mother was in the large front-room, that looked toward the south, with my invalid father. He was taking his dinner, and I would not disturb him even with my treasure. So I stopped in the room, which was dining-room, sitting-room, and library, in our cottage. I opened my letter eagerly. I had not then learned to wait patiently, and least of all where letters were concerned. I turned blind and faint when I saw where the letter was dated.

"MEDWAY JAIL."

For some moments I in vain essayed to read. My head swam, and darkness veiled my eyes. At length I recovered, and read:

"MY DEAR SISTER,—You will be surprised when you see where my letter is dated. Since I last wrote you, I have had fair success in collecting the debts due to father; and I began to be encouraged, and to think I saw daylight for us. Three days ago I called on Mix, who keeps the tavern by the steamboat-landing. You will remember that his was the largest debt owing to father here. At first he said he could not pay me any thing. Then he said he supposed the night's receipts would be pretty good, as the night-train on the railroad would bring a good many for the morning boat; and they must stay with him, for the other house was bad at best, and was being painted now. He said he would give me something on the debt in the morning. I had intended to be at home on the twenty-first, and it was hard to be detained; but I staid. In the morning he gave me one hundred dollars, in five twenty-dollar notes. I made my calculations, and found that by giving up my stoppages at two other places I could still be at home on the twenty-first. I was so glad of the prospect of so soon seeing you and mother, and our dear helpless father, that I trembled with joy. I trembled so much when I was shaving that I cut my chin. After I was again on my way the blood kept oozing, and I stopped at an apothecary's to get a piece of court-plaster. It was near the station, where I was to take the cars, and a mile from Mix's tavern. I had bought the court-plaster, when I saw some surgical instruments lying on the counter. They pleased me very much; and as father had told me I should have a set for collecting, as soon as I had received a hundred dollars, I bought them.

"I had a sort of misgiving about the money I had got of Mix; I did not believe that it was bad, but I wished to be better satisfied than I was about it. I asked the price of the instruments. They were sold. There was a turnkey and a lancet, valued at three dollars, that I could have. I bought them, and tendered one of my twenty-dollar notes in payment. It was taken without question. I put the change and my instruments in my pocket, very glad to be set at rest about my money. I then went over to the station; the cars started in an hour, I was told, and I sat down to wait as patiently as I could. Before half an hour had elapsed I was arrested for passing counterfeit money. I was searched, and eighty dollars, of the same kind I had passed, were found upon me. At first I was horrified; but I sent immediately for Mix, scarcely doubting that he would say he had paid me the money. He refused to come, declaring that he had paid me no money; but saying that I had paid him a bad twenty-dollar note for my night's lodging, supper, and breakfast, thus cheating him out of eighteen dollars good money. He said he would meet me at the right time and place; that I was in good hands now; and that he was busy.

"I am in prison, sister dear, and I don't know what will be my fate. All my money was taken from me by the officer who arrested me, and I can do nothing but let you know the facts. If father were not helpless he would be able to help me; as it is, he can think; and some kind soul, I trust, will be able to carry out his suggestions. Keep up your courage, Clara dear, and tell father and mother that I am cheerful in my affliction. Write at once, and tell me what father says.

"Your loving brother,

"WILLIAM BENTLEY."

I waited for my father to finish his dinner, and then I called mother and showed her the letter. Grieved and alarmed as she was, she endured all till my father had slept his usual hour after his dinner.

Before I tell my readers what my father said to the letter I must say something of our conditions. My father had been a merchant in Medway for many years. He was ruined by the credit system. After losing almost every thing he came to the village of Rosalba, where we now lived. He bought the cottage in which my mother was born. He paid one half its value, and depended on collecting the debts due to him in Medway and the vicinity to pay the other half. My brother wished to study to be a physician, and our uncle was considered the best medical man in Rosalba, and in our poverty he could very greatly assist us by helping my brother in his education. We had lived two years in the cottage. The first year we rented, the second we bought it.

We had let the garden belonging to the cottage for half its produce, and I had taught school in summer; and thus, with a very little money that my father had collected, we were supported. We lived in a hard, grudging economy that no one knew of, not even my uncle. He was doing what he could for my brother; more than we would have been willing to accept from any other. The spectre always before us was the half payment for our cottage, which remained to be made. And we lost all if we did not pay the remainder at a time specified, and which was drawing near. We looked to the success of my brother's efforts in this collecting tour to secure us the shelter of our cottage home. Food we trusted would come. The ravens are fed; and we hoped and looked forward to the time when my brother should be a successful physician, as our uncle was now.

What a terrible blow had fallen on our devoted heads! Our sole hope, our idolized William, was in a prison, accused of a crime that, if not disproved, might consign him to a penitentiary for years, and blast his prospects forever.

My mother and I were wild with grief. My father was quiet, but very sad. His disease, which was palsy of the lower limbs, caused by a fall from his horse, had left his mind clear as when he was in health.

"We must do what we can," said he, "and be comforted that we know William is innocent. Now, Clara, you must go to Judge Bixby. I will write a note to him. He will come here and consult with me, or he will advise me in some way. I have notes against Mix for three hundred dollars, besides the one William had with him, which was for two hundred and fifty. These notes are so many probabilities against him. We must have some person to go to Medway."

I wanted to say that Philip Melvin would go, but I dared not speak his name. He was a student, reading law with Judge Bixby. He had paid me the attentions of a lover till my parents forbade me to receive them. My parents were proud of their ancestry. They were proud of the former position, and prouder than all of the Puritan principles and practices of their progenitors.

Now Philip Melvin was disgraced from his birth. He was an illegitimate child. His mother was a simple country-girl, who had died of a broken heart soon after his birth, and she had never revealed the name of Philip's father. She had died in the alms-house, and there her boy remained until he was seven years old. A lady visited the house when he had just reached his seventh birthday, and asked for Philip. She wept bitterly, it was said, over the beautiful child, and then she went to Judge Bixby, and from that time he became as one of the children of the good and wise Judge. Philip proved worthy of all the care and education which were bestowed on him with liberal as well as paternal kindness; but notwithstanding all, he was regarded as one who before his birth had

"fallen into a pit of ink,
From which the wide sea could not wash him clean again."

I believe I loved Philip all the better because every body seemed to keep the bitter fact of his birth in their memory. He was nearly twenty-one years old. I was seventeen. I had never disobeyed my parents, and I regarded my mother as a superior being. I was required to treat Philip as a stranger; and I could give him no explanation without wounding him more than I could ever bear to wound him. Poor fellow! I did not doubt that he regarded his birth as the mark of Cain upon him. How could I ever allude to the terrible fact? He saved me from my trouble by a manly frankness, which greatly increased my respect and love for him. One day I met him in a lonely road, in the neighborhood of the village. He stopped me.

"Clara," said he, "I have a word to say to you."

The blood rushed to my face, a burning flood.

"You have said that you loved me," said he.

"I have," I whispered, hardly so as to be heard.

"Have you changed?" asked Philip.

"NO," said I, aloud, and with energy.

"Do you shun me of your own free-will?"

"No, Philip."

"Your parents require it of you, and—your brother also wishes you to shun me?"

"Yes," I said, bravely, and yet with trembling.

"Because—" He could not utter the words.

He looked at me appealingly. I answered his thought.

"Yes, Philip; but I love you better for your great sorrow. I love you better for all the affliction Providence has permitted to come upon you."

"I thank you," said he, solemnly. "Clara, if we are faithful to our love our time will come. We shall be happy together some day."

I was silent.

"Do you not believe it?"

"I hope for it," I replied.

"Do not go yet," said he, as I was about to pass on; "do not go till you have promised me to be faithful to this love."

"I can be faithful only to my parents," said I, bursting into tears; "but I will never love any one but you, Philip, unless you forget me. Now let me go."

"Our time will come," said he; and I went on my way.

I never saw him again, to speak to him, till the day I went to Judge Bixby with my father's note. I met him on the way, and I stopped and told him our great sorrow. I could not do otherwise, for my heart turned to him with the hope of help.

"Go to the Judge," said he; "I will be there by the time he has read and considered your father's note."

Judge Bixby read the note, and was very much disturbed by it.

"This is very bad," said he. "We must send some one at once to Medway. William must be released; Philip will go to him. There he is now," said he, as he saw him through the window. Philip came in presently.

"Melvin, will you go to Medway to-night?" said the Judge.

"Certainly, if you wish it," said Philip.

Judge Bixby took his pen and wrote for some minutes; then he folded and addressed his letter without sealing it. Then he wrote a note to my father. He then turned to Philip, saying,

"You will go to Mr. Bentley, and get the notes which he has against Mix. Show this letter to him, which I have written to a legal friend of mine in Medway. If Mr. Bentley thinks of any thing more that he wishes me to write, you can return to me; otherwise, you had better go on to Medway to-night. I think you will do well to stay at Mix's tavern, and when you pay your bill offer him this note." He took a fifty-dollar note from his pocket, and handed it to Philip. "He has been so successful of late he may give you one of those twenty-dollar notes in change for this, if you appear to be a stranger merely passing over the road. Rascals are very often fools."

Philip and I went out together. At the door he said, "I will bid you good-by, and hasten to your father. You can come at your leisure. You may be sure I shall do my best, and you know for whose sake I do it."

His words comforted me in my great sorrow. I went home slowly, not wishing to arrive till Philip was gone. I met him at the door. He took my hand, pressed it in silence, and went away. My parents said little, and did not allude to the fact that Philip had gone to Medway.

I retired early, but spent the night in sleepless agony. I prayed for my poor brother in prison, and for all other prisoners. I felt sure that Philip would do William no good. I was glad to find in the morning that my father hoped that much good would result from his efforts. It was Tuesday evening when Philip left. He would arrive in Medway at two o'clock the next morning. By Friday we ought to hear from him. The day came, but no letter. I was indescribably miserable, and my father and mother were very anxious. I could not speak freely to my parents. The night previous I had passed through an experience strange to many, but the like of it had happened to me several times. I could not speak of it at home, and my heart seemed like to break that I could not. Finally I determined to go to Judge Bixby with my secret. As there was no news from my brother, I asked leave to go to the Judge, ostensibly to make inquiries.

Judge Bixby seemed to pity me very much when I came into his office.

"Have you heard any thing from my brother?" said I.

"Yes, dear," said he; and then he seemed sorry he had made the admission. "The fact is, Miss Clara, we have been quite put back in our proceedings; but we hope to have good news for you by Monday, or Tuesday—certainly by Wednesday."

I wished so much to tell him my experience, but I feared he would think me crazed, or untruthful. But the necessity to unburden my heart to some one constrained me, and I said,

"I want to tell you, Judge, what I saw last night. As I lay in my bed, looking into the darkness, I saw Philip. I shut my eyes and put my hands over them; but still I saw Philip Melvin. He was in a large room, in a kind of hotel; there was no lock on the door, and he tried to fasten the door with his knife; but I saw he had failed to do it effectually. The knife-blade broke nearly off, but the handle did not fall away. He could not see this, but I saw it. And I saw through the door, and saw a man on the outside of the door, in the hall. It was half-past two in the morning, as I saw by Philip's watch. He took off his coat and hung it beside a chair, and then lay down in his clothes. Presently he fell into a heavy sleep. I felt perfectly sure that a cup of coffee he had taken when he came in had some kind of sleeping-powder in it. As he slept, I saw a bad-looking man come into the room; he had a complexion almost like a mulatto, and only one eye. It was perfectly dark in the room, and yet I saw him come in as plainly as I had seen Philip before he put out his light. He took Philip's coat and examined the pockets; he took out the pocket-book, laid the coat again across the chair, and then he went out. 'Ah!' thought I, 'my poor brother is ruined now;' for I knew that your letter was in that pocket-book, and I supposed the notes given to my father by Mix were there also. I was in despair, but I followed the man from the room; he had left his light outside the door. He took up the light and went to a distant room, and locked himself in; I saw him take that fifty-dollar note from the pocket-book; I read 'Merrimac Bank' on it with perfect ease; then he took your letter to that lawyer in Medway, and read it, and then, holding it in the candle, he burned it; he took out several other papers, but I did not clearly see what they were. All this may seem false and foolish to you, Judge, but I am sure it all really happened. Something within me assures me that it is all true—that it has happened to Philip Melvin, and if you ever see him, I believe he will tell you so."

The Judge was reputed a skeptic in religion, and I feared very much I should get only his contempt for my relation. When I had finished he said very kindly,

"All this is very strange and curious. Mix has but one eye, and he has had fever and ague till he looks like a mulatto. Young Melvin was here yesterday; he had lost his pocket-book containing my letter to my legal friend, also he had lost the fifty-dollar bank-note, which was on the Merrimac Bank. Fortunately he had put Mix's notes, and some memoranda, in the lining of his hat. He came back for another letter and further instructions. He did not see any one in Medway but the one-eyed tavern-keeper and a servant. He took the morning-train back, and I expect to hear from him on Tuesday. I had marked the bank-note, so it is probable the miserable man has stolen a rope to hang himself in taking it. Now, my little girl," said the Judge, pleasantly, "if you see any more wonders to-night, I hope they will be pleasant ones. I have had abundant evidence of the truth of the facts claimed for clairvoyance, even to the breaking of Philip's knife, which I happen to know was broken as you said. Tell your father that I have heard from Melvin; that there is some unavoidable delay; but that I shall expect to hear good news by Tuesday."

I was not again clairvoyant; but on Wednesday evening my brother and Philip Melvin came. We were all overjoyed; but my joy was greatest, I am sure, for Philip had brought him. Brother asked Philip to stay to supper, and my father and mother begged him to do so; but he said, cheerfully, that he must go directly to the Judge and give an account of himself; and he left William to tell us his own story.

My brother said, "Mix would have given us much trouble; for he gave out that the notes against him were forged. But the rascal had stolen Philip's pocket-book. It had a marked bank-note in it for fifty dollars. Our lawyer set one of Mix's creditors to dun him very sharply, and at last he told him that he would take fifty dollars for a debt of a hundred. This drew forth the marked note, and Mix is now shut up in my place. Search has been made in his house, and in a false back to his writing-desk some thousands, in bills of the same kind that he gave me, have been found."

Our great trouble was past; my brother had been honorably restored to us. But poverty was upon us like an armed man. The little money that William had been able to collect would do very little toward paying for our home; and besides, we were obliged to take it for our present support. It seemed sure that we must lose our cottage, which we had named "Sunny Home." My parents and William were greatly afflicted, but I had a presentiment of coming help. Only the day before our home must be paid for, or lost, Judge Bixby came to see my father.

"I have been very sorry, Mr. Bentley," said he, "that no one has been able to loan you the money to save your place. It is hard to be poor, and have all one's friends poor. I am happy to tell you now, at the eleventh hour, that one has come forward to advance you the money."

My father uttered an exclamation of surprise; my mother said, "Thank God!" fervently.

"But who will do this, Judge?" asked my father.

"Our young friend Philip Melvin, who has just come into possession of his father's property. When Philip was seven years old his father died. On his death-bed he told his mother of Philip, and willed his large property to him; I was appointed the boy's guardian; and as Philip was twenty-one yesterday, I delivered up my trust. Philip will be admitted to the bar soon. He has fine ability, an irreproachable character, and a larger property than any one in Rosalba. If I had a daughter to give in marriage," said the Judge, regardless of my blushes, "I would sooner give her to Philip Melvin than to any man I know."

A spasm of mental pain passed over my father's countenance. "Thank Heaven, we are saved!" he said, "and only at the expense of a false and wicked pride. Judge Bixby, will you ask Philip to call here?"

"I will," said our friend.

That evening Philip came and sat alone with my father for a while. Then my mother was admitted to the conference. "They both asked me to forgive them for their pride," said Philip to me. "I have always regarded them more in pity than in anger. I have borne my lot as patiently as I could, and Providence has been kind to me at last. Our time has come, darling Clara."

"Thank Heaven!" said I.

"You have loved me for myself, Clara; and we shall be happy. Your brother has treated me like his own brother since the day we met in Medway Jail; but he has often said to me, 'Only much affliction can ever conquer my parents' pride of family, and prejudices about birth.' And then William said, 'As if an infant were to be cursed for the sin of those who gave it life.' I replied, 'So far as such a prejudice can be made a preventive of crime it is just, and I bow to it for the sake of the innocent.' Now, Clara, since we can leave your parents comfortable, and in William's care, I wish to go where no man will ever ask who were my parents."

I respected his sorrow; and I said, "I will go to the end of the world with you, my Philip." And thus it is that our graves will be far from those of our kindred.

STEVENSON, ALABAMA.

ON page 549 we give a picture of the town of STEVENSON, ALABAMA, now occupied by our forces. The sketch from which our picture was taken was drawn by our artist, Mr. H. Mosler.

Stevenson is the junction of the Memphis and Charleston, and the Nashville and Chattanooga railroads, and is therefore a strategic position of considerable importance. Battle Creek, where Buell's advance was stationed early in the month, is ten miles from there. Stevenson itself lies in a valley encircled by the Cumberland Mountains; the Tennessee flows about three miles east of the place. In the event of any attempt being made by the Southern rebels to regain possession of Tennessee, Stevenson would be one of the first places attacked.

On the same page we illustrate the ERECTION OF STOCKADES FOR DEFENSE BY NEGROES. Under the new Act of Congress all negroes who come into our lines are set to work at once on fortifications, and paid wages and freed as a reward for their labor. At and near Stevenson very extensive works are being erected; some 400 negroes are employed. John Contraband takes kindly to the work.

THE BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

WE publish on pages 552 and 553 a large picture of the BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN, from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Alfred R. Waud. We subjoin General Pope's official account of the battle:

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF VIRGINIA, CEDAR MOUNTAIN, *Aug.* 13—5 P.M.

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

On Thursday morning the enemy crossed the Rapidan, at Barnett's Ford, in heavy force, and advanced strong on the road to Culpepper and Madison Court House. I had established my whole force on the turnpike between Culpepper and Sperryville, ready to concentrate at either place as soon as the enemy's plans were developed.

Early on Friday it became apparent that the move on

Stadium Court House was merely a feint to detain the army corps of General Sigel while Longstreet and the whole attack of the enemy would be on Culpepper, to which point a direct forward march of Generals Banks's and Sigel's corps. Brigadier-General Buford, with part of the corps of Major-General Pope, who was in the advance, on the Rapidan, fell slowly back, delaying and embarrassing the enemy's advance as far as possible, and joining some of his men.

Meantime, of General Banks and Sigel, and one of the divisions of General McDowell's corps, were rapidly concentrated at Culpepper during Friday and Friday night, and at Culpepper also during Friday night, two other corps, Banks' corps being part of the division of McDowell's corps, came into the same position.

Meantime General Sigel, which had marched all night, was halted at Culpeper, to rest for a few hours.

Soon after the enemy advanced rapidly to Cedar Run, the scene also of which Jackson and Pope's former battle. General Banks was instructed to take up his position on the left, extending to Crawford's Summit, on the road to Orange, which had been thrown out the day previous to observe the enemy's movements. Banks's line of battle was in a curve facing that point, and of about two miles in length. The enemy's line of battle was nearly parallel to Banks's, but it was my desire to bring as many men as possible after their forced march, and to bring Pope's army of the Rappahannock.

The artillery of the enemy was opened early in the afternoon, from a battery on an advance ridge. Nine rebel batteries in all these skirmishers were thrown forward on each side of the road, and the battle of the day was fairly commenced.

The enemy pushed forward a strong force in the rear of my skirmishers, and General Banks advanced to the support.

The engagement did not fairly open until after six o'clock, but the heavy mass of the enemy was then advancing.

Throughout the surrounding, which at first was desultory, and directed mainly against the rear guard, the reports of musketry from General Banks that no attempt to overlap his left was made, and that the enemy's line was approximately of the same length.

Two of our batteries, the batteries in the artillery firing line, battalion me an engagement might be at hand, Major Schoonmaker, the battery conducted the fire of General McDowell to advance Ricketts's division to support General Banks, and directed that the corps be kept not more than the ground as soon as possible.

I arrived personally on the field at about six, and found the action raging furiously.* The infantry firing was incessant and terrific.

I found General Banks holding the position he took up early in the morning, in the best order possible.

Ricketts's division was directed to support General Banks, the brigades of General Hatch, the brigades of Generals Duryea and Gordon being ordered to the front, and were themselves in the center.

Before this division could be brought into action, dark, when the artillery fire continued at short range without intermission.

The artillery fire at night, by the Second and Fifth Maine batteries of Ricketts's division, of Major Hudson's 1st corps, was most destructive, as was readily observable by next morning in the dark and the enemy's dead and wounded—carriages of the enemy's battery which had been advanced against it.

Our troops rested on their arms during the night in line of battle, the heavy skirmishing kept up by both sides until midnight.

At daylight the next morning the enemy fell back two miles from our front, and still higher up the mountain side, where the artillery fire continued at short range without intermission.

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The fatigue of the troops, from having gone without rest for a night, made it impossible for either side to resume the action on Sunday. The men were, therefore, allowed to rest and recruit the whole day, our only active operations being of cavalry on the enemy's flank and rear.

Monday was spent in burying the dead and in getting of the wounded.

The slaughter was severe on both sides, most of the fighting being hand to hand.

The dead bodies of both armies were found mingled together, in masses, over the whole ground of the engagement.

The burying of the dead was not completed until dark on Monday, the last being on the ground that evening at the wounded.

The wounded of the enemy fell from the field, leaving many of their dead unburied, and were generally removed by the enemy to the Rapidan, over which he passed with his rear-guard by ten o'clock in the morning.

The behavior of General Banks's corps during the action was very fine. No general officer could have been more gallantly by any troops.

I am not aware, too highly of the coolness and intrepidity of General Banks himself during the whole of the engagement. He was in front and exposed to the fire of the enemy.

Brigadier-General Roberts, Chief of Cavalry of this Army, was with the advance of my corps during the whole Saturday, and was conspicuous for his gallantry and for the skill he manifested in the management of the cavalry force.

Our loss was about fifteen hundred killed, wounded, and missing, of whom two hundred and seventy were taken prisoner. As might be expected from the character of the engagement, a very large proportion of our wounded are slight.

The enemy's loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, we are now satisfied, is much in excess of our own.

A full list of casualties will be transmitted as soon as the returns, which are now being collected, can be made.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN POPE,

Major-General Commanding.

The following account from a *Herald* correspondent, who was an eye-witness of the fight, will also be found interesting:—

EARLY IN THE MORNING

General Pope had sent General Banks's command to the front, and the divisions of General Crawford and Augur were placed in position about a mile and a half the side of the general field had been the scene of the conflict of the previous day.

SUBSEQUENTLY, IN THE AFTERNOON,

Crawford's brigade, of General Williams's division, composed of the Twenty-first Pennsylvania, Fourth Maine, Fifth Connecticut, and Third Pennsylvania, New York regiments, with Best's battery, Fourth regular battery, had occupied a piece of high ground lying between Cedar Creek and Cedar Run, which was the extreme right of the point where the Culpeper and Gordonsville turnpike crosses the Rapidan River. Cedar Run creek is a mile south of this point from the Cedar Mountain, a spur of the Blue Ridge range. Cedar Run was from the slope of this eminence that the enemy first opened their fire upon the Union troops.

THE FIRST INTIMATION OF THE ENEMY.

The first intimation our advance received of the presence of the enemy was at the moment when, after emerging from the timber on the north, it began to cross Spring Creek. As the head of the column of Crawford's brigade, with Best's battery in the middle of the column, reached the bottom, both shot and shell, while another battery of artillery came at the foot of the mountain, and opened the reception from the cover of some timber about three-quarters of a mile in the rear.

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GENERAL WILLIAMS

in command of our forces, was killed, a rumor which has not been completely of. But he was about 180 is killed and wounded, including several officers of rank.

The rebel loss is said to be greater than ours. We captured a number of prisoners, among them Captain Blount, an artillery officer, and a member of Breckinridge's staff. Blount has been brought to this city. The prisoners state that Breckinridge was badly hurt in the arm. Lovell was killed, and Captains Allen and Chalm, of Baton Rouge, and a lieutenant were killed. It is reported that we lost two guns and captured three. The last report is that we have lost no guns. Our force is much smaller than the enemy's.

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Secretary of War.

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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For September, 1862.

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THE BUFFALO COUNTRY. ❀

Illustrations.—The Lumberman in Costume.—The Prairie Goose.—The 4th Buffalo.—Storm on the Plains.—The Old Settler.—Mr. Jones's Residence.—The Prairie Dove.—Painted Trees.—Dead Buffaloes.—Prairie Dog Village.—The Hunter's Encampment.—A Pleasant Night.—Fate of Bill Williams.

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CHAPTER XXIII. Fife Graham returns to Nordgye.

CHAPTER LXVI. Showing how Miss Furnival treated her Lovers.

CHAPTER LXVII. Mr. Moulder backs his Opinion.

CHAPTER LXVIII. The Duel. The Duke.

Illustrations.—The Dueling-Room at Nordgye.

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CHAPTER VII. A Learned Squabble.

CHAPTER VIII. A Face in the Crowd.

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SCENE, GENERAL HEAD-QUARTERS, RICHMOND.

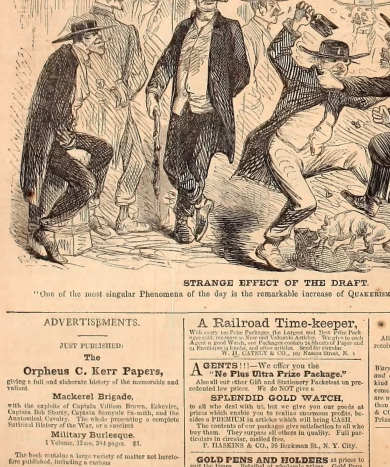
REBEL GENERAL (*reading General Pope's Orders*). "What! going to carry on the War in earnest! Here, JONES, SMITH, BROWN, all of you, ride at once to JACKSON, and order him to hang the Scoundrel POPE at once! Chop his Head off! Roast him on a slow Fire! Cruelly him!"



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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VI.—No. 297.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3 00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MR. T. F. ROWLAND.

We publish on this page a portrait of Mr. THOMAS FITCH ROWLAND, who is building most of the new *Monitors* and turrets. Mr. Rowland was born at New Haven, Connecticut, on March 15, 1831, and is consequently thirty-one years of age. While yet a lad he drove an engine on the New Haven Railroad; and subsequently, on the occasion of some great racing which took place on the Sound boats, he became an engineer on board of one of them. Feeling, however, that he was fit for something better than driving an engine, he entered the Allaire Works in this city as an apprentice some ten years ago. In that extensive establishment he found free scope for his ability, and after two years' work in the shop and two more years in the drawing-room he became Superintending Engineer. Under his superintendence the engines of the *Harriet Lane* and several other well-known vessels were built. In the year 1859 Mr. Rowland took a ship-yard at Greenpoint, Long Island, and commenced the construction of iron vessels. He built several well-known vessels, and took a high stand among ship-builders. When the war broke out business came to Mr. Rowland with a rush. He prepared several of the vessels employed on the Hilton Head expedition, and likewise the mortar-schooners which sailed under Commodore Porter. It was he who built, under Captain Ericsson's supervision, the first *Monitor*. He is now engaged in building three of the new 200 feet *Monitors*, and, as soon as room can be found in his ship-yard, will commence the construction of the great Monitor *Puritan*, which is to be 340 feet long. Mr. Rowland is building, besides these vessels, three turrets for *Monitors* whose hulls are being constructed elsewhere.

Mr. Rowland commenced life as a poor boy, and never had any help from any one but himself. His own industry and energy have raised him to the proud position which he occupies. His career contains a useful lesson for young men.



THOMAS FITCH ROWLAND, ESQ., BUILDER OF THE NEW MONITORS.

THE "IRONSIDES."

We publish herewith a picture of the IRON-CLAD FRIGATE "IRONSIDES" IN FIGHTING TRIM. She left Philadelphia on 23d with sealed orders, but we shall probably hear from her in a very short period of time.

Before sailing all her spars were taken out, so that she presents nothing but a bare hull with smoke-stack, pilot-house, and two pivot 100-pounder rifled guns on her spar deck. She is 240 feet long, 58 feet beam, 3200 tons register, and draws 14 feet of water. Her armament is the heaviest ever sent to sea on a single vessel. On her gun-deck she carries sixteen 11-inch Dahlgren guns, and on her spar deck two 100-pound Parrott guns. All of these are pivot guns, and can be trained to bear on any point of the compass. It is expected that her sides will withstand any shot which may be brought to bear on them. They consist of two feet of solid oak, plated with 4-inch iron. If shot penetrate this the builders will be surprised. The *Galena* is a very different and much less substantial vessel.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* of 23d says:

This unsocial vessel, which has been in course of construction at this port for six months at the yard of George Sons, and others, at the yard of Merrick & Son, at the foot of Bond street, has been entirely completed, and yesterday left this port.

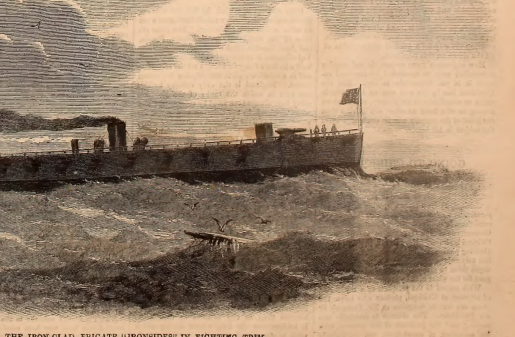
As the tide changed, and as soon as it turned her bow southward, the anchor was weighed with great enthusiasm by the crew, and at a quarter past 6 o'clock P.M. she commenced to move down the stream. Yet somewhat later her propeller began to revolve, and she steamed down the river at the rate of six knots an hour, with forty revolutions per minute. As she moved, the sailors in the rendezvous-ship *Princeton* manned the masts and rigging, and gave three hearty cheers for her success. Large numbers of persons assembled to witness the departure on the various wharves in the vicinity and at the Navy-yard. She was accompanied by a steamboat as far as the Breakwater.

The *Powhatan* has gone to sea with the *Ironsides*.

IMPROVED ORDNANCE.

A CORRESPONDENT, who takes exception to some of our statements in regard to the Dahlgren and other new guns, writes as follows:

"In Bidman's last gun—the 15-inch for the iron-clad—his model has been modified in some respects, especially by shortening, and the guns will be cast on Rodman's 'circulating water-core.' All his other guns—the 9-inch, 11-inch, and other sizes—are cast *solid*. The peculiarity of a 'Dahlman' gun is the hollow casting, with a stream of water running through the two barrel during the process, and, in fact, until the gun is almost cool. The 15-inch guns ('Lincoln,' and others) at Fortress Monroe and Columbiads. Of these large Columbiads four have been made; one is lured to a 15-inch rifle—the 'Union.' Of the 13-inch Dahlgrens none half-dozen have been cast—guns are finished. One will be ready in a week or two, and the rest will probably furnish two per week afterward until their contract is filled. Larger guns—24 and 30 inch—have been *talked of*, nothing more. The 15-inch throws a *solid* shot of about 400 pounds; the 20-inch of about 1000 pounds; the 30-inch, if such could be made, of 3000 pounds. The 20-inch will probably be made; the manufacture of a 30-inch gun is quite unlikely."



THE IRON-CLAD FRIGATE "IRONSIDES" IN FIGHTING TRIM.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1862.

THE PRESIDENT AND SLAVERY.

THE President has taken advantage of a rather imprecisent and very injudicious letter addressed to him by Mr. Horace Greeley, to state to the public his position on the slavery question. We publish his letter in another column. While distinctly avowing his personal wish that "all men every where could be free," the President declares that his sole exclusive aim is to restore the Union, without reference to slavery; and that while he would not hesitate to proclaim emancipation if he were satisfied that that would restore the Union, neither would he scruple to save the Union with slavery. He thus takes issue on the one hand with the proslavery half-and-half Union men of the Border States who object to the restoration of the Union at the cost of their peculiar institution, and, on the other, with the fanatical utterers of the North who object to the restoration of the Union unless slavery be destroyed.

In this position Mr. Lincoln will undoubtedly find himself supported by the bulk of the people of the country. What we all want, first, is to put down the rebellion. When that is done, we can deal with slavery and its antecedents as our necessities may dictate.

Nothing can be falser than to assume, as some of the followers of Mr. Wendell Phillips do, that if we restore the Union without destroying slavery, our work will be only half accomplished, and it will be left to another generation to complete it. Whatever be the issue of the war, slavery has already received a death-blow from which it can never recover. There is no State in the Union in which it can ever be again a thriving or even a safe institution. That iron despotism of the master class, and that rigid system of municipal law, which alone could render it safe for white men and slaves to labor in vast plantations surrounded by negro slaves, have been utterly shattered by the events of the war. Even where the blacks have had courage, or sense, or opportunity to escape to the Union lines, and claim the privilege of freedom offered him by our laws, he has been utterly demoralized, and rendered forever unfit to resume the patient toil of past years.

It is known, probably, to nine out of ten slaves in the South that every Slave State now contains a safe refuge whither fugitives may flee for emancipation, and where no overseer or blood-hound can follow them. That these fugitives thus far have come into our lines only by hundreds instead of tens of thousands is mainly due to the fact that the entire white population of the South is armed, and all general movements of the negroes are at once repressed by wholesale massacres. But neither the rifle nor the stake can expel from the mind of the slave the knowledge that freedom is near him, and that he can obtain it when he chooses to make the effort; and with this thought in his brain, he is worse than valueless as property.

This great fact is ever present to Mr. Lincoln's mind. In conversation with a leading banker of this city, who is also a prominent member of the Republican Party, he lately observed that, in his opinion, it was "*much easier to do a thing than to talk about it.*" Frémont and Hunter talked—in proclamations. The President, or rather the war, is doing it by merely the instrument of events—is "doing the thing." Sapping the foundation of slavery; rendering it unprofitable and unsafe; exploding one by one all the delusions which induced the people of the South to cling to it; and slowly but surely, without noisy proclamations of any kind, clearing the way for a general emancipation of all the slaves on this continent.

How and when these systematic and regular approaches may be succeeded by the final assault it is yet impossible to say. But the President has by his acts won an indisputable claim to confidence in his honesty, and all those among us who have no other aim in view than the good of the country will be content to leave the subject in his hands.

GOING TO CHIRIQUI.

SENATOR POMEROY, on behalf of the President, has issued an appeal to the colored population, inviting 500 of them to accompany him to Chiriqui, in New Granada, in order to form a permanent settlement there. The Senator assures them of the good-will and protection of the Government of New Granada, in which country Chiriqui is situate. He, like Mr. Lincoln, draws pleasing pictures of the prosperity which the exiles may enjoy in their new home, and earnestly urges them to give one more proof of their regard for the white man by getting out of his way.

With regard to the prospects of a settlement of negroes at Chiriqui, persons who know the place are not so sanguine as Mr. Pomeroy or the President. The climate is described as very healthy, and the products of the country, with the exception of cocoa'nuts, not particularly varied or valuable. There is coal there, certainly; but it is tertiary coal, not of the least use for maritime purposes, and only serviceable for the manufacture of gas. There are harbors, good ones, at Boca del Toro on the Atlantic side, and David on the Pacific; but there is no road between them: it will cost a large sum to build or cut one; and when it is made, there will be no use for it. There are a few people in the Province of Chiriqui; a few dozen whites, and the rest mongrel negroes and Indians, largely called "greasers." There is nothing but ite the sun and sleep. Wild fruits, fish, and tortles supply them with food: a population of this kind is living in an old Panama hut with a cock's feather stuck in it. Whether Mr. Pomeroy's five hundred intelligent and virtuous negroes can be induced to leave the civilize these greasers than the greasers are to degrade their new neighbors to their own level, is an open question. Probably will make a serious inroad upon the ranks of peaceful labor, and will cause a large advance in all Hood wages. This will naturally lead to a copious immigration from Europe. We are glad to learn that the Government has discovered the project, and that steps have already been taken to encourage immigrants. This country, it has been estimated, gains $1000 by every able-bodied immigrant who comes here from Europe. We presume that the high prices which all kinds of labor will shortly command will suffice to invite an unprecedented begging from Germany and the British Isles, especially as the new tariff offers remarkable inducements to foreign workmen to come here and set up their factories on American soil. But if anything further were needed, the United States would well afford to pay a bounty of every able-bodied man who chose to come here with the intention of settling among us.

A CORRECTION.

IT gives us pleasure to learn that we were entirely mistaken in stating that Lieut. Jos. Bowman, United States Ordnance Corps, the inventor of the Rodman Gun, had proved a traitor and gone over to the rebels. Captain Bowman has, ever since the outbreak of the war, devoted his entire energies to the service of the United States Government, and is now, as he has been for three years, in command of the United States Arsenal at Watervliet, Massachusetts. He has never harbored a disloyal thought. Captain Rodman is second to no officer in the army in scientific attainments, zeal, and industry; and we extremely regret to have been betrayed into doing him a temporary injustice.

THE LOUNGER.

THE REAL CONTEST.

The rebellion is the effort of the only aristocratic class in the country to destroy popular institutions, because they had learned by experience that under those institutions their power became too wise to submit to an aristocracy. The aristocratic class, whose prosperity depends upon the cheap labor, and that a laboring man has no more rights than a horse or an ox, hid governed the country for their own interest for many years. Seeing at length that the natural increase of population was filling up the Territories of the United States with men who lived by labor, and who, and fearful lest they should be deprived of extending the system of slavery, upon which their political power depended, they tried to occupy the Territories with slaves under the protection of the Government.

What was the consequence of this movement of labor? It was to increase the value of unoccupied shareholder the immediate rival of every free laborer in the land. You, for instance, are a shareholder in a railroad or a farmer. You are out-door men sent to the West. What did you find? You found a great many people, who could not afford carpenters and blacksmiths and farmers, occupying an immense domain, and trying to forestall you in your rights. However it may be, they have taken wife and family to maintain by your labor, but the rival workman had none, and was run by his owner at starvation wages—at what you, forsooth, could not compete and live. You had your children to educate on the dignity of labor and a citizen to maintain. But your rival was treated as a brute, was kept ignorant and degraded, and was sold like a dog. Every time, therefore, there occupied the ground which a free laborer might have had, and the man who brought him brought not only a rival to your trade, but distress to it, poverty and a hard fight to you, and ignorance and debasement to your children.

The people of the land saw the trick and scorned it. They shortly routed the party that supported this policy. They did not sit vote for Mr. Lincoln, but the friends of Mr. Douglas refused the Governmental protection of slavery in the Territories. So the aristocracy, beaten at the polls, began to secede from the United States. What for? To maintain their power over the free laboring interest of the country. They despise the laboring class. They hold that labor is not the object political power. They declare that they are the rightful masters, and that the mud-sills shall be whipped in. It is a contest of human rights against class privileges—of all the people against a few men—of the democracy against an aristocracy.

THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN.

The President and the committee of colored men have now been carefully considered by all who understand the importance of the subject. That his scheme of colonization is impracticable and unwise does not detract in the least from the honest good-will with which he urges it, and that a President of the United States should say to colored men that the treatment of their race in the country had been most unjust and iniquitous is something that three or four years ago was the most hopeless of all possibilities.

With the President the question, as with all sensible men, is a practical one. What is the best thing to do under the circumstances? is what he asks. He says in effect, that the white man's dislike of the dominant race in this country is a fact, and it is better that the latter should withdraw and settle elsewhere.

That they are as much native here as most of us whites, whose fathers, grandfathers, or ancestors came from Europe—that they are an essential and immense part of the laboring force of the country—that they are a singularly inoffensive, docile, and amiable people—that they are fondly attached to the region in which they were born—these is only because of the brutal slavery in which they are held—that they form a very insignificant proportional number of all the criminal offenders in the land—that they are a cheerful, affectionate, flexible race—that, if left entirely to that way have injured them—that the prejudice against them is as idle, wanton, and wicked hatred, cherished among the most violent and ignorant of our foreign population—by the most dangerous and unprincipled of political demagogues—that the mere fact—that the emigration of four millions of people in their condition is a practical impossibility, and if it were feasible, that it would be a most fatal measure for the prosperity of the country at a time when it needs every man—these are all considerations of no weight in the President's mind. He is of the fact that a great many white people in the country don't like the colored people.

But such dislikes are a very common spectacle in history. The Jews were universally hated in the Christians of the Middle Ages, and they were abominably treated. They are tolerated now, but they are still viewed with a general repulsion, and in the European cities they occupy certain quarters which are half regarded as lazarettos. Until very recently they were not let in to the British Parliament. But is a grave recognition and determination in this spirit to be made a public policy?

In old Britain the Normans, Danes, and Saxons did not love each other. But they did not propose to colonize. Alfred the Great united form the English nation. The English to-day do not like the Scotch, and they hate the Irish. Is there any valid reason why the Irish should be enslaved or exiled by white men that would not equally apply to the existing and long Celtic bar by the SAXONS? If we are to talk of troublesome and dangerous and unpracticable races, what will our Celtic brethren say to the Saxons?

There is a bitter prejudice against the colored race in this country. It should not be made wrongs is out of the question. That they should is established beyond impossible. They must remain. They must be elevated as fast as possible into good citizens. And how fast ignorance, degradation, and stupidity are raised to what we call the level of citizenship the history of every year shows. The most brutal, besotted, wretched, superstitious European, the most abject race we write, whose body and mind have hitherto served in subject want, hands upon our shores, and in a very few years they are fit to vote for the Governor of New York, and is held to be quite good citizen enough to express the unfortunate colored natives of the country.

The prejudice against the colored race is not the way to overcome. To indulge it is to stab our fundamental doctrine to the heart. But if ignorance, degradation, and stupidity are a place of law are to be held to condemn men to servitude, it is to be understood, and let it work equally. In every town in the country, the Irish—American, Englishman, Irishman, Scotchman, Frenchman, German, Spaniard, Italian, Swede, Norwegian, Greek, Syrian, Asian, African, or Polynesian—take his chance.

The President's convictions and hopes are honorable, and just, and noble. But his method is impracticable. It is simply a shirk, not a solution. The "Conservatives" who praise it do not share his feeling of the deep injustices of slavery, or its effect upon the whole country. They praise it because they think his policy separates him from his friends. They do not love him more; they only hate him less.

COROBRAN AND HIS COUNTRYMEN.

GENERAL COROBRAN has returned and has been most fatally received. But it will always be a matter of surprise that he ever returned to his home. He knew him, indeed, to be brave; and he knew how warmly his fellow-Irishmen regarded his valor. It was very natural that he should be surprised that he did not try a great stroke of bluvery for the precious Constitution.

When, after the day at Bull Run, he discovered who his prisoner was, he might have said to him: "Sir, you and I, Colonel, have made a common take. We can not be enemies. You and your countrymen and my countrymen have been deceived, as we are contending, against a haughty, domineering, foreign power. Our sympathies are not with secession, but with the people. You have been, most of you, our political allies in the past. We inquire not now what you have done, but we create rivals for your labor, is one that you can not support. Go home, then, dear Colonel. Present my compliments to your noble fellow-countrymen, and tell them that a brave people struggling for their rights desires and demands their hearty sympathy and co-operation."

This would have been an extremely pretty piece of gag. It would have been a desperate bid for the alienation of the Irish population from the Government. That it would have been successful we do not believe; but it was worth trying.

As it is, the simple fidelity through a year of

suffering of General Corcoran—the purely patriotic odor of General McClellan's Monday letter—and the just guarantee of the conduct of the intelligent part of their countrymen. They see clearly that they have nothing to gain, and every thing to lose, by the success of the rebellion. Many of them belong to the hard-working population, and that is a class with the leaders of the rebellion despise. In the Confederacy, were it established, they would see but all political privileges, while the labor by which they lived would be brought into disgrace by the system of slavery. In the Southern States, from which their insurrection sprang, there is already a property qualification for voters which would effectually exclude the immense majority of true Irish citizens who live by their own labor.

And this is the spirit of the rebellion. The men who believe in that exclusion are the men who lead this revolution. It did not begin with the poor—it had no working class, but with men who foolishly declare that they were born to rule other men. It is exactly the spirit of the British aristocracy, and due to which our Southern aristocracy is most allied in sympathy. It is by that sympathy also that the governing classes in England so ardently wish the success of the rebellion. For it would be the triumph of the aristocratic system and the ruin of democracy.

THE CONDITIONS OF WAR.

THERE are accounts of various persons arrested for discouraging enlistments by wishing well to the rebellion, and ardently desiring that our soldiers may be captured, beaten, and killed. It would seem, as a general rule, that the expression of such sentiments by private persons might be left to the contempt which they naturally excite. But if they are addressed to those about to enlist, or who are considering the subject, then the question may fairly be referred to the discretion of the Government.

For it must be constantly borne in mind that, when we accepted war, we accepted the conditions of war. When the rebellion announced itself at banner there were but two methods before us. One was to yield to it, and avoid war by surrender and the destruction of the Government. The other, or war to take up arms. Instinctively the nation chose war. But war is totally inconsistent with our civilization and the existence of many of our personal and political rights. We were obliged to descend to it to save that civilization, and we must abide by its rules or we are beaten by those who do.

The discipline of war being the severest despotism, we were and are all submitted to it. It compresses its ends by brute force. It must have unity of sentiment, or, that language, it fails. It must are freedom from hostile criticism. It must suppress the ordinary processes of law. It must have a hero measure which, to our ordinary habit, would seem most threatening. And it must do all these things, because not to do them when we go to war is to expose yourself to mortal peril.

But what is our secrecy against the absolute destruction of those rights which war suspends? Nothing but the character of the men in whose hands the authority lies, and in whose name they command. In our country at this moment, if the President were disposed to abuse the enormous power confided to him, the country and the people would be a restraint upon him. If the generals, or any one of them, were disposed to be the Cæsar of Napoleon or Cromwell, they would find themselves deserted by the army, which is not their tool, but in the case of a fatal military success. If the army itself could be supposed to play the tyrant, then, they have but to desert to the enemy. But the army is the people, or the representative of the people.

The talk of the loss of our liberties, then, in which the foreign and domestic enemy so loudly indulges, is really absurd. War, whether accepted, is the willing renunciation of rights for a certain time and for a particular purpose. The existence of those rights thus threatened is, therefore, not by the nation. It is to save the fundamental guarantees of those rights that they are temporarily suspended, as, when your eyesight is threatened, you are doomed to temporary darkness in order to escape permanent blindness.

RETALIATION.

THE rebels have pressed Union men within their lines with the fiercity of wild beasts. They have seized their property and peasants; they have tortured and hung them at their mad pleasure. The story of Parson Brownlow's book inspires a feeling of the extremest sympathy for those men in whom a blind rage at their own chimeras has extinguished humanity.

General Pope issued an order, in accordance with the universal usage of war, that his army should be subsisted upon the enemy; that is to say, that the rebels should help pay the expense of suppressing their rebellion. There was nothing unusual in the order in the least. The enemy and the world have the right to laugh at our feebleness, that it was so long delayed.

Jeff Davis has undertaken to retaliate upon what he calls this barbarous plan. He has denounced General Pope and his officers as fiendish in purported authentically to have confined the brave men taken at Cedar Mountain and to feed them upon bread and water.

The instinctive wish of every generous mind is that our Government should brush this, in the only way by which he can be taught, that his ferocity must be somewhat restrained. The rebels can not be dealt with as honorable men, for their conspiracy began in perjury, and they laugh honor to scorn. If they have more prisoners of rank than we, it would be folly in us to resort to extreme measures, for they would only sacrifice our own men. But if we have the most, Jeff Davis should be plainly informed that his men in our hands answered for ours in his. Every degree of severity in connection with the duty of protecting our brave boys from his ferocity.

If it be said that this would begin a war of extermination, there is but one answer—that the responsibility must rest where it belongs. Our first duty is to our loyal fellow-citizens who have braved death for us, and have now fallen into the enemy's hands. If they are well treated by them, well. If not, let them feel it in the only way they can be made to.

If it be said that it is terrible to think of every officer of ours who falls hereafter into the enemy's power suffering a retaliatory doom, the answer is, that they do not suffer it. They are in command, they are suffering it, and the sole question is, whether they are to suffer it more widely. General Buckner, the meanest of traitors, was pleasantly confined in Fort Warren. We treated the rebels' word, sent him home for exchanging, and he was cured. They have nobly men of ours now, and they are threatened to treat them as the worst criminals; and if we subtract our troops upon the enemy, and shoot spies and secret foes, they will treat them as honorable captives.

That they will do so there is no doubt. Therefore we must determine nothing that we do except General Pope's order should be rescinded, that the prisoners of Cedar Mountain may be treated like the others, or unless Jeff Davis shall promise to Davis and his men that the treatment of their prisoners taken in battle shall be exactly graduated by their conduct toward ours.

FAITH THE SOURCE OF GOOD WORKS.

IT is reported that one of our Generals said that he did not exactly understand why he was fighting, for our side professed to be Christian, and the rebels could not honestly say that he knew what the war was about.

The General is doubtless belied, but the words imputed to him describe what was, beyond question, the feeling of many good soldiers in the Army of the Potomac. The notion of many of them unconsciously show it, however honest they may be. The inconclusiveness of the campaign, the constant check, the disappearance from the scene of men distinguished for going ahead; the victories lost by not having vigorous pursuit, the long delays and illusory advance so constantly remarked—all these are signs of a want of faith. A soldier who doesn't exactly understand why it is fighting for the flag instead of against it.

No man can be victorious who does not believe in his cause. The great and successful Generals have been all men of faith. Such was Cæsar if in nothing else. Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte meant success at all hazards. They knew they were well up to their work, and they did. They had no sympathy or toleration for the enemy. They never said a word about it. The enemy was something to be destroyed in the most rapid and overwhelming manner.

In this instant we need no further for a lesson than Jeff Davis and the rebels. They believe fully in their cause and in themselves. They will stop at nothing to secure success. Bred in a feudal and barbarous and ignorant society, they are personally brave and unscrupulous. Cæsar is nearer to them. The condition of the mass of their soldiers is better in the camp than at their own homes. They have less ignorance and more intelligence than the mass that delights in brutality. They have proved themselves in the field equal to the best troops in Europe.

Now if you send against such men a leader who thinks that they are half right, that they have been misled into rebellion by a fair outcry of irregular but very natural, he is beaten before he marches, and his army is demoralized. He has believed the enemy to be wantonly, basely wrong; if he appreciated the utter woe and desolation and ruin that attend the success of the rebellion, he would, if he understood the occasion and the purpose of their fighting, have pushed on with swift and vast terrible that if he were beaten it would be because victory was impossible for him.

A leader of such faith has a sense of military etiquette, and not from the profound conviction of the justice of his cause, may scrupulously obey his orders and execute it by proper rules. But he will not win it against odds and the laws of the art. It is not to be supposed that he will be beaten by a single man gravely think about the philosophy of the war; and doubtless upon the field any good General does his own work on the day. But the whole character of the campaign will be determined by the leaders' faith. A sense of military duty is our own war, that the rebels are half right, his campaign will be half wrong. It will lack nerve and rapidity and energy, and will be marked with dull and delay. It will encourage the enemy and disheaten his own men. But if he rates the rebels at their true value as enemies of his country, of his race, and of civil society, he will smite them every where and continually. He will feel that they will know that they have to deal with a resolution as honorable as their own.

It is for this reason that it is essential for every leader of the national arms to be as true a patriot as he is a faithful soldier. It is this sense of conviction of the justice of his cause which will make the campaign successful. In our Revolution General Lee was doubtless a more accomplished military man than Washington; but the cause would have been lost had he been Commander-in-Chief, for he did not especially care about it. So it was chiefly faith in the cause, not military ability, that established the English Commonwealth.

This nation believes with all its heart in the justice of its cause. It will have for leader any man who equally believes, and the work will be done speedily and done well.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SOPHIE BRIDGE. "Pray, Sir, take pity on a miserable wretch; I have a wife and six children."

SIR CHARLES. "My poor fellow, accept my heartfelt sympathy! as have I."

WHAT is it you must keep after giving it to another? Your word.

LAMB.—An ambitious young lady was talking very loud and fast about her favorite subject, which a literary dog had been for a long time to her. With a look of deep disgust she answered her interlocutor that she cared very little about what she sat composed with knowledge.

A country clergyman, who, on Sundays, is more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, called unceremoniously at a cottage while his sermon, a pious performance, was engaged in daily exercise) in pressing a package of tea. "Come, my good man," said the preacher, "I suppose you have heard the current volume," what's the use of my reading it?" replied the man, with perfect simplicity. "Perplexing!" exclaimed the astounded divine; "I doubt you've not understood a word of it." "Oh," argued the religious rustic, "of course, I'm not a preacher, but I'm a reader, you know."

A Presbyterian minister, in the reign of King William III., preferred a complaint to the Privy Council of Edinburgh, and this remarkable expression in his prayer: "Lord have mercy upon all fools and idiots, and particularly upon the town council of Edinburgh!"

When the regulators of West Boston Bridge were drawing up by two lawyers, one carries via white, the other negative, and now stands thus: "And the said projectors shall meet annually on the first Saturday of June, provided the same does not fall on Sunday."

AN Englishman in Philadelphia, speaking of the President, George Washington, remarked that a wish to an American to behold him. While this conversation passed, a Yankee got up and left the Assembly, pointing to a tall, erect, dignified personage passing on the other side of the street. "There," said Washington, "goes a specimen of the gentleman. "Where is his guard?" "Here," replied the American, striking his breast with emphasis.

In a cathedral, one day after service, the fellow-blower said to the organist, "Sir, you played the organ very badly." "Sir?" said the organist, in no small surprise at the freedom of the remark; "how can you presume to have any merit in the performance? Never let me hear you say such a thing again." "Sir," said the blower, astonished at the time, but when they were next playing he would accompany the task of inflating the organ. The organist rose in wrath to order him to proceed, when the fellow, throwing down the bellows behind the curtain, asked slyly, "Shall it be so, then?"

A farmer was elected to a corporship in a million company. He was a plain man, and had his own views on the advantage which the family would derive from his promotion. Speaking to a doubting boy, "Hezekiah, will it be proper for us to let our children play with the neighbors' boys?" "Why, father, what do you mean?" asked he. "Are we not all corporate?" "Tut," said the mother, "your father means that we are as one corporal boy and the other myself."

A barrister observed to a learned brother in court that he thought his whiskers were very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend; "a lawyer can not be too barelaced."

In the newspaper account of an inquest held on the body of a glutton, who died by devouring part of a pie, the verdict sufficient was printed, with more truth than wit, "Died by indigestion."

A parson who had a scolding wife one day brought home a brother clergyman to dinner. Having gone into a separate apartment to converse about the prayer, she attacked and abused him for bringing a parcel of idle fellows to eat her victuals. "Why, my dear," answered the husband, not daring to speak loud tone, "if it were not for the victuals, I would give you a good drubbing." "Oh!" cried the vixen, "I beg you will make no stranger of me."

A sponger was reproached one day for dining so often among his friends. "What would you have me to do?" he answered he; "I am pressed to do it." "True," answered Monk Lewis, "there is nothing more pressing than hunger."

An exquisitely-dressed young gentleman, after buying sealer wax at a stationer's, asked for delicate pomatum for the jessine that "he would-ah like to have-ah something perfumed on the wax." "Sir," said the shop-man, "certainly; I will put a ciphon on it." And so he did.

Old Mrs. Darnley is a patient of household economy by merely knitting her feet a hole of socks last fifteen years by merely knitting new feet to them every winter, and big every other winter.

The three most difficult things are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to employ leisure profitably.

A Scotchman once observed that mile-stones were kind enough to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.

Why is the circulation of the blood sometimes suspected? Because it attempts to circulate in sets.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

When is a man's property to be completely sawed up?
When he finds a stitch in his store.

Why is it wrong to speak the truth?
Because there is no sin in diversity.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTO-AC.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN left Fortress Monroe with a large portion of the army on the 31st inst. He established head-Aquia Creek, where he arrived on 2d with a portion of his force. The remainder of the army landed at General Hartsen's Landing some time since, with Gen. Porter. General Burnside and his army are at or near Fredericksburg.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

General Pope has fallen back from Culpeper to the Rappahannock, destroying the railroad bridge. The enemy in hand hot pursuit. On Wednesday, Aug. 27, a battle was fought at Kettle Run, Fauquier County, all along the Rappahannock from where the railroad bridge crosses to Waterloo and Sulphur Springs, and thence eastward to Warrenton and Warrenton Junction. On Wednesday morning, at the single skirmish, the rebels driving back our pickets at the railroad bridge. Gen. Pope with his army five rebel regiments had a contest with Siegel's advance guard, which proved severely. On Friday they began to work in earnest, and the fight raged hotly all day along the center and left, Siegel's army on the right being attacked. The loss of life is of course unknown, but estimated at 5,000 on both sides. Gen. Pope and his men claim victory. The prisoners on either side can not be very numerous. The prisoners on our army have arrived at Washington. Among them are Colonel Corcoran, Colonel Lamar, and Stuart's cavalry upon Catlett's Station, where they succeeded in capturing General Pope's papers and money. At latest dates all was again quiet along the lines.

THE PRESIDENT ON THE NEGRO QUESTION.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Aug 19, 1862.

Hon. Horace Greeley:

DEAR SIR.—I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself, through the New York *Tribune*. If there be in it any other statements of fact which I know to be inaccurate, I do not now and here controvert it. If there be any inferences which I draw from the facts believed to be inaccurate, I do not now and here controvert them. If there be any purposes avowed contrary to any wish or suggestion of mine, I only say that, so far as I have power to know, I shall attempt to correct it. And now, to the only point of which I have any knowledge, what I would do with slavery and the colored race, I will say briefly.

My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause; and I shall do more whenever I believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

A. LINCOLN.

THE MEETING OF THE REBEL CONGRESS.

The rebel Congress met in Richmond on the 18th instead of the 4th, according to the proclamation of the usual message. He leads off in his usual hypocritical style, and then alludes to the Federal Government as "tyranny" and "assassins," etc., of individuals. He next speaks of and recommends the confiscatory measure to meet the debt, recently passed by the Federal Government; recommends the issue of treasury notes and treasury drafts, and refers to the inability of rebel war records "at home and abroad" to do justice to the valor of the rebel army. He then alludes to the significance of the future policy of the rebel government.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF KENTUCKY.

Hon. James F. Robinson was inaugurated Governor of Kentucky on the 18th inst., by the Secretary of State, Frankfort, on the 15th inst., the Senate and its officers being present. Mr. Robinson made a speech, in which he recognized the entire confidence of the Union party of Kentucky in the President, and in the wisdom of his State and James W. Tate is its Assistant-Secretary. The Senate is Democratic vote, two majority; John F. Fisk Speaker of that body.

THE REBELS AFRAID TO PUT DOWN.

Energetic measures have been adopted in the West to put down the rebels. Guards of the mountain passes and bonds of rebels in Kentucky and Tennessee. Ten Indiana regiments have been ordered to Louisville. Troops have gone into Kentucky, the infantry having practised 8-day marches, setting an example to apparent rebels. The citizens of the West are no longer to be put into a constant state of terror by the bold movements of a few guerrilla parties.

HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

The Mayor of Henderson, Kentucky, is said to have gone over to the rebels, and taken with him the funds. His property has been seized, and a new election ordered. All the members of the City Council were arrested for refusing to take the oath of allegiance, but they were subsequently released on taking the oath. Contracts to the value of several dollars each not to aid or countenance the rebels.

THE REBEL RESOURCES IN TENNESSEE.

From St. Louis it is stated that General Rosecrans, with 20,000 or 30,000 men, has entered Eastern Tennessee, and toward the southwest, with a prospect of having a brush with the rebels under Price at Vicksburg, Memphis, and Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Corinth is still strongly protected.

THE "NIAGARA" TO BE RAISED.

It has been determined to raise and convert the Niagara the war steamer Niagara.

GENERAL CORCORAN AT HOME.

General Corcoran was united in this city, and met with a most enthusiastic reception. The streets were thronged with people, and the ladies waved their flags so that the assemblage greatly outnumbered the crowd that was gathered together on the occasion of the Atlantic cable or at the reception of the Prince of Wales.

The General was escorted to the residence to receive the proffered bouquet of the Common Council of New York, and he addressed them at both, as also from the balcony.

THE RHODE ISLAND LEGISLATURE.

Governor Sprague convened the extra session of the Rhode Island Legislature, to convene on August 28. The session was also engaged in the passage of a prohibition. Whereas, the large bounties given by the several citizens and towns in the State for volunteers, for the purpose of availing a draft, is producing dissatisfaction in the State, and as the draft is about to be made, the system of enrolling by each town, in its basis to relieve itself from a draft, by paying a bounty to men, and having a large debt which is equally divided among the people of the State, the cause for which it is to be resorted is that of all its citizens, for the preservation of their common country, and that the expense of the draft should be manifested by some of our people for their patriotism exempt under the foregoing military duty.

AN INDIAN MASSACRE OF WHITES.

A dispatch from St. Paul, Minnesota, states that the Indians in Meeker County, in that State, have attacked the whites in the town of Acton, and killed several persons, including men, women, and children. Several persons are also reported to have been murdered at the Lake Agency. The cause alleged is exasperation at the nonpayment of their annuity due from the Government.

CITIZENS OF NEW ORLEANS DISARMED.

The Commanding General has issued an order in New Orleans, by which all the inhabitants of that city have been disarmed. Rebel private property was destroyed at the battle of Baton Rouge it was demarcated that numbers of the inhabitants of the city, and that Mrs. Breckinridge set the stain on the battle-field. They had joined the rebel army.

ARREST FOR TREASON.

Charles Ingersoll has been arrested for treasonable or discouraging remarks, made at the Democratic meeting in Philadelphia on Saturday last. Mr. Ingersoll, in his speech, denounced President Lincoln and the Government in pretty strong terms, and went so far as to disregard the Constitution, and of being the most corrupt of any in the world. He also stated that no one was more base than that of any other nation, and one that had the least protection for life and property.

FOREIGNERS NOT TO BE DRAFTED.

Secretary Seward has written a letter to the British Charge d'Affaire to the effect that foreigners who have not taken out their full papers are not subject to draft.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "TUSCARORA" SENT TO SEA.

The *Tuscarora*, which put into Queenstown lately in the prosecution of her task of watching pirates, has been ordered out by the British officials.

RUSSIA.

THE SENTIMENT OF THE EMPEROR.

The St. Petersburg *Journal* states that Mr. Reuben Cutting desires to see the present conflict ended by peaceful and equitable arrangements, but does not wish for that end any sacrifice.



THE BATTLE OF BATON ROUGE.—SKETCHED FROM THE CAMP OF THE INDIANA REGIMENT.—[SEE PAGE 571.]

THE UNION GUN-BOAT "ESSEX," COMMANDER PORTER, DESTROYING THE REBEL IRON-CLAD RAM "ARKANSAS," IN THE MISSISSIPPI.—[See Page 571.]

THE DRUMMER OF THE ILLINOIS TWENTY ——TH.

THE DAY BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Rat-a tat-a tat! rub a dub! rub a dub, dub a dub, dub a dub dub!

"Here, little What's-your-name, come help me up with a hand at *eschew*?"

Rat a tat tat! tat a tat tat! rat a tat, tat a tat, tat a tat tat!

"The dence take the boy! is he dead? Hallo! I say, drummer, come here, help us with a hand!"

Rat-a-tat! rub a dub! rat a tat a, tat a tat, tat a tat o, tat!

"Confound your drum! do you want to deafen us all with its infernal clatter? How your own ears stand it is more than I can tell."

"It let the boy alone, Thorsuby; how can you go on beating him in this way?"

"Tooting, indeed! why, confound the fellow! he minds me no more than if I were an empty powder-flask. I doubt if it's in the power of shot to tear *that* boy!"

"So much the better; he's right not to mind you, and is more of a man than you are, sir, this he is. Come, attend to your own business, and let the boy alone."

"No, I won't; he's a funny chap, and I intend to have some sport out of him. Come here, little What's-your-name, I command you on your life, sir, you won't play. What's the use of being so decently respectable, eh?"

"Don't call me What's-your-name; my name's Bags." Rub a dub, a dub, a dub!

"Oh! Bags, I'll be, by, by, be! ha, ha, ha! why, where in the world did you come by such a funny name?"

"It's a very good name." Rat a tat a, tat a tat!

"Very good, is it? Oh, to be sure, bags are well enough in their own place: but who ever heard of a boy being christened Bags? Tell me how did you come by it, little one? Was your father Bags too?"

"No, Father Jack gave it to me." Rub a dub a, dub a dub!

"Oh! Father Jack gave it to me." Rub a dub a, dub a dub!

"Oh! Father Jack gave it to you! and who now may 'Father Jack' be?"

To this question the little drummer vouchsafed no reply, and continued to ply his sticks vigorously as before. No one could hear Bags's performance without being delighted: he had "an ear for music" and a soul for *rhythm*.

"So here, little Bags!" presently resumed his examiner, "you know you're going to fight to-morrow: now don't you expect to be decently scared when you see the balls and shells flying around you?"

Rat a tat! r-r-r-r-r-a-t tat! tat! tat! tat! went the drum. It was evident that Bags's thoughts were moving with even more than ordinary energy.

You won't relish the first scuff of powder, I promise you: you'll wish yourself and your drum a good thousand miles off when that comes on."

"I only wish I could fight!" suddenly exclaimed the boy, pausing in his operations and making a grand attempt with his left hand to "roll." "You can't; I'm too little to shoulder a musket. But never mind, I can play for the men all the same, and that's the next thing to it!" And rub a dub a, dub a dub! again went the drum, with a roll and a rattle like that of the body of Irish bagpipes under the bend to his knees.

"Hurrah for you! why, Bags, you're a trump! I didn't think you had so much pluck in that little carcass of yours! Tell us, now, who taught you to play the drum?"

"Taught myself." Rub a dub a dub! etc. etc.

"You did? Well that was smart of you! And where did you get the drum to teach yourself?"

"Didn't have any; practised on an empty barrel till I joined the Twenty ——th. Rat a tat a tat! etc. etc.

"Practised on an empty barrel! Well done for you, I say again! Why you play as though you'd been born with a drum-stick in your hand! Some babies are said to come into the world with silver spoons in their mouths. It's to be hoped you'll keep your hands steady to-morrow, Bags; the fight's the thing that'll show what sort of stuff you're made of, sir, the ring-fire-ordeal, you know, and another drumming on the battle-field, as it's likely you'll have to march before a second one goes down behind yonder old Blue Ridge."

AFTER THE BATTLE.

"Well, what do you think of our little drummer now?"

"What do I think? Why, I say there's not a better man among us all!"

"Considering all things, you might say there's not a good a one. Except our Colonel himself, I don't know as we stood the steadier fire of any yesterday with the coolness of little Bags."

"Well, the Colonel noticed him, I can tell you that. But how could he help it? Why, the boy never knew, escapes him. I heard him saying to Lieutenant Somers how right glad he was that the boy came by no hurt—that it would have troubled him more than a little if he'd been brought down. Well, and so it would me, and some of the rest of us, perhaps. Give the devil his due all the world over, say I! Bags has done nothing to be ashamed of time out, and would do him a good turn if I could; not that I think it makes any difference to him though, for of all the independent chaps I ever came across that young Bags is the greatest."

IN THE COLONEL'S TENT.

It was true that Colonel H—— had noticed the little drummer. Indeed the remarkable coolness and self-possession of the boy, as displayed during the recent engagement, together with his habitual reserve and taciturnity, so singular in one of his years, his orderly conduct and his fond devotion to his drum—the only companion (with exception of a few well-worn books over which he was sometimes seen to pore) in which he took delight—had attracted no little attention among the officers of the regiment, as well as the men. The interest awakened in Colonel H—— aroused the desire to know something more of him, and it was with this object that the evening following the foregoing first fight he directed the little drummer should be sent to his tent.

Bags came, his drum on his breast, and the sticks in his hand; for he had been busy with them when summoned to the Colonel's presence, and was too much of a disciplinarian himself of these implements of his office. As he entered the tent the Colonel, who was sitting by the table where he was writing, shaded his eyes from the light for a better view of the little fellow, who paused, saluted with military grace and made his best military salute. His cap withdrawn displayed to view a profusion of short, thick curls, which gave him not a good keeping with the sun-burned tint of his face; but the expression of gravity and thought-fulness—unusual in boyishness—in every feature was strongly out of keeping with the rounded cheeks and dimpled chin. It was a look indicative of acquaintance with his years—it was that of the bereft or prematurely taught the self-reliance of the man.

Colonel H—— could not have well defined his own feelings at that moment. Was it but natural pity for the child who lived on military fare in the thick of the battle, or some mysterious sympathy that so strangely aroused him, and awakened in his heart the wish to know the world around itself the apparently friendless boy? Whatever it was it kept him for a while silent in contemplation of the serious figure of the little drummer. "Come forward, my lad," he then said, "I wish to have some conversation with you." Bags advanced one or two, and this brought him directly before the Colonel, where he stood, his eyes fixed on the countenance of the officer, his countenance betraying neither surprise nor embarrassment under the novel position in which he found himself.

"I have sent for you to say how much I am pleased with your conduct of yesterday, and am more commendable from the fact that you are unusually young and small for your position," continued the Colonel.

"Thank you, Colonel; I only did my duty. Sir, may be my duty for that, though I am small."

"You might have the wish without the ability, my boy. Were you not alarmed when the engagement opened?"

"I might have been, Sir, if I'd let myself think about it; but I kept my mind upon my drum, and it goes in to fury for the men—it was that I volunteered for—and I said to myself, 'Don't trouble yourself about that don't concern you, Bags; you've to do your duty, and *stand by* your drum.'"

"'Stand by the ship?' why that's a sailor's talk," said the Colonel, somewhat surprise for Bags's feelings to let his countenance betray his inward amusement at this quaint thing.

"It's a very good saying, Sir," rejoined little Bags.

"That it is, and I'm pleased to find you can make so proper an application of it. Let the same be taught you in your duties through life, and you will gain the love and respect of all good men."

"Yes, Sir; that's what Father Jack told me to be taught to say to myself when I felt afraid."

"Father Jack? Your father was a sailor, then?"

"No, Sir; I never had a father. Father Jack was the sailor who brought me up."

"Father Jack brought you up? said the Colonel to himself; then to Bags. "Ah! Father Jack was the name you gave him, was it? Come, my brave lad, come, tell me your story; I feel inclined to befriend you, my boy."

"Very much obliged to you, Sir; but I have no story to tell."

"Oh, but you should tell use all you know of yourself; where you were born—where, how, and with whom you have lived, and so on."

"Born at sea, were you? Well that is a very good commencement for your story. Your life so begun has doubtless had a good many changes and adventures, I dare say, my little man."

"No, Sir, I've had no hardships," replied Bags, decisively. "I've always had a pretty good time of it. It was a great thing for me that I fell in with a man like Father Jack to take care of me when I was a child, and such a man, too, for my mother died when I was only a week old."

"That was sad, indeed! But how did Father Jack come to take such a good care of you? I think he must scarcely prove so good a nurse as a babe of such tender age must require."

"Oh! he did very well with me, Sir; he fed me on goat's milk, and kept me in a tog, sowing me to his jacket over his breast, because, he said, the log kept me very cozy, for I swung with the ship, and so I was not at all cold, and he could have me alone for hours. It was because of the tog that he called me *Bags*, Sir."

"Ah! I understand now another name than Bags?"

"No, Sir; Father Jack said it would do very well alone till I found my other father, who, of course, would have a name ready for me."

"Then you have to find your other father, do you? But you must explain to me how this is; you know you are to tell me all you know of yourself."

"Yes, Sir. I will have to tell you the first as I heard it from Father Jack. He was coming home from France in a merchant ship for Boston, where my father was living. But when the ship was well out to sea a great storm rose and drove her on rocks, where she split and filled, and all hands had to take to the boats. They had a terrible time of it, for the storm kept up a long while, and beat them about so dreadfully that they quite gave themselves up for lost. But at last they were taken up by a ship bound with a cargo for Liverpool. The captain would have nothing more to do with them, and gave them clothes, and some money, too; for they had lost every thing in the wreck but the clothes they had on. They got safe to Liverpool; but my mother wouldn't stay there any time, though she was quite sick with it all she'd gone through, because she wanted so badly to get to this country; and when after finding passage in another merchant ship just going to sail for New York. She was the only woman on board, so there was only the doctor's cabin for her to take care of her when she got worse, as she did soon after the ship sailed. Then was the ship taken by a French sailor-ship, and spilled her very much, and did all he could for her. But the doctor said from the first that she'd never live through it, and he was right, for she died when it was just eight days old. Nobody knew what to do with me then, and they wanted I was going to sail to die—that is, all but Father Jack; so when he begged to have me, the doctor said to them, 'Let him have the child, for he's a mate by, but if it dies on, for the little one's sure to go overboard after the mother.' From the time the doctor said that Father Jack did very well with me, and brought me safe in the bag to New York. Then he wanted to be kept on board as a sailor, but didn't stay always made his home in New York, and he bit me there when he went to sea again. He was very kind and faithful to me about my mother, after all; for by the time he got to Liverpool the crew of the wrecked ship was quite used to us to the captain, he'd taken the loss of his ship and cargo so hard that, after going through with all the trouble in the wreck, he could not right be himself safe in the other ship in pumped overboard and drowned himself. Father Jack went to see a good many times after that. The last time he went I was just nine years old, and he made me a birthday present that I shall never be tickled. I think more of that present than any one he ever gave me, Sir; for it was the last for that, though I am much again."

"He never came back? And how was that?"

"He died aboard ship of a fever, Sir," replied little Bags, and one big tear rolling slowly down each cheek.

"And so you lost your kind friend! And what did you do after that?"

"Father Jack 'd done all he could to make the way easy for me after he was gone, for he was sick when I was seven, and paid my board a whole year in advance before he left. So I had a fair start, and I turned to for myself, as I did right."

"But what were you able to do?"

"Oh! odd things, Sir, but a good many little things, that helped along. I swept out gentlemen's stores and offices, and went errands for them, and sang like that, Nobody liked a beggar-boy much with me because I was so small, but after a while they found I got my work well enough."

"And what became of your school during this time?"

"I went to school all the some, Sir. I got through with a good many jobs before nine in the morning, and after school I got a good many to do. I use for a little more work, besides learning my lessons. I wouldn't give up the school, Sir, because Father Jack thought so much of my going to taught. He said I must learn all I could, that I might be something as long he might live to be a poor ignorant boy. For he always knew my father must come by me one day or other; he said it was a thing that was to happen."

"And do you, too, expect this?"

"Oh, yes, Sir," replied Bags, very confidently. "Father Jack said so, and he knew. He often said to me, 'Be honest and do your duty, and you shall be found by your father.' Some father coming along you can say to him without a lie, 'Father, I may be poor and rough, but I've always been an honest boy and true to my ship, so you needn't be ashamed of me.'" See, Sir, I could never forget those words and that. And chopping cap and sticks, Bags bured his little arm, and exhibited to the Colonel the figure of a ship in full sail, with Father Jack's name and the words "Hope On" neatly pricked into the skin with Indian ink in the manner common with sailors. "I've done that myself, this neat piece of handiwork, said the Colonel.

"No, you could never forget those words; for, Sir, it was an odd good name. Father Jack was careful to mark them indelibly on your heart as on your arm."

"He did, Sir," responded little Bags.

"But you have yet to explain to me how you came to be discovered by your father, Bags."

"I can soon tell you that, Sir. When I was twelve I left Boston and went on to Chicago with a gentleman in the bookbinding business there, who appreciated myself to him. I'd been with him nearly two years when one day a regiment of Father Jack was there, he'd say, 'Go and fight for your country,' and he was off enough to volunteer, —that's the *ship* you're to stand by now!" One day—it was after the three months' men had come home—I was passing by a recruiting office, and seen were just going in, so I went in too. I heard them say their names and where for a regiment just about to leave for Virginia; so I stepped up and told them I'd like to volunteer for the place. Some of them laughed, because I was so little; but a big man—*the very biggest of them all*—didn't laugh at all, but said to me, 'Show us what you can do, my lad.' So they brought me a drum, and I beat it for them. Then the big man said he thought I'd do well enough; so I agreed right off to be drummer to the Twenty ——th."

The Colonel was silent for a while. He was turning over in his mind different projects for befriending little Bags. "Without your family name, or some more definite information than you have, how do you think it possible he will ever find you?" he then asked.

"I don't know, Sir; but I'm sure he'll do it somehow. Father Jack always said we'd come together one day or other, in God's own time. It was plain to be seen that on this point little Bags's faith was too strong to be shaken by arguments. Said the Colonel to himself, "The boy will live and die in the belief that he is to find Mr. Manley, and one that will do him no harm." "My dear! he sure to have it so, for right boy, when he once find one," presently continued Little Bags, "I've something to show him that was my mother's, Sir, Mr. Manley's, and he knows it well." Bags's cap was bag sewed closely all round, and suspended from his neck by a string. "In this is a pretty locket that my mother always wore on her bare, and that Father Jack took off after she died to keep for a remember. I've worn it ever since the day before he sailed for the last time—but he said if he shouldn't come back it must never be opened again till I found my father; and that I must keep it always in this way about my neck that it was my mother's, Sir, and Father Jack 'd say," he'd outlook at, exclaimed the Colonel, "Let me have it—I must see it at once!" But little Bags drew a step back. "I'm sorry, Sir," said he, "but I promised Father Jack I'd told use—" "Depend on it, were he here he would bid you overlook his rule only," hastily interrupted the Colonel, his hand trembling perceptibly as he reached it forth toward the little wallet. With both his drum and sticks dropped, and in a manner so gazing inquiringly into the Colonel's face, Bags, slipping the string over his head, he silently yielded up his treasure.

To rip open the canvas with his knife and draw forth the locket was the Colonel's work a moment. The ornament was of peculiar style and workmanship, and consisted of short braids of woven hair surrounding a little flake of gold, inscribed with a large gold locket. The countenance of Colonel H—— underwent many rapid changes as he turned the bracelet round upon his finger, and attentively examined it. Then, making a powerful effort to speak with composure, he said, "*I had I have this bracelet.* If it be as I hope—as I believe—within this locket you shall find two names, and the date *August* 10, 1848. The names *Eugene* and *Cecil*—the surnames of both the same, for the bracelet was a wedding gift—are engraved with a

The locket opened with a spring—a secret that Father Jack had not thought necessary to tell Bags —and at a touch of the Colonel's finger the lid flew back. One moment sufficed for an eager look within. In the next, with tears streaming from his eyes as he exclaimed, "My son! my son!" he clasped the little drummer to his breast!

In the first year of his marriage—between fourteen and fifteen years before—Eugene Manley, then a merchant of Boston, had, with his wife, accompanied her mother to the south of France, of which country the latter was a native. Mrs. Manley at Mrs. Grayson, for the benefit of which this change of residence was made. But no improvement ensued on the contrary, when Mr. H—— was some months later unexpectedly recalled to Boston by the sudden death of his business partner, he was obliged to go alone, leaving his wife in attendance upon her mother in all appearance in perfect health-bed. It was but a few months later that a letter from Mrs. H—— informed him that her mother was no more, and that, owing to a new arrangement, she was hastening to join him, having taken passage in the Albion, which was to sail in a week. The Albion arrived, but Mrs. H—— was not on board. The passenger who occupied the state-room she had engaged brought a letter to the expectant husband, explaining how an accident, though not one of a very serious nature, had decided her to delay her journey another week to fit for the voyage in a week's time as farther, and he might look for her in the course of August. This was the last positive information Mr. H—— ever received of his wife. Vainly he made inquiries of arriving vessels, and as vainly wrote her after letter by those that left for Havre. In increasing anxiety he finally engaged his passage, that he there, to his infinite alarm, could gather no trace of her. She had been a stranger in the city, and Mr. H—— had no friend to whom he could for grief at the recent death of her mother, she had avoided the world to attend upon him. His inquiries seemed to have been generally received that she had sailed for the United States, but beyond this no information, though many days elapsed and long continued, elicited any information concerning her movements.

The victim of doubts and griefs which were at times almost too much for his reason, Mr. H—— drove in vain to forget his loss in the business affairs. A tormenting craving for change beset him. He passed year after year in European countries, engaged in mercantile pursuits in new localities energies led him for the time to seize upon. The Crimean war first awakened his military spirit, and, attached to the staff of a distinguished French officer, he plunged into its vortex with a zeal and fearlessness which found few equals.

Years later, when he brought to his own country a new bride, Lawrence was dead; he little dreamed that, guided by the hand of Providence, he was going to meet the solution of that fearful mystery which for years had been wearing away the fate of his young wife. Or that he was about to give back God in his mercy had yet spared to him a precious link with the life so lost and mourned!

Had any one predicted for little Bags that he would cry when he found his father he would have thought it quite impossible. Yet tears were now flowing freely down his cheeks. As soon as these would permit him to speak, looking up in the Colonel's face with glistening eyes, he said, "Father, you've found me at last, just as Father Jack always said you would; and you are a great gentle-

man, and a great colonel, while I'm only a poor drummer! But indeed I've never forgotten what Father Jack told me; I've been an honest boy, and tried my best to do what was right—you won't be ashamed of me, father?"

"Ashamed of you, my son! No, I am proud of you!" said his father, clasping him yet closer in his arms; "nor, from this hour forth, shall I fail to thank God, night and morning, for bringing you to my heart, and bringing you just as you are!"

One other consideration embarrassed little Bags; and concerning this also, he lost no time in consulting his newly-found parent. He had an intuitive perception of the nobleness of the drummer remaining in the humble position of *drummer* to the regiment; yet his high sense of duty revolted at the bare thought of deserting his post. He had volunteered for three years—surely he must keep to his word—he must stand *by the ship!* Could he earn recreant and leave the Twenty ——th without a drummer!

MANHATTAN: OUR ISLAND EMPRESS.

A POEM DELIVERED BEFORE THE COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, ON THE TENTH CELEBRATION OF THE 86TH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE, COOPER INSTITUTE, JULY 4, 1862.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Where the River of the Mountains[1]
Weds the River of the East,
Sits enthroned our Island Empress,
Diadem'd and golden-fleeced;
And, like Argonauts of Jason,[2]
With their white sails gently furl'd,
At her feet, from storms reposing,
Lie the ships of all the world.

Proudly smiles our Island Empress,
Throned upon Manhattan's strands,
Weaving wools of Golden Fleeces
With her soft and shining hands.
Back and forth she plies her shuttles,
O'er the land and o'er the main—
Iron ships that cleave the ocean,
Iron cars that scour the plain!

All the world her wondrous fabric,
Warp and woof she softly weaves,
From the Merchant's Golden Fleeces
And the Farmer's Golden Sheaves;
Back and forth she plies her shuttles,
And the webs that leave her loom
Are the radiant robes of Commerce
And the fleets of Harvest-home!

Filed within her granite warerooms,
Flashing from her marble marts,
Here abide the Freights of Nations,
Lofty wools and marvelous silks:
From the furrows of the ocean,
From the furrows of the soil—
Golden harvests, ripening always
Out of iron seeds of Toil.

And she sits enthroned upon them,
Gathering still, with shining hands,
All the world more closely round her,
Woven in Trade's golden bands.
And as tides are drawn through ocean
By the moon's imperial smile,
Tide-like flow the wealth of nations
Round about Manhatan's Isle!

Wealth of loom and wealth of garner,
Wealth of mountain and of mine,
Wealth of Workmen, wealth of Manhood,
Wealth of Liberty divine!
All that Man may glean from Nature,
All that Heaven hath given of Wealth,
Freedom yields our Island Empress,
Throned upon Manhattan's girth.

And as flows the tireless Trade-wind,
Freedom's wealth goes outward still;
And as flows the circling Gulf-Stream,
Round the world her currents thrill!
Wafting people of Life and Manhood—
Bearing goodlier freights than gold—
From the gardens of the New World
To the deserts of the Old.

Old Manhattan! brave Manhattan!
Many call thy minstrel chant,
Done by all thy sturdy burghers
Since the times of Stuyvesant![3]
In the grand old days of "Queen Boys"[4]
The days of "Golden Hill"[5]
God be thanked! the pulse of Freedom
Throbbed through Old Manhatan still!

Here, upon the ancient "Common"[6]—
There, beside the olden piers—
Walked the feet of stout M'Donald,[7]
Schuyler bold, and gallant Sears:
Here were Hamilton and Clinton,
Here were Livingston and Jay!
God be thanked! they have not left us—
Here their spirits walk to-day!

And I feel their gracious Presence,
As if flags were fluttering o'er;
And I feel Manhattan's burghers
Answering gradually, as of yore,
When George Washington invoked them
From their homes and from their marts,
And the new-born "Declaration"
Sang its Gospel through their hearts!

When the marching tramp of freemen
Shook the walls with stormy peal,
And they trod King George's image
Underneath their rushing feet:
Underneath their marching columns
Tramped his likeness and his laws,
While the statue of their tyrant
Gave them BULLETS for their CAUSE![8]

These the deeds of Old Manhattan—
Voices, like a bugle-blast,
Sounding, as through mountain gorges,
Challenge from the Loyal Past!
And we hear them rolling round us
In the hour of Freedom's need,
Till our hearts, like echoes, answered,
Word for word, and deed for deed!

Answered, as on ancient "Commons,"
Answered, as on "Golden Hill,"
Twice one hundred thousand freemen
Rouzed as with electric thrill;
Answered, with Manhattan's trousers
Piled upon the Union's shrine;
Answered, with Manhattan's life-blood
Poured like sacrificial wine!

Loftier waved the flags of Freedom,
Louder rolled the Union drums,
When the inspiring shout went upward,
"Oh! Manhattan's army comes!"
Washington once more invoked us,
And we rose in columns grand,
Marching round the "Flag of Sumter,"
Grasped within his sculptured hand![9]

When the myriads of Manhattan
Shook the earth with martial tramp,
And she kissed her noblest children,
Hurrying down to Freedom's camp;
And the sundered coils of Treason
Writhed upon her loyal shore
When she flung her gallant "Seventh"
In the scales of righteous war.[10]

Gallant "Seventh!" loyal "Seventh!"
Theirs to lead Manhattan's van—
Answering to the Union roll-call
Fresh-lipped youth and bearded man!
One forward to fearful kindness,
One loyal prayer for boyhood's home—
And they leaped to plant their banners
On the Capitolian dome![11]

Dumb be he whose lips belie them!
Freedom's first Protection Guard![12]
Theirs to strike Manhattan's key-note,
When the Harp of Stars lay jarred.
Would ye hear their latest drum-beat?
Would ye track their latest tread?
Go where loyal graves lie foremost—
There the "Seventh" claims her dead.[13]

Banners streaming, bayonets gleaming,
Helots spoiled by manly foils—
Here the stalwart Sixth advances,
There, behold! the veteran Eighth!
Marching onward—marching onward—
Southward like a storm they burst!
Here the Ninth and Twelfth are charging;
Yonder wheels the Seventy-First![14]

Still the battering pulse of Washington
Throbs the main he loved in life!
Still the generous heart of Winthrop[15]
Throbs where'er his comrades bleed;
Still the battle-cry of Ellsworth[16]
Breaks along the charging lines;
And the dying shout of Ricks
Surges from the Seven Pines![17]

And I hear the angry clangor—
Hear the stern and wild accords—
Crashing from the Harp of Ireland,
Struck by Freedom's battle-swords!
Hear the Sixty-Ninth's dread slogan,
Rending clouds of blood-red smoke,
When the flash of Erin's Star-Banner
Through the mist of Bull Run broke![18]

When the Celt and Saxon, mingling,
Kissed and died on Glory's bed;
And the green sod seared with leather—
Iceland's gore and Scotia's red—
When the noble feet of Haggerty
Trod with Cameron Freedom's plains,
And the faithful soul of Corcoran
King-like walked in rebel chains![19]

Scotland's Thistle—Ireland's Shamrock—
Bloom for us with crimson flowers;
And o'er all the roar of battle
Gallia's eagle screams with ours.
Roman "Fire!" German "*Forwarts!*"[20]
Mingle with our own hurrahs;
And the Hungarian answers "*Eljen!*
Eljen!" for the Flag of Stars![21]

Still where'er the brave are summon'd,
There Manhattan's heroes march:
Freedom weaves their laurel chaplets,
Union builds their triumph-arch!
Here they clustered, here they mustered,
Hurrying forth to Danger's van:
Merchant, sailor, student, toiler,
All who bore the stamp of Man.

Still where'er the clouds are darkest,
There Manhattan's legions form,
And the life-blood of her martyrs
Flings its Rainbow o'er the storm.
Still in sacrifice for Freedom,
Hero-souls to God we given;
Mounting from the Camps of Conflict
Upward to the Stars of Heaven.[22]

By the grand and lordly highlands,
By the broad and breezy plain,
Rolls the River of the Mountains
Downward to the sounding main:
Streaming, like our glorious banner,
Outward to the ocean's bar—
Purple-starred beneath the morning,
And at midnight bright with stars!

Far away, in clouds and darkness,
Roars Atlantic's stormful waste;
By its gulfs lies encircling
Half the wondrous world embraced!
Far away its voiceful billows
Thunder on the opposing strand;
There, it guards the Old World nations,
Here, it shields my Native Land.

Land of grandeur! land of glory!
Fresh from Nature's throbbing breast!
Over all the world-wide countries
Thee the Almighty One hath blest'd!
Beauty robes thy smiling prairies,
Power encrowns thy mountains grand,
Plenty laughs along thy rivers—
God is with my Native Land!

God was with thee in thy childhood,
And he walks before thee now;
'Tis the reflex of His splendor
That is burning on thy brow!
States, in all the Earth, have moulded
Hero, patriarch, saint, and sage;
But their proud historic records
Pale before thy simple page.

Moving slow, like sceptral phantoms,
Nations pass in awfulness;
But in all their stately pageants
Walks no country like to mine.
Upward from the vasty depths
Many a hero-chieftain towers;
But through all the realms of ages
Walks no Washington across!

Thee, my Native Land! unmated,
Tread'st the Future's shining ways;
Following far, the wondering peoples
Mark thy onward glories blaze:
Mark where Man asserts his birthright,
Mark the strength of Freedom's charm,
Mark the Toiler, proudly tanning
Monarch of his own right arm!

By the Loom, the Plow, the Anvil,
Freedom's sons like princes tower;
Theirs the thunder and crown of Manhood—
Kings can claim no nobler dower.
Rude their garb and rude their labor,
But their strength is grand as trees;
And through all the gates of triumph
Still they walk with sceptred souls.

Here the Toiler toils unbranded,
Here the Poor Man feels no shame;
For he knows the future fortune
Upward treads to loftiest fame;
For he dwells where lands and children,
Where the grandest heights of earth
May be scaled, with brave aspirings,
By the child of humblest birth.

Where the dark primeval forest
Glooms around like shades of night,
There the young Backwoodsman opens
With his axe the gates of light.
And the Intellect of Labor,
Clasping Nature's guiding hand,
Climbs aloft with Archimedean Levers,
Rules with arm our glorious land.

Type of Freedom's highest Manhood,
And the Genius of her soul,
Stands to-day this brave Backwoodsman,
Representative of all!
And the Lesson of his Greatness,
Writ in Faith and Hope sublime,
Tells the humblest of the People
How to triumph he may climb.

And the Nations, following onward,
O'er Atlantic's stormy deep,
May behold this Chosen People
In the Lord Jehovah's keep;
May behold how loyal Manhood
Up to royal grandeur springs—
Where the realms of Labor,
And the Toilers are the Kings.

Though the blood-red forge of battle
Roars with fierce Rebellion's blast,
And the Cloud of War is Union
In the stormy blaze are cast—
Though the strokes of War's dread hammers
Shake the anvil of our strength—
Out of all the Gold and Iron
God will shape His Work at length.

In the blaze of War's red forges
Old King Cotton's crown shall melt,
Yielded Iron and Gold for Freedom
When Manhattan cast it down.
In the blaze of War's red forges
Manhood's gain is Tyrant's loss;
All our purest ores are Freedom's—
All our dross is Slavery's dross.

Old Manhattan! Island Empress!
Thine the sceptre—thine the throne!
In thy womb are Freedom's armies—
Freedom's navies launched in thine!
Thine the Iron and Gold of Ages,
Mined from all the wondrous Past;
Union's Gold and Freedom's Iron—
Fear not! God will weld them fast!

In the fiery trial of Conflict
Freedom proves her purest ores;
And the bonds of Peace are welded
Underneath the blows of War.
From the Iron and Gold of Armies,
From the broken links of Wrong,
God will weld His Work together—
God will make the Union strong!

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[1] The Hudson River was known to the early settlers of Manhattan as the *Rio de Montannes*.

[2] "The Island," occupied by the Dutch, who sailed in search of the "Golden Fleece," composed the first naval force on record—their flag-ship, the *Half Moon*, being the war vessel of which we have any account. In conquering our Empire State, the Manhattan, or Dutch, burghers, who made the fortunes of her Argonautic visitors, I trust the day will never come when they will permit her to be betrayed, like Medea, or goaded by ingratitude to the destruction of her own offspring.

[3] Peter Stuyvesant was the last Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam and Manhattan Island.

[4] The "Liberty Boys" composed a notable patriotic organization of Revolutionary days, and their name that of New York faithful spirits, during the Civil times that led to the Revolution. The conflict of "Golden Hill" were conflicts between patriotic citizens and sailors of New York on one side, and British soldiers (who had cut down a "Liberty Pole") on the other. The conflict occurred in place January 19 and 21, 1770, on an eminence of the present John Street, between William and Cliff streets. The troops were driven to their barracks by the "Liberty Boys."

[5] The "Common" occupied the site of our "Park."

[6] Alexander M'Donald, colonel of a regiment of the Revolutionary War, was the leader of a party which before the Revolution, formed a "Son of Liberty to the Reader" in which "Tea" was to be sent. This party also betrayed intelligence of the British authorities. His bold threats and promises made him an idol of the people, and he became the "great meeting in the fields," July 6, 1765. General Gates, afterward Governor Daniel Tompkins, subsequently a Major-General, sustained M'Dougal in his contest with Governor Tryon. Isaac Sears was one of the master-spirits of those days, always on the street parties. Alexander Hamilton, when at that time a youth of seventeen years, made his maiden speech at "the great meeting in the fields," in favor of the first "mass" gatherings of New York's "Sons democratic." Livingston and Jay were members of the Provincial Committee of a "Hundred Patriots."

[7] On the 4th of July, 1776, one year after the signing in Congress of the "Declaration of Independence" reached New York, the people of that city pulled down the leaden statue in our city to mutter on the "Commons" of which we have the earliest record a hollow square within which was Washington on horseback, and on the spot where the statue stood, a pedestal of white granite. The people gathered in masses around the statue, and when the order to mount was sounded, Captain M'Donald, who commanded to the front, shouted to his men:

"After the reading of the 'Declaration,' the excited people rushed to the City Hall, and tearing the portrait of George the Third from its frame, trampled it under foot. They marched in a body to the Bowling Green, hurled the image of King George from its pedestal, and dragged it in pieces through the streets. The statue (an equestrian one) was then taken down. It was conveyed to Litchfield, Wolcott, Governor of Connecticut, by whose wife and daughters the lead was run into bullets. Forty-two thousand and musket-balls were made from it, and four hundred British soldiers perished by the bullets into which the statue of Connecticut was invaded by Governor Tryon. The solidarity of the statue is still preserved, in the shape of a bronze copy, at the Museum Hotel, West Broadway.

"On the 9th of July, 1776, the troops were assembled on the 11th of April, 1861, at Union Square, the 7th of the Seventy-fourth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and the 71st of the First Brigade, and was exhibited to the troops. The statue was then taken down, and one of the bronze equestrian statues of Washington which now adorn the Capitol at Washington will be the result.

"In accordance with the above response of the Seventy-fourth Regiment, New York State militia, to the call of President Lincoln, the Seventh Regiment decided impulse to the Union spirit of New York, and the Seventh Regiment was the first to march to the defense of the National Capital. Patriotism at that crisis might have emboldened sympathizers with the South to attempt a diversion; but the unanimous enthusiasm of the Seventh, and the subsequent patriotic promptitude of the Sixty-Ninth (whose ranks had likewise been rolled upon by disloyal politicians), completely overawed whatever treason might have been lurking for a spring. Honor, then, to the representative militia of Manhattan, who, in the Union Cause, militia of Manhattan, who, in the Union Cause, militia of Manhattan, who, in the Union Cause, recognize no prejudices of party, rank, race, or religion!

[8] The Seventh Regiment, while in Washington, were quartered in the Capitol and Senate Chamber. They returned after a month's service, having been relieved by reinforcements.

[9] The Seventh Regiment, while in Washington, were quartered in the Capitol and Senate Chamber. They returned after a month's service, having been relieved by reinforcements.

[10] The Seventh Regiment was the first to march to the defense of the National Capital.

[11] "Up Guards and Adrew"—From the Camp to the Stars."

[12] To the "Protection Guard" of the Roman Commonwealth was intrusted the defense of the Capitol.

[13] Many of the graves of the brave men who composed the Seventh Regiment are to be found in the battlefields where they fought and fell. Some themselves in other regiments or officers and companies, including their brave and gallant colonel, Fiske. The regiment itself re-volunteered and marched to the seat of war, 1862.

[14] Colonel Vosburgh, of the Seventy-First, was among the gallant spirits who fell during his gallant campaign. His labors hurried him to an untimely death, in camp, at our National Capital.

[15] Major Theodore Winthrop, a brilliant scholar and writer, fell at the battle of Big Bethel, June 10, 1861. He had been a member of the Seventh Regiment, and, on the Peninsula, laid down his life in the cause of military secretary to General Butler.

[16] Colonel Elmer Ellsworth (Lincoln's) has often carried dismay to the enemy when sleeping in the front of his regiment, the Eleventh, 1861.

[17] Colonel Ricks, of the Seventy-Second Zouaves, fell while leading a charge of his brave regiment at the battle of "Seven Pines," (Fair Oaks), June 1, 1862.

[18] The Sixty-Ninth (Irish) Regiment was distinguished for desperate fighting at the battle of "Bull Run," "Bull Run." The Irish national banner, to which allusion is here made, was presented to the regiment by the Irish citizens of the Gaelic, and is known as the Star-Spangled Banner. The Sixty-Ninth Regiment, and Colonel Cameron, of the Seventy-Ninth (New York "Highlanders"), were slain at the battle of Bull Run. Numerous gallant volunteers of Colonel Corcoran, of the Sixty-Ninth, who was made prisoner by the enemy on that disastrous field, to familiar to call for comment.

[19] The Irish Regiment (Scotch), Sixty-Ninth and Fenwick (Irish), Fifty-Fifth, "Lafayette Guard" (French), "Garibaldi Guard" (Italian), and several German regiments were among the contributors of New York city to the War for our Union.

[20] "Fire!" is the command to the French "Feu!" or "Feu de Joie."

[21] "Forwarts!" is the German word of command.

[22] Never was a grander destiny confided to human fortunes than that which, at the present time, seems to inspire the triumph of Abraham Lincoln with that of Freedom. Let us hope that the glorious War Workings, and He will complete His Work in His own way and His own time.


THE INFLUENCE
THE SISTER OF CHARITY



WAR.—[See Page 570.]

OUR WOMEN AND THE WAR.

Our artist has entitled the large picture which we publish on pages 568 and 569 "THE INDIFFERENCE OF WOMAN." It illustrates, in effect, what women may do toward relieving the sorrows and pains of the soldier. In one corner will be seen that exquisite type of angelic womanhood, the Sister of Charity, watching at the bedside of a dying soldier, ever ready to relieve his wants and minister to his desires. On the other side a lady-nurse is writing, at the dictation of a poor wounded soldier, a letter to his friends far away, which shall relieve their terrible anxiety. Above, a group of young ladies are busily engaged, with needle and sewing-machine, in making clothing for the troops, and especially those comfortable garments which even our coarsest but most devoted soldier will not scorn to supply. One can almost see the fairy fingers fly about the work. Last of all, above Biddy, who has probably got a lover or a husband or a brother at the war, is doing her part in helping the soldier by cooking for them. The moral of the picture is sufficiently obvious; there is no woman who can not in some way is something to help the army.

In the Crimean war glory and fame swirled the charitable efforts of Florence Nightingale and her noble band of lady nurses. This war of ours has developed scores of Florence Nightingales, whose names no one knows, but whose reward, in the soldier's gratitude and Heaven's approval, is the highest our guerdon woman can ever win.

BATON ROUGE.

BATON ROUGE must be taken!
Forward, my boys, and be steady!
We'll snatch from the hand
Of the rebel hand
The laurel of old "Rough and Ready!"

Old "Rough and Ready"—(there him!)—
How the cowards would flee before him!
We'll strike in his name,
'Twill be all the same,
For the flag that flouted o'er him.

If the hero of Buena Vista
Knows our country's present story,
With what joy I ween
He must see us then
That victory of "Old Glory!"

And WILLIAMS, who led the way,
Like a patriot, calm and steady—
How he must have cried
With a soldier's pride
When he joined old "Rough and Ready!"

STRANGE AND YET TRUE.

WHEN the evening lamps are lighted, or, rather, just before that operation—say in the little interval which follows the retirement of the ladies from the dining-room, and precedes the appearance of the hacking, skyrocket fizz left temporarily to a low—a grain of guard-talk mingles, not inharmoniously, with the gentle and domestic topics invoked by the subdued light and confidential feeling of the hour. The treatment of the subject is necessarily various. Twenty minutes will not suffice for a dive into philosophic deeps. Facts are simply adduced. Theory and proposition are bald bare, and left to for any after-manipulations profounder thinkers please. Nevertheless, from the jabulous (often exceedingly) fragmentary way these little conversations may be deduced a whole garden of thought worthy the attention of the most earnest sage.

Whatever be the cause, the fact will hardly be disputed that a vein of the supernatural has greatly augmented of late among the educated classes of society. It has, indeed, as might be expected, abounded in ancient form of belief—modern, it is neither believe in the ghost nor shoot at him. We require to know something of the nature who is to be uninvited into our dwelling, and what may be his immediate business there, but not with rudeness or inhumanity. In a word, the intellectual spirit of the time is the welcome child of progress. As every age has stamped upon the wild world around the seal of some grand discovery—as every successive year reveals its half-suspected wonders—the vein has become and less studied as new combinations upon that vast unexplored ocean which, like the natural horizon, seems to mark the union of man God—and man, as he grows wiser, grows humbler.

To this improved feeling, and this better disciplines of reason, we are indebted for many an interesting narrative which would else have never passed the household family circle ; or, in so doing, so would have at least been carefully denuded of every corroboration as name, place, and time afford. In the incidents here for to be related they have been supplied without scruple, and without desire for any greater reticence than the subtler in his discretion may impose. The circumstances of each case have been verified with unusual care, because another object than simple curiosity excites such inquiry. Still it may be proper to call attention to the fact that persons who have known, or who have conceived themselves to have been, the witnesses of so-called supernatural appearances, are, in recalling the circumstance, never visibly under the dominion of that exalted feeling which accompanied it, and which is all calculated for minute and accurate detail. He, therefore, who undertakes to relate a ghost story at second-hand may have the difficult task of rendering incoherences in such a manner as shall not bring down unjust doubt upon what is in fact correct narration.

To assist analysis, we must compare. To aid comparison, the least possible reserve should unite with the closest possible adherence to facts, so far as facts can be ascertained after passing through strongly susceptible mediums. Even were these extra-natural occurrences not explicable (which we hold them in every case to be), there is surely no little terrible or revolting in the pursuit. It is, for example, a simple, touching, and beautiful faith that the last earthly regards of the liberated spirit should be fixed upon its best beloved. If such be the work of a mocking spirit, it wears a wonderfully heavenly mien. "I am a ghost," says Wolfran, in the Foil's Tragedy :

> Tremble not. Fear not me:
> The dead are ever your friends.
> And love the living. They are cheerful creatures—
> Just quiet at the time of their visits.
> In grace, and patient love, and options bounty,
> I'm now their guardian angel.

To proceed at once to illustration, here are two fantasies of 'imitation," both brief and true. The first is fragrant with reminiscences of the old French literary circles, whom it induced to bestow much attention on the subject of apparitions.

In 1816 he was visiting a lady of his acquaintance at Rouen. They were engaged in earnest conversation, when the door behind the chair-back of the lady's children, the youngest of whom—a girl of eight—was sitting by her mother. Suddenly the latter started from her seat with a loud shriek, and threw herself into her mother's arms. On being questioned as to the cause of her agitation, she pointed to a sofa, and, weeping bitterly, declared that she had seen seated upon it the figure of her elder sister, Rosaline, then on a visit to some relations at or near Havre. The countenance of the phantom was of a death-like pallor. The girl had occurred at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th September. Two days after (affirmed the Rosaline Lemercier, whom unhappily drowned in a boating excursion at Havre, at (it was affirmed) the precise moment of the appearance.

As another instance, here is a circumstance minutely related by Monsieur M——, a retired French officer, in a letter to a friend :

"Left an orphan at an early age, I was brought up under the care of a kind-hearted grandmother, who could scarcely have cherished me more had I been her own offspring. She resided at Harfleur, and, being in easy circumstances, lived in a style of living that could contribute to my youthful pleasures, keeping open house on Christmas-day, and with that material which rendered my frequent visits to the Sunday fêtes in the neighborhood doubly agreeable. On one occasion I had returned, usual, in company with a band of young vagabonds like myself, to attend a fête at Quilleboeuf, on the opposite side of the Seine.

"Contrary to my natural habit, I felt uneasy and depressed, an inexplicable feeling of dread hung upon my mind, and neither my own efforts nor the raillery of my companions could drive it away. I therefore left my good companions, embarked by ferry-boat, and, but I was not aware that she was in my company, Mademoiselle Le Roux upon my mind, far from dispersing, momentarily increased. If I joined as usual in the different sports, I was conscious that my mirth was that of wit that generally accompanied our games had not a word to say to it. My soul was absent from the match of skittles. It was my turn to deliver the ball, and I was standing, half pensively, poising it in my hand, when I heard a voice close to me pronounce my name. I started, and turned round, and lo! my sister stood before me.

"Nobody, replied those around me.

"I insisted that I had heard a woman's voice say "——'

"Bah! you're dreaming. Play away!

"I struck the ball with my hand when a second time I heard my name pronounced in a soft and plaintive tone, but fainter than the former, as if a long distance off. I was

"No one present had heard the sound.

"It struck me that some one of the party was playing a trick upon me, in order to increase my evident melancholy. Nevertheless, under the influence of some unaccountable power, I felt myself summons, I refused to play any longer, and presently returned alone to Harfleur. On reaching my grandmother's house I was shocked to learn that she had expired during the afternoon, pronouncing my name twice or thrice distinctly, and that the moment of the second summons I had heard. These facts are well known to some twelve or fifteen people at Harfleur and its neighborhood, and many are still (in 1854) living, and were I to live fifty years I could never forget the impression that event apart from my memory."

But of course these so-called "facts" hast their common source in the nature. Therefore, as a question of fact, no corroboration is gained by their being known to the dozen or fifteen people still living.

The heroine of our next illustration is MRS. D——, an English lady.

"When, by an early age, Mrs. D—— became a widow, it pleased the brother of her husband to dispute the dispositions of the latter's will—a proceeding the more annoying as the property in land, for the widow was already extremely moderate. Illiterate, and as a question of business, she must insist three years, and caused Mrs. D—— the utmost vexation and anxiety, when at length the jury, finding their claims insufficient, the lady had never been any thing else, decided in her favor. Some short time after this, Mrs. D—— was residing in 1 Place, Brighton. A friend, Miss ——, usually shared her bedroom. Both were lying awake one night about three o'clock, when Mrs. D——, with some surprise, saw her friend sit up suddenly in bed, clasp her hands, and sink back again on the pillow in a profound sleep. Strange as seemed the movement, it was no evident to Mrs. D——— that her friend was really in a tranquil slumber that she made no effort to disturb her. A minute elapsed, when the door quietly opened, and there seemed to enter a figure which she knew at once was supernatural. She describes her feelings with great minuteness. She owned that, by nature, she was somewhat nervous, her impressions, as she afterward remembered them, on this occasion had not the slightest intimixture of fear. She was conscious of a reverential awe, such as might become the witness of a revelation overruling the accepted laws of nature, united with a feeling of intense curiosity as to the object of the apparition. Gliding through the subdued light, the figure had all the appearance, gait, and manner of her deceased husband ; until, passing round the room, and sinking down into an arm-chair that stood nearly opposite her bed, turned slightly aside, the figure presented its profile, and Mrs. D—— clearly recognized the countenance and late opponent, Mr. W. D——, at that time residing in the North. No sooner had the mysterious visitor set down than he raised his clasped hands, as in passionate entreaty ; but though the spectral lips appeared to move, as in harmony with the gesture, no sound was audible. Three times the hands were lifted in the same earnest manner, when the figure rose, and retired as it came. Some nervous reaction followed its disappearance, for Mrs. D—— remembered no more that night, but found her mistress trembling violently, and much agitated. Nevertheless, she quickly regained her self-possession, and could only related what she had seen, both to Miss F—— and the maid, the former rising shortly after and very unusual, and only knowing that she had fallen asleep again contrary to her own intention.

The succeeding day was cold and stormy, and neither of the friends quitted the house. In the evening some visitors called. As they were taking leave one of the party suddenly inquired :

"By-the-by, have you had any recent news from the North? If so, since you reached us, I hardly know how, that Mr. W. D—— is dangerously ill, some say dying, even (but it is only report) dead."

"He is dead," said Mrs. D——, quietly. "He died at midnight."

"You have a telegram?"

"You shall hear."

And Mrs. D—— told her story to her wondering friends.

As quickly as news could reach Brighton she received intimation of Mr. D——'s death at the hour of his appearance.

A singularly suggestive statement is, that the scene witnessed by Mrs. D——at Brighton was nearly repeated in the dual combination of Mr. W. D——, hundreds of miles distant. His mind rendered somewhat as the end drew near, but perpetually returned to the spot of the visitation by sea-mist. Mistaking his sister for Mrs. D——, he addressed to her the most fervent entreaties for pardon, avowing his bitter regret, condemning his own injustice and covetousness, and declaring that he could not die in peace without her forgiveness. Three times the dying man had raised his hands in the manner she had witnessed, and so expired.

One morning, some years since, the lady of a distinguished London physician was lying in bed in her house in Harley Street. It was late, and she was broad awake. The door opened, but Lady ——, concluding it was her maid, did not raise her head. But a remarkable-looking figure, passing between her bed and the window, walked up to the fireplace, and there stood with the mirror which hung above, Lady —— recognized the features of her step-son, Dr. J——, then attached to a foreign embassy. He wore a long night-dress, and carried something on his arm.

"Good Heaven! is that you, John? and in that dress?" cried Lady ——, in the first surprise.

The figure turned slowly round, and she then became aware that it must be carried out in a dead child, the body being swathed round and round in a large Indian scarf of remarkable workmanship, which Lady —— had presented to Mrs. J—— on the eve of her departure. As she gazed the outline of the figure became more and more indistinct. They were lost in the familiar objects of the room. Lady —— neither fainted nor shrieked, nor even rang the bell. She was alone, and thought the matter over, resolving to mention it to no one until the return of her husband, then absent on a commission on an illustrious household. His experience would decide whether her physical health offered any solution of the phenomenon. As for the ghost of a child, it may be taken as an accepted fact that, though nobody is supposed to die in bed without he sleep, every body knows, by the sudden change of scenery, and snapping of the chain of thought alone, when he has left the world.

On hearing her story her husband immediately looked at his wife's tongue and felt her pulse. Both organs perfect. Of her sanity he had not proof. Touching veracity she was truth itself. Still he was averse to her making public any recommendation to patience, and to see what cause of it. In the mean time the day and hour were noted down, and the next advices from J—— awaited with more than usual interest.

At length they arrived. Mrs. J—— informed his father that their child—an only one—had died on such a day (that of the apparition), and that his wife, although she would be laid up in bed in the last of its birth, had begged that it might be fetched by the first train. It was to be brought up rived, embalmed, but inclosed in a coffin so much larger than was required for the tiny occupant that it was considered best to be filled with the child's clothes, etc., while the Indian scarf had been wound in many folds round the body of the child.

A favorite theory lays it down as law that it requires two minds to produce one ghost. These must be, of course, the percipient and the recipient of the image; on the other, that of receptivity. Unless the mirror be specially prepared, the object, though at hand, can not become visible. Yet here is an example of the substitution of one, certainly in no such condition of special preparedness, for another unquestionably interested.

Colonel B——, who perished, with a party of his men, in the lamentable burning of a transport on her voyage to the Crimea, was well known to the writer. He was a man of the coolest nerve, of the most impenetrable self-possession. It was his habit to sit up late, reading, in the chamber of his invalid wife, after the latter had retired to bed. One night, Mrs. M—— has fallen asleep, the door opened, and her maid, Lucy, who had been sent home, till, to the charge of her friends a few days before, entered the room. Perfectly conscious, as he declared, from the first, that the object he beheld was not of this world, the steady soldier fixed his eyes on the apparition, careful only to catch its every movement, and impress the whole scene with accuracy on his memory. The figure moved slowly to the side of the bed, gazed with a sad and wistful expression on the sleeper, and, finally, as though reluctantly, dined away into the gloom. Colonel M—— then awoke his wife and inquired what had occurred. The hour was noted, and proved to be precisely that at which the poor girl had breathed her last, murmuring her mistress's name.

Some twenty years ago the attention of SIR M—— and Lady S——— was attracted to the appearance of a little orphan boy. So great was the interest with which he inspired them both that they took entire charge of his future. He was put to an excellent education, and, at a proper age, introducing him, on his own earnest request, into the service. Years passed, during which the young man advanced rapidly in professional and general knowledge, and won for all appearance on the ocean a prosperous career, when, one rude November night, about half past twelve, the inmates of Lady S——'s country-house, in which she was then residing in the absence abroad of Sir M——, were aroused by a loud ringing at the bell. The servants, already awakened, heard the step of her steady old butler, moving in person to ascertain who could possibly be arriving at such an hour. The violent gust of wind and rain seemed to burst in with the opening door. The servants succeeded ; after which the butler was heard reascending to his apartment. Lady S——'s curiosity was sufficiently aroused to induce her to summon her maid, who was in an adjoining room, and send her to question the butler as to the unseasonable visitor. The servant was that, on opening the door, no one was to be seen. The night, though rough, was not very dark, and the gleam on the pavement from the gas in the broad lawns could be discerned a living thing. But for so many having heard the bell the butler would have suspected it to have been a gust of wind.

Gradually the household resumed its repose, when, at the end of another half-hour, every one in every body. There was no mistaking now, for the bell had not ceased its impatient vibrations when it had been set in motion by the servants on the stairs. Again the storm dashed into the house, and nothing but the storm. No human form was visible without, nor were any footprints to be traced on the smooth gravel sheltered by the porch. As they were about to close the door for the second time Lady S——'s maid appeared on the landing and beckoned, with a white, scared face, to those below.

"Come up, come up, somebody! My lady has been HIM. Sir ——! I dare not tell you more."

It was, in effect, as she had said. Immediately after the group of servants had descended the stairs Lady S——, with every sign of fright and horror, standing at the foot of her bed. Believing at the moment that it was actually himself, she had accosted him.

"What, Edward, you here?"

"Yes, mother," (immediately) disappeared.

News shortly arrived that the young man had perished at sea on the very November night, between the hours of twelve and two.

The following singular story, belonging, perhaps, more strictly to the class of second-sight than visions, was related to the writer a short time since, by the lady of a distinguished German diplomatist, accredited at Frankfort :

A friend of the narrator had herself a beloved and attached friend, who died after a brief but severe interval of suffering. A short time after, the spirit of the departed stood, in a dream, by the bedside of the living friend, and, with the most benevolent countenance directed with indescribable agony impressed the hand, and pointed to the words of some "great, strong soul," that might wrestle for her in prayer, and emancipate the afflicted spirit, if it were "bound" by any fetters of unexpiated sorrow. This condition she described as one of an eager longing to rejoin her friend, but of perplexity with some terrible hindrance, only removable through the means suggested. Much troubled in mind, Madame L—— rose, after some delicate hesitation to appeal to the strongest and most potent soul within the range of her acquaintance, which was that of a German professor, called in the "German Luther." To him, accordingly, she made her appeal. The request was granted, and redressed with promise with characteristic zeal.

Soon after, the apparition revisited Madame L——. This time with more solemn, more composed, but still marked with traces of suffering and anxiety, and waving the thanking hand which she had been already done, adjured her, in the most touching language (repeated by the narrator with wonderful accuracy and minuteness), to persist in the success intercessor to engage more—but once again

"Oh yes, yes, yes!" cried Madame L——, deeply moved, did as she was requested, and wrote at once to ——, who happened at this time to be absent at the distance of two days' journey.

On the third night the spirit once more stood by her friend's bed, with an aspect of unspeakable tranquillity, and surrounded with angelic radiance, declaring that all was now well.

"Woman, woman!" he exclaimed, "what have you done? For no reward that could be proposed to me would I endure such another hour of conflict and agony as that which my compliance with your request has caused me." He then proceeded to relate that, having—though with some reluctance—engaged in prayer as he was desired, he felt as though at once environed by all the powers of evil, and that every fiend in hell, within and without hell, and all but overcome, he recited himself to the very utmost, and struggling on through unutterable

mental torture, at length regained his calm. But never more, for *him*, such fearful championship!

A broad distinction, of course, lies between cases of mere cerebral excitement and such as we have before adduced. Hallucinations are as fully recognized, if not quite so common, as colds in the head. Few of those who must have noticed the twitch or toss of the head peculiar to the late eminent counsel, Mr. B——, were aware that it was engendered by a perpetual vision of a raven perched on his left shoulder. A gentleman now residing in Broadway, New York, transacts business daily under the immediate supervision of his great-uncle, who, in a laced coat and ruffles, occupies a large arm-chair placed expressly to receive the honored vision.

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.

WE have lately stumbled on two compendious little works, entitled "The Gentleman's" and "Lady's Manual of Modern Etiquette," which profess to embody the latest edition of the code of manners observed in "the highest circles." Glancing at the preface, we found to our horror that to be ignorant of the subject-matter of these minute volumes was "necessarily to exhibit vulgarity at the table, clownishness in the drawing-room, and general unfitness for the society of the refined;" and, furthermore, that here were set forth "certain fixed laws, observed by all classes claiming a respectable position." Inexpressibly shocked at the awful consequences we must have incurred by remaining ignorant of this authoritative exposition of the edicts of fashion, we lost no time in perusing it, with the faint hope that haply our instincts might have saved us from some of the social enormities so sweepingly denounced, and that in the eyes of society we might hitherto have appeared as, at any rate, a favorable specimen of the savage.

The "Gentleman's Manual" begins by setting out the ceremonial to be observed on the occasion of a morning visit. And the exhaustive nature of the treatise will be recognized by the first direction, which is this, "If you alight from a carriage, endeavor to do so in a graceful manner." Our author has evidently a salutary fear of the street *gamins* before his eyes, for he adds, "Inattention to this matter has subjected many to ridicule." Visits are of two kinds, for purposes of congratulation and of condolence. We do not pretend to understand the reasons which, of course, exist for the following caution with reference to the former: "Visits of congratulation must be always made before dinner." Much more intelligible is this rule for a visit of condolence, which breathes the very spirit of the "mitigated affliction department" at Messrs. Pugh's or Jay's: "Take care to appear in a sober dress; and if the occasion be the death of a person even slightly related to you, go in mourning—deep or otherwise—according to the degree of relationship." Here is an exoteric precept applicable to all visits, the full force of which the housemaid will appreciate: "Be very careful to scrape your feet, and to use the door-mat upon entering, if the streets be in a muddy condition." But the very next is highly mystic and esoteric: "Take your hat with you into the reception-room, and, as a rule, hold it in your hand; if requested to do so, you may place it beside you on a table, *but never put it on the ground.*" Chapter II. relates to the dinner-table, and in it the programme of dinner is minutely laid down. "To married ladies," we read, "should be conceded preference as to the order of *rotation*, and if it is wished to be very formal, let those of highest rank be taken out first." The "order of rotation" can only mean that in the highest circles the ceremonial is to go in state down the front stairs, then to mount with equal pomp the back stairs, then to descend the front stairs a second time, and so on *ad infinitum*—clearly a very aristocratic proceeding, because it would result in a dinner with his Grace Duke Humphry. "The host offers his arm to the principal lady"—that is, if he wishes to be very formal—"and leads the way." "*Immediately* behind comes the hostess." It is terrible to reflect that we have invariably permitted the wife of our bosom to bring up the rear. Once down stairs, here are a few of the canons for behavior. Perhaps, in these revolutionary days, it is wise in our author to reassert explicitly a good deal that Lord Chesterfield would take for granted. At any rate, it is impossible to cavil at the following sound advice: "Never convey the knife to the mouth. Take care to masticate as quickly as possible, and do not rattle your knife, fork, or spoon, more than you can avoid. It is not necessary to wait until any one else begins to eat; commence the business of your dinner as soon as you are served, although it is not requisite to dart upon it like a vulture upon its prey—such a course would intimate that you are unaccustomed to such fare as you have before you." A great instructor can not enlarge on his chosen theme without introducing indirectly a good deal of curious scientific information. As we learned, under the head of visiting, that a visit of congratulation must be taken, like fruit, early in the day, on pain of dyspepsia, so in the passage just quoted we are presented with a singular fact in natural history—namely, that it is the want of familiarity with raw meat that makes the vulture take to it with such unmistakable gusto. Peculiar responsibilities of course attach to the post of master of the house. There is the obvious duty "of sending a plate of any meat he may be carving, by a servant, to each guest who is not supplied, without the ceremony of first asking permission." But he must have the subtlety of a Gladstone or a Bethell to realize and act upon the following nice distinction: "He may inquire of each person if he prefers any particular part; *not* whether he would like such or such a part, naming it. If he have no choice to offer, it is out of place to press a guest to make one." Out of place, indeed! but we can hardly believe that a host could be found of such devilish malignity as to press a friend to partake of a wing or breast when nothing but the drumstick remained. "It is mistaken kindness to persist in helping any one to a particular dish if once declined." Again, we think the "Manual" understates the barbarity of this proceeding. It is impossible to reprobate too severely the conduct of an entertainer who should treat his guests as Strasbourg geese are treated, or the apoplectic pigs that sprawl about a Cattle Show. There are a few useful hints about taking wine. "It is not necessary to ask the pleasure of taking wine with a lady verbally—to catch her eye is sufficient. If her neighbor is so remiss as not to perceive that the service is required, a lady may politely request him to charge her glass." The parties "should smile and bow slightly before drinking."

Ball-givers and ball-goers may learn much from these pages. First, as to sending out invitations. "If several members of one family be invited, one card is sent to the master and mistress, another to the daughters, and another to the sons. These may all be placed in one envelope, which should not be fastened, and addressed to the mistress of the house." The votary of Terpsichore ought to be grateful for the following suggestions: "In a quadrille, the gentleman should, if possible, escort his partner to the top place. (N.B. If the orchestra be placed at the end of the room, that end is considered the top; if elsewhere, the top of the room is that end *farthest* from the door.)" This is really hard upon the unhappy lady who is offered the alternative of being deafened by the cornet-à-piston, or suffocated for want of air. Besides, what if a room should be so utterly abnormal as to have two doors, where would the top be then? This is a *casus omissus* to which we respectfully invite the author's attention. "In the Schottische, Waltz, and Polka be very careful to avoid encircling your partner's waist, except in the lightest manner, and exercise extreme caution to prevent pressing too closely upon her; avoid pressing her hand tightly." Soft pressure, it would seem, is allowable, and does not entail any "unfitness for the society of the refined." But no further liberty would be tolerated in "respectable company;" and we may charitably infer, therefore, that "in the highest circles" a similar propriety is observed.

Hitherto we have been drinking in wisdom from a stern, rigid Mentor. In the remarks on "Supper," we feel at once that we are listening to a man and a brother. "After attending to the wants of their fair partners, the gentlemen generally tacitly agree to stand and wait until the ladies have retired (which they should always do after a moderate refreshment), and then to sit down together to supper," of which they may, by implication, partake immoderately. Here we have the voice of nature bursting artificial restraints. Great is lobster salad, for it fairly triumphs over etiquette in the affections of this modern Polonius.

Of this Manual, as of some other books, it might be said that it contains many things that are new, and many things that are true; but what is new is not true, and what is true is not new. No one, for instance, would dream of disputing the following proposition: "Some knowledge of passing events is almost indispensable to those who go much into society;" or this: "Do not speak so much as a single sentence in company in a language not understood by those present;" or this: "To take notice of children is generally to render yourself agreeable to their parents." Again, the most unsophisticated among us knows that "letters should always be prepaid;" that "the flesh, teeth, and nails should be cleansed at regular and fixed intervals;" and that "the nails should never be permitted to grow to an offensive length." We have long ago arrived at the conclusion that "those who have weak eyes should wear colored spectacles;" and the instinct of self-preservation would forbid any disregard of the following rule: "If you use false hair, be careful that it is all of one shade." Nor do we require to be reminded that "it has an undignified and somewhat thief-like look to turn the eyes down whenever you are spoken to." The following caution, too, we regard as somewhat superfluous: "When a marriage contract is to be drawn up, it is well to ascertain that all parties concerned agree to all the particulars set forth before the formal meeting for signing the deeds. This will prevent much unseemly discussion in the presence of the bride-elect." But we find in this volume many injunctions and many subtle distinctions calculated to make us feel acutely our own utter ignorance of modern etiquette. We do not see, for instance, how any conversation is to proceed, if the following rule be strictly adhered to: "It is inexpedient to indulge the habit of asking questions; it may be inconvenient to answer them, or if answered, the reply may cause you to look very foolish." Again, there must be some good reason for the following precept, though we fail to grasp it: "Do not permit yourself to be surprised at any thing, except in the company of ladies." Why is one to be all agog in female company, and how long has straining eyeballs and an open mouth been a recommendation to the sex? Here is a mysterious canon: "A formal introduction may occasionally be dispensed with in the case of persons who meet casually, and who, finding each other's society or conversation agreeable, think fit to dispense with the services of a third party." What services? and who is the "third party" darkly alluded to as haunting the steps of the two "agreeable parties?" For a good many "things not generally known," we beg to refer our readers to the head of "Letter Writing," in this pregnant little work. They will learn there that, "in addressing any one higher in rank than themselves, large-sized paper should be used;" that the use of adhesive envelopes should be exclusively confined to business communications; that it is "contrary to good-breeding to send a letter secured otherwise than by sealing-wax to your most intimate friend, or even to your wife; that the seal should never be impressed by any fantastic device; and that gilt-edged paper should only be employed in a friendly letter." With infinite shame and contrition many of our readers must own to frequent breaches of each and all of these social observances, and particularly to having licked innumerable envelopes in corresponding with their wives about the children's whooping-cough. We are not sure that all our generous impulses toward our superiors have taken the form of a present of game, which we are assured is "the only thing that we may be certain will not give offense." Nor have we interpreted the ante-nuptial banquets of our male friends in the following cruel sense: "It is usual for a gentleman, previous to his marriage, to give a dinner to those of his bachelor friends whose acquaintance he wishes to discontinue. This is tacitly understood as a friendly form of dismissal!"

There is great originality about the "general suggestions" given at the end of these volumes. A gentleman will note that the habit of crossing the legs is objectionable; that he must never address a friend aloud by his name in public; that in ascending stairs he must precede a lady as quickly as possible, in descending he must follow her; and that while escorting a lady from one room to another on the same floor he must give her the left arm, unless both parties are married, in which case the right arm is more correct. A lady will find much practical wisdom embodied in the remarks on "dress." If she is so unfortunate as to be deformed, she is advised to conceal it by "attention to the make of that portion of her habiliments immediately connected with the misshappen part." If her features be large, she is to arrange her hair in large masses. She is never to appear anxious about the safety of any part of her attire in company. She is solemnly warned not to compress her feet into shoes too small, or her hands into gloves of a size less than proper for them. "Such an attempt causes the 'member' to appear larger, its uncomfortably tight appearance attracting attention; besides which, the feet are sure to be injured, and, by the formation of corns, to become larger and more unshapely the longer the course is persisted in." And lastly, let her attend to the following oracular utterance, in which we could have wished that the condemnation of crinoline had been more explicit: "At a ball, you will pass and repass during its progress the other dancers many times. Bear this in mind, and dress, accordingly, in a costume as light and close-fitting as is consistent with the fashion."

One is tempted to ask, with whom can the author of this wonderful Manual have lived? and who are the lunatics who regulate their deportment by the rules it contains? Who in the world is our anonymous instructor? We do not hesitate to say that we have penetrated his disguise. Every item in this catalogue of the proprieties smells of cast-off plush. It is our old friend Jeames, whiling away the hours of his retirement from active work by dilating on the Genteel. There is a certain psychological value in a travesty of society regarded from the point of view of a thoroughly vulgar and illiterate mind. But there is something more of which a book of this kind is the expression. It symbolizes the essentially snobbish side of character. The demand for such information as this impudent imposture pretends to give is created by the morbid craving which almost every class evinces to ape its betters, and do as is done "in the higher circles." Mrs. Smith wants to know the dinner arrangements observed in a nobleman's family, in order that, when she next entertains Mrs. Jones, she may astonish that lady's weak mind by imitating them as closely as circumstances will permit. The hard-worked maid of the Smith establishment does just the same thing, when she waggles about the kitchen in a hoop which she fondly imagines to be a faithful copy of Missis's style of dress. There is something almost pathetic, in an Aristotelian point of view, in this latest synopsis of the social virtues. The points which strike an ordinary reader as most ridiculous would save it from ridicule in the eyes of a philosopher. The injunctions to cleanliness and a calm temper betray something like a faint and dim notion of the principles on which true courtesy rests. They indicate a sort of twilight consciousness that, after all, it consists in something more than a set of arbitrary rules about matters of infinitesimal importance, and that it is too subtle to be subjected to this ludicrous codification. As Sheridan says of wit, so it might be said of good-manners, that they are more nearly allied to good-nature than shopmen imagine. While spurious politeness hinges on respect of persons and has its sliding scale of manners—these for the company of a grandee, these for every day life, and these for a poor relation—true politeness disdains to look beyond or outside of itself for a principle whereby to regulate its conduct. The true gentleman is absolutely and unalterably the same in the cottage and in the palace, simply out of respect for himself and a noble scorn of appearing for a moment other than he is. It is this which Shakspeare expresses so happily in the few pregnant words with which Hamlet rebukes the men who would have had the poor players treated according to their degree—"Treat them *according to your own honor.*"

THE BATTLE AT BATON ROUGE.

ON page 564 we publish an illustration of the BATTLE OF BATON ROUGE, fought on 5th August; and on page 565 an illustration of the DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL IRON-CLAD "ARKANSAS" BY THE UNION GUN-BOAT "ESSEX," which occurred on the following day. We condense from the *Herald* correspondence the following account of these affairs:

General Williams received information as early as Monday, the 28th ult., that the rebels had started from Camp Moore for the purpose of making an attack on Baton Rouge.

About two o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th information was received from some negroes that the rebels were approaching in force from the Greenwell Springs road, upon which the troops were got under arms, ready for the menaced attack. At half past three o'clock on the following morning the reveille was beaten, and, the troops having formed, they were marched out to meet the enemy. About a mile out of town our little army was drawn up in line of battle, awaiting the expected attack.

The engagement was brought on by one of the companies of the Twenty-first Indiana, which was on picket duty about a mile back of the camp, being driven in by the rebels. As soon as the firing was heard General Williams sent the other companies of the Twenty-first Indiana to the support of the pickets. On reaching the scene of action they found that the enemy was in too great force to contend with successfully, upon which they fell back to the front of their tents, followed by the enemy. There they made a stand, and engaged the entire brigade of General Clarke, consisting of two Mississippi regiments, and a third regiment, composed partially of men from Mississippi, the rest being from Arkansas. The fighting at that place was very severe. The Indiana boys performed prodigies of valor, and kept the enemy in check for a considerable time. General Williams, finding, however, that they were too far advanced to receive support from the other regiments, ordered them to fall back, which was done to the distance of from 200 to 250 yards.

Just about this time the right wing of the Union army was engaged by Colonel Allen's brigade. This wing consisted of the Sixth Michigan and Nims's battery. Simultaneous with this movement our left was attacked by Ruggles's brigade. Attached to the left wing was the Fourteenth Maine and Everett's battery. The fighting at this point was excessively severe, and the roar of battle was heard all along the line from left to right. This lasted for about twenty minutes, during which time the rebels kept their troops masked under the cover of the woods as much as possible, while the Union soldiers were exposed to their fire in the open field. Considerable inconvenience was experienced by our troops, too, in consequence of their facing to the east, which caused the morning sun to shine in their faces, rendering their operations exceedingly difficult. Still our brave troops flinched not, but manfully bore the shock of overwhelming numbers in the face of every difficulty.

The Thirtieth Massachusetts was now ordered to advance and support the Michigan troops; but while they were getting into position it was found that their aid was not necessary, as the Michigan boys had already repulsed their opponents. The Ninth Connecticut and the Fourth Wisconsin, which were held in reserve, were ordered about the same time to advance in support of the other regiments; but as they were going on the field the enemy retired. At one period of the fight the enemy got into the camp of the Twenty-first Indiana and burned it, upon which this regiment, from the cover of the woods, poured a most terrific volley into them, doing fearful execution, and causing them to retire precipitately. They met a similar fate from the Twentieth Maine, into whose camp they had forced an entrance, though they succeeded in burning this camp too.

While the fight was raging three companies of the Sixth Michigan Volunteers were in peril of being cut off by the Fourth and Thirtieth Louisiana regiments, commanded by Colonel Allen, acting as Brigadier-General. These two regiments suddenly emerged from the woods and marched toward the three companies, with the view of turning their right flank. They had succeeded in capturing two guns belonging to Nims's battery, and a well-known rebel officer, named Henderson, was seen to wave a flag in triumph over the guns. Some say it was a black flag; but doubts have been expressed in regard to the correctness of the statement. The two guns were brought to bear on the gallant Michigan boys; but they were too nimble for the rebels. Lying flat on the ground, the rebel balls flew over them, upon which they started to their feet and poured so well-directed a volley into the enemy's ranks as to completely astonish him. This was handsomely seconded by the remaining guns of Nims's battery, which, making a detour along the road, so severely galled the Louisiana regiments by a well-timed cross-fire that when the two companies of the Michigan Sixth came to the bayonet charge the rebels were driven back to the cover of the woods, leaving the two guns they had captured behind them. Nims's battery thus got their own again.

The hardest part of the fighting was in the centre, where the Fourteenth Maine fought with distinguished bravery.

The Twenty-first Indiana also fought like tigers, and it is said that a rebel general paid them the handsome compliment of saying that but for those damned Indianians Baton Rouge would have been captured, though there are Union soldiers who do not see it exactly in that light.

When the long roll was beaten the gun-boats *Essex*, *Sumter*, *Kineo*, and *Katahdin* took up their positions, the two former to protect our left and the two latter our right flank. The *Essex* and the *Sumter* opened fire in the woods, their shells screaming through the trees, tearing them into shreds and scattering an iron hail around. Signal-officer Davis, of the *Kineo*, stationed himself on the tower of the State House, from which elevation he had an excellent view of the field, and could signal to the vessels where to throw in their shells. After the battle had raged for some time the Union troops began to fall back on the Penitentiary, when several well-directed shots from the 11-inch guns of the boats kept the rebels in check. Shortly after this the firing ceased.

At half past three P.M. firing was re-opened, the gun-boats *Kineo* and *Katahdin* shelling the woods in different directions where the enemy were, doing great execution. It has been stated that one shell from the *Kineo* killed from forty to sixty rebels. Toward evening the firing again ceased: but the gun-boats continued to send in a shell every half hour in different parts of the woods during the whole night, with the view of keeping the rebels at bay; but they had already fled, the gallant charge of the Sixth Michigan having completed their discomfiture.

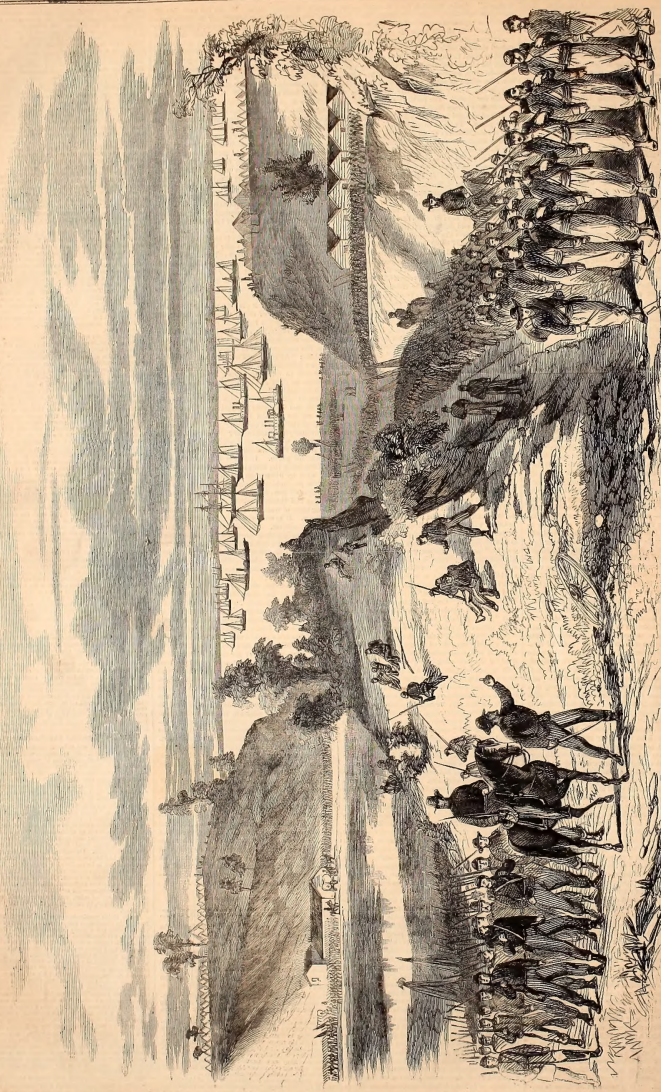
The rebels were led by Major-General John C. Breckinridge, who scampered off in such haste that he left his sword behind. It was picked up on the field, and is retained as a trophy. Perhaps it was this circumstance that gave rise to the report that the traitor lost his right arm.

DESTRUCTION OF THE "ARKANSAS."

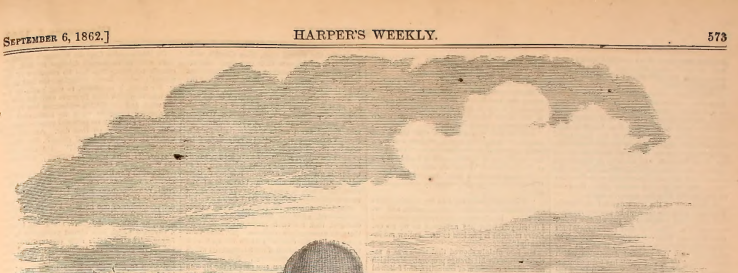
While the firing was going on smoke was seen up the river behind a bend. It was ascertained that it proceeded from the rebel ram *Arkansas*, in pursuance of the programme laid down for her to attack the Union vessels while their land forces were dealing with our troops. It seems, however, that the commander of the *Arkansas* thought better of the matter, and did not venture down; for there was the Union ram *Essex*, as well as the other gun-boats, ready to give her a warm reception, and at night the officers of the Union vessels wondered where the *Arkansas* was. Their curiosity being stimulated by the continued absence of the nondescript, or "What is it?" as Barnum would term it, it was determined that, as the mountain would not go to Mohammed, Mohammed would go to the mountain; and go he did, being represented by the *Essex* leading, closely followed by the *Sumter*, *Kineo*, and the *Katahdin*. On turning the elbow, beyond which her smoke had been seen on the previous day, the monster was discovered to be on fire close to the bank. The rebel gun-boats *Webb* and *Music* were by her, but they prudently retired on seeing our boats. It seems that the *Arkansas* was worked by two engines on one wheel, and that both must be in working order or neither will act. One of the engines got out of order, and the other would not work without its fellow, in consequence of which she got under the bank.

As the Union gun-boats approached several shots were fired at the *Essex* from the *Arkansas*, one or two of them taking effect, but without doing any damage. In consequence of the immovable position of the *Arkansas* she could not bring more than one of her two guns to bear, or she might have given the *Essex* a great deal of trouble, as the latter vessel is quite unmanageable. The *Essex* ran past the *Arkansas* to a part of the river where there is a reach of some length, and opened on her formidable antagonist at five hundred yards with three guns loaded with solid shot. One of these took effect right under the port in the starboard bow of the *Arkansas*, and split in two from the force of the concussion. Commander Porter then ordered the same gun to be loaded with an incendiary shell of his own invention, and, without moving the gun to take a new aim, the shell was fired, entering just where the solid shot had struck. Immediately a jet of flame was shooting upward from the *Arkansas*, and in a short time the entire vessel was on fire. It is supposed that the condensed cotton with which the *Arkansas* is packed caught fire from the shell, and communicating thence to the wood-work soon wrapped the monster in flames. After burning till all her upper works were destroyed she swung off into the stream, where she blew up with a terrific explosion.

The *Arkansas* was plated with railroad iron on the outside, over a planking of six-inch oak; inside that was six inches of condensed cotton on another six inches of oak.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC ARRIVING AT YORKTOWN FROM WILLIAMSBURG.—[See Page 573.]



THE LAST RECONNOISSANCE OF THE WAR BALLOON ON THE JAMES RIVER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER VII.

LATE that evening, when Magdalen and Mrs. Wragge came back from their walk in the dark, the captain stopped Magdalen on her way up stairs, to inform her of the proceedings of the day. He added the expression of his opinion, that the time had come for bringing Mr. Noel Vanstone, with the least possible delay, to the point of making a proposal. She merely answered that she understood him, and that she would do what was required of her. Captain Wragge requested her, in that case, to oblige him by joining a walking excursion in Mr. Noel Vanstone's company, at seven o'clock the next morning. "I will be ready," she replied. "Is there any thing more?" There was nothing more. Magdalen bade him good-night, and returned to her own room.

She had shown the same disinclination to remain any longer than was necessary in the captain's company throughout the three days of her seclusion in the house.

During all that time, instead of appearing to weary of Mrs. Wragge's society, she had patiently, almost eagerly, associated herself with her companion's one absorbing pursuit. She, who had often chafed and fretted in past days, under the monotony of her life in the freedom of Combe-Raven, now accepted, without a murmur, the monotony of her life at Mrs. Wragge's worktable. She, who had hated the sight of a needle and thread in old times—who had never yet worn an article of dress of her own making—now toiled at sandcastry over the making of Mrs. Wragge's gown, and bore as patiently with Mrs. Wragge's blunders, as if the sole object of her existence had been the successful completion of that one dress. Any thing was welcome to her—the trivial difficulties of fitting a gown; the small ceaseless chatter of the poor half-witted creature who was so proud of her assistance, and so happy in her company—any thing was welcome that shut her out from the coming future, from the destiny to which she stood self-condemned. That sorely-wounded nature was soothed by such a trifle now as the grasp of her companion's rough and friendly hand—that desolate heart was cheered, when night parted them, by Mrs. Wragge's kiss.

The captain's isolated position in the house produced no depressing effect on the captain's easy and equal spirits. Instead of resenting Magdalen's systematic avoidance of his society, he looked to results, and highly approved of it. The more she neglected him for his wife, the more directly useful she became in the character of Mrs. Wragge's self-appointed guardian. He had more than once seriously contemplated revoking the concession which had been extorted from him, and removing his wife at his own sole responsibility, out of harm's way; and he had only abandoned the idea on discovering that Magdalen's resolution to keep Mrs. Wragge in her own company was really serious. While the two were together, his main anxiety was set at rest. They kept their door locked, by his own desire, while he was out of the house; and, whatever Mrs. Wragge might do, Magdalen was to be trusted not to open it until he came back. That night Captain Wragge enjoyed his cigar with a mind at ease, and sipped his brandy-and-water in happy ignorance of the pitfall which Mrs. Lecount had prepared for him in the morning.

Punctually at seven o'clock Mr. Noel Vanstone made his appearance. The moment he entered the room Captain Wragge detected a change in his visitor's look and manner. "Something wrong!" thought the captain. "We have not done with Mrs. Lecount yet."

"How is Miss Bygrave this morning?" asked Mr. Noel Vanstone. "Well enough, I hope, for our early walk?" His half-closed eyes, weak and watery with the morning light and the morning air, looked about the room furtively, and he shifted his place in a restless manner from one chair to another as he made those polite inquiries.

"My niece is better—she is dressing for the walk," replied the captain, steadily observing his restless little friend while he spoke. "Mr. Vanstone!" he added, on a sudden, "I am a plain Englishman—excuse my blunt way of speaking my mind. You don't meet me this morning as cordially as you met me yesterday. There is something unsettled in your face. I distrust that housekeeper of yours, Sir! Has she been presuming on your forbearance? Has she been trying to poison your mind against me or my niece?"

If Mr. Noel Vanstone had obeyed Mrs. Lecount's injunction, and had kept her little morsel of note-paper folded in his pocket until the time came to use it, Captain Wragge's designedly blunt appeal might not have found him unprepared with an answer. But curiosity had got the better of him—he had opened the note at night, and again in the morning—it had seriously perplexed and startled him—and it had left his mind far too disturbed to allow him the possession of his ordinary resources. He hesitated; and his answer, when he succeeded in making it, began with a prevarication.

Captain Wragge stopped him before he had got beyond his first sentences.

"Pardon me, Sir," said the captain, in his loftiest manner. "If you have secrets to keep, you have only to say so and I have done. I intrude on no man's secrets. At the same time, Mr. Vanstone, you must allow me to recall to your memory that I met you yesterday without any reserves on my side. I admitted you to my frankest and fullest confidence, Sir—and, highly as I prize the advantages of your society, I can't consent to cultivate your friendship on any other than equal terms." He threw open his respectable frock-coat, and surveyed his visitor with a manly and virtuous severity.

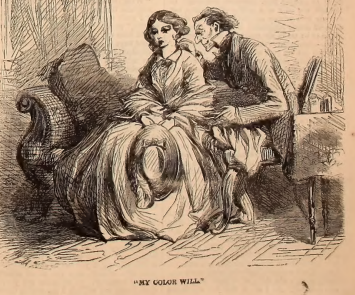
"I mean no offense!" cried Mr. Noel Vanstone, piteously. "Why do you interrupt me, Mr. Bygrave? Why don't you let me explain? I mean no offense."

"No offense is taken, Sir," said the captain. "You have a perfect right to the exercise of your own discretion. I am not offended—I only claim for myself the same privilege which I accord to you." He rose with great dignity, and rang the bell. "Tell Miss Bygrave," he said to the servant, "that our walk this morning is put off until another opportunity, and that I won't trouble her to come down stairs."

This strong proceeding had the desired effect. Mr. Noel Vanstone vehemently pleaded for a moment's private conversation before the message was delivered. Captain Wragge's severity partially relaxed. He sent the servant down stairs again; and, resuming his chair, waited confidently for results. In calculating the forfeities for practicing on his visitor's weakness he had one great superiority over Mrs. Lecount. His judgment was not warped by latent female jealousies, and he avoided the error into which the housekeeper had fallen, self-deluded—the error of underrating the impression on Noel Vanstone that Magdalen had produced. One of the forces in this world which no middle-aged woman is capable of estimating at its full value, when it acts against her, is the force of beauty in a woman younger than herself.

"You are so hasty, Mr. Bygrave, you won't





"MY COLOR WILL."

give me time—you won't wait and hear what I have to say!" cried Mr. Noel Vanstone, pitiously, when the servant had closed the parlor door.

"My family failing, Sir—the blood of the Bygraves. Accept my excuses. We are alone, as you wished—pray proceed."

Placed between the alternatives of losing Magdalen's society or betraying Mrs. Lecount—illenlightened by any suspicion of the housekeeper's ultimate object; cowed by the unscrupulous severity of Captain Wragge's inquiring eyes—Mr. Noel Vanstone was not long in making his choice. He confusedly described his singular interview of the previous evening with Mrs. Lecount, and taking the folded paper from his pocket, placed it in the captain's hand.

A suspicion of the truth dawned on Captain Wragge's mind at the moment he saw the mysterious note. He withdrew to the window before he opened it. The first lines that attracted his attention were these: "Oblige me, Sir, by comparing the young lady who is now in your company with the personal description which follows these lines, and which has been communicated to me by a friend. You shall know the name of the person described—which is now left a blank—as soon as the evidence of your own eyes has forced you to believe, that you would refuse to credit on the unsupported testimony of Virginie Lecount."

That was enough for the captain. Before he had read a word of the description itself he knew what Mrs. Lecount had done, and felt, with a profound sense of humiliation, that his female enemy had taken him by surprise.

There was no time to think; the whole conspiracy was threatened with irrecoverable overthrow. The one resource in Captain Wragge's present situation was to act instantly on the first impulse of his own audacity. Line by line he read on—and still the ready contrivances which had never deserted him yet failed to answer the call made on it now. He came to the closing sentence—the last words which announced the two little moles on Magdalen's neck. At that overwhelming end of the description an idea crossed his mind—his parti-colored eyes twinkled; his curly lips twisted up at the corners—Wragge was himself again.

He wheeled round suddenly from the window, and looked Mr. Noel Vanstone straight in the face with a grimly-quiet suggestiveness of something serious to come.

"Pray, Sir, do you happen to know any thing of Mrs. Lecount's family?" he inquired.

"Any thing, Captain Wragge!" said Mr. Noel Vanstone—"that's all I know. Why do you ask?"

"I am not usually a betting man," pursued Captain Wragge, "but on this occasion I will lay you any wager you like there is madness in your housekeeper's family."

"Madness!" repeated Mr. Noel Vanstone, amazedly.

"Madness!" reiterated the captain, sternly tapping the note with his forefinger. "I see the cunning of insanity, the suspicion of insanity, the feline treachery of insanity in every line of this deplorable document. There is a far more serious reason than I had yet suspected for Mrs. Lecount's behavior to my niece. It is clear to me that Miss Bygrave resembles some other lady who has seriously offended your housekeeper—who has been formerly connected, perhaps, with an outbreak of insanity in your housekeeper—and who is now evidently confused with my niece in your housekeeper's wandering mind. That is my conviction, Mr. Vanstone. I may be right, or I may be wrong. All I say is this —satisfy me now any man can assign a sane motive for the production of that incomprehensible document, and for the use which you are requested to make of it."

"I don't think Lecount's mad," said Mr. Noel Vanstone, with a wavering belief in his own composed manner. "It couldn't have been with my habits of observation—it couldn't possibly have escaped me if Lecount had been mad."

"Very good, my dear Sir. In my opinion she is the subject of an insane delusion. In your opinion she is in possession of her senses, and has some mysterious motive which I cannot fathom. Either way, there can be no harm in putting Mrs. Lecount's description to the test, not only as a matter of curiosity, but for our own private satisfaction on both sides. It is of course impossible to form a guess that she is to be made the subject of such a preposterous experiment as that note of yours suggests. But you can use your own eyes, Mr. Vanstone; you can keep your own counsel; and—mad or non-sane—at least tell your housekeeper that the testimony of your own senses, that she is wrong. Let me look at the description again. The ground-work of it is not worth any straw for any purpose of identification; hundreds of young ladies have light hair, fine complexions, light brown hair, and light gray eyes. You will say, on the other hand, hundreds of young ladies have not got two little moles close together on the left side of the neck. Quite true. The moles suggest exactly what we scientific men call the Crucial Test. When any nicce comes down stairs, Sir, you have my full permission to take the like grey of looking at the neck."

Mr. Noel Vanstone expressed his high appreval of the Crucial Test by nodding and simpering for the first time that morning.

"If looking at her neck," repeated the captain; returning the note to his visitor, and thus making for the door. "I will go up stairs myself, Mr. Vanstone," he continued, "and inspect Miss Bygrave's walking dress. If she has inconsiderately placed any obstacles in your way—if her hair is a little too low, or her frill is a little too high—I will exert my authority on the first harmless pretext I can think of to have those obstacles removed. All I ask is, that you shall place your opportunity discreetly, and that you will not allow my niece to suppose that her neck is the object of a gentleman's inspection."

The moment he was out of the parlor Captain Wragge ascended the stairs at the top of his speed and knocked at Magdalen's door. She opened it to him in her walking dress—obedient to the signal agreed on between them which announced the return home.

"What have you done with your paints and jewelry?" asked the captain, in a whisper, and a word in preliminary explanations. "They were not in the box of costumes which I sold for you before your father left for India."

"I have got them here," replied Magdalen. "What can you possibly mean by wanting them now?"

"Bring them instantly into my dressing-room," said the captain, hurriedly, "and don't ask me any thing. Don't waste time in asking questions. I'll tell you what has happened in a minute. Every moment is precious to me. Follow me instantly!"

His face plainly showed that there was a serious reason for his strange proposal. Magdalen secured her collection of cosmetics, and followed him into the dressing-room. He locked the door, placed her on a chair close to the light, and then told her what had happened.

"We are on the brink of detection," proceeded the captain, carefully mixing his colors with liquid glue, and with a strong camel-hair brush from a bottle in his own possession. "There is only one chance for us. Mrs. Lecount has (on the left side of your neck)—I have told Mr. Noel Vanstone to take a private opportunity of looking at you in order to satisfy his own mind that she has devil Lecount, by painting out your moles."

"They can't be painted out," said Magdalen.

"No color will stop on them."

"My color will stop on them," said Captain Wragge. "I have tried a variety of professions in my time, the profession of painting among others. I have had a turn of it this day, as a Black Eyed Devil some months once in the neighborhood of Surbiton Lane—and I have found my flesh-color stood on bruises of all sorts, shades, and sizes—and it will stand, I promise you, on your moles."

With this assurance the captain dipped his brush into a little tray of colors, in which he had mixed a saucer, and which he had graduated, as nearly as the materials would permit, to the color of Magdalen's skin. After first passing a camphire handkerchief, with some white powder in it over the two moles, which the glue had be designed to operate, he placed two layers of color on the moles with the tip of the brush. The process was performed in a few moments—and the moles, as if by magic, disappeared from sight. Not even the closest inspection could have discovered the artifice by which they had been concealed; at the distance of two or three feet only it was perfectly successful.

"Wait here five minutes," said Captain Wragge, "to let the paint dry, and then join us in the parlor. Mr. Vanstone, my dear, account got the description which you read down stairs? Well, your side has got it now, and one has not seen the mark on my neck; it is too far back and too high. What is the next move?"

"Who knows of the mark?" asked Captain Wragge.

She turned deadly pale, under the anguish of a sudden recollection of Frank.

"My sister knows," she said, faintly.

"Mrs. Lecount may have written to your sister," suggested the captain.

"No," said Magdalen; "her letter would tell a stranger what no stranger has a right to know? Never never!"

"Is there nobody else who could tell Mrs. Lecount? The mark was mentioned in the London ball-room. Was it seen there?"

"Not Norah! Perhaps Mr. Pendril. Perhaps Miss Garth!"

"Then Mrs. Lecount has written to Mr. Pendril or Miss Garth—more likely to Miss Garth. The governess would be easier to deal with than the lawyer."

"What can we say to Miss Garth?" repeated Captain Wragge confusedly a little.

"I can't say what Mrs. Lecount may have written," she said; "you must decide for yourself. I should have written in Mrs. Lecount's place. I should have frightened Miss Garth by false report about the marks, and have got her to confess, have asked for personal particulars, to help a benevolent stranger in restoring you to your friends."

She angry glitter flashed up instantly in Magdalen's eyes.

"What you would have done is what Mrs. Lecount has done," she said, indignantly. "Neither your nor governess shall ever have a chance to my own will and my own way. If Miss Garth thinks she can control my actions by corresponding with Mrs. Lecount I will show Miss Garth she is mistaken! It is high time, Captain Wragge, to have done with underhand ways and of discovery. We will take the short way to the end. We will go ourselves to Miss Garth's house, or Miss Garth think for. How long can you give me to wring an offer of marriage out of that creature dying easy?"

"I dare not give you long," replied Captain Wragge. "Now your friends know where you are, they may come down on us at a day's notice. Could you manage in a week?"

"I'll manage it in half the time," she said, with a mad, defiant laugh. "Leave us together, Captain Wragge. I'll go and Darwick—and take Mrs. Wragge with you as an excuse for putting company. Is the paint dry yet? Go down stairs and tell Frank I am coming directly."

So, for the second time, Miss Garth's well-meant efforts defeated their own end. So the fatal force of circumstance turned that which would fain have held Magdalen back into the hand that drove her on.

The captain waited to his visitor in the parlor, after first stopping on the way to issue his orders for the walking excursion to Mrs. Wragge.

"I am shocked to have kept you waiting," he said, sitting down again confidentially by Mr. Noel Vanstone's side. "My niece declares that my niece had accidentally dressed her hair so as to defeat our object. I have been persuading her to alter it—and young ladies are not on a little obstinate on questions relating to their toilet. Give her a week on that side of you when she comes in—and take your look at her neck comfortably before we start for our walk."

Magdalen entered the room as the captain spoke—and, after the first greetings were exchanged, took the chair presented to her with the most unsuspicious readiness. Mr. Noel Vanstone applied the Crucial Test on the spot, with the full approving sanction of the fair creature who was the subject of experiment. Not the vestige of a doubt was visible on any part of the smooth white surface of Miss Bygrave's neck. It mutely answered the blinking inquiry of Mr. Noel Vanstone's dark-colored eye by the perfect theoretical contradiction of Mrs. Lecount. That one central incident in the events of the morning was one of all the incidents that had hitherto deterred the most important in its results. That same discovery which the housekeeper held on her master as nothing had shaken it yet.

In a few minutes Mrs. Wragge made her appearance at the gate on the road, surprise in Mr. Noel Vanstone's mind as he was capable of feeling, while absorbed in the contemplation of Magdalen's society. The walking-party left the house at once—directing their steps northward so as to avoid the direction of Scotch Corner.

Mrs. Wragge's unutterable astonishment her husband's first words informed her that a most married life, politely offered her his arm and led her on in advance of the young people, as if the privilege of walking alone with Miss Bygrave some special attraction to him! "Step out!" whispered the captain, fiercely. "Leave your niece and Mr. Vanstone alone! If Lecount is looking back at them I'll put the Oriental Cobra-Snake on your shoulders, and frighten her out of your toes out and keep step—confound you, keep step!" Mrs. Wragge kept step to the best of her ability, and said no more.

The walk lasted for rather more than an hour. Before nine o'clock they were all back again at the house. The ladies went up stairs—and so did the captain. Mr. Noel Vanstone remained with Captain Wragge in the garden.

"Well?" said the captain, "what do you think now of Mrs. Lecount?"

Mr. Vanstone replied Mr. Noel Vanstone, in great agitation. "I'm half inclined to agree with you. I'm half inclined to think my maternal housekeeper is mad."

He spoke fretfully and unwillingly, as if the present situation was more than he could endure in him. His color came and went; his manner was absent and undecided; he fidgeted restlessly about the garden walk. It was plain to the captain to a far less acute observation than Captain Wragge's that Magdalen had made her impression by an unexpected grace and readiness of encouragement which had entirely overthrown his self-control.

"I never enjoyed a walk so much in my life!" he exclaimed, with a sudden outburst of enthusiasm. "I hope Miss Bygrave has all the fun after for it. Do you go out at the same time to-morrow morning, Mary? I join you again!"

"By all means, Mr. Vanstone," said the captain, cordially. "Excuse me for returning to your question—but what do you propose to do to Mrs. Lecount?"

"I don't know. Lecount is a perfect nuisance! What would you do, Mr. Bygrave, if you were in my place?"

"Sir," said the captain, "you ask a question, my dear Sir, before I tell you. What is your breakfast hour?"

"Half-past nine."

"Is Mrs. Lecount an early riser?"

"No. Lecount is lazy in the morning. I hate lazy people. If you want to see her early what should you say to her?"

"I should say—pray!" replied Captain Wragge. "I should return at once by the back way; I should let Mrs. Lecount see me in the distance, as I left the house, at my customary breakfast; and I should leave her to suppose that I was only just out of my room. If she wants you, whether you mean to come here to-day, say no. Secure a quiet life, until circumstances force you to give her an opportunity of left the plain truth—say that Mr. Bygrave's niece and Mrs. Lecount's description are at variance with each other in the most important particular, and beg that the subject may not be mentioned again. There is my advice. What do you think of it?"

If Mr. Noel Vanstone could have looked into his companion's heart he might have detected the captain's advice excellently adapted to serve the captain's interests. As long as Mrs. Lecount could be kept in ignorance of her master's return to North Shingles, so long she would wait until the opportunity came for trying her experiment; and so long she might be trusted not to endanger the conspiracy by any further proceedings. Necessarily incapable of viewing Captain Wragge's advice under this aspect, Mr. Noel Vanstone simply looked at it as offering him a temporary means of escape from an explanation with his housekeeper. He eagerly declared that the course of action suggested to him should be followed to the letter, and returned to Sea View without further delay.

On this occasion Captain Wragge's anticipations were in no respect falsified by Mrs. Lecount's conduct. She had no suspicion of her master's visit to North Shingles—she had swallowed her mind, if necessary, to wait patiently for his interview with Miss Bygrave until the end of the week, and she did not embarrass him by any unexpected questions when he announced his intention of holding no private communications with the Bygraves on that day. All she said was, "Don't forget, Sir, to-morrow, Mr. Noel! or don't you feel inclined?" He answered, shortly, "I don't feel well enough;" and there the conversation ended.

The next day the proceedings of the previous morning were repeated in every detail. The time Mr. Noel Vanstone went home rapturously with a keepsake in his breast-pocket—he had taken temporary possession of one of the handkerchiefs. At intervals during the day, whenever he was alone, he took it out and fondly kissed it with a devotion which was almost passionate in its fervor. The miserable little creature luxuriated in his recollections of stolen happiness, in speeches and stealthy delight which was a new sensation to him. The few young girls whom he had met with, in his father's narrow circle at Zurich, had felt a mischievous pleasure in treating him like a grave, middle-aged man. The keenest impression he could make on their heavy mass an impression in which their leg-dogs might have rivaled him—had never been made. He could create in them was the interest they might have felt in a worm under the microscope. The only women who had hitherto invited his admiration, and taken his compliments seriously, had been women whose age was old enough to be his own, and whose chances of marriage were fast failing them. To see for the first time in his life a girl not passed hours of happiness in the society of a beautiful girl, who had left him to think of her afterward without a single humiliating remembrance to lower him in his own esteem.

Anxious as he was to hide it, the change produced in his look and manner by the new feeling awakened in him was not a change which could be concealed from Captain Wragge. On the second day she pointedly asked him whether he had not made an arrangement to call on the 5th—the fatal day, as before. "Perhaps you are going to-morrow, Mr. Noel?" exclaimed the housekeeper, with the sly zeal of his resources; he was impatient to be rid of her inquiries; he trusted to his friend at North Shingles to help him—and Mrs. Lecount was answered, Yes. "If you see the young lady," proceeded Mrs. Lecount, "don't forget that note of mine, Sir, which you have in your breast-pocket." No more was said on either side—but Mrs. Lecount's last words never were out of his mind. The letter merely acknowledged, with thanks, the receipt of Miss Garth's communication; promised to write him, in a few days, Mrs. Lecount hoped to be in a position to confirm again, and summon Mr. Pendril to Aldborough.

Late in the evening, when the parlor at North Shingles was given up to get ready for the captain rang the bell for candles as usual, he was surprised by the appearance of the servant in the passage, telling the servant to take the light down stairs again. She knocked at the door immediately afterward, and announced the obscurity of the room like a ghost.

"I have a question to ask you about your plans for to-morrow," she said. "My eyes are very weak this evening, and I hope you will not object to dispense with the candles for a few minutes."

She spoke in low stifled tones, and let her eyes wanderingly to a chair that stood from the captain, in the darkest part of the room. Sitting near the window, with the light between the dim outline of her dress, he could just hear the faint accents of her voice. For the last two days he had watched her closely, and expected during their morning walk. On that afternoon he had found his wife crying at the top of the stairs down stairs. She could only tell him that Magdalen had frightened her—that Magdalen was going to do some thing again which she hoped and dreaded, and which she knew the letter came from China, in the terrible part time at Vauxhall Walk.

"I was sorry to hear that you were ill to-day, from Mrs. Wragge," said the captain, uncomfortably, dropping his voice almost to a whisper as he spoke.

"It doesn't matter," she answered, quietly, out of her darkness. "I am strong enough to suffer and live. Other girls in my place would have been happier—but you would have suffered and died. It doesn't matter; it will be all the same a hundred years hence. Is he coming again to-morrow, or shall we go to-day?"

"He is coming, if you feel no objection to it?"

"I have no objection to any thing. I have done with objecting. But I should like to have the time altered. I don't look my best in the early morning—I don't like to be seen by the daylight and worn. Write him a note this evening and tell him to come at twelve o'clock."

"Twelve is rather late, under the circumstances, for you to be seen out walking."

"I have no intention of walking. Let him be shown into the parlor—"

Her voice died away in silence before she ended the sentence.

"Yes?" said Captain Wragge.

"And leave me alone in the parlor to receive him?"

"Ay! ay!" said the captain. "I understand. I'll be out of the way, in the dining-room, while he is here; and you can come and tell me about it when he has gone."

There was another moment of silence.

"Is there no way but telling you?" she asked, suddenly. "I cannot bring myself to write to him, but I can't answer for what I may say or do afterward. Is there no other way?"

"Plenty of ways," said the captain. "Here is the first that comes to me. Leave the blind open in the window of your room up stairs before he comes. I will go out on the beach and wait there within sight of the house. When I see him come out again I will look at the window. If he has said nothing, leave the blind down. If he has made you an offer, draw the blind up. The signal is simplicity itself; we can't misunderstand each other. Look your best to-morrow! Make sure of him, my dear girl—make sure of him, if you possibly can!"

He had spoken loud enough to feel certain that she had heard him, but no answering word came from her. The dead silence was only disturbed by the rustling of her dress, which told him she had risen from her chair. Then another pressure crossed the room again; the door shut softly—she was gone. He rang the bell himself for the lights. The servant found him standing close at the window, looking less self-possessed than usual. He told her to go to bed, be quietly, and sent her to the cupboard for the brandy.

At a few minutes before twelve the next day Captain Wragge withdrew to his post of observation, concealing himself behind a fishing-boat drawn up on the beach. Punctually as the hour struck he saw Mr. Noel Vanstone approach North Shingles, and open the garden-gate. When the house-door had closed on the visitor, the Captain Wragge settled himself comfortably against the side of the boat and lit his cigar.

He smoked for half an hour—for nearly an hour and the hour—by his watch. He finished the cigar down to the last morsel of it that he could hold in his lips. Just as he threw away the end the door opened again, and Noel Vanstone came out.

The captain looked up instantly at Magdalen's window. In the absorbing excitement of the moment he counted the seconds. She was ready from the parlor to her own room in less than a minute. He counted to thirty—and nothing happened. He counted to fifty—and still nothing happened. He gave up counting, and left the boat impatiently to return to the house.

As he took his first step forward he saw the signal.

The blind was drawn up!

Cautiously ascending the eminence of the beach, Captain Wragge looked toward the View Cottage before he showed himself on the parade. Mr. Noel Vanstone had reached home again: he was just entering his garden-gate.

"If all your money was offered me to stand in your shoes"—said the captain, looking after him —"rich as you are, I wouldn't take it!"

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT YORKTOWN.

On page 573 we illustrate the recent march of the Army of the Potomac through York Town from Williamsburg, *en route* for other fields of action. The correspondent of the *Herald* gives the following sketch of the march of this great army:

Some days before the contraband arrived with us their splendid march was heavy siege guns—of which, it should be borne in mind, we have but few here—with which to carry on vigorously. The division of Pennsylvania reserve troops, commanded by Major-General M'Call, was left here, and a number of ambulances, were subsequently sent by the same means of transportation. The men were prepared to march in the lightest possible order. Hence their knapsacks were carried in wagons with the baggage and camp barges, which were towed down the river by the steamers. Officers were instructed to reduce their baggage to such quantity as could be put into a small traveling-bag or valise, and to dispense with tents, for the men had been warned to convey forage and provisions. The extra tents and baggage were stored in the second floor of the houses in the transport vessels, and the men were ordered to leave behind them their little crimson flags flying from the masts, worn at the same point from which they emanated, from the general hospital at the Harrison House and the lower hospital on the peninsula, to the commander-in-chief of the army. All the sick were sent away on steamers. A large number of them were from the contraband camp. As they waited from the hospitals to the steamers. It was a touching and sympathetic sight. With their peculiar and indicative of disease, some with fists, and most with stuffs in their hands, they slowly wended their way down to the promised land. The contrabands in camp were sent away by barge, transported a distance of seventeen miles, men, women, and children, in their curious costumes, stirred by the landing or wading from the barges to the boats. At length, however, all the baggages, all the contrabands, and all the sick were sent away, and at the same time the several divisions of the army began their movements, and commenced the march toward the Chickahominy and down the peninsula.

For a distance of many miles there was only one road to travel on, the one leading from the Chickahominy to Richmond—a rope took an outside road, over Jones's bridge, to serve the passage of the other troops and their artillery, a pontoon bridge which had been thrown across near the mouth of the Chickahominy where it empties into the wide waters of the James. The train of the reserve artillery corps accompanied that of the infantry corps, and in the subsequent movement of the several corps the trains of artillery, according to the advantageous and expanded the troops of the division, arranged in the proper order of march. Each quartermaster and his assistants were ordered to keep with his train, to take it at the proper time to its appointed place in the line of march, and not to let it get in the way of any other train. Each division of troops would have on the progress of troops and trains following in his rear. The trains of the reserve artillery of the several divisions accompanied those of the divisions in the order of march. No attempt, however, was to be made to hurry down of a wagon or the halting of a team, was, on any consideration, allowed to delay the progress of the rear of the one specially afflicted; but in the few instances where such accidents occurred an escort was left with the wagon to attend to it, while the trains moved on. Quarter-masters were also required to see that bridges were not molested before starting each day, so as to engage was perfectly safe for the passage of the troops and trains in the road. While all the arrangements perfected, and the men in the best of spirits, anticipating a fight at every moment, they have experienced, the grand Army of the Potomac, covered with dust and glory, was marching down the peninsula in the direction of Fortress Monroe. The head of the column had crossed the river and proceeded many miles beyond before the last division had left the line of fortification. If the whole were seen in one continuous column it would make a line of almost fifty miles in extent. The wagon-trains alone were about twenty-six miles long, and, added to those the miles of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, and the many miles of troops, the whole grand display was in length must present a splendid column of eighty miles in length.

General Sumner's corps and Pleasanton's cavalry brought up the rear of the long line of columns of the army. They had moved out on Friday and had taken up their position near Charles City Court House, while on Saturday evening several of Franklin's corps, the last to leave the old encampments, were still on the road. They left Sumner's corps to bring up the rear. Near Charles City Court House there is a small stream which crosses the road, and then rugged and ascending country on which it was difficult for the trains to pass. General M'Clellan, with his staff, having been among the last to leave the banks of the James River, on Saturday, when arriving at this point, he took a position and drew on the scene of encampment for the night, while he dismounted from his horse, and, attended by half a dozen aids and a dozen orderlies, used his personal influence to wonderful advantage in pushing the trains and the troops forward pell-mell. He stood for hours in the water, hurrying through the trains, and, as he saw the head of the column of troops that had marched in the morning coming down the hill, he himself mounted his horse and rode on to the front. The importance of the movement was fully understood by the commander-in-chief and evidence produced. The trains and the artillery went swiftly on, while the troops were halted for the night. They remained there till eleven o'clock at night, and did not leave the spot till every wagon had safely passed that dangerous place.

FROM THE WILDS.

So my old friend recollects me, though the tide of time hath rolled
Many a long wild wave between us, since we hailed each other bold;
Yet I glory in the feeling that your love is not estranged,
That the ties which bind us here through manhood with an order all unchanged.

Dwelling in the giant city! told its shocks of worldly war, Where the storms of passion strike the bridged by human power, Turning from the siren pleasures, from the sorrow and the strife,
Still your memory loves to wander on the morning hills of life.

Golden glimpses of the glory that has hurried to past away,
As the dawn's wild hectic beauty melts into sober day.

And your thoughts are often with me, though you can not well divine
How the eventful winds of trial may have rudely shaken mine;
But my friend is unforgotten. Can he doom affection less
Where it bends a guardian spirit in the savage wilderness?

Where it reigns all undisputed, feeling naught of earth's allay
Like a fire wild thing of nature, full of light and full of joy!
Not the friendship of our boyhood hath no change nor turning known,
But still burns strong within me, leaping up to meet your own.

Could you see me here at noonday, half a satyr, half a cherub,
For my beads are hard with labor, and my cheek is dark-ened by brown;
Yet the slender youth you know me, when on shining Ex-ploits shall
We wrested the ships together, and discoursed of foreign lands,
When our arms were undecided, and the golden future seemed
All that young Imagination in her heyday ever dreamed.

You may strive for fame and win it, *I* can only hope to share
Such poor toil and such poor triumph as the senseless exiles bear,
Yet I know not who is better—you with dreams of fame to come,
Or myself, whose aspirations in this awful bush are dumb,
For the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and only it is said:
And our toils, though high or humble, only seek for rain at last.

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For September, 1862.

The conclusion of MR. THACKERAY'S "Adventures of Philip" appears in this Number of the Magazine. The second Tale, "Lovel the Widower," by "The Author of Mad-ji," by Miss MULOCK, and "Orley Farm," by MR. TROLLOPE, will be commenced in the October No. The Tales to be issued in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, simultaneously with their publication in England.

The papers upon our "Rebellion" having been concluded, there will be commenced in the next Number a series written by the same Author upon our "Confederate and Leagues," beginning with "The New England Confederacy of 1643."

The Article in this Number upon "Iron-clad Vessels" will be followed by others, showing what progress engineers have made in the production of the materials and machines of war.

The materials in the hands of the Publishers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for the next seven months are so valuable that a recount. Tables, Essays, and Poems; Voyages, Travels, Adventures, Sketches of the Country in the world; papers upon Natural History, Popular Science, Literature, Art, Fashion, and Manufactures—every thing that go to make up an entertaining and instructive miscellany, will embellish the pages of the MAGAZINE. The Editorial Departments will include notes and comments upon the topics of the day at home and abroad; a continuation of the current history of the time, and such anecdotes and facetiæ. Illustrations will be prepared with the utmost care they and no pains or labor or cost of the papers. Those are produced at an expense which renders it one of the cheapest Illustrated Periodicals in the country.

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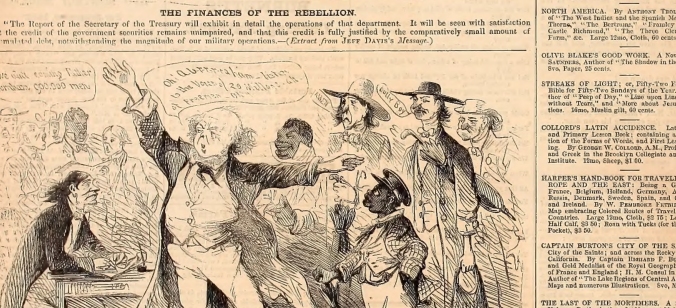
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VI.—No. 298.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act. of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MAJOR-GENERAL POPE.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN POPE, Commander of the Army of Virginia, whose portrait we give herewith, was born in Kentucky, about the year 1822. He entered the Military Academy at West Point from Illinois in 1838, and graduated in 1842 as Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. He was in the Mexican war, and at Monterey so distinguished himself that he obtained his First Lieutenancy. Again at Buena Vista he won laurels and the brevet rank of Captain. He was still a Captain when the rebellion broke out, and was one of the officers appointed by the War Department to escort President Lincoln to Washington. He was loyal, and was soon after the inauguration appointed to a command in Missouri. Bands of marauders were at that time overrunning the State, burning bridges, robbing Union men, and firing into army trains. General Pope inaugurated the plan of making each county responsible for outbreaks occurring therein. An attack having subsequently been made by the rebels on a body of Union men, General Pope assessed the damage at a given sum, ordered the county to pay it on a day fixed, and, when the county officials showed a disposition to trifle with him, seized property and produce enough to pay the amount required. He was subsequently appointed by General Halleck to the command of Central Missouri, and effected several important seizures of rebel arms and supplies, which rendered it necessary for General Price to fall back. When General Curtis was sent in pursuit of Price, General Pope was dispatched to Commerce, Missouri, where he organized with remarkable dispatch a compact army of about 13,000 men, and marched through the swamp to the rear of New Madrid. He took the place by a brilliant dash, seizing a large quantity of arms and munitions of war: then, conjointly with the mortar and gun-boat fleet, laid siege to Island No. 10. The siege might have been indefinitely prolonged but for "a transverse movement" undertaken by General Pope. He cut a canal through the swamp and bayou, through which a gun-boat and transports were sent to him from above. This enabled him to cross the river, and to bag the entire rebel army at Island No. 10. General Pope was subsequently ordered to reinforce General Halleck at Corinth. His was the first corps to enter the place after the evacuation, and he pursued the flying force of Beauregard for forty miles, capturing large stores of ammunition and a large number of prisoners.

In May last General Pope was called from the West to Washington, and placed in command of the Army of Virginia, which consisted of three *corps d'armée*, under Generals M'Dowell, Sigel, and Banks. On assuming the command General Pope issued the following stirring address to his army:

WASHINGTON, July 14, 1862.

TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

By special assignment of the President of the United States I have assumed command of this army.

I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition, and your wants; in preparing you for active operations, and in placing you in positions from which you can act promptly and to the purpose.

I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies, from the rising to the setting sun. I kow how to fight victoriously, and to beat back or destroy whose policy has been attack, and not defense.

In the campaign which has opened before me I intend to pursue the same system, and to prosecute it against the enemy.

It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily.

I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving. That opportunity I shall endeavor to give you.

Meanwhile, I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue among you.

I hear constantly of lines of retreat and of bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas.

The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is the one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy.

Let us study the probable lines of retreat of the opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves.

Let us look before, and not behind.

Success and glory are in the advance.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN POPE, COMMANDING THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

Disaster and shame lurk in the rear.

Let us end, on this understanding; and it is mine to predict that your banners shall be inscribed with many a glorious deed, and that your name will be dear to your countrymen forever.

JOHN POPE,
Major-General Commanding.

General Pope advanced without delay, concentrating his forces on the Rappahannock, and located his head-quarters at Warrenton, Virginia. From this point the army gradually advanced toward Richmond, the cavalry under the direction of General Hatch actively scouting and making the country too hot for spies or guerrillas. On the 9th of August the reconnoitring column crossed the Rapidan, pushed forward to Orange Court House, took possession of the town, then in the possession of the rebel cavalry under Robertson. Eleven of the rebels were killed and fifty-two taken prisoners, among whom were a major, two captains, and two lieutenants. The Union loss was but two killed and three wounded. The rebels left their wounded behind. The railroad track and telegraph line between Orange Court House and Gordonsville were destroyed. Another party shortly after destroyed Frederick Hall Station and the railroad line for several miles between Richmond and Gordonsville. On the 9th of August the famous battle of Cedar Mountain was fought by General Banks's corps of General Pope's army. The severity of the contest, and the bravery with which it was fought, are still fresh in our readers' minds. We need but allude to it. The rebels retreated under cover of the darkness of the night of the 11th, and General Pope took possession of the ground formerly held by them. General Pope followed up the battle by pursuing the rebels across the Rapidan with his cavalry and a small infantry force, occasionally engaging them. He next pushed on his whole army to the Rapidan, General Sigel's corps driving back the rebels every time they attempted to cross that river. The rebels, under General Lee, in strong force, next began to move on General Pope in front, while Jackson attempted to outflank him. He, however, managed to defeat their plans for the time by organizing a fighting retreat, during which General Sigel's corps acted brilliantly. At last, however, Jackson succeeded in getting into his rear, and Pope was surrounded. But he brilliantly released himself from the difficulty by cutting his way through the rebels and forming a junction with the Union troops in his rear.

During Pope's administration of his new department he has made himself remarkable by the energy of his movements and the determination evinced in his general orders. The rebels became so furious with him that they denounced him by general order, in which they declared that if he or any of his officers were taken prisoners, they would be treated as common felons. Instead of being cowed by such an announcement, it only added vigor to his already vigorous plans.

We publish on page 581 three illustrations from the army of Virginia, sketched by our special artist, Mr. Davenport. The following account of the skirmish at Freeman's Ford, in which General Bohlen lost his life, will be found interesting:

When the artillery attack on Sigel had lulled a little, the brave General determined to feel the rebel strength opposite his position. Accordingly he ordered General Carl Schurz to reconnoitre with his division, and, if possible, to cross the river. Schurz's division comprises two brigades, of which he took only the first, General Bohlen, for the reconnaissance. The Seventy-fourth Pennsylvania was sent over first, the men wading breast-deep through the water, holding their pieces and ammunition above their heads to keep them dry.

Schurz's crossing was unopposed. He had on up the opposite bank, and cut upon the level ground, and went more than a mile before the pickets came face to face with the enemy's. They had no choice but to form about and attack Schurz in his own position, which they did in force.

The fight on this trans-Rappahannock field was badly contested—as you may well imagine from the fact that it commenced at about 9 A. M. and lasted until 4 P. M. Our loss was not, up to 5 o'clock, when I passed that way, Sigel has put above 20 or 60 as killed and wounded. But the brave men and officers who fell, one in his sacrifice—Brigadier-General Bohlen, of Philadelphia, commanding the First Brigade, Third Division, Sigel's Army Corps, had fallen while at the head of his command he was waving his sword and cheering on his men.

"KILLED IN ACTION."

MOURN for the young, the brave!
Let the fife wail, and touch the muffled drum!
Bid soldiers, comrades, friends, around him come,
And lay him gently in a soldier's grave.

Take for his fitting pall
The grand old flag in whose defense he fell.
The glorious banner which he lived so well,
And o'er his cross now let it softly fall.

Upon the hero's breast
Lay the good sword, drawn to guard our land;
Clasp on his left each cold and stiffen'd hand,
Wrapped in his cloak, bear him unto his rest.

We lay the fallen brave
'Neath this old oak, which saw the deadly fight!
Here, too, the sun's last ling'ring glance of light
Shall shed its radiance on the soldier's grave.

Through all the coming years
The laurels on his tomb shall never fade,
But flourish there, fresh, bright, and undecayed—
Kept fair and blooming by a nation's tears!

What though no mossy stone
May mark the spot where the young soldier sleeps,
Yet o'er his humble grave a nation weeps—
A grateful country mourns her patriot son!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1862.

THE SITUATION.

THE rebels have transferred the bulk of their army to the vicinity of Manassas Junction, and the bulk of our Eastern army is there to oppose them. At the hour we write we know that four battles have been fought with no decided success on either side. Our troops, outnumbered as they are, have, however, held their own. Manassas Junction and the Heights of Centreville are ours still. We have taken a large number of prisoners, and killed a great many rebels. Our army has probably not been the same. Such is the situation at present. Possibly before these lines are read it may have changed materially.

From the moment General Halleck assumed command of the armies of the United States the progression which had been previously determined was essentially modified. That acute general and statesman realized, as soon as the whole responsibility of the war was laid on his shoulders, that if we are to win in this tremendous contest it must be through a thorough development of our numerical strength, and a concentrated exertion of our forces. He accordingly directed new levies, by volunteering and by draft, for the purpose of swelling our effective army to the unparalleled number of a million of men. He next ordered the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac from the Peninsula, in order that it should be in a position to co-operate with the other Union soldiers in service in Virginia. Both orders have been, or are being, carried out. We have at this moment nearly or quite 700,000 men under arms, and within a month the remaining 300,000 will be awaiting arms, equipment, and transportation to the seat of war. The Army of the Potomac has been withdrawn from the Peninsula without the loss of a man or a gun. Thus far General Halleck's programme has been carried out to the letter.

Meanwhile the rebels who pretend to carry on a government under the control of Jeff Davis have realized that if the Halleck plan be fairly carried out the cause of the Slaveholders' Confederacy is utterly gone. With an energy worthy of an honest cause, and well deserving of imitation by our leaders, they no sooner ascertained that M'Clellan was evacuating the Peninsula than they threw their whole force upon the line of the Rappahannock, and perilled every thing for the sake of destroying Pope and capturing Washington. The seizure of Washington has been the day-dream of their most fiery leaders from the beginning, and there is reason to believe that nothing but the prudence of Jeff Davis has prevented the attempt being made before. Now, it seems, the hopelessness of conducting a contest against a million of armed soldiers of the Union has induced the rebel President to waive his scruples, and to adopt the programme urged upon him a year ago by Beauregard and others of his confederates.

To succeed in this new rebel enterprise the rebels must take and hold either Washington or Baltimore—it matters little which. If they take Washington, recognition by the European Powers follows as a matter of course, and a treaty offensive and defensive would probably be concluded in due order. If they take and hold Baltimore, Washington would fall in a short time, and the result would be the same. But nothing short of the accomplishment of one of these two objects could repay the shocks for the risk they are running. What is the prospect?

We have, on the south side of the Potomac, as large an army as can be manœuvred on any battle-field, largely composed of veterans who have fought on the Peninsula, and in the Shenandoah Valley. Before a rebel regiment can be safely crossed into Maryland this army must be destroyed. If Jackson, or Lee, or Hill, or Longstreet, or any other rebel commander undertakes to cross an army over the Upper Potomac into Maryland, and succeeds in storming the powerful batteries which have been erected to protect the line of that river, he will find himself, after crossing, without a base, and hopelessly isolated from support. There is no place in Maryland where he could feed his army for a week. Whatever the sympathies of the rich men of Baltimore may be, the people of that city would resist him to the death, for the simple reason that not to do so would be to insure the destruction of their beautiful city. At the moment a rebel army crosses into Maryland it will find itself in an enemy's country, with its base of supplies and its return home hopelessly cut off. With troops ready to take on the forts erected for the protection of Washington on the south side of the Potomac, from Chain Bridge to Alexandria, and with forts on the north side from Georgetown to Fort Washington, all that can be said of them is that General M'Clellan, whose ability as an engineer no one has ever questioned, pronounces them impregnable. Yet if the rebels are to succeed in their design, they must either cross into Maryland and carry on war successfully without supplies, base of operations, or line of retreat; or they must storm and carry those forts after having attacked and destroyed an army fully as strong as theirs—now lying encamped eight to ten miles in front of the Washington fortifications.

If the rebels can not do one of these two things, the battle of the Rappahannock was to no use to them whatever, though they win every one of them. Brilliant victories, duly emblazoned in the Richmond *Examiner*, and Baltimore will not prevent the slow and sure accumulation of national troops at and around Washington, and when they move, they will move in force. Our generals, obnoxious as they seem to be to newspaper criticism, are not such tyros in the art of war that they can not achieve substantial victories when they have twice as many men as their enemy with gun-boats and military resources in abundance. The rebel battalions must win in the end.

We stand in the crisis of the war. If the rebels can not accomplish that which they started from Richmond to do, self-preservation will compel their surrender.

ANOTHER SNEER FROM EARL RUSSELL.

A CORRESPONDENCE between Mr. Seward and Earl Russell has been published in the papers. Mr. Seward's letter, written in May, was in general terms for the Union cause in the Courts of Europe. Earl Russell's reply is a sneer at our country, our cause, our army, our civilization, and our people.

We are sorry the letters were written, and sorrier they were published. There is bad blood enough between this country and England without increasing it needlessly. It will be hard for the present generation of Americans to forget or forgive the unfair and unfriendly treatment they have endured at the hands of the English since this war broke out: the brutal bullying on the Trent affair; the constant misrepresentation of our purposes and our progress by British statesmen and British journals; the aid and comfort granted to the rebels by British merchants, manufacturers, and officials in every British colony. These just causes of angry burn irritated us enough, and there was not worth while to choose the moment of our deepest agony to shoot more barbs into our flesh. It is difficult to prove that such wrongs could possibly be served by inditing or the publication of this correspondence.

We are not a loss, for our part, to discover what Mr. Seward expected to gain by writing the dispatch to which Earl Russell's taunts are a reply. Experience should have taught him the peril of indulging in hopeful prophecy. His correspondence with our representatives abroad, which was laid before Congress in March last, and published as an official document, teems with expressions of hopes that were never realized, confident predictions that never came true, and opinions which the event seldom verified. With this warning before him, he ordered a check in the work of improving and painting our history rose-color, argued more rashness than we would have imputed to our experienced Secretary of State, and again, what can we gain by letting Europe know how right we think we are, and how sure we feel of success? Does Mr. Seward suppose that the Government and people of England are to be swayed by reasoning, or by considerations of right and wrong in this case? We do not. What is the only man in the country who does so. All the rest of us were long since satisfied that England has neither had any sense of right in our war than to see the United States divided—a great nation weakened, and a manufacturing and commercial rival crippled. This has been the clew to her policy all along. There has never been any other. Right and wrong, slavery and freedom, justice and injustice, even free trade and protection—have never had any weight in determining her action. British statesmen and the British people have never pretended to much from the great object on which they had set their heart from the first, which was to secure the division of the Union. Mr. Roebuck confesses the fact in his crude, blunt way. Under these circumstances could any thing be sillier than to hope to change the policy of England by arguments founded on abstract justice, or honesty, or good feeling? As reasonable would it be to preach morality to a burglar with his hand in your strong box.

We hope we have seen the last of these appeals to the honesty or the pity of Europe. They only get us laughed at, and afford a miserable encouragement to Earl Russell on opportunity of sneering at our misfortunes. The work we have got to do we must do ourselves, and we should long ere now have made up our minds that we may as well ask Jeff Davis for aid or sympathy as England.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.

THE letter of the President to Mr. Greeley was editorially discussed in these columns last week, but it bears further consideration. It is a perfectly distinct statement of his position. He says that he is the Chief Magistrate of the Union; that he is sworn to maintain it; and that he means to maintain it at any price. But what exact price must be paid he says that he must determine. He will take every step, including emancipation, as fast as it shall seem to him necessary. But he implies that he will not consider emancipation a measure necessary to suppress the rebellion merely because it is a good measure in itself, or because it would please all men free. The object of the war is the preservation of the Government. Emancipation must be only an episode—it can not be the purpose of the war.

Will any sensible man quarrel with this position? Will any one deny that, under the actual circumstances of the country, it would have been wise and proper for the President to have proclaimed emancipation on the day after the fall of Sumter? Or, again, will any sensible man say that if the Government can not be saved without emancipation it must be destroyed?

The critical point is to determine when the decree of emancipation is a necessary measure. It is clear that it can not be truly effective until it is supported by public opinion. It is equally clear that the mere declaration would not create that opinion. "The darkest hour," of which Mr. Conway so earnestly and impetuously writes, is not the hour in which war gives the President command of all the resources, but that in which the love of the Union and the Government is strongest in the hearts of the nation than party spirit, or the antipathies of race, or the prejudices of ignorance and passion. For it is precisely upon this point that the whole issue of the struggle at the time must be determined by a sagacious apprehension of the national feeling.

The great failure of the people would respond to a great act of emancipation because they ought to respond, has been that we have not sufficiently studied the public mind during the war but must be very sure that nothing required more delicate consideration than the very proclamation by the war itself seemed to settle beyond dispute. Nor is it easy, but it is extremely important, that any great measure should be premature. If indeed he declare that no measure like this can be premature, he is insane. But he is not reasonable.

Knowing perfectly well, then, that the President faithfully believes what he considers to be the national wish in the prosecution of this war—knowing equally well that he is a humane and honorable man—we are to be sure to wait only through him, not over him, what is our duty?

Surely, it is to create that public opinion. It is to show that, as the war spreads in its misery, no peace is impossible while slavery lasts; to show that slavery is the cause of the war, the necessary sacrifice, and that to make war upon the rebellion, and to spare slavery, is to fight with blank cartridges and with the sword sheathed.

But how, you ask—how if that perception comes too late? Why, if it does come too late we are lost. But it will not be the fault of the President. It will be the fatal consequence of the long dominance of slavery, which will have controlled the national common-sense as well as have corrupted the public conscience.

"How," the President might ask in turn—"how if I declare emancipation before the nation believes it to be necessary? Will it, in fact, be necessary? If it should, all is well. If it should not, should I not be responsible for the slaves if I had lost the support of the nation?"

"But the people would support you, Sir."

"Yes," he might answer, "you think so sincerely. When I think so, and I invite you to perish, I am a murderer, you say."

Emancipation, to be the effectual measure that we believe, must be actually decreed by the national will—merely from exhaustion, if from no other. And let us be patient, for this nation is not to perish. It has learned in a year and a quarter a half what would have been a gain for half a century in ordinary times.

Meanwhile it is the duty of the President to go quite as fast as the people. When Congress passes a law especially urging upon the President's choice he is to take peculiar care that every military and civil officer is apprised of it, and he is to be very sure that it is obeyed. He is to show under the magistrate who impartially does his duty the man who does it with glad alacrity when it forces human liberty. He is not to pretend an impartiality, which no honest man feels, between justice and injustice. While he waits to hear what the people wish, he is to show that his heart leaps with joy when they wish right. He is to inform the world that the Chief Magistrate of the Union is never so happy as when enforcing laws that tend to the lowest and most hapless of his fellow-men, and whisper to them, "Friends, come up higher!"

If this be the President's position, the conviction of the people will not sweep him anywhere. It will freshen a dam; it will only waft him to port, or winnow blow the wayward chip laden with priceless treasure.

BRITISH FRIENDSHIP.

LORD ROSSLYN, the British Foreign Secretary, has written a letter to the British Minister at Washington in reply to a dispatch of Mr. Seward's. The tone and the expressions of the letter are alike insulting. The whole thing is flippant, a patch unnoticed for a month, and, when he affects an answer, entirely evades the point of it.

Lord Russell says that the British Government wishes heartily to see, in the words of the President, an end of all this unnecessary and injurious civil war. The President of the United States, when he uses that expression, means evidently one thing. Lord Russell as evidently means another. By the means to insinuate, as any candid reader of his note will see, that it is an unnecessary war upon the part of both "belligerents." The President means that it is an unnecessary rebellion, because every change in our policy can be peacefully and constitutionally secured, if the people wish it. Lord Russell says, in effect and openly, that the British Government has at heart nothing more than to see the injurious and unnecessary attempt of the United States Government to maintain itself brought to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion.

Judged by the context of his note, what would that satisfactory conclusion be? Could it be anything but the defeat of the purposes of the Government? When he, a foreigner, calls our war unnecessary, he includes both parties to it in his condemnation. What is the cause of such an expression in his mouth?

Lord Russell is an English Whig. Does he think the Revolution of '88 an unnecessary war? Does he think the Great Rebellion of 1640 costly? Does he think the campaign of 1714 against the Pretender an unnecessary war of the British Government to defend itself against a rebellion? In April, 1848, if the Chartists had appeared in London, the Earl Of Clanricarde had called upon the Queen to surrender her throne because she was he wanted, would Lord John Russell have stigmatized her efforts as consequent war as injurious and unnecessary?

Again, Lord Russell says that "since the beginning of the war" Her Majesty's Government have pursued a friendly, open, and consistent course." That is new. When a successful insult had been made upon an exposed and starving garrison of United States soldiers by an armed and uniformed populace—but it was then the Government that was on emissader of the United States, specially instructed, was the first to run in the way to Boston, was it "friendly and open" in the British Government, refusing to wait and hear what he might explain, to declare to the friendly Government of the United States and its domestic enemies equal belligerents?

When, in December last, news reached England of the *Trent* seizure, and the mind of the country was so inflamed against us that there was no chance our reckless insult to the British flag, which was plainly provoked, to be authorized by the United States Government, was the conduct "friendly and open" for the British Prime Minister to hide in his closet an authorization for the destruction of the Government of intent to insult, and to hold his tongue for a fortnight while the popular misapprehension which his studied reserve had created was fanned into war? It was "consistent" with the friendly and open policy of mere hostility and prejudice which distinguishes the British foreign policy, but was it "friendly?" was it "open?"

Lord Russell's letter of the Foreign Secretary—telling the war which the Government could not restrain without incurring the charge of treason, "serious and unnecessary;" scoffing at the "less blockade," and, in its last sentence, sneering at the expression of sympathetic speeches—is this friendly illustration of the openness and friendliness of the British Government?

These are not new things to say, but the babble of British impartiality in this war is so constantly repeated by British writers and speakers, and so constantly pricked by American pens and tongues, or somebody may seriously suppose there is something in it.

"PEACE."

OF course no honest man is deceived by such a "Union" meeting as that lately held in Philadelphia. Its objects are plain to the leaders of the conspirators. "If you will only hold out longenough, we will try hard to divide the North upon the cry of 'conservatism,' and then we can make you an easy victory over the Government, and you will surrender your friends."

The meeting was intended to secure the surrender of the country to the rebellion; to make it appear that the true enemies of the national peace were not the rebels in arms, but those who demand that the Government shall be saved at all cost. To declare that Vallandigham and Wickliffe are the model patriots, and the Administration, the lately and unanimously elected President, and the loyal citizens of the country are incendiaries, fanatics, and traitors.

The meeting was a miserable failure. It failed in every way. It failed in numbers, in enthusiasm, in eloquence. The aim of Mr. Ingersoll—a rich citizen of Philadelphia—was to excite the hatred of one class of the poorer citizens against another. It was a lofty aim. It was a "conservative" strain! It was a manly conduct!

Every meeting, every where, which seeks to palliate the enormous crime of this rebellion by accusing those who oppose the rebels, is simply as treasonable as assembly in Jeff Davis's Congress. There is not a man who enters into such meetings

earnestly who does not sympathize more sincerely with the rebel, than with the national, Congress. He does not openly denounce the Government, for he has learned that that is not a safe business, but he angrily denounces all who are for maintaining it at every cost. The real enemies of the Union, he insists, are those who are resolved to save it. Let us hang those, he cries, who are for preserving the Union any how, and all will be serene.

So it will; perfectly serene for the men who assert that they are our natural masters: who murder our bravest and best, and torture those whom they do not kill; who are bent upon destroying our peace and prosperity if they can not use us for their own purposes. Let the people who are struggling for all that is precious to men or nations spew out these politicians, who are trying to do the dirty work of the rebellion in the very heart of our camp. Let them be made to understand that the people of this country mean to save their Government at any cost, and if that cost shall include justice to an outraged class, they will be only the more religiously resolved.

And whether Jeff Davis remembers his friends or not after the desperate and terrible war is over and every household in the land sits among its ruins and counts its loved and honored and lost, the people of this country will remember in that hour with dreadful distinctness the men who now, in the midst of peril and upon the very battle-field, are trying to stab their country and help its enemies.

THE VIEWS OF SOME GENERALS.

It is most creditable to Generals Sickles, Meagher, and Corcoran—all of whom have proved themselves brave soldiers—that in their speeches for the war they heartily denounce the attempt to dissuade enlistments by the cry of abolitionism. They say distinctly, what for their future it is to be hoped they see as clearly, that at this moment there are no parties whatever except true men and traitors. There is the party for the war, and the party against it. Those who are constantly shouting that the abolitionists ought to be hung belong to the party that Jeff Davis loves. General Corcoran puts it well when he says that he does not ask whether the man at his side is an abolitionist or a pro-slavery man, so long as he stands firmly shoulder to shoulder, and strikes straight for the Union.

Let us settle that we have a Union, and then determine what party we belong to. And to that settlement let nothing impede our way. Neither of the Generals that we name are "abolitionists," as the word has been used, and they are not known as anti-slavery men. They may even believe it practicable to save the Union and leave slavery unharmed. But that they would let the Union slide rather than slavery we do not believe; and that they will presently see that effectually to end the war the slave system must be suppressed we do not doubt.

General Cochrane and General Busteed have already said what they think of the question. The latter, with acute humor, declares that he does not see that if his blood is not too good and precious to be shed for the Government why a black man's is. He does not believe that the lives of colored people are any more valuable than those of other people; nor does he see why white men should go as substitutes for black ones.

General Sickles, in his Brooklyn speech and elsewhere, mentions the folly of supposing that the liberation of slaves would bring them to the North. He says, what every sensible person sees to be true, that it would be the very thing to keep them at home, because then they would have a fair chance.

General Spinola declares that he thinks white men better fight and colored men dig. But he says that if the rebels lose their slaves they have only themselves to thank for it.

If, then, we can help our brave fellows in the field, and at once shorten their service and the war by disorganizing the labor, the lines, and the life, of the rebels, we do not believe one of these Generals would insist upon keeping them strengthened. For they are Generals not only because they wish to serve their country, but because they are shrewd men and understand the necessities of things.

REPRESSING THE PRESS.

General Halleck does not show himself less worthy the public confidence because he forbids correspondents in camp. While we are compelled to make war let us do it in a warlike way. Let us have secrecy of movement, and if it can not be absolute, let us be as secret as we can. General Halleck is said to be a man who does not care for any body's criticism or opposition. Such a statement is probably an extravagant manner of expressing a most desirable quality of character.

One thing, of course, he will not forget. The people have a right to know the current course of affairs, and the authorities have no right to change or cook the truth. When, therefore, the Government undertakes to supply us with information, it must do it. After Ball's Bluff the Government was apparently guilty of tampering with the nation: that is to say, it had control of the telegraph and it did not tell the truth. We had been bitterly and simply routed, and the news came to us as a success even, then a masterly falling back. If the authorities were themselves misinformed, there was no offense on their part, but they should never have been again misinformed by those officers at least.

So the retreat of M'Clellan upon the Peninsula was first announced as a great movement which was sure to secure Richmond. Exactly what that movement was is now evident to the blindest prejudice. If it were represented to the Government as other than a retreat, the Government should take care never to be deceived by the same persons again.

Some newspapers assume that the Government stops correspondence, from the conviction that the people are children and cowards who can not bear to hear the truth. On the contrary, the Government treats us like men who understand that war has the most rigid necessities, and who can wait until the issue of a movement before we hear all the details. We greatly mistake General Halleck if he is going to suffer any falsehoods or glosses to be telegraphed. He alone, if the Generals in the field are faithful, knows, from hour to hour, the fortune of the day. He alone can tell us at the earliest moment the comprehensive result. It would be the height of folly in him to excite the public with every account he receives. On the other hand, it would be downright madness to conceal any important event.

But why should we presuppose him to be a fool? He is a citizen precisely as we are. He understands the peculiar impatience and the actual rights of the public quite as accurately as we. Let us candidly try him. Let us see if he is demented by his position. Thus far he certainly does not seem to be. When he does, let us not hold our tongues.

THE QUAKERS AND THE WAR.

The Legislature of Rhode Island lately debated a proposition not to exempt Quakers from military duty. The ground of those who wished that they should serve like other citizens was that the Quakers enjoyed all the benefits of the Government, sued in the courts, and shared a protection which rested at last upon the bayonet; and that consequently to release them from the duty of supporting that Government, in the last resort, was to be guilty of class legislation.

The reply to this was, that non-resistance was a tenet of the sect, and that to compel them to fight was to interfere with that religious liberty and equal respect of sects which the fundamental law guarantees.

The proposition was lost by a heavy majority.

Yet the ground of the defense seems to be unsound. To excuse the Quakers, as a religious sect, from duties which are imposed upon all other sects, is evidently a very unequal respect for sects. The only true ground of excuse should be not that a man is a Quaker, but that he is a non-resistant. For by what just law can a non-resistant Quaker be excused from military service, and a non-resistant Baptist or Methodist compelled to serve? Suppose that a new sect should appear with a new tenet of non-resistance, to the effect that governments should be supported by voluntary contributions, should the members of the sect be excused from taxation? And if the members of the sect, then why not all citizens who hold similar opinions?

Unless, therefore, all persons who conscientiously object to fighting are to be released from military duty, there is no good reason why any of them should be.

The law in regard to the exemption of Quakers is of no great importance in itself, because they are not a large class, and because many of them practically disregard it, and are as gallant soldiers as any in the field. But the principle of the law is very important. It favors one sect. It discriminates between equal citizens. It is really a law of privilege, and ought to be repealed. Then if it shall be thought wise to excuse all citizens who have true conscientious scruples against fighting, let a law be made to secure their release.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

All men are kings by birth, for no man is born without a crown to his head.

Sentimental Youth. "My dear girl, will you share my lot for life?"
Practical Girl. "How many acres is your lot, Sir?"

"Jones has a reverence for truth," said Brown. "So I perceive," was Smith's reply, "for he always keeps a respectable distance from it."

Why is a milkman like Pharaoh's daughter?—Because he takes a little profit out of the water.

What is the most daring theft a man can be guilty of?—Taking the chair at a public meeting.

What is the most wonderful of acrobatic feats?—For a man to revolve in his mind.

Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange?—Because she ought to be "settled" when she arrives at maturity.

If a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is shrewd?

"I wish you would not give me such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer who had an outstanding bill against him. "And I wish you wouldn't give me such long wait for mine," replied the grocer.

An Irishman being asked at breakfast how he came by "that black eye," said "he slept on his fist."

What is that which by adding something to it will become smaller, but if you add nothing will grow larger?—A hole in a stocking.

He is a first-rate collector who can, upon all occasions, collect his wits.

"The ugliest trades," said Jerrold, "have their moments of pleasure. Now if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment."

Some one blamed Dr. Marsh for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jackass; the jackass can't change his mind and the man can—it's a human privilege."

The young lady who burst into tears has been put together again, and is now wearing hoops to prevent the recurrence of the accident.

"Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

We are told to have hope and trust, but what's a poor fellow to do when he can no longer get trust?

An Irish stationer, after advertising a variety of articles, gives the following *nota bene:* "To regular customers I sell wafers gratis."

A girl recently stole a pair of gloves, giving as a reason that she only wished to keep her hand in.

Ladies' Skins.—A furrier wishing to inform the public that he would make up furs in a fashionable manner, out of old furs which ladies have at home, appended the following to one of his advertisements: "N.B.—Capes, victorines, etc., made up for ladies in fashionable styles, *out of their own skins!*"

The Largest Room in the World.—The "Room for Improvement."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA—THE REBELS AT MANASSAS.

On the evening of 26th the enemy's cavalry appeared at Manassas Station. The troops engaged numbered, according to all accounts, nearly two thousand men, and were a portion of Colonel Fitzhugh Lee's forces, which made the attack on Catlett's Station a few days previous. The attack appears to have been first made on a train of cars at Bristow, about four and a half miles west of Manassas; but the train, putting on extra speed, escaped. The rebel cavalry then made a dash on Manassas, where they were partially checked by the Eleventh New York battery. The resistance, though gallant, was ineffectual, and the rebels destroyed every thing within their reach—the railroad track, the cars, the telegraph wires, and all the Government stores and buildings. The place appeared to have been undefended, save by three or four companies of infantry and the single battery of undisciplined troops, who were unable to make any defense.

THEY ARE DRIVEN BACK.

The following dispatch from General Pope explains the course he pursued:

Manassas Junction, *August* 28—10 P.M.

To Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

As soon as I discovered that a large force of the enemy was turning our right, toward Manassas, and that the division I had ordered to take post there two days before had not yet arrived from Alexandria, I immediately broke up my camp at Warrenton Junction and Warrenton, and marched rapidly back in three columns.

I directed M'Dowell, with his own and Sigel's corps, to march upon Gainesville by the Warrenton and Alexandria pike; Reno and one division of Heintzelman to march on Greenwich; and, with Porter's corps and Hooker's division, I marched back to Manassas Junction.

M'Dowell was ordered to interpose between the forces of the enemy which had passed down to Manassas, through Gainesville, and his main body, moving down from White Plains through Thoroughfare Gap. This was completely accomplished, Longstreet, who had passed through the Gap, being driven back to the west side.

The forces to Greenwich were designed to support M'Dowell in case he met too large a force of the enemy. The division of Hooker, marching toward Manassas, came upon the enemy near Kettle Run on the afternoon of the 27th, and, after a sharp action, routed them completely, killing and wounding three hundred, capturing camps and baggage and many stand of arms.

This morning the command pushed rapidly to Manassas Junction, which Jackson had evacuated three hours in advance. He retreated by Centreville, and took the turnpike toward Warrenton. He was met six miles west of Centreville by M'Dowell and Sigel late this afternoon. A severe fight took place, which was terminated by darkness. The enemy was driven back at all points, and thus the affair rests.

Heintzelman's corps will move on him at daylight from Centreville, and I do not see how the enemy is to escape without heavy loss. We have captured one thousand prisoners, many arms, and one piece of artillery.

John Pope, Major-General.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

The following dispatch explains itself:

Head-quarters, Field of Battle,
Groveton, near Gainesville, *August* 30, 1862.

To Major-General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief, Washington, D. C.:

We fought a terrific battle here yesterday with the combined forces of the enemy, which lasted with continuous fury from daylight until after dark, by which time the enemy was driven from the field, which we now occupy.

Our troops are too much exhausted to push matters; but I shall do so in the course of the morning, as soon as Fitz John Porter's corps comes up from Manassas.

The enemy is still in our front, but badly used up.

We have lost not less than 8000 men killed and wounded, and, from the appearance of the field, the enemy have lost at least two to our one. He stood strictly on the defensive, and every attack was made by ourselves.

Our troops have behaved splendidly.

The battle was fought on the identical battle-field of Bull Run, which greatly increased the enthusiasm of our men.

The news just reaches us from the front that the enemy is retreating toward the mountains. I go forward at once to see.

We have made great captures; but I am not able yet to form an idea of their extent.

John Pope,
Major-General Commanding.

ANOTHER BATTLE ON 30TH.

The fighting was renewed on Saturday between General Pope and the enemy, who had been considerably reinforced. The battle was a severe one, the rebels gaining the advantage and compelling General Pope to fall back to Centreville, which he did in good order. Franklin's corps reached him at this point on Saturday evening, and General Sumner's division was rapidly marching up to join him. He was expected to make another assault on the enemy on 31st, with the fresh troops thus added to his army, but there was very little fighting on that day, not more than an occasional skirmish. The army was in fine condition and good spirits. The position of General Pope is represented as the strongest in the vicinity of Washington. Rebel scouts have penetrated as far as Langley's station, in the vicinity of the Chain Bridge; but it is said that all necessary precautions have been taken to prevent a surprise of the capital in that direction.

PRESENT SITUATION.

At the time we write (noon on September 2), the Army of Virginia, reinforced by the bulk of the Army of the Potomac and other troops in considerable numbers, lies intrenched on the heights of Centreville. General Banks is understood to be at Manassas Junction. The rebels made no attack on 31st August or 1st September, and appear to be waiting for Pope to make the next move in the game. M'Clellan is at Alexandria, in command of some remains of his army. Burnside is at Aquia Creek, having just evacuated Fredericksburg. Troops are pouring into Washington at the rate of several thousand a day.

DESTRUCTION OF CITY POINT.

The rebel rendezvous at City Point was completely demolished on Thursday last by the gun-boats of Commodore Wilkes. It appears that for some time past the enemy had been harassing our transports, and Commodore Wilkes sent them word that if they did not desist he would shell them out. The response to this threat was a further reinforcement of riflemen and cannon and a more brisk fire upon our flotilla. The gun-boats then proceeded to carry out Commodore Wilkes's announcement, and finally demolished every building at City Point and drove the rebels clear out of their strong-hold.

A DEFEAT IN KENTUCKY.

The rebels, 1800 strong, under Morgan, came into collision with General Johnson, near Gallatin, on the 21st, and compelled his force of 700 men to surrender. General Johnson and staff were kindly treated by the rebel chief, and released on parole. The Union loss was twenty-six killed, including Lieutenant Wynkoop, of the Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry, and two other officers, and thirty-three wounded. The rebel loss, including several officers, was thirteen killed and fifty wounded.

ANOTHER.

The following telegram is published:

Cincinnati, *August* 31, 1862.

On Friday afternoon the rebels beyond Richmond, Kentucky, drove in our cavalry. General Manson, with the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first Indiana, moved up, and after throwing a few shells the enemy retreated rapidly beyond Rogersville, leaving one gun behind. Manson bivouacked for the night, and on Saturday morning advanced with two regiments and four guns, and coming up with the enemy, an artillery fight began, with heavy loss on both sides. The enemy attempted to turn our left flank, when sharp fighting occurred between the skirmishers. The Sixty-ninth Indiana advanced through a dense fire of shot and shell to the relief of our skirmishers, and behaved like old soldiers; but the rebels finally turned our left flank and advanced in full force on our column. General Manson ordered a retreat, fell back three miles, and re-formed in line of battle on high hills, with artillery in position on the right and left flanks.

The firing by artillery was recommenced and kept up by both sides very briskly. After fighting about two hours the enemy advanced on our right flank, under cover of the woods, and after severe fighting succeeded in turning it. Retreat immediately took place to the original camping ground. Here General Nelson came up, and, after great efforts, succeeded in rallying the men, and formed another line of battle. Our artillery ammunition was nearly exhausted, and some of the guns were left without a man to work them, all having been killed or wounded.

General Nelson was wounded at about three P.M., when the men again fell back, retreating to Lexington. The enemy's forces numbered 15,000 or 20,000. The Union forces engaged were the Ninety-fifth Ohio, Twelfth, Sixteenth, Sixty-sixth, Sixty-ninth, and Seventy-first Indiana, Mundy's and Metcalf's cavalry. The loss in killed and wounded is heavy on both sides. The number is not yet known.

Lieutenant-Colonel Topping and Major Kunkle, of the Seventy-first Indiana, were killed. General Wright left this morning to take the field. General Wallace leaves to-night to join him. A large number of regiments are *en route* to Lexington.

A battle took place on Saturday near Richmond, Kentucky, lasting from morning till four in the afternoon, resulting in our troops being driven back with serious loss. No particulars are received.

General Nelson, wounded, arrived here to-night.

Lexington has been evacuated, and the State archives removed to Louisville. The entire male population of Kentucky has been called to arms.

ATTACK ON FORT DONELSON.

Fort Donelson has been attacked by the rebels, who were defeated. They numbered 450 infantry, 335 cavalry, and two field-pieces, and were commanded by Colonel Woodward. The fort was gallantly defended by Major Hart, with four companies of the Seventy-first Ohio Regiment.

THE COMMAND IN VIRGINIA.

The question of the command of the armies operating in Virginia is definitely settled by an official bulletin. General Burnside commands his own corps, except those which have been temporarily detached and assigned to General Pope. General M'Clellan commands that portion of the Army of the Potomac which has not been sent forward to General Pope's command. General Pope commands the Army of Virginia, and all the forces temporarily attached to it, and General Halleck commands the whole.

REBEL PRISONERS ARRIVING.

About a thousand rebel prisoners reached Washington on 31st from the great battle-field, representing, the correspondents say, nearly all the rebel States.

A REBEL STEAMER SEIZED.

Commander Davis telegraphs to the Secretary of the Navy, from Helena, Arkansas, that a naval and military expedition down the river succeeded in capturing a rebel steamer, loaded with Enfield rifles and ammunition; burned a railroad dépôt and telegraph station, thus cutting off all communication between Vicksburg and Little Rock; and then, entering the Yazoo River, destroyed a rebel battery and broke up several camps of the enemy.

REBEL FURY.

A special order from the rebel War Department declares Generals Hunter and Phelps outlaws, who, if captured, will meet the death of felons.

EVACUATION OF BATON ROUGE.

Our forces are preparing to evacuate Baton Rouge, and to establish the State Government at New Orleans, under Governor Shepley. Enthusiastic Union meetings have taken place in the latter city.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BRITISH SPITE.

EARL RUSSELL TO THE HON. WILLIAM STUART.

Foreign Office, London, *July* 28, 1862.

Sir,—I have left hitherto unanswered and unnoticed the dispatch of Mr. Seward, which Mr. Adams delivered more than a month ago. I have done so partly because the military events referred to in it were, in the opinion of her Majesty's Government, far from being decisive, and partly because there was no proposal in it upon which her Majesty's Government were called upon to come to any conclusion.

Events subsequent to the date of Mr. Seward's letter have shown that her Majesty's Government, in their opinion upon the first of these points, were not mistaken.

Victories have been gained and reverses have followed; positions have been reached in the near neighborhood of the capital of the Confederates, and these positions have been again abandoned.

These events have been accompanied by great loss of life in battle and in the hospital, while such measures as the Confiscation bill have passed through both Houses of Congress, and, with the proclamation of General Butler at New Orleans, bear evidence of the increasing bitterness of the strife.

The approach of a servile war, so much insisted upon by Mr. Seward in his dispatch, only forewarns us that another element of destruction may be added to the loss of property and waste of industry which already afflict a country so lately prosperous and tranquil.

Nor, on the other point I have adverted to, have I any thing new to say. From the moment that intelligence first reached this country that nine States and several millions of inhabitants of the great American Union had seceded, and had made war on the Government of President Lincoln, down to the present time, her Majesty's Government have pursued a friendly, open, and consistent course. They have been neutral between the two parties to a civil war.

Neither the loss of raw material of manufacture, so necessary to a great portion of our people, nor insults constantly heaped upon the British name in speeches and newspapers; nor a rigor, beyond the usual practice of nations, with which the Queen's subjects, attempting to break loose from the blockade of the Southern ports, have been treated, have induced her Majesty's Government to swerve an inch from an impartial neutrality.

At this moment they have nothing more at heart than to see that consummation which the President speaks of in his answer to the Governors of eighteen States—namely, "the bringing of this unnecessary and injurious civil war to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion."

As to the course of opinion in this country, the President is aware that perfect freedom to comment upon all public events is, in this country, the invariable practice, sanctioned by law and approved by the universal sense of the nation. I am, etc.,

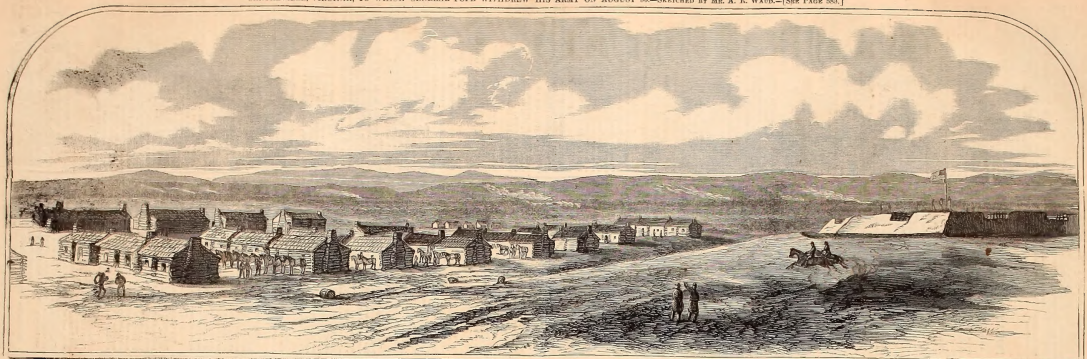
Russell.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI AT WORK.

At latest dates Garibaldi was still moving in the path of revolution. He had made a descent on Catania, in Sicily, in opposition to the wishes of the Italian Government. The subject having been brought up in the Senate, the Prime Minister of Italy said they considered Garibaldi "in rebellion," and that his operations would be checked by the King's troops and navy. Napoleon had expressed his disapproval of the acts of the "liberator," but hinted that Victor Emanuel encourages him.

CENTREVILLE, VIRGINIA, TO WHICH GENERAL POPE WITHDREW HIS ARMY ON AUGUST 30.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 565.]





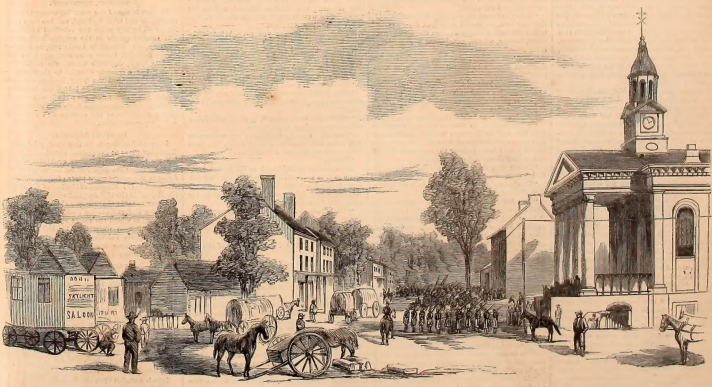
MANASSAS JUNCTION, INTERSECTION OF THE MANASSAS GAP AND ORANGE AND ALEXANDRIA RAILROADS—SCENE OF SEVERAL RECENT FIGHTS.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 565.]



GENERAL POPE'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION—GENERAL SIGEL ON THE ROOF WATCHING THE ENEMY.—SKETCHED BY MR. DAVENPORT.
[SEE PAGE 577.]



SKIRMISH AT FREEMAN'S FORD, AUGUST 27.—DEATH OF GENERAL BOHLEN.—SKETCHED BY MR. DAVENPORT.—[SEE PAGE 577.]



WARRENTON, VIRGINIA, LATELY OCCUPIED BY THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. DAVENPORT.—[SEE PAGE 577.]

HE DID HIS DUTY.

Come, bear him to his resting-place
With still and solemn tread.
No crown of laurel shall be placed
Above his youthful head,
No words of praise upon his tomb
To speak of how he fell—
Only the honest epitaph,
"He did his duty well."

Come near and gaze upon the dead
Ere laid beneath the dust;
Gaze on the calm and settled face
With still and solemn trust.
Look on him! let your grief be still,
And do not mourn as they
Who mourn a youthful spirit cut,
Or birth-right cast away.

How might a mother's heart rejoice
To know amid the brave
Her son, the brightest and the best,
Had found his early grave;
Amid the foremost ranks had fought,
With bold and fearless eye,
And felt within his noble heart
"Twas home else to die.

Then bear him to his resting-place
With still and solemn tread;
No crown of laurel shall be placed
Upon his youthful head,
No words of praise on his tomb
To speak of how he fell—
Only the honest epitaph,
"He did his duty well."

WAITING.

"I SAY shamed through all my being to have loved a night a thing."

Fanny Marvin started, shrank away, and from behind her little sparkled fan looked nervously about her. But, Grundy was not lurking, or she was swearing, or else she was maneuvering, or, perhaps, she was eating; at any rate, she had not heard the fierce, sagrey whisper. The swaying, voluptuous music was going on, the camelias near them didn't bleed, or the rose pale, only the dark fire in Captain Heriot's eyes gave the lie to the conventional smile on their lips.

John Heriot, following the impulse of the natural heart, had been ideal-worshipping; had enthroned and invested with all his new-found fancy and fire, like the Israelites of old, received as his wages confusion of face. It was only an additional phase of the old experience, going on ever since the unsophisticated days when altars smoked to dead, cold, and still marble: and when we make temples of heart and brain, and worship principles and passions instead, we can't afford to smile back through the misty eyes at the Olympian deity; for a nightmare low ordains that all worship addressed to any other than God must be given to unwholesome and ghastly Heriot found it. Any one could have told him that Fanny Marvin was not purity, tenderness, womanliness—in a word, only such pure and wonderlovely hair and shifting color, and a rare taste in dress. Hardly the component parts of Captain Heriot's ideal wife! Sallow, flat-chested, somewhat unguicious Esther Graham was, if he had known it, far nearer his ideal—only it is hard to believe that deep, clear eyes do not always mirror deep, pure thoughts; and so Fanny Marvin might have been Mrs. Heriot, and John's evil genius, but for the providential circumstance of young Tasden Dodge and his half million. Captain Heriot would have endured neither rivalry nor hesitating preference. He flamed out in reproaches, against Fanny. She left her finally with the bitter quotation that heads this idle story, and went back to his regiment before his fickleness had half expired, very poor indeed—polished all trust.

One woman had deceived him, another never should. They were all alike. Faith was a myth. Loyalty and honor (feminine) a poetic fiction. A little pained ivory that he had worn about him on his heart he broke up with a scornful laughter that was worse than tears; the only legitimate fruitless notes he held to the flame and watched shrivel into dust with grim satisfaction. His diamond had proved a pebble, therefore there were no diamonds.

Houses, on the average, are the exponents of those who own them; so many stone embodiments of the owners, the pet idiosyncrasies (as does in New York conscientiously excepted, tents being, in the writer's opinion, the only legitimate expression of nottopolitan life). The house of the widow Hericot was very like herself. It spoke principally of the times when Guy, first duke of Normandy, came to Virginia, bringing the very bricks of which it was built in a young wife, a handful of titles, and a family tree, that was of course a nephew of the time of William the Conqueror. It settled solidly down amongst the trees, like a house that considered itself an institution and knew nothing of the first of May. It spread itself out in colonial, lazy style; it ran to piazzas in the most unlimited way. It opened a huge door and a broad hall, like a generous heart: it had the traditional wide staircases and deep-set windows. Every where were cool, dark woods, panelled walls, waxed floors, with nothing bright about it except the conservatory, and Faith, only grandchild of Mrs. Ellicott. A little Birds manikin delighting in soft bright colors, pansy-leaf purples, mid-summer blues, even venturing on scarlet and unclad busts; pale yellows to subtle ness, lost with a perilous power of lighting up and glowing with an inner diamond-like light, soft abundant hair, and one real beauty, brown eyes, tender and deep in expression, shaded by long lashes, overarched by perfect brows, a quiet, intensive face, but—

"Not in the least like the family, child," her proud old grandmother was used to say—"only you have the little arched foot, and the rosy nails and pulses that are always the marks of a true Ellicott;" and Faith would look up at the hundred-year-old portrait of a blue-eyed, fair-haired Faith on the library wall with a curious look, as if she had never benefit dimmed by the more patent beauty of her ancestress.

There was another characteristic of the Ellicotts. An intensity of will and tenacity of opinion, which Faith showed in common with them, as in an underarched foot and rosy palms, though as yet developed only in vitalizing people whom Mrs. Grundy didn't delight to honor—an unwavering reference to the Stars and Stripes, and the utterance of much treason. (See dictionaries south of Mason and Dixon's line.)

She was quite ready, this little Faith of ours, to brave at once the world and the above-mentioned fashionable female—not with that calm contempt that knows both their worth and worthlessness, but the ignorance that knows neither.

Society, which couldn't quite ostracize an Ellicott, and which Mrs. Ellicott "to come in as understanding" with her refractory grandchild, "as if one could come to an understanding with a buttercup!" or a moonlight thought the stately lady, watching Faith taking a stitch or two at her embroidery frame, flashing out in some light little ballad, whirling round and round the room humming a wild waltz measure, and then flinging herself down amidst the cushions to laugh and kiss Nods Blitzerose, her little golden-haired cousin.

"Oleon said I'll tell you something if you'll be said gleeful Faith. But the little one, putting out a dimpled hand as if to keep her off, lisped solemnly,

"Are you very wicked, Cousin Faith?"

"I don't know, Nods; how could that idiot creep under that little golden thatch of yours? Did you get lost in some of those big books of ours, when nurse Bells combed your hair this morning?"

Nonsense told grandma this morning that she couldn't come and see you any more; and I know you must be very naughty, for mamma always tells me that it is only when you are very naughty to go too. Have you told a lie, Faith, or disobeyed? Cousin Lucy says that's why I like you so much, I want you to be good again."

Faith unconsciously pushed the child from her, and set up to prove her own innocence straight at Mrs. Ellicott, the careless smile quite gone, and a look to make one think of Sin in the sky above and the light in the waves as a stormy warning.

"Children and fools speak the truth," said Mrs. Ellicott, sardonically. "Miss Nods Blitzerose only spoke the sentiments of every other right feeling Southern woman. You can not expect to be consistent while you advocate the principles of the enemies of your country."

"Have I said one countenance of any?"

"You will find it difficult to stem the tide singly. Besides, what office is it of yours?"

"There are just two alternatives, grandma of God and that of evil: there are only two standards—those of right and wrong. He that is not with the truth is against her; and, disclaim it as you will, you conservatives and neutrals are fighting vigorously on the other side."

"What arrogance for a child like you to presume to address your grandmother!"

"Has God said, so strait is the way of truth that a child can not enter therein?"

Faith, it is very irreverent for you so to parody the Holy Scriptures. A woman's business is with the heroics and not with them."

"True; but these are not her sole concerns. If they had been, we should have been torn without brains and sense—simply an accumulation of instinct, suckers, wheels, pedals, and a sewing-machine joint.

"You will condescend at least to acknowledge that men know *something* more of politics than you."

"Of politics, yes; of patriotism, no. This very child beside us could understand the whole thing of the *Union* which gave her *State* life, and the power to live, was that of her country."

Mrs. Ellicott's last shaft of patience gave way.

"I wonder that an Ellicott can ally herself to that low herd of Northern mudsill abolitionists who are the whole cause of the war. Do you know that if your friends prosper the next step will be to free your slaves and make you work in the field?"

"Better than that living in open defiance of God."

"Has he any where said, Thou shalt not keep slaves?"

No; but he has said, 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.' I have yet to learn that any among us have dared shut the gates of human regeneration against him, and deny that they have souls; and if the mercifil Jesus really died for them, and according to his promise lives in the hearts of those among them who love him, are they not "others?" Are they not included in the commandment that shall bind, and then, my dear grandmother, if you can find me a man who does not wish to see every slave forced to work all his days for another, he shut out by law from education and further development, and who has been left almost entirely to the care of his other human being, I will go as a vivandiere with our army to-morrow."

"Oh, Faith has grown quite unanswerable since she has acted as nurse to the Yankee Captain!"

Both turned toward the third speaker, a handsome young man in a lieutenant's uniform, standing in the doorway.

"Her proficiency is not so astonishing," he went on, "when you consider her teacher, who, though a child also blind, has always the cleverest pupils in the world."

A deep glow flamed up in Faith's cheeks.

"It is manly and generous in you, Arnold Blitzerose, to attack a girl, and a helpless sufferer! I spent six weeks at Captain Heriot's house. I was indebted to him for all my pleasure while in New York. His sister and his fiancée, Fanny Marvin, are my dearest friends; so, when I saw him tossed into a cart with other moaning wretches, stopping at no one but a glass of water, and heard from his surgeon that every jolt and turn of the wheel lessened his chance of life, I should have allowed him to pass on to the tender mercies of a crowded shed, bereveted by necessity as a hospital. That would have been noble and worthy of a Southern lover, I suppose!"

"Mrs. Ellicott, I appeal to—"

But that lady had prudently disappeared. The young man flashed a quick glance around. Nods had also vanished, the music changed, the room was empty, he came and sat beside her on the cushions.

"Faith, are you quite sure that you don't love Captain Heriot?" he asked, softly, trying to look into her eyes.

No question could well have been more unfortunate. Love a man who cared nothing for her, who was betrothed! She would listen to no explanation, no apologies; but flinging aside the hand that sought hers, went up stairs, face burning, and eyes moist with indignant tears of courage, all the more mortification of loving John Heriot, and as she was thinking about him, what more natural than to go in to see him?

He was lying with half-closed eyes—closed, I am afraid, only on the instant that he heard the little slipped foot coming along the hall. He was very still; he breathed like one in sleep; yet from his face he must be lost as not a movement of hers escaped him, the breezy, pleasant room, looping back a curtain and throwing wide, and disappearing for an instant to come back with her hands full of gay flowers, and sit down on the floor like a child to arrange them. He saw it all, down to the little bird-like poise of the head on one side, as she held it up for a final look. He no longer feared, he trusted in women; but then he could admire this little, bright-tinted picture, that wanted nothing but a frame of grey, lustrous hair, and a background of green. The perfect arch of eyebrow and the sweep of the long lashes, the full, rich lips, and dimpled chin under the mass of soft hair brushed smoothly away, the scarlet of her lips, intense in tone as the heart of rose from which they flamed and seemed to breathe, the melting away of a little rounded chin into her white throat, the long, clinging fingers, the habit revealing of an arched foot, even the soft blue of her pretty wrapper, soothed and delighted him. She placed the flowers on a little stand, and then probably borne the silver goblet, with its foaming night draught, in those old times which Mrs. Ellicott called the dark ages of ignorance. She stole up to the bedside in the most exaggerated cat-after-mouse fashion, a hand-mirror held reverently before her forehead, and either she or the wind sighed, "Poor John!"

One of his hands seized and imprisoned hers, and a pair of mischievous eyes opened wide and looked up into a flushed face. Faith's first movement was to try ineffectually for freedom; her second to despise herself, and say, coolly,

"Oh! you are awake, and better, Captain Heriot?"

"Both; but what has this last moment done that you are so partial to it, while you freeze up all the rest with your 'Captain Heriot?'"

"I don't understand you."

"It was 'Poor John' a moment ago."

"You were dreaming."

"Let me dream always, then."

Here each winced with a remembrance. John recollected that another liked not to be called by men; Faith thought of Fanny Marvin. His hand relaxed with a sense of unreality, and Faith's grasp. She walked away toward the door; but there his voice arrested her.

"One moment, and you go. What is 'the news?'"

"Oh! nothing. I think most of our battles are fought on paper."

John groaned and turned restlessly.

"If these continued wounds would ever heal!"

"Even then you will be a prisoner."

"Oh! I shall be exchanged. Your cousin, Mr. Blitzerose, has promised me his influence in my behalf."

"Fanny will have reason to be glad," said Faith, with a sharp twinge at her heart.

"Fanny! I really don't think my movements will affect her materially; but I forgot, you don't know—our engagement is broken off."

"Broken!"

Faith walked quickly back to the flowers, looked up as if to speak, checked herself, and bent low over them again. If it hadn't been quite impossible, one would have said, from the light in her eyes, that she was glad.

"Well," asked John, who had been watching her, "are you not sorry for me?"

"Ought I to be?"

"Ought you not?"

"How can I tell? I know nothing of the circumstances."

"Isn't it bad enough to be jilted? Don't that call for the pity and commiseration?"

Faith was looking half displeased.

"How you misunderstand! I thought you loved her!"

"I thought so too; but something of late has shaken my belief. Two creeds are pulling at my heart-strings, and I can't decide—one steadily asserts that I only dreamed, worshipping an idol of my own creation, not really loved, because I had nothing to love; the other, that there is no love, only a brief delirium."

"Believe it not!" exclaimed Faith. "Abase yourself in dust and ashes; confess that you have erred; but don't be weak enough to deny the existence of the moon because you once made a mistake about a Roman candle."

"Faith!" called Arnold Blitzerose, from without.

"Come back," said John, under his breath.

Faith nodded and went to the door. Arnold was there with a stranger in a sort of military undress.

"I have brought the surgeon, cuz," was his salutation, "to see if Captain Heriot's wounds will permit him to move. A lot of prisoners are to be sent on to the Federal lines this afternoon, and I promised to use my influence in effecting an exchange for him as speedily as possible."

There was no mistaking the triumph of his look, the meaning in the tone; but again Faith's indomitable pride came to the rescue.

"I think he is well enough, and he will be very glad," she said, hurriedly. "He was wishing for it a little while ago."

She fled away to her own room, and, kneeling down before her little white bed, was still for a while. An hour later came a message from Captain Heriot. Could he see her for a moment? Faith got up from her knees, bathed her eyes in fragrant water and went down. Then, with the exception of a subtle tremor about her mouth, no one found John dressed, and feverishly alert and eager.

"I am going," were his first words.

"So I supposed. I am glad for you."

"Be sorry for me, too. I shall not forget the weeks I have spent here."

"Herlie, a doctor twice a day, medicines, fever, and bandages are not easily forgotten."

John's low tender little tones who watched ever me must be, of course. I thought you at last were sincere."

"I am," said Faith, proudly.

"Answer then: Is my going a relief?"

"No."

"What then?"

Faith raised her eyes and tried to meet his look, failed in that, and answered,

"What then?" he repeated.

The answer seemed to force itself from her lips against her will.

"Pain, grief, unutterable."

John's face lighted up; he made a quick movement toward her, but checked himself.

"The pain and grief of losing a friend, Faith?"

She turned away, burning with blushes, crushed with shame.

"You are cruel," she said, passionately. "It is unmanly, dishonorable."

"My little fily, Faith, forgive me. It was a poor return for so much kindness, but I could not feel if a woman dared be true, and could love well enough to withdraw and pride on one side."

As he had drawn her near to him, he could almost touch make no answer her head rested confidingly enough on his shoulder.

"Do you think you can be steadfast?" he asked, after a moment's pause. "You will not hesitate or doubt when I am parted. He is working, she waiting, both hoping.

THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

We publish on page 589 several pictures of towns and localities in Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, drawn by an officer of the Army of the Mississippi. The artist describes the points illustrated as follows:

TRENTON, TENNESSEE.

Trenton is one of the most important towns on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and has been noted for its disloyalty since the rebellion broke out. The country people in the neighborhood, on the contrary, are thoroughly loyal, and, as they are in the majority, Union mass meetings have been held in town, notwithstanding the latter. The town has been recently occupied by the Second Illinois Cavalry and the First Regiment Kansas Volunteers. The secession sentiment was formed by a rebel band near this place; but it was soon routed, and the inhabitants have long since ceased that a repetition of the outrage will visit them with proper retaliation.

CLIFTON AND LAFAYETTE LANDING.

Lastport Landing is an important point on the Tennessee River at the present troublous time, being the way station where immense stores of Government stores are deposited for the supply of our forces in the neighboring parts of Mississippi and Tennessee. It is situated at the foot of the Muscle Shoals, and is the highest point on the river reckoning steamboat navigation from the Ohio. It is only a few miles distant from the Memphis and Charleston Road, to which the stores are transported by wagons, and thence by railway.

The Eighth Kansas Volunteers occupy the town and protect the stores from the numerous guerrilla bands that infest this portion of the country.

HUMBOLDT, TENNESSEE.

Humboldt is an important strategic point in Western Tennessee, being at the crossing of the Mempait and Ohio and the Mobile and Ohio railroads. It was occupied by the rebels at the commencement of the rebellion. In connection with this sketch is one of the ruins of a burned bridge, either on the Memphis and Ohio Railroad, a short distance from Humboldt. A few days since the track was torn up near this place by a band of guerrillas; but it was soon repaired, and the road is now open from Columbus to Corinth.

IUKA.

Iuka is a station upon the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, now in possession of our troops. It is pleasantly situated, and has recently become quite celebrated on account of a number of fine

chalybeate springs which have been discovered in the vicinity, and which possess medicinal virtues. Brigadier-General R. B. Mitchell has established his head-quarters at Iuka, and the several regiments of his brigade are stationed near, either guarding the railway or protecting the town from rebel attacks.

THE SCENE OF WAR IN VIRGINIA.

On page 580 we give a picture of CENTREVILLE, Virginia, to which General Pope's army withdrew on the evening of 30th, after a severe battle with General Jackson; and on the same page, a picture of the intersection of the Orange and Alexandria Road with the Manassas Gap Railroad, which was the scene of a sharp skirmish last week. We give also, on page 581, a MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA. This map will be better understood by perusing the following topographical information from the *Tribune*:

1. *West Virginia*, lying westward and south-westward of the centre of the Alleghany mountains, which traverse the State from northeast to southwest in an unbroken chain, rising from 2000 to 4000 feet above the sea level, and of course nowhere perpetually snow-covered or impassable, though the roads which cross them are narrow and for two or three great turnpikes excepted. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses them at the north end of the State, and is held by the Unionists; nearly all the other railroads whereby the State is supplied with coal (very far a few miles around Washington) in the hands of the rebels. West Virginia is almost unanimously loyal and loyal, and is held by the Unionists. Little fighting has been done there for months, and it is presumed nearly bare of troops. The rebels predominate in the extreme southwest of it.

2. The Valley of Virginia, so called, is deep, very fertile, and lies at the foot of the great, lofty range between the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge, which runs parallel to them on the southeast. This valley is traversed by the Shenandoah River, which flows south and west of the centre of the State, and pursues a generally northeast course to its junction with the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, fifty miles northwest of Washington City. Winchester, Strasburg, Woodstock, Harrisonburg, and Staunton are the principal places in the Valley. The Blue Ridge is lower and smaller than the Alleghanies, holding much the same relation to them as the Jura to the Alps, and is broken by repeated "Gaps," through one of which the Manassas Gap Railroad makes its way into the Valley (when it connects with Alexandria) at Front Royal, which is near the junction of the two principal branches of the Shenandoah, some twenty-five miles above. Manassas and Salem (formerly Piney), Warrenton, Fredericksburg, Aquia Landing (Stafford), Dumfries, and the Valley shore [Front Royal was mostly in their possession prior to the events of last week. We presume that they now hold every thing south of Winchester, and may have done so.

3. *Eastern Virginia* consists of the residue of the State all southeast of the Blue Ridge, being about half the area, and probably containing a little more than half the entire population. Its railroads mainly centre upon Richmond (the rebel capital), though one from Leesburg (a few miles north of Washington) and another from the southwest reach the Potomac at Alexandria. The "Manassas Gap Railroad" diverges from the line at Manassas Junction (thirty miles south of west of Washington City, rune waterwally through the Gap into the Valley, and so to Strasburg, whence it follows up the north fork of the Shenandoah to Front Royal, where it crosses that river, and runs between Winchester and Harrisonburg, which are the capitals respectively of the Counties of Shenandoah and Rockingham, mainly settled by Germans of a very early emigration, and famous for always voting solid for whatever it called the Democratic ticket.

4. The Rappahannock River rises in the Blue Ridge but a few miles from the south fork of the Shenandoah, and pursues an easterly course to Fredericksburg, some sixty miles south-southwest of Washington City, where it is within ten miles of the Potomac. It has here become a broad, navigable stream, though its extreme sources are hardly eighty miles distant. From Fredericksburg it has a general southeast course till it is lost in Chesapeake Bay, some twenty-five miles below the mouth of the Potomac. For much greater, its course below Fredericksburg is constantly by the Union gun-boats, but above that city it becomes shallow, and is fordable in many places, except when the Union from the rebel forces. It naturally runs toward its source into innumerable streams and rivulets, but at first, some ten miles above Fredericksburg, into two main branches, whereof that coming from the northwest retains the name of Rappahannock, while that from the southwest is known as the Rapidan.



MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE SITES OF THE RECENT BATTLES.

NO NAMES.

GREAT Battle! Great Battle! the urchins cry
Along our marts and the crowded street;
And I mark how the words electrify,
And hasten the steps of loitering feet.

One old man with an eager face
Arrests the courier vending his wares,
And looks about for a quiet place,
Longing to know how the Union fares.

For scarcely a year ago had gone,
Out from the quiet circle at home,
The stay of his years—his only son—
To rally around the Capitol's dome.

"Yes! here is his brigade, thick in the fray—
The dead and the wounded too are here;
Thank God! our forces have gained the day!
What's this? The Twenty-third's loss is severe?

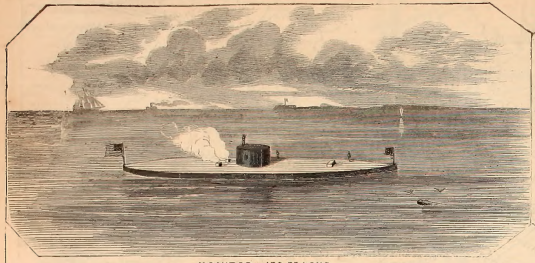
Down the red record of glory and fame—
Red with the blood of heroes outpoured—
The old man seeks for one dear name,
Written on Time with the steel of the sword.

Faint, in one corner, this he sees—
Close beside other names plain to view—
"The dead and the wounded in Company B
Amount, with the missing, to eighty-two."

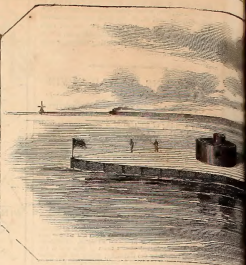
"But who are the wounded, and who the dead?"
The old man asks, and asks in vain;
And says, as he wearily shakes his head,
"How can I tell the saved from the slain?"

Oh brothers! dear brothers! who reckon our loss—
Dead to our hearts, but to glory our gain—
Bethink ye how much your omissions cost
In anxious days and nights of pain!

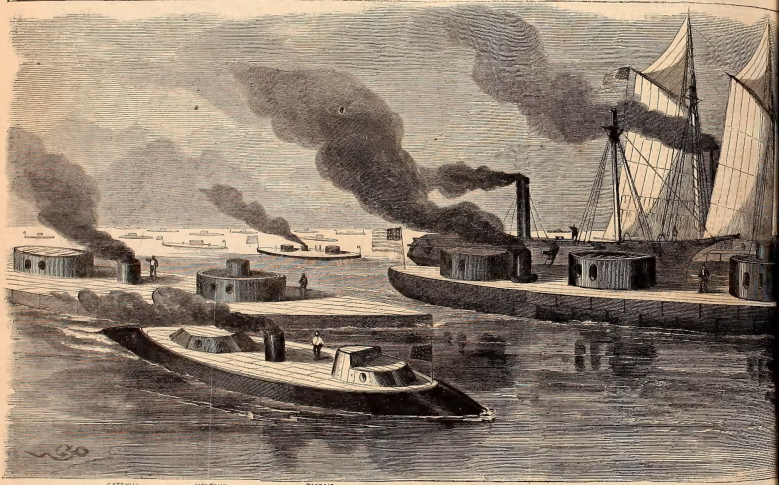
NEW YORK, *Aug. 30, 1862.*



MONITOR 172 FT. LONG.

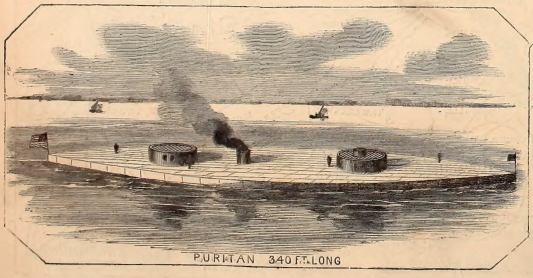


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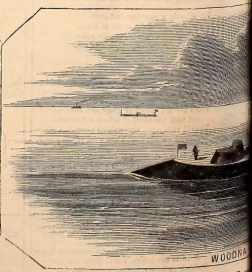


CATSKILL. MONTAUK. PASSAIC WINOSKA

PURITAN WOODNA ROANOKE

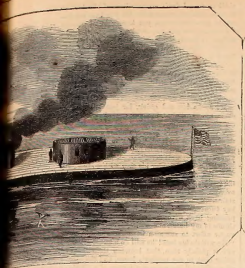


PURITAN 340 FT. LONG

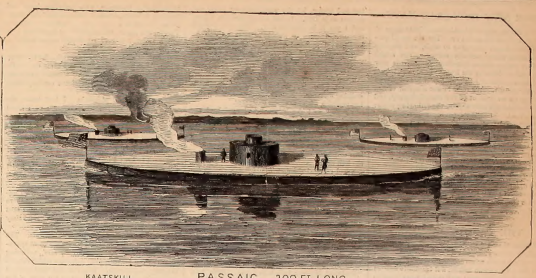


WOODNA

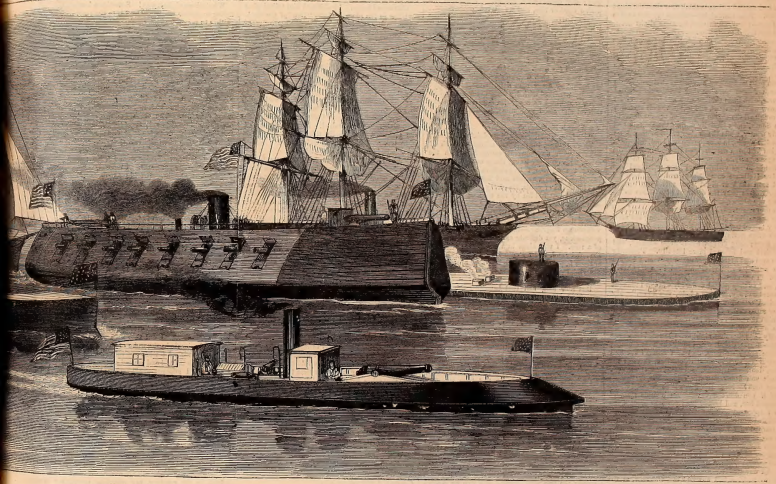
OUR NEW IRON-CLAD NAVY.—Pa



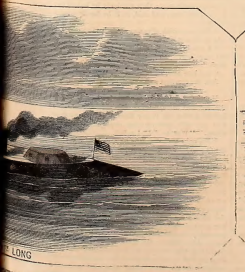
...6 Ft LONG



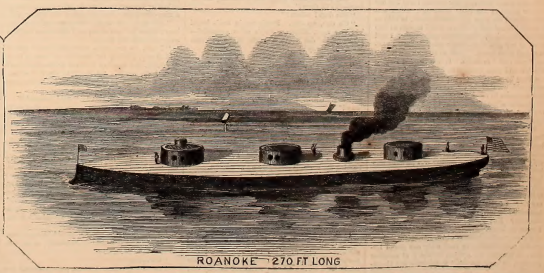
KAATSKILL PASSAIC 200 Ft LONG MONTAUK



IRONSIDES NAUGATUCK BROOKLYN MONITOR



...T LONG



ROANOKE 270 FT LONG

...ATICAL DRAWINGS—[SEE PAGE 584.]

OUR NEW IRON-CLAD NAVY.

We devote pages 584 and 585 to illustrations of our new Iron-Clad Navy. The six small pictures are drawn according to scale, and may be considered mathematically correct. The larger picture shows the comparative sizes of the new iron-clads. None of the iron-clads for our inland waters are included; they will form the subject of another picture. We refer to our Number of August 30 for an account of our iron-clad navy, and in this place will only append the following table:

Name of Vessel.	Length.	No. of Guns.	Present Condition.
Ironsides	240 ft.	18	At sea.
Roanoke	270 ft.	6	Brooklyn Navy-yard.
Woodna	150 ft.	4	On the stocks.
Puritan*	340 ft.	4	Keel being laid.
Onondaga	226 ft.	4	On the stocks.
Passaic†	200 ft.	2	Launched.
Galena	180 ft.	18	James River.
Naugatuck	101 ft.	1	Hoboken.
Monitor	172 ft.	2	James River.

In order to enable the reader to judge of the size of these boats by comparison, we give in the same picture the *Brooklyn*, 247 feet long, and the *Seneca*, 150 feet.

THE YELLOW JASMINE.

School hours were over for the day; my little pupils were burying old Pointer in the sand at the door of one of the negro cabins; I stood at the window for a little while looking out longingly toward the sea in the distance; and then I came back to my little sewing-chair, and sat down to rock and think.

I had needed a time to think ever since the night before. About midnight—perhaps between twelve and one—I had been waked by some slight noise, and had stolen to my window to look out and listen. A monotonous level of sand, like an ancient sea-beach, surrounded Mr. Baker's dwelling; almost destitute of verdure, and so dry and soft that it looked like flour under the full moon; and over the sand, in and out of the shadows under the few evergreen oaks and yellow pines, some twelve or fifteen human figures were moving about—close-coated figures, with little shining caps and heavy beards. I knew what it meant, and was not at all alarmed. Through all the eleven months of my residence in the South, and especially during the autumn and early winter, while the shadow of the coming storm was fast closing in over the doomed land, this whole region had been nervously on its guard against the danger of servile insurrections. All the men remaining in the vicinity had been organized into active vigilance committees; and often before I had seen them at night "out patrolling," going their rounds over the different plantations to inspect the negro quarters and overawe any dangerous movement. What I did notice as unusual now was the marked air of excitement among the men. They talked together in their low tones longer and with more gesture than usual as they met under the trees; they moved about more eagerly, and watched and listened more intently. Presently two men met at the corner near my room. I heard the word "abolitionist" uttered in a smothered hiss. They moved forward, still talking earnestly, and as they passed under my window I thought I heard one say, "being a lady, you know." My excited attention could catch no more, until, as they separated, one of them threw back to his companion the final remark, "Well, Baker's responsible, any way."

My thoughts that night were haunted by vague uneasiness. I went down early the next morning to the breakfast-room, and as I entered the hall Mrs. Baker's sharp voice reached me through the open door. "Thomas," said she, "*it is not safe.* Don't you know you are responsible for what's done here? Next thing you'll be arrested yourself if you don't have—" An audible "hush" stopped her, and looks icier than ever greeted me as I appeared at the door. The family were all huddled around her arm-chair nervous and gloomy. I learned that rumors of "another plot" had been brought down by express the night before from a town seventeen miles away in the interior, the negroes of which had lately had some communication with those of our neighborhood.

All day the loneliness and the uncertain peril of my position had haunted me, and now, at the first moment of leisure, was the time to think it all over. I was very inexperienced. It had been my first adventure, when, a year before, I had left my mother alone in the little parsonage, which was still allowed her after my father's death, to help as I might toward eking out our small income in this foreign-like region, hundreds of miles away. I had stood at my post until every other Northern resident had gone home. Then at last I had told my employer that I must go. It was some six weeks before; and that gentleman had surprised me at the time by simply replying that, as my engagement had been made for a year, I could not of course expect to receive any part of my salary until the close of that time. I had been reared among the Berkshire hills, and I astonished him in turn by answering that I would stay till then.

Now when I sat down to review that decision, I began by resolutely setting at bay the infinite longing for my home, my mother, my own dear, safe, happy New England, and resolving to consider only *what was best.* My mother was poor—I was her only helper. How could I go back to her a burden instead of a helper? But then, what if any thing should happen to her only child. What if the impending storm should burst suddenly, and my retreat be cut off, and the last of her desolated household be left imprisoned among strangers and enemies? No; I could not take the responsibility; I must go home.

Poverty—that poverty which stimulates and degrades not—teaches us very early our grand lesson; it teaches us, by the necessity of constant practice, to keep the *soul's* world fresh and blooming and sunny, let the world without lower and darken as it will. It had taught me this lesson, and I put it in practice now. This evening was my own, to-morrow would be time enough for business; and I had one thing more to do, one more picture to lay by in memory before I left the South forever. I must see the yellow jasmine in bloom.

I ran down on the instant to find some one who would go with me to the only one I knew of within walking distance. Mrs. Baker sat before her sewing-machine with her oldest daughter.

"Julia," said she, when I had explained my errand, "go up to my room, dear, and bring me another spool. I'm sorry, Miss Carr, we all happen to be engaged just now. Possibly old Sarah might serve you for a guide if you are very anxious to go." And she vanished abruptly through the hall door.

I had reached the door of old Sarah's cabin before the strangeness of this proposal had fully dawned upon me. For months I had felt that the local proprieties required me to have no intercourse with the servants whatever—never to talk with them, and never to be seen with them alone. But this one—this grim, secret, cunning, taciturn old Sarah—was the one of all most suspected and most watched. However, the proposal was hers—the straightforward course is almost always best. I hesitated only for a moment.

To my surprise Sarah was unwilling to go. "Bad road, Missus; bad, heavy road. Gitt'n' late, mos' sundown, Missus. Curus place out dah, Missus—yes, Missus. Ladies nebba goes out dat a way; dey doesn't—no, Missus." I silenced her with a word or two, and we started.

It was certainly a lonesome road; the old road leading through a light pine wood, and across a wide stretch of sand, and then on through a low, jungle-like forest to a ruined and deserted plantation beyond. When we reached the forest old Sarah led me a little distance down its borders and away from the road. We reached a spot where a black resinous sink of water crept away into the thicket under a covert of naked trees, all knotted and interwreathed with dry brown climbers, till all below was black as a cypress shade. There she stopped and stood motionless, pointing solemnly upward.

"What is it, Sarah?"

"De jasmine, Missus, 'way up dah."

There it was, indeed! A colossal wreath of flowers, with no apparent connection with the earth, with no other living thing near it, running along the enormous basket-work of vines and branches in huge masses and festoons for scores and hundreds of yards, its glossy, papery, pointed foliage, almost hidden by the tropical luxuriance of trumpet-like flowers and long conical buds, bright as gold and soft as swan's-down, and every breeze that touched it bringing down a burden of voluptuous fragrance—the fragrance of a crushed peach-stone, yet delicate and balmy as the breath of a rose. I was alone in a wilderness of forest, sky, and sand, and for once I seized the privilege of those impulsive races who live near to nature in the wild, free paradise of the tropics—I clapped my hands and shouted aloud.

But how long had that beautiful thing been growing? How many years had it climbed upward and upward, and then how many more had it been traveling from tree-top to tree-top when it could climb no higher? How long was it since the brown, rope-like stems, now drawing up moisture and sustenance from the reservoirs so far below, had been themselves beautiful with clusters of the crisp green and waxy gold? Ah! what splendid history had been growing with it, and how tragically that history was changing now. All through its lifetime North and South had been standing together against common enemies, or helping each other on in peaceful progress—their union and happiness the hope of the world. Why was it all so changed? What crime, above all other crimes, had so brought God's curse down—

My reverie was cut short by a quick pull at my dress. There stood old Sarah, pointing upward again, her gaunt, black face hideous with fear.

"Come 'way, come 'way, Missus!" she whispered; "Mos' sundown, Missus."

"Hark, Sarah, just a moment! Oh, it's the wind among the fine wiry stems. It's like an Æolian harp. Listen!"

"Oh, come 'way, come 'way, Missus; it's de dogs—it's de dogs!"

"The dogs! where?"

"Up dah, up dah. Dere's mor'n one's heerd 'em 'fore now, Missus. Dey's allus a-yowlin'—a-yowlin' jes' dat a way o' night, Missus. Come 'way, come 'way!"

"Sarah, what *do you* mean?"

"An' dah's a w'ite bone down dah 'n de watah, Missus; an' ebery night dat bone come up 'top o' de watah an' it go roun', roun', roun', roun' a-huntin' for de oder bones. Yes, Missus, ebery night ha' past one. Gittin' late, Missus, come 'way, come 'way!"

"Now, Sarah, be quiet and listen to me. You've heard some dreadful story about this place, and you've been frightened by it; tell me the story just as you've heard it, and then listen to what I say about it. Come!"

But the woman stood in dogged silence, only turning her eyeballs strangely up at me.

"Won't you tell me, Sarah?"

"Dem stories ain't for to tell, Missus."

"Why not?"

"Ugh."

"Why not, Sarah?"

"'Gin the awdahs."

"Well, Sarah, we'll go home now."

In an instant the long, lithe creature had darted out on the sand a rod or more; in another instant she had stopped. She stood for a moment facing toward the thicket, craning forward like a snake ready for a spring, one fist stretched fiercely out, the other drawn back to her shoulder—then she made her spring. There was a crash in the underbrush, then a sudden bound out of it, and a burly, yellow-faced Irishman, with bristling head and bulging eyeballs, scoured away across the sand-plain, yelling in a very agony of terror. "Howly Vargin, the nagur, the nagur!" I knew him; he was a railroad laborer employed occasionally at Mr. Baker's.

"Dey's put him dah for to watch—for to watch Missus," whispered old Sarah as I came up. "De good Lord bress yer dear soul, Missus! dey's put him dah for to watch if—if Missus say any thing 'bout—'bout dat ah."

It was only too plausible. I had heard the man's hammer on the back veranda as I stood talking with Mrs. Baker. We had delayed long enough, and our course had been circuitous enough to give him ample time to secure his ambush before we came up.

"Sarah," said I, "you may fall back now; I will walk before; I know the way."

I walked on very hurriedly; but scarcely had I reached the bend in the old road where it enters the pine woods, when from a distance in the direction of the house came a loud, brutal shout. I understood it perfectly. The Regulators were there—had probably been near when the spy was sent on his errand. They had heard his story, and they would come to meet us.

I could see very far through the woods. The trees were almost branchless, and the sunset sparkled every where on the smooth, stiff, radiating spears of the low-creeping palmetto which formed the only underbrush. In a moment they came in sight, still at a distance, eight or ten men of the lower class, led on, as the Southern mob always is led, by a gentleman.

This man I knew. I had heard him talked of as a visitor in the place, and the "lion" of the time. Almost a boy, with all the wild, headstrong recklessness of the Southern boy; and I knew that this very quality, no less than the rumor of wealth and position at home, had given him unbounded influence in the neighborhood. Mrs. Baker had never succeeded in attracting him to her house; but I had seen him once at a distance, and now, as the leader rode on considerably in advance of the rabble on foot, I knew it was Harry Kent.

There was but one thing to be done, and I did it. Near the roadside, just before the turning, a cluster of thick, tall holly bushes stood, hiding us from sight. There I waited. Harry Kent turned the corner, and the holly thicket hid him from sight too. Then I went up quickly to his horse's side, looked up into his face, and said,

"May I ask you to come back with me to the house? I am afraid to meet those rude men alone."

It must have been a full minute before the fixed amazement of his face allowed one muscle to move. Then, as another shout came up, now fearfully near, he blushed up to his cap-rim, darted from the saddle, and threw the reins to old Sarah.

"I'll do my best," said he; "don't be afraid. I—I beg your pardon! Would you let me take the ends of your sash?"

I gave him the two ends of the long blue ribbon I wore, drawing out the bows to make it longer. He took them and went forward a few steps just as the foremost of the troop came up.

A braver woman than I would have grown paler at the whoop and yell, and the hurrahs and shouts of laughter, with which they greeted Kent and his prisoner, as they rushed up crowding and jostling to get a nearer view of me. Kent held them back, and restored something like silence by a vigorous motion or two of his hand.

"All right!" he sung out, gayly, the moment he could be heard, tossing his thumb over his shoulder at me. "Hallo, Captain! what d'ye say; suppose you take the fellows all off down to Wurmer's—see 'f you can't get there 'n time to help him out with that other little job, you know. Want to come back round by Bob Sims's likely, 'n get a little somethin' for the boys—there's the tin."

There had been a grumble of disappointment at this suggestion, but it died away as the coin rattled down on the sand. The grisly-looking "Captain" gathered it up, but then stood scratching his head a little discontentedly.

"Say, Colonel," said he, "they say you Kentucky fellows allus knows wot purty faces is. Bet ye a 'lipenny now, boys."

"If you don't care to command the expedition, Captain, I will relieve you."

That settled the matter. To "command an expedition" under Harry Kent was a chance not to be lost by the parvenu Captain, who was becoming a man of weight in the absence of the better men.

"All right, all right!" he answered, and my heart began to beat again as I saw them defiling away through the woods.

"You'll let me speak abruptly, won't you?" said Harry, putting my hand in his arm, a little bashfully, and starting with me up the short road toward the house. "I want to know, you see, how I can serve you, and there's but little time now."

"Say it at once," said I; "am I arrested?"

"Well—you know people are so excited now. I don't know much about it myself, but it seems your going out to that place with a suspected servant—"

"But that was her mistress's suggestion; she sent the woman with me."

"Did she?" He stopped short. "Did any one hear her—any white person?"

"No."

"I'm afraid— Well, you know Mrs. Baker. Likes to improve her social position, you understand, by being a little extra-patriotic just now."

"Yes, I know. You will not hesitate to tell me plainly what the special danger is—what I probably have to expect."

"Well, do you think you would be unwilling, for instance, if it should be necessary, to go back to the North at once?"

"Oh no, no!"

"Or to stay—in your room, perhaps—until you you are ready to go?"

"As a prisoner? No, I can submit to that."

"Then, if my influence is worth any thing, it shall be so. I don't suppose it would be best to be seen making preparations till you hear more—might raise suspicions, you know; but I suppose I must say that you may need to leave at an hour's notice. I mean, if it is decided as we hope."

"If? You think then I have something more to fear?"

"Oh, I hope not! I hope not! The meeting is at seven, you will know then as soon as possible. But whatever course things may take, let me assure you, I will act for you as I would act for my sister."

He spoke low and quick, for just then, as we came up, Mr. Baker lounged out of the gate to meet us.

"Well, Sir," said Harry, suddenly taking up the *rôle* he had dropped, "ready to succeed me in office, eh? You won't be gone but a minute, will you? I'll just wait here."

Baker took me under his arm with a sly laugh at Harry, and led me, without speaking, through the gate, up the steps, past the group of slightly-sobered faces in the parlor door, and on up the staircase to my room. The door closed on me, the key turned, and I stood in the centre of the room pressing back with clasped hands the smothering throbs of my heart, and saying over and over, in a vague effort to summon back courage and hope, "He will do his best! he will do his best!" For I saw it plainly then, that between the chance of going back to my mother's home, and the chance of meeting all the unknown terrors of a Southern prison or a Southern mob, my only hope in the wide world was the fidelity of this one impulsive boy.

What a long night it was! Sometimes I sat still, trying to gather my whole soul into the resolution neither to hope nor fear, neither to think nor feel, only to keep my faculties steadily poised for action when the time should come. Then I would go about my room, making what preparations I could safely make for my departure. And then when my heart *would* choke me, and my eyes *would* fill in spite of me, I would come back to my chair and try to tread under foot these merely personal troubles, in awe of the fearful future impending over the nation. The twilight faded, and the moon made the shadows black under the trees. No one came near me. The clock below stairs struck seven, then in a strangely short time—for it seemed to me that an hour *ought* to appear an age—it struck eight, and then nine, and ten, and eleven. But I was growing weaker. The suspense and the utter helplessness grew heavier as the night deepened and the house became still. I took my Bible, but I put it away again. It told me too much of what had been mine in the dear North; what would be mine again if I could only be there once more. At last I came and knelt down before my chair and laid my head on my arms. I said not a word—I felt that there was no need. He knew the whole, and He could help me. And so by degrees came that other feeling, that He was near me—was my friend—would arrange every thing for me in His own way; and with that feeling came rest and patience, and finally forgetfulness.

Something startled me. It was something at the door. The whole must have flashed on me in an instant, for I was there when the door was flung open. Mr. Baker stood there with a lighted lamp in his hand.

"Pack up your traps," said he, "boat starts in half an hour. My compliments to Yankee-land!"

Did any other lady ever pack her trunks in fifteen minutes? I did that night, leaving chaos and wild misrule in the wake of the process. Just as it was finished I went out into the hall to take my hat from its nail and paused a moment—I must confess it, I suppose—at hearing Harry Kent's name spoken in Mr. Baker's tones in a side passage.

"The fellow kept us there," said he, "talking chivalry till after midnight. *Con*-founded shame! Such a case *ought* to have been dealt with some different way. That chap never would take No for an answer."

I found the "chap" at the hall door when I went down. He merely took my satchel in passing, and left me to his companion, a substantial gentleman of the place, going to Charleston on business, who politely offered to take charge of me. When I was seated in the carriage, my traveling companion choosing the outside, Harry looked in a moment to say good-by. At first he gave me his hand with all proper ceremony; then suddenly he looked up, in his quick way, and said, as if he hardly meant to say it,

"Will you think of me as a rebel, Miss Carr, or only as Harry Kent?"

"A rebel," said I, bending forward, and speaking very low. "Oh, think of it once more, Mr. Kent."

"Too late now," he answered. "I've enlisted."

And the carriage moved away.

Months afterward I was returning home late one evening, and there, talking with my mother in the lighted parlor, sat Harry Kent. He was so pale that my first astonishment changed to sudden alarm. "Was he ill?" I asked.

"No, only wounded," he replied, smiling. "A man's normal condition now, you know."

Even then I saw it, but it was not till long afterward that I realized fully how much he had changed. He had grown older, as men *do* grow older in these earnest times. The boy had passed at a step into full manhood, and the young, lavish overflow of energy had settled into enduring, effective purpose for all the future. I did not wonder when I heard his story. He had remained in the rebel service, he said, the misgivings which had entered his mind on that evening growing stronger every day. When the news came that his own State had been invaded by the Southern armies—then he had at once resigned his commission and returned home. His father received him as the prodigal was received. "Don't be false to your own State," said the true-souled Kentuckian; "go to work, if you must do any thing, to rid our own

* The *Puritan* and her consort the *Dictator*, 320 feet long, will not be ready for service till the fall of 1863.

† The *Passaic* is the first of the new ten *Monitors*, 200 feet long, all of which will be ready this month.

soil from these invaders." And Harry had obeyed. It was under his own country's flag that he received the wound which had sent him to the North for the healing. "I couldn't deny myself one day in Westminster," he said; but the day became six weeks before it was over. Then he went back again to his great work, with my mother's blessing upon his head. And ever since I seem to live only to read and answer those dear, brave letters, which become so faithfully to her office under the superscription—"Mrs. Ada Carr Kent."

DEVEREUX DARE, PRIVATE.

MRS. ASHLETON DARE always looked at her handsome, manly son with a maternal pride which was altogether excusable. They were a fine couple, for any one's seeing, the widow and her son. Mrs. Dare's fairly good looks did not lose her an enemies. The dark brilliance of her eyes was undimmed. Scarcely a thread of silver flecked the raven black set of her hair. Her complexion kept bright still as clear, dark tints, and even her figure had not lost its old stately grace. The heavy flood of blood in her veins was not chilled either. She was as fit to be the mother of a hero as she had been to be Colonel Dare's wife—Colonel Dare, whose rank no foeman ever saw.

Her son was after her own heart. He had her dark eyes and hair, her sparkling expression, and Huguenot temperament, all modified in his case, by the long-during, persistent nature of his father, which he had inherited along with a certain resolute contempt of all that was not the ethical signal of his paternity. For all the rest he was, outwardly, a Devereux. He used to call them which his courage came—neither Dare nor Devereux had ever reckoned a coward among their children.

They had been discussing, these two, an engrossing question. It was just after that terrible day at Bull Run, when the country needed so bitterly all her children, and every loyal heart was throbbing as one thought, all-indwelled in her passionate being filled up rapidly, and young Dare, just home, in the spring of '61, from his three years of foreign travel, was discussing the mother's opposition to enlist. He looked at her now with persuasive eyes.

"It should not be you, mamma, who would keep a heroic race, the widow of a man who got his death-blow in the front of the fray, who would hold back your son who the last of his fathers has need of him."

"I do not, Devereux. I unswilling you should enlist if only you will use the interest of your family to procure you a suitable commission."

"I may not be proud of one. I have not your peroyal my fitness to take."

"Your fitness! It is in your blood."

"Well then, seriously, I do not want a commission, because I feel sure that I can do more good by going as a private. All can not get shoulder-straps, and men men thus you think are lolling back because they can not get them say—" It is the duty of those who serve in the ranks; we will not fight unless our comrades can be gentlemen." Every one is willing for the service. I am not. I shall enlist as a ast men in Boston who will follow the flag the more readily if they march in company with my father's son?"

"Your father would not have done—did not do —what you wish to do."

"Because he was needed otherwise."

He knelt down beside her, just then, that handsome, gallant fellow, whom all women must be fascinating. He rested his head on her knee—it was an old, loyalty trick, and she loved him with a thou great, persuading, dark eyes of his up into her face. His voice was full of appeal—his tones grew solemn in their earnestness.

"Mother, I must go. I can only go as a private, for my conviction that duty is to be done where it calls. If it is a sacrifice, it is one that must be made. Will not you make it with me? If you kept me back I should hardly be willing to accept it in such terms. It would only be a long misery, with the ghost of the unfulfilled duty that should haunt me forever. Be brave, mother, brave and kind. If I should fall in battle, and lie beside some Southern stream with my life-blood staining it red, you would not have to think, when your voice and your smile come back to haunt me, that I went away without your blessing."

The heart, the quick, impulsive, woman's heart, through which the experience Dare had inherited was softened. Tears fell from the proud eyes, and glistened a moment in the short curls of his head upon her silken lap. Then she put her hands and those thick curls with a caressing touch, and said to him:

"You have conquered. I will not keep you back from the duty you express so so clearly. You may be right. At any rate, if you go, I will go with my blessing, and remember that one at home prays for you always."

Tears, not hers, wet the hand her son drew to his mouth. Strongest hearts in the fray are tenderest oftentimes at the beginning.

That was one struggle and one victory. The soldier had yet another conflict to wage, harder one possibly—in the bosom of Clara Gage, known to all her friends as Clara.

He went there that night after his enlistment had been registered. She was his betrothed wife, and he loved her as a brave man can love a true woman. It may be that he loved her better for this. If he did, forgive him, for there was nothing else out of heaven that he did fair. In her case it was only because she was to prove herself true in his calamity, save loss of honor, could have been bettered by the same measure as loss of her. Sorrow he shrank from telling her his plan, and meeting the look he fancied her eyes would wear when she heard it; and so he had unfolded it to her in a note which she had received that morning. He hoped that she would have reconciled herself to his yiewa before he saw her.

I think he could have done a good many starrier things with less fluttering of the heart than he felt when he walked into the little azure-hung room where she waited for him.

She was a beauty of a different type from his handsome mother; but of one no less haughty. She was pure SAXON, with hair of dun gold, and blue eyes which could swim in seas of passionate tenderness, but which knew how to flash scorn, or scintillate anger. Just the woman for long loving or long hating. Your dark-eyed beauties are too stormy, their emotions exhaust themselves. For slow, strong patience in hating or loving give me a slight woman, with a fair skin and transparent blue eyes.

Miss Gage met her lover cordially enough—a wary general does not commence his attack till he has reconnoitred the field. If he can maintain his own line effectually, he may not even need to leave covert and begin the battle, so much the better the chances in his favor. Perhaps Miss Gage had read the situation.

She talked smilingly about the weather. She was fond going, and Mr. Newgrove—who does not persuade him to go too? They would have merry times.

"I shall have to do with other balls," he said, a little resolutely, determined that he should best no longer about the bush of his errand.

She raised her eyebrows slightly.

"Saratoga?"

"Virginia, rather, I think."

"A bad time to go South, in summer."

"Necessity makes all times alike. Did you not get my note?"

"What—that pleasantry you sent me this morning about enlisting? Surely you could not be in know you better? Fancy Devereux Dare trudging through the mud, and, even in a uniform, coldblooded, whatever they call it, on his back!"

"It is well to fancy it, Clara. It will to real soon. I am enlisted."

"Without asking me?"

"Forgive me. I felt that was God's and my country's before it was yours. I knew my duty. I dared not run the risk of having my resolution shaken by your natural grief at his going, and not be worth your loving, Clara, if I could shrink from the duty because it was hard to you to see it so."

"I thought Heaven's calls were of a more peaceful nature—to pray or preach to men, not shoot them. What will your mother do?"

"That she will pray for her absent soldier every hour in the day. Her prayers and yours will be my shield."

"I will not pray for you!" The girl's lips whitened with anger at the resolution as she spoke.

"Not pray for me?"

"No; unless I do so unwittingly, in the prayer we use together. I will not pray for success. You are my enemy if you go."

There was nothing weak or irresolute in Miss Gage's face. Her voice was quiet and even. Dare shivered as its firm tones fell on his ear.

"Clara, I do not know what you mean? You said that you loved me last night."

"It means what it has always meant women, I give in such measure as I receive. Last night I thought you loved me."

"And so I do, God knows!"

"Do you think I believe you Would a man who loved a woman leave her to the most eminent certain destruction without even the grace to tell her his purpose until after he had pledged himself? Why did you not tell me of your mad scheme?"

"Because I was too cowardly. You have the right to blame me. I was afraid you would use all your trust myself to your persuasions. My duty, I hope, I should have done in any case; but I shrank from the mistake that a woman would suffer in doing it when you were holding me back."

A half-suppressed triumph looked from Clara Gage's eyes. She was sure, then, of the confession of her power over him. She determined to test it fully. As his mother had done before her, she asked,

"Why do you not get a commission?—I know that is, I hope, the proper word into Army Circles with quick bravery. He answered her as he had answered his mother before—gave her, with calm patience, all his reasons.

Her eyes hardened, looking wide at him with a cold and steely brightness, as if comprehending what he had never seen in them before. She waited until he was all through, when she said—oh! so quietly.

"My mind is not changed. If you go, as you have planned, you go my enemy, not my betrothed."

Passion-heat of the dark-browed Devereux, transferred to fairer and more delicate blood, rose up in his nature and took the reins. Had he yielded then to the emotion, he ungently grieve, I believe that nothing could have appeased the measure of his self-contempt but to die by his own hand, like an old Roman. But he was strong to stop step too far. He had no more persuasion for her way, and some sense of justice in her conduct through her nerves like the sharp whir of a bullet.

"I accept the position toward you which you have fixed." Miss Gage had never said or felt to forgive you in time; your death-bed will not be easy without such mercy!"

She trembled. There was that in his tone and manner which appalled her. She began to feel that she was a woman, and weak; and he was a man, and strong. But she had a grain as stern and inflexible as his own. Among her set of rings, she had one from a dagger a ring, wherein a single diamond sparkled, and dropped it into his extended palm. Then rising, she bowed as she would have dismissed a morning visitor, as he stood, hat in hand, before her. He had known her mood, with her blue eyes and her pale hair. He looked at her bangrily. His soul clamored for one touch of her careless hand, her falsely-smiling lips. But he mastered the emotion, and only said,

"I shall fight the better for this, Miss Gage! More than one dead rebel will have you to thank for his death-wound. The man who leaves least at home can leave afford to throw his life away."

Two days after that he marched with his regiment. Clara Gage was Clara Gage again.

She did not go the next week to Newport. She had said he would be her only as her enemy, but a sickening longing took possession of her to trace that enemy's fate. She could not have danced—I think her pride was too unsteady. Her fashionable had no mother—was astonished at her resolution to remain in town all through the season. Clara was not to be moved from her intent; then became convinced that, after all, no place was more comfortable than home, and began to rejoice prematurely in the prospect of coming from business to an open house, and a home which a woman's presence made comfortable.

He knew nothing of the great wave that had swept over the Northern girl's life. He supposed that Devereux Dare, whom he knew to be his prospective son-in-law, had gone to the war as a private. Like every one else, he wondered, and grunted out, besides, a little personal dissatisfaction. He knew not that the man who loaned those two had been sundered; and if the face opposite to him was pale, he had not too much perception to joke his daughter about her sweetheart, until one day she showed him with them words, at which he experienced something near to remorse, that the child had fallen suddenly at his feet and exploded there:

"Father, there are some things which I can not bear—this one I can name Mr. Dare's name is one again."

Thompson she retired into her shell, and he was left outside wondering. He had thought to please her by talking of her lover; to give her an opportunity to express her grief at his absence, and ask for sympathy; but it seemed she did not like to talk of him. He was puzzled, and said no more.

Little he knew what to bear that name or to speak it cost her!

The autumn had not passed before, in the depths of her soul, she had repented; but her stubborn pride would scarcely acknowledge it even to herself. It would not open her heart to one emotion of tender ruth. Yet there was something feverish in her restlessness, and she grew quick at every day's paper. Scarcely his own mother followed the footsteps of that regiment as constantly as Clara Gage did in hope. Once persuaded to consent to her son's wishes, she had gone with him hours and days, and said the words that gave him bounty, and she did. Perhaps those prayers were mighty to turn aside Southern bullets. Perhaps the Northern heroism—somewhat slightly sometimes; but, so far, he had seemed to bear a charmed life. Clara Gage could cause near him.

Before he went away he had told his mother that all was at an end between him and Miss Gage, and given her reasons. He had not entered into particulars, but the little he said had been enough to enlist an old woman's most ardent sympathies. The two women had been almost friends before—drawn together by their love for one object—from the time when away they had never spoken. They had met in the street a few times, passing with averted eyes, and that was all. Mrs. Dare saw at these times that the girl was growing pale, and it did her heart good.

At length the news came from Winchester, of the retreat where the Massachusetts boys brought up the rear, forming a line of battle and fighting as they went. In the list of the wounded two women read with strained eyes these words:

"Private Devereux Dare—dangerously."

One with white lips, and a cry of passionate bewilderment—"Oh, my boy! my boy!" The other with fearless face, and a look of a yet deeper agony—" And I told him I would not pray for him!" Each with the same purpose of forgiveness in her hero.

Miss Gage did not delay. She put on her bonnet and ran out in once to his mother's house. Mrs. Dare received her coldly.

"I do not understand your coming here now," she began. "I am in too much trouble to receive visitors. Do you not know—have you not heard—?"

"Every thing. Can't you see that it is killing me? Devereux! you are his mother, you would forgive me if you knew what I have suffered. I love him. I did love him all the while. I—"

"I will go first. I must hear him speak my pardon before he dies."

Mrs. Dare's stern, impulsive heart softened to the poor, anguish-torn creature, who sank imploringly on the floor at her feet. She knelt down beside her and threw her arms round her, and rained her up.

"I shall go, Clara; you shall go with me, and I pray God that we may yet look upon his face again in this life's life. The train leaves at four. Can you get ready?"

"You will find me waiting for you at the depot."

It was well for Clara Gage that she had a proud woman's fortitude. Once assured that she might go to him, she did not flutter and faint or tremble, or her face to betray her. With step as lofty as ever she went home. She met her father going up the steps.

"Father," she said, speaking with the calmness of one all whose plans are fixed—"Devereux is dangerously wounded, and I am going to him. I shall start at four with Mrs. Dare."

Seldom is a woman in any position more entirely her own mistress than was Miss Gage. Her father never interfered with or knew her act, or interfering with her purposes. Moreover, he had never been informed of the dissolution of her engagement, and thought it but natural that she should resolve to go to her lover. She encountered no opposition from him, therefore, but rather help. Hurriedly her preparations were made, and when Mrs. Dare reached the station she found her companion waiting for her.

It was midnight of the second day when, after long travel and many delays, they reached the hospital. For a moment Mrs. Dare held parley with the surgeon.

"Was it safe to go to him? Would he know them? Where was his wound?"

Clara Gage listened for the reply, clasping Mrs. Dare's arm with her nervous fingers till it ached.

"Yes, they might see him and tend him; it would do no harm; but he would not know them, he was delirious. His right arm was shot away, and he had, besides, a severe wound in his chest."

"Was there any hope?"

"A little—there might be a chance for him with good nursing. It looked more than doubtful but a day two days ago."

They were led to his bedside—these two women who loved him.

He lay there, his cheeks flushed, his eyes wild with fever. He was talking incoherently—living over again, as it seemed, the brave charge in which he had fallen. At last he murmured, in tender tones,

"You said you would pray for me, mother. Are you praying for your boy now?"

Then, indeed, tears rained from his mother's eyes as she knelt beside her son. But Miss Gage could not weep; but she not said she would not pray for him?

Her face never tended him—almost, it seemed, without sleep or rest; hardly knowing, in their anxiety, what time of we one or the other had been, were slow steps from despair toward hope; and by-and-by there came an afternoon when he looked at them with a faint calm eyes, and knew them in his own voice.

"Mamma, you here? This makes home in a strange land. And Clara—?"

Miss Gage was not too proud then to sink on her knees at his bedside, and her voice was low with her sobs that he could hardly hear her say,

"Forgive me, Devereux, can you? I will never ask it when I said you were my enemy, and I would not pray for you. I have prayed for you, Devereux."

"I have prayed to forgive you, Clara. Not at first, though; the senses of wrong was too bitter then. It was just before the battle. I knew I should have wrong thick, and I knew it was an even chance whether I came out of it alive. Then I prayed that I might remember that I had loved you. The bitterness went out of my heart, and that mighty love surged back. When I was shot in the head I knew every Lady cried 'Clara!' and on we swept."

He wore talking, listen, unless you would lose again all we have gained."

It was the surgeon's voice, as he went his round, and it put an end to a conversation that gave back to Clara Gage hope and youth.

It was a month before he could been able to remove the beloved patient by easy stages to Boston that any thing was said about the future. Then, one day, Clara Gage took from a ring fastened to his neck by a blue ribbon.

"This is Clara's."

Miss Gage obeyed him, as he reached it toward her.

For a moment he held the ring, sparkling and glittering in the fingers of his one hand. Then he said

"I put on this ring before with my right hand. I had a strong arm then to shield and support you. I have only my left hand to put on it now. Will you my left hand to put it on with?"

For answer she held out her finger, waiting for the ring. He hesitated still.

"Do you understand all it means? Do you care to accept me—so-armed man?"

"I care to be yours, if you think me good enough for your wife—so-armed man! I shall only be prouder of my hero because he bears about with him a token of how dear he held his country and his honor."

And so the ring was placed again on Clara Gage's finger, and the next week found the wedding. She had wanted her before, but he needed her now; and she had come too near to losing him to delay her happiness for any coy pretenses.

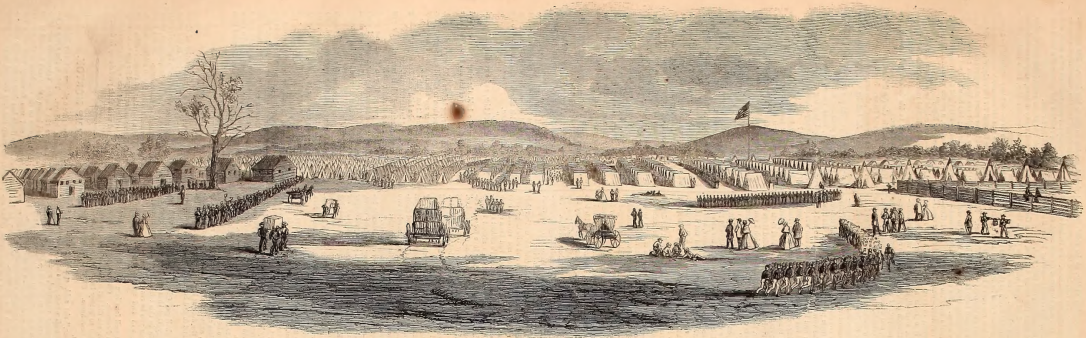
He has gained strength rapidly—perhaps because his wife is by his well, because he was so happy. His country had yet work for him to do. As one who had a right to say "come" and not "go," he has asked in the cause of reconstructing under the recent calls. He who has given so much has a right to ask more to risk something. To those who know him his example is more eloquent than his words.

CAMP CURTIN.

On page 588 we give a representation of CAMP CURTIN, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the great camp of instruction for Volunteers in Pennsylvania. It is situate on the bank of the Susquehanna about one mile northwest of Harrisburg. At the time our sketch was made some 20,000 soldiers from the various counties of Pennsylvania, were being drilled there and equipped for the war. Many had already been forwarded, and appeared himself much pleased with their proficiency in drill.

CAMP MORTON.

On page 588 we give a picture of CAMP MORTON, at Indianapolis, Indiana. This is the camp of instruction where the Indiana Volunteers are mustered and drilled before being sent forward to the war. It is situate on the suburbs of the town of Indianapolis, and was formerly used as a fair ground. Now it has been more nearly into line. ground. No State has done more nobly than Indiana; for more than seventy-five thousand soldiers to the war than Camp Morton.



CAMP CURTIN, NEAR HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SEE PAGE 587.]



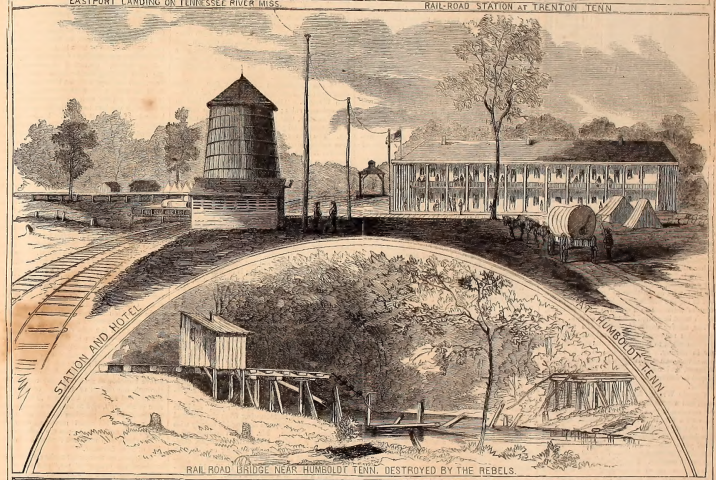
CAMP MORTON, NEAR INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.—[SEE PAGE 587.]



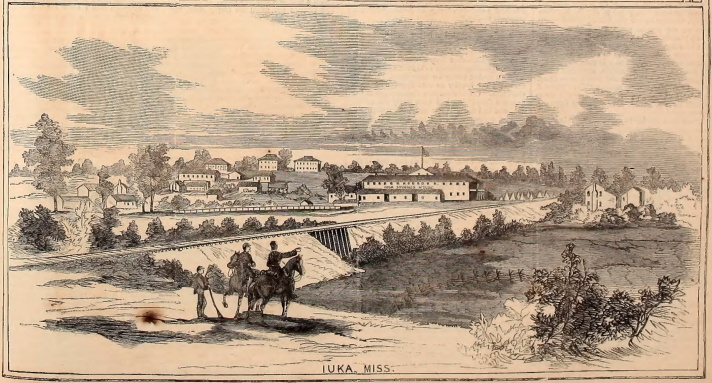
EASTPORT, LANDING ON TENNESSEE RIVER, MISS.



RAIL-ROAD STATION AT TRENTON, TENN.



RAIL ROAD BRIDGE NEAR HUMBOLDT, TENN., DESTROYED BY THE REBELS.



IUKA, MISS.

SCENES IN SOUTHERN TENNESSEE AND MISSISSIPPI.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 582.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.



CHAPTER VIII.

ON returning to the house Captain Wragge received a significant message from the servant. "Mr. Noel Vanstone would call again at two o'clock that afternoon, when he hoped to have the pleasure of finding Mr. Bygrave at home."

The captain's first inquiry, after hearing this message, referred to Magdalen. "Where was Miss Bygrave?" "In her own room." "Where was Mrs. Bygrave?" "In the back parlor." Captain Wragge turned his steps at once in the latter direction, and found his wife for the second time in tears. She had been sent out of Magdalen's room for the whole day, and she was at her wits' end to know what she had done to deserve it. Shortening her lamentations without ceremony, her husband sent her up stairs on the spot, with instructions to knock at the door, and to inquire whether Magdalen could give five minutes' attention to a question of importance, which must be settled before two o'clock.

The answer returned was in the negative. Magdalen requested that the subject on which she was asked to decide might be mentioned to her in writing. She engaged to reply in the same way—on the understanding that Mrs. Wragge, and not the servant, should be employed to deliver the note, and to take back the answer.

Captain Wragge forthwith opened his paper-case, and wrote these lines: "Accept my warmest congratulations on the result of your interview with Mr. N. V. He is coming again at two o'clock, no doubt to make his proposals in due form. The question to decide is, whether I shall press him or not on the subject of settlements. The considerations for your own mind are two in number. First, whether the said pressure (without at all underrating your influence over him) may not squeeze for a long time before it squeezes money out of Mr. N. V. Secondly, whether we are altogether justified—considering our present position toward a certain sharp practitioner in petticoats—in running the risk of delay. Consider these points, and let me have your decision as soon as convenient."

The answer returned to this note was written in crooked blotted characters, strangely unlike Magdalen's usually firm and clear handwriting. It only contained these words: "Give yourself no trouble about settlements. Leave the use to which he is to put his money for the future in my hands."

"Did you see her?" asked the captain, when his wife had delivered the answer.

"I tried," said Mrs. Wragge, with a fresh burst of tears—"but she only opened the door far enough to put out her hand. I took and gave it a little squeeze—and, oh poor soul, it felt so cold in mine!"

When Mrs. Lecount's master made his appearance at two o'clock he stood alarmingly in need of an anodyne application from Mrs. Lecount's green fan. The agitation of making his avowal to Magdalen; the terror of finding himself discovered by the housekeeper; the tormenting suspicion of the hard pecuniary conditions which Magdalen's relative and guardian might impose on him—all these emotions, stirring in conflict together, had overpowered his feebly-working heart with a trial that strained it sorely. He gasped for breath as he sat down in the parlor at North Shingles, and that ominous bluish pallor which always overspread his face in moments of agitation now made its warning appearance again. Captain Wragge seized the brandy bottle in genuine alarm, and forced his visitor to drink a wine-glassful of the spirit before a word was said between them on either side.

Restored by the stimulant, and encouraged by the readiness with which the captain anticipated every thing that he had to say, Mr. Noel Vanstone contrived to state the serious object of his visit in tolerably plain terms. All the conventional preliminaries proper to the occasion were easily disposed of. The suitor's family was respectable; his position in life was undeniably satisfactory; his attachment, though hasty, was evidently disinterested and sincere. All that Captain Wragge had to do was to refer to these various considerations with a happy choice of language, in a voice that trembled with manly emotion—and this he did to perfection. For the first half hour of the interview no allusion whatever was made to the delicate and dangerous part of the subject. The captain waited until he had composed his visitor, and when that result was achieved came smoothly to the point in these terms:

"There is one little difficulty, Mr. Vanstone, which I think we have both overlooked. Your housekeeper's recent conduct inclines me to fear that she will view the approaching change in your life with any thing but a friendly eye. Probably you have not thought it necessary yet to inform her of the new tie which you propose to form?"

Mr. Noel Vanstone turned pale at the bare idea of explaining himself to Mrs. Lecount.

"I can't tell what I'm to do," he said, glancing aside nervously at the window, as if he expected to see the housekeeper peeping in. "I hate all awkward positions; and this is the most unpleasant position I ever was placed in. You don't know what a terrible woman Lecount is. I'm not afraid of her; pray don't suppose I'm afraid of her—"

At those words his fears rose in his throat, and gave him the lie direct by stopping his utterance.

"Pray don't trouble yourself to explain," said Captain Wragge, coming to the rescue. "This is the common story, Mr. Vanstone. Here is a woman who has grown old in your service, and in your father's service before you; a woman who has contrived, in all sorts of small underhand ways, to presume systematically on her position for years and years past; a woman, in short, whom your inconsiderate but perfectly natural kindness has allowed to claim a right of property in you—"

"Property!" cried Mr. Noel Vanstone, mistaking the captain, and letting the truth escape him through sheer inability to conceal his fears any longer. "I don't know what amount of property she won't claim. She'll make me pay for my father as well as for myself. Thousands, Mr. Bygrave—thousands of pounds sterling out of my pocket!!!" He clasped his hands in despair at the picture of pecuniary compulsion which his fancy had conjured up, his own golden life-blood spouting from him in great jets of prodigality under the lancet of Mrs. Lecount!

"Gently, Mr. Vanstone—gently! The woman knows nothing so far, and the money is not gone yet."

"No, no—the money is not gone, as you say. I'm only nervous about it; I can't help being nervous. You were saying something just now; you were going to give me advice. I value your advice—you don't know how highly I value your advice." He said those words with a conciliatory smile, which was more than helpless: it was absolutely servile in its dependence on his judicious friend.

"I was only assuring you, my dear Sir, that I understood your position," said the captain. "I see your difficulty as plainly as you can see it yourself. Tell a woman like Mrs. Lecount that she must come off her domestic throne to make way for a young and beautiful successor armed with the authority of a wife, and an unpleasant scene must be the inevitable result. An unpleasant scene, Mr. Vanstone, if your opinion of your housekeeper's sanity is well founded. Something far more serious, if my opinion that her intellect is unsettled happens to turn out the right one."

"I don't say it isn't my opinion too," rejoined Mr. Noel Vanstone; "especially after what has happened to-day."

Captain Wragge immediately begged to know what the event alluded to might be.

Mr. Noel Vanstone thereupon explained—with an infinite number of parentheses all referring to himself—that Mrs. Lecount had put the dreaded question relating to the little note in her master's pocket barely an hour since. He had answered her inquiry as Mr. Bygrave had advised him. On hearing that the accuracy of the personal description had been fairly put to the test, and had failed in the one important particular of the moles on the neck, Mrs. Lecount had considered a little, and had then asked him whether he had shown her note to Mr. Bygrave before the experiment was tried? He had answered in the negative, as the only safe form of reply that he could think of on the spur of the moment; and the housekeeper had thereupon addressed him in these strange and startling words: "You are keeping the truth from me, Mr. Noel. You are trusting strangers, and doubting your old servant and your old friend. Every time you go to Mr. Bygrave's house, every time you see Miss Bygrave, you are drawing nearer and nearer to your destruction. They have got the bandage over your eyes in spite of me; but I tell them, and tell you, before many days are over I will take it off!" To this extraordinary outbreak—accompanied as it was by an expression in Mrs. Lecount's face which he had never seen there before—Mr. Noel Vanstone made no reply. Mr. Bygrave's conviction that there was a lurking taint of insanity in the housekeeper's blood had recurred to his memory, and he had left the room at the first opportunity.

Captain Wragge listened with the closest attention to the narrative thus presented to him. But one conclusion could be drawn from it—it was a plain warning to him to hasten the end.

"I am not surprised," he said, gravely, "to hear that you are inclining more favorably to my opinion. After what you have just told me, Mr. Vanstone, no sensible man could do otherwise. This is becoming serious. I hardly know what results may not be expected to follow the communication of your approaching change of life to Mrs. Lecount. My niece may be involved in those results. She is nervous; she is sensitive in the highest degree; she is the innocent object of this woman's unreasoning hatred and distrust. You alarm me, Sir! I am not easily thrown off my balance; but I acknowledge you alarm me for the future." He frowned, shook his head, and looked at his visitor despondently.

Mr. Noel Vanstone began to feel uneasy. The change in Mr. Bygrave's manner seemed ominous of a reconsideration of his proposals from a new and an unfavorable point of view. He took counsel of his inborn cowardice and his inborn cunning, and proposed a solution of the difficulty discovered by himself.

"Why should we tell Lecount at all?" he asked. "What right has Lecount to know? Can't we be married without letting her into the secret? And can't somebody tell her afterward, when we are both out of her reach?"

Captain Wragge received this proposal with an expression of surprise, which did infinite credit to his power of control over his own countenance. His foremost object throughout the interview had been to conduct it to this point—or, in other words, to make the first idea of keeping the marriage a secret from Mrs. Lecount emanate from Noel Vanstone instead of from himself. No one knew better than the captain that the only responsibilities which a weak man ever accepts are responsibilities which can be perpetually pointed out to him as resting exclusively on his own shoulders.

"I am accustomed to set my face against clandestine proceedings of all kinds," said Captain Wragge. "But there are exceptions to the strictest rules; and I am bound to admit, Mr. Vanstone, that your position in this matter is an exceptional position, if ever there was one yet. The course you have just proposed—however unbecoming I may think it; however distasteful it may be to myself—would not only spare you a very serious embarrassment (to say the least of it), but would also protect you from the personal assertion of those pecuniary claims on the part of your housekeeper to which you have already adverted. These are both desirable results to achieve—to say nothing of the removal, on my side, of all apprehension of annoyance to my niece. On the other hand, however, a marriage solemnized with such privacy as you propose must be a hasty marriage—for, as we are situated, the longer the delay, the greater will be the risk that our secret may escape our keeping. I am not against hasty marriages where a mutual flame is fanned by an adequate income. My own was a love-match, contracted in a hurry. There are plenty of instances in the experience of every one of short courtships and speedy marriages which have turned up trumps—I beg your pardon—which have turned out well after all. But if you and my niece, Mr. Vanstone, are to add one to the number of these cases, the usual preliminaries of marriage among the higher classes must be hastened by some means. You doubtless understand me as now referring to the subject of settlements?"

"I'll take another tea-spoonful of brandy," said Mr. Noel Vanstone, holding out his glass with a trembling hand as the word "settlements" passed Captain Wragge's lips.

"I'll take a tea-spoonful with you," said the captain, nimbly dismounting from the pedestal of his respectability, and sipping his brandy with the highest relish. Mr. Noel Vanstone, after nervously following his host's example, composed himself to meet the coming ordeal, with reclining head and grasping hands—in the position familiarly associated to all civilized humanity, with a seat in a dentist's chair.

The captain put down his empty glass, and got up again on his pedestal.

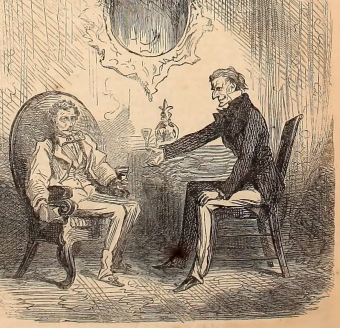
"We were talking of settlements," he resumed. "I have already mentioned, Mr. Vanstone, at an earlier period of our conversation, that my niece presents the man of her choice with no other dowry than the most inestimable of all gifts—the gift of herself. This circumstance, however (as you are no doubt aware), does not disentitle me to make the customary stipulations with her future husband. According to the usual course in this matter, my lawyer would see yours—consultations would take place—delays would occur—strangers would be in possession of your intentions—and Mrs. Lecount would, sooner or later, arrive at that knowledge of the truth which you are anxious to keep from her. Do you agree with me so far?"

Unutterable apprehension closed Mr. Noel Vanstone's lips. He could only reply by an inclination of the head.

"Very good," said the captain. "Now, Sir, you may possibly have observed that I am a man of a very original turn of mind. If I have not hitherto struck you in that light, it may then be necessary to mention that there are some subjects on which I persist in thinking for myself. The subject of marriage settlements is one of them. What, let me ask you, does a parent or guardian in my present position usually do? After having trusted the man whom he has chosen for his son-in-law with the sacred deposit of a woman's happiness, he turns round on that man, and declines to trust him with the infinitely inferior responsibility of providing for her pecuniary future. He fetters his son-in-law with the most binding document the law can produce, and employs with the husband of his own child the same precautions which he would use if he were dealing with a stranger and a rogue. I call such conduct as this inconsistent and unbecoming in the last degree. You will not find it my course of conduct, Mr. Vanstone; you will not find me preaching what I don't practice. If I trust you with my niece, I trust you with every inferior responsibility toward her and toward me. Give me your hand, Sir; tell me on your word of honor that you will provide for your wife as becomes her position and your means, and the question of settlements is decided between us from this moment, at once and forever!" Having carried out Magdalen's instructions in this lofty tone, he threw open his respectable frock-coat, and sat, with head erect and hand extended, the model of parental feeling, and the picture of human integrity.

For one moment Mr. Noel Vanstone remained literally petrified by astonishment. The next, he started from his chair, and wrung the hand of his magnanimous friend in a perfect transport of admiration. Never yet, throughout his long and varied career, had Captain Wragge felt such difficulty in keeping his countenance as he felt now. Contempt for the outburst of miserly gratitude of which he was the object; triumph in the sense of successful conspiracy against a man who had rated the offer of his protection at five pounds; regret at the lost opportunity of effecting a fine stroke of moral agriculture, which his dread of involving himself in coming consequences had forced him to let slip—all these varied emotions agitated the captain's mind; all strove together to find their way to the surface through the outlets of his face or his tongue. He allowed Mr. Noel Vanstone to keep possession of his hand, and to heap one series of shrill protestations and promises on another, until he had regained his usual mastery over himself. That result achieved, he put the little man back in his chair, and returned forthwith to the subject of Mrs. Lecount.

"Suppose we now revert to the difficulty which we have not conquered yet," said the captain. "Let us say that I do violence to my own habits and feelings; that I allow the considerations I have already mentioned to weigh with me; and



"GIVE ME YOUR HAND, SIR."

that I sanction your wish to be united to my niece, without the knowledge of Mrs. Neucent. Allow me to inquire, in that case, what means you can suggest for the accomplishment of your end?"

"I can't suggest any thing," replied Mr. Noel Vanstone, helplessly. "Would you object to suggest for me?"

"You are making a bolder request than you think, Mr. Vanstone. I never do things by halves. When I am acting with my customary candor, I am fettered by considerations of the most unimportant nature. When exceptional circumstances compel me to take an opposite course, there isn't a slyer fox alive than I am. If, at your express request, I take off my honest English coat directly, and put on a dishonest one, I, purely out of sympathy for your awkward position, cannot be answerable for the result. Am I correct—I must have no unnecessary scruples to contend with on your part. If it is luck or nothing on my side, and luck or nothing on yours also?"

"Luck or nothing by all means," said Mr. Noel Vanstone, briskly, "on the understanding that you go first. I have no scruples about keeping Lecount in the dark. But she is devilish cunning, Mr. Bygrave. How is it to be done?"

"You shall hear directly," replied the captain. "Before I develop my views I should like to have your opinion on an abstract question of morality. What do you think, my dear Sir, of pious frauds in general?"

Mr. Noel Vanstone looked a little embarrassed by the question.

"Shall I put it more plainly?" continued Captain Wragge. "What do you say to a pious frauds accepted maxim, that 'all stratagems are fair in love and war?'—Yes, or No?"

"Yes!" answered Mr. Noel Vanstone, with the utmost readiness.

"One more question and I have done," said the captain. "Do you see any particular objection to practicing a pious fraud on Mrs. Lecount?"

Mr. Noel Vanstone's resolution began to falter a little.

"Is Lecount likely to find it out?" he asked, cautiously.

"She can't possibly discover it until after you are married, and out of her reach."

"You are sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

"Play any trick you like on Lecount," said Mr. Noel Vanstone, with an air of considerable relief. "I have had my suspicions lately that she is trying to dominieer over me; I am beginning to feel that I have borne enough already. I've had enough. I wish I was well rid of her."

"You shall have your wish," said Captain Wragge. "You shall be rid of her in a week or ten days."

Mr. Noel Vanstone rose eagerly and approached the captain's chair.

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "How do you mean to send her away?"

"I mean to send her on a journey," replied Captain Wragge.

"Where?"

"From your house at Aldborough to her brother's bedside at Zurich."

Mr. Noel Vanstone started back at the answer, and returned suddenly to his chair.

"How can you do that?" he inquired, in the greatest perplexity. "Her brother (hang him!) is much better. She had another letter from Zurich to say so, this morning."

"Did you see the letter?"

"Yes. She always worries about her brother she would show it to me."

"Was it from? and what did it say?"

"It was from the doctor—he always writes to her. I don't care two straws about her brother, and I don't remember much of the letter, except that it was a short one. The fellow was much better; and if the doctor decided to write no more it might take it for granted that he was getting well. That was the substance of it."

"Did you notice where she put the letter when you gave it her back again?"

"Yes. She put it in the drawer where she keeps her account-books."

"Can you get at that drawer?"

"Of course I can. I have got a duplicate key—I always insist on a duplicate key of the place where she keeps her accounts. I go to her allow the account-books to be locked up from my inspection: it's a rule of the house."

"Be so good as to get that letter now, Mr. Vanstone, without your housekeeper's knowledge; and add to the favor by letting me have it here privately for an hour or two."

"What do you want it for?"

"I have some suggestions to ask before I can tell you. Have you any intimate friend at Zurich whom you could trust to help you in playing a trick on Mrs. Lecount?"

"What sort of help do you mean?" asked Mr. Noel Vanstone.

"Suppose," said the captain, "you were to send a letter addressed to Mrs. Lecount at Aldborough, inclosed in another letter addressed to one of your friends abroad? And suppose you were to instruct that friend to write a mysterious pretical joke by posting Mrs. Lecount's letter at Zurich? Can you know any one who could be trusted to do that?"

"I know two people who could be trusted!" cried Mr. Noel Vanstone. "Mrs. Bygrave and Sydenham's—both bitter enemies of Lecount's. But what is your drift, Mr. Bygrave? Though I am not usually wanting in penetration, I don't often offer one your drift."

"You shall see it directly, Mr. Vanstone." With these words he rose, withdrew to his desk in the corner of the room, and returned to it with a sheet of note-paper. After first reading them carefully to himself, he beckoned to Mr. Noel Vanstone to come and read them too.

"A few minutes since," said the captain, pointing complacently to his own composition with the feather end of his pen, "I had the honor of suggesting a pious fraud on Mrs. Lecount. There it is!"

He resigned his chair at the writing-table to his visitor. Mr. Noel Vanstone sat down, and read these lines:

"MY DEAR MADAM,—Since I last wrote I deeply regret to inform you that your brother has suffered a relapse. The symptoms are so serious that it is my painful duty to prepare you for the worst. The doctor, in his anxiety to exert every effort to retain the renewed progress of the malady, does not hesitate to put last night's letter of yours, which you have sent to my conscience to leave you in ignorance of a serious circumstance. I refer to the worse, which may be attended by fatal results. With much sympathy, I remain, etc., etc., etc."

Captain Wragge waited with some anxiety for the effect which this letter might produce. Mean, selfish, and cowardly as he was, Mr. Noel Vanstone might feel some compunction at sacrificing entirely his brother-in-law's interests, and on a woman who stood toward him in the position of a mother. On the other hand, if he acted faithfully, however interested her motives might be—she had lived, since he was a lad, in the full possession of his father's confidence—she was living now under the protection of his own roof. Would he fail to remember this; and, remembering it, could he find in the letter any hesitation to the scheme which was now proposed to him? Captain Wragge's experienced mind found relief enough in human nature to doubt it. To his surprise, and, it must be added, to his relief also, Mr. Noel Vanstone gave no sign of hesitation whatever. He looked up from the letter with unfeigned astonishment.

"Why, Bygrave, you are as good as Figaro in the French comedy. Talking of Frenchmen, there is a terrible mistake in this clever letter of yours—it is written in the wrong language. When the doctor writes to Lecount he writes in French. Perhaps you meant me to translate it? You can't manage without me, I see, after all. Let me help you, I pray, as I have done before. Just look at me! I'll translate it, while I sit here, in two strokes of the pen."

He completed the translation almost as rapidly as Captain Wragge had produced the original. "Wait a minute!" he cried, in high critical triumph at discovering another defect in the composition of his ingenious friend. "The doctor always dates his letters. Here is no date to yours."

"I leave the date to you," said the captain, with a sardonic smile. "You have discovered the fault, my dear Sir, you correct it!"

Mr. Noel Vanstone mentally looked into the great pool which separated Zurich from that can discover a defect from the faculty that can apply a remedy—and, following the example of his instructor, wrote at the top of the letter:

"I couldn't think of taking the liberty," he said, politely. "Perhaps you had a motive for leaving the date out?"

"Perhaps I had," replied Captain Wragge, with the utmost composure. "The date must depend on the time a letter takes to get to Zurich. I have had no experience on that point—you must have had plenty of experience in your father's time. Give me the benefit of your information, and we will add the date before you leave the writing-table."

Mr. Noel Vanstone's experience was, as Captain Wragge had anticipated, quite adequate to settle the question of time. The railway communication between Continent (in those days hundred and forty-seven) were but scanty; and a letter sent, at that period, from England to Zurich, and back again, rarely left the writer's hands occupied ten days in making the double journey by post.

"Date the letter, in French, five days on from to-morrow," said the captain, when he had heard this answer. "I am sure it is the safest thing is to let me have the doctor's note as soon as you can. I am obliged to procure a certain extra before I can copy your translation in an exact imitation of the doctor's handwriting. Have you any other little commissions, my dear? have a few sheets; and send, at the same time, an envelope addressed to one of those long blue envelopes that Zurich, accompanied by the necessary request to post the inclosure. That is all I can think of at present, Mr. Vanstone. Don't let me seem inhospitable—but the sooner you can supply me with my materials, the better I shall be pleased to get to work."

Mr. Noel Vanstone rose, and looked at his companion for some moments in silence. Was this man going to grave treachery in six sparks upon the smooth and honorable surface of his own nature? He asked the question mentally, but not, even in his own mind, in so many words.

"We must be careful," replied Captain Wragge. "I don't forbid to-morrow; but I make no promise beyond that. Permit me to remind you that we have got Mrs. Lecount to manage for the next ten days."

"I wish Lecount was at the bottom of the German Ocean!" exclaimed Mr. Noel Vanstone, fervently. "It's all very well for you to manage her—you don't live in the house. What am I to do?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow," said the captain. "Go out for your walk alone and drop in here, as you dropped in to-day, at two o'clock. In the mean time, don't forget those things I want you to send me. Seal them up together in a large envelope. When you have done that, ask Mrs. Lecount to walk out with you as usual, and while she is out of doors putting her bonnet on send the servant across to me. You understand? Good-morning."

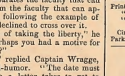
An hour afterward the sealed envelope, with its inclosures, reached Captain Wragge in perfect safety. The double task of exactly imitating a strange handwriting, and accurately copying words written in a language with which he was but slightly acquainted, presented more difficulties to be overcome than the captain had anticipated. He grew clever o'clock before the employment which he had undertaken was successfully completed, and the letter to Zurich ready for the post.

Before going to bed he walked out on the deserted parade to breathe the cool night air. All the lights were extinguished in Sea-View Cottage, when he looked that way, except the light in the housekeeper's room. Captain Wragge shook his head suspiciously. He had gained experience enough, by this time, to distrust the wakefulness of Mrs. Lecount.

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"I am happy to inform you that, in spite both of blandishments and threats, used in profusion by the agents of the government of the United States, the Indian nations within the confederacy have remained firm in their loyalty and steadfast in the observance of their treaty engagements with this government."

(*The above Extract from* JEFF DAVIS'S *last Message will serve to explain the News from Minnesota.*)

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VI.—No. 299.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3 00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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A GALLANT COLOR-BEARER.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE SHADOW UNDER THE YEW.

THERE sits a shadow under the yew,
Who, sun or moon, or light or dark,
Waits with a cruel glober and grin
In the blind night or by the star-spark;
Or whether it rain with lashing rage,
Or whether it blow with a devil's force,
Sitting and counting the fresh-graved graves,
And the big spider, each one o'er a corse.

Under the shade of the church-yard yew
The dark thing sits and counts the graves,
That Dead Sea—lulled in a treacherous calm
That billows around him in grass-green waves.
And when I see him I read so soft,
And I scarcely dare to draw my breath,
For hearse-plume black is the yew-tree's shade,
And the name of that terrible shape is DEATH.

A GALLANT COLOR-BEARER.

We publish on the preceding page an illustration of the incident recorded in the following paragraph:

"TOUCHING DEVOTION TO THE FLAG.—H. ALEXANDER, Fifty-first Colonel of the 10th New York Regiment, deserves to be placed high upon the roll of our heroes. He received three terrible wounds in a recent engagement, but clung to his color-staff with tenacious grasp. While being taken into the hospital he became insensible, and an attempt was made to take the flag away, but his unconscious hand held it more powerfully; even then his rolling position was strong. Such men in life and death are glorious examples."

Our picture is a just homage to distinguished gallantry.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862.

THE NEW CAMPAIGN.

THE leading events of the week which has elapsed since we last wrote have been the retreat of the national forces to Washington, after a series of battles, and the invasion of Maryland by the rebels. These transactions have filled the public mind with chagrin, and, loud complaint against the Administration and its generals in the field have appeared in leading journals. Presses not suspected of lukewarmness in the cause have not scrupled to declare that the campaign has thus far been productive of nothing but disgrace to the national arms, and that useless new radical changes—meaning, we presume, in the military leaders, or in the general policy of the war—be instantly effected, we may as well ascertain at once.

It is quite likely that the practical effort of this sort of writing may be beneficial. It may spur some conservatives generated to unwonted exertion. It may rouse the Administration to fresh efforts on behalf of the country. In this point of view such complaints are not wholly to be regretted.

But they are none the less very unjust and very unmanly. There can be nothing more contemptible than the habit of whining and abusing our Generals, and demanding changes in the Government whenever reverses befall our arms. Reverses are inevitable in war. No General is always successful—not even Napoleon, or Alexander, or Cæsar. A wise people will be satisfied with winning two battles out of three, and will not reproach their General for losing the third. If we were contending against but a handful of Mexicans or Chinese it might be singular to see our armies fall back and our territory invaded. But it must always be remembered, especially by those who are forever praising about the superior power of the North, that we are contending against some of the best, if not the best, army of whom is under arms, and whose energy is fired by confiscation bills, the fear of negro emancipation, the love of independence, and the dread of subjugation. We at the North who, ever since the war began, have carried on our peaceful trade as usual, do not sufficiently realize that at the South no other business is being prosecuted but the war. Agriculture, industry, trade, even pleasure, have all given way to the war. Every man's hand and every man's purse have been thrown into the scale without stint or limit. We have the rebels been destitute of commanding intellects to guide them. Though it is generally admitted that there is no soldier in the South whose military capacity is equal to M'Clellan's, it would be idle to deny the ability of such men as Stonewall Jackson, Price, Lee, Stuart, and a score more of the rebel leaders. They have had to struggle against great disadvantages. But they have surmounted them, and have produced the contest with a vigor which can not be admired. To expect a uniform, unvarying, and rapid succession of triumphs in the contest we are now waging against this people, time fed, is entirely unwarrantable. We shall do well, and all that could be expected, if we win more than half the battles fought, and preserve strength enough to achieve our purpose when, in the nature of things, the strength of our enemy shall have been exhausted.

A retrospect of the events of the current year will justify the assertion that our armies have, on the whole, done well; that we have accomplished as much as reflecting men expected us to accomplish in the time; and that there is nothing in the present condition of affairs which was not foreseen, or which involves any serious danger for the future.

In February last the rebels held three-fourths of Kentucky, including Bowling Green and Columbus; five-sixths of Missouri; all of Virginia except the mountain region; and the whole of the Gulf States except a sea-island or two on the coast of South Carolina. Their pickets were in sight of Washington, and completely blockaded the Potomac. They had, notwithstanding the blockade, a considerable foreign trade. The Mississippi and the Tennessee and Fort Pickens was the only spot in the original Confederacy which was still held by the United States. Such were the conditions of the country months ago. It is understood that it was General M'Clellan's intention not to commence the attack toward the end of March. Accident and outside pressure hastened matters, and the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, the evacuation of Bowling Green and Columbus, and the expulsion of the rebels from Missouri, opened the campaign in the West. Then followed, in rapid succession, the capture of Roanoke and the expulsion of the rebels from Northern Tennessee, the substantial victory of Shiloh, the evacuation of Corinth, and the capture of Island No. 10—transactions gave us the command of West Tennessee and the Mississippi River as far South as Memphis. Simultaneously General Curtis had annexed Northern Arkansas, General Mitchell recovered Northern Alabama, General Butler took the most important city in the whole Confederacy—New Orleans, and General Morgan occupied the valuable strategic position of Cumberland Gap. Not one of these victories was since lost. Our troops still hold Nashville, Fort Donelson, Memphis, Corinth, Helena, Huntsville, New Orleans, Cumberland Gap, and our vessels hold the river, with the exception of a few miles above and below Vicksburg. Meanwhile, at the East, the blockade of the Potomac has been mixed, we have retaken Norfolk and Yorktown, and we have rendered the coast blockade so perfect that not a single vessel there is now captured. The Peninsular expedition has proved a failure, through the interference of politicians, but not by the fault of the generals in command; but the James River is controlled by our gun-boats; we hold Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds and their rebel fleet, the Dismal Swamp Canal, and the town of Beaufort and Fort Macon.

We don't know what other people may think, but we consider the above a very great amount of work, and a pretty substantial list of victories and conquests for a single summer. With the exception of capture of Richmond, they have accomplished every thing we undertook; and considering the number, energy, and leadership of our enemy, it may well be doubted if more is done well to have only failed in one undertaking when we risked so many.

The programme for the future on both sides can be readily guessed at. If General M'Clellan had taken Richmond in June last, as was expected, and the rebel army been destroyed, his army would probably have lain quiet till the end of September, and would then have moved forward on Raleigh and Fort Fisher, and simultaneously with a move of the Western Army from Corinth upon Vicksburg on the one side, and Memphis upon the other, upon the other. The failure to take Richmond required the adoption of a new plan. Simultaneously, however, with M'Clellan's retreat, the call for 600,000 more men appeared; and this, by forcing the rebels to take the initiative in attacking us, deprived them of the advantage of the indefinite enjoyed by remaining on the defensive, and saved us the trouble of devising a new plan of campaign.

The plan adopted by the rebels has been obvious and simple. They dispatched the bulk of their army toward the Potomac, hoping to destroy Pope on the way, and resolved to carry the war at any cost into Maryland and Pennsylvania. Another column, which left Richmond the Sound stronger than is at present reported, was thrown into the Blue Grass Region of Kentucky, with a view to an invasion of Ohio. A third army was left under Bragg to watch Buell, and a fourth under Van Dorn and Breckinridge to attack Butler.

It may be said that this plan is suicidal, and that the invasion of the North by rebel armies can only exasperate the citizens whose armies but leaves the South exposed. This is very true; but what could the South do? With nearly 450,000 men in the field, the North had wrested three great States from the rebels, taken two leading sea-ports, destroyed a great rebel army, and overrun a great portion of the Confederacy in the course of six months. What might we not be expected to do with a million of soldiers, and a fleet of iron-clads? Can the rebels be blamed for acting with desperation?

From the hour that M'Clellan was ordered to evacuate Harrison's Landing the events which have since occurred were inevitable, and were foreseen by General Halleck. That evacuation, coupled with the call for 600,000 men, rendered a rebel advance on Washington certain; and the retrograde movement of Pope's army, which, which have filled as many minds with anguish, were foreseen and directed by General Halleck. It never was the intention of that accomplished soldier to prevent the rebels cutting their own throats if they were so minded.

THE LOUNGER.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

Good citizenship at this time does not consist in abject submission to every action of the Government, but in an obedience accompanied with candid criticism. This war is emphatically a people's war. The Government sincerely wishes to know the popular desire. Every mean and disloyal man will speak out, and therefore every loyal and true man must speak out also, that the Government may understand that meanness and disloyalty are not the characteristics of the nation.

The people lavishly give life and money at the call of the Government, which is but their representative. They yield to its action even when it seems harshest and unwisest. They see the labor corps organized and the right of speech abridged, because they fully understand that summary measures are necessary in time of war, and they yield patiently because they see that, upon the whole, the action of the Government is wise, and that they are sure that the men at the head of affairs are personally honest and unselfish.

But if, while they lose no opportunity to support the most summary of fundamental rights, they come to see that the action of the Government is not wise, but foolish—if they see incompetency promoted and ability cashiered; if they see imbecility honored and energy repudiated; if they see that the active energy and ability which prevails over that of hearty faith in the cause and the people; if they see that the Government apparently doubts whether the people sincerely wish to conquer the rebels—there is no way left for them but to insist that they are not cynical; that they mean victory and union, and peace, and not surrender.

But if they hold their tongues, under pretense of good citizenship, how is the Government ever to know what is essential for it to comprehend? Obedience is necessary, but silent obedience may easily be the worst treachery. To co-operate with the Government is at this moment the duty of every good citizen; but to enlighten and stimulate the Government is not less his duty. If the Government knows that the people are ready to resist its execution, but to endeavor to procure its repeal. Not to endeavor is to betray the country. It is treachery, and not loyalty. It is disloyal rebellion, not good citizenship.

Good citizenship consists not only in holding up the hands, but the heart and the head of the Government; and that we do not by sullen and hopeless silence, but by free discussion.

TWO WAYS.

THERE are but two ways out of the war.

The rebel runs with the iron fence having failed, the rebel armies having failed, and the Grand Duke having sold his men that they had tried to hold too much, they are now trying to hold more. In the agonies of failure the strain upon the energy of the rebellion being exhaustive, they have gathered their force for one desperate and frantic blow, feeling that what they demand from Europe will not be refused them if they demand it from Washington and the whole North at once.

At this moment they threaten both the capital and the Northwest. At this instant the barbarous hordes of slavery menace Ohio, the Northern confederation under the American Union. With a military force which they have never before put before admiration, with a rapidity of movement and a power of concentration which accord with the audacity of their effort, they have crossed our armies across Eastern Virginia and to the Ohio River; and while we write the issue of the struggle which we shall see in Richmond, we are now wondering how soon Washington will be seen.

Behind this army we see the sources of its strength. We see a perfectly united population. There are no divisions of opinion. The most successful General is by acclamation called to the head. Jackson is every where; Beauregard, the idol of last year, is every where. The disputes about policy, for their policy is to strike and wound the enemy wherever they can reach him, at once are no party feuds, for the overwhelming party is that of Southern separation, and all other voices are forcibly hushed. There is no such unity, important information, for the Union men are pardyzed, and war correspondence is practically forbidden. The Northern region is one. The Southern whites are an army. Not a word to weaken, not a thought to distract, is uttered or prayed, nor a dead dose, but for the success of the war which is consuming their very vitals.

But although it all, why, with all our overwhelming numbers, with our amazing power and resources, with the substantial political unanimity of our cause—why have we not long ago swept them away as these autumn winds sweep the red leaves from the trees? Why are we on this day watering our horses in the Gulf instead of turning their heads to the Susquehanna?

Simply because, while we are confessedly fighting for the Union, we are not united. Because while the enemy has one purpose, we have two. Because we have had to be taught by tragical and bloody experience that fifty thousand men, and a terrible earnestness of purpose, moving with concentrated unity of thought, and handled by skillful leaders, who hate the cause of their foe more than the foe himself, will beat and rout five times their number of doubtful, hesitating, quarreling opponents.

Why, with a population so disproportionate to theirs, have the rebels met us every where in force? Simply because we have allowed them to. Because we have not made the whole North a camp and a breast-work of the many mouths of the Mississippi, and a fleet of iron-clads to send our best and bravest against guns which we have ourselves loaded.

Long ago, just after Sumter, Braxton Bragg told us why they would always beat us. Last month the Richmond *Examiner* told us why they would meet us man for man wherever we came. The South, it said, will send all its youth. The women and old men can take care of the crops and themselves who rains Bragg in Tex," said Braxton Bragg. "the Northerners can't come; they must look out for their crops and mine work."

They say it to our faces, and we fall back stumbling over our mountains of dead. They say it to our faces, and the world rents with contemptuous laughter at the people which insists upon helping its enemies who work for life, while the hearts of breaking the back-bone of a rebellion which it has not dare to touch.

What is the consequence? The rebels see that we are not in deadly earnest. The whole world is forced to see it. The rebels, with their zeal, how can we help failing back? For the rebel, mean victory at every cost whatever. We mean victory if we can have it without losing the slaves. We might as well say that we mean victory if we can have it by squirting molasses at the rebels.

Mr. Thomas, at the Boston meeting, says that the war can be ended only by the people. That thing will not do it, nor voting, nor confiscation bills, nor tax bills, nor emancipation bills. But why did he not finish his sentence?—Rightly will not do it, gun-boats will not do it, nor Armstrong cannon, nor Columbiads, nor Parrott guns. Not one method will end it, but all combined will crush it. And the failure or unwillingness to employ one method paralyzes all the rest.

Our own knowledge and experience, the nature of the struggle, and the events of the campaign, show us that slavery is a source of immense strength to the rebels—a thousand-fold more than any sort of power in the northern free states in the South. Well, can we afford to present them gun and ammunition? We do not mean to give them guns as well as mean to use those they have. And we do give them men to use their guns so long as we do not know how not to stop at arms and hoe corn, or look after those who do.

Let us repeat that the issue of the struggle for the foe in slavery we will destroy it. And that there is both strength and terror for them in the late order of Gen. Hunter, by which Messrs. Hunter and Phelps show plainly enough. The man who whispers the word Freedom to the slaves shall in a twinkling of an eye, be a free, good friend, and is the very man we want. Jeff Davis knows what will hurt him, if we do not.

There are but two ways.

Either we must give it up, which no sane man will think of for a moment, or we swing that the Government will do what we the people wish, the solid mouse of the North must demand of the Government, with unmistakable resolution, that we wish all means, including an edict of emancipation, to be used, so that the end of the rebellion may be sudden, swift, overwhelming, and final. The rebels, Europe, and our own people will understand that we are in deadly earnest, and then we count every chance less dangerous to mankind than that of the success of the rebellion.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

THERE has been some discussion in consultation of Governors. Let us hope that the result will be the putting under arms of every capable man in the Free States. Pennsylvania, the State hardest especially threatened, moves first. Her people, natural to the manner, are going to do now what the people of Louisiana, furthest from their enemy, did a year ago. If we had learned of the rebels and followed them, step by step, we could at this moment have an organized and disciplined army in every State.

Shall we wait in each State until it is threatened? Are we never to understand that we are to maintain a standing army at all times? Let New York, at least, move. Let the whole uniformed militia be armed and called out and regularly drilled. Let the militia system be thus suspended by command of the State, until we are in a condition that the State Government can rest at six hours' notice wherever they are wanted, and be effective soldiers when they get there.

This thing only is certain, that it will be thoroughly aroused. Then we shall insist that we have the right to command the whole military capacities of great commanders, and that war shall be made as war ought to be made—to cripple and destroy the enemy.

The proof that we are aroused will be the arming and drilling of the unenlisted militia.

THE FOE AT HOME.

THE true enemies of the country at this moment are not in the field, but are found frankly in arms, but they are those among ourselves who constantly oppose the measures of the Administration for vigor. They do this by declaiming against all who wish to save the Government at every cost, and to the end of the rebels of the abolitionists as their slaves, of "abolitionists" and "radicals."

The real friends of this city are the men who were the active sympathizers of the conspiracy until the mass of earnest and loyal citizens compelled their silence. These men, who, when they dared, they have bawled with equal lustiness for the Union and against secession, they call abolitionists and radicals. They are the men who bate the American doctrine of liberty and equal rights for all men, and say that they do the rebellion to establish the principle that rich men shall own poor ones. They are the men who support the slaveholding aristocracy of the country against the great mass of honest and hard-working free laborers. They are the men who by their sympathy with the leaders of the North-West, now allow the rebellion to be strengthened by slavery, the colored man still bids the worst use of his hands and the bread out of the mouths of the North.

ers while men. They are the men who, if Jeff Davis should send to-morrow, would rush and fall upon him, and say that they did all they could to help him by preserving slavery and shooting the North.

Those are the men who assume to denounce as radicals, and fanatics, and impracticables those who wish to use common sense in war, and to beat the enemy instead of allowing him to beat us. Those are the men who will be responsible for any real catastrophe that may befall the great cause of the country. Those are the men who will compromise that country with the vengeance of Mr Chief-Justice Army if the people do not decide that the people should require its removal. These are the men who menace the President with terrible consequences if he listens to the pure and patriotic impulse and counsel of the country, instead of allowing himself to be led by those who love party more than they hate anarchy.

Let every honest man in the land judge this thing by what they were and what they are. Let us not ask himself whether they would seriously injure if the country were not saved, but whether they are not the men at the North whom the rebels most love. Above all, let him ask whether such men are radically false to Liberty and humanity can be true to a Union which was formed to help both.

A FACT.

A FRIEND, and a well-known gentleman in the city, writes: "I enjoy the leaders in your last week's *Harper's Register*. It is important now as a fact. Will you give it circulation among the sons of Spaniards of the states of *Harper's Weekly*?"

"The following are extracts of a letter from a gentleman of great distinction, high in the public confidence, and in his private character, as I believe, one of the best of men:

"DEAR SIR,—I have read with great delight the article—'The State Question,' in the *Register* of March 1, 1862. It is worth all, and more than all, that has been said in Congress on the subject. The paragraph, 'As the ground to the people,' etc., is the very essence of true and true.

"I own 400 of acres of land in Georgia. It is on sea. My agent has given me a statement of its product for year 1861: 1100 bushels of corn, 200 of rice, 100 of sweet potatoes, 300 pounds of cotton, 100 gallons of molasses, 100 pounds of pork, 100 of beef, 100 of chickens, etc., of fruit.

"Only 150 acres are cleared: my object was rather preservation of timber and the log-houses than my profit.

"The above product was from the labor of seventeen hands, and two of his sons, with one yoke of oxen and two horses. *Not a slave touched the process.* For the farm I receive annually from one of the largest products in market was fairly worth $1600, which is exclusive price I paid for the land.

"As you and I are, I am happy to say, like-minded, I am sure you will think with some satisfaction."—*Miller's Register*, vol. xviii. p. 41.

"PHILIP."

THACKERAY'S new novel is now published. Those who have not read it in the serial form will very have ample opportunity to do so, and at small opportunity, because the war has stopped so many persons that very few books of any kind demand attention except those about the war.

The new story has the old flavor, the old excellence. The same neat, simple, clear English style; the same homely, simple, affectionate moralizing; the same reality of portraiture in the characters; the same wit and sharp satire; the same masterly boldness for tender, long-loving, long-suffering women; the same manly sense and sound and unperturbed bodies. The work is sure to take away the taste of "Loved the Widower" from those who like it or like that story; and I believe that it is destined as "Pendennis" and the "Newcomes."

The interest of Thackeray still clusters about persons in "Philip." Those who have not liked him may find what is called his cynicism less salient here, and they will see what it is that has made the author of "Vanity Fair" one of the chief English novelists. *Tompkyns preserved* is a story which they are fat and touchsome, it will be long before you tire.

In a late Roundabout Paper Thackeray tries a little to placate criticism. A man must do what he can, he says. A pear-tree can bear pears, and no more. Let us think about the things and the people that we daily see, and like to see. If you are lucky, go on. As for us, we will not be made the author of "Vanity Fair" one of the chief English novelists. *Tompkyns preserved* is a story which they are fat and touchsome, it will be long before you tire.

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HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PROPOSITION of a cotton-mill, who is something of a philosopher, posted up on the factory-gate the following notice: "No operative will be discharged unless detected." When asked for an explanation, he said, "The one will set a thousand others to thinking how they can escape the gain. I won't admit such inflammable and dangerous things into my establishment as a bad habit."

Sydney Smith tells of a maid who used to boil the eggs very well by her master's watch, but one day he could not find it in the house. It was at last found in the pot of tea, time from the kitchen clock, and the eggs came up nearly raw. "Why, you stupid girl," said her master, "the clock as you do from the watch, Mary?" "Well, Sir, I thought there was not much in the breakfast, and the watch larger."

Miss Betty inquired of the servant-girl if she came from the Hungarian parts of Ireland? On being told that her questioner's brain was somewhat defective, she excused herself by saying, "I hasn't much brain'r; I never would be called on one, for I have only room in the upper story, and we hasn't no candle, and the master didn't come."

A clergyman at a funeral, when at the grave-side, said to the chief mourner, "Sir, I am sorry to see you weep. I received the painting answer, "Neither; it is only a watch."

Malherbe having dined with the Bishop of Rouen, who was a dull preacher, was asked by him to adjourn from the table to the church. He replied, "I am going to preach."

"Pardon me," said Malherbe, "but I can sleep very well where I am."

The Court of Divorce has been engaged in hearing a case of incompatibility of temper. The husband says he was on the ground that he was a lunatic at the time of the marriage. Counsel replied that the plaintiff's case will not be granted, as it may separate half the young couples in the country.

A man in Rochester, who has suffered from dums, makes the following proposition: That in order to save time and unnecessary trouble, he will hand one hour every day for a week at a certain corner of the town, where all who feel disposed to pay him can do so, making impertinent questions may have the opportunity of a hearing, always provided that the knowledge of each such day shall not be disturbed by applications of any kind.

"How much to publish this death?" asked a customer of a newspaper-man. "Only a dollar, Sir." "Four shillings, you mean." "Not two shillings the last time I published one."

"That was a common death; but this is *shockingly recognized*."

"I'll tell you what," said the applicant, "your secretion will not be put to that expense."

A man who owned a farm in Sacramento, California, during the late floods, went to see if his fence was washed away. He found that he had not his fence, but had caught a fine strawberry bed, which made him a good deal better off than before.

Be not angry that you can not make others as you wish them to be, since you can not make yourself as you wish to be.

SUCH IS LIFE!

OUT there fifty cannon over heads with hair,
Afterward quickly mown them bare!
First cuts our teeth with a mighty fun,
Anon takes care that our teeth "cut" us;
First tumbletowns us tinkle legs,
And then converts them to "old old legs."
Teaches a boy to be a man,
Teaches a man to be a child again.
Heaves thereafter by care and doubt,
Fighting for stars we might do without,
Hoping and trusting for bliss to come,
Which, when it comes, we reach the tomb!

EVEN DON'T LIE.—It is more difficult to make the eye lie than any other organ we are possessed of. To tell what is wrong, and what is right, is no language. If you wish to ascertain what she means, pay attention to her eyes. Such is a peculiarity which is one of the noblest gifts to the world; to look this opposition, however, is more difficult than to speak.

An old sailor, passing through a grave-yard, saw on one of the tombstones, "I still live." It was too much for the tar, and striking his cap, he ejaculated, "Well, I'm hanged say that there are cases in which a man may lie, but I've never seen one."

Two boys, of tender age, who were by the names of Tom and Jack, became members of a district school in a certain town. One day the master, Mr Simmons, the teacher called them up before the assembled school, and proceeded to ask them a few questions in geography. "Now, Tom," said he, "where is Boston?" "Please, Sir," said the teacher to ask, "what is your name?" "Tom, Sir," very promptly responded the boy. "Then you may ask your school. Remember always to speak the full name. You should have said Thomas, Sir," turning to the other boy, whose appearance has suddenly lighted up with the satisfaction of a newly-acquired knowledge. "I am," he answered. "Now, then, can you tell me what your name is?" "Jack-son, Sir," replied the lad, in a tone of confident decision.

There is a class of people who ask you why you "don't write a book for the times, as every body else?" They are nearly related to the gentleman who has always got a "bill to file" in his pocket, and who is afraid to draw it out from him.

A lecturer was dilating upon the powers of the magnet, defying any one to show or name any thing surpassing its power. "Why," replied a young urchin, "I can pull you, who, when young, used to attract him thirteen miles every morning."

"Are you there?" said an Orangeman to a Ribbonman in "grub," being about to be hanged. "I always said you would come to this, you scoundrel." "You're a liar, and Tat," if it was the last word I had to speak! I did not say I would not."

"Well, Sambo, how do you like your new place?" "Oh, massa, I likes it very well, but I has to get up mighty early in the morning?" "Why?" "Why, you massa bind two eggs for breakfast, and I has to get up before I knows it."

A countryman perceiving one of his friends take much upon him because he was born in London said, "Have not we as much right to be born there?"

"Are you thinking of what I'm saying," said a poor music-master to young Nox —, after explaining to her as many times as he could, the difference between sol and minor key. "Why, Sir," replied Miss —, "I've been thinking of no time whatever; keys are very or less."

What is most likely to become a woman?—A little girl.

"I stand upon the soil of freedom!" cried a stump orator. "No," exclaimed his shoemaker; "you stand in a pair of leather boots, which I made for you."

"Let each one strive with all his might
To be a decent man,
To love a woman for himself,
Upon the golden plan.
And if his lordship chance to be
A pretty female woman,
Let him be sure to marry her—you see,
That's only acting human."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ For an account of the movement on Cincinnati see page 600.

THE INVASION OF MARYLAND.

FREDERICK CITY, the capital of Frederick County, Maryland, was occupied by the rebel army on the morning of the 6th o'clock on Saturday morning. Part of the force then entered Hagerstown, and the remainder took the direction to the Washington road to the Baltimore pike. The crossing of the Potomac was effected at three points, of which Noland's Ferry was one. Colonel Geary left Frederick Saturday. His report that General Hill is in command of a force of five thousand men, cavalry, infantry, and artillery. He had issued a proclamation promising protection to private property, and to those who remained peaceable. Private accounts state that the enemy crossed the Potomac Friday night, and that Jackson joined them in the morning, and threw to White Oak Springs, within three miles of Frederick. Geary's force, consisting of but two regiments, was ordered to do as he speedily and quiet a manner as possible. They left at once, and burned the railroad wires, and the railroad bridges over the Monocacy, which was done. The rebels entered Frederick at 10 o'clock, and occupied it on Friday. Rebpacs were hastily sent to Harrisburg and Baltimore, announcing the fact. A dispatch from Harrisburg announces that the rebel pickets are extended within twelve miles of Hagerstown. They took possession of all the stores and banks in Frederick, and paid for them in United States Treasury Notes.

PREPARATIONS TO MEET THEM.

On Saturday night the following orders were made aware of the facts, and General Sumner's corps left at once for Frederick City. Gen. Mc Clellan Burnside and Geary left, and in the afternoon the General himself and staff followed. General Sumner's corps came up on the rear Mc Clellan's staff. General Sumner's corps has not with his corps. At the time of writing Gen. Burnside is in command of Washington, and General Heintzelman are believed to be operating on the south shore of the Potomac.

THE BATTLE OF CHANTILLY.

A severe engagement occurred on 1st inst., near Chantilly, about two miles north of Fairfax Court House, between a portion of General Pope's army and Stonewall Jackson's command. The enemy was finally repulsed and driven back. Over four hundred of their dead were buried, and many Sixteen were killed. The field of battle is described as covering a space of about three miles square. Gen. Kearney and General Stevens were killed. The whole army then fell back to the fortifications.

MCCLELLAN IN COMMAND.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN, in an order dated on the 5th inst., has assumed command of the fortifications of Washington, and of all the troops for the defence of the capital, and has required such retirees to be made to him as will enable him in the shortest possible time to understand thoroughly the positions of the various corps, and to place them in comfor he immediate service. All the troops of the army of Virginia have been placed under his command.

SEIZURES OF ARMS.

Brigadier-General Julius White, in command in Maryland, General Wool, at Baltimore, Virginia, on the 5th, states that four hundred of the enemy's cavalry who attempted to capture Leesburg had been defeated, with loss of about fifty prisoners, horses and arms, which are now in the possession of the Union troops. The rest was in a wounded and eight wounded.

PENNSYLVANIA AROUSED.

Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, has issued a proclamation recommending the immediate organization throughout that State of volunteer companies and regiments to drill every week for action out of doors, in order to enter active operations for defence and instruction, all places of business be closed on Saturday, and that the citizens of that all persons employed therein may, after that hour, be at liberty to attend to their military duties.

Arrangements are being made to dispatch to the army of General Wool, at Baltimore, a large force of heavy artillery, and other regiments from this State and New Jersey, to defend Baltimore and Washington. The rebels are approaching themselves into compact under the Governor's proclamation, and the Governor has issued orders for the organization of Home Guards in Harrisburg, Chambersburg, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, is thoroughly aroused. Governor Curtin has issued his call for 50,000 men for the organization of the Pennsylvania militia. The citizens are reported to have already 30,000 recruits at Harrisburg.

GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY.

It is stated that Stevenson, Alabama, was recently attacked by Kirby Smith, but without success. It is said the same State, has been burned by our troops. General Buell has left Chattanooga and is said to be marching on Nashville. In confirmation of the latter report a dispatch from Chattanooga says that General Buell has ordered the evacuation of that city.

THE CONDITION OF NEW ORLEANS.

General Butler's order for a general disarmament of the population of New Orleans has been carried out, and all has transpired, but the authorities intend to endeavor to give no trouble. On the 26th ult. a number of rebel flags and guns were dispatched by General Butler to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Lake Pontchartrain, and they had not been stopped by the approach of a band of guerrillas and secession sympathizers, the result would have been the wounding of most of our men, who were compelled to retire to the fortifications without having accomplished the undertaking. At last accounts Baton Rouge was still in the hands of the rebels. A company of artillery left the evacuation of two gun-boats. The place had not been destroyed by the rebels when the Federal troops left it on the 21st inst. Vicksburg. Carrollton was occupied by our forces, who were also in possession of Algiers, opposite the city. The Mississippi was in a satisfactory condition. Admiral Farragut and Flagler was personally superintending operations. The First Louisiana Regiment, Colonel Kenner, was still stationed at Carrollton, and a second is being raised. The Fifth Regiment was also in camp. Many families of rebel volunteers under General Butler's order has been commanded at New Orleans, and the order of the city continued good.

"HERRIMAC NO. 2."

FROM Fortress Monroe it is reported that the *Merrimac* No. 2 has been seen before Hatteras Inlet, and also off Newport News. Rumors were prevalent that she had been seen off the coast of Newport News, but had no encounter with two of our gun-boats, driving them before her.

THE PIRATE "OCMULGEE."

The rebel steamer *Ocmulgee*, built at Liverpool and Nassau, was still at Cardenas at last accounts, and is reported to be loading with sugar. She has been there eight days. Her commander is John S. Maffit. A Spanish gun-boat has been sent from the city to watch her movements. The naval force at Key West had been augmented by the addition of several vessels, and the force ordered as requiring repairs, and not to leave for several days.—Another account says that the Ingraham is the vessel not so say matched.

THE "NEW IRONSIDES."

The Philadelphia Press says: "The *New Ironsides*, which has been undergoing repairs at the Navy-yard, has returned from her trial trip. She comes here to get her guns, ammunition, and stores on board, and then to proceed to sea. She is reported as being a complete success, and will extend the operations of the blockade."

THE DEATH OF MINNEGYA.

Under date of Fort Leavenworth, August 29, President Lincoln telegraphed Governor Ramsey, of Minnesota: "Absolved to die then. If the Indians will not forgive, of course it will not proceed. Necessity known no law. The Government can not control the case."

PERSONAL.

General Pope has, at his own request, been relieved from the command of the army of the Potomac, and has been assigned to the command of the Department of the Northwest.

General McDowell having been created leave of absence from duty for fifteen days, General Sumner has been assigned to the command of the corps.

Brigadier-General Stanley M. Mitchell has been assigned to the command of the Department of the West, and will immediately repair to Hilton Head.

General Thomas F. Meagher, Rhode Island, resigned his rank in the United States Senate last week, and the General Assembly of that State has been elected Governor Samuel G Arnold to fill his place for the remainder of the term, which expires March 4, 1863.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "ORESCENT" NOT ALLOWED TO SAIL.

The United State gun-boat *Tuscarora*, after sailing at a British port, returned heavenly upon the arrival of the *Oreto*, a rebel vessels instead of proceeding to the Federal blockading squadron off the coast of Atlantic. Having been prevented from putting into Kingstown by the British revenue cutter *Valiant*, the *Tuscarora* then, according to a previous arrangement, she received a hundred tons of coal. From that port she was ordered away by a British revenue cutter. She is said to have gone to Queenstown.

LORD PALMERSTON ON THE "TRENT" AFFAIR.

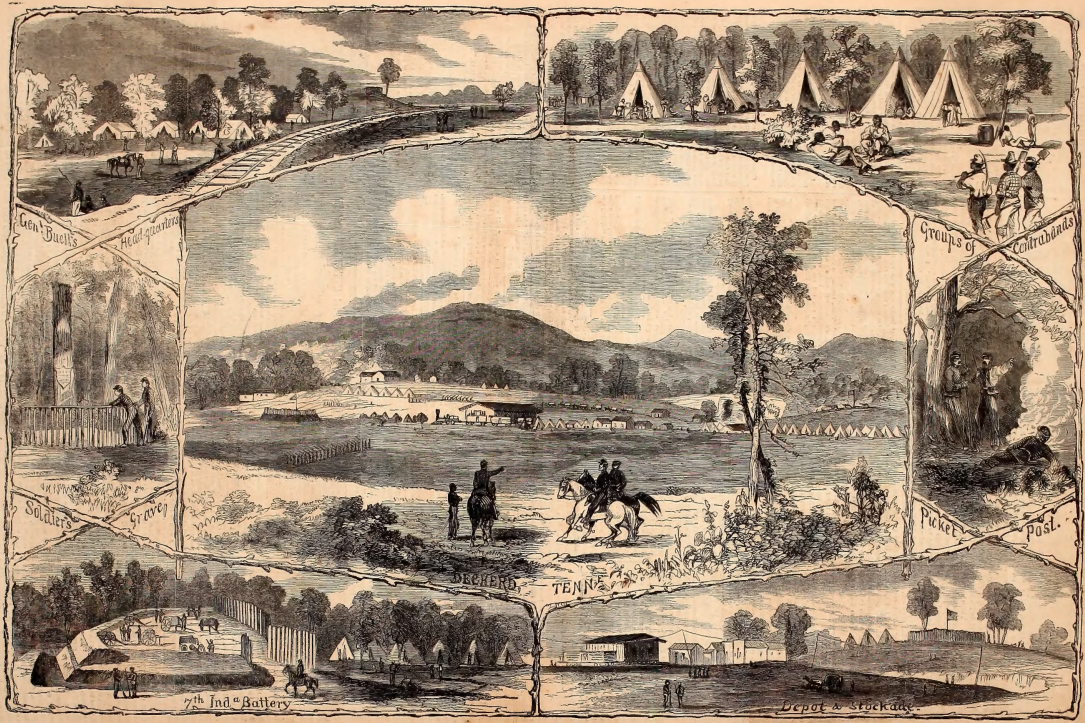
Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, said that the affair of the *Trent* was "ended." The Premier said that the "honor, principles, and dignity of England" had been "properly maintained, and that to the settlement there was no triumph about it."

ITALY.

GARIBALDI'S MOVEMENTS.

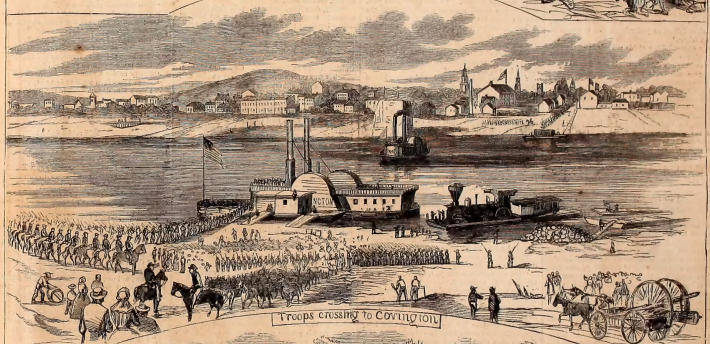
A paragraph in the *Opinione*, attributed to the Emperor himself, states that France will defend the Pope. It was reported that Garibaldi and a portion of his followers had left Milan in Calabria. There was great excitement in the latter province, and several towns had pronounced in favor of Garibaldi. The Neapolitan Province had been declared in a state of siege.

The latest news from Italy is that a battle has taken place between the royal troops and the Garibaldians, in which the latter were worsted. Garibaldi was wounded and taken prisoner.



GENERAL BUELL'S CAMPAIGN.—Sketched by Mr. Hilbert.—[See Page 603.]







PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENSE AT CINCINNATI—CITIZENS IN THE TRENCHES.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

GUY.

"Come into the den of lions! just step into this nice den of lions!" Notwithstanding which commencement there is no need for picking up of skirts or smelling-bottles, as this story is guiltless of sawdust, hurdle-races, and a clown, and dates not from a menagerie, but from the wide airy parlors where, in the centre of four little gilded chairs, turned as reception-chairs were never meant to be, sate a stately and fearful as three-year-olders could utter issued from the bottom of Master Bertie's blue Garibaldi, varied by appeals to Dr. Guy loose leg soar.

"I say, Dr. Guy, why don't you come into the den of lions? I'm Daniel, and you shall be the angel. Come in now—there's a good fellow!"

Dr. Guy glanced over at the lions—where they were visible two slender figures, and much white drapery.

"The angel article isn't in my line, Bert, though, if you want a good first-class lion, I will rour that I will make Clara and Violet there say, but I will do any boy's heart good to hear me. I will rour that I will make Clara and Violet there say, but I will do any boy's heart good to hear me. I will rour that I will make Clara and Violet there say, Let him roar again; let him roar again!" making his words good by a series of howls and a good deal of firm white teeth that left Bertie ecstatic.

A little figure came at him from the bow-window with a swift, gliding rush.

"Hush! do stop, Guy! How can you be so absurd?"

"Was I too loud? I will aggravate my voice so that I will rour you as gently as a sucking dove. I will rour as 'twere any nightingale."

"What child's play!"

"Pardon, Mignonne. Not every one like you can appreciate only deep and serious things—Le Follet, for instance."

A little hand was laid lightly over his arm. Guy caught it and held it in both of his.

"Laugh as much as you like," she said, pettishly, "Le Follet is a serious thing. I have been puzzling over this fashion-plate till my head really aches, trying to decide if I should have that lovely Grenadine made like number three. You, Guy, if it shouldn't fit as perfectly as that it would be such a fright."

Guy glanced down at his undress, and thought of those breeding-cake that to-morrow was filled with an instant's keen pain. If it had been Clara sitting so quietly in the window-seat—perhaps she have been puzzling over Le Follet? But there was the rosy little hand lying so lovingly in his, and the clear appreciation that she had for the lovely glamour of youth and beauty; for though Miss Aigre did declare that Violet was "only a child in affection, on Violet's pink-and-white complexion, that her mouth was not finely cut, that all her beauty was in her color and her youth, and added that when old she would be positively ugly (and very likely was quite right), Dr. Guy knew that her not with the eye of a prophet, but of a lover; and albeit a sensible man in other matters, thought her children electrical thunder-clouds, gave unto her secretly to roses, humming-birds, golden-haired Aurroras, and all other lovely, flower-like things. Violet's color came under his kindling look.

"It is so absurd altogether," she said, uneasily. "To think that I am going to be a child in affection and be shot perhaps, when (if you are very conscientious) it would be so easy to feel a little flutter in some common person who would be glad to run the risk for one-third of what you will lose."

"What does Clara say?" what does, Gravely.

"She says, 'Woe to that nation whose young men stay at home for pleasure, and send hirelings to battle for the right!'" answered a full, deep voice, unmistakable for a curious distinctness of utterance.

"Clara has become a perfect phonograph. She lately a stock of such pet phrases on hand," said Violet, almost crossly. "What does she mean by the battle of Bull Run? This is a war of principle, has, gotten up to please those New England fanatics people. Every one knows that the slaves are perfectly happy, and I like the Southerners ever so much. They have such lovely eyes, and look at us all the same as if they would eat us up alive."

"Excellent reason!" answered Clara, coming out from the window-seat. "I will go to war with a people fighting for their Constitution, their laws, their very lives."

Violet held up one hand in affected horror.

"Now don't be strong-minded, Clara. It is too bad of you. I always was a peaceable person about these things; and I don't believe that there would be any trouble if our people would only let the Southerners alone."

Guy instinctively dropped her hand.

"I think the mind of every reasonable woman should be strong enough to entertain such thoughts," he said, much displeased; "and it is a singular development of childishness that it should not. Violet. It looks altogether Southward."

Violet pouted an instant; she had half a mind for a quarrel, but tact triumphed. With a sigh she sank down on the sofa beside him, murmuring close to his ear.

"Please don't be angry, Guy. I know I am a silly little thing, but I will be good and clever as Clara; but then, you know, she has no Guy to leave to the war, or she would hate it as I do for taking you away."

O Guy! what man ever was inexorable toward the fair-committed for his sake? Violet did just what you, sensible reader, "who have no nonsense about you," would have done in his place; relented at the soft whisper and the piteous face, and drew the smiling little figure closer to him, hating himself for having in his heart called this angel a fool.

A little triumphant smile edged itself out at the further corner of Violet's mouth, while Clara, quite forgotten of both, went back to the window and sat down again to read:

"This summer, though the snows be down,
Thinks Kinslie of the bird of June;
The little red blip on the tree
Is ripe for such. What is for me.
Whose days on winteringly go on?"

But the words blurred. Her eyes were swimming, her lip quivering; the sharp pain would not down; her heart would re-echo the poeten's bitter cry. She was not envious—she tried not to be; she hated herself for the very thought of such a possibility: but she had so by heart all those pretty affectations—she had so frequently watched the shallow depths of that worthless nature—and it was so hard to see the treasure that she would have counted priceless carelessly seen and little esteemed by her who had won it. It was bad enough that a sensible man should be fooled by such shallow artifices; but that she should care, should feel her heart sink down at the going of one who thought of her only as of any other familiar object about the house, was intolerable. If it had been possible she would so gladly have accepted the half-contemptuous pity that Violet gave to her open arrow like Violet. All her pain and desolation must be crushed down, concealed from human eyes by more than ordinary coldness. Guy looked hurt when she gave him only the tips of cold, listless fingers, and she had a sharp pang of pain thinking that he must believe her heartless and unfeminine. "But after that," she said to herself, "than self-betrayal."

Very different was Violet's grief. It didn't "grey like a storm in the lea," but was rather of the sunflower order. It flourished specially in public; it found vent in fits of what resembled sobs and tears, and everyday folks temper. It was a perfect maelstrom, and drew in every body and every thing by way of consolation.

"You see I am in such an unfortunate position," she said, appealingly, to Miss Aigre, "that I really should go distracted if I stayed at home; and if I dare to walk or ride with any body, then all the good people will be shocked. I am sure I don't think it was so selfish in Guy to leave me. He just went for the excitement of the thing—all the men do."

"Would it be very dreadful if you should go with me?" was the answer. "I am going to-morrow. Suppose you consider me in a fatherly light (he was six years her senior), and if Mrs. Grundy is very severe about us, we can quiet her apprehensions by a placard, or something in the personals, stating that Guy is but a dozen miles distant."

What sort of filial affection is that which a girl of nineteen is apt to cherish for a handsome, invisible parent on the wrong side?

When Clara looked grieved, and people hinted that Mr. Lewis's attendance was a little altogether disinterested, Violet resented it with proper indignation: yet Guy's image was growing very dim in her heart. She read his letters aloud, and Clara answered with effort. She had Peyton's carte de visite; she had a dozen others, and was not how common, how almost ugly looked Guy's miniature beside Peyton's sparkling face! Presently society made out openly, and Guy's name was in full-dress enough to repeat the dots on Violet.

"If people would only not trouble themselves about us," she said, fretfully.

"Why should you care?" Gossip is like sea-foam, my child; it will pass away enough before the one stubborn fact of Guy's return."

Violet colored, and bent over her hands.

"Oh! hush, hush! how can I ever meet him?"

Peyton's arm stole around her, his other hand over hers that lay on it.

"Let me meet him for you, Violet. Give me the right," he whispered.

Since Guy's departure had sprung up something almost like coolness between Violet and Clara; but exactly after the same fashion that Violet came and nestled down at her cousin's feet, laying her handsome head in her lap as she spoke of delicate, meeting Clara with a look as steady as her own. Clara dropped the pictured hand in dismay.

"It isn't possible! You have not dared—" that word Violet flamed up.

"I have, and you may spare your arguments. I never really loved Guy. It was a delusion. He is positively ordinary. He has none of that tact and delicacy which are the chief requirements."

"Oh, how will you answer for this!" groaned Clara.

Violet, rearranging her hair before the étagere, laughed carelessly.

"I shall tell him that to my husband."

Clara stood aghast.

"Peyton and I were married this morning, and as—as nobody—need—know—Guy—I thought that—perhaps you would write to him."

Tell him! What words could she find! By her own hopelessness she knew a little of what would be his pain. Tell him that his trust was betrayed; strike him in the face with the fact of loved him! While she was hesitating and shrinking came a letter that made writing out of the question.

"Guy had been badly wounded—he might recover—he was dangerously wounded—he could not wrote one of his brother officers: "but it was as well to be prepared for the worst." And then for a moment Clara fiercely hated Violet, for she seemed almost glad. Followed six blank weeks, rendered tolerable by occasional brief lines.

"Guy was living—had improved slightly—was better—was coming home." Then last in his own handwriting—irregular, uncertain—speaking so potently in Clara of weakness and suffering in every lifeless line. Guy writhing in pain, trying with grief and pity almost to bursting.

Close on his letter followed Guy, ghastly pale, weak as a woman, but coming in the full flush of hope, almost childishly eager to see Violet. No one had told him: not the mother who had gone to watch over him; not the sister who welcomed him: it was left for her who during those six weeks had gone through the valley of the shadow of death in silence and utter solitude of heart.

She sat as he entered, making pitiful pretenses of work, scarcely able to force out articulate answers from her tired lips. But Guy never saw the trouble on her face, did not even find space to wonder at her strange manner, so feverishly was he watching for the first glimpse of that golden head, listening for the first tap of the little foot on the marble vestibule.

"She is so long coming," he said at last, "and I thought she would have been the first to meet me."

Clara's heart stood still, but she found no words to answer him.

"Or is she away?" he went on, uneasily. "I should hardly— Why, Clara, what is the matter?"

For the work had dropped from her nerveless fingers, and she was looking at him with eyes brimming over with tears.

He seized her hands; he pressed them till she shrank from the pain; he looked down into her eyes as if he would tear the truth from them.

"What is it?" he asked, hoarsely. "You are not in mourning—she is not dead?"

Words dropped out as if independently of her volition.

"Better that she were, Guy. She is married."

"Dead!"

Only that; but what a crazed and anguished face was that turned toward her! In the cruel, bitter pain, indignation blazed up. They would out; they would find vent; and she never knew how—but somehow, the story, the whole story, decorous girl was on her knees beside him, her arms about his neck, her soft cheek against his, crying, incoherently.

"Guy, dear Guy, better this pain than life-long torture! Love, Guy, hush! you break my heart!"—drawing down his head on her shoulder; holding him close, like some suffering child; murmuring words of comfort; softening the first fierce despair, the angels only knew how much. No one questioned her right to act as mother during the relapse which followed on this shock. Guy would have it so—that was sufficient. Her care surrounded him like a pleasant atmosphere; and he received it, reasoning no more about it than of vital air, till relatives, in fear of Mrs. Grundy, suggested that the good people always lose health and strength in sick rooms; ergo, that Clara, in spite of the doctor's fiery protests, hung out on her cheeks, must have lost hers, and must be dragooned into them again; so parental authority sent her to look for them in a Scotch mountain.

Guy rebelled and chafed in vain; there was only one consolation, that the girl would be with him on her in her evening dress. He tossed and fidgeted on the sofa while watching for the roll of wheels and her step on the stairs, and when she came to him he had fallen into a doze; opened his eyes consequently without hearing in her footfall, and saw the faint color rising and deepening under his averted head, the rest of the face hidden by a screen away from the wide forehead, and gleaming here and there golden-brown in the light: her tulle dress floating about her mist-like and spiritualizing her loveliness—for she was lovely—and Guy, blind so long, had opened his eyes to see it. The pleasant little surprise saluted him as she moved. A little hand passed regretfully over his hair. A spirit of the mist, or something of the kind, for it hardly shook up his pillows, pulled up his table, sighed softly, and vanished, leaving him alone with a book and a medicine bottle.

He looked at neither. To think that Clara was so lovely and so sweet—so unspeakably dear! Suppose other people should make the same discovery; and there rose before him a vision of those eyes beaming with tears, and the sad, sweet mouth just now shone so shadester-like close about his neck, and the low, trembling cry of pain, so unlike stonately, "You break my heart!" Forms had shriveled up in that hour of bitter affliction; spirit had met spirit, and been knit to it: yet who knew when he took that united them might be severed? Who knew but some angel might tell her? He had no warrant had he that the vague somebody was not about it that very moment? With his speculations he wearied himself into a fever, and when Clara came and tart enough when Clara made her appearance in the morning.

"I did not expect to see you," was his salutation.

"Oh! I am not tired. I came home early."

"Then it was not pleasant."

"On the contrary I enjoyed it."

"Oh, of course," answered sulky—"confined as you have been to this wretched room! No wonder!"

Clara looked in reproach she would not come.

"Come," he pursued, "don't you see that I am waiting for details? Chained here, you should not have left me. Which was it, or both, who was so agreeable? You see I can translate your delightful evening."

"Guy!"

"Well, what have I said now? I thought you were above the silliness of social affectation. There is nothing very unnatural about my question. You are both very attractive. You will marry some day, of course."

"Never, Guy."

"A bad symptom: for 'Never,' when it is the dictum of a young lady, read 'As soon as possible.'"

Cruel, unjust, ungenerous, thought Clara, but she went and sat down by the work-stand without answering. Guy watched her in silence. There was neither frown nor angry flush on her face, only an unwonted drooping of the lashes and a quiver about the mouth. She was too far away. He wanted her near him.

"My head aches intolerably," he said in his meekest tone.

Clara rose, as he knew she would; poured out the Cologne in her little rosy palm and chopped it gently on his head, pushing the thick hair away, and passing her soft, clinging fingers over his fore-head, her eyes full of a pity and tenderness to sweet that it thrilled him through and through.

"Oh, Clara!" burst out suddenly from the very depths of his heart, "is there any forgiveness for such blindness, such intolerable folly as mine but mean I God indeed restrains us after we have tried our idols and found them wanting; but can human nature approach the divine near enough, to forgive and love after it has so basely misjudged that one inferior? Dear Lisk you to love me after—"

A little hand on his lips prevented the rest of the sentence. Need of recording her answer then is none. Was she not a woman?

THE TRAGEDY OF THE WHITE VILLAGE.

A RUSSIAN STORY.

Not until 1859, when the act takes complete effect, shall we know the results of the emancipation of thirty millions of serfs. While among the peasants, generally, the change is tending, at the time of the first edict on the subject, I tried to ascertain what value the peasants themselves set on the promised boon; but I could not find my way far into the mass of their ignorance and stupidity.

One day I had the following conversation with a serf, who brought me a message.

"Your name is Evan Vassiovitch; to whom do you belong?"

"I am the serf of Karmovitch."

"How many are you?"

"Two thousand souls we are."

"You will all be free then."

He looked at me from the corners of his eye, and shook his head.

"Yes. If God and our Father wills."

"It will be better for you, Evan; will it not?"

"God knows, but who can say what I know?

"How much obrok do you pay?"

"Thirty rubles a year."

"Do you pay it in work or in money?"

"I work four days a week in the sugar fabric by the sloboda, and the rest, I pay."

"How much are the passport and taxes?"

"About three rubles and a half, besides other things."

"That is thirty-three rubles and a half you have to pay, and the rest you work for nothing but love in the sugar-mill?"

"It is so, barne, and hard work it is."

"And then you get your freedom you will not require to pay obrok, or work for to do it. You will be free as the birds, and will own your ground. Will that not be better for you?"

"God give it. I don't know. But I am tired of working."

"How much land have you?"

"Three and a half desiatines" (ten acres).

"Well, that is plenty to keep your family on if you spend all your time on it and pay no rents; it is not possible?"

"I don't know, baron, but I am tired of working in a fabric."

"Now, tell me, Evan, what do you intend to do when you get your freedom? Will you send your children to work ground, or will you send them somewhere else?"

He turned his eyes first up, then down, then to both sides, as if seeking to evade an answer, and in the peculiar peasant's shrug, and slowly muttered:

"I shall sleep, barne."

"And after you have slept, Evan?"

"I shall eat, baron."

"And after you have eaten, Evan?"

"I shall sleep again, baron."

I saw that the matter ended in game, and with the pig and poultry are all eaten, and when the potatoes, carrots, and cabbages are all eaten, and then there is a fire-wood to procure, what will you do then, Evan?"

"I shall sleep, baron. Now, my God give you health, and thank you for the treasure you are going to give me. Give you good-day."

And with that the man suspected all the rest. The condition of many of these people at this time may be judged from the following statement: I paid a girl with difficulty from a peasant village I work in a cotton-mill:

"I work hour eleven (twelve and sixpence) a month. My time is all spent in the mill, from five o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night. My wife and children work on the fields belonging to the baron five days every week in return for their wages. In winter they do all kind of work required of them by the steward of the estate. We are only free on Sundays and holidays. We have a cow, and two horses, sheep and carrots. The women do this work. When I have saved enough money I shall buy me and a pig, and we have some ducks. We cannot sell the stock [meaning the manure] (the steward's tommy-shop); this is deducted from our wages. We pay no rent for the house we live in. Our work is counted for this; the steward manages all that. Somehow I am always in debt to the steward. I have worked ten years in the mill, and am a good spinner. I don't know what I shall do when we get our freedom. We shall not work any more, I suppose. I may go begging, but my son is able; he has cultivated land. We are three thousand souls on this estate, and about three rubles and a half, per fifty rubles a thousand nearly are saved, and per fifty rubles each is paid. They pay their own passport and taxes besides."

This is a sorry but true picture. Eleven pound

a year had this man and his family to live on! For that sum the father and son gave all their time to the mill, and the mother and two daughters five days a week in other work. The father and son alone were on the free principle, the father and son alone were worth, and were sure to receive, about sixty pounds, and the two daughters thirty; but then they could be forced to pay out of that what their master chose to exact for shock and taxes. Many of the men had taken off, and some are worse. The serfs belonging at one time to the crown are now free, and those possessed by the rich families have only to pay their labor obrok, and those what they pleased with their ground or themselves.

Intelligence reached us one day that something serious had happened among the serfs at a place called the Old Village, twenty miles off. I started off to the place in company with my Scotch friend Saunderson, who was then my interpreter. While Volkovo is a village of considerable size, and the houses seemed to have once been of a more comfortable class than any I had seen in other parts. Now it was a most desolate picture of extreme penury and woe; soldiers were in possession, delivery door. Cossacks patrolled the streets and the adjacent roads, so that but for my friend's clever assistance we should not have been allowed to enter. The steward's house, with all his property and stores, had been burned down, and he himself had been murdered. His family—a wife, son, and two daughters) could nowhere be found. Some ten peasants were dead, many severely wounded. A gang of serfs in irons, or bound with ropes, followed by screaming women, some with babies in their arms, were leaving the place under an escort of Cossacks, who were joining the poor wretches and probing them with their lances, as if they were a government town prison, whence they would pass ultimately to the Siberian mines, no doubt.

This is the story of the outbreak:

General Obrassoff died and left his widow two estates: this of the White Village, and that of Ivanovo into his possession only a short time before his death, was one: the other was that upon which my friend Saunderson and I has experienced hospitality. The lady was a person of a tender heart, who had been well educated, and mixed in the best society. At her husband's death she left the capital and its pleasures, in order to devote herself to the education of her daughter, taking with her a resident governess and a little English girl as companion and English otter. The little English girl, by name Fanny Stevens, was fabulously rich, and was unable to educate her, and she was glad to give her companionship to the little Russian girl, and in exchange for good treatment and an education in German, French, and music.

Arrived at the White Village, which she had never seen before, the "generalsha" ("Mrs. General") decided upon living there for a time. It was the old family house which was prepared for her reception she staid in a friend's house in the nearest town. The former proprietor of the White Village had been rich, and easy with his serfs. He had possessed several estates of considerable extent lying widely separate from each other in the country, where he had never been but once: in fact, he knew only the bulk of the White Village, except that it was his, and that the steward sent or brought him plenty of excuses for non-payment, but little money. He did not trouble his head much, therefore, when the people on the estate passed to the general Obrassoff at cards or died, as the merely the General Obrassoff or herself my authority here) that if the General made no more of the place than he had made of them, he should not be of much use to him. The General determined, however, to make the most possible of it. He was, however, to make the most possible of it. He was the same estate as his other property, and would form a large addition to his income if well handled. But soon after he had sent off a confidential agent with the discharge of the old steward in his pocket, and with orders to repair the house, lay stock, and raise the obrok from ten rubles to thirty, he died. Thus Madame, good, tender-hearted, compassionate Madame Obrassoff ruled in his stead until the child's majority.

On the morning after she had taken possession and installed herself comfortably in her large wooden house, before she had quite got out of her the large plot of grass (which never fails to turn up, from) was filled with a mass of human beings clad in the most filthy rags, waiting to pay their respects to their master-owner: the old men with their beards, the ragamuffins with evident pride and pleasure. English rags are bad, Scotch rags are worse, but Irish rags are worse still. Russian rags are beyond all conception. When the lady appeared on the lawn among the "souls," she was perfectly shocked by their wretched appearance; and the steward having marked with cunning satisfaction the effect of this sympathy, advanced first with a "welcome present," a lean goose, and laid it at her feet. He then kissed her feet and the feet of her children, and wished that all imaginable blessings might be poured down on their "high-born" heads. He then said that the present he had brought was not fit to give to a steward's clerk far less to such a high-born personage, but it was all he had left to give, he was so poor! The rest of the ragged host advanced and followed suit, no one coming empty-handed. Some gave one egg, others a few berries or a bit of black bread, some a jug of kvass or an old partridge: this one had caught a young rabbit, that one a small paper of salt or a few carrots. The speeches delivered on this great occasion by more or the older peasants were similar to that of the old steward. "High-born lady, we are your humble slaves. Forgive us for having no thing better to offer you. We are poor. Look at us with the golden-eye and have pity. God give you health and long life to live among us. We are poor but obedient. We will all die for you. It is God's truth, lady, we are poor." Many of them shed tears profusely. The kind-hearted woman wept in sympathy, and pitied the degraded beings from the bottom of her heart. How could she exact thirty rubles a year from such people? How could she put a hard steward over them to grind more out of them? Had this not been already carried too far?

"Starost," she said, "hear me. My husband gave orders before he died that each man should pay thirty rubles obrok. Has the steward told you so, and are you willing to pay it?"

"High-born lady, it is truth. We have been told, but God knows we can not pay it. All we have is a bad thirty rubles each. Our lands have beautiful eyes to look with. See these people. Is it possible that we can pay all this large obrok? I shall have compassion and be an angel, and make the obrok ten rubles as it was before."

"Steward," said the lady, "give me your opinion."

"My lady, honored and obeyed, it is my opinion that all this is a farce got up to deceive you. Don't believe them. They are rich. They have no right to be the reverse. I can not prove it yet; but I soon will. Follow, Madame, your father's plan, and all will go well. I shall soon by myself to find the obrok. I have done."

Here the whole body of the peasants, about fifteen hundred, at a secret sign from the starost, surrounded the lady and fell on their knees, howling and crying:

"My children," she said, "I pity you. It is sad to look on you with these rags. I will not ask you to pay what you can not pay, but I must have some obrok, and shall be content with ten rubles each. If it is paid cheerfully, so much the wish to be kind and to live among you happily."

The starost commanded the bells to be rung, and shouts the starost thanked the lady, and with many bendings and bowings waved that this sum should be paid by the village as if he made it him self every thing they had. They then parted: the lady rejoicing in having made so many happy, and the starost chuckling at the success of his trick: the new steward, finding his occupation gone, gave notice to the lady, and anticipated his dismissal.

Next day, while the generalsha was giving orders in her new house, and the starost, accompanied by the daughter and Lucy Murray were at their first lessons, the cunning old starost and twenty other peasants, all in good comfortable circumstances, and looking healthy and well to do, unearthed some thirty or forty very fine young horses of their own breeding all the best horses of the estate, in which they had been hidden, and were soon on their way to the large fair in the neighborhood of which we have spoken from one thousand to fifteen hundred rubles: the greater part of which money, after being divided, was destined for the lady's benefit as soon as it could be turned into hard cash. (Perjure has no chance against the compassionate and generous. A dozen of this village were to a manderers, breeders, and rearers of horses, who, attended all the fairs for many miles around, and who and only used their own land and that of the estate for the pasturage. Instead of being poor they were the richest of the village, and none could have paid a higher obrok. But they had never paid more than the old proprietor chose to accept, not, if cunning could save their pockets, under the new.

The lady remained under her delusion for a year. When the time came for the obrok to be paid in, a few months after the birth of her little son and heir, the crops were of every thing were nothing; they were all miserably starved, and the people had only paid the ten rubles; her high-born ladyship might come and see for herself; she might take all they had, but she should not have the obrok not pay. (Not a word was said about horses.)

Again this trick succeeded. The lady and estate were deceived in every thing; this estate might improve with a little patience and kindness; and the kind woman not only forgave the whole of the obrok, but reduced it to five rubles for the next year. "Only remember, good lady, that it is a gift and not a promise. If this five rubles each is not paid in good time, and if you associate these people without the starost, you will be robbed. It will sell the place and leave you. I will not struggle and fight to get my money. I will go, and you will see that I must have it, and that it is a shame to you that I have to draw all my means from other poor serfs to eat with you in your house."

There is nothing more certain than that if you give a Russian serf an inch he will take an ell. The poor peasants were glad to pay five rubles not. The poverty trick was again rehearsed, but this time her high-born ladyship was not deceived. Her time her high-born ladyship was not deceived. Her wrath, pride and anger, advertised the estate for sale, and, as she had threatened, sold it. All the horses, "souls" on it, their wives and children, horses, cattle, goods, and chattels, became the property of a certain Count Ivan Ivanovitch Ivanoff, who had part of his life in official service on a salary of some forty-five or sixty rubles per month, and who managed to live on it, pay five rubles obrok, and to save money enough to buy the White Village at twenty thousand rubles.

The new steward whom Madame Obrassoff allowed to leave her—was appointed by Gregorin Popoff; but this steward had left with his eye on the estate ever since, knew more by this time of its capabilities, and of the character of the peasants, outwitted and driven away by the cunning old starost.

The lady now understood what was to be expected now. The venerable old starost, and twenty of the principal peasants, were seized on their return home of the purchase, and received a very liberal supply of "stick." The stanovoy's much kept the stick going for half a day, and were well paid to lay it on hard: while Herr Hausen smiled complacently. This was the first turning of the tables, and they went on running round from had to worse. Each serf was served with a demand for three years arrears of obrok, passport-money, and taxes at a high rate. Failing to pay on the instant, the secret was confiscated, and all their property, goods of studs of horses, and the more apparent goods of every kind, were appropriated and sold without the least computation. The peasants were not allowed to leave the village, but were driven to work on the fields. Having formerly attended to the thing but bread-eating, they were now almost destitute of the kind of produce necessary to human life. The old starost had to chop wood for the steward, the children gathered oak nuts and cut grass in the woods for his cows and pigs; his barns, stables, and storehouses filled as those of the peasants emptied. He became corpulent in substance as they grew lean in flesh and gaunt and hungry.

A sum equivalent to the purchase-money of the estate had already been realized; but this was not enough satisfied Herr Hausen and his employer. They had not yet found any money; and money in hard cash there must be somewhere. Domiciliary visits had been made, the floors of the huts had been dug up, and every place the searchers could think of had been explored without success. At length a few—one of those prevailing, lamp-fanciers, or Hausen's fellows, who were parents, easily-colored prints, handkerchiefs, and money, to exchange for corn, flax, feathers, and other peasant produce, at a profit of eight hundred per cent. or so—gave a hint to Herr Hausen for a percentage on the discovery. The searchers were taken accordingly, and one day these peasants—already shorn to the bone of every thing else—were deprived of their next-egg. Where it was found, or how much it was, I did not hear, but had bullion to a considerable amount was transmitted to the man safe in the strong room of the steward's house. The peasants were now poorer a thousand times than they had been when visited the kind generalsha to believe them.

What follows of the story I had partly from the old starost as he lay in his hut dying from a gunshot wound, and partly from Lucy Murray at an afterdinner.

One evening four men stood at the end of a hut shaking something in a felt hat. On coming up to his hand in a sack, and satisfied in the result and the operation was repeated. Then the four separated, and took different routes through the village, saying a few words quietly at every door. It was a cold clear night, soon after twilight, and the moon had risen in a cloudless cloudless sky. Just as the old starost passed the steward's gate he met little Lucy Murray.

"How do you do, starost? I hope your health is good. Good-night. I must run to the house."

"Stay, young lady," said the old starost and the laughing eyes, tell me who there is now in young noble house besides the steward and his."

Madame Obrassoff and her daughter sleep there to-night. You know we came for the last instalment of the purchase-money, and to dine."

"When do you go?"

"To-morrow morning. We should have gone to-day, but it was time to begin a journey, and the horses want rest. Why do you ask, starost?"

"Listen, daughter of the English. I put my words go into your heart and remain there. Tell the generalsha from her old starost that the people of the estate have been often deceived her, that she must—do you hear me say must?—leave that house in two hours after you hear this word. Tell all in it, to destruction. Now tell her noon and secretly; but as you value her life and your own, do not let any one but her. Go, child, and remember my words. Good-by, English child, and may God give you happiness."

So the starost passed on with the Russian fiery cross.

In about an hour after this groups of men in noiseless felt boots went their way to the church front. Each man was armed with only one weapon, but it was a deadly one opposed to any thing but fire-arms: the tapere, or Russian hatchet. Each of the Russian hatchets can hew down trees, cut them into pieces and slabs, build houses, make carts, and, with a sharpened point, can even mend pens or pencils, kill a wolf or a bear, make tables and chairs, cleave his enemy's skull, and perform the crown in the midst. Some met at the church, each with his tapere stuck in his belt and resting on his hip. At a given signal the men round the church every individual turned his body so as to face the holy emblems, imagine, and kissed the sacred cross on the altar. Each was with more than ordinary devotion bowed and crossed himself.

The starost lifted up his voice: "Brothers, many words, little deeds. Are you all ready and willing?"

Each man drew from his back the tapere, flourished it over his head, and answered, "Ready!"

"Then, brothers, the cast lots whether it should be to-night, and the answer was 'Yes:' we cast lots again, and the answer was, 'All.' Follow me, then."

The body of men moved on, and, but for the dull rustling of their felt boots, they moved like noiseless phantoms. They were in number about five hundred men, all in the prime of life, and the steward's gate a carriage drove up; they opened to let it pass, and locked it again. Arrived at the house, they surrounded it, duly, pale as spectres, and quaking in every limb, sat inside. Every sign of life was extinguished, and the house stood and bowed. The old starost said, "O in peace, kind woman and innocent girl, and God bless you for your kind words!" He little knew that Herr Hausen's two daughters and his wife were concealed in the house, and that Hausen's wife, Lucy had warned not only Madame Obrassoff but the steward and his family. Ah! then, a young man in the house, who started out on the instant, mounted a fleet horse, and galloped to the nearest town for soldiers.

Then was the steward left alone to meet the storm he had raised. Most tyrants are cowards, and Herr Hausen did not belie the statement. When the hatchets began to beat at his doors and windows he became at last convinced (for he had until then derided the idea) that he had raised a demon he could never lay. He fled for refuge to the most frenzied fanatic, as if any place in the great house could hide him from those who were now seeking his blood. His own domestics, all of them serfs to the village, joining the assailants, each hurried him away, and dragged him to the door, when he was commanded to give up the money he had robbed them of. With trembling limbs and pallid cheeks he obeyed, yielded the keys, and begged on his knees for mercy. In the most abject fear and cowardly despair he offered them all he possessed, promised forgiveness, and that he would replace the obrok—any thing, every thing, for life. But they were deaf to his prayers, and mercy they did not show him. The axes of fifty men glittered in the cold moonlight and descended on his head. Then, when he was hewed to pieces, began the work of destruction. The rooms and galleries found in their progress a frantic madness to the madness of ignorant despairing vengeance, and morning found the revolted serfs standing within the once dying enemies of what had lately been the steward's house, offices, stables, and stores. The fruits of their misdemeanors entered their benighted heads. They had received the last money and a great deal more; they had feasted to satiety on the stores of the steward; best of all, they had killed their enemy as they would kill a wolf. But consequences were not slow to come. A cry of "Soldiers!" was raised. Surprised, they ran this way to be met by the soldiers, cavalry, and that way to be met by the soldiers, cavalry, and that way to be met another volley. Dead and wounded fell like rotten sheep. Then a desperate wave swept over the peasants fell on their knees screaming for mercy, and surrendered at discretion.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

On pages 600 and 601 we publish an illustration of the SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN, fought on 29th August, from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Edwards, who was with General Pope throughout the battle. The following description from a Tribune correspondent, who was also on the field, is appropriate. He says:

The first position taken by the rebels was about noon, when Sigel was throwing out regiments to right to protect our left from flanking attacks.

In the order of battle for the day Heintzelman commanded the third, Porter and Sigel the center, and McDowell the left. The first fighting was between Sigel and the rebels on the road to the right of the Stone Bridge, and Reynolds's brigade found itself assailed by a few troublesome bushwhackers. These were soon driven off, and the regiments were got off and passed to the rear.

The fight was then continued as far as I formed protect. At any rate I got upon ground where the corpses attended the burying of the fight and where the dead bodies lie thick. There were our fellows. With there were the rebels. Here and there lay those of both armies mingled. That ground had been fought over. A little further they lay thicker. Then they were piled upon each other more thickest. Upon ground that I judged to be not over half a mile square there were lying not less than a thousand men. Advancing further still, I saw a Union soldier raised, not dead, but with his head resting upon his knapsack. I pushed on good order, satisfied that the enemy's line extended from right to left, I started directly for the centre of that line. Soon I came to the edge of the field. By this time our men were coming out of the woods in front. Pushing on, I got further advanced, our left withdrawn, so that we found ourselves in front of the enemy's line, from right to left exactly south.

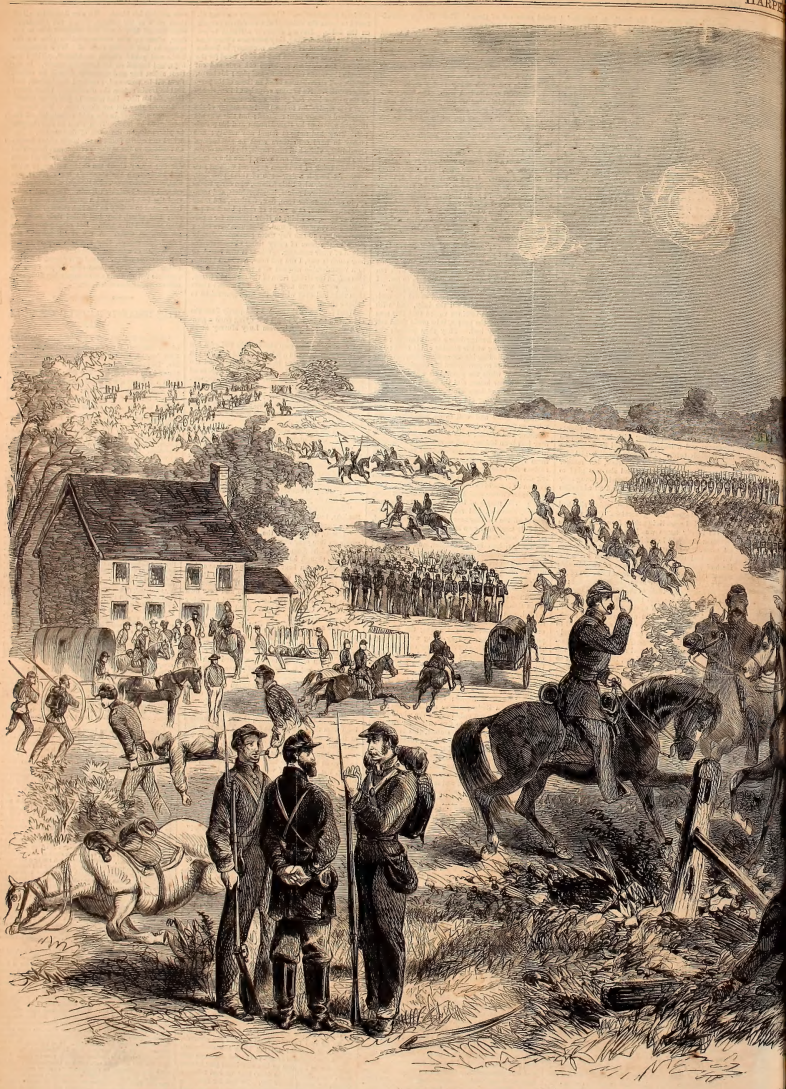
The rebel General Stevens attacked at the right, and soon after General Butterfield at the left. The enemy's line was overlapped, outflanked, and driven back, and at each point of attack he met us with musketry.

The rebel General Hood's brigade was first. Gen. Grover was certain the enemy intended to turn one or the other flank, and ordered the Eighth Connecticut to the left. The exit was at the best doubtful; for his assute had just retreated from it with the entire brigade of the rebel army, had come up and assumed command. The assute was repulsed, and Hood's brigade driven back in disorder.

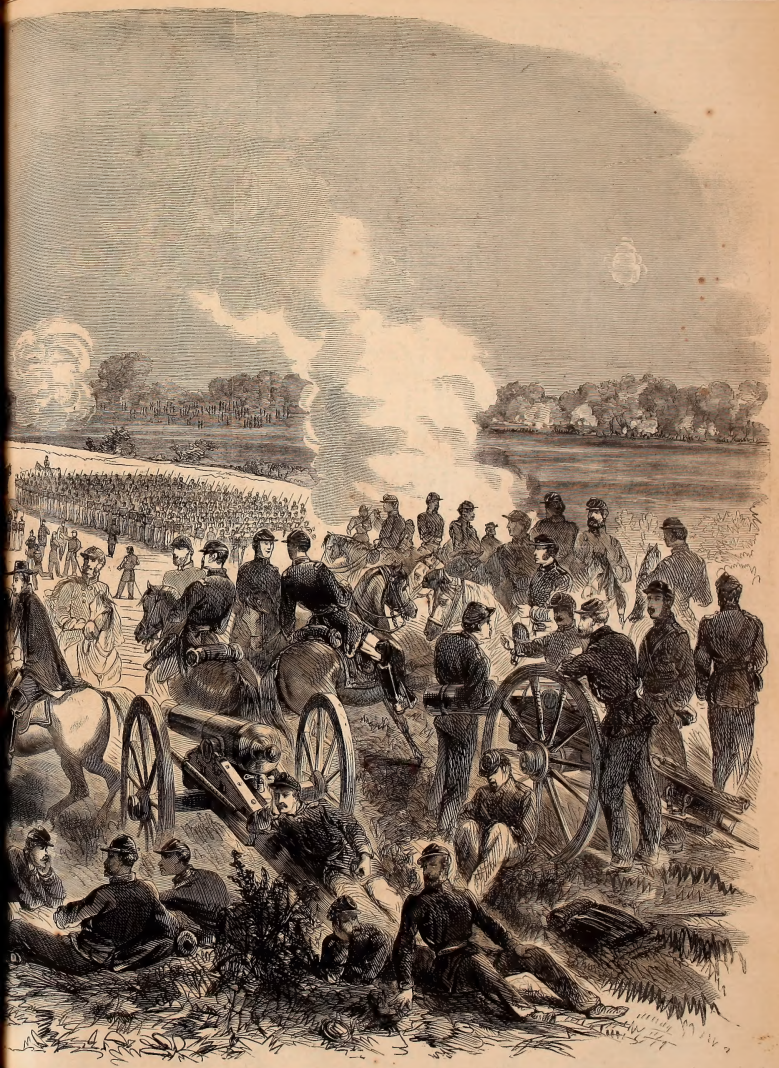
During myself in the centre, within view of both portions of the field where infantry were engaged, I could not distinguish the movements of the left. Reinforcements for troops were engaged, and I surmised that we were fighting against the whole force of the rebel army. Gen. Pope and I bought our forces up to the front. Gen. Porter's corps had been engaged all day, and Gen. Pope had been ordered to the left. He moved men at a double-quick from right to left, and exactly south.

A gentleman of an hour later I wished he had moved a still greater proportion to the left. I have heard the musketry of the contending armies from Yorktown to Richmond; I say unhesitatingly that the fire which broke out at the left and up to the right of the line was the heaviest of any. Bulk of volleys, and rolls, and crashes! It was all these continually succeeding each other. Sometimes there was a swelling volume—the wrestle of rioting terrapins such as never was heard before. Then the sharp concussion that artillery played from each of the cardinal points upon the rebel columns as they came out of the woods in front. I could not see them struggling. The smoke of battle was between us. But I saw the rebel columns, and I trembled for the result. Gen. Pope was in the midst of the fight. He was then ordered to the left. Before he could get fairly there the rebels had driven back the Union regiments before. Their soldiers fought like brave men: if mowed down they were met by their comrades in columns, as they surely did fight well. I doubt not they plied the assault with the fury of fiends. Their officers led them on by Decatur's hand. I believe they can not be a man who would not be perfectly willing to see the rebel columns the hour between 4½ and 5½ o'clock the severest fighting he ever knew. It was a contest of giants. The rebel right of the line the contestants seemed to desist in exhausted fatigue. Then the rebel left—the left of the rebel army that we were beaten—undertook to drive back the right of the Union army. Apprehensive about the hospitals and the wounded, I rode to the rear. Before I reached the centre of the latter could be seen making for the Bull Run bridge and the ford. Then the rebel line came on in literal in competitive order. I saw the term not as a mild one, but the disgraceful one of a rout. I saw it even before the actual fact in the case.

I saw on Gainesville road a brigade that could not, as it came from the field, show its distinct regiments, or rather the colors of its distinct regiments. I saw a brigade in a mass marched a mile in scattered men gathered. Still there were streets, and lanes, and avenues of flying men, and when they were hastily in condition for another battle Sunday. Then I saw Gen. Pope, with his staff, ride down the road leading to the field—he was known to be at Manassas early in the day—he was known to be at Centreville, and beside Alfred. I saw all done in two hours.



GENERAL SIGEL'S CORPS AT THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN



HIT AUGUST 29, 1862.—Sketched by Mr. Davenport.—[See Page 599.]



WAR MAP OF KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE, SHOWING THE PRESENT THEATRE OF OPERATIONS IN THE WEST.

GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY.

ON page 596 we publish several pictures of the army under command of General Buell, from sketches by Mr. Hubner. The following account of the pictures will serve to explain them:

A VIEW OF DECHERD, TENNESSEE.

Decherd is a station on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, boasting a dépôt, hotel, and half a dozen dwelling and store houses. It has shared the usual fate of small towns in districts occupied by the army. The quarter-master has fallen heir to the dépôt, and has filled it with his stores. The Provost Marshal and the convalescent soldiers have taken possession of the rest of the town. Having grown to be a point of military importance, it has been strongly fortified. The stockade forts in different parts of the town are observable in the view. The camp of the Third Ohio occupies the right of the drawing, with the dépôt and store-houses in the fore-ground and centre. The mountains in the back-ground are spurs of the Cumberland.

THE SEVENTH INDIANA BATTERY.

In a neat and strong fort west of the town the Seventh Indiana battery has been stationed to defend the approaches from the mountains. These forts and stockades were built to defend the troops stationed here against guerrilla raids.

THE CONTRABAND CAMP.

All the work of fortifying in General Buell's Department is done by the negroes of rebel masters. General Buell was very prompt to obey the order of the President on that subject. Thousands of negroes are now in his camps doing duty as laborers in various capacities. Many of the wagon trains are driven by negroes.

GENERAL BUELL'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

The sketch of General Buell's head-quarters is particularly faithful. The tents on the left are those of General Buell and Colonel Fry, his Chief of Staff. That of the military telegrapher is seen on the right. General Buell invariably lives in camp. He is now in the field for a long and tedious campaign, which his brilliant military genius and recognized abilities will bring to a successful termination.

In the woods near our camp is the grave of one of General M'Cook's men, shot in defending his General. His name is John Lochbihler, Company D, Ninth Regiment Ohio Volunteers, born in Bavaria, Germany. The boys mourn their brave leader, and have sworn to revenge him. The Ninth Regiment is a fine regiment, though they had to suffer much from heavy marchings.

The Third Ohio and Forty-second Indiana marched in two days from Huntsville to Decherd. It was a heavy march, and they were highly complimented for it.

THE INVASION OF KENTUCKY.

ON page 597 we publish three pictures from sketches by our special artist, Mr. H. Mosler, illustrating the preparations made at Cincinnati and Covington to resist the rebels. Early last week it was known that Kirby Smith, at the head of a large body of troops (15,000 or 20,000), advanced into Eastern Kentucky. Having defeated a small body of raw volunteers under Nelson, they pushed forward and seized successively Cynthiana, Frankfort, and Lexington, menacing Louisville and Cincinnati. General Lew Wallace was at once placed in command at the latter city, and issued the following order:

ORDER FROM GENERAL WALLACE.

The undersigned, by order of Major-General Wright, assumes command of Cincinnati, Covington, and Newport.

It is but fair to inform our citizens that an active, daring, and powerful enemy threatens them with every consequence of war—yet the cities must be defended and the inhabitants assist in the preparations.

First—All business must be suspended at nine o'clock to-day. Every business house must be closed.

Second—Under the direction of the Mayor the citizens must, within the hour after the suspension of business, assemble in convenient public places ready for orders, and as soon as possible they will then be assigned to their work. This labor ought to be one of love, and the undersigned trusts and believes that it will be so. Any how it must be done: the willing shall be promptly credited—the unwilling promptly visited.

The principle adopted is, "Citizens for the labor, soldiers for the battle."

Martial law is hereby proclaimed in the three cities. Until they can be relieved by the military, the injunctions of this proclamation will be executed by the police.

Third—Ferry-boats will cease plying the river after four o'clock in the morning until further orders.

LEWIS WALLACE,
Major-General Commanding.

The citizens responded with enthusiasm. The *Gazette* says:

"The streets are fairly alive with moving columns of armed men. The city military companies filed through the streets yesterday in splendid style, and made a magnificent appearance. From the interior we learn the country is fairly alive. Men are rushing to arms, and every train comes in loaded with volunteers armed and ready for action. They are pouring in by thousands. The Governor of Ohio is doing his part fully, and the military authorities at the State capital are promptly and efficiently performing their duties. Ohio regiments are coming in freely, and Governor Morton, as usual, is ready with a large force to swell the columns that are concentrating for operations in Kentucky. Major-General Wallace has certainly reason to feel proud of the spontaneous outpouring of the people in response to his demands. Nothing has been done grudgingly. With liberality and even enthusiasm the people have rallied to the standard of the commander."

On 5th a reconnoissance was made from Cincinnati over the Kentucky Central Railroad to a point ten miles north of Cynthiana where evidences of the enemy were found; and a dispatch from Falmouth, dated at 1 o'clock on 6th, states that the National scouts had discovered the rebels within four miles of that place with artillery.

On 7th Major-General Wright issued an order relieving General Wallace from duty at Cincinnati, and directing him to proceed to Covington, Kentucky, where he is to organize into brigades the troops mustered into service and concentrating at and in the vicinity of that place and Newport. Other changes in the service are also made. The resumption of all lawful business in Cincinnati except the sale of liquors is authorized until 4 o'clock in the afternoon daily. All the military organizations of the city are to assemble for drill every afternoon excepting Sunday, and the members of such organizations will hold themselves in readiness to rally at the place of rendezvous at a moment's warning. The organization of all able-bodied citizens into a working corps is to be perfected with the aid of the civil authorities.

TALKING OF SELF.

IT is a nice and curious inquiry how far it is desirable, or even tolerable, for people to talk of themselves. There is no broader distinction between man and man than the manner and the degree in which this is done. There are people who never talk of themselves. There are others who never talk of any thing but themselves—that is, who can pursue no subject unless the vista can be made to terminate in self. Wherever it comes to this, the question admits but of one answer—indeed, society has put the too frequent use of the word "I" under an interdict. No person who mixes much with mankind dares to turn the conversation habitually upon himself, except under some feint or disguise. Nevertheless, we all of us know persons who talk only of themselves, and families who never get farther from themselves than one another. These are probably the dullest people and dullest families of our acquaintance; for, when we come to think of it, all prominent dullness has a touch of egotism at bottom, and this is the point that tells. It is the part we have to play in their company that oppresses us both at the time and in recollection. Not only is their intelligence chained to themselves, but ours also. All interchange and variety of thought are impossible, not only because they are a heavy, unimaginative sort of people, whose flights are circumscribed to their own prospects, but because their one subject is precisely that on which we can neither speak our own mind nor satisfy expectation. We could discuss the man merrily enough behind his back; but to be forced to follow his lead, too polite to be candid, yet full of inward revolt, is a false position, and the inevitable subservience leaves a flavor of annoyance and failure which intercourse with mere dryness and insipidity can not be charged with.

We all know men and women tethered, by a string whose length we instinctively measure, to themselves. Every subject under the sun reminds such people of themselves. Nothing is too remote for this alliance—they can not hear of the stars without wanting their own horoscopes. Their sole notion of conversation is to display themselves. They are ready to unveil their whole idiosyncrasy to whoever will look and listen. Their loves, and hates, and prospects are at any body's service. Their experiences, successes, every fine thing ever said to them or of them, are common property. The whole world is their confessor in the matter of their faults, temptations, whims, grievances, doubts, and weaknesses. They expect to interest strangers by an avowal of their taste in meats and drinks and clothes. They confide their diseases and their remedies, their personal habits, their affairs to any chance comer, never for a moment visited by the misgiving pressed upon them by the preacher—"Is it possible that it should never come into people's thoughts to suspect whether or not it be to their advantage to show so very much of themselves?" Society, or rather their own little world, is simply a tablet on which to subscribe self. When forced by some strong counter-will out of this indulgence, they are visibly at sea, vacant, disturbed; they have nothing to say; we feel for them as painfully out of their element, and are prone in weak good-nature to help them into port again. Now a good deal of this is mere ill-manners. People who talk in this way are either underbred or incapable of nurture, or they suffer the want of certain wholesome restraints that keep the rest of the world in order. Miss Austen, whom few forms of social folly escaped, has more than one character representing this habit of mind, and revealing its source. Every reader can recall that elaborate and inimitable impersonation of self-display, Mrs. Elton, who, once received into the memory, has too many counterparts in real life ever to be forgotten.

Vanity is of course the leading motive to this obtrusive display. Yet the habit of perpetually reverting to self is not always to be confounded with vanity. Mere paucity of ideas and deadness of fancy drive some people into it who have a willingness to talk, and yet so little perception of things out of themselves that nothing apart from their own routine of sensations presents itself to say. No doubt it gives them a general sense of importance to clothe themselves in words, but they have hardly a choice as to the means. There are men who will tell any body how often they have been jilted, under the vague sense that honor will somehow redound to themselves from the confession; or they will found a claim for distinction upon a weak digestion, or the difficulties they encounter in shaving. But these aspirations are something apart from vanity. There is a mild satisfaction in being not a mere insignificant unit, but possessed of differences and peculiarities, which is worth all the world besides to some people, and indeed to which none of us are quite insensible. Others talk of themselves from a nervous desire to cover their defects—a restless impulse to set off their presentable points. They are alive to some weak side, which preys on their sensitiveness. As some people are most apt to talk of their fine friends and grand relations, there are those who are deeply conscious of a preponderance of the other sort. Thus very few persons who talk much about themselves talk the truth. The impression they want to give is one-sided. There are, probably, a hundred things about themselves which, in the midst of ostentatious candor, they suppress.

Some faults we own; but can you guess?
Why, virtues carried to excess.

And the side represented swells to inordinate dimensions, and takes an aspect bearing it out of the region of fact. Or perhaps, like Goethe and Rousseau, they have a notion that every thing becomes them—that even meanness or baseness is glorified when made a matter of frank confession.

As excessive talk of this kind is presumption, the habit is most odious in young people. Children in their natural state never talk of themselves. They show egotism by a peculiar appreciation of the pronouns "my" and "mine;" but they are not yet self-conscious. They could not, if they would, unveil themselves—their vanity takes another direction. All attempts, unless very systematic and insidious, fail to rouse self into expression. Precocious children now and then talk of themselves, especially if forced and excited by a certain sort of religious teaching. Then they can be heard to enlarge with a horrible glibness on their feelings, their convictions of sin, their schemes for setting the world to rights; but this is mostly a sign of an overtasked brain, accompanied sometimes by an exceptional, grotesque form of naughtiness, and sure to pass off as the health improves and the cleverness vanishes. When childhood, and even boyhood, is fairly over, is the time for self to assert itself in talk. Then it awakes full armed in a sort of bloom and overflow of conceit, an invasion of arrogance never to be matched in after-life. There are not many more unpleasant things in the social world than a pert, forward young man, whose theme is universally himself—who entertains every company with himself, and breaks up every conversation that does not concern himself. These insufferable youths are of all sorts, from the flippant and most bearable who clamors of his own exploits, boasts himself the envy of one sex and the idol of the other, to the deep, oracular, and enlightened youth who will not allow us to remain in the dark as to his views on any of the topics that occupy mankind. Or there is the sententious, didactic young man, more than endured, probably, by some small admiring circle—a teetotaler, perhaps, or a stringent Sabbatarian, or engaged in a course of lectures to "the lower orders," or in some way or other a conscious example, reprover, and guide to his fellow-men. Whatever their line, they are intrinsically the same—all alike patronizing or indifferent to their betters—all blind to the impression they make—all lavishing the fullness of their admiration, reverence, and talk on one central figure—all flaunting the same self in our eyes—keeping up the one chorus, "I, I, I," "I say," "I know," "I do."

And yet all people must sometimes talk of themselves—all ought to be able to do it on fitting occasions freely and naturally. No man is interesting who never talks of strictly personal matters; indeed, we can not be said really to know any body till he has talked of himself to us. Until there has been a mutual interchange of such confidences people are acquaintances not friends; and the man who has no such confidences to make has no friends. It is not, then, the practice itself, but how and when to indulge it that is the point. We use the word "indulge" designedly, for unquestionably the subject most interesting to every one must be himself. It is in recognition of this fact that all popular forms of religion agree in spiritualizing egotism. Methodism enjoins all its members to enlarge periodically each on himself—the only check being that all have to listen in their turn. Romanism makes asceticism endurable by enjoining an immense amount of self-scrutiny and proportionate self-portraiture; and attempts at conventual life in our own Church all bring out the fact that unlimited dwelling on self and lengthy confession—that is, the talking of self—is the one indemnity for a life of unnatural constraint and bondage. To persons open to the active interests of life and the relaxations of society, however, a great many circumstances ought to combine to make the subject of self a natural or even a pleasurable one. Talking of self is one of the strongest proofs of confidence that can be given by a mind of due delicacy and reserve—a confidence that ought to be bestowed with such discretion as to make it always welcome. With ordinary people, under ordinary circumstances, the subject, at any length or particularity, must be either a favor or an impertinence. There are, however, a great many people who have a right to talk of themselves with freer latitude than it is wise to give ourselves—old people, for instance, who have the instinctive longing to leave some record of themselves behind them. And even where old age "is given to lying" of past achievements, it is not so bad as the boasting of younger men. There is generally some quaint savor about it—some illusion of a failing memory claiming our indulgence in the worst cases, and softening contempt. Invalids and persons of weak nerves and spirits must be allowed to talk of themselves. Pain, weariness, and seclusion throw them upon their inner consciousness. When every nerve and function of the body makes itself felt, and every feeling is morbidly excited, they must be excused if nothing out of themselves can command their attention. It is needless to say that persons under some immediate shock unhinging to the whole being must be not only allowed but encouraged to talk of themselves; for a personal grief put into words is infinitely lighter and more bearable than trouble pressing on the heart. There is something in every effort at expression which brings relief; and when sorrow can be brought to describe itself the worst is over. Again, persons of notoriety may be pardoned if they fall into this habit. We hear of great poets, authors, preachers, philanthropists, soldiers, who talk too much of themselves; and it is true that vanity is often a conspicuous element in conspicuous greatness, acting as a sort of spur, and indemnifying itself with words. But society itself takes the part of flatterer in their case—first leads them on, and puts them off their guard by the importunity of its interest, and then of course betrays them.

And lastly, wits make great capital of themselves. Many of the best things of our most delightful humorists are about themselves. We not only excuse it in their case, but this perpetual consciousness of and reference to themselves is of the essence of their wit, and gives it its careless, genial character. So far from any sense of restraint, when Falstaff or Sydney Smith talk of themselves, it has the effect of making us all partners in the joke. But in every case where it is so it is not the man's real self, but one or more of his personal or mental characteristics that he plays with. We are conscious all the while of an inner self which he keeps as jealously guarded as the most reserved of his hearers. That talk of self, or any part of self, which connects the speaker with grotesque, remote, abstract, or strongly contrasted ideas is more than tolerable. That which keeps down both speaker and listener, in whatever seeming variety of subject, to one tedious, obtrusive idea, is the propensity under which society rebels. After all, it is a matter of sympathy. The sinners in this line have no fellow-feeling. They do not do as they would be done by, for they see no parallel between themselves and others, their own affairs and other people's. They believe in a distinct superiority in all that concerns themselves. Trifles in the abstract are not trifles with them, but subjects of legitimate interest to the world; and that obtuseness which constitutes want of sympathy is at the bottom of their error. Any person who can make his inner self or his family affairs amusing has perception enough to secure his hearer's interest before he tries it. Indeed, a man may say and do any thing—he may enumerate his charities, he may detail his last quarrel with his wife, he may repeat a string of his own *bon mots*, or press upon strangers the perusal of his manuscript poem—he may offend against every principle, and every canon of taste: but so long as he excites a genuine interest, and relies on real sympathy, he is not the man we mean, and does not offend in the particular direction which has given rise to our strictures.

THE LATE GEN. PHIL KEARNEY.

ON page 604 we publish a portrait of THE LATE GENERAL PHIL KEARNEY, who was killed in battle near Fairfax Court House on 1st September.

Philip Kearney was born in this city on 2d June, 1815. He was born a soldier, and in spite of the wishes of his family, who desired him to study law, enlisted in the First United States Dragoons when quite a boy. His uncle then commanded them, and through his influence he succeeded in obtaining a commission as Second Lieutenant. He was shortly afterward sent to Europe by the Government to report upon the cavalry tactics of the French; and the better to inform himself he joined the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, and made several campaigns with them in Algeria, winning golden opinions from the officers for his gallantry and military skill. When the war broke out with Mexico, Phil Kearney accompanied the army as a Captain of Dragoons, whose equipments and horses he provided at his private expense. In the march from Vera Cruz to Mexico he won high honor, and was shortly afterward brevetted Major for his gallantry. At the San Antonio Gate, City of Mexico, he was ordered to charge a battery. He gave the order to charge. A murderous volley checked his advance, and caused his troop to waver. Alone, with his sword erect, Philip Kearney dashed upon the enemy, and his men, electrified by his example, charged and took the battery. In this affair Major Kearney lost an arm.

After the Mexican war Major Kearney was sent to California, and commanded an expedition against the Indians of the Columbia River. He displayed during this campaign, as the annals of the War Department will prove, such tact, coolness, and courage as won him the praise of our best military judges. When returned from this expedition Major Kearney resigned his commission, and returning to Europe devoted several years to military studies.

During the Italian campaign of 1859 Major Kearney served as volunteer aid to General Morris, a distinguished officer in the French army. The American aid made good use of the facilities offered him during the series of brilliant victories which brought the contest to a speedy conclusion. He was ever observing, studying with unflagging zeal and ardor each movement of the army. He was unconsciously preparing himself for his future position. At the conclusion of this campaign the French officers, who had witnessed with delight the evidences of the military ardor and enthusiasm of Philip Kearney, called the Emperor Napoleon's attention to the American officer. His Majesty immediately bestowed upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

When the news of the breaking out of this hideous rebellion first reached Europe, Major Philip Kearney was residing in Paris. He lost not a moment. He hurried back to offer his services to his country, and was shortly afterward appointed a Brigadier-General of the forces of New Jersey. In the army of the Potomac no officer has won higher praise than General Kearney. General M'Clellan is said to have wept when he heard of his death, and to have said: "Who can replace Phil Kearney?"

A writer in the *Herald* says:

During his residence in Paris General Kearney was the constant companion of those officers in the French army most celebrated for valiant deeds. He delighted in the society of such as himself—soldiers in every sense of the word. He profited by their experience, discussed with them military matters, adding thus to his own acquirements the results of the study and experience of others. Before the commencement of the present struggle his dwelling in Paris was the rendezvous of all American officers passing through France. His hospitality was unbounded, his courtesy that of the high-toned gentleman. We have seen gathered around his table there those now prominent in the rebel army—Beauregard, Lee, the Johnstons, Stonewall Jackson, Magruder, and others; and no doubt many a pang will visit their hearts when they learn that Phil Kearney was their victim. We are assured that these rebel leaders repeatedly expressed, in their letters to secessionists in Paris, their dread of the military skill and dash of "Brave Phil Kearney," and their wonder that he was not long since appointed to some high and responsible post.



THE LATE GENERAL ISAAC I. STEVENS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



THE LATE GENERAL PHIL KEARNEY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 603.]

THE LATE GENERAL STEVENS.

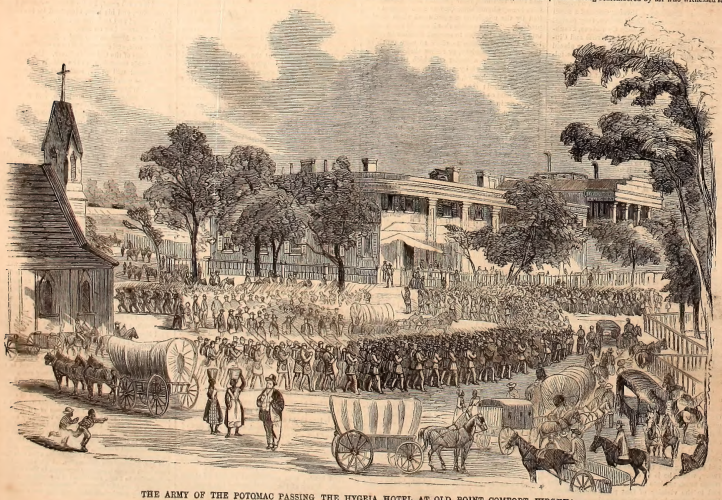
BRIGADIER-GENERAL ISAAC INGALLS STEVENS, whose portrait we give on this page, was born at Andover, Massachusetts, in the year 1818, and was killed on 1st September, in Virginia. He graduated at the head of his class at West Point in 1839, and entered the Engineers. At the time the Mexican war broke out he was Adjutant. At Contreras and Churubusco he won the brevet rank of Captain, and at the assault upon the San Cosme gate of the city of Mexico his gallantry won for him the rank of Major. After the war he was connected for a time with the Coast Survey, and subsequently with the surveys for a Pacific Railroad. He had chosen to make his home in Washington Territory, and Mr. Pierce appointed him its Governor. Subsequently, when Mr. Buchanan became President, he represented Washington Territory in Congress. He acted with the Southern Democracy in Congress, and when the late Presidential campaign was commenced he was selected as chairman of the Breckinridge National Executive Committee. During the fall of 1860 he remained in Washington, administering the affairs of the Committee; when the election took place he went back to the Pacific. At the outbreak of the rebellion Mr. Stevens cut loose from his associates, and tendered his services to the Government. He was at first appointed Colonel of the 79th New York Volunteers, to replace Colonel Cameron, killed at Bull Run. Subsequently, he was selected as one of the Brigadiers who accompanied General Sherman in the expedition to Port Royal. His eminent capacity was frequently shown in the operations at and around Port Royal, and his friends were not shaken in their confidence by his defeat near Charleston. When his army was sent North he was appointed to a command in the division commanded by General Reno, and took part in the various fights on the Rappahannock and near Manassas.

When he fell, shot through the head by a Minié ball, he was bearing aloft the colors of one of his regiments, and cheering on his men in a furious charge upon the foe. General Stevens was small of stature, wiry and compact in form, with an elastic step which betokened great energy, and an eye whose keen glances evidenced rare genius. Modest in mien, quiet in demeanor, and reticent of speech, he was resolute in will, heroic in conduct, and, far beyond most men, insensible to fear.

THE HYGEIA HOTEL.

ORDERS have been given for the destruction of the Hygeia Hotel at Old Point Comfort, and we take this opportunity of publishing a picture of the building, which will soon figure in history alone. For many years the Hygeia Hotel will be well remembered, not only by the gay crowds which used to throng its verandas in peace time, but by the thousands of soldiers who have monopolized it since the war broke out. The artist who sketched it for us thus describes a memorable scene in its last days:

"Never before was such a connection seen at Old Point as during the passage of the Army of the Potomac through it after the evacuation of Harrison's Landing. The water crowded with transports, literally swarming with troops, and multitudes of other vessels of every kind and shape, from the proud man-of-war to the sutler's barge; the wharves, hotel, and every avenue teeming with military men, wagons, ambulances, and army material of every description, presented a scene that will be long remembered by all who witnessed it.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC PASSING THE HYGEIA HOTEL AT OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA.

"The accompanying sketch, taken in front of the famous Hygeia Hotel, will give a fair idea of the appearance of the place for several days during the transit of General M'Clellan's army, with its endless array of infantry and cavalry passing in every direction. In the centre of the picture is that portion of the Hygeia building at present exclusively used as a hotel, the partially-concealed building to the right being a portion of what has been hitherto used as a hospital. In the nearest corner of the latter are the offices of the Provost Marshal and the Medical Director.

"On the left of the picture is seen a portion of the small Roman Catholic Church—the only place of worship at Old Point. Although very small, and nothing but a frame structure, it exhibits considerable architectural skill in the design, especially the interior, which, with its open timber roof, stained glass windows, and tasteful altar furnishings, produces a picturesque and striking effect that one would scarcely expect from so simple an exterior. In the distance, between the church and the Hygeia Hotel, may be discerned a portion of the fort and two of those ominous-looking black tubes with which the ramparts are bristling."

THE LATE COLONEL FLETCHER WEBSTER.

On this page we publish a portrait of COLONEL FLETCHER WEBSTER, of the Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment, who was lately killed in battle in Virginia. The Twelfth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, which he led, he was mainly instrumental in raising and organizing. The regiment, which has always been known as the Webster regiment, was among the earliest to rally at the first call of the President for three years' volunteers, and for some little time was stationed at Fort Warren, Boston harbor; but after the battle of Bull Run it was sent to Washington, and organized in the Grand Army of the Potomac with the fifth army corps, then under General Banks. Colonel Webster was the first and only surviving son of the late Hon. Daniel Webster, and was, when he died, the senior Colonel of the First Brigade of the First Division of the army corps of the Army of Virginia, commanded by General Banks. Colonel Webster had always been considered a good officer, but was also remarkable for his quiet, unambitious temper; and although much with his father during his political career, he was never a candidate for public station. He was, however, appointed Secretary of Legation to Mr. Caleb Cushing, on the Chinese embassy of 1842, and held a position during the administrations of Presidents Pierce and Buchanan in the Customs-house at Boston. Colonel Webster was about fifty years of age, and leaves a wife and children.

THE LATE COLONEL FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MCLENAN.

[Printed from the Manuscript and only Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."]

CHAPTER IX.

IF Captain Wragge could have looked into Mrs. Lecount's room while he stood on the palisade watching the light in her window, he would have seen the housekeeper sitting absorbed in meditation over a worthless little packet of brown stuff which lay on her toilet-table.

However exasperating to herself the conclusion might be, Mrs. Lecount could not fail to see that she had been thus far met and baffled successfully at every point. What was she to do next? If she sent for Mr. Pendril, when he came to Aldborough (with only a few hours spared from his business at her disposal) what definite course would there be for him to follow? If she showed Mr. Noel Vanstone the anonymous letter from which her note had been copied, he would apply instantly to the writer for an explanation—would expose the fabricated story by which Mrs. Lecount had succeeded in imposing on Miss Garth; and would in any event set his clerk, on the evidence of his own eyes, that the test by the marks on the neck had utterly failed. The discovery of the trick, whose unexpected presence at Aldborough might have done wonders—whose voice in the hall at North Shingles, even if she had been admitted no further, might have reached her sister's ear, and led to instant retaliation—Miss Vanstone the elder was out of reckoning, and was not likely to return for a month at least. Look as anxiously as Mrs. Lecount might along the course which she had hitherto followed, she failed to see her way through the accumulated obstacles which now barred her advance.

Other women in this position might have waited until circumstances altered and helped them. Mrs. Lecount boldly retraced her steps, and determined to find her way to her end in a new direction. Resigning for the present all further attempt to prove that the false Miss Bygrave was the true Magdalen Vanstone, she resolved to narrow the range of her next efforts, to leave the actual question of Magdalen's identity untouched, and to rest satisfied with convincing her master of this simple fact, that the young lady who was charming him at North Shingles and the disguised woman who had terrified him in Vanne hall Walk were one and the same person.

The means of effecting this new object were, to all appearance, far less easy of attainment than the means of effecting the object which Mrs. Lecount had just resigned. Here no help was to be expected from others—no ostensibly benevolent motives could be put forward as a blind—no appeal could be made to Mr. Pendril or to Miss Garth. Here the housekeeper's only chance of success depended, in the first place, on her being able to effect a stolen entrance into the house; and, in the second place, on her ability to discover whether that memorable alpaca dress from which she had secretly cut the fragment of stuff happened to form part of Miss Bygrave's wardrobe.

Taking the difficulties now before her in their order as they occurred, Mrs. Lecount first resolved to devote the next few days to watching the habits of the inmates of North Shingles from early in the morning to late at night, and to testing the capacity of the one servant in the house to resist the temptation of a bribe. Assuming that results proved successful, and that, either by money or by stratagem, she gained admission to North Shingles (without the knowledge of Mr. Bygrave or his niece), she turned next to the second difficulty of the two—the difficulty of obtaining access to Miss Bygrave's wardrobe.

If the servant proved corruptible, all obstacles in this direction might be considered as removed beforehand. But if the servant proved honest, the new problem was no easy one to solve.

Long and careful consideration of the question led the housekeeper at last to the bold resolution of obtaining an interview—if the servant failed her—with Mrs. Bygrave herself. What was the true cause of this lady's mysterious seclusion? Was she a person of the strictest and the most inconvenient integrity? or a person who could not be depended on to preserve a secret? or a person who was as artful as Mr. Bygrave himself, and who was kept in reserve to forward the object of some new deception which was yet to come? In the first two cases Mrs. Lecount could trust in her own powers of dissimulation, and in the results which they might achieve. In the last case (if no other end was gained) it might be of vital importance to her to discover an enemy hidden in the dark. In any event, she determined to run the risk. Of the three chances in her favor on which she had reckoned at the outset of the struggle—the chance of entrapping Magdalen by word of mouth, the chance of entrapping her by the help of her friends, and the chance of entrapping her by means of Mrs. Bygrave—two had been tried, and two had failed. The third remained to be tested yet, and the third might succeed.

So the captain's enemy plotted against him in the privacy of her own chamber, while the captain watched the light in her window from the beach outside.

Before breakfast the next morning Captain Wragge posted the forged letter to Zurich with his own hand. He went back to North Shingles with his mind not quite decided on the course to take with Mrs. Lecount during the all-important interval of the next ten days.

Greatly to his surprise, his doubts on this point were abruptly decided, on his return to the house, by Magdalen herself.

He found her waiting for him in the room where the breakfast was laid. She was walking restlessly to and fro, with her head drooping on her bosom, and her hair hanging disordered over her shoulders. The moment she looked up, on his entrance, the captain felt the fear which Mrs. Wragge had felt before him—the fear that her mind would be struck prostrate again, as it had been struck once already, when Frank's letter reached her in Vauxhall Walk.

"Is he coming again to-day?" she asked, pushing away from her the chair which Captain Wragge offered, with such violence that she threw it on the floor.

"Yes," said the captain, wisely answering her in the fewest words. "He is coming at two o'clock."

"Take me away!" she exclaimed, tossing her hair back wildly from her face. "Take me away before he comes. I can't get over the horror of marrying him while I am in this hateful place; take me somewhere where I can forget it, or I shall go mad! Give me two days' rest—two days out of sight of that horrible sea—two days out of prison in this horrible house—two days by where in the wide world away from Aldborough, and I'll come back with you! I'll go through with it to the end! Only give me two days' escape from that man and every thing belonging to him! Do you hear, you villain?" she cried, seizing his arm, and shaking it in a frenzy of passion.—"I have been tortured enough—I can't bear it any longer!"

There was but one way of quieting her, and the captain instantly took it.

"If you will try to control yourself," he said, "you shall leave Aldborough in an hour's time."

She stopped his arm, and leaned back heavily against the wall behind her.

"I'll try," she answered, struggling for breath, but looking at him less wildly. "You sha'n't complain of me, if I can help it." She attempted confusedly to take her handkerchief from her apron pocket, and failed to find it. The captain took it out for her. Her eyes softened, and she drew her breath more freely as she received the handkerchief from him. "You are a kindhearted man, Captain Wragge," she said; "I am sorry I spoke so passionately to you just now—I am very, very sorry." The tears stole into her eyes, and she offered him her hand with the native grace and gentleness of happier days. "Be friends with me again," she said, pleadingly. "I'm only a girl, Captain Wragge—I'm only a girl!"

He took her hand in silence, patted it for a moment, and then opened the door for her to go back to her own room again. There was genuine regret in his face as he showed her that trifling attention. He was a vagabond and a cheat; he had lived a mean, shuffling, degraded life; but he was human, and she had found her way to the last sympathies in him which not even the self-profanation of a swindler's existence could wholly destroy. "Damn the breakfast!" he said, when the servant came in for her orders. "Go to the inn directly, and say I want a carriage and pair at the door in an hour's time." He went out into the passage, still chafing under a sense of mental disturbance which was new to him, and shouted to his wife more fiercely than ever: "Pack up what we want for a week's absence, and be ready in half an hour!" Having issued those directions, he returned to the breakfast-room, and looked at the half-spread table with an impatient wonder at his disinclination to do justice to his own meal. "She has rubbed off the edge of my appetite," he said to himself, with a forced laugh. "I'll try a cigar, and a turn in the fresh air."

If he had been twenty years younger those remedies might have failed him. But where is the man to be found whose internal policy succumbs to revolution when that man is on the wrong side of fifty? Exercise and change of place gave the captain back into the possession of himself. He recovered the lost sense of the flavor of his cigar, and recalled his wandering attention to the question of his approaching absence from Aldborough. A few minutes' consideration satisfied his mind that Magdalen must break had forced him to take the course of all

"DO YOU HEAR, YOU VILLAIN?"

others which, on a fair review of existing emergencies, it was more most desirable to keep.

Captain Wragge's inquiries, on the evening when he and Magdalen had drunk tea at Sea View, had certainly informed him that the housekeeper's brother possessed a modest competence; but his sister was his nearest living relative: and that there were certain unscrupulous cousins on the spot who were anxious to usurp the place in his will which properly belonged to Mrs. Lecount. Here were strong motives to take the housekeeper by fiction when the illness of her brother's relapse reached England. But if any idea of Noel Vanstone's true position ever crossed the mind of one, who could say whether she might not at the eleventh hour prefer asserting her large pecuniary interest in her master to defending her small pecuniary interest as her brother's bedfellow? While these doubts remained undecided the plain necessity of checking the growth of Noel Vanstone's intimacy with the family at Combe Raleigh did not admit of a doubt, and of all means of effecting that object none could be less open to suspicion than the temporary removal of the household from their residence at Aldborough. Thoroughly satisfied with the soundness of this conclusion, Captain Wragge made straight for Sea-View Cottage, to apologize and explain before the carriage came and the departure took place.

Mr. Noel Vanstone was easily accessible to visitors: he was among the gentlest of living men in fact. His disappointment and vexation were freely expressed when he heard the news which the friend had to communicate. But the captain's potent tongue, however, soon impressed on him the necessity of resignation to present circumstances. The bare hint that the "pious fraud" might fail after all, if any thing happened in the ten days' interval to enlighten Mrs. Lecount, was the instant effect in making Mr. Noel Vanstone as patient and as submissive as he could be.

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"I won't tell you where we are going, for two good reasons," said Captain Wragge, when his preliminary explanations were completed for the first place, I haven't made up my mind yet; and in the second place, if you don't know our destination is, Mrs. Lecount can't worm it out of you. I have not the least doubt she is watching us at this moment from behind the window-curtain. When she asks what I wanted with you this morning, tell her I came to do good-by for a few days—finding my niece not so well again, and wishing to take her on a short visit to some friends, to try change of air. If you could produce an impression on Mrs. Lecount's mind (without overdoing it) that you are a little disappointed in me, and that you are rather inclined to doubt my heartiness in cultivating your acquaintance, you will greatly help the present object. You may depend on our return to North Shingles in four or five days at farthest. If any thing strikes me in the mean time, the post is always at our service, and I won't fail to write to you."

"Won't Miss Bygrave write to me?" inquired Mr. Noel Vanstone, piteously. "Did she know you were coming here? Did she send me a message?"

"Unpardonable on my part to have forgotten it!" cried the captain. "She sent you her love."

Mr. Noel Vanstone closed his eyes in silent ecstasy.

While he opened them again Captain Wragge had passed through the garden gate, and was on his way back to North Shingles. As soon as his own door had closed on him Mrs. Lecount descended from the post of observation which the captain had rightly suspected her of occupying, and addressed the inquiry to her master which the captain had rightly foreseen would follow his departure. The reply she received produced but one impression on her mind. She at once set it down as a falsehood, and addressed to her own window, to keep watch over North Shingles more vigilantly than ever.

To her utter astonishment, after the lapse of less than half an hour, she saw an empty carriage draw up at Mr. Bygrave's door. The trunks was brought out and packed on the vehicle. Miss Bygrave appeared, and took her seat in it. She was followed into the carriage by a tall, elegant sun and stature, whom the housekeeper conjectured to be Mrs. Bygrave. The carriage came, and stood waiting on the path. The last person to appear was Mr. Bygrave. He locked the house door, and took his place by with him to a cottage near at hand, which was the residence of the landlord of North Shingles. On his return he could be observed to cross the walked away by herself toward the hubbier quarter of the little town—and joined the party in the carriage. The coachman mounted the box, and the vehicle disappeared.

Mrs. Lecount had down the opera-glass, through which she had been closely investigating these proceedings, with a feeling of blank perplexity which she was almost ashamed to acknowledge to herself. The secret of Mr. Bygrave's object in suddenly emptying his house on Aldborough of every living creature in it was an impenetrable mystery to her.

Submitting herself to circumstances with a ready resignation which Captain Wragge had not shown, on his side, in a similar emergency, Mrs. Lecount wasted neither time nor temper in unprofitable speculation. She left the window to chicken or to clear as the future might decide, and looked exclusively at the uses to which she might put the morning's event in her own interests. Whatever might have become of the family at North Shingles, the servant was left behind, and the servant was exactly the person whose assistance might now be of vital importance to the housekeeper's projects. Mrs. Lecount put on her bonnet, inspected the collection of loose silver in her purse, and set forth on the spot to make the servant's acquaintance.

She went first to the cottage, at which Mr. Bygrave had left the key of North Shingles, to discover the servant's present address from the landlord. So far as this object was concerned her errand proved successful. The landlord knew that the girl had been allowed to go home for a few days to her friends, and knew in what part of Aldborough her friends lived. But here its sources of information suddenly dried up. He knew nothing of the destination to which Mr. Bygrave and his family had departed. He was, in fact, as perfectly ignorant of the number of days over which their absence might be expected to extend. All he could say was that he had not received a notice to quit from his tenant, and that he had been requested to leave the key of the house in his possession until Mr. Bygrave returned to claim it in his own person.

Baffled, but not discouraged, Mrs. Lecount turned her steps next toward the back street of Aldborough, and astonished the servant's relatives by inquiring for the girl at the wrong cottage.

Easily imposed on at starting by Mrs. Lecount's pretense of calling to engage her under the impression that she had left Mr. Bygrave's service, the servant was ready to answer the questions put to her. But she knew as little as the landlord of her master's plans. She could tell no more about them than that she had not been dismissed, and that she was to await the receipt of a note recalling her to North Shingles at the expiration of North Shingles. Nothing expected to hear from her mistress until the end of the week, when she would shifted her ground, and led the woman into talking generally of the extraordinary step which had removed Mr. Bygrave's family.

Profiting by the knowledge gained in this interest manner of the little secrets of the household, Mrs. Lecount made two discoveries. She found out, in the first place, that the servant having enough to do in attending to the concerns part of the domestic work was in no position to disclose the secrets of Mr. Bygrave's study, which were known only to the young lady herself and to her father. In the second place, the housekeeper ascertained that the true reason of Mrs. Bygrave's rapid seclusion was to be found in the simple fact that she had taken a fancy to an infant, and that her husband was probably ashamed of allowing her to indulge it openly. These apparently trivial discoveries enlightened Mrs. Lecount on a very important point which had been previously involved in doubt. They at once satisfied that the likeliest way to obtaining a private interview with Magdalen's wretched boy through deluding the imbecile lady, and not through bribing the ignorant servant.

Having arrived at this conclusion, pregnant with coming assaults on the weakly-fortified discretion of poor Mrs. Bygrave, the housekeeper returned to Aldborough, and obtained from the servant's relatives the address at which she was to find her. Here she knocked at the door—but, in the first possible words. He had been staying with a distant relative. The distant relative possessed two pictures—Gems by the Old Masters—which he was willing to dispose of, and which he had guaranteed for authenticity to Mr. Bygrave. Both of Mr. Noel Vanstone, as an amateur in such matters, wished to see the pictures before they visible in half an hour's time, when Mr. Bygrave would have returned to North Shingles.

Having already satisfied himself of the incompetence of the arch-conspirator had his sightless privilege along with it—of the his short human nose—said, "Fine weather, isn't it? Good afternoon!"—and sauntered out comfortably to continue his walk on the sea-beach.

On the expiration of the half hour Mr. Noel Vanstone presented himself at North Shingles, with the confession of a lover burning inextinguishably in his bosom through the superincumbent material fog of a thoroughly bewildered man. To his inexpressible happiness he found Magdalen alone in the parlor. Never yet had she looked so beautiful in his eyes. The rest and retirement for four days' absence from Aldborough had not failed to produce their results: she looked more than recovered her composure. Vibrating perpetually from one violent extreme to another, Mr. Noel Vanstone's first words expressed the joy of a fond boy at seeing a favorite exhibition of spirits which defied all remonstrance and confidence in consequences. Her eyes sparkled; her cheeks were bright with color; she talked incessantly, with a fearless recklessness of the girlish days of past days—she laughed with a deplorable perindecency in laughing—as Mr. Noel Vanstone's smooth voice and Mrs. Lecount's insinuating graces of manner, with an overcharged remembrance of the original, which spoilt her the coarse reflection of the delicately-accurate mimicry of former times. Mr. Noel Vanstone, who had never yet known her as he saw her now, was enchanted; his weak head whirled with an intoxication of admiration and love; he looked at Sarah as if they had caught the infection from hers. The half hour during which he was alone with her passed like a single minutes to him. The next time had elapsed, and when she suddenly left the room to fetch the previously announced picture for her aunt's presence—miser as he was, he would have paid at that moment five golden sovereigns out of his pocket for the five golden minutes more passed in her society.

The door had hardly closed on Magdalen before it opened again and the captain walked in. He entered on the explanations which his visitor naturally expected from him, with the unceremonious abruptness of a man hard pressed for time, and determined to make the most of every moment at his disposal.

"Since we last saw each other," he began, "I have been thinking up the chances for and against us as we stand at present. The result on my own mind is this: If you are still at Aldborough when I have had time to consult Mrs. Lecount, all the pains we have taken will have been taken entirely in vain. If your housekeeper had fifty brothers all dying together, she would throw the whole fifty over sooner than leave you alone at Sea View when I am your neighbors at North Shingles."

Mr. Noel Vanstone's flushed cheeks turned pale with dismay. His own knowledge of Mrs. Lecount told him that this view of the case was the right one.

"If you go again," proceeded the captain, "nothing will be gained; for nothing would persuade your housekeeper, in that case, that we have not left you the means of following us. You came here Aldborough on account of me; what is more, you must go without leaving a single visible trace behind you for us to follow. If we accomplish this object, even in the course of the next days, Mrs. Lecount will take the journey to Zurich, and will find us at the Estaire at Sea View to a dead certainty. Don't ask questions! I have got your instructions ready for you, and I want you to pay strict attention to them. Your marriage with my niece depends on your not forgetting a word of them. And I am ready to tell you—One question first. Have you followed my advice? Have you told Mrs. Lecount your real business with me, and your reasons for it?"

"I did worse than that," replied Mr. Noel Vanstone, piteously. "I showed her Miss Bygrave on my own feelings. I disgraced myself by saying that I doubted Miss Bygrave!"

"You do slightingly yourself, my dear Sir! Doubt us both with all your might—and I'll help you. One question more. Did I speak loud enough this afternoon? Did Mrs. Lecount hear me?"

"Yes. I cannot opened the door; Lecount heard you. What made you—you are that message? I see you pictures here. Is this another pious fraud, Mr. Bygrave?"

"Admirably guessed, Mr. Vanstone! You shall see the picture of my imagination—dawning in the very next words which I am now about to address to you. When you get back to Sea View this is what you are to say to Mrs. Lecount. Tell her that my relative's works of Art are two worthless pictures—copies from the Old Masters, which I have tried to sell you, as originals, at an exorbitant price. Say you suspect me of being little better than a plausible impostor, and pity my unfortunate niece for being associated with me in a retail of a lie. There is your text to speak from. Say in many words what I have just said in few. You can do that, can't you?"

"Of course I can do it," said Mr. Noel Vanstone. "But I can tell you one thing—Lecount won't believe me."

"Wait a little, Mr. Vanstone; I have not done with my instructions yet. You understand what I have just told you? Very good. We may get on from to-day to-morrow. Go on to-morrow with Mrs. Lecount at your usual time. I will meet you on the parade and bow to you. Instead of returning my bow, look the other way as you pass me, and—mind cut me! That is easy enough to do, isn't it?"

"She won't believe me, Mr. Bygrave—she won't believe me!"

"Wait a little again, Mr. Vanstone. There are two more instructions to come. You will go your directions for to-day, and you have got your directions for to-morrow. Now for the day after. You will meet me on the parade, and bow to see the letter to Zurich. On the seventh day decline to go out with Mrs. Lecount, on account of the annoyance of meeting me again. Grumble about the smallness of the place; complain of your health; and when you have got rid of Mrs. Lecount, and never made acquaintance with the Bygraves; and when you have worried Mrs. Lecount with your discontent, ask her on a sudden if she can't suggest a change for the better. If you put that question to her on the seventh day, what else can be dependent on to answer it?"

"She won't seem to be questioned at all," replied Mr. Noel Vanstone, irritably. "I have only got to say I am tired of Aldborough, and it can believe me or not, as it pleases. I'm quite positive, Mr. Bygrave, she won't!—she will have her suggestion ready before I can ask for it."

"Ay, ay," said the captain, coolly. "There is some place, then, that Mrs. Lecount wants to go to—this autumn?"

"She wants to go there (hang her!) every autumn."

"To go where?"

"To Admiral Bartram's — you don't know him, do you? He lives at Hampstead."

"Don't lose your patience, Mr. Vanstone! What you are now telling me is of the most vital importance to us. Admiral Bartram is the man Who is Admiral Bartram?"

"An old friend of my father's. My father laid him under obligations—my father lent him money when they were both young men. I am like one of the family at Mr. Crux's—my room is always kept ready for me. Not that there's any family at the admiral's except his nephew, George Bartram. George is my cousin. In as intimate with George as my father was with the admiral; and I have been told by my father, for I haven't lent my friend any money. Lecount always makes a show of liking George—believe to myself. She likes the admiral too: he flatters her vanity. He always invites her to come to stay with St. Crux. She says he has one of the best bedrooms, and treats her as if she was a lady. She's as proud as Lucifer—always talking about being a lady. She pesters me every autumn to go to St. Crux. What's the matter? What are you taking out your pocket-book for?"

"I want the admiral's address, Mr. Vanstone. Can't you remember it? Stop! I've got it again immediately!"

With those words Captain Wragge opened his pocket-book and wrote down the address from Mr. Noel Vanstone's dictation, as follows: "Admiral Bartram, St. Crux-in-the-Marsh, near Oscony, Essex."

"Good!" cried the captain, closing his pocket-book again. "The end is in sight. That used in our way is now cleared out of it. Patience, Mr. Vanstone—patience! Let me sum up my instructions again at the point where we dropped them. Give me five minutes more attention, and you will find your way as unerringly as plainly as I see it. On the day after to-morrow you declare you are tired of Aldborough, and Mrs. Lecount suggests St. Crux. You don't say yes or no on the spot; you take the next day to consider it, and you make your decision on the last thing at night to go to St. Crux the first thing in the morning. Are you in the habit of superintending your own letters? If not, you may easily shirk all the trouble of it on Mrs. Lecount's shoulders?"

"Lecount has all the trouble, of course; Lecount is paid for it. But I don't really go, of course."

"You go as fast as horses can take you to the railway station, without having half a dozen communication with this house either personally or by letter. You leave Mrs. Lecount behind to break up your establishment, to settle with the tradespeople, and to follow you to St. Crux the next morning. Are you quite sure of all this hanging on the tenth morning she receives the letter from Zurich; and if you only carry out my instructions, Mr. Vanstone, you will go you at there to Zurich she goes!"

Mr. Noel Vanstone's color began to rise again as the captain's extravagant dawned on him at last in true light.

"And what am I to do at St. Crux?" he inquired.

"Wait there till I call for you," replied the captain. "As soon as Mrs. Lecount's back is turned I will go to the church here and give the necessary notice of my approaching marriage for the or the next I will travel to the address written down in my pocket-book, pick you up at the railway station, and take you to London with me to get the license. With that document in my possession we shall be on our way back to Aldborough while Mrs. Lecount is on her way out to Zurich, and before she starts on her return journey you and my niece will be man and wife! There are your future prospects for you. What do you think of them?"

"What a head you have got!" cried Mr. Noel Vanstone, in a sudden outburst of enthusiasm. "You're the most extraordinary man I ever met

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THACKERAY ON NOVELS.

NOVELS and their heroes and heroines are our present subject of discourse. Are you one of us, dear Sir, and do you love sentiment? If so, be reminded of your first novel with surely a pleasure to you. Hush! I never read quite to the end of my first, the *Scottish Chief*; I couldn't. I peeped in an alarmed furtive manner at some of the closing pages. Miss Fanny, with a kind look and tender-hearted creature, would not have Wallace's head chopped off at the end of Vol. V. She made me dine in prison," and if I cannot right Clara, notoriously I have not read the book for forty-two or three years), Robert Bruce must have been left to his fellows, in which he said, "And Bannockburn shall equal Cambuskenneth." But I repeat, I could not read the end of the *Scottish Chief*, for my dear delightful book for crying. Good Heavens! It was as sad, as sad as going back to school.

The glorious Scott cycle of romances came to me some four or five years afterward; and I think boys of my time especially fortunate in having such noble and those delightful books at that special time when we could best enjoy them. Oh, that sunshiny bench in half-holidays, with Claverhouse and Dalgetty for companion! I have remarked of very late days some little man in a great state with you about the romances of Captain Mayne Reid, and Gustave Aimard's Prairie and Indian Stories, and during occasional holiday visits, looking off to the shelf with the volume under their arms. But are those Indians and warriors as good as Scott's Highland and warriors were? (I say, are they? Young gentlemen, mind, I do not say they are not.) But as an Elder I feel to be heartily thankful for the return of the-10 Leo. IV., let us say, and so downward to a period not extremely far off, when I, too, shall be under dear Scott. Whom do I love in the works of that dear old master? Amo—

The Baron of Bradwardine, and Fergus. (Captain Waverley is certainly very mild.)

Amo Ivanhoe; Locksley; Amo; the Templar.

Amo Quentin Durward, and specially Quentin's uncle, who brought the Boar to bay. I forget the gentleman's name.

I have never cared for the Master of Ravenswood, or fetched his hat out of the water, but I stopped it there when I last met him (circa 1825).

"I find, on reference to the novel, that Sir William died on the scaffold, not in prison, as I remembered.

"My prayer is heard. Life's end is not by Heaven, Beloved Hilda! Many happy years remain before we be stopped. He fell. And with that mighty shock the scaffold shook to its foundation."

The remark of Bruce (which I protest I had not read for forty-two years) I find in the *Scottish Chief*, which was uttered by the English barbels, Bruce turned to Ruthven, with a barbic smile. "Let him come, my brave barons! and he shall find that Bannockburn shall page with Cambuskenneth!" In the same amiable author's famous novel of *Thaddeus of Warsaw* there is more cry. Thaddeus sang novel verses, and Kosciusko wept. Not for singing, by the way,—incapable of speaking. Thaddeus left his wife-look to her carriage. His tears rushed out in spite of himself, and, hastily kissing the parent three times, these assurances, of assumed appearance through her tears, which, however, were the genuine of happiness." . . . And a sentence or two further, "Kosciusko fell from him, and embalmed the foundation with a shower of tears."

Also SALADIN and the Scotch knight in the *Talisman*. The Sultan best.

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Also MAJOR DALGETTY. Delightful major! To think of him is to desire to jump up, run to the book, and get the volume down from the shelf. About all those heroes of Scott what a manly bloom there is, and honorable modesty! They are not at all heroic. They seem to blush somehow in their prettiest of boys, and as it were to say, "Since it must be done, here goes!" They are handsome, modest, upright, simple, courageous, and (I say, I say, I am a mother (which is absurd), I should like to be mother-in-law to several young men of the Waverley novels, and—

Let us like those most unassuming, manly, unpretending gentlemen, I have to own that I think the heroes of Bulwer writer, viz.

LEATHER-STOCKING,
UNCAS,
CHINGACHGOOK,
TOM COFFIN,

are quite equals of Scott's men; perhaps Leather-stocking is better than any one in "Scott's lot." *La Longue Carabine* is one of the great prize-men in the Book of Heroes. Uncas and Uncle Chingy, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff—heroic figures, all—American or British, and the author has deserved well of his country who devised them.

At school, in my time, there was a public day, when the Duke of Wellington, or some big wig or two from the universities, old school-fellows, and the forth, came to the place. Boys were not paraded; prizes were administered; each lad being in a new suit of clothes—and magnificent dandies, with pockets stuffed with gold, we were. Oh, pockets, cheeks, clean collars, glossy new raiment, beaming faces, glorious in a small way! carved names, initials in bark, and mirth, and honor! To see a hundred boys marshalled in a chapel or old hall; to see their several masters, and the head master, and look in their brave, calm faces; I say, does not the sight and sound of such a scene awaken feelings in any sympathetic kindness? . . . Well. As about boys, so about Novelists. I fancy the boys of Fourteen hundred and Fifty to be as fine as those myself in that academy. I like our fellows to look well, upright, gentlemanlike. There is a fellow with a pimple on his eye. What a magnificent build of a boy! There is Master Scott, one of the leaders of the school. What is the use of the fellow more hearty and manly? Yonder lean, shambling, cadaverous lad, who is always borrowing money, telling lies, leering after the maid-servants, is Master Laurence Sterne—his bishop's grandson, and himself intended for the Church! for shame, you little reprobate! But what a genius the fellow has! Let him have a sound thrashing, and then see the young man at the top of the whipping-room give him a gold medal. Such would be my practice if I were Doctor Birch, and master of the school.

Let us drop this school metaphor, this birch and all pertaining thereto. Our subject, I beg leave to remind the reader's humble servant, is novel heroes and heroines. How do you like your heroes, readers of my acquaintance. The gentleman refers me to Miss Austen; the boy to Mr. Ainsworth, Captain Reid, and (with my rosy blushes) Colonel Esmond, and owns that in youth she was very much in love with Valancourt.

Valancourt, and who was he? cry the young people. Valancourt, my dears, was the hero of one of the most delightful romances which was published in this country. The beauty and elegance of Valancourt made my young grandmamma agents hearts to beat with respectful sympathy. He and his glory have passed away. Ah, who is not that the glory of novels should ever decay; that dust should gather round them on the shelves; that the annual cleaner of the Messieurs the publishers should dwindle, dwindle! Inquire at Mudie's, or the London Library, who asks for the *Mysteries of Udolpho* now? Have not even the *Mysteries of Paris* ceased to frighten? Alas, our novels are but for a season; and how characters vanish as a mist before the modest forbids me to mention, who shall go to limbo along with *Valancourt* and *Doricourt*, and the *Children of the Abbey*.

A dear old sentimental friend, with whom I discoursed on the subject of novels and novel heroes, had her favorite hero was Lord Orville, in *Evelina*, that novel which Doctor Johnson loved so. I took down the book from a set old [illegible] on a club, where Mrs. Barbauld's novelists repose: and this in the kind of thing, ladies and gentlemen, in which your ancestors found pleasure:

"And here, while I was looking for the books, I was followed by Lord Orville, who begged to know the cause of my alarm, and, approaching me with a look of anxiety, said, 'Is this the first time, Madam, you have been frighted?'

"'I believe so my lord,' said I, still looking for the books.

"'So sudden an accident must surely be very terrible.'

"'No great loss, my lord,' said I, endeavoring to speak with composure.

"'Such a passion,' said he, gravely, 'cannot be from double loss.'

"'I must beg pardon,' cried I, 'what Mrs. Selwyn has done with those books.'

"'Would to Heaven,' continued he, 'I might flatter myself you would allow me to grieve it!'

"I turned hastily from him, greatly confused, 'and ask what she has done with them.'

"'Is it possible,' said he, looking my hand, 'and you give me not the smallest hope of any return! Will you not, then, suffer me to hope that I may be allowed to fortunate like your own, to support your absence?'

"'My lord,' said I, 'this is no proper time to hear such language.'

"'Is it possible,' he, to my inexpressible confusion, dropping on one knee, 'that you can doubt my love?'

"'Pray, my lord,' exclaimed I, 'rise, I beseech you; indeed your humility is not so cruel as to mock me.'

"'Mock you?' repeated he, earnestly; 'no, I revere you. I esteem and admire you above all human beings! You are the friend to whom my soul is attached, as to its better half. You are the most amiable, the most perfect of women; and you are dearer to me than language has the power to express.'

"I attempt not to describe my sensations at this moment; I scarcely knew whether I was afraid, I was almost frantic my cheeks, and my feet refused to sustain me. Lord Orville hastily supported me to a chair upon which I sank almost lifeless.

"I can not write the scene that followed, though every word is engraven on my heart: but his protestations, his expressions, were too flattering for repetition; nor would he, in spite of my repeated efforts to leave him, suffer me to escape; in short, my dear Sir, I was not proof against his solicitations, and he drew from me the most earnest account of my heart."

Contrast this old perfumed, powdered D'Arlay conversation with the present modern talk. If the two young people wished to hide their emotions nowadays, and express themselves in modest language, the story would run:

"While I was looking for the books, Lord Orville came in, and immediately down in the mouth, as he said:

"'In this true, Miss Anville; are you going to cut me?'

"I replied, with a sickly smile, said I, still pretending that I was looking for the books:

"'You're very quiet about it,' said he.

"'You don't think I'm chaffin' said I, as cheerfully as I could.

"'You don't think I'm chaffin' said Orville, with much emotion.

"'What has Mrs. Selwyn done with the books?' I went on.

"'What, going?' said he, 'and going for good? I wish I was such a good-plucked one as you, Miss Anville.' etc.

The conversation, you perceive, might be easily worked up into a love story; and if the hero and heroine were modern, they would not be suffered to go through their dialogue on stilts, but would converse in the natural graceful way at present customary. By-the-way, what a strange custom that is in modern days for novelists to make the men bully the women! In the time of Miss Porter and Miss Anne D'Arlay the heroes were powdered love and courtesies, graceful courtesy from men to women. In the time of Miss Bronté, absolute rudeness. In the time, Blessedness, that you like rudeness, and are pleased at being ill-used by men? I could point to more than one lady novelist who so represents you.

Other people may not much like this extract, Madam, from your favorite novel, but when you come to read it you will like it. I suspect that when you were a little girl you liked it, and you read it a dear. Did you not yourself pass a winter at Bath, when you were the belle of the assembly? Are they not all there still in your ears to this day? You think of him eleven buttres pass away. You look at him with the bright eyes of those days, and your hero stands before you, the brave, the accomplished, the simple, the true gentleman; and he makes the same regard of love to one of the most beautiful young women the world ever saw; and he leads you out to the ceiling, to the door, unspoken music. Hark to the horns of Elfand, blowing, blowing! *Bonne vieille*, you remember that melody, and your heart-strings thrill with it still.

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THE SITUATION IN OHIO.

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THE CITY OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 615.]



VOLUNTEERS CROSSING THE OHIO TO COVINGTON ON A PONTOON BRIDGE.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. VOGEL.—[SEE PAGE 615.]

M'CLELLAN.

Once more we hail him, Chief! The nation's heart,
Faint and despairing, stricken to the dust,
Turns back to thee with the old hopeful trust,
And childlike confidence, and love. Thou art
Our Great Leader. We have watched thee well,
And marked how then hast borne the taunts and cares
Of those whose envious falsehood hamper'd full.
About thine head, how, unmoved by their jeers,
Thou hast rolled on with patient fortitude.
Wending from all the Legions under thee
A love which is almost idolatry!
The one man this Country greatest good.
From us, young Children, foremost in the van!
The Hour of need has come—be thou the Man!
Blackstone, Mass., Sept. 11, 1862.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1862.

THE REBEL RAID INTO MARYLAND.

AT the hour we write it is uncertain whether the rebel army in Maryland is being absolutely extinguished, or whether it is recuperating from the defeat it suffered at the hands of General M'Clellan on 14th. Between these lines reach the reader he will probably know the facts. Lee may possibly maintain himself in some strong position till reinforcements can reach him from Richmond, and may thus be enabled to renew the contest. But the chances are that he will suffer so much, and be so hardly pressed, that, by the time Beauregard reaches him with the 40,000 men who are said to have marched from Gordonsville, his army will be a wreck, and escape, not victory, will be his exclusive object.

Well-informed observers never could be made to believe that Lee would cross the Potomac. General M'Clellan is said to have replied, when he was told that the rebels had crossed, "It's too good to be true." He and most of us here give the rebels credit for more wisdom. It was evident, as we took occasion to show in our last number, that to cross the river and not to take Washington or Baltimore would be fatal to the rebel army. Nothing but the immediate capture of one or both of these cities could redeem the step, or save the army from its inevitable consequences. M'Clellan knew perfectly well that Lee could not take either Washington or Baltimore, and therefore argued that he would not cross the river. He did cross: he did not take Washington or Baltimore, or even seriously threaten, and the result will probably be the destruction of his army.

People are asking what was the object of the rebels in invading Maryland, if the invasion was so sure to be fatal to them?

In the first place, it is not likely that the rebel leaders were aware of the weakness of Washington, or of the defenses of Baltimore. They may, perhaps, have believed that they could easily capture both upon the rumored great noise one or other of these cities. If our armies had been handled awkwardly, if they had deployed to follow the rebels across the river, if M'Clellan had marched on Leesburg, as some of his generals are said to have advised, this hope might have been realized. It was only when Jackson discovered the enormous army of M'Clellan moving westwardly toward the Monocacy, and seeming itself in between the rebels and the fords by which they had crossed, that the realized its utter futility. Again, some of the rebel leaders seem to have been so flushed with success as not to rely upon what they called "a popular rising" in Maryland. We at the North, who have had plenty frequent occasion of late to doubt the measure of Maryland, know all along how much this reasoner amounted to. We had thought of the "popular rising" long before it was mentioned to the rebels, and had applied the antidote. Baltimore might have "risen" if her people had chosen; but it would only have been to be fall prostrate in holes in very short order. Annapolis might have "risen," very probably, but there would have settled her account with history. Whatever the opinions of the Marylanders may be—and we hope they are sound and loyal—they had no more chance of "rising" than the convicts in a well-ordered penitentiary.

We can not help thinking that the true secret of the rebel invasion of Maryland, and of the similar demonstration against Ohio, is simply the utter desperation of the rebel leaders. They have seen, in the course of fifteen months, a Union army of less than half a million of men overrun and conquer nearly the whole of fifteen large States, and parts of seven others; they have seen their strongest positions wrested from them, and their finest armies broken and dispersed; they have lost New Orleans and the Mississippi River; they have failed in every enterprise they undertook, and we have succeeded in every enterprise of ours save one only; they have seen their coast line, over 3000 miles long, which every one was sure could not be blockaded, hermetically sealed against commerce; they have lost every vessel they built, from the *Merrimac* to the *Arkansas*; they have seen their people enduring miseries such as no people in modern times have ever suffered before; and with this frightful catalogue of disaster and misfortune to dispirit them, they see that, if the contest is to be prolonged, they must wage it against an army of a million of men and a fleet of impregnable iron-clad vessels. Can any one wonder at their being desperate? What could they do except to attempt some wild, desperate scheme, such as the invasion of Maryland and Ohio, and trust to luck, accident, or the blunders of our generals for success? To remain where they were, and wait to be attacked by a million of men, was simply ruin without a chance of escape. To retire in safety was physically ruin; but there was a remote possibility that in some extraordinary freak fortune might restore to them all they had lost. Then to take Washington or Cincinnati. To this vague hope they probably clung, and hence their late movements.

It seems that the period of ill-luck which commenced with the seven days' battles is ended at last, and that we may look once more on our side. Let us beware of our past errors. Let us not pronounce our generals imbecile, or traitors, or cowards, because they have not succeeded as we fool. See what M'Clellan has done now! Let us not cry aloud to Heaven to restore the chaos which we met with a trifling check. Let us not meet with many checks yet before the war ends: it will be enough for good men if after all it ends well.

THE TAX LAW.

THE tax law will or should be finished by the time these lines are read. It would have been in force before but that it absolutely required some time to organize the machinery required for its execution. It is quite certain that machinery may not be perfected before 1st October. Direct taxation is so new a thing in this country that the whole system of the assessments, tax-gatherers, and taxable products had to be blocked out of raw material; to set these in order so as to carry out the intentions of Congress naturally required some time.

There is no doubt that inevitable errors, as might have been expected. The assessors, who apportion the tax to be paid by each citizen and each property, have, under the law, to make over $1200 a year. It was the intention of Congress that their salary should be about $2000 each. It is well that their capacity to this sum they will be compelled to protract appeals before them to an unreasonable length, and to resort to other ways" with the families of officials in the service of the United States, but the practice of which should rather be discouraged than stimulated. Whether over or under income of $2000 will secure assessors of undoubted probity is an open question. Two thousand dollars a year is, no doubt, a handsome sum, but men in every city who spend more. And as it will be in the power of an assessor to report the tax upon $1200 a year, which he should be $500, it is easy to see that, if by any chance dishonest men should obtain appointments as assessors, the temptation would be committed. A prominent politician, who is conversant with the "practice of politics," estimates the revenue of all persons who are employed in the manufacturing towns at three to four times the amount contemplated by Congress.

Collectors of taxes will have the less to collect as they have an ungracious office to fill, and that in proper discharge will require all the exercise of tact, discretion, and forbearance. They are especially warned against bullying and oppression. The tax collector is unquestionably to every citizen a more unwelcome guest than the Union, from the reason that our people are less accustomed to be taxed than to anything else. Collectors are required to discharge their duty as leniently as is consistent with the interest of Government, and in every case as a whole they will be paid by a per centage, to refer the matter to the legal authorities. Distraints such as accompany the collection of taxes in England will not be known in this country. The supreme act of the tax collector will be a simple entry at every cost, that no loyal man could for a moment suppose it possible to find a more vigorous administration of law.

It has stood on one leg long enough. Let it now put two feet to the ground and run as to victory.

WAR THAT IS WAR.

A SECRET letter to the Charleston *Courier*, describing the capture of the Confederate iron steamer of the rebel army toward Washington, says:

"We live at present on the scantiest fare in the war of corn, fried green apples, or a bit of ham broiled on a stick; but quite as frequently do without any thing morning and night. We lie down on the ground without any other covering than a blanket, and consider ourselves fortunate if we do not freeze still before morning. The nights are both damp and cold."

Again the letter says: "Among the Yankees captured by Jackson were two men who, as soon as they found that they commenced to be starved, their old comrades in an artillery company. An inquiry being instituted, they confessed that, eight months ago, they were soldiers in our army, but that, being tired of service, they had deserted, and joined the ranks of the enemy. Without further ado the General ordered them to be hung to a tree, which was done in the presence of a large portion of his army."

The same writer, describing a spy who had done gallant service in the cause of his country, but was at last discovered, continues: "The execution took place this afternoon, under the direction of General Jackson, in the presence of his brigade and a large number of soldiers. The prisoner was mounted on a horse, his hands tied behind him, and he was driven beneath a tree. The negro, which was a little larger than an ordinary bed-cord, then being adjusted, he was ordered to stand upon the horse. As he did so a soldier gave a sharp cut to the animal, and in a second more the spy was jerking convulsively from the limb above him. He met his fate with great stoicism, and appeared perfectly satisfied with what he had accomplished. Up to the last denied all participation in the act of cheering Longstreet's courier." Brave patriot! the country which counts the names of Stephen Hale will not forget you!

These are what we and endure these things are men who mean that the war they wage shall hurt the enemy; and so long as that enemy is unwilling to hurt them in every way it can, so long them war will triumph. Yet there are newspapers and demagogues at the North who, actually cry that this is not an abolition war, insist that these rebels shall be allowed the free use of their slaves in their work and support of their armies. Why do they insist upon it? Because they are afraid that if the people of the country demand that the rebellion shall be at once suppressed by weakening the rebels in every way, it will be expensive, and without compromising the honor of the nation. But if it is suppressed without that compromise, the influence of these newspapers and demagogues are ruined forever. They love their old party cries more than their country. They are willing that the political liberty of every laboring white man in the North should be endangered rather that his black man of the South should have a chance of personal freedom.

FEEDING THE ENEMY AND FIGHTING FOR THEM.

If when a country is at war its producing classes can stay absolutely at home and raise the necessary supplies for the army, that army will always be strong and active. If they are obliged to the war is really in earnest and means to conquer at every hazard, what will it do? Of course it will cut off those supplies if it can. If it can destroy a supply train, or capture a supply ship, will it hesitate to do it? In fact, if it does hesitate, will it not show that it is either utterly incapable, or that it does not wish to hurt?

But if it wishes to cut off the supply trains and ships, if it will destroy the stores of an enemy which it can not use itself, why should it not stop the production of supplies? And if it can not stop it altogether, why not do what it can? Does a General shelter the enemy one moment longer than because he is not sure that he can destroy all that the enemy have? Does he hesitate to shoot or capture one soldier of the enemy because he may not be able to kill or capture the whole army?

Now the slaves are the producing class among the rebels. The rebels openly and defiantly boast that they are sure of bringing as many men upon any point as they please, because they and we men can look after the slaves who raise the supplies, so that all their available men are put into the field; while they say that hundreds of thousands of our able-bodied must stay at home to raise the supplies. They see their producing class naturally like us and hate their masters. It therefore we say to them, "We will not touch what is essential to you," they will say, "Then you are not in earnest." If we say to them, "Help us, and we will stand by you!" they will say, "Then if the men in the house are really afraid of the forty millions of the enemy out, "We give it up!" If they are not afraid of them, we shall have enough to defend among the enemy, and the result will be the same. If they do not surrender they will be destroyed.

Suppose a few day laborers in a large family from Maine to Iowa were owned and sold by rich capitalists, and that the family in question ought to be. Suppose they were kept under by precisely the same regulations by which the slaves are kept in order. Suppose that the head of their David's army reached the Potomac he would of would not have turned a single man and said to them, "Here, you laboring men, help us and we will stand by you."

Of course he would, because he means victory. He means to conquer or be conquered. He means to strike and hurt the enemy in every way he can. He means that we shall see what he means. And when we mean that he shall see, as he sees the men at nominally, that we mean the unresisting suppression of this infamous rebellion against the rights of the people, he will scatter and fly like dust before the north wind.

THE WHAT IS IT?

AT a most threatening moment of the war the political campaign begins. Certainly when the country is in the most painful doubt about the issue party, but there are two. Certainly any patriotic party which takes the field first should leave all party cries and traditions and stand upon a platform of a single plank, the salvation of the country by every means we can control. That course would assimilate all other parties among loyal men. No faithful citizen would dare to withstand that battle-cry.

But any party which should begin the campaign by declaring that we have no right to use every lawful means to success in this terrible war would

THE LOUNGER.

FORWARD!

THE sooner the Government of the United States understands that the only safety the better for the safety of the country. Men are beginning to say what they have long thought, "Here we are giving men and money to the nation, willingly and sacrificing all that we have and are, and the Government meets with shilly-shally, dawdling, swaggering; hoping that something will turn up; devoutly praying to good Lord and good Devil in the long breath."

It is the language of anger and grief; but what is the situation of the country?

Simply this: the people of this country are resolved upon a Union and upon a strong Government. They cordially wish the success of the Government they have, and they are willing to do all that men can do to save it. But the measures which we, as they now begin to fear, that the loudest and most unthinking supporters of the present policy of the Administration are those who are the least notoriously disloyal, that moment they will consider very severe. For they know that the present policy is extolled by those men because they think its dilatoriness and slackness favor their own views.

In a word, the enemies of the country praise moderation and half-measures in the vain because they think that such a course will tire out the North, and make it willing to accept any terms of peace with the rebels.

If the Government would save the cause, it must therefore make it plain that it is doing all that can be done to secure victory; that it is appointing officers who have been tried and are found willing; that it is removing those who are found very slow; that it is insisting upon rapid movements and hard fighting; that it is cutting away every root and branch of the rebellion which it can find; that, in fine, it is so active, so thorough, so earnest, so confident of success that the rebels will see the conspiracy at every cost, that no loyal man could for a moment suppose it possible to find a more vigorous administration of law.

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Again the letter says: "Among the Yankees captured by Jackson were two men who, as soon as they found that they commenced to be starved, their old comrades in an artillery company. An inquiry being instituted, they confessed that, eight months ago, they were soldiers in our army, but that, being tired of service, they had deserted, and joined the ranks of the enemy. Without further ado the General ordered them to be hung to a tree, which was done in the presence of a large portion of his army."

The same writer, describing a spy who had done gallant service in the cause of his country, but was at last discovered, continues: "The execution took

betray the condition of its fidelity. The rebellion already flaunts its flag at the capital; its solid and desperate hordes swarm across the Potomac; there is no man so blind as not to see that every nerve must be strained and every effort tried to secure the victory of the Government; and here would be a party which says, coldly, "Yes, we'll help probably, provided that you don't use rifled cannon or grape shot."

Whose party would that be? The party of those whose homes are wasted, whose hearts bleed and break under the loss of their brave heroes? Would it be the party of those whose kindred lie in the unhallowed and treason-tainted soil of Virginia? of those who have freely given of all their treasures, who have seen their work stopped, their prospects blighted, and the prosperity of their nation checked, for no other reason than that some political leaders thought their power to be in danger? Would it be the party of the true-hearted and generous who, rather than see the glory of their country dimmed by a compromise of hopeless injustice, or by a disintegration breeding endless wars hereafter, would see the loyal citizens of the land struck down at their own doors?—the party of all who love their country more than a party, who hate rebellion more than they love party tradition?

No. A party which at this moment makes terms in its loyalty is one whose aims are perfectly evident. It wishes to show both the rebel and the loyal part of the country that loyal men are divided. Its flag is a white flag. Its cry, if it dared to utter it, is "Peace any how." It stands and beckons to Jeff Davis to push on. It says to loyal men at home, "'Tis no use." It believes in defeat. It wishes to dishearten. It says "Union," and means what he meant who said "My brother, how is it with thee?" It accepts disgrace, and calls it an understanding. It grovels in dishonor, and calls it fraternity. It slays the country, and with it all future hope of free institutions and of popular civil Liberty, and calls it peace. It surrenders the essential principle of the Government and submits to anarchy, then calls it compromise.

It is the party of the rebellion working in our own camp. Let us hope that there is none such. But should it appear, let every faithful man help to crush it.

NOT AN ABOLITION WAR.

"BUT this is not a war for the abolition of slavery, is it?"

No: and the assertion that any considerable party urges it for that purpose is false, and is made by demagogues to prevent a vigorous policy by alarming old party prejudices. The amusing absurdity that any loyal man is making upon the President "outrageous demands to violate his oath and trample on the Constitution" is simply political gag of the most melodramatic kind. The intention of repeating it from day to day is to help the success of the rebellion by dividing the North.

The object of this war is the restoration of the Union. It is not waged to hurt a single hair upon the head of any man, loyal or disloyal: nor to seize his property: nor to use his supplies: nor to occupy his land: nor to destroy his buildings. It is not waged to do any body or thing the least injury in the world: nor to interfere with any privilege; nor to touch any right. Its object is simply and only to maintain the Government, without which no man has the smallest guarantee for any right whatever.

But if in maintaining it, a hundred thousand men are shot upon the field, if property of every kind is seized and appropriated, if acres and districts are utterly desolated, if cities are laid in ashes, and slaves are liberated that they may not strengthen the enemy, all will be done, and done constitutionally, and done rightly, for all this is infinitely better than that the Government should be overthrown.

Yet the Constitution guarantees to every man security of life and property by the most solemn pledges. They can be taken from him only by due course of law—except when he is resisting the law. But to enforce his obedience to the law every thing which strengthens his resistance may be taken from him, and at last even his life itself. No man has any right more sacred than that to his life. The Constitution authorizes the Government, in the name of all the people, to kill any man who resists the laws after he has been properly summoned to yield.

In precisely the same way, when a formidable combination resists the laws, and not only resists, but makes war upon the country, it is to be suppressed by every means known to warfare. And those means are employed, not for the purpose of hurting the men or of meddling with their local institutions, but to maintain the law. When citizens arm themselves against the Government, which represents the sovereignty of the people, they put all their lives, all their institutions—every thing which they have and are, and which may aid their resistance—in mortal peril. *They* do it, and not the Government; just as a man who forcibly stops you by night upon the road exposes his life. If you kill him, it is he who has done it.

Neither the liberation of the slaves, nor the brave soldiers who fight, nor the stout sailors, nor the seizure of rebel property, nor the occupation of rebel land, nor the destruction of rebel houses and cities, nor all the means of warfare combined, may suffice to suppress the rebellion. No man is so foolish as to suppose that any single means will answer; no man is sure that all means together will succeed. But every man who wishes his country well, who believes that the hope of equal human rights falls with our fall, who feels that our defeat is the victory of Despotism and an Aristocracy, earnestly prays that, if that defeat must come, it may not be embittered by the thought that we did not do to save ourselves all that we might have done.

The only question for a man who looks solely at the salvation of the Government is, Does slavery help the rebellion? If not, he will not urge emancipation. If it does, he will insist that to help save the Union the slaves shall be freed. Then, if some foolish fellow says, "You can't do it," we can tell him that we will try.

A BASE INSINUATION.

WHEN any general is exhorted to overthrow the Government by the bayonet as General M'Clellan has been, he is asked to do exactly what Lee, and Jackson, and Bragg are doing. Can the person, the paper, or the party that asks him, really be loyal to that Government?

The army, it must be remembered, is made up of the brothers, sons, and friends of all of us. They are citizens of the United States. They are in arms to defend its Government. They know why they are there. To ask a general to lead them against the Government is to invite them to be traitors. The general who should try it would probably find in a very summary way that they were not so.

Nor is there any general in the field who commands that idolatrous admiration which is essential to such an enterprise. The corps of the different commanders are generally warmly attached to them. But there is no single general who unites them over all others. This we all know, because every man has hundreds of friends in the army, and he knows that being citizens they differ and discuss exactly as we do at home. If, therefore, any general should be seduced into the fatal movement, he would find that he had an army to fight him as well as one to follow him. Meanwhile the enemy would conquer, but that is precisely what those who suggest the plan desire.

There is another point. What opinion can those hold of a Union general who propose to him to become a traitor? What would the American people have thought of a man in the Revolution who should have urged Washington to turn his arms to coerce the Congress of the Confederation, dilatory and distracted as it was? If it had been an editor who dared to suggest it they would have kicked him out of his office, and Washington, if he did not shoot the fellow upon the spot, would have had him whipped out of camp.

The same voices that call upon M'Clellan to take this rash step are those which sneered at Frémont's daring to attempt it when he was superseded. Such infamy was in their minds only, not in his. None of our armies has ever been attached to its general as that of the West was to Frémont. But his serene obedience to the constituted authorities of the Government was just what it ought to have been; and with a word he repressed even the slightest manifestation of displeasure upon the part of his men.

Such men, who love their leaders because they believe in them, such leaders who trust and try the bravery of their men, are the soul and body of invincible armies.

There have been hard things said of General M'Clellan, but there has been no insinuation so base as this, and this not from his enemies but his *professed* friends.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"WE should always provide against a rainy day," as the member of the —— Club said when he stole the umbrella out of the hall.

"Prevention is better than cure," as the pig said when it ran away with all its might to escape the killing attentions of the pork-butcher.

"Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye—jist tell me that? for it's myself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that Father O'Flannagan sent me home to yer house." "Swate jewel!" replied Pat, not relishing the charge, "and it's myself that hopes I may live to see the day when ye're a widow, waping over the cold sod that covers me; then, by St. Patrick, I'll see how you get along without me, honey!"

Colonel Smith's pantry was somewhat troubled with mice; so the Colonel determined to try a trap. An inquisitive neighbor, whose curiosity was aroused by seeing a light burning all one night in the Colonel's house, stationed himself at his window the following night, and saw the Colonel, in his dressing-gown, bait his trap and go off, after having placed a lighted candle close to it. The next day, having met the Colonel, he asked him why he placed the candle by his trap? "So that the mice may see to go in," was the reply.

"I'll haul you over the coals," as the policeman said to the thief when he caught him in the area.

There is a man in Pentonville so knowing that the men who don't know their own minds come to him for information on the subject.

Cæsar, being asked by Brutus how many eggs he ate for breakfast, answered, "*Et tu, Brute.*"

Laziness will cover your garden with weeds. Hard drinking, if you keep it up, will cover your wife with weeds.

"I suspect that petroleum is explosive, after all; at least, I've known a good many capitalists burst up by it!"

Our stipendiary friend, upon being asked by a lady, the other day, whether he liked babies, replied that he did not think them very interesting until they were able to *stand a loan.*

Tom Hood said that, when a young man, he couldn't wink at a girl but that she took it for an offer of marriage. The consequence was, that a good many of the girls got Hood-winked.

There are people who mistake impertinence for wit, and often get more than a Roland for their Oliver. One of these persons, seeing a man of learning enjoying the pleasures of the table, said, "So, Sir, I see philosophers can indulge in the greatest delicacies." "Why not," replied the other, "do you think Providence intended all good things for the ignorant?"

Milton was once asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages; to which he replied, "No, Sir; one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

"Is it not astonishing," said a wealthy individual, "that a large fortune was left me by a person who had only seen me once?" "It would have been still more astonishing," said a wag, "if he had left it you after seeing you twice."

Politeness is not always a sign of wisdom; but the want of it is always a strong symptom of folly.

It would be very imprudent of any railway company to allow a washer-woman to dry clothes upon their line.

ADVICE GRATIS TO YOUNG MEN.—If you shoot a duck you may, by jumping into a river after it, get two ducks.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE REBEL INVASION OF MARYLAND.

FOR details of the rebel invasion of Maryland we refer the reader to page 618. Here we may briefly say that the rebels under Jackson, Lee, Longstreet, and other Generals, crossed the lower fords of the Upper Potomac near Leesburg on the 4th, 5th, and 6th September, and moved directly on Frederick, Maryland, which place they occupied in force. On 7th, General M'Clellan at the head of a large army, with Burnside, Hooker, Sigel, and other Generals, marched to meet them. On 8th he reached Rockville; on 10th and 11th he wedged his army between the rebels and the fords of the Potomac by which they had crossed, thus cutting them off from retreat in that direction; on the 10th or 11th the invaders, perceiving his drift, moved on Hagerstown and occupied the place; on 12th General M'Clellan's advance, under General Pleasanton, entered Frederick and drove a portion of the rebel cavalry, who were protecting the rear, from that city, after a brief skirmish in the streets. Our troops were wildly welcomed; but when General Burnside passed through on 13th, and when General M'Clellan arrived the same day, the enthusiasm of the citizens knew no bounds. They turned out *en masse* to greet them, and it was with difficulty that M'Clellan could reach his head-quarters through the surging crowd of excited people. General Burnside at once pushed on after the rebels with his whole force, occupying every road, and even crossing the fields to come up with them. The three stone bridges across the Monocacy were found uninjured, though the fine iron railroad bridge was destroyed. The rebels devoured almost all the provisions in Frederick before they left, and even robbed the hospital of all the medical stores, although they left four hundred and fifty of their own sick behind them. General Franklin has captured a rebel train of a hundred ammunition and subsistence wagons, and sent back one hundred and fifty prisoners to Frederick. On 14th, early in the morning, our advance, under Hooker and Reno, attacked the enemy, who was on the heights near Hagerstown. The battle lasted all day, and ended in a Union victory, the rebels being driven from the heights with great loss. Simultaneously General Franklin, on our left—*i. e.* near the river—was engaged, and was equally successful. On the morning of the 15th the enemy commenced a retreat toward the Potomac, in the direction of Williamsport, and General M'Clellan pushed on toward Hagerstown and Sharpsburg. But General White having surrendered Harper's Ferry, Jackson's army recrossed the Potomac into Maryland, effected a junction with Lee, and prepared for a general battle. Rumor states that it is probably going on now (17th).

THE HEIGHTS OF HAGERSTOWN STORMED.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
THREE MILES BEYOND MIDDLETOWN,
Sept. 14—9.40 P.M.

H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

After a very severe engagement the corps of General Hooker and General Reno have carried the heights commanding the Hagerstown road by storm.

The troops behaved magnificently. They never fought better.

General Franklin has been hotly engaged on the extreme left. I do not yet know the result, except that the firing indicated progress on his part.

The action continued until after dark, and terminated leaving us in possession of the entire crest.

It has been a glorious victory.

I can not yet tell whether the enemy will retreat during the night or appear in increased force during the morning.

I regret to add that the gallant and able General Reno was killed.

GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

GENERAL FRANKLIN'S SUCCESS.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Sept. 15—3 A.M.

H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

I am happy to inform you that General Franklin's success on the left was as complete as that on the centre and right, and resulted in his getting possession of the Gap, after a severe engagement in all parts of the line.

The troops, old and new, behaved with the utmost steadiness and gallantry, carrying, with but little assistance from our own artillery, very strong positions, defended by artillery and infantry.

I do not think our loss very severe.

The corps of Generals D. H. Hill and Longstreet were engaged with our right.

We have taken a considerable number of prisoners.

The enemy disappeared during the night. Our troops are now advancing in pursuit. I do not know where he will next be found.

GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

LEE CONFESSES HIMSELF SHOCKINGLY WHIPPED.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Sept. 15—8 A.M.

H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

I have just learned from General Hooker, in the advance, who states that the information is perfectly reliable, that the enemy is making for the river in a perfect panic, and General Lee stated last night, publicly, that he must admit they had been shockingly whipped.

I am hurrying every thing forward to endeavor to press their retreat to the utmost.

GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

STATES HIS LOSS TO BE 17,000 MEN.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
BOLIVAR, *Sept.* 15—10 A.M.

H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

Information this moment received completely confirms the rout and demoralization of the rebel army.

General Lee is reported wounded, and Garland killed.

General Hooker alone has over a thousand more prisoners, seven hundred having been sent to Frederick.

It is stated that Lee gives his loss as seventeen thousand.

We are following as rapidly as the men can move.

GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

SURRENDER OF HARPER'S FERRY.

Harper's Ferry was gallantly held by Colonel Miles and General White against an overwhelming force for two days or more, but was compelled to surrender at ten o'clock on Monday morning. The rebels are said to have abandoned it on 16th, in such haste that they had not time to parole more than half the prisoners, the rest being discharged, unconditionally, of course. Colonel Miles was wounded in the action by a shell in the leg, and is said to have since died of his wound.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

The news from Kentucky is somewhat confused; the reader will find some scraps of intelligence on page 615. On 9th the rebel army under Kirby Smith advanced to within 5 miles of Covington, and the large army collected for the defense of Cincinnati felt confident of a battle. Some picket skirmishing actually took place. But on 11th the rebels began to retreat, and our latest dates report that they have fallen back as far as Florence, whether from natural anxiety about their lines of retreat, which are said to be menaced by Buell, or from a desire to draw our troops out of their intrenchments, is matter of conjecture. The Governor of Ohio has called his militia home, as a large force of volunteers, comprising many veteran regiments, have already arrived at Cincinnati. Respecting the movements of Buell and Bragg every thing is enveloped in mystery. Buell seems to have moved from Alabama across Tennessee to Nashville, where part of his force now is, another column having been dispatched to assail Kirby Smith's rear. Whether Bragg is still at Chattanooga, or elsewhere in Tennessee, we have no means of knowing.

FRIGHT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The State Treasurer of Pennsylvania has arrived here, bringing important archives and much treasure with him for safe keeping, and many Philadelphia capitalists have sent quantities of specie here also for the same purpose.

SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY.

General Lee has issued the following proclamation:

LEE'S HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
NEAR FREDERICKTOWN, *Sept.* 8, 1862.

TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND:

It is right that you should know the purpose that has brought the army under my command within the limits of your State so far as that purpose concerns yourselves.

The people of the Confederate States have long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a Commonwealth allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political, and commercial ties, and reduced to the condition of a conquered province.

Under the pretense of supporting the Constitution, but in violation of its most valuable provisions, your citizens have been arrested and imprisoned upon no charge, and contrary to all the forms of law.

A faithful and manly protest against this outrage, made by a venerable and illustrious Marylander, to whom in better days no citizen appealed for right in vain, was treated with scorn and contempt.

The government of your chief city has been usurped by armed strangers; your Legislature has been dissolved by the unlawful arrest of its members; freedom of the press and of speech has been suppressed; words have been declared offenses by an arbitrary decree of the Federal executive, and citizens ordered to be tried by military commissions for what they may dare to speak.

Believing that the people of Maryland possess a spirit too lofty to submit to such a Government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this foreign yoke, to enable you again to enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen, and restore the independence and sovereignty of your State.

In obedience to this wish our army has come among you, and is prepared to assist you with the power of its arms in regaining the rights of which you have been so unjustly despoiled.

This, citizens of Maryland, is our mission so far as you are concerned. No restraint upon your free-will is intended—no intimidation will be allowed within the limits of this army at least. Marylanders shall once more enjoy their ancient freedom of thought and speech. We know no enemies among you, and will protect all of you in every opinion.

It is for you to decide your destiny, freely and without constraint. This army will respect your choice, whatever it may be; and, while the Southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your own free-will. R. E. LEE, General Commanding.

A SKIRMISH AT WILLIAMSBURG.

A rebel force of cavalry, with three pieces of artillery, under Colonel Shingles, made an attack on Williamsburg on 9th inst. about eight o'clock. After having captured our pickets they marched into the town, taking our troops by surprise. An engagement ensued, which lasted about thirty minutes, leaving us in possession. Our force consisted of the Fifth Pennsylvania cavalry, Colonel Campbell, who was taken prisoner, together with five captains, four lieutenants, and a few privates. The rebel commander, Colonel Shingles, with eight of his officers and men were killed.

A FIGHT AT WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

The rebels, twelve hundred strong, made an attack on Washington, North Carolina, on the morning of the 6th inst., and were repulsed and pursued seven miles. Our force engaged numbered only four hundred, and the battle lasted two hours. The First Regiment of North Carolina Union Volunteers was engaged, and is said to have behaved with the greatest bravery. A large number of the rebels were killed and wounded; our loss was seven killed and forty-seven wounded. The gun-boat *Louisiana* rendered essential service in shelling the rebels out of a strong position. The gun-boat *Picket* was blown up by the accidental explosion of her magazine, and Captain Nichols and nineteen men were killed, and six wounded.

THE WAR IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

A brisk succession of fights took place last week in Western Virginia, commencing on 9th. The Union forces under Colonel Siber, were attacked by the rebels, five thousand strong, between Fayette and Gauley, and fought till dark. Our men cut their way through gallantly to Gauley, with a loss of one hundred killed and wounded. Another rebel force, meantime, attacked Colonel Lightburn at Gauley Bridge, compelling him to retire down the Kanawha—fighting every inch of ground—and still farther to the Elk River, where he made a grand stand on Friday. At last accounts—13th, 6 P.M.—he was holding his ground, and had shelled the town of Charleston and destroyed all the salt-works in the vicinity. This news reaches us by telegraph from Gallipolis, Ohio.

THE PRIVATEER "FLORIDA."

The rebel steamer *Oreto*—now named the *Florida*—arrived at Havana from Nassau, N. P., by way of Cardenas. When at Green Key she mounted her guns. She was permitted to remain at Cardenas to the 31st ultimo, having a Spanish war vessel on each side of her. She has lost many men by yellow fever and desertion. Among the dead is the son of her commander, John N. Maffit. The *Florida* mounts eight very heavy guns, and carries the iron plates for covering her with armor in her hold. Captain Maffit was still ill. Her first officer is —— Stribling, formerly of the *Sumter.* On the 1st instant the *Florida* was ordered to sea from Havana, and steamed out in the midst of a severe storm.

PERSONAL.

Appleton Oaksmith, who has been confined in Suffolk (Massachusetts) jail since December last, and was convicted in June of fitting out a vessel for the slave-trade, made his escape from the jail on 11th inst., and it is supposed had been gone four hours before he was missed. A ladder having been found standing against the yard wall, there is no doubt he gained the rear of the jail by that means. His escape was not known until 10 o'clock. A reward of $300 is offered for his arrest and return. A motion for a new trial was pending, to be argued in October.

General Jim Lane's recruiting operations in Kansas have been most successful. He has raised five white regiments, and organized 1200 colored loyalists.

Major-General Cassius M. Clay has been ordered to report in person to Major-General Butler, at New Orleans, for duty in the Department of the Gulf.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MORE MEDIATION TALK.

THE Peace Society of London has issued an address to the people of the United States advising a settlement of the war by means of foreign mediation.

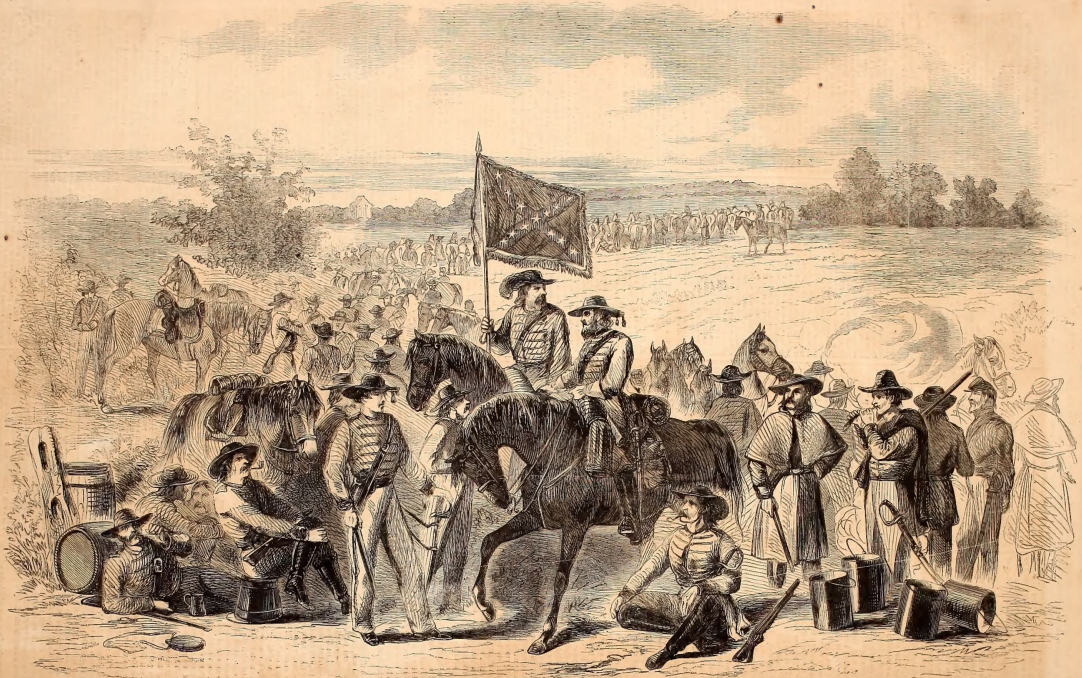
ANOTHER PRIVATEER FITTED OUT IN ENGLAND.

The rebel steamer *Alabama*, alias the *Eurica*, alias "No. 290," has been spoken by the British West India mail steamer, steering west, and fully armed and manned, under command of Captain Semmes, late of the *Sumter.*

ITALY.

HOW GARIBALDI WAS TAKEN.

The European journals are occupied in publishing the details of the battle between Garibaldi's volunteers and the troops of Victor Emanuel. The Italian General had an interview with Garibaldi, and called on him to surrender. The Liberator refused, and the fight commenced. The contest was prolonged, sanguinary, and fought with courage on both sides. Garibaldi and his son Menotte, with three hundred men of both armies, were wounded. The killed were not numerous in proportion. It is said that Garibaldi will be tried for treason, convicted, sentenced, and then pardoned, on giving his parole to leave Europe for an indefinite period.

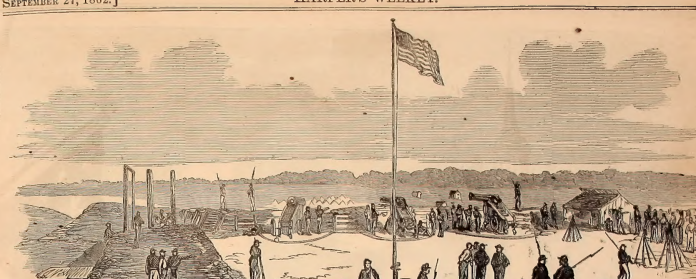


THE FIRST VIRGINIA (REBEL) CAVALRY AT A HALT.—SKETCHED FROM NATURE BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 619.]



THE RIGHT AND LEFT—INVASION OF MARYLAND.—SEE PAGE 614.


SCALE
MILES
POTOMAC RIVER
SHENANDOAH RIVER
CHESAPEAKE & OHIO CANAL
HAGERSTOWN
SHARPSBURG
MARTINSBURG
HARPER'S FERRY
FREDERICK CITY
CLARKSVILLE
WASHINGTON
GENERAL MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN MARYLAND.—[See Page 618.]



FORT MITCHELL, NEAR COVINGTON, KENTUCKY, COVERING THE LEXINGTON TURNPIKE.—[SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.]

OUR ARMY AT CINCINNATI.

ON page 609 we give a view of the city of CINCINNATI, the Queen City of the West, which has been menaced by the rebels under Kirby Smith; on the same page a picture of OUR TROOPS CROSSING TO COVINGTON, KENTUCKY, over a pontoon bridge which was made by the citizens of Cincinnati in a single day; and on this page a view of FORT MITCHELL, the work erected to protect the pike from Covington to Lexington; and a picture of the PONTOON BRIDGE thrown over Kentucky Creek.

At the time we write Kirby Smith and the rebels he leads are reported to have fallen back to a place called Florence; whether with a view to "skedaddle" back to rebeldom or to entice our troops out of their fortifications remains to be seen. A correspondent, writing from Cincinnati, says:

The country volunteers, with their squirrel rifles, are again pouring in for the defence of Cincinnati from all parts of the country, and in a day or two there will be thousands of them here to help us in case we need them. We are ready to-day in the city well organized and drilled, for they will answer as well for city guards as the more experienced men, who are now all wanted in the front. From my window I can look upon the hills on which the enemy's pickets now are, and which are about the centre of our position. To the right and left the hills are higher, or else I might view the entire battle-ground as I write an account of it. A good locality I possess to view and describe a fight, but an uncomfortable one, you will say, if the enemy possess guns of very long range, which I hear they have.

Covington to-day presented a most dilapidated appearance; but few of the inhabitants were visible, stores all closed, and the streets were occupied entirely by troops moving or vehicles attached to the army. The buildings looked as if erected in the year One, and, as my judgment, the country would suffer but little loss were Covington wiped out. Newport, on the east side of the Licking River, is but little, if any, better; and both only serve to show what would be, were they away, a most beautiful landscape.

Another letter-writer to the *Herald* thus speaks of the volunteers at Cincinnati:

Major-Generals Wright and Lew Wallace rode over and reviewed the troops in Covington yesterday afternoon. The display was very fine, and probably satisfactory. The boys were in splendid spirits, and are chock-full of fight and confidence. Much enthusiasm greeted the Generals every where, and the Irishmen were almost wild over Lew Wallace, their confidence in his ability and courage being unlimited, and may stand in good stead in the approaching contest. Let all men say what they will about green regiments and raw recruits, let them cry them down as much as they choose, as many newspapers and newspaper correspondents are now doing; let them iterate and reiterate that the vast body of volunteers now congregated in and around Covington are only fit subjects to be gobbled up by Kirby Smith's veterans; all these—but they will be disappointed. When a fight evening's regard for the well-clothed rebels—no such fears as these—no feelings enter my mind. Green men and raw recruits will fight. I have seen them do it; and a body of troops of finer material, both physical and mental, than the citizen soldiery massed at Covington, never was seen, or known, or heard of. If Kirby Smith takes them for a breakfast-spell it will be the hardest breakfast-spell on record, and few of his men will want any dinner. If for an evening's repast, many of them will find the meal any thing but of easy digestion. I have no thought that our brave fellows will skedaddle; but on the contrary, from what I have seen, that they will stand up nobly to their work and beat back the rebel hordes with a determination that shall make a repetition of the attempt on our soil very rare, and will do all that is expected of them, and more too, if their officers keep cool and act with judgment.

Speaking of Fort Mitchell, a correspondent writes: "Fort Mitchell is on an eminence commanding the Lexington pike. In front of it there is an extended plain, broken only by a few trees and one or two very nice-looking houses. At a distance of not more than a mile from the fort is a line of dense woods, and in these woods are the enemy's pickets, our own being not more than a quarter of a mile this side of them. Our fellows, without the aid of a glass even, could be seen in different positions, some in a fence corner, others behind a tree, and a few crawling stealthily along on all fours, watching a chance. The country around Fort Mitchell is very beautiful."

NOT IN VAIN.

Lo! when flames of war outleaping,
Set our native land ablaze,
Men from every town came sweeping,
Choking up the great highways.
Foothills like the sands of ocean
Sounded from the martial throng;
Stubborn as the sea in motion
Flowed the steady tide along.

Thick and fast the horrid slaughter
Gleaned the ranks of men,
Flowed the horses' blood like water
Surging to the charge again.
Sabres-rush and musket-rattle
Raged their serried ranks among,
Till loud above the din of battle
The welcome cry of Victory! rung

Tell me, was it useless dying?
Ye who stay behind and sneer.
Think ye Freedom's hope is lying
Stark among the dead men dear?
No! the sacred blood which flows
Like a river from their veins,
Redder than the flame which throws
Sadness on Virginia's plains,

Shall that gloomy land restore
Unto Freedom's cause again.
Back in its seaboard thrust the sword—
No patriot's blood is shed in vain.
From the fields which blackened are
By the enemy's bivouac fire,
Rescued from the toils of war
Shall arise the chapel's spire.

Justice shall assert her cause
Unabashed by sword or threat,
And freemen institute their laws
By voice, and not by bayonet.
Storms may burst and tempests lower
O'er the loved land to-day,
Liberty's sun, with mighty power,
Soon shall chase that gloom away.

Yes! prophetic voices crying
In the wilderness to-day,
Tell me that our dead and dying
Have not thrown their lives away.



PONTOON BRIDGE OVER LICKING CREEK, NEAR COVINGTON, KENTUCKY.—[SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.]



A REBEL GUERRILLA RAID IN A



TERN TOWN.—[See next Page.]

A GUERRILLA RAID IN THE WEST.

We publish on pages 616 and 617 a large illustration of a GUERRILLA RAID IN THE WEST, in order that our readers may understand the sort of war which the rebels are waging. John Morgan, the highwayman of Kentucky, boasts of his success in this style of warfare. By way of confirming the truthfulness of our artist's picture, we subjoin a few extracts of recent date from recent papers:

Clouds and darkness are gathering and thickening around the counties of Southern Kentucky. Terror and alarm prevail among the people. Society is torn to pieces, while order and civil law are dead lockers. Guerrillas scout the country, and men are shot down in the streets of the towns. Homes are sacked, and private citizens are left on foot in the road, horses are pillaged, and families driven to the woods. Such is Glasgow, Hickory and Captain Mercer came to Glasgow and fought a little battle. The Rebels were in much superior numbers for the greater part of the time, but, by the superior bravery and valor of his little, which was threatened, and of which he gained control before the arrival of a reinforcement, he succeeded in driving the rebels from the town.

Hardly a house escaped without the marks of the conflict. Many of the dead and their horses were left in the streets, horribly mutilated. Some were thrown into wells. Others were dragged into the woods. Some were left where they fell, lay in the heart of the Cumberland Valley. On either side run the North and South Mountains, about twenty-five miles apart, and the village where the party of the place courses a charming rivulet, the Antietan. Washington County, of which Hagerstown is the chief mart, was organized in 1776. Elizabethtown was the name given to the original settlement; but this was changed to Hagerstown in honor of Jonathan Hager, who, in 1762, out of complement to Thomas Hagerstown, a land speculator. The latter is a surprisingly fine hotel for so small a place, being large, handsome, and well kept. An unwonted property was laid out for sale in Hagerstown by reason of its being selected as the head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac, and Pennsylvania," over which Major-General Patterson presided.

He who will be better understood by reference to the following topographical sketch:

Sugar-loaf Mountain—which our own signal corps had used for the purpose of observation—is a signal station and lookout for the Rebels. Its base is washed by the Monocacy. Banks was upon the Upper Potomac—he now held by the rebels—and the Monocacy is a tributary of that. It has again been seized by General M'Clellan since this was written.—ED. H. W. Frederick is the county town. In writing the mountain can be distinctly seen across the valley which separates it from the city. At such a glance we can plainly distinguish the rebels upon its summit, and the very implements employed by them in their work. It is here our countryman, Mr. Lincoln, was born.

The mountain is only twelve miles distant in an air line, but it must be remembered that Frederick is situated somewhat nearer to the rebels than we were.

Frederick is the county town of Frederick—and Monocacy. From Frederick to Baltimore is a macadamized road, turnpike and Rebels, remaining nearly parallel with the Monocacy, and adapted to the passage of the same general direction, run nearer the river than this.

From the river to the mountain—Sugar-loaf—there are several others which lead to Frederick, and one of these reaches the Upper Potomac at Point of Rocks. From Darnestown is the same as it is from Rockville, viz. 20 miles, but the best road is that which leads through Seneca at Poolesville, nine miles distant. Poolesville is only seven miles from Frederick.

The rebel army evacuated Frederick on 12th, passing through Boonsborough and Hagerstown toward Williamsport.

Eye-witnesses state that the rebel column was four miles thick in the morning, constantly receiving a given point. The force of the rebels, estimated by an officer of the quartermaster's department, was thirty thousand infantry, six thousand cavalry, and ninety pieces of artillery.

THE FIRST VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

We publish on page 612 a fine picture of the FIRST VIRGINIA CAVALRY, from a sketch by one of the members of the rebel service. Mr. WAUD writes:

"Being without within the enemy's lines, an opportunity occurred to make a sketch of one of the two crack regiments of the Confederate service, which, composed of considerable social standing, that is, most of them—F. F. V.'s, so to speak, and not irreverently; for they were not only as a body handsome, athletic men, but generally polite and agreeable in manner. With the exception of the officers, there was little else but homespun among them, light drab-gray or butternut color, the drab predominating; although there were so many varieties of dress, half-citizen, half-military, that they could scarcely be said to have a uniform. Light jackets and trousers, the one with black facings, and black-cord hats, appeared to be in those cases where the wearer could obtain it; the court costume of the regiment. Their horses were good; in many cases, they told me, they provided their own. Their arms were the United States cavalry saber, Sharp's carbine, and pistols. Some few of them had old swords of the Revolution, curved, and in broad, heavy scabbards.

"Their cuirasses, they said, were mostly captured from our own cavalry, for whom they expressed utter contempt—no feeling unfortunately shared by our own army. Finally, they bragged of having taken own banners, in many cases, of having drawn no pay from the Government, not needing The paltry remuneration of a private's pay. The regiment on the picture is the battle-flag. White border, red ground, blue cross, and white stars."

LAURELS.

"REMEMBER, Janet, where you change cars."

"And waste just as soon as possible, Jenny."

"And oh, Jenny! my photograph. I'm to have the profile on the cover. Don't forget."

And I, too, Miss Jenny," said a deeper voice in a lower tone.

Then the last bell rang, the girls repeated all in a breath their parting words, young Carew swung his small toy upon his shoulder in order to whisper a pretty phrase, Uncle John reiterated, "Remember, Janet, where you change cars;" and the next moment they stood upon the platform and Janet was speeding on her way.

She had impressed herself upon securing an entire seat; but at the frequent way stations one after another was benefited, until the car was full, and Janet, with that fine courtesy of hers, gave up her place by the window to an old lady. It was then that she began to share the privacy of the car.

"What, again? how I hate accommodation trains!" growled to his neighbor, waking up out of a doze, then subsiding sleepily with, "Well, there is no room for any more in this car."

Just then the train slowed and "one more" entered. A sedate in worn and shabby uniform—worn and shabby, but "order" prevailed, and evidently a very common sort of a person. He limped in with drooping head, his arm in a sling, his face half-covered with a neglected beard, showing signs of weakness and suffering. Janet looked up and around her. Surely some of these strong men alone in a would rise up and offer this poor fellow a seat. But they had all settled themselves for their journey, and evidently waited in vain for them to rise.

So the train fled on, and the soldier leaned against the door, and, under the glare of the light beside him, Janet, from her place two or three seats away, saw what a wreck he was for him. Surprise had given way to indignation on her face, and then there came an expression of some sudden resolve stirred into life within her.

She hated to draw attention upon herself, and shrank with extreme dread from making a stare of any kind; but the minutes went by, and the weary face grew wearier, and all about her there was a heavy indifference to the turning of souls inside, evincing the preoccupation of those that were awake, and the utter prostration of many of those "strong men" discovering the necessities of the situation.

A moment more and Janet had made up her mind. There was a deeper flush than usual on her cheek as she quickly quietly and went forward—only a few steps—for as I have said her seat was near the door.

The head of the soldier was drooping into his breast as she came up, and she touched his arm gently to rouse him.

A flush almost as deep as her own rose to the sallow, washed cheek as she spoke to him, and for a moment he looked bewildered as he lifted himself up and with many thanks refused her proposal.

"But I am able to stand than you are," she urged; "and, indeed, it will please me much more if you will take my place than if you refused me."

He was refusing again when a sudden pallor overspread his face, and he sank forward slightly, and the next instant Janet had put her hand in his arm, and before he could oppose the proceeding he was in her seat and Janet was standing to keep it in a way that would have convinced any person, however dull, that she would be exceedingly annoyed if he didn't.

Then the young lady returned to the door, and leaning in a half-tired manner against the casing, opened her book. But she was not unaware of the observation she had excited. The slight commotion had roused first one, then another; and it needed all Janet Wilmont's self-possession to look in the meekly puzzled face upon the page and her color under control.

First one, and then another; and there was a general slight stir as every body seemed to wake up. By-and-by a young man near her stepped out of his seat and approached her. A handsome person, with rather an elegant air.

"There has been a mistake," he said, with a bend of his head, a grave face, and a slightly imperative tone.

Janet looked up questioningly.

"Probably no one observed that the young man to whom you relinquished your seat was unable to stand," he continued, explained the imperative tones, and quite as an imperative gesture, though perfectly well-bred, waved her to the place he had vacated.

Janet Wilmont, though shy of making a speciale, and always shrinking from putting herself forward, had plenty of spirit and a great deal of pride, and it rose up now at what she considered altogether too lordly a manner, and a decided interference where interference was unwarrantable.

She glanced another way at the drooping figure, with its disabled arm, spoke as plainly as that head said: "I hardly needed that last reviving step to show you his condition;" but she said aloud, in rather a dry tone, and a slightly haughty accent,

"Thank you, I prefer standing. I am quite used to it," and turned immediately to her book—a proceeding that completely put an end to any more words, and sent the young gentleman back to his seat dismantled.

Glancing at the cause of all this, Janet became conscious of a pair of hollow, brilliant eyes fixed upon her with a curious inert expression; but the moment he felt himself observed they went down again, and the head of two cap, and the hand dropped lower against the shabby uniform.

At the same time a sensation she remembered that she was to change cars. She looked at her watch—not more than half an hour longer to remain in her present seat—ever-spreading fatigue—and she thought,

"I do hope my soldier-boy won't in the mean time have another foolish fit of politeness, and annoy me by staggering up and insisting upon my resuming my seat. I am sure there was a person so pestered in a simple act of courtesy as I have been." And a laugh bubbled to her very lips and died out in a smile of amusement. But the "soldier-boy," to her infinite relief, kept his place, leaning a tired head against the cushioned back in a manner that evinced how much he needed rest and ease.

At the "next station" all was bustle and confusion, and, in the midst of it, Janet saw her "soldier-boy" following her as she left the car.

It was dense darkness outside, and a burrying crowd and a field of baggage did not tend to put the young lady at her ease.

Now and then the flashing of a lantern would give her a glimpse of a face, and a voice would rush by with some unintelligible words, and baggage-men and the bundling of trunks helped to confuse still more. A feeling of despair was giving place to her uncertainty when some one touched her arm.

"This way, if you please. You are to take the down train, are you not?"

"Yes, thank you."

She was conscious of a light touch upon her arm in guiding, and presently the voice spoke again—a deep-toned, well-modulated voice—that of a gentleman undoubtedly.

"You will be careful of that step."

Inside the car she turned to thank him. The lights fell on a pale, worn face, which, as she said it, raised upon her lips, a look of surprise on her face, and then a few words of question:

"Are you not the soldier?"

Again that sudden searching look she remembered from the brilliant eyes, the voice spoke again—a smile—just the flutter of an eyelid, and he said:

"Allow me to thank you for your great kindness. I was very ill and much out of sorts. Janet at first thought. I can do very well in walking a little distance, and the consideration of the fatigue cles of my leg in standing for any length of time I find more fatiguing than any thing else."

In the same voice that had warned her of the step. Her protector was, after all, the "soldier-boy."

As she glanced at the rough-looking fellow for the second time Janet found herself wondering how she could scarcely credit her senses.

The first symptom of refusal had spoken at their first meeting an hour or two ago were so faint and low that she had not detected the quality of voice. Now it was clear and full, and had the ring in it of the lungs, and placed himself in the one just behind her, and they had a pleasant chat. Janet asked questions that Janet was about to ask him concerning his wounds. And left to silence and her own thoughts, she fell to speculating on the social contrast of speech and person. She had just come to the conclusion that though his education in life was ever so humble, he certainly must have a refined nature to possess such a voice; and then recalling fragments of her thoughts, she fell slowly down a dream where Grant Carew was rallying her on her interest invested in all sorts of people," and she was keen to the

"——pains and the purple,"

when a gust of wind roused her. Then a deep, imposing breath, which was half a groan, and better out of it. She started up.

The window below hers was flung open, and the figure of the soldier, leaning forward to inhale the fresh air, in the need of faintness. In a moment she had handed him a little complete filled with aromatic salts that she always carried about with her, pungent odor seemed to have a vivifying influence, and she begged him to keep it—"she had really no use for it."

Again the "little, self-possessed manner, those wonderful tones, so to handle the

and again Janet fell to her speculations, and thought of the great men who had risen from obscurity and poverty to honor and renown. She was sure this rough-looking soldier had the soul of a gentleman. "Somebody ought to give him a chance," she said before she knew it, and then looked at herself, and fell to dreaming that some dream of Grant Carew's had come true. Then she fell into the town—her last stopping-place—and the gray light of the dawn showed to her sleepy vision the town and Uncle John in waiting for her at the station for her. "How-do-do, Jenny?" and Kit leaped in, giving room for Tom to bring the carriage nearer, and as if there were not a second to lose, was beginning to bustle her off with his usual Young America manner, when he turned and saluted the timid and pleasant to the soldier, "poor fellow!" Janet heard him say, "I'll see to the poor fellow answered with that same easy simplicity of manner, in that inconsistent way of his.

"Hallo, Jenny, who was that?" asked Kit, as they went out.

"Hush, Kit, he'll hear you!" and then she told him all she knew about it in a lower voice.

He laughed, but called her a trump for giving her seat to him, and on the way home, where a Christmas household of guests awaited them, what with the fun and frolic, Janet very himself, with embellishments, the saucy rascal!

Captain Rawlins, who was there, listened and laughed with the rest; and Janet, a little nettled, said more than she meant to about that "remarkably cultivated voice and the gentlemanly manner."

"A great, gaunt fellow, Rawlins," broke in Kit, mischievously, "rough and awkward-looking, like a pirate in a private's dress. But you know Jenny—you know her geese are always swans!"

And Jenny cried, "Kit, you are entirely out of the way. I never meant to make him out a polished gentleman. I only said he was simple and modest, and possessed a remarkably modulated voice for a man like him—and I say it again."

Something here suddenly struck Captain Rawlins. He looked up quickly, and asked:

"Did you notice the number on his cap—the number of his regiment, you know?"

"Yes, the Twenty-fifth."

"Hurrah, that's the man!" laughed and shouted Rawlins all in a breath.

"What *do* you mean, Captain Rawlins?"

Captain Rawlins started up from his seat by the fire, and began:

"Did he have remarkably keen, piercing eyes—black eyes, Miss Janet?"

"Yes."

"And a full flowing beard, and a downward motion to his head?"

"He certainly did."

"And was his left arm in a sling?"

"It was."

Captain Rawlins here laughed lowly, and said: "I am sorry, Miss Janet, to destroy your pleasant impressions, but this man I happen to know. He is a private in my regiment—I'm of the Twenty-fifth you know, and the most good-for-nothing fellow we had—almost a rascal. He had once attempted to be an actor all on account of 'that voice' and consummate vanity. His original calling was a cobbler's, I believe."

Janet joined the laugh, but didn't see the joke.

Presently Rawlins asked,

"He was alone, you say?"

"Yes, entirely."

"That's odd. I was up there at the hospital two weeks ago, and he was convalescent then, his arm in a sling, and ready to travel; but kept back for Wynne—Major Wynne, whose servant had died with the fever."

"Kept back for Wynne?" Kit questioned.

"Yes, Wynne was creeping back to life again, wasted to a shadow, wounded in the thigh and shoulder; ugly sabre cuts; and the Colonel told Gamp—that's the fellow's name—to wait and come on with him. Gamp was willing enough: he thought Wynne was worth all the rest of us; and I guess he was half right there. Any body would be faithful to Wynne. There's a man you ought to know, Kit! He'd do you good. So large-hearted and clear-headed—so strong and brave and true, with the 'stately grace of a cavalier.' But I can't get over Gamp's coming on alone. Good God! Wynne can not be dead! Where's the paper? Not come?"

Rawlins waited to ask nothing further. As suddenly as this new solution of the circumstance of Gamp's coming on alone had occurred to him he had darted from the room and plunged out into the sleet and snow, regardless of the breakfast-bell, with only one idea in his head—to get a newspaper, and see if there was any thing about Wynne in it.

He came back all in a glow with his walk, the paper in his hand, and with the words, "There's nothing here, and perhaps he is all right, and there was some other arrangement made."

The next day, and the next, and still nothing about Wynne—the beloved Wynne—of whom Rawlins couldn't say enough; and on the third the ardent, restless spirit could stand it no longer, and, shortening his visit of a week at Grainthorpe, he fled off to New York, where all the Wynnes, far and near, held their habitations for the winter.

At the end of the season Janet had forgotten the very name of Gamp in her thousand interests.

II.

The waves came tumbling in over the wild, rocky shore, making their sweet, solemn music, unaided by the throbbing of drums, and the horns and harps and cymbals.

But you didn't miss the band here in this wild Cape scenery. It was too rough and lonely and primitive for the sound of waltz or gay galop. Its savage splendor wooed you to thoughts of heroic peril and lofty sacrifice. The atmosphere braced you to endeavor and not to repose, and all things grand and daring seemed possible looking out from those rocks across the limitless tide and around upon the stern sea-coast. Perhaps in these days of trial and bloodshed some influence of

"The blood-red blossom of war"

may have brought these gay visitors to this spot, instead of the usual Saratoga or Newport season. Some strange under-current of solemn needs may have given their souls a yearning for the solemnest scenes.

But as they pace along the shore their talk is not grave, their faces are not solemn. They are youths and maidens, and they talk brightly and jestingly; but if you look closer you will see, in the glances that fall athwart the waves, there is a vague wistfulness, as if the sea brought them messages far different from the gay greetings of other summers; but the under-current of pensiveness does not hurt the quality of the tone, it gives it a finer charm.

Pacing along the beach, Grant Carew talked to Janet Wilmont of those days he spent at the Crimea—days that disabled him forever from all active service, when that Russian ball winged its way over the field, and tore down shoulder and arm in a wound that left its weakening effects for a perpetual memento, and now gave him irksome exemption from "duty."

Irksome; yes, for he thrilled at every winding bugle-call, at every sound of drum and fife, to enroll himself, as that poet-hero who fell at Bethel wrote, "in the police of the nation." And for the hundredth time since the war began he exclaimed, as he paced the beach there, "Why *did* I rush headlong, just for the mere sake of excitement, into that contest, and there lose all my power of use when I most need it?"

But to-day the regret was keener, bitterer than ever; for it was the day succeeding the call for the final rally.

"Why did I?" he went on. "Ah! could I have foreseen this hour, when my own America would be fighting against her traitors, I would rather have lost my life, Janet, for *this* cause than disabled myself in that other."

"I am sure you would," murmurs Janet, approvingly, as she always does at his warlike bursts.

And then—for the hundredth time, too—he relates something of that "last siege, when we stormed Sebastopol." And Janet listens, and her heart aches for the ardent soul that can only look backward, and never forward, in his deeds of valor.

And she strives to console. "But you have proved yourself a brave and gallant man, Grant—and you so young, too, then."

"Brave!" and a half-scornful expression is in his tone. "I do not care to prove mere personal courage now. It isn't for that—oh, Janet, it isn't for that I want to help!"

There were tears in Janet's eyes at this sudden passionate cry, and every nerve thrilled in sympathy to it.

"I do not see," he went on, "how men can stand idly by—men who have no ties to bind them. Is it cowardice—is it selfishness? I can not make it out; for it seems to me, however cowardly a man may be, there must be somewhere in his nature a spark of manliness; and how can these stirring times, this constant bugle-call, fail to rouse emotions of enthusiasm that will put his mere personality out of sight for a time. And if he be selfish, what more splendid opportunity offers itself—or ever will, in his lifetime—to gain more than he can lose by doing splendid deeds? I can not make it out!"

The voice that had begun indignantly had a tone of sorrow in it as he finished; the face a wistful look, as if he were scanning such a waste of possibilities with a jealous heart.

Janet had just begun to speak again, when Kit came flying along, waving his straw-hat to them. She turned. "What's the matter, Kit?"

"Matter? Rawlins has come with Wynne—his Major Wynne—Colonel Wynne now; and there's going to be a reception, or something, up at the house!"

Janet's face glowed with delight. She would like to see this hero; and the subject of adorning rose up, a sure feminine instinct which gave a new zest to the pleasure. Janet would be no heroine of mine if she took no interest in the graces of her dress. Half an hour later a little, slight, dark beauty, in the most exquisite of evening toilets, was entering the drawing-room. Rawlins met her half way.

"I'm so happy to see you, Miss Janet! doubly so to-night, for I've got Wynne here—you know my hobby!" and he laughed. "I'm as much in love as ever, you see! And when you know him you will pardon my ceaseless talk about him. Stay just in this spot a moment."

He darted down the room, and returned with—"Colonel Wynne, Miss Wilmont."

Janet looked up to the gentleman bowing before her.

Not precisely a handsome man; but she thought of the words, "There's a man you ought to know, Kit! He'd do you good."

In a moment she felt herself in the presence of courage and valor and high heroic honor. And looking again she saw he had an air that matched these lofty qualities—"the stately grace of a cavalier."

He said little, but possessed that rare charm of evoking all the finest things of his companion's thought. As Rawlins once expressed it, "I am never in the society of Wynne an hour but I feel inspired and eloquent beyond myself."

The subtle power of intense sympathy.

And perhaps it was this, too, that gave Janet a curious feeling as if she had known him a much longer time than these few moments. And in his voice also there was a chord that vibrated to something foregone, as if ages ago they had been friends in some earlier era of dire extremity.

Kit was enthusiastic. His eighteen years of boy-manhood thrilled at the touch of this fine spirit, and college honors and persuasion were cast aside for "the good luck of fighting under such a Colonel."

"Why, Jenny, I should never get over it if he should be killed before my graduation, and I thus should lose my chance of serving under him."

Such was this man's charm.

Grant Carew, an older acquaintance, had long ago opened his heart to him, and Wynne was the only person in the world, perhaps, save Janet Wilmont, who knew what depths of yearning devotion and restless desire lay under that light exterior.

"But how came you here now?" asks Carew, as they stood in a group, with Wynne for centre.

"Didn't you hear of the accident? An explosion of powder came near putting Wynne's eyes out, and almost spoiled my usefulness; so we're on a furlough," answered Rawlins.

Carew gave an involuntary shudder, and looked wistfully at Wynne, with aching sympathy.

One day an old subject was brought forward.

"You have never asked me about your protégé, Gamp, Miss Janet," said Rawlins, mischievously.

"Gamp?" she had evidently forgotten. A word or two recalled. "Oh yes," laughing, and coloring a little. "Well, what of him?"

"A fractured hand gave him dismissal from the army; and he is now treading the boards, with the sublime belief that he will become a second Booth—all that voice, Miss Janet."

"But I have never heard, Captain Rawlins, how your friend, Colonel Wynne, came to dispense with the services of this Gamp," Janet asked, ignoring the badinage.

"Oh, that was the Colonel's good-nature, Miss Janet. Gamp got impatient, and he sent him on before him."

Young Kit now offered something gayly satirical, to which Janet returned with a little impatience:

"You can never laugh me out of the belief that this man was something finer than circumstances perhaps had ever allowed him to develop. Nature does not belie herself by such signs. But in any case, I consider that the kindest consideration is always due to a disabled soldier, no matter what position he may occupy, and I glory in giving it."

"Bravo, Miss Jenny!" cried Rawlins; but looking up she found the eyes of Wynne regarding her steadfastly.

Kit had no need to have told him that last winter's story; Rawlins long ago performed that duty; but Wynne, with more tact than the others, never mentioned it, until one evening when they were better acquainted. They were pacing the rocky shore, watching the storm come up over the sea; and Janet, haunted as ever by that sense of something foregone, which certain people strangely suggest. What was it? Now and then the flash of his eyes, the tone of his voice—more than any thing the tone of his voice—touched the mystic chain; but the connecting links were always wanting. What was it? Suddenly she looked up into his face.

"Tell me, Colonel Wynne, did I ever meet you at Newport or Saratoga, or perhaps at New York?"

He smiled, hesitated a moment, then drew something from his breast-pocket and handed it to her.

"What, my *cassolette*? Oh! I remember. How did you—"

"I have treasured it since the night you gave it to me, Miss Wilmont."

A burning color, a startled gaze, and the words, falling eagerly, "I can not understand—it was *you*, instead of—"

"Yes, happily, it was I who received this little memento of a goodness so unostentatious and graceful."

"But your dress—a private's?"

"I will explain. After the engagement in which I was wounded I lay for a while upon the battle-field, insensible. When I was removed it was found that I had been robbed of both coat and cap, and what money and valuables I had upon my person. The rest of my attire was too torn and blood-stained to be ever fit for use. When able to come home, the only available suit I could find was that of a private—my cousin Ned's, who had died a day or two before of his wound. You may judge if I cared to linger for new garments; and I am sure you can understand that I took a certain mournful pleasure in bringing poor Ned's uniform back in this way."

Janet heard him reverently, then suddenly a smile flashed brightly over her face. "I was not mistaken, then, after all. I felt so sure that there was a gentleman's heart beating under that rough exterior, whatever the condition."

"But the best of it is, Miss Jenny, that you would do what you did for any body, as you proved then, whatever the condition."

Janet blushed with pleasure there in the coming twilight; it was so delightful to be commended, instead of complimented, and by such a true, heroic nature.

They had forgot the approaching storm, forgot every thing but the interest of their conversation. A low roll of thunder roused them. The sky had blackened, and the waves dashed hoarsely against the rocks.

"I have been strangely careless of you, Miss Jenny, not to heed this. An old soldier can stand it like a summer shower; but I should have guarded you."

There was unwonted tenderness in that always persuasive voice as he said this; and did she fancy a deeper emphasis upon the "you?" A tenderness, too, in the touch of his arm as he guided her along the cliffs.

Janet did not stop to analyze the pleasure this gave her. A vague pleasure, to which she yielded unthinkingly.

As the rain began to fall he stopped and fashioned her large shawl into an impromptu capuchin cloak; and so occupied were they that a tall, dark figure flitted past them unseen.

And while they wended home merrily, talking happily of their adventure, the dark figure dashed onward into the very face of the storm.

The booming thunder, the lashing waves, the pelting rain, seemed to have strange charms for this solitary traveler. And mingling with the mournful chant of the sea there was a sadder plaint than that of Ocean's.

"So I lose all," he murmured. "With the sapping of my blood, the shattering of a limb eight years ago, I lost my place in life; so all hopes have been sapped, all dreams shattered."

And the sea chanted on its mournful miserere with a ceaseless refrain—"Lost, lost!"

III.

"Where *have* you been, Grant? You are positively dripping."

He had entered at the side piazza hoping to elude all eyes; and in the dim passage came full upon Janet Wilmont, the last person in the world he cared to meet just now.

He answered carelessly something about getting caught in the storm, and started to pass on; but the little slim hand held his coat-sleeve detainingly.

"You look pale and ill, Grant; I am sure you have met with some accident. What is it?"

"Would you care so very much, Jenny, if I had?" And he bent down with half a hope in his heart. She started. She had known Grant Carew for more than a year, and always thought of him as the finest man of her acquaintance; but possessing one of those unquestioning natures, she had never analyzed her regard, and to-night, when he spoke in a more fervent tone than she had ever heard from him, she shrank startled. Was it the natural shrinking of her natural reserve, or had a newer fascination thralled her? There might be something of both. But the quick, involuntary action fell like a doom upon Grant Carew. He dropped his arm from her hand, and with a "Pardon me," disappeared down the hall.

Outside the little piazza sat a smoker, and smoking his cigar he could not help seeing and hearing this swift episode; and unwittingly straight into his presence came Janet as she turned from the dim passage. And the smoker as he met her face, clearly seen in the bright flare of the lamps just lighting, could not help seeing the quick smile of pleasure. For a moment his own face glowed; then the glow faded, and not long after he had excused himself on plea of dispatches to attend to, and was sitting in his room pondering over a graver problem than any he had found before. In that wild walk upon the shore, in that sudden meeting just past, in many other meetings gone before, in these few weeks, Arthur Wynne had read the meaning of blush, and smile, and eager glance. He knew that Janet Wilmont was surrendering her heart to him unwittingly. An hour ago this had given him unmixed pleasure. Now there was sharp pain in place of pleasure.

He had long been familiar with the history of Grant Carew's early war-experience, and later had heard those words of passionate regret, and sometimes of almost impotent despair that would burst from that chained and restless spirit. And this knowledge to Arthur Wynne had been the key to all his sympathies.

Often and often pondering over it he had said unto himself, "Would to Heaven I could help him in some way!" The time had come; he could help him; but at what sacrifice!

Sitting there far into the night, he fought a harder battle than any in which he had hitherto won praise and power.

On one hand he placed his own emotions, his own probabilities of success: both seemed consistent. On the other hand lay the revelation of the last hour—that swift scene in the passage to the hall. He could not doubt its meaning. In vain he might at one moment argue that it might mean less. The next moment reason and courageous honor held its sway, and he forced the truth.

With a much briefer acquaintance than Grant Carew, Arthur Wynne's subtle perception of character had enabled him to comprehend Janet Wilmont much better than his friend. He saw at once that she possessed that rare quality—unconsciousness of self; that little given to analyzing her own emotions she analyzed others still less. With such a nature he knew that love was a matter of growth, and depended much on the wooing. It did not spring "full statured in an hour," as in more nervous temperaments. He saw too, that pleased and flattered by the prestige of his position, she had come to the verge of deeper interest as she knew him better. A few more walks on that wild, romantic shore, a few more words of deeper tenderness, and the innocent heart of Janet Wilmont would be wholly surrendered to him. "And why not?" he asks himself, "why should I not woo and win her?" "Why? because it would be neither brave nor kind," is the answer of his lofty spirit.

"I have my place in the world unfettered by any misfortune. I can choose my own course freely and master circumstance. But here is one of my fellows as brave and true as I can be in the wish to do, but with the power of doing cramped and crippled. Robbed of half that makes life endurable already, shall I rob him of the other half? Shall I, to brim my own cup, dash his to the ground? Never!"

Involuntarily as he came to this conclusion, his eyes fell upon his sword lying sheathless upon the table. Half dreamily he drew his finger along the blade and murmured, "It is untarnished, untarnished; let me keep it bright to the end."

The battle was fought, and a victory won.

A day or two longer he lingered to thoroughly work out his resolves. In this time he sought Janet quite freely, but with the calm solicitation of a brother. Always interesting, his talk was entirely impersonal, running upon the stirring topics of the day, and the best generalities of life. If he had had any doubt that he might have overstated the importance of the scene he had witnessed, it would have been dispelled when he saw the evident constraint of Grant Carew, and the pains he took to leave his supposed rival free and unwatched. But Arthur Wynne had never any doubt of the meaning of that scene.

A day or two longer and then there were good-bys spoken, free and hearty words and wishes, and Arthur Wynne was speeding away from the field of the sorest conflict through which he had ever passed. "But it was a famous victory." If any one had suggested to Janet Wilmont that she had been near giving her whole heart to this man she would have been profoundly surprised.

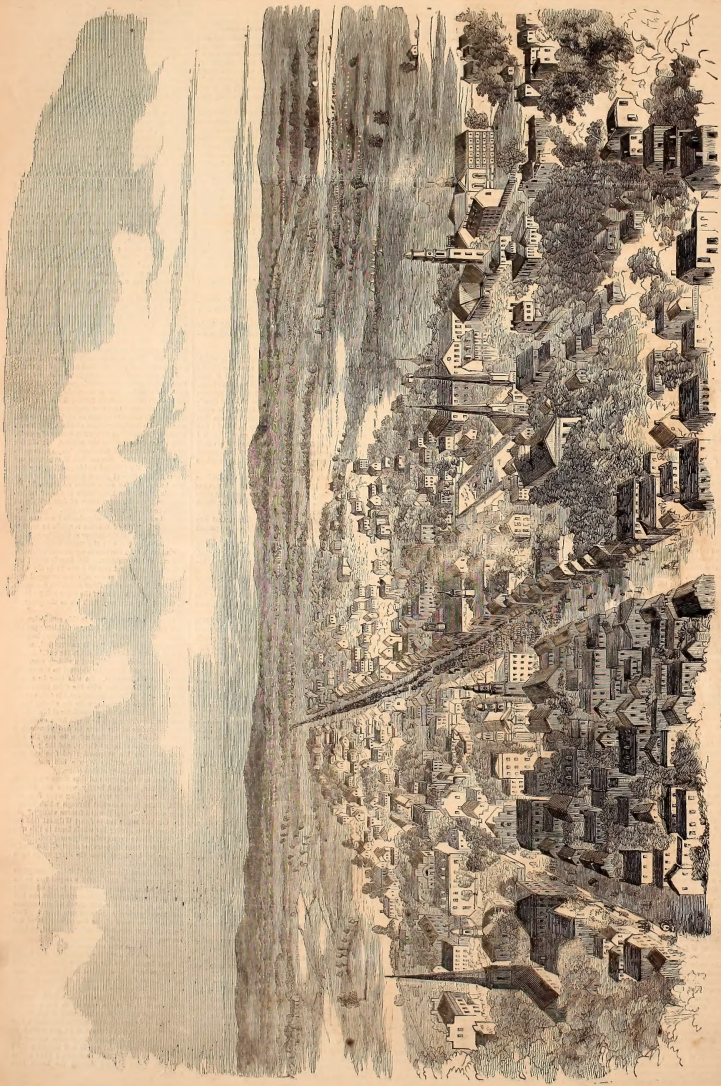
Such had been his power of success. So gently had he led her away from the dizzy verge upon which she stood.

When Grant Carew found that his suppositions were ungrounded, that Janet was yet free to be won, all his courage and hope rose to the occasion; and he was again the brilliant companion she had liked so much, with a new touch of earnestness which was gradually bringing him nearer. Perhaps a vague sense of the incompleteness of her life might have been awakened; she might, without knowing why, have felt

"——a want unknown before."

However it was, ere the September had blown its first breath into the summer Janet Wilmont had given her little steadfast heart into the keeping of Grant Carew, without a suspicion that she could ever have given it to any other.

And far away on Southern battle-fields, he who sped the wooing works bravely in his country's cause. His wounds bear testimony of how he has worked; and some day the nation may thank him with her bays; but there will be one wound no eye will ever look upon, one victory unsung by any praises, one small bright leaf unseen amidst the laurels. And for all memento, a little gilded *cassolette* lying always against the brave true breast.



FREDERICK CITY, MARYLAND, WHILE OCCUPIED BY THE REBELS.—[See Page 618.]



HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND, WHILE OCCUPIED BY THE REBELS.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 618.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER X.

On returning to Sea View Mr. Noel Vanstone executed the instructions which prescribed his line of conduct for the first of the five days with unimpeachable accuracy. A faint smile of contempt hovered about Mrs. Lecount's lips while the story of Mr. Bygrave's attempt to pass off his spurious pictures as originals was related to her, but she did not trouble herself to utter a single word of remark when it had come to an end. "Just what I said." Thus much Mr. Noel Vanstone, cunningly watching her face—"she doesn't believe a word of it!"

The next day the meeting occurred on the parade. Mr. Bygrave took off his hat, and Mr. Noel Vanstone followed the other way. The captain's start of surprise and scowl of indignation were extended to perfection, but they probably failed to impose on Mrs. Lecount. "I am afraid, Sir, you have offended Mr. Bygrave to-day," she ironically remarked. "Happily for you, he is an excellent Christian, and I venture to predict that his will forgive you to-morrow."

Mr. Noel Vanstone wisely refrained from committing himself to an answer. Once more he privately applauded his own premature caution more he triumphed over his ingenious friend.

Thus far the captain's instructions had been too clear and simple to be mistaken by any one. But they advanced in complication with the advance of time, and on the third day Mrs. Noel Vanstone fell confusedly into the commission of a slight error. After expressing the most sincere weariness of Aldborough, and the consequent anxiety for change of scene, he was met (as he had anticipated) by an immediate suggestion from the housekeeper, recommending a visit to St. Crux. In giving his answer to the advice he thus tendered he made his first mistake. Instead of deferring his decision until the next day he accepted Mrs. Lecount's suggestion at the time when it was offered to him.

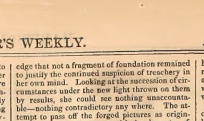
The consequences of this error were of no great importance. The housekeeper merely set herself to watch her master one day earlier than had been calculated on—a result which had been already provided for by the wise precautionary measures of forbidding Mr. Noel Vanstone all communication with North Shingles. Doubting, as Captain Wragge had foreseen, the sincerity of her master's desire to break off his connection with the Bygraves by going to St. Crux, Mrs. Lecount tested the truth or falsehood of the impression produced on her own mind by vigilantly watching for signs of secret communication on one side or on the other. The close attention with which she had hitherto observed the outgoings and incomings at North Shingles was now entirely transferred to her master. For the rest of that third day she never let him out of her sight: she never allowed any third person who came to the house, on any pretence whatever, a minute's chance of private communication with him. At intervals through the night she stole to the door of his room to listen and assure herself that he was in bed. And before sunrise the next morning the coast-guardsman going his rounds was surprised to see a lady, who had risen as early as himself, engaged over her work at one of the upper windows of Sea View.

On the fourth morning Mr. Noel Vanstone came down to breakfast conscious of having to take that he had committed on the previous day. The obvious course to take, for the purpose of gaining time, was to declare that he was not yet still undecided. He made the assertion boldly when the housekeeper asked him if he meant to move that day. Again Mrs. Lecount offered no remark, and again the signs and tokens of incredulity showed themselves in the form of a meditation of purpose was not at all unusual in her experience of her master. But on this occasion she believed that his caprice of conduct was assumed for the purpose of gaining time to communicate with North Shingles, and she accordingly set her watch on him once more with doubled and trebled vigilance.

No letters came that morning. Toward noon the weather changed for the worse, and all idea of walking out on sand was abandoned. Shortly after hour, while her master sat in one of the parlors, Mrs. Lecount kept watch in the other —with the door into the passage open, and with a full view of North Shingles through the convenient side window at which she had established herself. Not a sign that was suspicious appeared; not a sound that was suspicious caught her ear. At the evening closed in hesitation came to an end. He was disgusted with the weather: he hated the place: he could saw the annoyance of more meetings with Mr. Bygrave, and he was determined to go to St. Cruz the first thing the next morning. Lecount could stay behind to pack up the curiosities, and settle with the trades-people, and could follow him to the Admiral's on the next day. The housekeeper was a little staggered by the tone and manner in which he gave these orders. He had, to her own certain knowledge, effected no communication of any sort with North Shingles, and yet he seemed determined to leave Aldborough at the earliest possible opportunity. For the first time she hesitated in her adherence to her own conclusions. She remembered that her master had complained of the Bygraves before they returned to Aldborough, and she was conscious that her own incredulity had once already misled her when the appearance of the traveling-carriage at the door had proved even Mr. Bygrave himself to be as good as his word.

Still Mrs. Lecount persevered in her with unrelenting caution to the last. That night, when the doors were closed, she privately removed the keys from the door in front and the door at the back. She then softly opened her bedroom window, and left it open, to hear any sound at the door, and to prevent her taking cold. Mr. Noel Vanstone's window was on the same side of the house as her own. If any one came in the dark to speak to him from the garden beneath they would speak to his housekeeper as well. Prepared at all points to intercept every form of clandestine communication which strangers could invent, Mrs. Lecount watched through the quiet night. When morning came she stole down stairs before the servants were up, removed the keys to their places, and reoccupied her position in the parlor until Mr. Noel Vanstone made his appearance at the breakfast table. Had he altered his mind? No. He declined posting to St. Cruz on account of the expense, but he was as firm as ever in his resolution to go to St. Cruz. He desired that an inside place might be secured for him in the early coach. Suspicious to the last, Mrs. Lecount sent the baker's man to take the order. He was a public servant, and Mr. Bygrave would not suspect him of performing a private errand.

The coach called at Sea View. Mrs. Lecount saw her master established in his place, and ascertained that the other three inside seats were



"LORD BLESS US! WHAT CAN THAT BE?"

already occupied by strangers. She inquired of the coachman in the outside place (all of which were not yet filled up) had their full complement of passengers also. The man replied in the affirmative. He had two gentlemen to call for at the town, and the others would take their places at the inn. Mrs. Lecount forthwith turned her steps toward the inn, and took up her position on the parade opposite, from a point of view which would enable her to see the last of the coach on its departure. In ten minutes more it rattled away, full inside and out; and the housekeeper's own eyes assured her that neither Mr. Bygrave himself, nor any one belonging to the North Shingles, was among the passengers.

There was only one more precaution to take, and Mrs. Lecount did not neglect it. Mr. Bygrave had doubtless seen the coach call at Sea View. He might hire a carriage and follow it on the railway, on pure speculation. Mrs. Lecount remained within view of the inn (the only place at which a carriage could be obtained) for nearly an hour longer, waiting for events. Nothing happened; no carriage made its appearance; no pursuit of Mr. Noel Vanstone took place within the range of human possibility. The long ordeal was over. Mrs. Lecount returned at last. She left her seat on the parade, and returned, in higher spirits than usual, to perform the closing household operations at Sea View.

She sat down alone in the parlor, and drew a long breath of relief. Captain Wragge's calculations had not deceived him. The evidence of her own senses had at last conquered the housekeeper's incredulity, and had literally forced her into the opposite extreme of belief.

Estimating the events of the last three days from her own experience of them; knowing (as she certainly knew) that the first idea of going to St. Cruz had been started by herself, and that her master had found no opportunity and shown no inclination to inform the family at North Shingles that he had accepted her proposal—Mrs. Lecount was fairly compelled to acknowledge that not a fragment of foundation remained to justify the continued suspicion of treachery in her own mind. Looking at the succession of circumstances under the new light thrown on them by results, she could see nothing unaccountable—nothing contradictory any where. The attempt to pass off the forged pictures as originals was in perfect harmony with the character of such a man as Mr. Bygrave. His master's indignation at the attempt to impose on him; his plainly-expressed suspicion that Miss Bygrave was privy to it; his disappointment in the niece; his contemptuous treatment of the uncle on the public view of the parade—all these were natural consequences of the discovery which had been made in the scene of his rash intimacy with strangers, and his readiness to quit it that morning—all commended themselves as genuine realities to the housekeeper's mind, for one sufficient reason.

Her own eyes had seen Mr. Noel Vanstone take his departure from Aldborough without leaving, or attempting to leave, a single trace behind him for the Bygraves to follow.

Thus far the housekeeper's conclusions led her no further. She was too shrewd a woman to trust the future to chance and fortune. Her master's variable temper might relent. Accident might, at any time, give Mr. Bygrave an opportunity of repairing the error that he had committed, and of artfully regaining his lost place in Mr. Noel Vanstone's estimation. Admitting that circumstances had at last declared themselves unmistakably in her favor, Mrs. Lecount was not the less convinced that nothing would permanently assure her master's security for the future but the plain exposure of the conspiracy which she had striven to accomplish from the first—which she was resolved to accomplish still.

"I always enjoy myself at St. Crux," thought Mrs. Lecount, opening her account-books, and sorting the tradesmen's bills. "If the admiral is a gentleman, the house is noble, the table is excellent. No matter! Here, in this house, I enjoy myself till I have seen the inside of Miss Bygrave's wardrobe."

She packed her master's collection of curiosities in their various cases, settled the claims of the trades-people, and superintended the covering of the furniture in the course of the day. Toward nightfall she went out, bent on investigation, and ventured into the garden at North Shingles under cover of the darkness. She saw the light in the parlor window, and the lights in the windows of the rooms up stairs, as usual. After an instant's hesitation she stole to the house door, and noiselessly tried the handle from the outside. It turned the lock as she had expected, from her experience of houses at Aldborough and at other watering-places; but the door resisted her—the door was distrustfully bolted on the inside. After making that discovery she went round to the back of the house, and ascertained that the door on that side was secured in the same manner. "Bolt your doors, Mr. Bygrave, as fast as you like," said the housekeeper, making her way again to the parade. "You can't bolt the entrance to your servant's pocket. The best lock you have may be opened by a golden key."

She went back to bed. The ceaseless watching, the intense excitement of the last two days, had worn her out.

The next morning she rose at seven o'clock. In half an hour more she saw the panoramic Mr. Bygrave—as she had seen him on many previous mornings at the same time—issue from the gate of North Shingles, with his towels under his arm, and make his way to a boat that was waiting for him on the beach. Swimming was one among the many personal accomplishments of which the captain was master. He was rowed out to sea every morning, and took his bath luxuriously in the deep blue water. Mrs. Lecount had already computed the time consumed in this recreation by her watch, and had discovered that a full hour usually elapsed from the moment when he embarked on the beach to the moment when he returned.

During that period she had never seen any other inhabitant of North Shingles leave the house. The servant-girl was employed in her work in the kitchen; Mrs. Bygrave was probably still in her bed; and Miss Bygrave (if she was up at that early hour) had perhaps received directions not to venture out in her uncle's absence. The difficulty of ascertaining the nature of Magdalen's presence in the house had been, for some days past, the one difficulty which all Mrs. Lecount's ingenuity had thus far proved unable to overcome.

She sat at the window for a quarter of an hour after the captain's boat had left the beach with her mind busy as usual, and with her eyes mechanically on North Shingles—she sat, considering what written excuse she could send to her master for absenting herself from breakfast, though for some days to come—when the door of the house on the west watching suddenly opened, and Magdalen herself appeared in the garden. There was no mistaking her figure and her dress. She took a few steps hastily toward the gate; stopped, and pulled down the veil of her garden hat, as if she felt the clear morning light too much for her sensitive eyes; looked up at the parade, and walked away northward in such haste, or in such preoccupation of mind, that she went through the garden gate without closing it after her.

Mrs. Lecount started up from her chair, with a moment's doubt of the evidence of her own eyes. Had the opportunity which she had been vainly plotting to produce actually offered itself to her of its own accord? Had the chances declared themselves at last in her favor, after steadily acting against her for so long? There was no doubt of it: in the popular language, her luck had turned. She snatched up her bonnet and mantilla, and made for North Shingles without an instant's hesitation. Mr. Bygrave out at sea; Miss Bygrave away for a walk; Mrs. Bygrave and the servant both at home, and both easily dealt with—the opportunity was not to be lost; the risk was well worth running!

This time the house door was easily opened: no one had bolted it against, after Magdalen's departure. Mrs. Lecount closed the door softly, listened for a moment in the passage, and heard the servant noisily occupied in the kitchen with the morning's work. Up the stairs she next crept, straight into Miss Bygrave's room, "thought the housekeeper, stealing noiselessly up the stairs, "I may find my way to her papers more easily without disturbing any body."

She tried the door nearest to the front of the house, on the right-hand side of the landing. Capricious chance had deserted her already. The lock was bolted. She tried the door opposite, on her left hand. The boots ranged symmetrically in a row, and the razors on the dressing-table, told her at once that she had not found the right room yet. She returned to the right-hand side of the landing, walked down a little passage leading to the back of the house, and tried a third door. The door opened, and the two opposite extremes of female humanity, Mrs. Wragge and Mrs. Lecount, stood face to face in an instant.

"I beg ten thousand pardons!" said Mrs. Lecount, with the most consummate self-possession. "Lord bless me!" cried the other, and never did Mrs. Wragge, with the most helpless amazement.

The two women looked at each other in a moment, and in that moment Mrs. Lecount took the measure of her victim. Nothing of the least importance escaped her. She noted the Oriental Cashmere Robe lying half made, and half unpicked, upon the table: she took in at once the imbecile foot of Mrs. Wragge searching blindly in the neighborhood of her chair for a foot stool: she noticed that there was no other door in the room besides the door by which she had entered: and, as the easy explanation of the words, in which she might do well to account for herself in a friendly and confidential way. "Pray don't re-sent my intrusion," pleaded Mrs. Lecount, taking the chair. "Pray allow me to explain myself!"

Speaking in her softest voice; surveying Mrs. Wragge with a sweet smile on her insinuating lips, and a beaming interest in her handsome black eyes, the housekeeper told her little innocent history with a grace and ease which truthfulness of manner which the Father of Lies himself might have envied. She had heard from Mr. Bygrave that Mrs. Bygrave was a great invalid; she had constantly reproached herself, in her idle half hours at Sea View (where she filled the situation of Mr. Noel Vanstone's housekeeper), for not having offered her friendly services to Mrs. Bygrave; she had taken courage by her master (doubtless well known to Mrs. Bygrave as one of her husband's friends, and naturally one of Mrs. Bygrave's nurse's friends) to join him that day at the residence to which he had removed from the parade; she was now obliged to leave early, but she could not reconcile it to her conscience to go without calling to apologize for her unwitting want of civility on the preceding day, she had found nobody in the house; she had not been able to leave the servants in charge of the premised (not discovering that apartment down stairs) that Mrs. Bygrave's boudoir might be of the upper story; she had thoughtlessly committed an intrusion of which she was sincerely ashamed, and she could now only trust to Mrs. Bygrave's indulgence to excuse and forgive her.

It has elaborate apology might have served Mrs. Lecount's purpose. As soon as Mrs. Wragge's struggling perceptions had grasped the fact that the most unexpected visitor to a mother well known to her by repute, her whole being became absorbed in admiration of Mrs. Le-

count's lady-like manners, and Mrs. Lecount's perfectly-fitting gowns! "What a noble way she has of talking!" thought poor Mrs. Wragge, as the housekeeper reached her closing sentence. "And oh my heart alive, how nicely she's dressed!"

"I see I disturb you," pursued Mrs. Lecount, quietly recalling herself of the Oriental Cashmere Robe as a means ready at hand of reaching the end she had in view—"I see I disturb you, ma'am, over an occupation which, I know by experience, requires the undivided attention of the fingers. Are you unpicking the dress again, I see, after it has been made! This is my own experience again, Mrs. Wragge. Some dresses are so obstinate! Some dresses seem to say to one in so many words, 'No! you may go as far you like with me; I won't fit!'"

Mrs. Wragge was greatly struck by this happy remark. She put down her sewing, and fixed her great hands in the highest excitement.

"That's what this gown has been saying to me ever since I first put the scissors into it," she exclaimed, cheerfully. "I know I've got an awful big waist; but that's no reason. Why should it open he weeks on hand, and then not meet behind you after all? I'm sitting over my Bodice like a tailor—it does. Look here, ma'am, at the skirt. It won't come right. It draggles in front, and cocks up behind. It shows my legs—and, Lord knows, I get into scrapes enough about my heels without showing them to the whole street!"

"May I ask a favor?" inquired Mrs. Lecount, confidentially. "May I try, Mrs. Wragge, if I can make my experience of any use to you? I think our bosoms, ma'am, are our great difficulty. Nine bosoms out of ten—Shall I say in plain words what I think? "This bosom of yours is an Exception to the rule."

"Don't say that!" cried Mrs. Wragge, impulsively. "Don't, please, there's a good soul! It's a dreadful disgrace, I know; but I can't help all that, from one of Magdalen's own."

She was far too deeply interested on the subject of the dress to notice that she had forgotten herself already, and that she had referred to Magdalen by her own name. Mrs. Lecount, however, as detected the mistake the instant it was committed. "So!" she thought to herself, "I've scarcely already. If I had ever doubted my own suspicions, here is an estimable lady who would see how and me right—but your pardon," she proceeded, aloud, "did you say this was modeled from one of your niece's dresses?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wragge, "I'm as like as two peas."

"Then," replied Mrs. Lecount, adroitly, "there must be some serious mistake in the making of your niece's dress. Can you show it to me?"

"Bless your heart—yes!" cried Mrs. Wragge. "Step this way upstairs, if you please, and come along with you, please. It keeps sliding off, out of pure aggravation, if you lay it out on the table. There's lots of room on the top floor."

She opened the door of communication, and led the way eagerly into Magdalen's bedroom. Mrs. Bygrave would be back from his bath.

"There!" said Mrs. Wragge, throwing open the wardrobe, and taking a dress down from one of the pegs. "Look there! There's plaits in her bosom, and plaits in her skirt. Six of one and half a dozen of the other; and mine are the biggest—that's all!"

Mrs. Lecount shook her head gravely, and entered forthwith into subtleties of disquisition on the art of dress-making, which left the dishonest effect of utterly bewildering the proprietor of the Oriental Cashmere Robe in less than three minutes.

"Don't!" cried Mrs. Wragge, imploringly. "Don't go on that way, for the love of goodness, or my head's Buzzing already. Tell us, like a good soul, what's to be done. You said something about the pattern just now. Have you got it big for the pattern? I can't help it if I am. Here's the good cry I had, when I first took to being gid, over my own size! There's half too much of me, ma'am—measure me along or measure me across, I don't—they're always half too much of me, any way."

"My dear madam," protested Mrs. Lecount, "you do yourself a wrong! Permit me to assure you that you possess a commanding figure—a figure of Minerva. A majestic simplicity in the form of a woman imperatively demands a majestic simplicity in the form of that woman's dress. The laws of contrast and harmony [illegible] the most effective means of [illegible] for Venus—waffle for Juno—but for Minerva I venture to suggest a total change of pattern. Your niece has other dresses in her collection. Why may we not find a Minerva among them?"

As she said those words she led the way back to the wardrobe.

Mrs. Wragge followed, and took the dresses out, one by one, shaking her head despondently. Silk dresses appeared, muslin dresses appeared. The one dress which remained on the shelves was the dress of which Mrs. Lecount was in search.

"There's the lot of 'em," said Mrs. Wragge. "I never may do for Venus and I never may for Juno (I've seen 'em in pictures without a morsel of decent linen among the three), but they won't do for Me."

"Surely there is another dress left?" said Mrs. Lecount, pointing to the wardrobe, but touching nothing in it. "Surely I see something hanging in the corner, behind that dark shawl?"

Mrs. Wragge removed the shawl; Mrs. Lecount opened the door of the wardrobe a little wider. There, hitched carelessly on a peg, was most pre—there, with its white spots and its double flounce, was the brown Alpaca dress!

The suddenness and completeness of the discovery threw the housekeeper, practiced dissembler as she was, completely off her guard. She started at the sight of the dress. The instant afterward her eyes turned uneasily toward Mrs. Wragge. Had the start been observed? It had passed entirely unnoticed. Mrs. Wragge's whole attention was fixed on the Alpaca dress; she was staring at it incomprehensibly, with an expression of the utmost dismay.

"You seem alarmed, ma'am," said Mrs. Lecount. "What is there in the wardrobe to frighten you?"

"I'd have given a crown-piece out of my pocket," said Mrs. Wragge, "not to have set eyes on that gown. It had gone clean out of my head, and now it's come back again. What is to—" cried Mrs. Wragge, throwing the shawl over the dress in a sudden fit of desperation. "I look at it, and I'm sorry I shall like to I'm back again in Vauxhall Walk!"

"Vauxhall Walk!" The two words told Mrs. Lecount she was on the brink of another discovery. She stole a second look at her watch. Twenty—no, only ten minutes to spare before the time when Mr. Bygrave might return; there was not one of those ten minutes which might not bring his niece back to the house. Caution counseled Mrs. Lecount to go, without running any further risk. But a discovery had risen in the spot, and gave her the courage to stay at all hazards until it was made up. She resolutely began to harden a little as she probed her way tenderly into Mrs. Wragge's head.

"You have evidently a pleasant remembrance of Vauxhall Walk?" she said, with the gentlest possible tone of inquiry in her voice. "Or, perhaps, a painful one, which you remember as that dress belonging to your niece?"

"Not it!" said Mrs. Wragge with that gown on," said Mrs. Wragge, dropping into a chair and beginning to tremble, "was the time when I was scared out of my wits by sight of the Ghost."

"The Ghost?" repeated Mrs. Lecount, clasping her hands in graceful astonishment. "Dear madam, pardon me! Is there such a thing in existence as a Ghost? Have we it? In Vauxhall Walk? Tell me—you are the first lady I have ever met with who has seen a Ghost—pray tell me!"

Flattered by the position of importance which she had suddenly assumed in the housekeeper's eyes, Mrs. Wragge entered at full length into the narrative of her supernatural adventure. The bewildering sequences into which the recollection listened to her description of the spectre's appearance, the sudden hurry on the part of the spectre's disappearance in the bedroom; the extraordinary interest which Mrs. Lecount displayed in the whole matter—all these circumstances was the very dress in which Magdalen happened to be untried in Vauxhall Walk, and which had vanished, encouraged Mrs. Wragge to wade deeper and deeper into details, and to involve herself in a labyrinth of confusion and incoherence out of which there seemed to be no prospect of her ever extricating herself. Even the dress, the latest the inexorable minutes flew by; nearer and nearer came the fatal moment of Mr. Bygrave's return, and Mrs. Lecount was forced to watch for the third time without an attempt, on her own account, to stem the torrent of her companion's notice. There were literally two minutes left for her to get clear of North Shingles. Sixty minutes were enough for what might happened. She had discovered the Alpaca dress; she had learned the secret of the visit to Vauxhall Walk; and, more than that, she had even informed herself of the number of the house—which was the first thing to be found out, because it answered to the number of years in her own age. All that was necessary to her mistress's complete enlightenment was now accomplished. Even if there had been time to have longer, there was not enough in reserve for it.

"I'll strike this worthy idiot dumb with a *coup d'état*," thought the housekeeper, "and vanish before she can recover herself."

"Horrible!" cried Mrs. Lecount, interrupting the ghostly narrative by a sudden burst of horror-making for the door, to Mrs. Wragge's unutterable astonishment, without the least ceremony. "Horrible! Let us get away from this house. Good-morning!" She coolly tossed the Oriental Cashmere Robe, in a heap, on the carpet's expansive lap, and left the room in an instant.

As she swiftly descended the stairs she heard the door of the street open.

"Where are your manners?" cried a voice from below, which Mrs. Lecount knew by habit. "What do you mean by pitching my gown at me in that way? You ought to be ashamed of yourself! [illegible] Mrs. Wragge, I'm afraid, has taken to a license as she gradually realized the indignity offered to the Oriental Cashmere Robe. "Everything, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Pursued by this valedictory address, Mrs. Lecount reached the house door, and opened it without interruption. She glided rapidly along the garden pathway, passed through the gate, and, finding herself safe on the parade, stopped and looked toward the sea.

The first object which her eyes encountered was the figure of Mr. Bygrave standing motionless on the beach, with his bathing-machine, his towels in his hand! One glance at him was enough to clear her mind to the housekeeper—or passing out through his garden gate.

Rightly conjecturing that Mr. Bygrave's first impulse would lead him to make instant inquiries in his own house, Mrs. Lecount pursued her way back to Sea View as composedly as if nothing had happened. When she entered the parlor, where her solitary breakfast was waiting for her, the clock pointed to the hour of ten, and to the table. She approached to take it up with an expression of impatience, thinking it might some tradesman's bill which she had forgotten.

It was the forged letter from Zurich.

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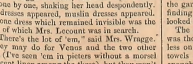
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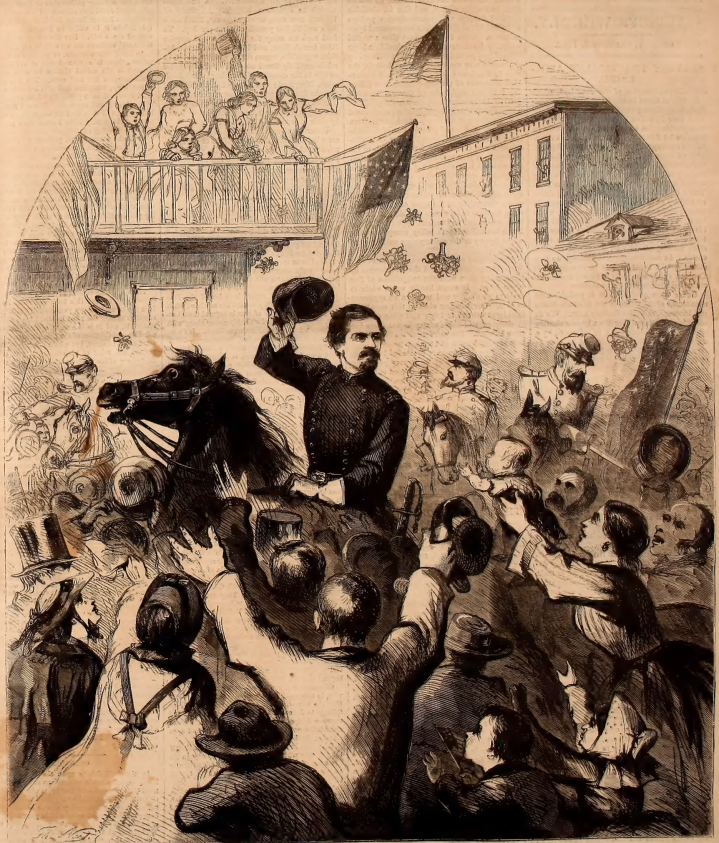
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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GENERAL M'CLELLAN ENTERING THE TOWN OF FREDERICK, MARYLAND.—THE POPULAR WELCOME.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

McCLELLAN AT FREDERICK.

We illustrate on the preceding page the ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF GENERAL M'CLELLAN AT FREDERICK, MARYLAND, when he had driven the rebels from the place. A correspondent of the *World* thus describes the scene:

General M'Clellan came into the town upon the central road, and such an ovation as greeted him! It was very different from Virginia. The people were overjoyed. Flags were displayed at the houses, and the streets were gay and decorative: long flags crop-eared across the streets and hung over doors; wreaths of evergreen and flowers, such as only a Maryland lass could make, and such as only a Maryland lass could throw to the general amongst the cheers.

The General rode through the town on a trot, and the street was filled six or eight deep with his staff and guard falling on behind him. The cheers had been deafening, and, as I record gratefully the salutations of the people, I will declare and must say for all, and scores of beautiful ladies waved flags from the balconies of houses upon the streets, and their countenances seemed to express, in other emotion. When the General came to the corner of the principal street the ladies crowded around him. Bouquets, beautiful and fragrant, in great numbers were thrown at him, and the ladies cried out in many cases with the warmest good wishes, and many of them were unable to restrain their tears of joy at the sight of the General in the streets. The General took the proffered bouquets which were offered to him with many a kind and pressing remark, and heard and answered the many remarks and compliments with which the people saturated him. It was a scene which no one could forget—an event of a lifetime.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1862.

SLAVERY PRACTICALLY ABOLISHED.

THE proclamation of the President, which will be found in another column, practically abolishes slavery throughout the Southern States after next New-Year's Day. By the terms of that proclamation every negro shall become free who, on 1st January, 1863, shall reside in a section of country where the people are in rebellion. The evidence of rebellion, it appears, shall be the non-election of members of Congress by a majority of legally constituted voters. To carry out the Act fully, we presume that before New-Year's Day, the Speaker of Congress will direct an inquiry to be made with a view to ascertain what constituencies have failed to elect members. Upon his report the President will base his proclamation of emancipation, forever setting free and guaranteeing protection to every slave residing within such delinquent constituencies. In order to prevent trickery, no constituency will be deemed to be represented in Congress unless a majority of legally constituted voters have taken part in the election.

Under these conditions it is probable that nine-tenths of the slaves in the Southern States will become free on 1st January next. We do not suppose that any thing like a majority of votes of members of Congress will be attempted by a majority of legally constituted voters even in New Orleans, Memphis, or Norfolk. Those who as the rebel armies keep the field, a majority of the people of the South will refuse to acknowledge their effort, and will of course refuse to participate in elections which would amount to a repudiation of their slave confederacy. In these three cities, and in most of the other places at the South which are occupied by the Union troops, the bulk of the legally constituted voters are in the rebel army, and could not—if they would—obtain furloughs for the purpose of returning home and electing members of Congress. It is just possible that, in the course of the next ninety days, the dread of negro emancipation may work a change in the views of some Southern communities, and that there may be a struggle between two evils—abolition and submission—they may prefer the latter as the least intolerable. And it is also possible that our armies and navy may make such rapid progress with the work of suppressing the rebellion that, by 1st January, 1863, the bulk of the legally constituted voters may be overrun, and the hope of establishing a slave confederacy so thoroughly destroyed, that the rebels may be willing to vote in virtue of necessity, and set about electing members of Congress. But if the rebel armies are not crushed within ninety days, and the people of the South humbled into submission, then the fiat has gone forth that New-Year's Day, 1863, shall bring freedom to the negro from the rebel States.

Nor will the blessed boon be confined to those cotton States where the wretched rebellion arose. If Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, Arkansas, and Tennessee become free States, as is utterly impossible that Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri can continue to maintain the institution of slavery. With free States on either side of them, they must abolish slavery, or it will abolish itself. The only difference between them and their Southern neighbors will be, that the Union States will pay to the loyal owners a liberal sum—a fair compensation for the property whom they are voluntarily agree to emancipate.

We shall not see how this proclamation will be received—but, of the South and at the North. There are those who believe that the rebels—especially if they are hard pressed by our armies—will meet it with a counter-proclamation, immediately emancipating their slaves, and arming them for defense. A policy of this character would neglect the task before us, and the common difficulty, as it would enable the rebels to recruit their weakened armies with a fresh force of nearly 600,000 men. It is, however, well-nigh impossible to believe that the rebel leaders would of their own free-will adopt the very policy will dread of whose adoption by us plunged them into the present war—that they would place arms in the hands of their slaves, and run the risk of a war of class on their own soil—that they would in the middle of the hottest abandon the principle for which it is universally believed by them that they would be the corner-stone of their confederacy. A better opinion appears to be, that Mr. Lincoln's proclamation will be received by the rebel press as exertions than they have yet made, and that they will forthwith take measures to place their people out of reach of it. Indeed, we may say, no doubt, that the President's proclamation will have no more practical effect than the pretense *to free the slaves of rebels in arms*.

And how will negro emancipation be viewed at the North? There was a time, not very long since, when a large majority of the Northern people would have opposed it strenuously—not so much from any admiration for slavery, as from a belief that, under the Constitution, it was no right to meddle with it, and that its abolition involved dangers and inconveniences perhaps not formidable as those of negro emancipation by its existence. Even at the present time a mortal antipathy for the negro is entertained by a large class of persons at the North, who, influenced by the recent vote against negroes in Illinois, the riots in Cincinnati and Brooklyn, and the unkind treatment of the black regiments of Hilton Head by the regiments of General Hunter's army. At the same time, the war has produced a remarkable change in the feelings of a educated and liberal men at the North. Such leading men as General Wadlace of Illinois, Daniel S. Dickinson of New-York, a majority of Massachusetts, and nine-tenths of the generals in the field—who, a year ago, really believed that slavery was the true source for the negro—have lately freely expressed what used to be called "abolition views." How long it will take for these liberal views to permeate society, and stamp themselves on the mind of the working-class, remains to be seen. We do not, for our part, apprehend any serious opposition at the North to the President's policy, except in circles whose loyalty to the country may well be questioned.

Demagogues will of course endeavor to excite our working-classes against the Government by threatening them with vast numbers of free negro labor. It seems hardly worth while to reply to so shallow and so mean an argument as this. Our laboring class of the country is intelligent enough to know that what we want in every part of this country is not fewer but more laborers. For years a class of men has been moving heaven and earth to get more labor from Europe, and we have succeeded in getting a very large number of men, and we have yet wages have steadily advanced instead of falling. We have thought of opposing emancipated negroes insults the understanding of our laboring class.

THE REBELS FORTNIGHT IN MARYLAND.

THE rebel army, under Generals Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, and Hill, first invaded the State of Maryland on 4th, 5th, and 6th September. The General Commanding issued his proclamation to the Maryland people, informing them that he had come to liberate them from the despotism of Lincoln, and intimating that he intended to stay. On the 10th September, just a fortnight after the advance-guard of the rebels crossed the Potomac with this proclamation in their hands, the army of the North of Virginia army recrossed back into Virginia. What did they make by their fortnight's excursion?

Their object was, in the first place, to find out where was either no rebel sentiment in Maryland, or that if there was any it dared not show itself. They got no recruits. A few dozen ragged men of the western towns ran away from their homes to join them; but, to use their own words, "when they saw and smelt the cotton fields of the south-west, better of the enterprise and returned whence they had come. On the other hand, it is estimated that they lost 4000 or 5000 men by desertion. Every house in the counties which they visited is found to contain rebel deserters. They met, of course, with no resistance from the townships and villages. But they met with no civility, and nothing like cordiality; while, on the other hand, the people of Frederick and Hagerstown almost went crazy with delight over the approach of the delivering army of the Potomac.

While in Maryland they fought two battles, in which they lost something like 20,000 men. The loss, which were heavy likewise, were instantly repaired by the arrival of fresh troops. Theirs are not retained yet, and can not be until they retire to the interior of the country, if then. General Lee's army is in the condition the army of the Potomac was after the battles before Richmond, when we were all half dreading to hear of its annihilation.

In both these battles they were defeated. At South Mountain we drove them from the strong positions they had seized in the mountain gaps. At Antietam, we took their position and forced them to retreat across the Potomac. Whatever prestige they may have derived, therefore, from their victories at the Rappahannock and at Manassas has been destroyed by those defeats in Maryland. They invaded the State exultant, hopeful, flushed with triumph; they retire defeated, disappointed, disheartened.

They got some supplies in Maryland. We hear of their getting boots at Frederick, driving cattle in the direction of Hagerstown, and of the produce of farmers. Whether they got enough to feed their army for a week is very doubtful. If they had 100,000 men—and some people think they had 150,000—it may safely be said that they did not. It is not likely that they got as much as the Frederick boots shoes enough to furnish a brigade. An army of 100,000 men eats, or ought to eat, 500 barrels flour and 100 pounds of meat per day. To feed such an army for a week would require 3500 barrels flour, and 1500 head of cattle, besides vegetables, sugar, coffee, vinegar, etc. The rebels certainly found no such stock of supplies as this in the counties of Washington and Frederick, Md., and from what they did not find must be dedcuted what they lost on their retreat. The chances are that, in supplies as in *morale* and physical strength, their army is worse fixed by their visit to "My Maryland."

Under the circumstances it will be curious to see what the rebel Congress finds to vote a premium which three-fourths of that body united in pronouncing wise, skillful, and full of promise.

THE LOUNGER.

CRAFT.

It is well known that Jefferson Davis has been steadily opposed to an aggressive policy. His motto is, *Let us alone*. His object is preservation, with a guarantee for slavery. His philosophy is, that if the loyal citizens see that the disloyal are resolved even unto death, the loyal will purchase peace by the surrender of the Government. His hope is that with our capitulate the work which his arms have begun.

The fear of the instant actual invasion of the Free States began a hostility toward the rebels which is not felt while the seat of war is beyond their borders, and which has been a powerful element in all his open and secret allies in the North. If Pennsylvania were really invaded, for instance—Pennsylvania, which has rallied nearly 300,000 of these and men for home defense, in addition to those who have left for the field—how many would any policy of compromise or concession be likely to receive in Pennsylvania? Jefferson Davis means victory. He means that the slavery interest shall permanently and unquestionably control the Government of United States, and his interests to do nothing that shall render that result hopeless.

Able and desperate as the rebel fighting has been, if it made its way to Ohio that another method would more certainly secure his purpose, he would urge the laying down of arms by the rebellion, in order to turn to his advantage the tremendous reaction that would follow.

It is this policy he is urging in the South Carolina school, who are as impracticable in the rebellion as he seems in the Union. The ardent Miles is of opinion that Stonewall Jackson with a hundred thousand rebels, would march wherever he chose, and that he would be master of the United States. Miles may be more ardent than Davis, but he is not so sagacious. He speaks for the loud and stringent popular clamor; but the more popular clamor of a semi-barbarous horde, like the writer who compares the rank and file of the rebels to Cromwell's Ironsides, is not to be a guide to the cool brain of a cautious leader.

Besides, Miles and the South Carolina school doctrines with a separation. They are less aware than Davis that separation is impossible. They do not understand that to a United States citizen the word Union is the same as nation. They do not see, in fact, that the word Union is almost as one of two things: either the absolute victory of the Northern principle, that slavery, as the controlling power of the Government, shall be administered, or of the Southern principle that the control of slavery in the Government shall be put beyond dispute.

Of course every party and person at the North who, in this condition of public affairs, is anxious that the war shall end without touching slavery belongs to Jefferson Davis's party, and is his most supreme desire. Therefore he says that Hunter and Phelps, and every body else his hand upon slavery, shall be hung summarily.

Why does he say it? Because he knows that if the war ends with slavery unassailed, every one in the few cases of fugitives, whether he be victorious or conquered, he is sure that vast interest as the capital of new political combinations.

That is the danger which threatens the country. That is the political programme unveiled by Mr. Horatio Seymour, who, when Jefferson Davis and his fellows newly threatened the Government, begged the Government to surrender. The surrender which Mr. Seymour and his friends could not effect before the war, they hope to effect when the losses and sufferings of the war may have made practicable. They may indeed understand a party, but they are woefully ignorant of the people.

CARLYLE'S "FREDERICK THE GREAT."

THE volume of Carlyle's history of Frederick just published will disappoint no reader. It is together masterly in its comprehension and delineation of the events that attended the opening of Frederick's active career. The unanimous testimony of English criticism in favor will be heartily approved here, with the wish that the work might have undertaken, or even still undertake, a work which has never been adequately written—the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. A man who has already the completest knowledge of the matter, who has no profound admiration and hardly any admiration of manhood, such a contempt of pretense as with marvelous literary skill, seems to have given us a picture of the Empire which would have been an memorable as that of the Revolution. Napoleon indeed was a good deal of a charlatan, but he was hotter than kind. But the Great Frederick had his charlatanry. He did, in fact, run away from his first battle?

Even Carlyle will find it impossible to make a hero a hero precious to mankind. A wonderful, instructive and often repulsive chapter of history in his life would be wonderfully Carlyle's theme. But the heart does not warm to the friend of Voltaire, the military philosopher of Sans Souci, the wish and not the soldier. He was a Baltic, prodigious feature in the luckless century, as Carlyle thinks it, which he lived and shaped on the map of the world. But the sweet, great, human traits and tenderness we seek in vain.

In the Life of Napoleon, writing in the royal palace, there is a wax figure of old Frederick standing in the armor and clothes he wore, with its three-cornered hat and cane. These are the poignant than Vernet's. It is not easy to find fine writing now in the days of newspapers and pamphlets on those pages, and especially in the last volume. We may compare the battle work of a century ago with that of the day, and the former is the more engaging; and with so terrible a commentary of living fact before us as that of the war, it is strange if these is the same earnest tone with which we regard our own fight. To a historian, who is also a man, like Carlyle, the battle of Hochkirch must have special sanctity, for it is shot either for or aginst Frederick. But the battle of Bull Run is the story of men and affairs, but we can not deny his rapt interest and earnestness with ours.

There is plenty of time for us all who have the opportunity to read this book and reflect upon it. We shall need another years of faithful labor and research among the most unpromising and dead materials, and it is the work of one of the great thinkers and thinkers of the time, before a man some affect to sneer, but whose mark upon the literature and mind of his country is greater than that of any of his contemporaries.

HONORS EASY.

"MY DEAR MR. LOUNGER, will you be kind enough to tell me whether the bill prohibiting slavery in the Territories was brought in by Mr. Wilson, or did he merely report it from the Committee? And can you give me the words of the Act? Truly yours,

"INQUIRER."

The bill was drawn and introduced by Isaac N. Arnold, the representative in Congress from the district of Illinois—a personal friend and supporter of the President, a true, calm, clear, constitutional and sub-very man. It was reported to a committee, and after some unimportant alterations it was reported by Mr. Wilson, Chairman.

Of course it is only an Act of Congress, and may be repealed. But it can not be repealed until the rebellion is crushed, and by no one else may be objected. And it is the duty of all loyal, patriotic, and humane men, and Christians to see that the great victory of Liberty over Slavery is maintained until it is an integral a fact of history as the Protestant Reformation.

The words of the Act are these:

"To the end that freedom may be and remain forever the fundamental law of the land in all places answerable so far as it lies within the power or depends upon the action of the Government of the United States to secure the blessing,

"Be it enacted, etc., That from and after the passage of this Act there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the Territories of the United States now existing, or which may at any time hereafter be formed or acquired by the United States, except as the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

This is the bill of Mr. Arnold, of Illinois. It is the re-enactment of Jefferson's proposition for the Northwest Territory of 1784, the watchword of American Liberty, and the future union and peace and grandeur of the country. Compare it and its consequences with Mr. Clingman's "Resolutions" and its consequences! Which, honestly considered, promises the most permanent peace? Which would a man wish to tell his grandchildren that he voted for?

COURAGE.

IN the draft debate upon the invasion of the North, which was the deliberate confession of the rebel Congress on the 15th of September, Mr. Miles of South Carolina, said a very good thing: "I believe it is the true policy of war to strike wherever you find a weak point within your own limits or on the soil of the enemy."

That was also the opinion of Oliver Cromwell, who said that "weak counsel and weak action ruin all." He was weak in neither. The consequence was, that he conquered in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and although his commonwealth

form of government fell, he secured forever and for all Englishmen the civil rights for which John Hampden contended.

If the Government of the United States would take a final leave of weak counsels and weak actions it would simultaneously take leave of disaster and defeat. Mr. Seward, for instance, is a scholar. How does he think conciliation would have worked in Ireland? How would it have answered in Scotland? Instead of the way of conciliation, Cromwell took that of Tredar and Dunbar. And consequently life, rights, expense of every kind, and untold delays and disasters were saved.

No man advises massacres or murders in waging war. But to prevent them, strike when you strike, don't pat. When you have read your riot act, and have summoned rioters to disperse before your loaded muskets, give them time to go. If they stay and threaten and you still wish to be merciful, fire into them, not over them. Every bullet that you fire over the heads of the enemy kills ten of your own men before it is spent. Napoleon knew that, and never fired until he meant to hit.

In the droll debate at Richmond Mr. Ayer, another Carolina comedian, said that "Mirabeau, the French philosopher, declared that the only way to conduct a successful revolution was to dare, to dare again, and still to dare." The Southern statesmen are very proud of their literature, and of their general superiority to the mud-sills of the North, but Mr. Ayer must rub up his history a little. Mirabeau was an orator, *not* a philosopher; and Mirabeau did *not* say it. It was the speech of Danton, a very different person—an appropriate authority for Mr. Ayer to quote in a rebel Congress. Mr. Ayer will not forget how and where Danton ended, after his dare, and dare, and dare. He had his head cut off by those who dared a little more than he.

Yet, whoever says it, victory belongs to vigor, and vigor comes from conviction, and conviction makes all methods clear and easy Let the Government understand the conviction of the nation and follow its wishes, and a victory which settles the war will be the result.

GO!

I'LL pray for thee, I'll pray for thee, my noble-hearted son!
Go forth and fight for Liberty until the cause is won.
It may seem strange a while to miss thy comfort and thy care,
But now our army calls for aid, and thou art needed there.

I'll pray for thee, I'll pray for thee, go forth upon thy way:
A mother's love shall follow thee, and bless thee day by day.
I would not place my feeble hand before thy kindling eyes
While gazing on the altar—*red with freedom's sacrifice!*

No! leave me now and act thy part. Yet sometimes at the hour
When twilight shadows gather round, and gentler thoughts have power
To sway the heart, oh! think of her who hourly prays for thee;
And bind the watch-word to thy heart—the watch-word, "LIBERTY."

SPECIMENS OF BRITISH WIT AND HUMOR.

OUR old friend *Punch*, which used once to be so merry and genial a companion, has latterly been devoting a good deal of attention to the United States, and has sent over an agent here to procure subscriptions for the republication of its back volumes. Some of *Punch's* good things about this country are so bright and cheery and kindly that we have thought it would do our readers good to see a few of them, collected from half a dozen recent numbers, as models of British good humor and genial compliment. Time was when *Punch* was the undying foe to slavery every where. Now he says, sighing over the reduced market for British manufactures in this country:

Jonathan and Jefferson, come listen to my song—
I can't decide, upon my word, which of you is most wrong;
I do declare I am afraid to say which worse behaves,
The North imposing bonds on trade, or South that man enslaves.

PUNCH SENDS US TO ——.

The ultimate destiny manifest to mankind at large as that which is reserved for you Yankees is not that of going where all good niggers go.

WE ARE BRUTAL AND MALIGNANTLY FEROCIOUS.

I must say, friend Jonathan, to judge by the way in which you are going on, that, as regards this world at any rate, your manifest destiny—a destiny in evident course of accomplishment—is that of descending to the very lowest place. It has for some time been said that, in form and features, your people are approaching the Red Indian type, and I now find you exulting in the worst brutality of Sepoys, while you also emulate their malignant ferocity.

THE LOWEST KIND OF SAVAGES.

Jonathan, you see, you are sinking from bad to worse, from savage to lower savage, and your manifest destiny, at that rate of decadence, is the zero of humanity. But will you stop there, Jonathan?

YAHOOS, IN FACT—

Your manifest destiny, unless you return to reason, is all of you to be turned to apes with foreheads villainous low. You will be up a tree indeed, holding on with your feet as well as your hands, like the other quadrumana. Already, Jonathan, you have morally subsided to the undermost moral level. Take care you don't physically degenerate into a Yahoo.

COWARDS,

Woman is the Englishman's friend, the American's doll. Poor Dolly, she is ruthlessly smashed the moment she even winks derision. But how do the brave but susceptible Northerners treat *men* who manifest similar contempt? General Banks runs away from them—gives them the cut direct. Perhaps this is almost as safe a course as General Butler's.

BLUNDERERS,

The Orleans Princes avowedly went out to learn the art of war, and they found their teachers the most helpless blunderers that ever undertook what they could not perform. It was due to their own character to leave as soon as they discovered how they had been swindled.

AND RUFFIANS.

In addition to this, the Orleans Princes are gentlemen, and it must have been odious to them to remain in a service where the boldest lying instead of the boldest fighting was in demand, and where it was possible for them to have come under the orders of a ruffian. These Princes have certainly not lessened their claims to the respect of their countrymen by quitting a service from which they retired as soon as they were completely convinced that they could study little but blunder, braggadocio, and brutality.

BUTLER IS A SEPOY.

General Butler made a law,
And a proclamation,
On his head which fails to draw
Yankee execration;
If New Orleans ladies were
To his troops uncivil,
That they should serve the saucy fair
Like the Social Evil.
Yankee doodle doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Butler is a rare Yahoo,
As brave as Sepoy Pandy.

POPE COMMANDS BURGLARS AND THIEVES;

The forces of General Pope had better be organized by distribution into divisions, each destined to carry out a special operation. One squad of these scoundrels, selected for service requiring the muscular strength of powerful ruffians, might be formed into a brigade under the denomination of Heavy Burglars; while another set of thieves, designed for nimbler depredations, might take the name of Light Prigs. There might also be a scientific corps of Pickers and Stealers, capable, doubtless, of stealing any thing but a march on the enemy; but particularly expeditious in stealing away.

LIKEWISE RAGAMUFFINS.

It is not probable that any of General Pope's villains march wide between the legs, because, under the present humane conditions of penal discipline, none of them could have been accustomed to have gyves on. There is doubtless more than a shirt and a half in each company of them, because, if they heretofore wanted underclothing, by this time we may be sure that they have found linen enough on every hedge. It is devoutly to be hoped that Pope will soon have led his ragamuffins where they are peppered.

WE ARE NOT CONQUERING,

The *habeas corpus* has been suspended in the North, the Press is gagged, and the Federal States are trying to reduce the Confederates to subjection. But to accomplish this end they are fighting and not conquering in a fratricidal war, spreading devastation, inflicting and suffering ruin and slaughter.

BUT VIOLATING EVERY CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE.

The Yankees are violating every principle of Christianity. These things cost some money, but expense can be no object to a Government running up a debt which will be limited only by a panic and ultimately repudiated.

AND THIS IS THE STYLE OF OUR DISPATCHES.

"*Camp, Chickabiddy Chokee, Monday afternoon.*—The Federal troops have won another splendid victory. Seeing that the rebels were approaching in great force at 6 A.M. this morning, I issued my directions for a general advance, an order which our brave fellows were prompt to carry out. The advance was made in the identical direction as that in which the rebel army were proceeding, and was achieved, I need not say, with the most complete success. Astonishing to say, the whole of our front line escaped without a hurt; and with the exception of a few slight wounds and bruises in the rear, I really have no casualties worth mention to report. A good deal of our baggage and some few hundred stand of arms we left upon the field for a strategic purpose, and we likewise abandoned about a score of field-pieces which were found to impede the rapid movement of our troops."

BOTH SIDES ARE ROGUES.

When rogues fall out, our fathers said,
True men come by their own.
That proverb's now, by fact quite dead
Against it, overthrown.
Lo, North and South the Sword have drawn
And meet with bayonets crossed!
And our supply of cotton's gone,
Our weavers' living lost.

WE MURDER THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

The Yankees are always blustering loudly about going to war with England. We should regret it for more reasons than one, should such a wicked calamity ever occur, and frankly because (to mention only one of our many reasons) we should be frightened, inasmuch as we never had five minutes' conversation with a Yankee yet, without coming away with the painful conviction of what a rare adept he was in *murdering the Queen's English!*

ARE WORSE THAN GOG AND MAGOG.

Ridiculous, wooden, repelling, unnatural as they may be, still against Gog and Magog, I would back the American Demagogue to go in and win!

IMBECILE DRUNKARDS,

This furious fool (Cassius Clay) resembles nothing ever heard in England out of Bedlam, except the noisy truculent drivel of a violent imbecile drunkard, in a paroxysm of *delirium tremens*, belching frantic impotent abuse in the tap-room of a low public house.

DRUNKEN BLACKGUARDS,

Only a drunken Yankee blackguard could abuse and blaspheme England in return for the romantic generosity with which she has abstained from supplying the South with the ships and the weapons which were all that they wanted for the swift discomfiture of Yankeedom.

AND LIARS.

Cassius M. Clay may pass for a stump orator; but it was evidently from no stump that he howled his false nonsense. He must have been rolling in the kennel or sprawling on the ground; it is clear that he was unable to stand or go, manifest that he was lying.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

WASHINGTON, *Monday, September* 22.

By the President of the United States of America:

A PROCLAMATION.

I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare, that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relation between the United States and the people thereof in which States that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed; that it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the Slave States so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, the immediate or gradual abolishment of Slavery within their respective limits; and that the efforts to colonize persons of African descent with their consent, upon the continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the Governments existing there, will be continued.

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States shall be then, thenceforward, and forever, free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof have not been in rebellion against the United States.

That attention is hereby called to an act of Congress entitled "An act to make an additional article of war," approved March 13, 1862, and which act is in the words and figure following:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war for the government of the army of the United States, and shall be obeyed and observed as such.

ARTICLE—All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor who may have escaped from any person to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a Court-Martial of violating this article shall be dismissed from the service.

SECTION 2. And be it further enacted, that this act shall take effect from and after its passage.

Also to the ninth and tenth sections of an act entitled, "An act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which sections are in the words and figures following:

SEC. 9. And be it further enacted, That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who shall, in any way, give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army, and all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them and coming under the control of the Government of the United States, and all slaves of such persons found on (or being within) any place occupied by rebel forces and afterward occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captures of war and shall be forever free of their servitude and not again held as slaves.

SEC. 10. And be it further enacted, That no slave escaping into any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, from any of the States, shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime or some offense against the laws, unless the person claiming said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due is his lawful owner, and has not been in arms against the United States in the present rebellion, nor in any way given aid and comfort thereto, and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretense whatever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service.

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States, to observe, obey, and enforce, within their respective spheres of service, the act and sections above recited.

And the Executive will in due time recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall (upon the restoration of the constitutional relation between the United States and their respective States and people, if the relation shall have been suspended or disturbed), be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, *including the loss of slaves.*

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this Twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President.
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

EXPULSION OF THE REBELS FROM MARYLAND

Last week we announced that Jackson had recrossed the Potomac, and that a great battle would probably be fought on 17th. It was fought accordingly on that day, near the little stream named Antietam, and resulted in a victory for the Union troops. We give some details of the battle, with several illustrations, on pages 632, 633, and 634. The day after the battle our army was busily engaged in burying the dead and caring for the wounded on both sides. Meanwhile, on 18th, the rebels succeeded in crossing the river back into Virginia. By daylight on the morning of 19th they had all got across, though General Pleasanton with his cavalry harassed their rear, and took many prisoners and stores. On the evening of 19th some of our troops went forward on a reconnoissance, and crossed the river at the ford near Shepherdstown. They were stoutly resisted by the rebels, but succeeded in retiring to the Maryland side, bringing four pieces of the rebel artillery with them. On 20th another reconnoissance into Virginia was made by General Barnes, with his own and a portion of General Sykes's brigade. Shortly after our troops had been placed in position the enemy emerged from under the cover of woods with a line of infantry nearly a mile long. Both forces soon engaged, when the order was given to retire, which was done in good order, the enemy following closely behind. When they came within range fire was opened by twenty pieces of our artillery, posted on the Maryland bank, with such effect that they were forced to retire out of reach. Their loss must have been heavy, as the explosions of our shells were seen to make large gaps in their ranks. Our loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners was about one hundred and fifty. The troops safely returned to Maryland, bringing their wounded with them.

A RECONNOISSANCE TO THOROUGHFARE GAP.

A detachment of the 2d Pennsylvania cavalry made a reconnoissance on 18th from Washington in the direction of Thoroughfare Gap, and returned on 19th with 32 rebel prisoners, and a number of wagons and ambulances on their way to Richmond. The country around them was clear of rebels and undefended. Three of the prisoners belonged to the body-guard of the rebel General Ewell, who narrowly escaped capture, having left only a short time previous to the arrival of our cavalry. The General was wounded, and is on his way back to Richmond.

THE REBELS FALLING BACK IN KENTUCKY.

The news from Cincinnati states that the rebels were falling back from Florence, Kentucky, on 17th, and at last accounts were between Demassville and Falmouth, having destroyed the bridges on the Covington and Lexington Railroad in their way. A scouting party of 53 of the 10th Kentucky cavalry engaged 100 rebels near Florence on 17th, and killed five, wounded seven, and routed the remainder. Our loss was one killed and one wounded.

It is supposed that Bragg, Kirby Smith, and H. Marshall are uniting their forces.

THREATENED ATTACK ON LOUISVILLE

It is reported from Louisville that a portion of General Buell's forces attacked and defeated Bragg's rear-guard at Horse Cave on 18th, and that Bragg was reported subsequently to have moved the main body of his army across the river southward from Munfordsville. It appears, however, by another dispatch from Louisville, that, instead of moving southward, Bragg moved northward toward Louisville, eluding General Buell, and getting several hours the start of him. The greatest excitement existed in Louisville in consequence, and General Nelson, who is in command there, immediately commenced preparations to defend the city to the last, giving notice to the inhabitants to be ready to remove the women and children at once. Most of the stores were closed, and an attack was apprehended within forty-eight hours.

THE NEW ARMY CORPS.

The reorganized army corps are now commanded as follows: 1st—Major-General Joseph Hooker, born in Massachusetts, appointed from California; 2d—Major-General Edwin V. Sumner, born in Massachusetts, appointed from New York; 3d—Major-General Samuel P. Heintzelman, born in Pennsylvania, appointed from the same State; 4th—Major-General Erasmus D. Keyes, born in Massachusetts, appointed from Maine; 5th—Major-General Fitz John Porter, born in New Hampshire, appointed from the District of Columbia. 6th—Major-General William B. Franklin, born in Pennsylvania, appointed from the same State; 7th—Major-General John A. Dix, born in New Hampshire, appointed from New York; 8th—Major-General John E. Wool, born in New York, appointed from the same State; 9th—Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside, born in Indiana, appointed from Rhode Island; 10th—Major-General Ormsby M. Mitchell, born in Kentucky, appointed from New York; 11th—Major-General John Sedgwick, born in Connecticut, appointed from the same State; 12th—Major-General Franz Sigel, born in Germany, appointed from Missouri.

ANOTHER CRUISE OF THE "ESSEX."

The gun-boat *Essex*, Commodore Porter, has made another expedition up the river. On reaching Natchez, the *Essex* sent a boat's crew ashore for ice. This boat was fired upon and several men were wounded, whereupon Commodore Porter threw shot and shell into Natchez for two hours and a half, when the town surrendered. Coming down the river, the Commodore stopped at Bayou Sara, a celebrated haunt of guerrillas, sent men ashore, and burned all but two houses—so there's an end of Bayou Sara. Further down the river, a battery of 84 guns opened on the *Essex*, and a fierce battle, at not more than 80 feet distance, began, which lasted an hour. The rebel battery was mounted with guns of very heavy calibre; but that circumstance only sufficed to prove the remarkable powers of resistance of the *Essex*. Her iron sides were struck in a multitude of places with 10-inch and other sized balls, the result in all cases being the same—a slight indentation into the sides of the steamer, and then the balls breaking into a thousand fragments and falling harmlessly into the water. The *Essex* commenced with the upper gun and silenced them all, one after the other.

FAILURE OF THE REBEL EXPEDITION TO NEW MEXICO.

We hear of the annihilation of the rebel force under General Sibley in New Mexico. After the capture of Santa Fé, some time since, the rebels started back toward El Paso. We last heard of them at Fort Craig. Near Fort Fillmore Sibley was caught between the New Mexican troops under General Canby and the new troops from California; result—a perfect smash of the rebels, who lost horses, arms, cannon, stores, and sutler's trains, a great many killed and wounded, and half their original force taken prisoners. The survivors were so much exasperated that they assassinated General Sibley and Colonel Steele during their retreat. The Union forces, immediately after the fight, took possession of El Paso and Fort Bliss, near by, and sent a detachment to Camp Quitman, 80 miles east of El Paso. Thereupon the Texans evacuated Fort Davis, 200 miles east of El Paso, and all the other forts in the extreme northwest of the State—Fort Clark, 120 miles from San Antonio, now being the nearest fort to El Paso held by the Texans.

A NAVAL OFFICER DISMISSED.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, *Sept.* 20, 1862

Commander George Henry Preble, senior officer in command of the blockading force off Mobile, having been guilty of neglect of duty in permitting the armed steamer *Oreto* to run the blockade, thereby not only disregarding Article 3d, Section 10th of the Articles of War (which requires an officer to do his utmost to overtake and capture or destroy every vessel which it is his duty to encounter), but omitting the plainest ordinary duty committed to an officer, is, by order of the President, dismissed from the naval service from this date. The commander of each vessel of war, on the day after the receipt of this published general order, will cause it to be read on the quarter-deck at general muster, together with the accompanying reports, and enter both upon the vessel's log.

GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

A STATEMENT FROM MRS. M'CLELLAN.

The following letter has been published:

To the Editor of the Hartford Courant:

At the dépôt in New Haven I was introduced by my friend Mr. W. to Mrs. M'Clellan. I found her to be an intelligent young woman, having with her a sweet infant, which was almost smothered by the caresses of a number of soldiers who had learned that she was a young M'Clellan. On my way to this city, in the cars, through the politeness of her aunt, Mrs. A., I enjoyed the pleasure of some conversation with her. She was very affable, and seemed to take an interest in the fact that a nephew of mine, the colonel of a New York regiment, who recently died of disease contracted before Richmond, was a class-mate at West Point of her husband. She seemed much elated with the recent news. She said that when her husband was appointed Major-General she was not much affected by it; but now, that he has been restored to his command, and had accomplished such a triumph, after all that had been done to degrade him, she acknowledged she felt proud. I replied that she had a perfect right to feel so. She said that her husband had undertaken this last service with great reluctance, but it had been pressed upon him with an assurance that he should not be interfered with. I remarked to her that at first I felt great confidence in her husband, which afterward I had, to a certain extent, lost; but that I had, previous to his last success, regained it. She said the same observation had been made by others. I told her I thought the General had not done justice to himself, in not explaining to the public circumstances which looked unfavorable to him. "Do you not think," said she, "that it was more patriotic in him to bear his wrongs in silence, rather than to trouble the Government, as some others have done, with demands for investigations and courts-martial, when the delays caused by them would be injurious to the country? The General," she remarked, "when the clouds covering him were of the darkest hue, had faith that God would yet make him an instrument of good to the cause of his country."

MORE REBEL CHIVALRY.

A few days since one of Commodore Farragut's men was tied to a tree and disemboweled by a party of Mississippians, who captured him while wandering to the shore, near the gun-boats, in the neighborhood of Vicksburg. A party of rebels recently visited a house on Pawpaw Island, ten miles below Vicksburg, and demanded food for themselves in the name of the Confederacy. The only occupant of the house was an old woman eighty years of age, who gave them the dinner they desired, but told them they were trying to break up one of the best Governments in the world, and that they could never form another as good. She begged them to disperse and go to their homes, and cease to annoy the people of the region around. The ruffians became enraged at her words, and after numerous threats against every friend of the Union, they deliberately carried her out of the house and hung her upon a tree before her own door.

THE MAINE ELECTION.

Returns of the election for Governor in Maine have been received from three hundred and eighty-four towns. The result, as compared with the vote in the same towns last year, is as follows:

	1862.	1861.
Republican	42,913	53,316
War Democratic	6,738	19,818
Peace Democratic	30,466	18,072

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

COURT CIRCULAR.

THE London *Herald* of the 2d inst. says: "Mr. Mason, the Commissioner from the Southern Confederacy, is at present paying a visit to Scotland. On Thursday he was at Glasgow, and on Friday proceeded to Glenquoich, the residence of the Right Hon. Edward Ellice. He had previously been the guest of Mr. Stewart, of Murdostoun Castle."

ITALY.

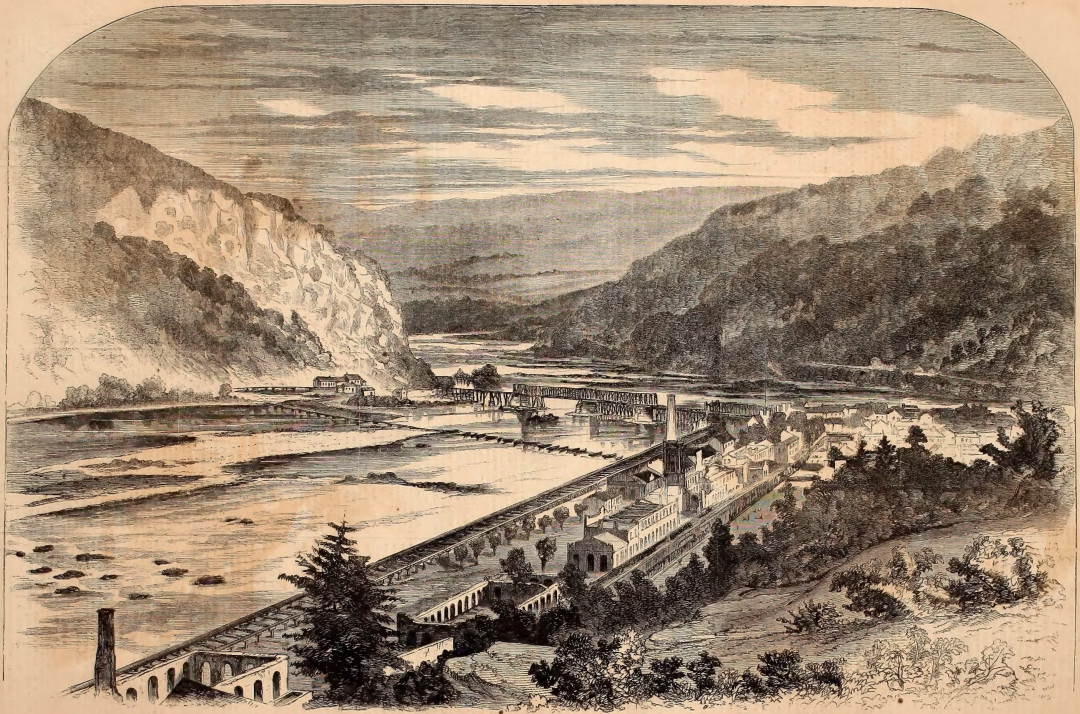
GARIBALDI'S PROSPECTS.

Garibaldi's wound is said to be of a serious nature. He asks to be placed on board an English vessel. No documents or money were found at the place of his defeat. No decision had been come to with regard to his trial. The people of Italy are in favor of a general amnesty.

BERMUDA.

MORE PRIZES TO BE TAKEN.

It appears that there are now lying in the port of St. George no less than five "Anglo-Confederate" steamers awaiting a chance to give aid to the rebels, but apparently in a quandary as to their future movements. One of them, the *Minho*, arrived from Charleston with cotton for Liverpool, but was out of coal, and had to burn her bulwarks and mainmast for fuel.



GENERAL VIEW OF HARPER'S FERRY AND THE MARYLAND HEIGHTS.—Photographed by Brady.—[See next Page.]



MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 634.]



MAJOR-GENERAL FRANKLIN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

HARPER'S FERRY.

We give, on the preceding page, a view of Harper's Ferry, which was surrendered to the rebels by Colonel Miles on 15th. Skirmishing commenced on the Maryland Heights on Thursday afternoon, 11th, continuing three hours. The battle was renewed again on Friday morning, at daybreak. Our forces held their ground until about noon, when, being flanked on the left, they were compelled to fall back to the large guns. Not long afterward these were spiked, and the whole command retreated down the mountain. On Sunday the enemy commenced a fierce cannonading from the Maryland and Loudon Heights, which was replied to by our forces. It continued until sunset, our guns holding their own in fine style. During Sunday night the rebels planted more guns, and in the morning opened in all directions upon our forces, drawn up in line of battle on Bolivar Heights. It appeared to the officers commanding useless to contend against such overwhelming odds, and the white flag was raised at twenty minutes past 7 o'clock. A few moments later Colonel Miles was struck by a piece of shell, which carried away his left thigh. The commands which surrendered were:

Colonel Downey, Third Maryland Home Brigade	600
Colonel Maloney, First Maryland Home Brigade	900
Hundred and Fifteenth New York	1000
Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York	1000
Sixty-fifth New York	600
Hundred and Eleventh New York	1000
Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York	1000
Thirty-second Ohio	600
Twelfth New York State Militia	500
Eighty-seventh Ohio	600
Ninth Vermont	800
Sixty-fifth Illinois	500
Graham's Battery	110
M'Gilvra's	115
Fifteenth Indiana	143
Phillips's New York Battery	120
Potts's Battery	100
Ripley's Battery	120
Scattered companies	50
Officers connected with Head-quarters and Commissary Department	50

The following guns were surrendered:

19 3-inch rifles.	4 13-pound howitzers.
6 James's rifles.	2 10-inch Dahlgrens.
6 12-pound howitzers.	1 30-pound Parrott.
4 32-pound Parrott guns.	6 6-pound guns.
6 12-pounders.	

850 will cover our loss in killed and wounded.

MAJOR-GENERAL FRANKLIN.

We publish on this page, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL FRANKLIN, commander of the 6th army corps of the Army of the Potomac.

William Benjamin Franklin was born in Pennsylvania about the year 1821, and entered West Point in 1839. He graduated at the head of his class in 1843; being a classmate of Ulysses S. Grant, Reynolds, Augur, etc. On the 1st of July, 1843, he was appointed a Brevet Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers, and on the 21st of September, 1846, received his full commission. He served in Mexico, and was brevetted First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct at Buena Vista, dating from February 23, 1847. This brevet was awarded in May, 1848. From July 1848 to 1850 he was Acting Assistant Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy at the Military Academy at West Point. He was next placed on lighthouse duty, to which he was appointed in January, 1853. He received his full commission of First Lieutenant in March, 1853, and Captain on the 1st of July, 1857. In the Army Register for 1859 he was the junior captain but one in the corps, and in that of 1860 but but two. In the register for 1861 his name stands two degrees higher on the roll, there being four captains his junior. On the 14th of May, 1861, he was appointed to the colonelcy of the Twelfth United States Infantry, one of the new regular regiments organized at the commencement of the rebellion. With this rank he had charge of the first brigade of the third division of General M'Dowell's army at Bull Run.

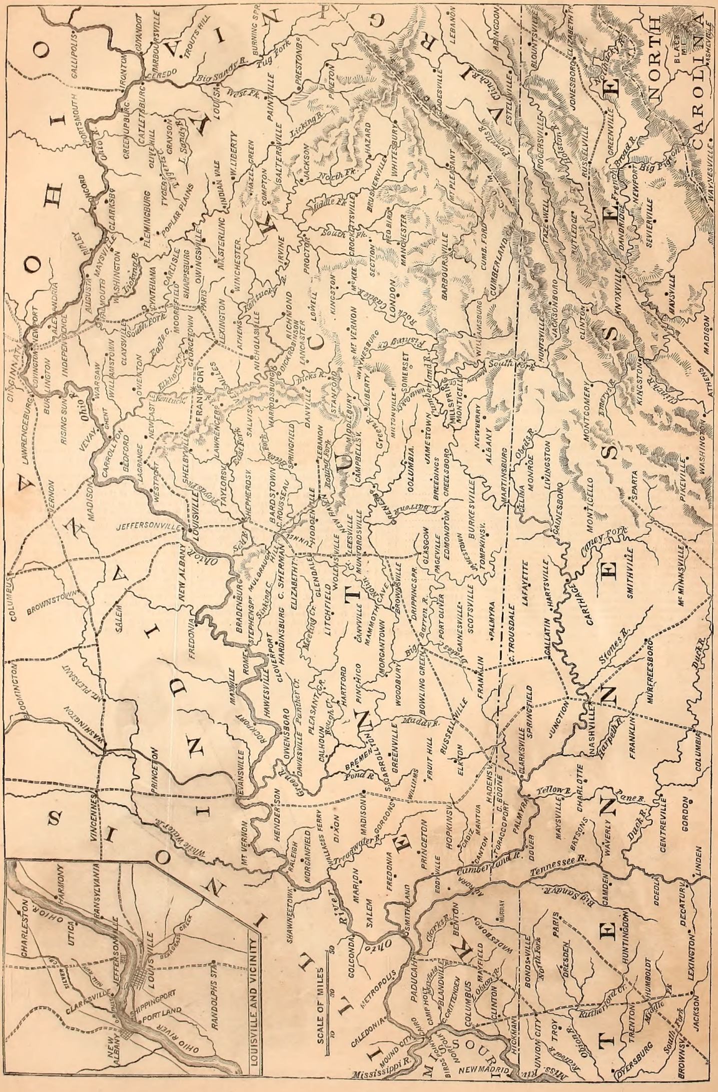
He was appointed a Brigadier-General in July, and, on the reorganization of the army, was given the command of a division consisting of the brigades of Slocum, Kearney, and Newton, which afterward became the first division of the first army corps commanded by M'Dowell. When M'Dowell was directed to remain at Fredericksburg, Franklin was detached and sent to M'Clellan on the peninsula. No officer was higher distinction than he in the memorable contests on the march to Richmond, and as a reward for his gallantry he was appointed to the command of an army corps with the rank of Major-General of Volunteers. He has lately won fresh laurels at the battles of South Mountain and Sharpsburg.



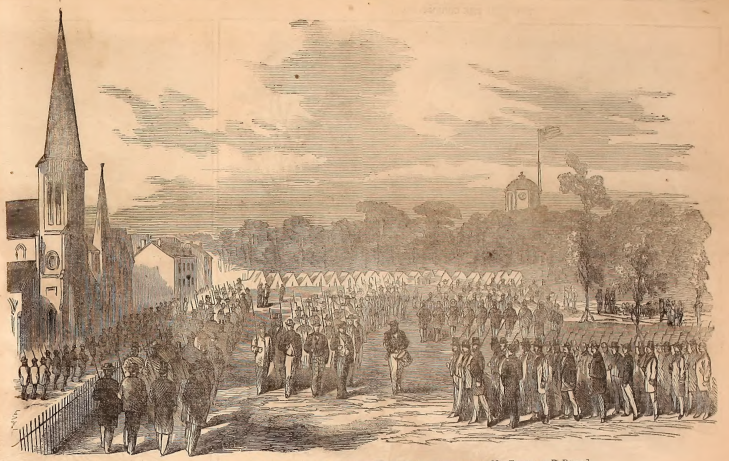
THE LATE GENERAL MANSFIELD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 635.]



THE LATE GENERAL RENO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 634.]



WAR MAP OF KENTUCKY, SHOWING THE PRESENT FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN THAT STATE.



THE CAPITOL GROUNDS AT HARRISBURG TURNED INTO A CAMP.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

AT HARRISBURG.

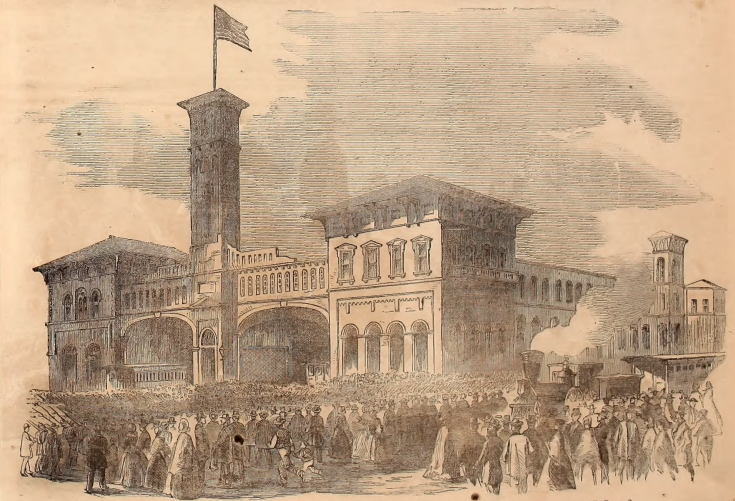
MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS sends us a couple of sketches from Harrisburg, which we reproduce on this page. They explain themselves. In the memory of the oldest inhabitant Harrisburg has never known such an excitement as the one which it has lately experienced. In the language of every visitor, words fail to describe the martial enthusiasm of the Pennsylvanians, or the almost countless throngs of soldiers who have filed through the State capital to take part in the defense of their State against the invader. Governor Curtin reports 75,000 Pennsylvanians under arms.

A *Times* correspondent says:

Recruits are constantly arriving here. From early dawn yesterday until quite late at night, every train was bringing in its patriotic freight, until we now have troops from every county in the State. Camp Curtin is crowded to overflowing; the beautiful grounds of the Capitol is one vast encampment covered with tents; the Senate and House of Representatives turned into a barracks, as well as every other room in the Capitol and public offices acquired for executive purposes. Every hotel-house is also appropriated for the same purpose, and, indeed, every available property has been seized upon as a war "depôt," the private interests have been seized upon as a war "depôt," the private interests, in the mean time, opening their doors to and lavishing their hospitality upon all the brave boys who choose to partake.

* * * * * * *

There are individual companies already here from Pittsburg and other places, each of which represents a business capital of some millions of dollars. Judges, preachers, physicians, merchants, lawyers, artists, and men of every other profession, are found side by side with the brawny and hirsute sons of physical labor, shouldering the muskets. Here is to be seen a learned Judge in the ranks, commanded by one of his own peers—there a Preacher-Captain, instructing his flock how to do battle; and there again, some merchant or boss-mechanic, led on by one who was but yesterday their poor clerk or dependent. It is romance and poetry of the highest order, clustered down to the vulgar level of everyday life.



THE RAILWAY DEPOT AT HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—ARRIVAL OF TROOPS.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

THROUGH THE CORN-FIELD.

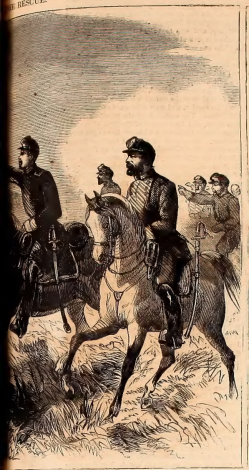






THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, FOUGHT SEPTEMBER

THE RESCUE.



INTO THE WOODS.





1482.—BURNSIDE HOLDING THE HILL.—[See Page (734.]

THE CRIPPLE AT THE GATE.

LOOK! how the hoofs and wheels to-day
Scatter the dust on the broad highway,
Where Beauty, and Fashion, and Wealth, and Pride
On saddle and cushion serenely ride!
The very steeds have a conscious prance
Of pride in their elegant freight!
Love and laughter like jewels slip
From the sparkling eye and the merry lip:
You never would think that the Nation's life
Hung on the thread of a desperate strife,
Unless from these you should turn, by chance,
To the Cripple at the Gate.

Weary, and footsore, and ragged, and soiled,
Through the summer glare he has slowly toiled
Along the edge of the broad highway,
Since the early dawn of the westering day:
His rags are flecked with the dusty foam
That flew from the gilded bits
Of the champing steeds that passed him by;
And a haggard shadow is in his eye,
But it is not the gloom of an envious pain!
He has left a limb on the battle-plain,
And to win his way to his distant home
At my gate, a Beggar, he sits!

He tells me his tale in a simple way:
"I had nothing," he says, "except my pay,
And a wife and four little girls, and so
I sent all my money to them, you know!
When I lost my limb, Sir—but that I'm lame,
I do not complain, for, you see,
'Tis the fortune of war, and it might be worse;
And I'd lose the other to stop the curse
Of this terrible strife! But I meant to say,
When I left the hospital t'other day,
I *did* think I had a kind of a claim
To be sent to my village free.

"Don't you think it hard yourself, Sir? True,
There's a hundred dollars of bounty due
In three years, or when the war's ended; but how
Long may that be—can you tell me now?
I did not enlist for bounty, I trust—
My conscience I never have sold;
But how does it look for a soldier to 'tramp,'
Begging his way like a vagabond scamp,
From the fields where he often risked his life,
To the home where he left his babes and wife,
In a uniform made of tatters and dust
Instead of the 'blue and gold?'

"Whose fault this is, Sir, I do not know,"
Said the wayworn man as he rose to go;
"But of this, alas! I am sure—the sight
Of a soldier returning in such a plight
To the home whence, a few short months ago,
He marched in a gallant band,
With music, and banners, and shining steel
Will dull more ears to the battle-peal,
And cause more bosoms with doubt to swell,
Than the secret traitor's deadliest spell.
Don't you see yourself, Sir, it must be so?"
And he sighed as I held out my hand.

Lofty carriage and low *coupé*
Still whirl the dust on the broad highway;
Beauty, and Fashion, and Wealth, and Pride
Still through the roseate twilight ride,
With love, and laughter, and prancing steed,
As if Pleasure were all life's fate.
But I gaze no more on the joyous train,
For my eye is fixed with a steadfast strain
On the tattered soldier's halting stride,
Till his tall form sinks down the dark hill-side;
Then I cry, "Thank God! he hath *now* no need
To beg at the stranger's gate!"

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

ON pages 632 and 633 we publish illustrations of the great BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, which was fought on 17th September. We subjoin, by way of explanation to the pictures, the following extracts from the graphic letter of the *Tribune* correspondent:

The battle began with the dawn. Morning found both armies just as they had slept, almost close enough to look into each other's eyes. The left of Meade's reserves and the right of Ricketts's line became engaged at nearly the same moment, one with artillery, the other with infantry. A battery was almost immediately pushed forward beyond the central woods, over a plowed field, near the top of the slope where the corn-field began. On this open field, in the corn beyond, and in the woods, which stretched forward into the broad fields like a promontory into the ocean, were the hardest and deadliest struggles of the day.

For half an hour after the battle had grown to its full strength the line of fire swayed neither way. Hooker's men were fully up to their work. They saw their General every where in front, never away from the fire, and all the troops believed in their commander, and fought with a will. Two-thirds of them were the same men who, under M'Dowell, had broken at Manassas.

The half hour passed, the rebels began to give way a little, only a little, but at the first indication of a receding fire, Forward! was the word, and on went the line with a cheer and a rush. Back across the corn-field, leaving dead and wounded behind them, over the fence, and across the road, and then back again into the dark woods which closed around them, went the retreating rebels.

Meade and his Pennsylvanians followed hard and fast—followed till they came within easy range of the woods, among which they saw their beaten enemy disappearing—followed still, with another cheer, and flung themselves against the cover.

But out of those gloomy woods came suddenly and heavily terrible volleys—volleys which smote, and bent, and broke in a moment that eager front, and hurled them swiftly back for half the distance they had won. Not swiftly, nor in panic, any further. Closing up their shattered lines, they came slowly away—a regiment where a brigade had been, hardly a brigade where a whole division had been, victorious. They had met from the woods the first volleys of musketry from fresh troops—had met them and returned them till their line had yielded and gone down before the weight of fire, and till their ammunition was exhausted.

In ten minutes the fortune of the day seemed to have changed—it was the rebels now who were advancing, pouring out of the woods in endless lines, sweeping through the corn-field from which their comrades had just fled. Hooker sent in his nearest brigade to meet them, but it could not do the work. He called for another. There was nothing close enough, unless he took it from his right. His right might be in danger if it was weakened, but his centre was already threatened with annihilation. Not hesitating one moment, he sent to Doubleday, "Give me your best brigade instantly."

The best brigade came down the hill to the right on the run, went through the timber in front through a storm of shot and bursting shell and crashing limbs, over the open field beyond, and straight into the corn-field, passing as they went the fragments of three brigades shattered by the rebel fire, and streaming to the rear. They passed by Hooker, whose eyes lighted as he saw these veteran troops led by a soldier whom he knew he could trust. "I think they will hold it," he said.

General Hartsuff took his troops very steadily, but now that they were under fire, not hurriedly, up the hill, from which the corn-field begins to descend, and formed them on the crest. Not a man who was not in full view—not one who bent before the storm. Firing at first in volleys, they fired them at will with wonderful rapidity and effect. The whole line crowned the hill and stood out darkly against the sky, but lighted and shrouded ever in flame and smoke. There were the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts, and another regiment which I can not remember—old troops all of them.

There for half an hour they held the ridge, unyielding in purpose, exhaustless in courage. There were gaps in the line, but it nowhere quailed. Their General was wounded badly early in the fight, but they fought on. Their supports did not come—they determined to win without them. They began to go down the hill and into the corn; they did not stop to think that their ammunition was nearly gone; they were there to win that field, and they won it. The rebel line for the second time fled through the corn and into the woods. I can not tell how few of Hartsuff's brigade were left when the work was done, but it was done. There was no more gallant, determined, heroic fighting in all this desperate day. General Hartsuff is very severely wounded, but I do not believe he counts his success too dearly purchased.

After describing the progress of the fight, the wounding of Hooker, the command devolving upon Sumner, the advance of Sedgwick, and finally the abandonment of the corn-field after a terrible struggle, he thus describes the

SUCCESSFUL ATTACK BY FRANKLIN.

At 1 o'clock affairs on the right had a gloomy look. Hooker's troops were greatly exhausted, and their General away from the field. Mansfield's were no better. Sumner's command had lost heavily, but two of his divisions were still comparatively fresh. Artillery was yet playing vigorously in front, though the ammunition of many of the batteries was entirely exhausted, and they had been compelled to retire.

Doubleday held the right inflexibly. Sumner's headquarters were now in the narrow field where, the night before, Hooker had begun the fight. All that had been gained in front had been lost! The enemy's batteries, which, if advanced and served vigorously, might have made sad work with the closely-massed troops, were fortunately either partially disabled or short of ammunition. Sumner was confident that he could hold his own, but another advance was out of the question. The enemy, on the other hand, seemed to be too much exhausted to attack.

At this crisis Franklin came up with fresh troops and formed on the left. Slocum, commanding one division of the corps, was sent forward along the slopes lying under the first ranges of rebel hills, while Smith, commanding the other division, was ordered to retake the corn-fields and woods which all day had been so hotly contested. It was done in the handsomest style. His Maine and Vermont regiments and the rest went forward on the run, and, cheering as they went, swept like an avalanche through the corn-fields, fell upon the woods, cleared them in ten minutes, and held them. They were not again retaken.

The field and its ghastly harvest which the reaper had gathered in those fatal hours remained finally with us. Four times it had been lost and won. The dead are strewn so thickly that as you ride over it you can not guide your horse's steps too carefully. Pale and bloody faces are every where upturned. They are sad and terrible, but there is nothing which makes one's heart beat so quickly as the imploring look of sorely wounded men who beckon wearily for help which you can not stay to give.

Our main picture represents

BURNSIDE HOLDING THE HILL.

This the *Tribune* correspondent thus describes:

At 4 o'clock, M'Clellan sent simultaneous orders to Burnside and Franklin; to the former to advance and carry the batteries in his front at all hazards and any cost; to the latter to carry the woods next in front of him to the right, which the rebels still held. The order to Franklin, however, was practically countermanded, in consequence of a message from General Sumner that if Franklin went on and was repulsed his own corps was not yet sufficiently reorganized to be depended on as a reserve.

* * * * * * *

Burnside obeyed the order most gallantly. Getting his troops well in hand, and sending a portion of his artillery to the front, he advanced them with rapidity and the most determined vigor, straight up the hill in front, on top of which the rebels had maintained their most dangerous battery. The movement was in plain view of M'Clellan's position, and as Franklin on the other side sent his batteries into the field about the same time, the battle seemed to open in all directions with greater activity than ever.

The fight in the ravine was in full progress, the batteries which Porter supported were firing with new vigor, Franklin was blazing away on the right, and every hill-top, ridge, and woods along the whole line was crested and veiled with white clouds of smoke. All day had been clear and bright since the early cloudy morning, and now this whole magnificent, unequaled scene shone with the splendor of an afternoon September sun. Four miles of battle, its glory all visible, its horrors all veiled, the fate of the Republic hanging on the hour—could any one be insensible of its grandeur?

There are two hills on the left of the road, the furthest the lowest. The rebels have batteries on both. Burnside is ordered to carry the nearest to him, which is the furthest from the road. His guns opening first from this new position in front, soon entirely controlled and silenced the enemy's artillery. The infantry came on at once, moving rapidly and steadily up, long dark lines, and broad dark masses, being plainly visible without a glass as they moved over the green hill-side.

The next moment the road in which the rebel battery was planted was canopied with clouds of dust swiftly descending into the valley. Underneath was a tumult of wagons, guns, horses, and men flying at speed down the road. Blue flashes of smoke burst now and then among them, a horse or a man or half dozen went down, and then the whirlwind swept on.

The hill was carried, but could it be held? The rebel columns, before seen moving to the left, increased their pace. The guns, on the hill above, sent an angry tempest of shell down among Burnside's guns and men. He had formed his columns apparently in the near angles of two fields bordering the road—high ground about them every where except in rear.

In another moment a rebel battle-line appears on the brow of the ridge above them, moves swiftly down in the most perfect order, and though met by incessant discharges of musketry, of which we plainly see the flashes, does not fire a gun. White spaces show where men are falling, but they close up instantly, and still the line advances. The brigades of Burnside are in heavy column; they will not give way before a bayonet charge in line. The rebels think twice before they dash into these hostile masses.

There is a halt; the rebel left gives way and scatters over the field; the rest stand fast and fire. More infantry comes up; Burnside is outnumbered, flanked, compelled to yield the hill he took so bravely. His position is no longer one of attack; he defends himself with unfaltering firmness, but he sends to M'Clellan for help. M'Clellan's glass for the last half hour has seldom been turned away from the left.

He sees clearly enough that Burnside is pressed—needs no messenger to tell him that. His face grows darker with anxious thought. Looking down into the valley where 15,000 troops are lying, he turns a half-questioning look on Fitz John Porter, who stands by his side, gravely scanning the field. They are Porter's troops below, are fresh, and only impatient to share in this fight. But Porter slowly shakes his head, and one may believe that the same thought is passing through the minds of both generals: "They are the only reserves of the army; they can not be spared."

M'CLELLAN TO THE RESCUE.

M'Clellan remounts his horse, and with Porter and a dozen officers of his staff rides away to the left in Burnside's direction. Sykes meets them on the road—a good soldier, whose opinion is worth taking. The three Generals talk briefly together. It is easy to see that the moment has come when every thing may turn on one order given or withheld, when the history of the battle is only to be written in thoughts and purposes and words of the General.

Burnside's messenger rides up. His message is, "I want troops and guns. If you do not send them I can not hold my position for half an hour." M'Clellan's only answer for the moment is a glance at the western sky. Then he turns and speaks very slowly: "Tell General Burnside that this is the battle of the war. He must hold his ground till dark at any cost. I will send him Miller's battery. I can do nothing more. I have no infantry." Then, as the messenger was riding away, he called him back, "Tell him if he *can not* hold his ground, then the bridge, to the last man!—always the bridge! If the bridge is lost all is lost."

The sun is already down; not half an hour of daylight is left. Till Burnside's message came it had seemed plain to every one that the battle could not be finished to-day. None suspected how near was the peril of defeat, of sudden attack on exhausted forces—how vital to the safety of the army and the nation were those fifteen thousand waiting troops of Fitz John Porter in the hollow. But the rebels halted instead of pushing on; their vindictive cannonade died away as the light faded. Before it was quite dark the battle was over. Only a solitary gun of Burnside's thundered against the enemy, and presently this also ceased, and the field was still.

THE LATE GENERAL RENO.

WE publish on page 629 a portrait of the late GENERAL RENO, who was killed at the Battle of South Mountain, on 14th September. The portrait is from a photograph by Brady.

Jesse L. Reno was born in Virginia, in 1825. His family removed to Pennsylvania when he was a boy, and from that State he was appointed to West Point in 1842. He graduated in 1845, ranking seventh in a class which included Stonewall Jackson and many gallant officers of the Union army, and was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant of Ordnance.

During the war with Mexico, 1846–'7, he commanded a howitzer battery, and for "gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Cerro Gordo" was brevetted First Lieutenant April 18, 1847. For bravery on the battle-field of Chapultepec, where he was wounded, he was brevetted Captain September 13, 1847. When hostilities ceased he was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics at West Point for six months, and was then appointed Secretary of the Board of Artillery—a position he held about eighteen months, during which he was engaged in testing the relative merits of heavy ordnance and compiling a work on heavy artillery tactics. He was subsequently connected with the Coast Survey service, and upon withdrawing went out West with a corps of Topographical Engineers, and assisted in the construction of a military road from Big Sioux to St. Paul. He was engaged in this work some twelve months, and on the 3d of March, 1853, he was promoted to a full First Lieutenancy of Ordnance. He was next (in 1854) stationed at the Frankfort Arsenal, where he remained about three years, and then accompanied General Johnston in the expedition to Utah as ordnance officer. Returning in 1859, he was ordered to the Mount Vernon Arsenal in Alabama, and recently was stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. On the 1st of July, 1860, he was promoted to a Captaincy of Ordnance, having been Senior First Lieutenant of that department for some time. He was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers November 12, 1861, and was subsequently ordered to report to General Burnside at Annapolis, Maryland, preparatory to taking a command in the expedition to North Carolina.

He commanded the second brigade in Burnside's army, and led the attack upon Fort Barlow, on Roanoke Island. He subsequently displayed good generalship and gallantry in the fight at Newbern. In July he was ordered to Newport News to reinforce the army of the Potomac; and subsequently to Fredericksburg. He was soon attached to the army of Virginia, and took part in the series of actions which terminated at Manassas on 1st September. When General M'Dowell was granted leave of absence he was appointed to his command, with the rank of Major-General, and led his corps against the rebels in Maryland. On the 14th inst. the rebels were attacked in their position on South Mountain, and just at the close of the fight, when the victory was won, he was killed by a sharpshooter. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes the manner of his death:

General Reno had been most active all day, fearing no danger and appearing to be every where at the same time. Safe up to seven o'clock, no one dreamed of such a disaster as was to happen. He, with his staff, was standing a little back of the wood on a field, the rebel forces being directly in front. A body of his troops were just before him, and at this point the fire of the rebels was directed. A Minié-ball struck him and went through his body. He fell, and, from the first, appeared to have a knowledge that he could not survive the wound that he had received. He was instantly carried with the greatest care to the rear, followed by a number of the officers, and attended by the division surgeon, Dr. Cutter. At the foot of the hill he was laid under a tree, and after a few moments the surgeon said he could not live, and he died without the least movement a few minutes after. Grief at any time is heart-rending; but such grief as was manifested by the staff officers and those about him it has never before been my lot to witness. The old soldier, just come from the scene of carnage with death staring him in the face on every side, here knelt and wept like a child. No eye was dry among those present, and many a silent and spoken resolution was made that moment that Reno's death should be amply avenged. Thus died one of the bravest generals that was in the service of his country; one of the bright gems in the crown of Burnside, and a man whom all respected and loved. The country can ill afford to lose at this trying hour such men as Kearney, Stevens, and Reno. The intelligence of his death was received by all with the greatest sorrow, as it was well known that but few could take his place. The command of the corps devolved upon General Cox, who, from that time, directed the movements of the army.

He was, indeed, one of the bravest of the brave, and one of the ablest of our generals.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HOOKER.

WE publish on page 629, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of GENERAL HOOKER, who was wounded at the Battle of Sharpsburg on 17th.

Brigadier-General Joseph Hooker was born in Massachusetts about the year 1817, and is consequently about 45 years of age. He entered West Point in 1833, and graduated in 1837, standing No. 28 in a class which included Generals Benham, Williams, Sedgwick, etc., of the Union army, and Generals Bragg, Mackall, and Early of the rebel forces. At the outbreak of the war with Mexico he accompanied Brigadier-General Hamer as Aid-de-camp, and was brevetted Captain for gallant conduct in several conflicts at Monterey. In March, 1847, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain. At the National Bridge he distinguished himself, and was brevetted Major; and at Chapultepec he again attracted attention by his gallant and meritorious conduct, and was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel.

At the close of the war with Mexico he withdrew from the service, and soon afterward emigrated to California. The outbreak of the rebellion found him there, and he was one of the first of the old West Pointers who offered his services to the Government. He was one of the first batch of Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers appointed by President Lincoln on 17th May, 1861; and was, on his arrival, placed in command of a brigade of the army of the Potomac, and subsequently of a division. From July, 1861, to February, 1862, he was stationed in Southern Maryland, on the north shore of the Potomac, his duty being to prevent the rebels crossing the river, and to amuse them with their river blockade while M'Clellan was getting his army into trim. This difficult duty he performed admirably.

When the army of the Potomac moved to the Peninsula, Hooker accompanied them in charge of a division. In the contest at Williamsburg his division bravely stood the brunt of the battle, the men of the Excelsior Brigade actually being mowed down as they stood up in line. At Fair Oaks the men again showed their valor, and the General his fighting qualities. In the various minor contests Hooker took his part and bravely went through with his share of the seven days' fights. When M'Clellan's army was placed under the command of General Pope, we find the names of "Fighting Joe Hooker" and the late General Kearney mentioned together in the thickest of the struggle; and now again at South Mountain and Sharpsburg he seems to have been second to no one. At the latter fight he was shot through the foot and obliged to leave the field; but for this accident, he thinks he would have driven the rebels into the Potomac.

KATE'S SOLDIER.

"IF I were only a man!"

Kate Barclay's eyes flashed with a splendid resolve, a fine blaze of courage.

"If you were, would you not do just the same as now—sit still and wish something else?"

"Why do you judge me so unkindly, Major Ross?"

The lips began to pout now, a little temper to blend with the courage in the fine eyes.

"Because you do not do what you can, even now. If you were not my cousin, I suppose I should not speak to you so plainly. As it is, it vexes me when I hear you wishing, morning, noon, and night, to be and do the impossible; and yet never trying to do what is ready to your hand. Do you think there is no better use for the money you are wasting so carelessly in satins and laces? How much was Madame Ferarra's bill last quarter?"

"Money won't fight, and Government pays the soldiers—better, I heard you say so yesterday, than any army is paid in Europe."

"Yet, by giving a little more than Government gives, I think you could hire some one, who would not go otherwise, to fight for you."

"A man whom a little more money would induce! A man who would go for money, and would not go without it? Why, such a cowardly soul would get drummed out of the ranks after the first battle!"

Major Ross smiled, a calm, meaning smile—such as always provoked his cousin, for it seemed to her like an assertion of superiority.

"You just look at one side of your question, Kate, and then jump at your conclusion. I know a man who told me yesterday that he would go to war if he could afford it; a man who is neither cold nor cowardly. He has a sister, a girl of fifteen. The two are orphans, and his mother's dying breath gave her to his care. They were well born, but they had fallen into poverty, and he resolved that his sister should have the education of a lady. She is at school now. If he had the means to leave her provided for he would enlist; but what if he should die, and that poor, pretty, undisciplined child should be left alone in the wide world, with no means of support, no protector, no friend? Could he answer it to his mother when he met her in the country which souls people?"

Kate had listened with breathless interest.

"Would he fight well?" she asked, musingly.

"No man better. There is not a drop of coward blood in his veins. He is the very one I would choose to stand beside me in the front of the fray."

"If he were sure his sister would be provided for in the event of his death you think he would go?"

"I know it. His whole heart is in the fight now. If he were sure that she could be secured from future privation, or friendlessness, his name would be enrolled to-morrow."

Kate's face glowed with eager resolve.

"He *shall* be sure. I can not give my life to my country. I ought not to shrink from giving every thing else. That girl is an orphan like me. She shall be my sister. I will undertake her expenses while her brother is away, and, if he dies, she shall share dollar for dollar with me all that I possess."

Major Ross looked at his young cousin almost reverently. He was just beginning to see below the happy, careless surface of her nature. But he made no comment on her resolve.

"Wait here," he said, simply, "I will bring you your soldier."

In half an hour he returned. He brought with him a man, tall, athletic, strong, with a face brave and masterful rather than handsome.

"Miss Barclay, this is Mr. Keene—Richard Keene."

So much of introduction performed, Major Ross went out and left Kate to make her bargain.

Mr. Keene was thoroughly well bred. In the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed—seeing they they would have been to most men—he was able to steer clear of any false pride or embarrassments.

"Miss Barclay," he said, bowing, "I am told that by way of doing your part toward the war you wish to hire me as a substitute, to fight your battles for you. My terms are moderate, and I shall be a security that my sister's reputation shall take no harm while I am engaged. I am ready to provide for all her expenses, and to charge myself with the care of her, if she should there be need of my protection."

"So much as that is not necessary. While I go I could not allow you to undertake all her expenses. So far as my pay as a soldier can go it must be applied to her support. For the rest I accept your offer in the spirit in which it is made. I will remember you when I fight, and, Heaven helping me, you shall not be ashamed of your substitute.

Kate's eyes grew misty. He was so calm in his manner to have danger and death—seemed to consider himself so little. She longed to beg him, as a sister might have done, not to be so cold and reserve in most unnecessary peril, but something restrained her. She only asked,

"When will you take me to see your sister? It is better I should be introduced to her by you. She will feel more that she has given me a real substitute confided her to my protection."

"You are right. I will take you now, if you please. I call to-morrow, at the 28th to-morrow, and there is no time to lose. Poor Emily, it will be hard on her."

In five minutes more Miss Barclay was walking toward Gramercy Park with her tall companion by her side. She took a look now and then at his face. It was calm and firm—no marks there of weakness or irresolution. She felt sure of what kind of man hers they sat in Miss Deposit's front parlor waiting for Emily. As she came through the door her brother met her. She saw at once that he had been on the look-out. He had said to Miss Barclay that it was better he should speak to her sister alone at first.

Waiting there. Kate heard the sound of earnest, manly talk, then a few words in a voice full of tears, then again the low, manly tones. Soon after a while, Mr. Keene led his sister in.

"Miss Barclay," he said, "I have found my protégée. She quite understands your position as regards her, and I hope she will exact little, and not make you much trouble."

Kate's warm heart overflowed instantly. She put her arm round the trembling girl, and drew her to her side. She whispered,

"I have no mother, dear, and no sister. I shall need you as much as you will need me. Let us be love one another."

Mr. Keene did not hear the whisper, but he saw the quick look of pleasure flush his sister's cheek, and the confiding gesture with which her hand stole into her new friend's, and he said, gratefully,

"We need not detain Miss Barclay any longer," he said, gently. "I will walk home with her now. This afternoon I shall be busy, but I will come to you again this evening."

There were few words spoken during the short walk, but when they were parting on Miss Barclay's door-step she gave her hand to Richard Keene, and said, earnestly,

"Do not doubt that all I can do for your sister will be a labor of love. I shall look on your vacant place in my heart, a lonely longing for some one to care for, and she will fill it. If!"—her eyes filled with tears—"if any thing should happen to you shall be as near to me as she would have been to you."

Richard Keene pressed the hand that held his.

"I believe you," he said. "Emily is a good child. You will not find in her coldness or ingratitude."

That evening Kate Barclay sat alone, living over in thought the parting which she had seen that day taking place, fancying how those two, who were all the world to each other, would say good-by—a good-by which might be forever. Then she thought of the almost regretted of her own doing—not quite—for the knew her soldier's heart was in her keeping, and the debt that he had to pay her own brother she could have sent him forth as cheerfully. She was not thinking to another man's keeping, and she would not have borne to have dealt to herself.

It was a little past nine o'clock when the bell rang, and the servant announced Mr. Keene. She had not expected after their bargain was made to see him again; but she was glad to see him, and she would have reckoned her among the number of those to whom it became him to say farewell. He came in as one of her accustomed guests.

"I have been bidding Emily good-by," he said, in his sad, deep tones. "I had to see her alone at first, you know, and I thought I might venture to come to you. After all, it is by your means that I go, and but makes a sort of tie between us. I am glad that it would be presumption to call friendship, and yet which will make me think of you when I am gone."

Kate had not the courage to tell him that his young sister's thoughts would scarcely follow him with such a mere contract instead. She only said, and she said him instead how Emily had borne the parting.

"Bravely," he answered. "I know that her poor heart had been almost broken, but she had kept back any utterance of complaint or lamentation, whose memory might have unnerved him when the hour came to test his courage."

Then there was silence between them for a few moments, and he was the first to break it.

"I will tell you honestly why I came here to-night, Miss Barclay. I have been thinking how possible it was that I might never come back, and if that happened I feared you might regret that you met me away. I wanted to guard against your making yourself with any such needless sorrow. It was the one longing of my heart to go, and if I could have effected it in any other way I should have done so long ago. Come what may, I shall never be sorry. I have but one life, and there is nothing else I would like so well to do with it as to give it to my country. I can trust Emily to you without fear, and she was all I had to keep me from the war. In any event, I want you should believe full, as I shall be, that you helped me to go."

Kate's tears were flowing fast. Her sympathy he was! how unselfish, trying, even in this last hour, to shield her whom he scarcely knew from a pensi- ing! how could any think, but that he was glad to her hand. He took it tenderly.

"You are going now," he said, his eyes resting on her as if he longed to soothe away her tears, as he might have done his sister. "God keep you, Miss Barclay, and give you strength to bear bravely, gently in the cause for which you have sent me from to do battle for it."

Before she could speak the "God bless you!" which trembled on her lips he was gone. Would she ever see him again? she thought.

The next Saturday the principal of the establishment at Gramercy Park was summoned to an interview with Miss Barclay. The latter lady explained briefly the relation of protectress in which she stood to Miss Emily Keene, and intimated her desire that thereafter her ward should spend all her vacations and every Sunday at her house. The senior, sufficiently astonished at the request, bowed to bone with her; and that was the beginning of a new, sisterly love between the two girls.

As the months passed on they grew nearer and nearer to each other, until Emily could scarcely look on a book which was not a letter from her brother or the new sister she had found at home. Kate's fate had been more unfortunate than the younger girl. The young girl filled up a void in it, and made her both better and happier.

They read over and over, and traced on maps the routes of the armies. Emily herself was sometimes aware of more than the news of battles than was her friend, who followed with ceaseless anxiety and daily prayers the fate of the soldier who had left his heart with her. It was a little while he seemed to be Fortune's soldier also. He had been noticed for gallantry on more than one field, and in the first battle had passed through all perils unharmed. Often Miss Barclay recalled their first interview—one evening in May, now July. By all, athletic figure—the resolute, masterful face—the clear, honest eyes; perhaps she liked Emily all the better that those eyes were always gray eyes shone under her thoughtful forehead.

All this time Miss Deposit seemed not to touch Richard Keene, she had a presentiment that his hour of doom was coming. She never spoke of him to Emily, and the child, with the quick self-security by his past immunity from harm, was growing to believe that he would return. His letters came often, written in good spirits, addressed always to its sister, but never without some cordial, reverent, affectionate message for her friend, and him forth to fight the great fight in her stead. But the shadow which had fallen on Kate's heart over haunted Miss Barclay like a phantom. She could not lift it.

A day came at last when she opened the paper feeling what its contents were before she saw them. She read there that Richard Keene was dead. He had Federals had been repulsed, leaving their dead, of whom he was one, for the enemy to bury.

He read it and knew that the love he had died as he would have wished, for she recalled his parting words. He had said that he would have died as he was. Her hope of success seemed to have died with him. She did not feel like weeping. Her heart was dead, and her eyes, as dry and as cold, dull ache that made her clasp her hand tight to her heart reminded her. She said to herself, with stolidity:

"I must go to Emily and tell her that I sent her brother to his death."

She put on her things, and wondered vaguely that she did not weep as she saw her own still, white-robed face in the glass.

Emily came to her, in the same room, the front parlor at which she had first met her friend, seen in joyful with welcome, but started back appalled by the white, still face she met. Miss Barclay sprang to her and held her fast.

"Emily, I am all you have now. He is gone!"

The girl threw back the hair from her face with full sadduenes burst into a passion of grief; and then, trying to comfort her, her friend wept also, and the tears were a relief to both. Then, when Emily hone with her—her sister from henceforth. She might go to her own apartment at once; perhaps —at present they had need of each other.

How dreary the months were which followed! Emily was the only one who remembered the sorrowless of her dead, who died so gloriously. Kate was haunted forever, as her friend thought, by the idea that she had sent him to his death; and not even the memory of his own assurance, those generous last words of his, could lay the gloomy wraith that had looked down upon so many dark deeds never to be released a single hour of lamentation, the dim light of an iron lamp, suspended from the vaulted roof, fell upon the stalwart forms of the executioners, and a dark group of women-clad men so silently watched their proceedings.

Within a few minutes of the hour struck the clang crash of human flesh and bone. The perspiration poured from the brows of the executioners as the dull blow of their ponderous axes echoed through the dungeon, but not a sigh escaped the lips of the tortured wretch. At length the physician, who stood by with a hand on his fainting pulse, signed to them to pause. Nature could bear no more. The pale morning light, struggling through the grated window, fell on a mangled but still breathing mass of humanity.

Weeks rolled on, and under the sedulous care of physicians and nurses Damiens gradually regained his strength. At length came the appointed for the completion of the sentence.

It was a cold, bleak morning in February. Snow had fallen during the night and still covered the Place de Grève; but, nevertheless, every available spot was occupied. The Faubourg St. Antoine had disgorged its sans-culottic population. A sea of human heads surged to and fro in unwieldy mass, clinging to chimneys, clustered on the trees, hanging on the roofs, they formed a brutal assemblage—not spectators of a mutal drama. But in the balconies and windows overlooking the "Place" were hundreds of high-born ladies, many of them youthful and beautiful. They smiled and coquetted with their cavaliers, diamonds sparkled, and plumes waved in the winter wind. They were come to enjoy a new sensation, and to evince their loyalty to royalty in an outraged form. Some of the prices paid for places were fabulous. For days previous to the execution nothing else was talked of in the good city of Paris.

A scaffold, erected at the northeastern extremity of the "Place," was the stern black lines of its simple multitude. In the centre of it was a chair firmly fixed to the boards, and at one end a large stove. Even vessels containing tongs, pitch, lead, sulphur, and lead bubbled and boiled on the furnace, while the flames rose and a lurid glow on the cruel, swarthy countenances of the executioners as they completed the preparations, or watched over the seething cauldrons.

The hoarse murmur of the crowd was now suddenly hushed. A general movement and flutter pervaded the fair occupants of windows and balconies. Damiens appeared, slowly mounting the steps of the scaffold.

The executioners spent some minutes in firmly binding him to the chair, from the back of which extended a long, projecting piece of wood two feet in length. To this his right arm was securely arranged, his head protruding just above it. Executioner No. 1 now advanced and held under it a brazier filled with sulphur. A horrible cry burst from the wretched man, a cry which seemed to come from his very vitals, and that for months afterw- rd rang in the ears of those who heard it. Another ordered: some nearly fainted, and retired a little w-y from the window. Soon they returned, refreshing themselves with their smelling-bottles as they took their glasses once more at the scaffold. There was no fire visible. The sun had just burst through the clouds, and effected the pale flame, in which his hand was slowly and invisibly turning. But a nameless stench filled the air, and a thin, dull smoke rose over the scaffold, gradually spreading itself, and, with a pale cloud, hid all over criminal and spectators, as if it would shut out the pitying heavens from this scene of cruelty.

Damiens cried out no more. He sat quietly looking at the blackened bones fast withering in the flame.

Meanwhile the horrible caldrons were bubbling and hissing, and the juniors of the Provost's Court of Paris were busying in the furnace. The worst was yet to come. A gigantic executioner now advanced and threw a powerful rope round his neck—hot irons in six different places. His assistants followed carrying spoonfuls of resin, oil, lead, pitch, sulphur, &c., which they poured into the gaping incisions. Soon the breast, the arms, the thighs were one sheet of wound. All the while their cavaliers, and looked and shrank back, and looked again.

All was not yet over. Damiens still breathed, still suffered, and occasionally cried out. Four strong horses were led forward. To their animals were almost ungovernable. All the morning they had struggled to escape from the dreadful spot; from the cries and groans, the thick smoke and sickening smell that filled the air. It was their turn now to bear the pleasure of executions, who could not find a fresh spot on the victim's body to torment.

Damiens was carried down the steps of the scaffold; the horses were backed toward him as he lay; as the ground to which the rudely-constructed mass fast the traces. The grooms loosed their hearts, and with a terrified snort they sprang forward, and the ground shook and seem too strong for them. They were thrown on their haunches, and with a fell, heavy thud they fell across the ground. Again and again they started. Urged on by blows and shouts they pulled, and pulled in vain. The arm of no horse of human flesh and bone still lived—still breathed. At last—this is even naked from the waist—it was torn asunder.

"Oh! those poor horses!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Pri-ndeau, the young and beautiful niece of the President Bertet.

Evening was approaching. The commissioners deputed to witness the execution of course were embarrassed. It was necessary to carry it out according to the strict letter of the sentence, which directed the criminal to be burned. The crowd, too, was waxing indignant, and clamorously demanded the death of Damiens. The commissioners together, and at length ordered the executioners to desist from further torture—and this time all was over.

One of Bertaud's discoveries in morals was that the pleasures of malignity were only to be branded as evil because they were less than the pain given to unhappy victims. In like manner the infliction of *punishment which gave more pain than it procured pleasure* began gradually to be considered philosophy, to be regarded as leaving a balance of evil. Without going so far as this, it is still indisputable that the grim and cruel of all punishment, viz. *prevention*, is never attained by excessive severity. On the contrary, the very notoriety which such punishment obtains, exercises an extraordinary morbid influence over some minds, and actually incites them to incur the same penalty. The excesses of the French Revolution were the result of such scenes as those here described. The horror for blood that country lords and ladies nurtured in the populace required are long to be slaked with theirs, and exacted a terrible retribution.



IUKA, MISSISSIPPI, SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF SEPTEMBER 19TH AND 20TH.—[FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY.]

THE BATTLE AT IUKA.

We publish above a view of the town of IUKA, where General Rosecrans defeated the rebels on 19th and 20th. The town itself is thus described:

This town perpetuates the name of a distinguished son of the forest, who formerly dwelt on the premises. Weary and worn by his day's journey, the prisoner was wont to rest with rebels beneath Iuka's roof; and the venerable chief was equally beloved and honored by whites and Indians. Like the immortal Logan, his name is shrined with the brave and generous of his race. He died on the spot about the year 1838.

Iuka was laid out as a town plot in April, 1857, and numbers three hundred population.

The following is General Grant's official account of the battle:

IUKA, MISSISSIPPI, *Sept. 21, 1862.*

To Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

General Rosecrans, with Stanley's and Hamilton's divisions and Missouri cavalry, attacked Price south of this place yesterday. The battle was fought all day, and a heavy fight until night closed in. General Ord was to the north with an armed force of about 5000 men, and had some skirmishing with the rebel pickets. This morning the fight was renewed by General Rosecrans, who was nearest to the town; but it was found that the enemy had been evacuating during the night, going south. Generals Hamilton and Stanley, with cavalry, are in full pursuit.

This will no doubt break up the enemy, and possibly force them to abandon much of their artillery. The loss on either side, in killed and wounded, is from 400 to 500. The enemy's loss in arms, knap, etc., will be large. We have about 250 prisoners.

I have reliable intelligence that it was Price's intention to move over east of the Tennessee. In this he has been thwarted. Among the enemy's loss are General Little killed, and General Whitfield wounded.

Too much praise cannot be given for energy and skill displayed by General Rosecrans in the attack, and of the endurance of the troops. General Ord's command showed untiring zeal, but the direction taken by the enemy prevented them from taking the active part they desired. Price's force was about 18,000.

U. S. GRANT, Major-General.

AT CINCINNATI.

We publish on page 637 two illustrations from Cincinnati, from sketches by Mr. A. Mosher. One of them represents a REGIMENT OF VOLUNTEERS ENTERING THE FIFTH STREET MARKET-HOUSE for dinner. Thousands and thousands of soldiers have been fed in this building daily since the rebels first menaced Cincinnati. The other sketch represents the RETURN OF THE CINCINNATI MILITIA after the retreat of the rebels. A Cincinnati paper says:

Yesterday was a gala day for the thousands of true and patriotic Cincinnatians who promptly responded to the call for volunteers to defend the city from an attack by the approaching enemy. They went to the field manfully, and with hearts and souls burning with the patriotism of their sires of '76. While in the field they endured, without a murmur, the hardships and privations of the soldier's life, through sunshine and rain, attending to drills and all the minutiæ of military tactics, so that in the brief period of one week they were almost equal to volunteers in the service. They were men of all classes of society, rich and poor, high and low, and on one common level, and under one flag, united together as a family of brothers, to resist the encroachments of an army seeking the destruction of their homes and firesides. And when, by the retreat of the invaders, their services in behalf of their fellow-citizens were no longer required, they returned from fields of sacrifice as patriots. They were in the morning notified by Major-General Wallace, to whose call they so promptly responded, that at 12 o'clock each regiment, six in number, should break up camp and return to Cincinnati.

At three o'clock three of the regiments marched to the head-quarters of General Wallace, in Covington, preceded by the United States Barracks Band. The remaining regiments not coming up by some misunderstanding, the three first, headed by General Wallace and staff, took up the line of march, moving to the river, and thence across the pontoon bridge to this city. The levee was densely crowded with citizens. As the military pageant was crossing the bridge a 15-pounder cannon, on board the steamer *Emma Duncan*, belched forth a welcoming salute. The procession moved up Walnut to Front, east to Broadway, north to Fourth, west to Vine, north to Seventh, west to Mound, north to Ninth, east to Elm, north to Twelfth, where the General and staff halted, and the entire citizen escort filed off to their respective homes. The line of march was crowded with citizens, and national emblems and the "flag of the free" waved from every balcony and window. Such an ovation was never before witnessed in this city, and as an impromptu proceeding was creditable to the Queen City and a fitting compliment to her noble sons. While the troops passed the Major-General, at the intersection of Twelfth and Elm streets, they greeted him with deafening applause—a just acknowledgment of their esteem for one of the live Generals of the day.

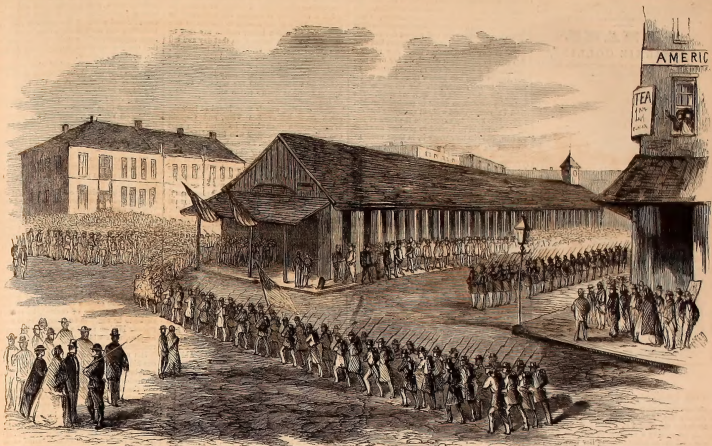
THE LATE GEN. MANSFIELD.

On page 629 we publish, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of the late GENERAL MANSFIELD, who was killed at the Battle of Sharpsburg on 17th September.

Joseph K. Fenno Mansfield was born in Con-



GRAND DEPOT OF STORES FOR GENERAL GRANT'S ARMY AT COLUMBUS, KENTUCKY.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. SHIPLOT.]



FEEDING TROOPS AT THE FIFTH STREET MARKET-HOUSE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.—[SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.]

necticut about the year 1802, and entered West Point in 1817. He graduated in 1822, standing second in a large class, which included Generals Hunter, M'Call, and others who have been often mentioned of late. He was at once appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers. He was subsequently promoted to a First Lieutenancy in March, 1832; Captain, July, 1838; Chief Engineer of the army commanded by General Taylor in the Mexican war, 1846–47. He was promoted to the honorary rank of Brevet Major for gallant and distinguished services in defense of Fort Brown, on the Rio Grande, May 9, 1846; and was severely wounded in the battle of Monterey. He received the honorary rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant services in several conflicts with the enemy in September, 1846, and Brevet Colonel for distinguished bravery in the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847. He was appointed Inspector-General of the army, with the rank of Colonel, May 28, 1853, thereupon relinquishing his rank in the Engineer Corps.

On 14th May, 1861, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General, and placed in command of the position at Newport News. After the capture of Norfolk he crossed the James, and was for some time in command at Suffolk, Virginia. When General M'Clellan set out to meet the rebels in Maryland he accompanied him, and was killed, as we stated, in the battle of 17th.

General Mansfield was a brave soldier, and at this juncture his loss will be severely felt.



RETURN OF THE CINCINNATI MILITIA AFTER THE RETREAT OF THE REBELS.—[SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE post-mark and the handwriting on the address (admirably imitated from the original) warned Mrs. Lecount of the contents of the letter before she opened it.

After waiting a moment to compose herself she read the announcement of her brother's relapse.

There was nothing in the handwriting, there was no expression in any part of the letter, which could suggest to her mind the faintest suspicion of foul play. Not the shadow of a doubt occurred to her that the summons to her brother's bedside was genuine. The hand that held the letter dropped heavily into her lap; she became pale, and old, and haggard, in a moment. Thoughts far removed from her present aims and interests, remembrances that carried her back to other lands than England, to other times than the time of her life in service, prolonged their inner shadows to the surface, and showed the traces of their mysterious passage there on her face. The minutes followed each other, and still the servant below stairs waited vainly for the parlor bell. The minutes followed each other, and still she sat, fearless and quiet, dead to the present and the future, living in the past.

The entrance of the servant, uncalled, roused her. With a heavy sigh the cold and secret woman folded the letter up again, and addressed herself to the interest and the duties of the passing time.

She decided the question of going or not going to Zorich after a very brief consideration of it. Before the bell drawn her chair to the breakfast table she had resolved to go.

Admirably as Captain Wragge's stratagem had worked it might have failed—unassisted by the occurrence of the morning—to achieve its result. The very accident against which it had been the captain's chief anxiety to guard—the accident which had just taken place in the case of him—was, of all the events that could have happened, the one event which falsified every previous calculation, by directly forwarding the main purpose of the conspiracy! If Mrs. Lecount had not obtained the information of which she was in search before the receipt of the letter from Zorich the letter might have addressed her in vain. She would have hesitated before deciding to leave England, and that hesitation might have proved fatal to the captain's scheme.

As it was, with the plain proofs in her possession—with the gown discovered in Magdalen's wardrobe, with the piece cut out of it in her own pocket-book; and with the knowledge, obtained from Mrs. Wragge, of the very house in which the disguise had been put on—Mrs. Lecount had now at her command the means of warning Mr. Noel Vanstone as she had not been able to warn him yet; or, in other words, the means of guarding against any dangerous tendencies toward reconciliation with the Bygraves which might otherwise have entered his mind during her absence at Zorich. The only difficulty which now perplexed her was the difficulty of deciding whether she should write to Vanstone with her master personally or by writing before her departure from England.

She looked again at the doctor's letter. The word "mentally" in the sentence which announced her to her dying brother was so underlined. Admiral Bartram's house was at some distance from the railway; the time consumed in driving to St. Cross, and driving back again might be time fatally lost on the journey to Zurich. Although she would infinitely have preferred a personal interview with Mr. Noel Vanstone, there was no choice, on a matter of life and death, but to save the journey and trust to writing to him.

After sending to secure a place at once in the early coach she sat down to write to her master.

Her first thought was to tell him all that had happened at North Shingles that morning. On reflection, however, she rejected the idea. Once already (in copying the personal description from Miss Garth's letter) she had trusted her weapons in her master's hands, and Mr. Bygrave had contrived to turn them against her. She resolved this time to keep them strictly in her own possession. The secret of the missing fragment of the Alpaca dress was known to no living creature but herself; and, until her return to England, she determined to keep it so herself. The necessary impression might be produced on Mr. Noel Vanstone's mind without venturing into details. She knew by experience the form of letter which might be trusted to produce an effect on him, and she now wrote it, in these words:

"DEAR MR. NOEL,—Sad news has reached me from Switzerland. My beloved brother has had a dangerous relapse, and has been seized mentally by fancies. The services necessity of availing myself of the earliest means of conveyance to Zurich, compel me to leave you. I must go, and go directly, by permission to leave England, if necessary, which you kindly granted to me at the beginning of my brother's illness; and I must avoid all delay by going straight to London, instead of turning aside, as I should have liked, to see you first at St. Cross.

"Painfully as I am affected by the family calamity which has fallen on me, I can not let this opportunity pass without averting to another subject, which serious concerns your welfare, and in which (on that account) your old housekeeper feels the deepest interest.

"I am going to surprise and shock you, Mr. Noel. Pray don't be agitated! pray compose yourself!

"The impudent attempt to obtain your money, which has happily opened your eyes to the true character of Miss Bygrave, has produced (as I always feared it would) another effect which the event had in forcing himself on your acquaintance. The infamous conspiracy with which you were threatened in London has been in full progress against you, under Mr. Bygrave's direction, at Aldborough. Accident—I will tell you what accident when we meet—has put me in possession of information precious to your future security. I have discovered, to an absolute certainty, that the person calling herself Miss Bygrave is no other than the woman who visited us in disguise at Vauxhall Walk.

"I suspected this from the first; but I had no evidence to support my suspicion. I had no means of confirming the false impression produced on you. My hands, I thank Heaven, are tied no longer. I possess absolute proof of the assertion that I have just made—proof that your own eyes can not resist. You would recognize it if you saw the dress in Court of Chancery.

"Pray, pray, my dear Mr. Noel, you will refuse to believe me! You will believe me as soon as I can see you, and can tell to ask which your English sense of fair play will not dictate.

"This melancholy journey of mine will keep me away from England for a fortnight, or, at the utmost, three weeks. You will oblige me—and you will certainly not sacrifice your own interests and pleasures—if you will write to me during that interval with your friends at St. Cross. If before my return some unexpected circumstance should make you anxious into the company of the Bygraves; and if your natural kindness of heart should lead you to invite them under which they will in that case certainly address to you, please to use implicit restraint on yourself, for your own sake and for mine. Suspend your flirtation with the young lady (I will explain what I mean when we meet), and remember that the one infallible way of preventing her from marrying you is to let her suppose that you are married already. Pray excuse me for writing in this strain. I am only anxious to show you that Miss Bygrave is the woman who wore that disguise, and used those implements in Vauxhall Walk. I will engage to leave your services at a day's notice, and to return to the life of obscurity from which I rose against my neighbor by resigning every claim I have to the gratitude and remembrance of a person who is dear as well as on your own. I make this engagement without reserves of any kind, and I remain, dear Mr. Noel, ever, if you please, your faithful servant,

"VERONIQUE LECOUNT."

The closing sentences of this letter—as the housekeeper well knew—often the most important, embodied the one appeal to Mr. Noel Vanstone which could be certainly trusted to produce a deep and lasting effect. They appealed to his master her oath, her life, or her reputation on proving the assertion which she had made, and have failed to leave a permanent impression on his mind. But when she staked not only her position in his service, but her reputation with him as well, she at once absorbed the ruling passion of his life in expectation of the result. He was not a slouch of a man to overlook all his interests—the interest of saving his money, for instance.

"Checkmate for Mr. Bygrave!" thought Mrs. Lecount, as she sealed and directed the letter. "The battle is over—but where is the victor?"

While Mrs. Lecount was providing for her master's future security at Sea View events were in full progress at North Shingles.

As soon as Captain Wragge observed his astonishment at the housekeeper's appearance on the morning of departure, he had hastily left her, guided by his own forebodings of the disaster that had happened, made straight for his wife's room.

Never, in all her former experience, had poor Mrs. Wragge felt the full weight of the ovation's indignation as she felt it now. All the little intelligence she naturally possessed vanished at once in the whirlwind of her husband's rage. The only plain facts which he could extract from her were vile in number. In the first place, Magdalen's rash desertion of her post proved to have no better reason to excuse it than Magdalen's invincible impatience: she had passed a sleepless night; she had risen feverish and wretched; and she had gone out, reckless of all consequences, to bare her guilty head in the fresh air. In the second place, Mrs. Wragge had, on her own confession, seen Mrs. Lecount, had talked with Mrs. Lecount, and had ended by telling Mrs. Lecount the story of the ghost. Having made these discoveries, Mrs. Wragge waited no more time in contending with the wife's terror and confusion. He withdrew at once to a window which commanded an uninterrupted prospect of Mr. Noel Vanstone's house, and there established himself on the watch for events at Sea View, precisely as Mrs. Lecount had established herself on the watch for events at North Shingles.

Not a word of comment on the disaster of the morning escaped him when Magdalen returned and found him at his post. His flow of language seemed at last to have run dry. "I told you what Mrs. Wragge would do," he said; "and Mrs. Wragge has done it." He sat unflinchingly at the window, with a patience which Mrs. Lecount herself could not have surpassed. The one active proceeding in which he seemed to think it necessary to engage was performed by deputy. He sent the servant to the inn to hire a chaise and a fast horse, and to say that he would call himself before noon that day and tell the hostler when the vehicle would be wanted. Not a sign of impatience escaped him until the time drew near for the departure of the post-coach. Then the captain's curly lips began to twitch with anxiety, and the captain's restless fingers beat the devil's tattoo unintermittently on the window-pane.

The rumbling of wheels were heard at last, the coach drew up at Sea View, and Captain Wragge's own observation informed him that the one passenger who left Aldborough that morning was Mrs. Lecount.

The main uncertainty disposed of, a serious question suggested by the events of the morning—still remained to be solved. Which was the destined road of Mrs. Lecount's journey—Zurich or St. Cross? That she would certainly inform her master of Mrs. Wragge's ghost story, and of every other disclosure in relation to names and places which might have escaped Mrs. Wragge's lips, was a matter of all doubt. But of the two ways at her disposal of doing the mischief—either personally or by letter—which was likely important to the captain to know which she had chosen. If she had gone to the admiral's, the chaise would be left there to bring back the coach, to catch the train by which she traveled, and outstrip her afterward on the drive from the station to Sea View. If, on the contrary, she had been contented with writing to her master, it would only be necessary to devise measures for intercepting the letter. The captain decided on going to the post-office in the first place, assuming that the housekeeper had written, she would not have left the letter at the mercy of the servant—she would have seen it safely in the letter-box before leaving Aldborough.

"Good-morning," said the captain, cheerfully addressing the postmaster. "I am Mr. Bygrave, of North Shingles. I think you have a letter in the box addressed to Mr. ——?"

The postmaster was a short man, and consequently was a man with a proper idea of his own importance. He solemnly checked Captain Wragge in full career.

"When a letter is once posted, Sir," he said, "nobody out of the office has any business with it until it reaches its address."

The captain was not a man to be daunted, even by a postmaster. A bright idea struck him. He took out his pocket-book, in which Admiral Bartram's address was written, and returned to the charge.

"Suppose a letter has been wrongly directed by mistake?" he began. "And suppose the writer wants to correct the error after the letter is put in the box?"

"When a letter is once posted, Sir," returned the impenetrable local authority, "nobody out of the office touches it on any pretense whatever."

"Granted with all my heart," persisted the captain. "I don't want to touch it—I only want to explain myself. A lady has posted a letter here addressed to 'Noel Vanstone, Esq., Admiral Bartram's, St. Cross in the Marsh, Essex.' She wrote in a great hurry, and she is not quite certain whether she added the name of the parish, Cross'y. It is of the last importance that the delivery of the letter should not be delayed. What is to hinder your facilitating the post-office work, and obliging a lady, by adding the name of the post-town (if it happens to be right) with your own hand? I put it to you as a zealous officer—what possible objection can there be to granting my request?"

The postmaster was compelled to acknowledge that there could be no objection, provided nothing but a necessary line was added to the address; provided nobody touched the letter but himself; and provided the precious time of the post-office was not suffered to run to waste. He there happened to be nothing particular to do at that moment, he would readily oblige the lady at Mr. Bygrave's request.

Captain Wragge watched the postmaster's hands, as they sorted the letters in the box, with the eyes of a lynx. When the letter there would the hands of the writer, Mr. Noel Vanstone, suddenly stop? Yes! They stopped, and picked a letter out from the rest.

"Noel Vanstone, Esq.," did you say?" asked the postmaster, keeping the letter in his extended hand.

"Noel Vanstone, Esq.," replied the captain, "at Admiral Bartram's, St. Cross in the Marsh, Essex."

"Cossy, Essex," chimed in the postmaster, throwing the letter back into the box. "Pity lady has made no mistake, Sir. Time address quite right."

Nothing but a timely consideration of the debt he owed to appearances prevented Captain Wragge from throwing his hat within hat up in the air as soon as he found himself in the street once more. All further doubt was now at an end. Mrs. Lecount had written to her master. Before Mrs. Lecount was on her way to Zurich!

With his head higher than ever, with the tip of his respectable frock-coat floating behind him in the breeze, with his bosom's native impulses stifling lightly on its surface, the captain strung to the inn and called for the railway time-table. After making certain calculations (in black and white, as a matter of course), he ordered a chaise to be ready in an hour, so as to reach the railway in time for the coach that was running to London, with which there happened to be a communication from Aldborough by coach.

His next proceeding was one of a far more serious kind; his next proceeding implied a terrible certainty of success. The day of the week was Thursday. From the inn he went to the church, saw the clerk, and gave the necessary notice of a marriage by license on the following Monday.

Bold as he was, his nerves were a little shaken by this last achievement; his hand trembled as it lifted the latch of the garden gate. He contored his nerves with brandy-and-water before he sent for Magdalen to inform her of the proceedings of the morning. Another outburst might reasonably be expected when she had that the last irrevocable step had been taken, and that notice had been given of the wedding-day.

The captain's words warned him to lose no time in emptying his glass. In a few minutes he spent the necessary message up stairs. While waiting for Magdalen's appearance he provided himself with certain materials which were necessary to carry the conspiracy on to its crowning point. In the first place, he wrote his assumed name (by no means in so fine a hand as usual) on a visiting-card, and added, underneath, these words: "Not a moment is to be lost. Am at once there all alike to the following address." Thomas Bygrave, Esq., Monsard's Hotel, Sherbury Street, Strand, London." After carefully placing the envelopes and the card in his breast-pocket he shut up the desk. As he rose from the writing-table Magdalen came into the room.

The captain took a moment to decide on the best mode of opening the interview; and determined, at his own phrase, to dash at it. In two words he told Magdalen what had happened and informed her that Monday was to be the wedding-day.

He was prepared to quiet her if she burst into a fervor of passion; to reason with her if she

"NOEL VANSTONE, ESQ.? DID YOU SAY?" ASKED THE POSTMASTER.

begged for time; to sympathize with her if she smiled into tears. To his inexpressible surprise he found himself at his calculations. She heard him without uttering a word, without shedding a tear. When he had done she dropped into a chair. Her large gray eyes stared at him vacantly. In one mysterious instant all her beauty left her: her face stiffened awfully, like the face of a corpse. For the first time in the captain's experience of her, fear—all-mastering fear —had taken possession of her body and soul.

"You are not flinching?" he said, trying to rouse her. "Surely you are not flinching at the last moment."

No light of intelligence came into her eyes; no change passed over her face. She was dead to him—for she moved a little in the chair and slowly shook her head.

"You plotted this marriage of your own free will," pursued the captain, with the furtive look and the flattering tones of a man ill at ease, "it was your own idea, not mine. I took to have the responsibility laid on my shoulders—no! not for once two hundred pounds. Your resolution fails you, if you think better of it—?"

He stopped. Her face was changing; her lips were moving at last. She slowly raised her left hand, with the fingers outspread—she looked at it as if it was a hand that was strange to her—and she counted the days on it—the days before the marriage.

"Friday, one," she whispered to herself; "Saturday, two; Sunday, three; Monday—" Her hands dropped upon her lap; her face suddened again. The deadly fear fastened its paralyzing hold on her once more, and the next words died away on her lips.

Captain Wragge took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"Damn the two hundred pounds!" he said. "Two thousand wouldn't pay me for this!"

He went back to the writing-table, took the envelopes which he had addressed to himself out of his pocket, and returned to the chair in which he had sitted before. The envelopes he held out.

"House yourself," he said; "I have a last word to say to you. Can you hear me?"

She struggled and roused herself—a faint tinge of color stole over her white cheeks—she bowed her head.

"Look at these," pursued Captain Wragge, holding up the envelopes. "If I turn them to the use for which they have been written, Mrs. Lecount's master will never receive Mrs. Lecount's letter. If I tear them up, he will have by to-morrow's post that you are the woman who visited him in Vauxhall Walk. Say the word! Shall I tear the envelopes up, or shall I put them back in my pocket?"

There was a pause of dead silence. The murmur of the summer waves on the shingle of the beach, and the voices of the summer idlers on the parade floated through the open window, and filled the empty stillness of the room.

She raised her head; she lifted her hand and pointed steadily to the envelopes.

"Put them back," she said.

"Do you mean it?" he asked.

"I mean it."

As she gave that answer there was a sound of wheels on the road outside.

"You hear those wheels?" said Captain Wragge.

"I hear them."

"You see the chaise?" said the captain, pointing through the window, as the chaise which had been ordered from the inn made its appearance at the garden-gate.

"I see it."

"And, of your own free-will, you tell me to go?"

"Yes. Go!"

Without another word he left her. The servant was waiting at the door with his travelling-bag.

"Miss Bygrave is not well," he said. "Tell your mistress to go to bed at once."

He stepped into the gig and started on the first stage of the journey to St. Crux.

CHAPTER XII.

TOWARD three o'clock that afternoon Captain Wragge stopped at the nearest station to Ousey which the high way passed in the county through Essex. Inquiries made on the spot informed him that he might get to St. Crux by the main there for a quarter of an hour, and return to the station in time for an evening train to London. In ten minutes more the captain was on the road again, driving rapidly in the direction of the coast.

After proceeding some miles on the highway, the carriage turned off, and the coachman invoked himself in an intricate network of country roads.

"Are we far from St. Crux?" asked the captain, growing impatient, after mile on mile had been passed, without a sign of reaching the journey's end.

"You'll see the house, Sir, at the next turn in the road," said the man.

The next turn in the road brought them within view of the open country again. Ahead of the carriage Captain Wragge saw a great inlet—against the sky—the line of the sea-wall which protects the low-coast land from inundation. The flat intermediate country was intersected by a labyrinth of tidal streams, winding up from the invisible sea in strange fantastic curves—rivers at high water, and channels of mud at low. On his right hand was a quaint little village, mostly composed of wooden houses, straggling down to the brink of one of the tidal streams. On his left hand, further away, among the gloomy ruins of an Abbey, with a long, low, desolate pile of building, of vast extent and great age, attached to it. One of the streams—for the sea (called in Essex "beakwaters") curled almost entirely round the house. Another, from an opposite quarter, appeared to run straight through the grounds, and to separate one side of the shapeless mass of buildings, which was in moderate repair, from another, which was little better than a ruin. Bridges of wood and bridges of brick crossed the stream, and gave access to the house from all points of the compass. No human creature appeared in the neighborhood, and no sound was heard but the distant barking of a house-dog from an invisible court-yard.

"Which side of the house, Sir, do I go?" asked the coachman; "the front or the back?"

The back," said Captain Wragge, feeling that the less seeming he made of his present position the safer that position might be.

The coachman turned the sea stream before the coachman made his way through the ponds into a dreary inclosure of stone. At an open door on the inhabited side of the house was a weather-bitten old man-servant, busily at work on a half-finished model of a ship. He rose and came to the carriage door, lifting his spectacles on his forehead, and looking disconcerted at the appearance of a stranger.

"Is Mr. Noel Vanstone staying here?" asked Captain Wragge.

"Yes, Sir," replied the old man. "Mr. Noel Vanstone came yesterday."

"Take that card to Mr. Vanstone, if you please," said the captain; "and say I am waiting here to see him."

In a few minutes Mr. Noel Vanstone made his appearance, breathless and eager, shorebird in manner for a man from Aldborough. Captain Wragge opened the carriage door, seized his outstretched hand, and pulled him in without ceremony.

"Your housekeeper has gone," whispered the captain, "and you are to be married on Monday. Don't contradict me, and don't express your feelings—there isn't time for it. Get the first active person to Ousey you can find in a hurry to pack your bag in ten minutes, take leave of the admiral, and come back at once with me to the London train."

Mr. Noel Vanstone faintly attempted to ask a question. He was not allowed to hear it.

"As much talk as you like on the road," he said. "Time is too precious for talking here. Have I or have I not saved you from the Devil of it? How do we know she may not turn back before she gets to Zeeland?"

That startling consideration terrified Mr. Noel Vanstone into instant submission.

"What shall I say to the admiral?" he asked, helplessly.

"Tell him you are going to be married, to be sure. He will know nothing to the contrary when he is turned." If he wonders you didn't tell him before, say I'm a nervous man, and the bride is waiting for you. Stop! Any letters addressed to you in your absence will be sent to this place, of course? Any solicitors' letters, envelopes, and tell him to forward your letters under cover to me. The old customer at the hotel we are going to, and if we find the place full the landlord may be depended on to take care of any letters left behind. Now you know all you need to know for your correspondence may be of the greatest importance. How do we know Lecount may not write to Ousey, or come to Zorich?"

"What a head you have got!" cried Mr. Noel Vanstone, eagerly taking the envelopes. "You think of every thing."

He left the carriage in high excitement, and ran back into the house. In ten minutes more Captain Wragge heard his name called again, and the horses started on their return journey.

The travelers reached London in good time that evening, and found accommodation at the hotel.

Knowing the restless, inquisitive nature of the man he had to deal with, Captain Wragge had anticipated the many little difficulties and disappointment in meeting the questions which Mr. Noel Vanstone might put to him on the way to London. To find some relief, a startling chemistic discovery absorbed his traveling companion's whole attention at the outset of the journey. By some extraordinary oversight, Miss Bygrave had been left, on the eve of her marriage, unprovided with a mask! Mr. Noel Vanstone declared that he would take the whole responsibility of correcting that deficiency on his own shoulders on his own shoulders; he would not trouble Mr. Bygrave to give him any assistance; he would comfort, when they got to their journey's end, with the landlady of the hotel, and would examine the candidates for the vacant office himself. All the way to London he returned again and again to the same subject; all the evening, at the hotel, he was in and out of the landlady's sitting-room, until he fairly obliged her to lock the door. In every other proceeding which related to his marriage he had been kept in the back-ground; he had been compelled to follow in the footsteps of his bargain-driver. In the matter of the lady's-maid he claimed his fitting position at last—he followed nobody; he took the lead.

The forenoon of the next day was devoted to obtaining the necessary information and making the declaration on oath being eagerly accepted by Mr. Noel Vanstone, who swore in the most solemn manner (on information obtained from the captain) that the lady was of the highest rank and position. The bridegroom returned to examine the characters and qualifications of the women-servants out of place whom the landlady had engaged to summon to the hotel; while Captain Wragge turned his steps "on his own responsibility," to the office of the correspondence of a friend in a distant quarter of London.

The captain's friend was connected with the law, and the captain's business was of a legal nature. His first object was to inform himself of the legal bearings of the approaching marriage on the future of the husband and the wife. His second object was to provide beforehand for destroying all traces of the destination to which he might betake himself when he left Aldborough on the wedding-day. Having reached his end successfully in both these cases, he returned to the hotel, and found Mr. Noel Vanstone nursing his offended dignity in the landlady's sitting-room. Three ladies'-maids had appeared to pass their examination, and had all, on coming to the question of wages, impudently declined accepting the place. A fourth candidate was expected to present herself on the next day; and, with that one hope for appearance, Mr. Noel Vanstone positively declined removing from the metropolis. Captain Wragge showed his annoyance openly at the unnecessary delay that occasioned in the return to Aldborough, but without producing any effect. Mr. Noel Vanstone shook his obstinate little head, and resolutely refused to trifle with his responsibilities.

The first event which occurred on Saturday morning was the arrival of Mrs. Lecount's letter to her master, inclosed in one of the envelopes which the captain had addressed to himself. He received it (by previous arrangement with the waiter) in the bedroom, read it with the closest attention, and put it away carefully in his pocket-book. The letter was omitted of serious events to come when the bridegroom returned to England, and it was due to Magalaen—who was the person threatened—to place the warning of danger in her own possession.

Later in the day the fourth candidate appeared for the inspection in situation—a young woman of small expectations and subdued manners, who (backed by the landlady remarked) like a person conversant with watches. She passed the ordeal of examination successfully, and accepted the proffered engagement. The terms of the engagement having been ratified on both sides, fresh delays ensued, of which Mr. Noel Vanstone was once more the cause. He had not yet made up his mind whether he would or would not give leave them a dress for the wedding-ring; and he wasted the rest of the day to no sort of purpose in one jeweler's shop after another, that he and the bridegroom, and the new lady's-maid (who traveled with them), were to have the honor to each his train from London that evening.

It was late at night when they left the railway at the nearest station to Aldborough. Captain Wragge had been strangely silent all the evening. He was absent-minded, and he was wholly ignorant of the progress of events, in his absence, at North Shingles.

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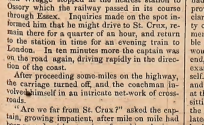
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FLIGHT OF THE INHABITANTS OF SHARPSBURG AT THE APPROACH OF THEIR REBEL DELIVERERS.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 655.]





FORD NEAR SHEPHERDSTOWN, ON THE POTOMAC—PICKET FIRING ACROSS THE RIVER.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 653.]

"MY MARYLAND."

Ah me! I've had enough of thee,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Dear land! Thou art too dear for me,
Maryland, my Maryland!
I'll take the nearest ford and go,
I'll leave thee, darling, to the foe,
But do not let him kick me so,
Maryland, my Maryland!

You've dashed my hopes, ungrateful State,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Go! bless your stars I came too late,
Maryland, you understand!
I meant to dress you well in black,
And scar you with the battle's track,
And I had scourges for your back,
Maryland, my contraband!

Oh where are Longstreet, Hill, and Lee?
Maryland, my Maryland!
And "Stonewall" Jackson, where is he?
Maryland, my Maryland!
Four coat-tails streaming in the breeze,
And that is all a body sees;
Better than dangling from the trees,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Gray geese are flying southward, ho!
Maryland, O Maryland!
It's getting cold up there, you know,
Maryland, O Maryland!
I should have thought it rather warm,
South Mountain yonder took by storm,
Antietam yielded in alarm,
Maryland, O Maryland!

Blood-red my hand, and dead my heart,
Native land, my native land!
Columbia from her grave will start,
Murder'd land, my murder'd land!
Thy flag is like a sword of fire,
I'll fly, I'll fly its vengeful ire,
Beneath its stroke its foes expire,
Native land, my native land!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 11, 1862.

THE STATE ELECTION.

THE contest for Governor in this State possesses an importance scarcely second to that of the contest in the field on the banks of the Potomac or in the plains of Kentucky. A singular chance has arrayed the two parties who divide the North squarely and fairly against each other.

Horatio Seymour is a man of large political experience and decided ability. He has been Governor. His integrity has not been questioned. Whatever be the character of his leading supporters, his own is without stain. He presents himself as a war Democrat. He is in favor of the prosecution of the war. Though he rather intimates, in his speech accepting the nomination, that the responsibility for the war rests with the North, not the South—in other words, that it was the sheep's fault he was so tender, and the wolf couldn't help eating him—he is ready to overlook the initial fault committed by the Northern people, and to accept their cause with all its demerits.

James S. Wadsworth is a farmer of large means: born rich, handsomely educated, now a millionaire. Inexperienced in political life, he first loomed into notice when, fifteen months ago, he chartered and loaded a steamer with provisions for our troops, then beleaguered at Annapolis. Since then he has become a General, and it is charged against him that, while under the command of M'Clellan, he spoke and wrote in such wise as to bring his commander into disrepute; that he disapproved of his policy, and was so reckless of discipline as to sneer publicly and privately at his being in command of the army. For the rest, General Wadsworth has fairly described himself as having been chosen by a Convention of men who were in earnest because they knew that he was in earnest.

If it can be substantiated that General Wadsworth is an enemy of General M'Clellan, and that while acting under his orders he worked with the politicians who were bent on undermining and ruining him, and wrote and spoke publicly against his commanding officer, he will lose a large number of votes which he would otherwise have polled. At the hour we write an immense majority of the people of New York believe that General M'Clellan is not only an able General, but is the best General we have for the command of the Army of the Potomac, and that he has been hardly used by the politicians at Washington. If the M'Clellan issue be fairly raised, and Wadsworth be placed before the people as the champion of the anti-M'Clellan party, he will lose not only the entire Democratic, but a large proportion of the Republican vote.

With regard to Seymour a new issue has been raised by the President's proclamation of freedom to the slaves. Is Horatio Seymour ready to stand upon that proclamation? If he is, and if Wadsworth can be identified, fairly and honestly, with the politicians who hampered M'Clellan, then the chances of the Democratic party will be very fair indeed.

But if Seymour can not stand upon the President's proclamation, it will become the clearest duty of every loyal citizen to vote against him, and to see to it that for the honor of the State of New York he is defeated by an overwhelming majority.

In time of peace honest men divide on questions of minor importance, and of local or temporary policy, without involving any question of their loyalty. In time of war there can be but two parties—the party in favor of the country, and the party in favor of the enemy. Any man who opposes the Government on fundamental questions of public policy, at the present crisis, is a public enemy and an ally of the rebels. There may have been, and there may be, many points upon which honest citizens may differ with the President. But this is not the time to discuss them. The question now is, whether the nation shall be saved or lost? Those who are in favor of its being saved will support the recognized Government even in measures which they do not heartily approve. Those who are in favor of its being lost will assail the Government by opposing its policy, and thus crippling its efforts to maintain the Union.

On and after 1st January next the war will be carried on not only for the restoration of the Union, but for the protection of over three million black men in the enjoyment of liberty. Can Horatio Seymour heartily help to prosecute the war on this basis? If he can not, then he is an enemy of the United States, and if New York elects him, it will be a triumph for Jefferson Davis.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PROCLAMATION.

The President's proclamation was discussed elsewhere in this paper last week. But every tongue that speaks or hand that writes will have a word to say of an act which is in itself simply just, but which in its results becomes sublime.

Nearly four millions of innocent human beings, against every instinct of justice and humanity, and in direct contradiction of the fundamental principle of this Government, are held as slaves and counted as property by the local law of certain States. The owners of these slaves, foreseeing that the natural increase of population in a nation of laboring men would limit a system of forced labor which can not live except by directly competing with free labor, and knowing that the limitation of slavery is its death, rose in rebellion against the Government of the people, hoping either to win a separation or to fatigue the people into granting a perpetual guarantee for slavery.

Meanwhile the system itself, as it was the source of the war, became its strength. It supplies the armies which fight against the country. It is more the strength of the rebellion than the cannon and powder and ball which mangle and murder the loyal citizens who oppose it with arms. The Government of the United States does not hesitate to seize and appropriate all those guns and that ammunition, and to take the lives of those who use them just as fast and as far as it can. And in obedience to the same necessity, and acting by the same right, it will destroy the assistance which slavery gives to the rebellion just as fast and as far as possible.

The act is in itself a military measure, dictated by common sense. In its scope it is a national purification. Its temporary intention is the maintenance of the Union and the Government. Its ultimate result is permanent peace and prosperity, founded upon the only principle that can secure either. Had the slaveholders trusted to political and constitutional means, they could not have evaded but they could have delayed the result. When they rushed to arms they gave the Government, under the Constitution, the right and the power to strike the system directly. And after due warning, after the ripening of the popular conviction that the blow must fall, at the very moment when it would tell most truly, the word is spoken, the honor of the nation is pledged, and the rebellion, and despotic Europe sympathizing with it, see the religious earnestness of a people which moves gradually, wisely, irresistibly to its triumph.

Like the old statue of the God which had one foot of marble and one of clay, so stood the Union, strong with its marble foot of Liberty, weak with the clay of Slavery. Failing and breaking from that weakness, the great statue itself tottered to its fall. But from the clouds and terror of that wild upheaval it emerges radiant, supreme, steadfast forever, both feet of spotless marble.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILDER DWIGHT.

At the dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, in July last, after General Devens had made a stirring speech, and Holmes, in a clear, ringing voice, had chanted the fiery music of his battle-lyric, "Never or Now," and the other speakers had all obeyed the imperial impulse of the hour, there was a sudden and loud call for a young man who was trying to escape from the hall—the only retreat he ever willingly attempted—and at last, yielding to the summons, he turned and fronted the company with a bright, ardent smile, while, amidst the shouts and thunders of applause, the President introduced him as Lieutenant-Colonel Wilder Dwight, a prisoner of war, at large upon his parole.

The heroic aspect, the burning words, the passionate appeal he made for honor and liberty, we shall none of us forget. And, now that he shall be seen no more, we remember him as he stood there, the express image of that dauntless daring, that blithe earnestness, that religious faith, by which alone the great victory is to be won.

At the beginning of the war Lieutenant-Colonel Dwight devoted himself, with the aid of friends, to raising the Massachusetts Second Regiment, of which he went into the field as Major. The regiment was assigned to Banks's division, and, with the exception of a rapid march to cover the retreat from Ball's Bluff, it remained inactive until the advance into the Shenandoah Valley in the early spring. In the retreat from the valley the regiment protected the rear, passing through a sharp engagement in the streets of Winchester, and Major Dwight, commanding the rear-guard, was wounded and captured. He was presently paroled, and upon the elevation of Colonel Gordon to a brigadiership Major Dwight was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and was exchanged in time to join his regiment after the battle of Cedar Mountain, where it was so fearfully cut up. The regiment marched with the army into Maryland, and at the battle of Sharpsburg, after riding triumphantly along the line of his regiment, showing the men the rebel colors they had taken, he was talking with his Colonel, when he was struck by a ball. "Colonel, I think I am hit," he said, reeled, fell, and died after two days.

Wilder Dwight went to the war, with the clearest knowledge of its object, and of the desperation with which it was to be fought. With the most cheerful calmness he looked death in the face: offered his joyous youth, his high hopes, the bright promise of his future, as so many of his friends had done, a glad sacrifice to God and his fellow-men, and God has accepted it. Oh, not in vain! not in vain! The costly heart's-blood of all these young and brave shall not be wasted. Every sacred drop is counted, every pang of wound or disease remembered, and the cause of human liberty, which is the precious care of the country they died to save from the most cruel barbarism, shall be hallowed forever by the memory of their valor.

OUT OF THE FOG.

All political parties in this country are now annihilated. They will, of course, retain their old names and use their old organizations. But the only question now is of the maintenance of the Government. We are all either for it or against it. If we are for it, it can be attained only by supporting the constitutional authorities, and the policy adopted by them. If we are against it, we can serve the cause of disunion only by resisting the measures of the Government.

By resistance we do not mean discussion. These columns have always claimed and exercised the right of candid, loyal debate, just as they have insisted that as in war words are things, the disloyal speeches of persons like Vallandigham and his fellows should be suppressed. But a lukewarm, hesitating, doubtful support of the Government, now that it has declared itself upon the only question about which we differ, is an unhesitating assistance to the national enemy. And circumstances now compel every man to declare himself.

Every close observer of affairs knows that we were drifting in a fog, in which we were likely to be wrecked upon the shoals of compromise. But the fog is lifted. We see the channel and every rock and shallow. To drop the figure, the game of the gentlemen who usurp the name Democratic to annihilate the essential principle of Democracy, was to clamor loudly in support of the Government whose action they thought to be so inefficient that it would disgust the people and incline them to believe that the war could not be successfully ended. They depended upon the fatigue of the war, upon the pressure of the tax, upon the prostration of general trade, upon the old cry of abolitionism, upon the new cry of arbitrary oppression, and upon the feeling of the weakness of the administration, to tire the nation into asking "how can we make this thing up?"

"If we can only get an armistice," said these gentlemen, "and persuade Jeff Davis and his States to send representatives and Senators to Congress, we will try to send enough 'conservative' men to meet them—and to give Davis and Toombs and Floyd and Cobb and Wigfall and Company the guarantees they want. Then will follow the reaction. Any allusion to slavery will be stopped every where. The slave States will be a unit for us. We can count upon the reaction to give us enough power in the free States, and, presto! we are made men! Then we will undo the doings of the last Congress, on the ground that grave measures were passed when half of the country was unrepresented. The bill prohibiting territorial slavery is only an act, and can be repealed. The confiscation act tends to exasperate our lately-goaded brethren—we will strike that off the books. And so, by giving perpetual guarantees to slavery, and securing its unlimited extension, as our worthy and fit leader Mr. Seymour advised us to do before the rebellion broke out, we Democrats, or lovers of the rights of man, will become perpetual cocks of the walk. The first step to all this is to dishearten the people with the war. The course of the Government does that, so we will scoff at its incapacity, but declare that there is nothing left but to support it."

This was the pretty plan. Suddenly comes what the *Herald* calls "a burst of sunshine." The fog scatters, and, not to speak it irreverently, Messrs. Seymour, Wood, and Co. are caught without their clothes.

GENERAL MITCHELL.

Two years ago next December there was a famous meeting at the Academy of Music in favor of the Union. Mr. Charles O'Conor made a speech. He thought the Union endangered by those who insisted that Justice was good policy, and not by those who denied equality of rights. The most striking and eloquent speech of the evening, however, was that of Professor Mitchell, the astronomer, a Kentuckian, and "a conservative," as the word was technically used.

Professor Mitchell is now General Mitchell. He is for the Union now, as he was then. Then he thought it could be saved by words, and his words were fiery. Now he knows that it is to be saved by war, and his theory of war is that it shall hurt. He has served in the Southwest, and no general hurt the enemy or thrilled the country with victory more than he. Why? Because he is thoroughly in earnest: earnest in every conviction, wish, and aspiration of his soul; in every drop of his blood, in every muscle, nerve, and fibre of his frame. He believes in the cause as children in their parents, and Christians in God. He comprehends the scope of the war: its origin, its purpose, and its awful importance. His words burn. They go through his men like flames, and they kindle with the purest enthusiasm. He has the ardor, the conviction, the skill, and rapidity which are irresistible. If every soldier and every general were like him, the rebellion would be utterly consumed as by fire.

General Mitchell has lately been placed in command of the Department of South Carolina, etc. He arrived and visited every camp and spoke with every regiment. His address to the garrison of Fort Pulaski is reported; and there has been no such talking to the soldiers in this war.

> "This is a contest for human freedom: a contest for the absolute supremacy of the people: it is a contest in which is arrayed absolute liberty on one hand, and on the other the most hateful and abominable aristocracy."

He told the soldiers their duty as soldiers, in the clearest and most intelligible manner. He continued:

> "A good soldier when he lies down at night conscious of having performed his duty perfectly don't care whether he gets up alive or dead. I want you to understand that you have made a free-will offering of yourselves to your country, and to the great cause of human liberty. Your lives are not your own. My life is not my own." * * * * "Your fortunes are to a certain extent in my keeping. Rest assured that day and night I shall think of you; day and night I shall care for you, and your interests shall be in my thoughts. Rest assured that I shall endeavor to see that you get from the Government all that it has promised you, punctually and systematically. In return, I shall expect from you the most complete and perfect service: the most absolute devotion. When I order you to move, I shall expect you to go forward with spirit and alacrity. When I ask you to attack yonder battery, I shall expect you to march over it, and to plant your bayonets beyond it, halting when the word is given, not before. Now, boys, we understand each other."

Of course they do. There is no stuff in all this. It is not rhetoric copied from Napoleon's bulletins, which is the vice of all our military addresses hitherto. These are the words of a man who is a soldier for a special, heart-felt, and most solemn purpose. They show a leader who is every inch a man and an American, who knows that this rebellion must be stricken and annihilated in every form and force, or it will utterly overthrow the Government either by its arms or its arts.

AN OBJECTION ANSWERED.

"Granting, what no sensible man will dispute, that the President has the constitutional right and power to issue a proclamation, is it not likely to be what he said to the Chicago delegation there was a chance of its being, a Pope's bull against the comet?"

This is a question that many a loyal man asks himself, and it deserves an answer.

As to the President's characteristic expression, it will not be forgotten that he said he was wondering if it might not be so. If he thought it would, he would not issue it. If he thought it would not, he would issue it. As he has done so, it is very clear what he thinks upon that point.

But the positive effects of the step are the declaration of the unhesitating energy and thoroughness with which the war is to be waged. It is the manifesto of a policy. It is the clear announcement that the integrity of the Union is more sacred than Slavery. It says that it will do every thing that it can do to weaken and destroy the rebellion. It informs the rebels in arms that the Government is as determined as they are, and the secret friends of the rebels at the North that they can no longer mask treason in the guise of upholding the President. It sends the conviction, as with a stream of light into every home and heart in the land, that this bloody agony of the nation shall not be in vain; that we shall not have spent these noble lives, nor have quietly endured the restrictions of speech and the *habeas corpus*, nor have spent our money and mortgaged that of our children, merely to have the rebels win by craft what they have lost by cannon.

While in such ways it is a moral fortification of the Government such as no other step could be, it puts in force the laws of Congress so that henceforward every slave who falls within our lines is free; and any General who assumes to send men within the enemy's lines, either to help them or to be harmed by them, will be disgraced before God and the country. How infamous the conduct of many an officer has been in this matter we all know. They have deliberately thrust men who sought their protection back within the enemy's lines! By what conceivable rule of common sense or of common honor does a General of the United States send men to the enemies of this country to be tortured by them? Still more, why does he send the enemy assistance from our own lines? *This* stupid crime, at least, is forever stopped.

But while thus the advance of the army advances the lines of liberty, every slave now knows that they are so advanced, and that the nearer the army, the nearer his freedom. The advantage of this knowledge is to be reckoned by every man's common sense. If the Proclamation had issued before the advance of the Western and Southern armies, Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi, with Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Louisiana, would now be held by native black garrisons. They will be so held in the future. Why did Jeff Davis so savagely denounce Generals Hunter and Phelps? Because, as we have said before, he knows what hurts him. He knows where he is weak and must wince if hit. Now if the proclamation of a General in a Department, repudiated by the Govern-

ment, wounds him so sorely, what is he likely to think of the proclamation of the Government, enforced by all its armies and Generals? He knows, and every man in the South knows, that the news will flash like daybreak all through the world of slaves. It will be as silent but as swift. But if, in time of peace, when there is no hope of successful movement felt by the slaves, the apprehension of the community expresses itself in such laws for the suppression of disorders as fill the slave State statute-books, what will be the condition of that community now?

If slavery be the just, patriarchal, happy, comfortable, and Christian condition of things, most fitted and most delightful to the slaves and to the peace of the country, which its friends and advocates declare it to be, then the Proclamation will produce no uneasiness in the rebellious States. But if it is a wrong, and the slaves feel it to be so, every man knows, whatever he professes, exactly what its operation will be.

WHO IS WHO?

THESE columns, we say, are neither Democratic nor Republican; they are simply Union. *Harper's Weekly* has no politics; but it has the unswerving loyalty to the Government which every honest citizen and paper owes, and it has a corresponding duty of censure upon all who seek to arouse old party passions.

This effort was deliberately made by Mr. Horatio Seymour, who was lately nominated by Mr. Fernando Wood and his friends for Governor of New York. His speech of acceptance, of which Mr. Fernando Wood said that he "indorsed every word," was neither a plea for the Government, nor a denunciation of the rebellion, nor an appeal to every patriotic heart to strain yet another nerve in saving the country, nor a burning tribute to the brave and noble martyrs in the cause, but a dry, elaborate special plea and justification for the party with which he has acted. No other party, he said, is fitted to carry on the government.

Mr. Seymour provokes a very brief historical reminiscence upon the point of peculiar fitness.

Mr. Buchanan was the late Democratic President. In his Cabinet and by his connivance the rebellion was matured. Mr. Cobb—now a rebel General—was the Democratic Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Floyd—now a rebel General—was the Democratic Secretary of War. Mr. Thompson—a conspicuous rebel instigator—was the Democratic Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Jefferson Davis, the rebel President; Mr. Toombs, his Secretary of State; Mr. Benjamin, his late Secretary of War; Slidell, the rebel emissary in Paris; Mason, the ditto in London; Wigfall, Yulee, Chestnut, and the rest, were Democratic Senators of the United States. The most conspicuous members of that party in the Cabinet and Senate, assisted by representatives of the same faith in the House, organized at the national capital the plot to overthrow the national Government, in which they were assisted by the Democratic Governors of Southern States. For seventeen months the country has, in consequence, been convulsed and desolated by a ferocious war. Every family is bereaved—every citizen is heavily taxed—the prosperity of the nation is paralyzed and its very existence menaced; and every open defender or secret sympathizer with this bloody effort to ruin the Government and the country has been identified solely with the Democratic Party.

The Republican party may be unfitted to direct the Government, but if this record proves that the Democratic party is better fitted, it can only be because words have ceased to have meaning.

The gentleman who brings the charge of unfitness has been selected in New York as the candidate of that party. He prides himself upon having urged the Government to surrender to the rebellion before a shot had been fired. His speech has ample and labored vituperation and accusation—not of the enemies of the country, but of the friends of the Administration which is maintaining the Government. Are his most vehement supporters, in or out of the Convention, the most loyal of Union men? Does he take his stand upon a purely partisan, or a purely patriotic platform? Will, or will not, Jeff Davis in Richmond, Slidell in Paris, and Mason in London, rejoice to hear of his election? and *can* that which pleases these men really be serviceable to the country in this extremity?

These are *not* party or political questions. They are questions of the further existence of the Government unawed by rebellion, and unchanged by compromise with rebels in arms.

LYING.

IT is quite time that every body concerned understood that this nation wants to know what has happened, not what might have happened, nor what somebody expected would happen. We don't want official optimism, civil or military, to be telegraphed as news. We are a serious people, engaged in a serious work, and whoever tells us lies does not help us, and hurts himself.

When a battle is fought why will not the General who reports it to the Government, the Government which tells it to the people, and the correspondents who describe it, remember that the questions asked by the people are: Did we whip? Were we whipped? Was it a drawn battle? "Glorious victory" has become as absurd a phrase as "Strategy." Nobody sees those words at the head of the column without a cold shudder as to what he is to find below.

In the late Maryland battles we were informed on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday mornings that we had achieved great and glorious victories: that the rebel army *was to be* annihilated or captured, and that Lee and Jackson *were to be* taken by sunset. On Friday morning it appeared that after a series of battles lasting for three or four days we rested upon our arms in face of the full force of the still undefeated enemy, while Harper's Ferry, the key of the position, had been snatched from our grasp.

That we had fought magnificently was most true; that we had lost up to that time two precious lives in Reno and Mansfield; that some of our bravest and best leaders were wounded; that, as General Hooker said, "the carnage was awful;" that we had gained some important advantages; that the opening action, under Hooker and Burnside, at South Mountain was most brilliant: all this was true. But so the rebels had fought well; and while we had some advantages, they had Harper's Ferry; and after the fourth day's fighting the issue was still doubtful. Where, then, was the "glorious victory" which had been thundered in our ears all the week?

Still, the newsmongers of all stations have high authority. When the English line fell back a little at Waterloo, and the final and fatal charge of French cavalry was ordered, Napoleon sent off a courier to Paris with the news of his "glorious victory." But his messenger had hardly left the roar of the battle behind him when the day was lost to France. If we are to imitate Napoleon, however, let it be in his power, not in his weakness; in his battles, not in his bulletins; in his marvelous rapidity, concentration, and persistence, not in his deceit and grandiloquence. This is a war of the people, not of a party, or of a general, or of a clique. Let us have the naked facts, and we can supply them with the necessary rhetoric.

THE TEST QUESTION.

SINCE the war began and the only public question of moment was the maintenance of the Government and the unconditional surrender of the rebellion, we have advocated in these columns the use of every constitutional means to that end. We have urged every man to bear constantly in mind the character and scope of the struggle, and to make every act and vote of his tell in the strongest manner against the rebellion. Whether he were a Republican or a Democrat, we have assumed that he had forgotten those names for the time, and wished to be known only as a patriot. The question of the particular course the ship was to steer was lost in the question of saving the ship itself. We are still engaged in the work. All hands are called to the pumps. The question still is, not shall we sail North or South? but shall we sail at all?

In the coming elections, therefore, the test question is, what result will please the rebels most? Here are candidates for Congress, for Governor, and for other offices. Even allowing that all are equally honest, whose success do Davis, Toombs, & Co. desire?

If you can settle that question, and find those candidates, those are the men you are to vote against. The men whom the rebels most detest, the Generals they most hate, the measures they most denounce, are the men, Generals, and measures for every sincerely and wholly loyal citizen.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

CUTTING off two feet from a man is making short work of him.

"I say, Jim, are there any bears in your country in the winter?" "Y-e-s; the ice bears!"

The herb doctors think that, to be healthy and vigorous, a man, like a tree, must take root.

The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

The man who attempted to whistle a bar of soap has injured his voice by trying to sing a stave off a barrel.

A railroad conductor, out of employment at present, wants to know when the "Equinoctial line" is to be opened, as he thinks of applying for a situation.

LOVE.—At three years of age we love our mothers; at six, our fathers; at ten, holidays; at sixteen, dress; at twenty, our sweet-hearts; at twenty-five, our wives; at forty, our children; at sixty, ourselves.

"Mr. Smith, I wish to speak to you privately. Permit me to take you apart a few moments."

SMITH (*who wasn't the least frightened*). "Certainly, Sir, if you'll promise to put me together again."

Mrs. Partington says she has heard of but one old woman who kissed her cow, but she knows of many thousand younger ones who have kissed very great calves.

A preacher in a funeral sermon on a lady, after summing up all her good qualities, added, "that she always reached her husband his hat without muttering."

"I repeat," said a person of questionable veracity, "that I am an honest man." "Yes," was the reply, "and how often will you have to repeat it before you believe it yourself?"

Can knocking a man down with a loaf of bread strictly be called smiting him with the "staff of life?"

THE VERY THING.—"Then I'll bring a suit for my bill," said an enraged tailor to a dandy, who refused to pay him. "Do, my dear fellow!" replied the imperturbable swell, pointing to his threadbare clothes; "that's just what I want."

Why is a man's coat larger when he pulls it out of a carpet-bag? Because he finds it in-*creases*.

Why is a widower like a house in a state of dilapidation? Because he should be re-*paired*.

"Don't want you any longer," said an employer to a very tall clerk.

"Look well before you leap," is very good advice in its way; but how can sickly-looking people follow it?

Physicians should make good sailors, they are so thoroughly used to *see sickness*.

"What blessings children are," as the parish-clerk said when he took the fees for christening them.

A man isn't likely to die from having his head carried away in a fight, if 'tis his legs that carry it away.

Troubles are like dogs—the smaller they are the more they annoy you.

Modesty in woman is like color on her cheeks—decidedly becoming, if not put on.

Why is it vulgar to send a telegram? Because it is making use of flash language.

REAL INN-DEPENDENCE.—Living at a hotel as long as you like, and going away without paying the bill.

Act upon your own conviction, or it may be the sheriff's duty to act upon your conviction before you are much older.

"You look as though you were beside yourself," said a wag to a fop standing by a donkey.

A juryman having applied to the Recorder to be excused from serving, on account of deafness, the latter asked, "Could you not hear my charge to the grand jury, Sir?" "Yes, I heard every word of it," was the reply, "but couldn't make any sense of it."

While thousands fall by clashing swords, ten thousand fall by corset boards; yet giddy females (thoughtless train!) for sake of fashion yield to pain.

A Parisian robber, who was seized in the act of stealing from the shop of a tobacconist, said, by way of excusing himself, that he had never heard of a law which forbade a man to *take snuff*.

A musical composer having been asked if he had done any thing lately, said, "Yes, my last work was a composition with my creditors."

A theoretically benevolent man, on being asked by a friend to lend him a sovereign, answered briskly, "With pleasure;" but suddenly added, "Dear me, how unfortunate! I've only one lending sovereign, and it is out."

A lively Hibernian exclaimed, at a party where Theodore Hook shone as the evening star, "Och, Master Theodore, but you are the *hook* that nobody can *bate*."

Robert Hall was unhappy in his courtship of Miss Steel. While he was yet smarting beneath the disappointment he went out to tea. The lady of the house said, with no very good taste, "You are dull, Mr. Hall; we have no polished steel here to entertain you." "Oh, madam, that's not the slightest consequence; you have plenty of polished brass!"

Among the expedients adopted by the sutlers to sell contraband liquor to the soldiers one is exceedingly novel. They drop a couple of peaches into a bottle of whisky, and sell the compound as "pickled peaches!" A more irreverent expedient is to have a tin can made and painted like a hymn-book, and labeled "The Bosom Companion!"

A one-legged Welsh orator, named Jones, was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him, "How did you come to lose your leg?" "Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree and looking up my descent, I found there was some Irish blood in me, and becoming convinced it was all settled in that left leg, I had it cut off at once." "Be the powers," said Pat, "it 'ud av been a good thing if it had only settled in yer head."

Why are indolent persons' beds too short for them? Because they are too long in them.

What port is sought by every living creature?—Support.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A PROCLAMATION.

By the President of the United States of America:

Whereas, It has become necessary to call into service, not only volunteers, but also portions of the militia of the States by draft, in order to suppress the insurrection existing in the United States, and disloyal persons are not adequately restrained by the ordinary processes of law from hindering this measure, and from giving aid and comfort in various ways to the insurrection. Now, therefore, be it ordered, that during the existing insurrection, and as a necessary measure for suppressing the same, all rebels and insurgents, their aiders and abettors within the United States, and all persons discouraging volunteer enlistments, resisting militia drafts, or guilty of any disloyal practice affording aid and comfort to the rebels against the authority of the United States, shall be subject to martial law, and liable to trial and punishment by courts-martial or military commission.

Second: That the writ of *habeas corpus* is suspended in respect to all persons arrested, or who are now, or hereafter during the rebellion shall be, imprisoned in any fort, camp, arsenal, military prisons, or other place of confinement, by any military authority, or by the sentence of any court-martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this Twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President.
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

There is nothing new from the army of the Potomac. General M'Clellan is encamped on the Maryland side, his army stretching from Williamsport to Harper's Ferry. The rebels are believed to have fallen back in the direction of Winchester. On 26th General Griffin crossed at Blackburn's Ford and made a reconnoissance for a considerable distance without meeting any enemy in force. Several reconnoitring parties have been sent out in the direction of Centreville, but no force of the enemy could be found. A few cannon, abandoned by the rebels in the neighborhood of Manassas, were found and brought in. General Stahel proceeded as far as Brentsville, and dispersed a band of guerrillas who were lurking in that vicinity.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

General Buell with the bulk of his army arrived at Louisville on 25th, having outstripped Bragg, and forced him to fall back toward the east. The two armies are still manœuvring, and a battle is expected somewhere in the Blue Grass country. Whether General Morgan still holds Cumberland Gap, or has advanced to Richmond, Kentucky, is an undecided question. Several of the gaps in the mountains have been closed by detachments from Buell's army. General Buell's army at latest dates was at and about Shepherdsville, and Bragg's near Bardstown. The excitement at Louisville, some account of which is given on page 654, has entirely subsided.

On 22d Colonel M'Cook's cavalry brigade succeeded in recapturing Munfordsville, driving out the rebel cavalry, who lost a colonel and a lieutenant-colonel in the engagement. Our loss was slight.

Several small squads of rebels were captured during the march of Buell's forces.

MURDER OF GENERAL NELSON.

Major-General Wm. Nelson was killed on 29th in Louisville by Brigadier-General J. C. Davis. It is said that Davis met Nelson in the hall of the Galt House, and attempted to speak with him—that Nelson refused to listen, turning away from him. That Davis followed and again addressed him, when Nelson turned and said, "Do you wish to insult me, you cowardly puppy?" and struck him over the head. Davis retired, and got a pistol from another officer, and then pushed through the crowd and shot Nelson through the breast, mortally wounding him. Nelson walked up stairs, saying that he was murdered, and died in about half an hour. From all the statements thus far at hand, it seems that General Nelson treated General Davis with unbearable insult.

REBELS AT AUGUSTA, KENTUCKY.

From Augusta, Kentucky, we are informed that, on a date not named, the place was attacked by 640 mounted rebels, with two cannon, under the command of a brother of the guerrilla John Morgan. The Union forces, under Colonel Bradford, numbering 120 men, took refuge in houses and fired from windows, killing and wounding 90 of the rebels. Among the rebels killed were three captains, one of them a younger brother of John Morgan. Among the rebels mortally wounded was Lieutenant-Colonel Prentice, a son of George D. Prentice, editor and proprietor of the Louisville *Journal*. Our loss was 9 killed and 15 wounded. The remainder of our forces were taken prisoners. Subsequently a Union force from Maysville intercepted and attacked the rebels, when they fled in a perfect panic. The result of the pursuit has not yet been learned.

THE CONVENTION OF GOVERNORS.

The Convention of the Governors of the loyal States commenced on 25th ult. at Altoona, Pennsylvania. There were sixteen States represented in the Convention, the following Governors neither being present themselves nor sending proxies: E. D. Morgan, Republican, of New York; William A. Buckingham, Republican, of Connecticut; William Burton, Democrat, of Delaware; Charles Robinson, Republican, of Kansas; Austin Blair, Republican, of Michigan; Alexander Ramsay, Republican, of Minnesota; John Whittaker, Democrat, of Oregon; Leland Stanford, Republican, of California. The official record of the Governors' meeting shows that they discussed, and with a single exception adopted, an address to the President setting forth the following points: *First.* A cordial personal and official respect for the President. *Second.* A determination, under all circumstances, to support and maintain the President's constitutional authority, the Governors therein speaking for themselves and the people of their respective States. *Third.* Pledging to the President their aid in all measures calculated to bring the war to an early termination, which should be prosecuted to ultimate victory unless all the rebels should return to their constitutional duty and obedience. *Fourth.* Congratulating the President upon his Proclamation to emancipate the slaves, believing it will be productive of good as a measure of justice, humanity, and sound policy. *Fifth.* Referring to the wants of the soldiers who have fought our battles. This address was the whole story; no counter-propositions or amendments were offered; they proposed to bring wounded soldiers to their own homes, suggested reformation in the abuse of furloughs, and agreed that it would be good to have an army of reserve of 100,000 men for future emergencies.

THE LOSS AT ANTIETAM.

Official reports of the killed and wounded in the late battle are published. The total loss of the Union army at the battle of Antietam, in killed, wounded, and missing, has been ascertained to be 10,000, and may be divided as follows:

Loss in General Sumner's corps	5,209
Loss in General Hooker's corps	2,619
Loss in General Burnside's corps	1,600
(Estimated) in General Banks's and Franklin's corps	572
Total	10,000

REBEL VIEWS OF THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

The Richmond *Enquirer* claims the battle of Antietam as a great rebel victory. It was directed by General Lee in person with 60,000 men in his command. The rebel account makes our force 150,000. General Jackson commanded the left of the rebel line, General Hill the right, and General Longstreet the centre. It is admitted that our artillery was used with fearful effect, and that upon the whole the battle was the most severe of the entire campaign. Two rebel Generals were killed—Stark, of Mississippi, and Branch, of North Carolina—and six others were wounded. The Petersburg *Express* makes the significant admission that all hopes of Maryland uniting her destinies with the South must now be banished. The experiment to rouse her people to follow the fortunes of the rebel army is proclaimed to have been a dead failure, and the devoted adherence of the State government, the press, and the majority of the people to the Federal Government is acknowledged by the *Express*.

FORT MORGAN CHALLENGED.

On the afternoon of the 30th the United States gun-boat *Winona*, Lieutenant Commanding Thornton, ran under the fire of Fort Morgan, which is considered the defense of Mobile, and opened fire on a rebel steamer lying inside, driving off her crew and damaging her greatly by the explosion of an 11-inch shell in her bow. Fort Morgan opened a heavy fire on the *Winona*, but she escaped unhurt.

AFFAIRS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

A special dispatch from Helena speaks of an expedition from that place down the Mississippi as far as Napoleon, where our boats were fired upon from Prentiss, a one-horse Mississippi town on the eastern bank. We had seven killed and nine wounded. Our boats shelled the shore, but it is not known what damage was done. At another town—Randolph—on the Mississippi one of our steamers was hailed; the clerk went ashore to know what was wanted, when he was seized by ambushed guerrillas. The boat returned to Memphis for troops, with the intention of obliterating the traitors' nest now known as Randolph.

ANOTHER ORDER FROM GENERAL BUTLER.

General Butler has issued an order forbidding the transfer of property, or rights of property—real, mixed, personal or incorporeal—except necessary food, medicine, and clothing, either by way of sale, gift, pledge, payment, lease or loan, by any inhabitant of the Department who has not returned to his or her allegiance to the United States—the person transferring and the person receiving to be punished by fine or imprisonment, or both. All registers of transfer of certificates of stock or shares in any incorporated or joint stock company or association, in which such person has any interest, are likewise forbidden.

MAINE FILLS HER QUOTAS.

Maine has filled her entire quotas under both calls for 800,000 men. Her quota under the first was 7000, and all the men have been in the field for four weeks past. Under the last call for drafted men, Maine has 9600 men ready, all raised by volunteering, and they have all been in the camps at Portland, Augusta, and Bangor since the 15th inst. They are all ready to move the moment they are uniformed and equipped. Prior to these contributions, Maine had sent over 18,000 men, and, including the 4000 seamen she has given to the navy, she has raised 40,000 men for the Union. The population of Maine is 628,000. She claims the pre-eminence of being the Banner State in raising volunteers.

IOWA DOES THE SAME.

Iowa has filled her quota under the call for 600,000. She has every man in the field by voluntary enlistment, and all for three years or the war.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

REBEL STEAMERS BUILDING.

IT is reported that the Southern rebels are having a large number of war steamers built in England; that they are purchasing steam vessels already finished, and that a steam ram is being constructed in the River Mersey for their service.

A CONFEDERATE CANDIDATE FOR PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Beresford Hope, when seeking an election to Parliament for the borough of Stoke-on-Trent, England, bases his claim to popular support chiefly on his former advocacy of the recognition of the independence of the South in the House of Commons. His arguments were heard with disfavor at first, but the electors were inclined toward his views at the conclusion of his speech. The Manchester politicians, under advice of Mr. Bright, circulated pamphlets against Mr Hope's prospects, on account of his sympathy with the rebels, and the danger of involving England with the United States by such legislation as he advocated.

ITALY.

THE ROMAN QUESTION.

The Roman Question is keeping up a great excitement all through Europe, but no new movement of importance is announced. Garibaldi's wounds are reported to be worse; with regard to his trial, the official paper of Turin announces that justice must take its course.



THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.—THE FIRST MARYLAND BATTERY IN THE FORE-GROUND.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 655.]

BURYING THE REBEL DEAD AFTER THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.—[Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.]

THE LADIES OF HAGERSTOWN, MD., MINISTERING TO OUR WOUNDED.—[Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.]



GENERAL KENLY'S MARYLAND BRIGADE ADVANCING TO THE POTOMAC.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 655.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE first circumstance that occurred at Aldborough after Captain Wragge's departure was destined, at a later period, to lead to serious results.

As soon as her husband's back was turned Mrs. Wragge received the message which he had charged the servant to deliver on leaving the house. She hastened into the parlor bewildered by her stormy interview with the captain, and penitently conscious that she had done wrong, without knowing what the wrong was. If Magdalen's mind had been unoccupied by the one idea of the marriage which now filled it—if she had possessed composure enough to listen to Mrs. Wragge's rambling narrative of what had happened during her interview with the housekeeper—Mrs. Lecount's visit to the wardrobe must, sooner or later, have formed part of the disclosure; and Magdalen, although she might never have guessed the truth, must at least have been warned that there was some element of danger lurking treacherously in the Alpaca dress. As it was, no such consequence as this followed Mrs. Wragge's appearance in the parlor; for no such consequence was now possible.

Events which had happened earlier in the morning, events which had happened for days and weeks past, had vanished as completely from Magdalen's mind as if they had never taken place. The horror of the coming Monday—the merciless certainty implied in the appointment of the day and hour—petrified all feeling in her, and annihilated all thought. Mrs. Wragge made three separate attempts to enter on the subject of the housekeeper's visit. The first time she might as well have addressed herself to the wind or to the sea. The second attempt seemed likely to be more successful. Magdalen sighed, listened for a moment indifferently, and then dismissed the subject. "It doesn't matter," she said. "The end has come all the same. I'm not angry with you. Say no more." Later in the day, from not knowing what else to talk about, Mrs. Wragge tried again. This time Magdalen turned on her impatiently. "For God's sake, don't worry me about trifles! I can't bear it." Mrs. Wragge closed her lips on the spot, and returned to the subject no more. Magdalen, who had been kind to her at all other times, had angrily forbidden it. The captain—utterly ignorant of Mrs. Lecount's interest in the secrets of the wardrobe—had never so much as approached it. All the information that he had extracted from his wife's mental confusion he had extracted by putting direct questions derived purely from the resources of his own knowledge. He had insisted on plain answers, without excuses of any kind; he had carried his point as usual; and his departure the same morning had left him no chance of reopening the question, even if his irritation against his wife had permitted him to do so. There the Alpaca dress hung, neglected in the dark—the unnoticed, unsuspected centre of dangers that were still to come.

Toward the afternoon Mrs. Wragge took courage to start a suggestion of her own—she pleaded for a little turn in the fresh air.

Magdalen passively put on her hat; passively accompanied her companion along the public walk, until they reached its northward extremity. Here the beach was left solitary, and here they sat down side by side on the shingle. It was a bright, exhilarating day; pleasure-boats were sailing on the calm blue water; Aldborough was idling happily afloat and ashore. Mrs. Wragge recovered her spirits in the gayety of the prospect; she amused herself like a child by tossing pebbles into the sea. From time to time she stole a questioning glance at Magdalen, and saw no encouragement in her manner, no change to cordiality in her face. She sat silent on the slope of the shingle, with her elbow on her knee, and her head resting on her hand, looking out over the sea—looking with a rapt attention, and yet with eyes that seemed to notice nothing. Mrs. Wragge wearied of the pebbles, and lost her interest in looking at the pleasure-boats. Her great head began to nod heavily, and she dozed in the warm, drowsy air. When she woke the pleasure-boats were far off, their sails were white specks in the distance. The idlers on the beach were thinned in number; the sun was low in the heaven; the blue sea was darker, and rippled by a breeze. Changes on sky and earth and ocean told of the waning day; change was every where, except close at her side. There Magdalen sat in the same position, with weary eyes that still looked over the sea, and still saw nothing.

"Oh do speak to me!" said Mrs. Wragge.

Magdalen started, and looked about her vacantly.

"It's late," she said, shivering under the first sensation that reached her of the rising breeze. "Come home—you want your tea."

They walked home in silence.

"Don't be angry with me for asking," said Mrs. Wragge, as they sat together at the tea-table. "Are you troubled, my dear, in your mind?"

"Yes," replied Magdalen. "Don't notice me. My trouble will soon be over."

She waited patiently until Mrs. Wragge had made an end of the meal, and then went up stairs to her own room.

"Monday!" she said, as she sat down at her toilet-table. "Something may happen before Monday comes!"

Her fingers wandered mechanically among the brushes and combs, the tiny bottles and cases placed on the table. She set them in order, now in one way, and now in another—then on a sudden pushed them away from her in a heap. For a minute or two her hands remained idle. That interval passed, they grew restless again, and pulled the two little drawers in the table backward and forward in their grooves. Among the trifles laid in one of them was a Prayer-book which had belonged to her at Combe-Raven, and which she had saved with her other relics of the past when she and her sister had taken their farewell of home. She opened the Prayer-book, after a long hesitation, at the Marriage Service, shut it again before she had read a line, and put it back hurriedly in one of the drawers. After turning the key in the lock, she rose and walked to the window.

"The horrible sea!" she said, turning from it with a shudder of disgust. "The lonely, dreary, horrible sea!"

She went back to the drawer and took the Prayer-book out for the second time, half opened it again at the Marriage Service, and impatiently threw it back into the drawer. This time, after turning the lock, she took the key away, walked with it in her hand to the open window, and threw it violently from her into the garden. It fell on a bed thickly planted with flowers. It was invisible: it was lost. The sense of its loss seemed to relieve her.

"Something may happen on Friday; something may happen on Saturday; something may happen on Sunday. Three days still!"

She closed the green shutters outside the window, and drew the curtains, to darken the room still more. Her head felt heavy; her eyes were burning hot. She threw herself on her bed, with a sullen impulse to sleep away the time.

The quiet of the house helped her; the darkness of the room helped her; the stupor of mind into which she had fallen had its effect on her senses: she dropped into a broken sleep. Her restless hands moved incessantly; her head tossed from side to side of the pillow; but still she slept. Ere long words fell by ones and twos from her lips—words whispered in her sleep, growing more and more continuous, more and more articulate, the longer the sleep lasted—words which seemed to calm her restlessness, and to hush her into deeper repose. She smiled; she was in the happy land of dreams—Frank's name escaped her. "Do you love me, Frank?" she whispered. "Oh, my darling, say it again! say it again!"

The time passed, the room grew darker, and still she slumbered and dreamed. Toward sunset—without any noise inside the house or out to account for it—she started up on the bed, awake again in an instant. The drowsy obscurity of the room struck her with terror. She ran to the window, pushed open the shutters, and leaned far out into the evening air and the evening light. Her eyes devoured the trivial sights on the beach; her ears drank in the welcome murmur of the sea. Any thing to deliver her from the waking impressions which her dreams had left! No more darkness; no more repose. Sleep that came mercifully to others came treacherously to her. Sleep had only closed her eyes on the future to open them on the past.

She went down again into the parlor eager to talk—no matter how idly, no matter on what trifles. The room was empty. Perhaps Mrs. Wragge had gone to her work; perhaps she was too tired to talk. Magdalen took her hat from the table and went out. The sea that she had shrunk from a few hours since looked friendly now. How lovely it was in its cool evening blue! What a godlike joy in the happy multitude of waves leaping up to the light of Heaven!

She staid out until the night fell and the stars appeared. The night steadied her.

By slow degrees her mind recovered its balance, and she looked her position unflinchingly in the face. The vain hope that accident might defeat the very end for which of her own free-will she had ceaselessly plotted and toiled vanished and left her, self-dissipated in its own weakness. She knew the true alternative, and faced it. On one side was the revolting ordeal of the marriage; on the other, the abandonment of her purpose. Was it too late to choose between the sacrifice of the purpose and the sacrifice of herself? Yes! too late. The backward path had closed behind her. Time that no wish could change, Time that no prayers could recall, had made her purpose a part of herself: once she had governed it; now it governed her. The more she shrank, the harder she struggled, the more mercilessly it drove her on. No other feeling in her was strong enough to master it—not even the horror that was maddening her—the horror of her marriage.

Toward 9 o'clock she went back to the house.

Walking again!" said Mrs. Wragge, meeting her at the door. "Come in and sit down, my dear. How tired you must be!"

Magdalen smiled, and patted Mrs. Wragge kindly on the shoulder.

"You forget how strong I am," she said. "Nothing hurts me."

She lit her candle, and went up stairs again into her room. As she returned to the old place by her toilet-table, the vain hope in the three days of delay, the vain hope of deliverance by accident, came back to her—this time in a form more tangible than the form which it had hitherto worn.

"Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Something may happen to him; something may happen to me. Something serious—something fatal. One of us may die!"

A sudden change came over her face. She shivered, though there was no cold in the air; she started, though there was no noise to alarm her.

"One of us may die! I may be the one."

She fell into deep thought—roused herself after a while—and, opening the door, called to Mrs. Wragge to come and speak to her.

"You were right in thinking I should fatigue myself," she said. "My walk has been a little too much for me. I feel tired, and I am going to bed. Good-night." She kissed Mrs. Wragge, and softly closed the door again.

After a few turns backward and forward in the room, she abruptly opened her writing-case and began a letter to her sister. The letter grew and grew under her hands; she filled sheet after sheet of note-paper. Her heart was full of her subject: it was her own story addressed to Norah. She shed no tears; she was composed to a quiet sadness. Her pen ran smoothly on. After writing for more than two hours, she left off while the letter was still unfinished. There was no signature attached to it—there was a blank space reserved, to be filled up at some other time. After putting away the case, with the sheets of writing secured inside it, she walked to the window for air, and stood there looking out.

The moon was waning over the sea. The breeze of the earlier hours had died out. On earth and ocean the spirit of the Night brooded in a deep and awful calm.

Her head drooped low on her bosom, and all the view waned before her eyes with the waning moon. She saw no sea, no sky. Death, the Tempter, was busy at her heart; Death, the Tempter, pointed homeward to the grave of her dead parents in Combe-Raven church-yard.

"Nineteen last birthday," she thought; "only nineteen!" She moved away from the window, hesitated, and then looked out again at the view. "The beautiful night!" she said, gratefully; "oh, the beautiful night!"

She left the window and lay down on her bed. Sleep that had come treacherously before came mercifully now—came deep and dreamless, the image of her last waking thought—the image of Death.

Early the next morning Mrs. Wragge went into Magdalen's room, and found that she had risen betimes. She was sitting before the glass, drawing the comb slowly through and through her hair, thoughtful and quiet.

"How do you feel this morning, my dear?" asked Mrs. Wragge. "Quite well again?"

"Yes."

After replying in the affirmative, she stopped, considered for a moment, and suddenly contradicted herself. "No," she said, "not quite well. I am suffering a little from toothache." As she altered her first answer in those words she gave a twist to her hair with the comb, so that it fell forward and hid her face.

At breakfast she was very silent, and she took nothing but a cup of tea.

"Let me go to the chemist's and get something," said Mrs. Wragge.

"No, thank you."

"Do let me!"

"No!"

She refused for the second time, sharply and angrily. As usual, Mrs. Wragge submitted, and let her have her own way. When breakfast was over she rose, without a word of explanation, and went out. Mrs. Wragge watched her from the window, and saw that she took the direction of the chemist's shop.

On reaching the chemist's door she stopped—paused, before entering the shop, and looked in at the window—hesitated, and walked away a little—hesitated again, and took the first turning which led back to the beach.

Without looking about her, without caring what place she chose, she seated herself on the shingle. The only persons who were near to her, in the position she now occupied, were a nurse-maid and two little boys. The youngest of the two had a tiny toy-ship in his hand. After looking at Magdalen for a little while with the quaintest gravity and attention, the boy suddenly approached her, and opened the way to an acquaintance by putting his toy composedly on her lap.

"Look at my ship," said the child, crossing his hands on Magdalen's knee.

She was not usually patient with children. In happier days she would not have met the boy's advance toward her as she met it now. The hard despair in her eyes left them suddenly, her fast-closed lips parted and trembled. She put the ship back into the child's hands, and lifted him on her lap.

"Will you give me a kiss?" she said, faintly.

The boy looked at his ship as if he would rather have kissed the ship.

She repeated the question, repeated it almost humbly. The child put his hand up to her neck and kissed her.

"If I was your sister, would you love me?"

All the misery of her friendless position, all the wasted tenderness of her heart, poured from her in those words.

"Would you love me?" she repeated, hiding her face on the bosom of the child's frock.

"Yes," said the boy. "Look at my ship."

She looked at the ship through her gathering tears.

"What do you call it?" she asked, trying hard to find her way even to the interest of a child.

"I call it Uncle Kirke's ship," said the boy. "Uncle Kirke has gone away."

The name recalled nothing to her memory. No remembrances but old remembrances lived in her now. "Gone?" she repeated absently, thinking what she should say to her little friend next.

"Yes," said the boy. "Gone to China."

Even from the lips of a child that word struck her to the heart. She put Kirke's little nephew off her lap, and instantly left the beach.

As she turned back to the house the struggle of the past night renewed itself in her mind. But the sense of relief which the child had brought to her, the reviving tenderness which she had felt while he sat on her knee, influenced her still. She was conscious of a dawning hope opening freshly on her thoughts, as the boy's innocent eyes had opened on her face when he came to her on the beach. Was it too late to turn back? Once more she asked herself that question, and now for the first time she asked it in doubt.

She ran up to her own room with a lurking distrust in her changed self, which warned her to act, and not to think. Without waiting to remove her shawl or to take off her hat she opened her writing-case, and addressed these lines to Captain Wragge, as fast as her pen could trace them:

"You will find the money I promised you inclosed in this. My resolution has failed me. The horror of marrying him is more than I can face. I have left Aldborough. Pity my weakness, and forget me. Let us never meet again."

With throbbing heart, with eager, trembling fingers, she drew her little white silk bag from her bosom, and took out the bank-notes to inclose them in the letter. Her hand searched impetuously; her hand had lost its discrimination of touch. She grasped the whole contents of the bag in one handful of papers, and drew them out violently, tearing some and disarranging the folds of others. As she threw them down before her on the table the first object that met her eye was her own handwriting, faded already with time. She looked closer, and saw the words she had copied from her dead father's letter—saw the lawyer's brief and terrible commentary on them confronting her at the bottom of the page:

Mr. Vanstone's daughters are Nobody's Children, and the law leaves them helpless at their uncle's mercy.

Her throbbing heart stopped, her trembling hands grew icily quiet. All the Past rose before her in mute overwhelming reproach. She took up the lines which her own hand had written hardly a minute since, and looked at the ink still wet on the letters with a vacant incredulity.

The color that had risen on her cheeks faded from them once more. The hard despair looked out again, cold and glittering, in her tearless eyes. She folded the bank-notes carefully, and put them back in her bag. She pressed the copy of her father's letter to her lips, and returned it to its place, with the bank-notes. When the bag was in her bosom again, she waited a little, with her face hidden in her hands, then deliberately tore up the lines addressed to Captain Wragge. Before the ink was dry the letter lay in fragments on the floor.

"No!" she said, as the last morsel of the torn paper dropped from her hand. "On the way I go there is no turning back."

She rose composedly and left the room. While descending the stairs she met Mrs. Wragge coming up. "Going out again, my dear?" asked Mrs. Wragge. "May I go with you?"

Magdalen's attention wandered. Instead of answering the question, she absently answered her own thoughts.

"Thousands of women marry for money," she said. "Why shouldn't I?"

The helpless perplexity of Mrs. Wragge's face as she spoke those words roused her to a sense of present things.

"My poor dear!" she said, "I puzzle you, don't I? Never mind what I say—all girls talk nonsense; and I'm no better than the rest of them. Come! I'll give you a treat. You shall enjoy yourself while the captain's away. We will have a long drive by ourselves. Put on your smart bonnet, and come with me to the hotel. I'll tell the landlady to put a nice cold dinner into a basket. You shall have all the things you like, and I'll wait on you. When you are an old, old woman, you will remember me kindly, won't you? You will say, 'She wasn't a bad girl; hundreds worse than she was live and prosper, and nobody blames them.' There! there! go and put your bonnet on. Oh, my God, what is my heart made of! How it lives and lives, when other girls' hearts would have died in them long ago!"

In half an hour more she and Mrs. Wragge were seated together in the carriage. One of the horses was restive at starting. "Flog him," she cried, angrily, to the driver. "What are you frightened about? Flog him! Suppose the carriage was upset," she said, turning suddenly to her companion; "and suppose I was thrown out and killed on the spot? Nonsense! don't look at me in that way. I'm like your husband; I have a dash of humor, and I'm only joking."

They were out the whole day. When they reached home again it was after dark. The long succession of hours passed in the fresh air left them both with the same sense of fatigue. Again that night Magdalen slept the deep dreamless sleep of the night before. And so the Friday closed.

Her last thought at night had been the thought which had sustained her throughout the day. She had laid her head on the pillow with the same reckless resolution to submit to the coming trial which had already expressed itself in words when she and Mrs. Wragge met by accident on the stairs. When she woke on the morning of Saturday the resolution was gone. The Friday's thoughts—the Friday's events even—were blotted out of her mind. Once again, creeping chill through the flow of her young blood, she felt the slow and deadly prompting of despair which had come to her in the waning

moonlight, which had whispered to her in the awful calm.

"I saw the end as the end must be," she said to herself, "on Thursday night. I have been wrong ever since."

When she and her companion met that morning she reiterated her complaint of suffering from the toothache; she repeated her refusal to allow Mrs. Wragge to procure a remedy; she left the house after breakfast, in the direction of the chemist's shop, exactly as she had left it on the morning before.

This time she entered the shop without an instant's hesitation.

"I have got an attack of toothache," she said abruptly to an elderly man who stood behind the counter.

"May I look at the tooth, Miss?"

"There is no necessity to look. It is a hollow tooth. I think I have caught cold in it."

The chemist recommended various remedies which were in vogue fifteen years since. She declined purchasing any of them.

"I have always found Laudanum relieve the pain better than any thing else," she said, trifling with the bottles on the counter, and looking at them while she spoke, instead of looking at the chemist. "Let me have some Laudanum."

"Certainly, Miss. Excuse my asking the question—it is only a matter of form. You are staying at Aldborough, I think?"

"Yes. I am Miss Bygrave, of North Shingles."

The chemist bowed; and, turning to his shelves, filled an ordinary half-ounce bottle with laudanum immediately. In ascertaining his customer's name and address beforehand the owner of the shop had taken a precaution which was natural to a careful man, but which was by no means universal, under similar circumstances, in the state of the law at that time.

"Shall I put you up a little cotton-wool with the laudanum?" he asked, after he had placed a label on the bottle, and had written a word on it in large letters.

"If you please. What have you just written on the bottle?" She put the question sharply, with something of distrust as well as curiosity in her manner.

The chemist answered the question by turning the label toward her. She saw written on it, in large letters—POISON.

"I like to be on the safe side, Miss," said the old man, smiling. "Very worthy people in other respects are often sadly careless where poisons are concerned."

She began trifling again with the bottles on the counter, and put another question, with an ill-concealed anxiety to hear the answer.

"Is there danger," she asked, "in such a little drop of laudanum as that?"

"There is Death in it, Miss," replied the chemist, quietly.

"Death to a child, or to a person in delicate health?"

"Death to the strongest man in England, let him be who he may."

With that answer the chemist sealed up the bottle in its wrapping of white paper, and handed the laudanum to Magdalen across the counter. She laughed as she took it from him and paid for it.

"There will be no fear of accidents at North Shingles," she said. "I shall keep the bottle locked up in my dressing-case. If it doesn't relieve the pain, I must come to you again and try some other remedy. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Miss."

She went straight back to the house without once looking up—without noticing any one who passed her. She brushed by Mrs. Wragge in the passage as she might have brushed by a piece of furniture. She ascended the stairs, and caught her foot twice in her dress from sheer inattention to the common precaution of holding it up. The trivial daily interests of life had lost their hold on her already.

In the privacy of her own room she took the bottle from its wrapping, and threw the paper and the cotton-wool into the fire-place. At the moment when she did this there was a knock at the door. She hid the little bottle, and looked up impatiently. Mrs. Wragge came into the room.

"Have you got something for your toothache, my dear?"

"Yes."

"Can I do any thing to help you?"

"No."

Mrs. Wragge still lingered uneasily near the door. Her manner showed plainly that she had something more to say.

"What is it?" asked Magdalen, sharply.

"Don't be angry," said Mrs. Wragge. "I'm not settled in my mind about the captain. He's a great writer—and he hasn't written. He's as quick as lightning—and he hasn't come back. Here's Saturday, and no signs of him. Has he run away, do you think? Has any thing happened to him?"

"I should think not. Go down stairs; I'll come and speak to you about it directly."

As soon as she was alone again Magdalen rose from her chair, advanced toward a cupboard in the room which locked, and paused for a moment, with her hand on the key, in doubt. Mrs. Wragge's appearance had disturbed the whole current of her thoughts. Mrs. Wragge's last question, trifling as it was, had checked her on the verge of the precipice—had roused the old vain hope in her once more of release by accident.

"Why not?" she said. "Why may something not have happened to one of them?"

She placed the laudanum in the cupboard, locked it, and put the key in her pocket. "Time enough still," she thought, "before Monday. I'll wait till the captain comes back."

After some consultation down stairs it was agreed that the servant should sit up that night in expectation of her master's return. The day passed quietly, without events of any kind. Magdalen dreamed away the hours over a book. A weary patience of expectation was all she felt now—the poignant torment of thought was dulled and blunted at last. She passed the day and the evening in the parlor, vaguely conscious of a strange feeling of aversion to going back to her own room. As the night advanced, as the noises ceased indoors and out, her restlessness began to return. She endeavored to quiet herself by reading. Books failed to fix her attention. The newspaper was lying in a corner of the room: she tried the newspaper next.

She looked mechanically at the headings of the articles; she listlessly turned over page after page, until her wandering attention was arrested by the narrative of an execution in a distant part of England. There was nothing to strike her in the story of the crime, and yet she read it. It was a common, horribly-common, act of bloodshed—the murder of a woman in farm-service by a man in the same employment who was jealous of her. He had been convicted on no extraordinary evidence; he had been hanged under no unusual circumstances. He had made his confession, when he knew there was no hope for him, like other criminals of his class; and the newspaper had printed it at the end of the article, in these terms:

> I kept company with the deceased for a year or thereabouts. I said I would marry her when I had money enough. She said I had money enough now. We had a quarrel. She refused to walk out with me any more; she wouldn't draw me my beer; she took up with my fellow-servant, David Crouch. I went to her on the Saturday and said I would marry her as soon as we could be asked in church, if she would give up Crouch. She laughed at me. She turned me out of the wash-house, and the rest of them saw her turn me out. I was not easy in my mind. I went and sat on a gate—the gate on the meadow they call Pettit's Piece. I thought I would shoot her. I went and fetched my gun and loaded it. I went out into Pettit's Piece again. I was hard put to it to make up my mind. I thought I would try my luck—I mean try whether to kill her or not—by throwing up the Spud of the plow into the air. I said to myself, if it falls flat, I'll spare her; if it falls point in the earth, I'll kill her. I took a good swing with it and shied it up. It fell point in the earth. I went and shot her. It was a bad job, but I did it. I did it, as they said I did it at the trial. I hope the Lord will have mercy on me. I wish my mother to have my old clothes. I have no more to say.

In the happier days of her life Magdalen would have passed over the narrative of the execution, and the printed confession which accompanied it, unread—the subject would have failed to attract her. She read the horrible story now—read it with an interest unintelligible to herself. Her attention, which had wandered over higher and better things, followed every sentence of the murderer's hideously direct confession from beginning to end. If the man or the woman had been known to her—if the place had been familiar to her memory—she could hardly have followed the narrative more closely, or have felt a more distinct impression of it left on her mind. She laid down the paper, wondering at herself; she took it up once more and tried to read some other portion of the contents. The effort was useless; her attention wandered again. She threw the paper away and went out into the garden. The night was dark, the stars were few and faint. She could just see the gravel walk—she could just pace it backward and forward between the house-door and the gate.

The confession in the newspaper had taken a fearful hold on her mind. As she paced the walk the black night opened over the sea, and showed her the murderer in the field hurling the Spud of the plow into the air. She ran, shuddering, back to the house. The murderer followed her into the parlor. She seized the candle and went up into her room. The vision of her own distempered fancy followed her to the place where the laudanum was hidden, and vanished there.

It was midnight, and there was no sign yet of the captain's return.

She took from the writing-case the long letter which she had written to Norah, and slowly read it through. The letter quieted her. When she reached the blank space left at the end she hurriedly turned back and began it over again.

One o'clock struck from the church clock, and still the captain never appeared.

She read the letter for the second time: she turned back obstinately, despairingly, and began it for the third time. As she once more reached the last page she looked at her watch. It was a quarter to two. She had just put the watch back in the belt of her dress when there came to her—far off in the stillness of the morning—a sound of wheels.

She dropped the letter, and clasped her cold hands in her lap and listened. The sound came on, faster and faster, nearer and nearer—the trivial sound to all other ears; the sound of Doom to hers. It passed the side of the house; it traveled a little further on; it stopped. She heard a loud knocking—then the opening of a window—then voices—then a long silence—then the wheels again, coming back—then the opening of the door below, and the sound of the captain's voice in the passage.

She could endure it no longer. She opened her door a little way and called to him.

He ran up stairs instantly, astonished that she was not in bed. She spoke to him through the narrow opening of the door, keeping herself hidden behind it, for she was afraid to let him see her face.

"Has any thing gone wrong?" she asked.

"Make your mind easy," he answered. "Nothing has gone wrong."

"Is no accident likely to happen between this and Monday?"

"None whatever. The marriage is a certainty."

"A certainty?"

"Yes."

"Good-night."

She put her hand out through the door. He took it with some little surprise: it was not often in his experience that she gave him her hand of her own accord.

"You have sat up too long," he said, as he felt the clasp of her cold fingers. "I am afraid you will have a bad night—I'm afraid you will not sleep."

She softly closed the door.

"I shall sleep," she said, "sounder than you think for."

It was past two o'clock when she shut herself up alone in her room. Her chair stood in its customary place by the toilet-table. She sat down for a few minutes thoughtfully—then opened her letter to Norah, and turned to the end, where the blank space was left. The last lines written above the space ran thus:

> I have laid my whole heart bare to you; I have hidden nothing. It has come to this. The end I have toiled for at such terrible cost to myself, is an end which I must reach, or die. It is wickedness, madness, what you will—but it is so. There are now two journeys before me to choose between. If I can marry him—the journey to the church. If the profanation of myself is more than I can bear—the journey to the grave!

Under that last sentence she wrote these lines:

> My choice is made. If the cruel law will let you, lay me with my father and mother in the church-yard at home. Farewell, my love! Be always innocent; be always happy. If Frank ever asks about me, say I died forgiving him. Don't grieve long for me, Norah—I am not worth it.

She sealed the letter and addressed it to her sister. The tears gathered in her eyes as she laid it on the table. She waited until her sight was clear again, and then took the bank-notes once more from the little bag in her bosom. After wrapping them in a sheet of note-paper, she wrote Captain Wragge's name on the inclosure, and added these words below it: "Lock the door of my room, and leave me till my sister comes. The money I promised you is in this. You are not to blame; it is my fault, and mine only. If you have any friendly remembrance of me, be kind to your wife for my sake."

After placing the inclosure by the letter to Norah, she rose and looked round the room. Some few little things in it were not in their places. She set them in order, and drew the curtains on either side at the head of her bed. Her own dress was the next object of her scrutiny. It was all as neat, as pure, as prettily arranged as ever. Nothing about her was disordered but her hair. Some tresses had fallen loose on one side of her head; she carefully put them back in their places, with the help of her glass. "How pale I look!" she thought, with a faint smile. "Shall I be paler still when they find me in the morning?"

She went straight to the place where the laudanum was hidden and took it out. The bottle was so small that it lay easily in the palm of her hand. She let it remain there for a little while, and stood looking at it.

"DEATH!" she said. "In this drop of brown drink—DEATH!"

As the words passed her lips an agony of unutterable horror seized on her in an instant. She crossed the room unsteadily, with a maddening confusion in her head, with a suffocating anguish at her heart. She caught at the table to support herself. The faint clink of the bottle, as it fell harmlessly from her loosened grasp and rolled against some porcelain object on the table, struck through her brain like the stroke of a knife. The sound of her own voice, sunk to a whisper—her voice only uttering that one word, Death—rushed in her ears like the rushing of a wind. She dragged herself to the bedside, and rested her head against it, sitting on the floor. "Oh, my life! my life!" she thought; "what is my life worth that I cling to it like this?"

An interval passed, and she felt her strength returning. She raised herself on her knees and hid her face on the bed. She tried to pray—to pray to be forgiven for seeking the refuge of death. Frantic words burst from her lips—words which would have risen to cries if she had not stifled them in the bed-clothes. She started to her feet; despair strengthened her with a headlong fury against herself. In one moment she was back at the table; in another the poison was once more in her hand.

She removed the cork and lifted the bottle to her mouth.

At the first cold touch of the glass on her lips her strong young life leaped up in her leaping blood, and fought with the whole frenzy of its loathing against the close terror of Death. Every active power in the exuberant vital force that was in her rose in revolt against the destruction which her own will would fain have wreaked on her own life. She paused: for the second time she paused in spite of herself. There, in the glorious perfection of her youth and health—there, trembling on the verge of human existence, she stood, with the kiss of the Destroyer close at her lips, and Nature, faithful to its sacred trust, fighting for the salvation of her to the last.

No word passed her lips. Her cheeks flushed deep, her breath came thick and fast. With the poison still in her hand, with the sense that she might faint in another moment, she made for the window and threw back the curtain that covered it.

The new day had risen. The broad, gray dawn flowed in on her over the quiet eastern sea.

She saw the waters, heaving large and silent in the misty calm; she felt the fresh breath of the morning flutter cool on her face. Her strength returned; her mind cleared a little. At the sight of the sea her memory recalled the walk in the garden overnight, and the picture which her distempered fancy had painted on the black void. In thought, she saw the picture again—the murderer hurling the Spud of the plow into the air, and setting the life or death of the woman who had deserted him on the hazard of the falling point. The infection of that terrible superstition seized on her mind as suddenly as the new day had burst on her view. The promise of release which she saw in it from the horror of her own hesitation roused the last energies of her despair. She resolved to end the struggle by setting her life or death on the hazard of a chance.

On what chance?

The sea showed it to her. Dimly distinguishable through the mist she saw a little fleet of coasting vessels slowly drifting toward the house, all following the same direction with the favoring set of the tide. In half an hour—perhaps in less—the fleet would have passed her window. The hands of her watch pointed to four o'clock. She seated herself close at the side of the window, with her back toward the quarter from which the vessels were drifting down on her—with the poison placed on the window-sill and the watch on her lap. For one half hour to come she determined to wait there and count the vessels as they went by. If, in that time, an even number passed her, the sign given should be a sign to live. If the uneven number prevailed, the end should be Death.

With that final resolution she rested her head against the window, and waited for the ships to pass.

The first came—high, dark, and near in the mist—gliding silently over the silent sea. An interval, and the second followed, with the third close after it. Another interval, longer and longer drawn out, and nothing passed. She looked at her watch. Twelve minutes, and three ships. Three.

The fourth came; slower than the rest, larger than the rest, farther off in the mist than the rest. The interval followed—a long interval once more. Then the next vessel passed—darkest and nearest of all. Five. The next uneven number—Five.

She looked at her watch again. Nineteen minutes, and five ships. Twenty minutes, twenty-one, two, three, and no sixth vessel. Twenty-four, and the sixth came by. Twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, and the next uneven number—the fatal Seven—glided into view. Two minutes to the end of the half hour. And seven ships.

Twenty-nine, and nothing followed in the wake of the seventh ship. The minute-hand of the watch moved on half-way to thirty, and still the white heaving sea was a misty blank. Without moving her head from the window she took the poison in one hand and raised the watch in the other. As the quick seconds counted each other out, her eyes, as quick as they, looked from the watch to the sea, from the sea to the watch—looked for the last time at the sea—and saw the EIGHTH ship.

Life! At the last moment, Life!

She never moved; she never spoke. The death of thought, the death of feeling, seemed to have come to her already. She put back the poison mechanically on the ledge of the window, and watched, as in a dream, the ship gliding smoothly on its silent way—gliding till it melted dimly into shadow—gliding till it was lost in the mist.

The strain on her mind relaxed when the Messenger of Life had passed from her sight.

"Providence?" she whispered, faintly to herself. "Or Chance?"

Her eyes closed and her head fell back. When the sense of life returned to her the morning sun was warm on her face—the blue heaven looked down on her—and the sea was a sea of gold.

She fell on her knees at the window and burst into tears.

* * * * * * * *

Toward noon that day, the captain, waiting below stairs, and hearing no movement in Magdalen's room, felt uneasy at the long silence. He desired the new maid to follow him up stairs, and, pointing to the door, told her to go in softly, and see whether her mistress was awake.

The maid entered the room, remained there a moment, and came out again, closing the door gently.

"She looks beautiful, Sir," said the girl; "and she's sleeping as quietly as a new-born child."

THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST.

ON page 651 we publish several illustrations of JACKSON, TENNESSEE, and of SCENES ON THE RAILROAD between Columbus and Corinth, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Alexander Simplot. Mr. Simplot writes:

"CORINTH, *September* 19, 1862.

"I herewith send you a couple of sketches from Jackson, Tennessee. This place is the largest on the railroad from Columbus to Corinth, and is a fine town. Pretty dwellings embowered in trees meet the eye at almost every turn.

"Brigadier-General John A. Logan has command of the post, and is fortifying it very strongly.

"The enemy is known to have a great desire to repossess the town, and an attack from them is momentarily expected. All the streets entering into the city are barricaded with cotton bales, and, from appearance, are fully sufficient to oppose the ingress of a very large force.

"Near the dépôt is a cotton fort—a sketch of which I send you—for the protection of that portion of the town. It is amply provided with water reservoirs, in the shape of barrels sunk into the ground, to stand a long siege.

"An engineer on General Logan's staff has constructed an admirable railroad battery for the protection of the road from guerrilla raids. They have as yet had but one occasion to use it, and that was at Henderson, a few days since, where the woods were shelled sufficiently to make it too hot to hold the rebels. At every trestle-work or bridge along the road are stationed a few soldiers as guard, and it is to this we owe our security as we go dashing along at a headlong pace."

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, FOUGHT SEPTEMBER 17, 1862—GENERAL MANSFI

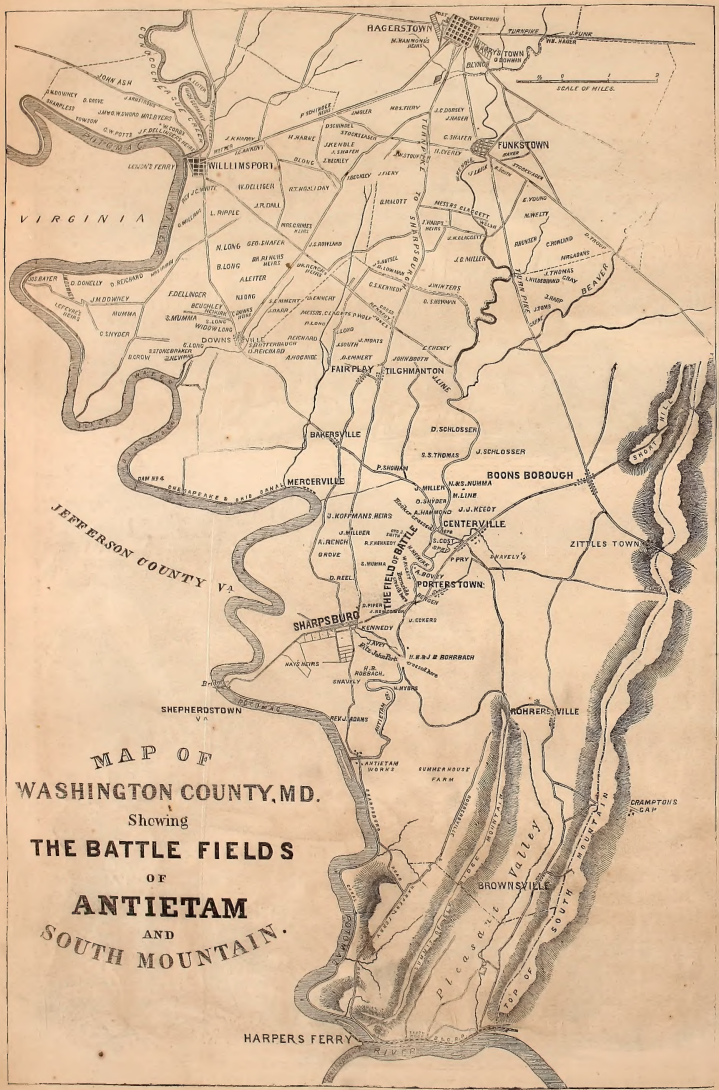


THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM—BURNING OF MR. MUMMA'S HOUSE AND BARNS.—Sketched by Mr A. R. Waud.—[See Page 635.]

CORPS IN POSITION IN THE CENTRE.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 654.]



THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM—CARRYING OFF THE WOUNDED AFTER THE BATTLE.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 655.]


HAGERSTOWN
FUNKSTOWN
WILLIAMSPORT
VIRGINIA
FAIRPLAY
TILGHMANTON
BAKERSVILLE
MERCERVILLE
BOONS BOROUGH
CENTERVILLE
ZITTLES TOWN
PORTERSTOWN
SHARPSBURG
SHEPHERDSTOWN
ROHRERSVILLE
BROWNSVILLE
HARPERS FERRY
JEFFERSON COUNTY VA.
SCALE OF MILES.
MAP OF
WASHINGTON COUNTY, MD.
Showing
THE BATTLE FIELDS
OF
ANTIETAM
AND
SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

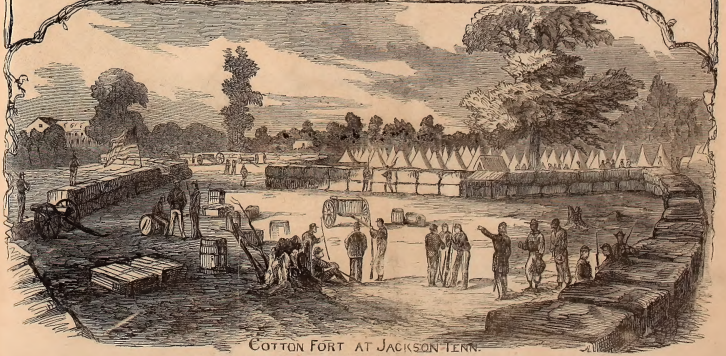


COURT-HOUSE SQUARE JACKSON TENN



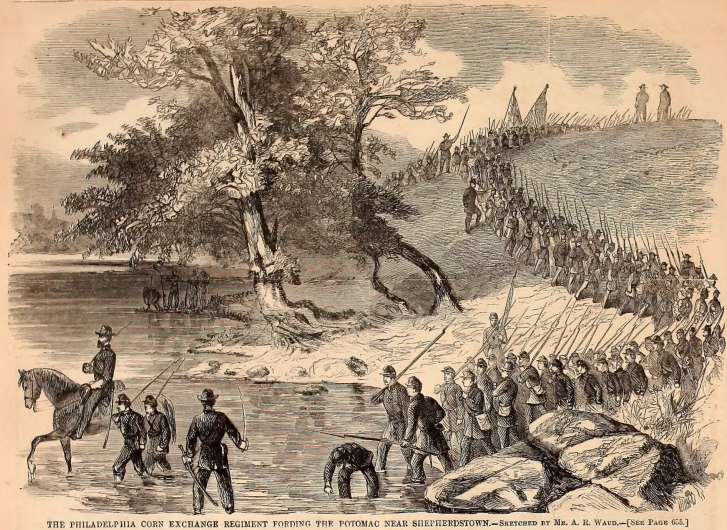
A RAIL-ROAD BATTERY

EARTHWORK TO PROTECT THE R.R.S.

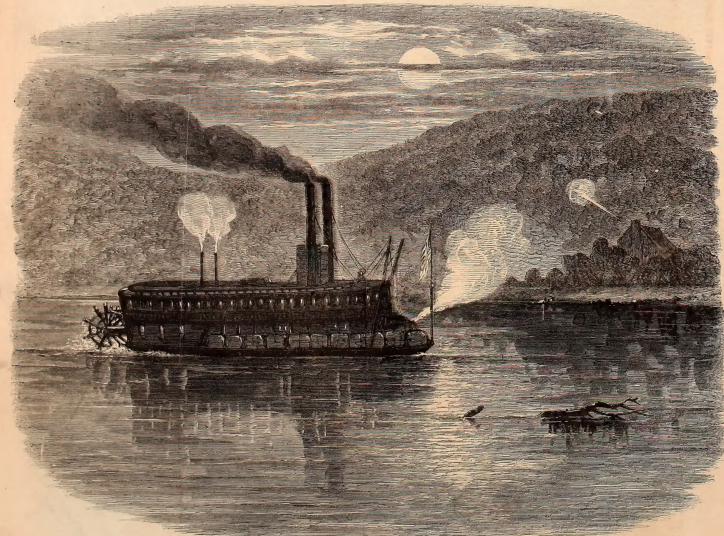


COTTON FORT AT JACKSON TENN.

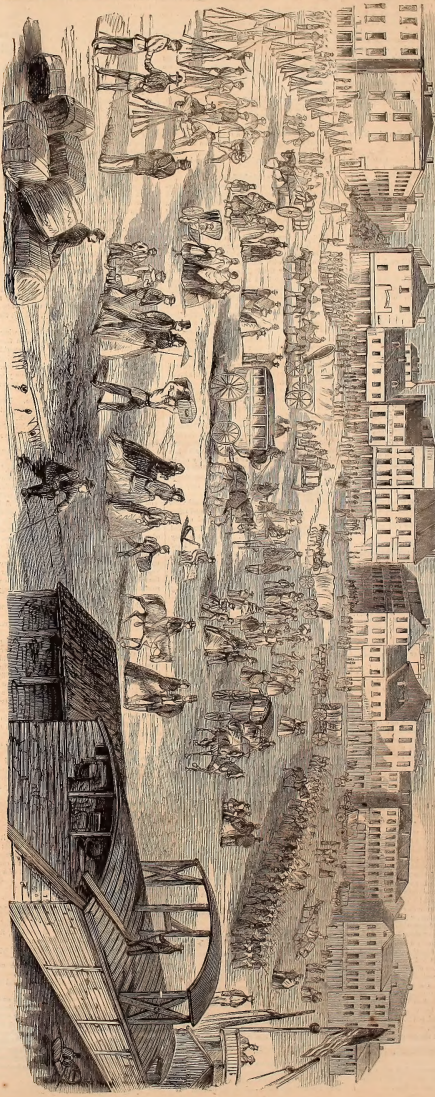
THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 647.]



THE PHILADELPHIA CORN EXCHANGE REGIMENT FORDING THE POTOMAC NEAR SHEPHERDSTOWN.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 655.]



SHELLING THE REBELS ON THE KENTUCKY BANKS OF THE OHIO RIVER.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOLLER.—[SEE PAGE 655.]



THE WHARF AT LOUISVILLE—THE INHABITANTS LEAVING THE CITY—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSER.—[SEE PAGE 656.]

THE LOUISVILLE SCARE.

On the preceding page we reproduce a picture of Mr. Meeker's representing the

PARTIAL EVACUATION OF LOUISVILLE

by the women and children, in consequence of the approach of Bragg's army. On the 23d September General Nelson issued the following order, in addition to which the scare with a declaration that all probability it would become necessary to evacuate the city:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF KENTUCKY,
LOUISVILLE, SEPT. 23, 1862.

The women and children of this city will prepare to leave the city without delay. By order of
GENERAL NELSON.
J. EDWARD STACEY, A. A. G.

SPECIAL ORDERS—No. 22.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF KENTUCKY,
LOUISVILLE, SEPT. 23, 1862.

1. The Jeffersonville Ferry will be used exclusively for military purposes. Private vehicles will not be allowed to go aboard of the ferry-boats without a special permit from these head-quarters. Persons on foot will pass as usual. This order will go into effect at 12 M. to-day.

By command of
J. EDWARD STACEY, A. A. A. G.

The publication of these orders created a terrible flurry at Louisville, and General Nelson has been much blamed for issuing them. But they may have helped to convince Bragg of the hopelessness of his enterprise, for he would not naturally care to cause the destruction of such a city as Louisville, and the order showed him plainly that the place would not be evacuated. On news being received of the retreat of the enemy business was resumed, and the people of Louisville returned to their homes.

IN EARNEST.

HERMY and there was a rift of grayish cloud formed with the sunset, but the rain fell in sheets of cloud hills, not with sweety buss and glowing tops, but sullen inky forms; all the country round lay in one sodden desert stretch, water running with tiny foam crests, wind moaning; all the landscape hushed and sad, as if waiting in silent conversation for the mischief that air and wave were brewing.

It was only on the very lowly of the great Barnole's left the drawing-room because there was a fire in the library, and as some one said, "it was such a comfort to get cedar shavings enough for all the bright things were not dead." They were gossiping and lounging in the library, and the bright pine cracken in purpose and vacant in heart will, while apart in the window, half behind the curtains, Maisel Winthrop told slowly to

"No danger shall affright, no difficulties intimidate me, and in the support of our rights we are called to encounter even death, we will not be daunted, sensible that he can not die too soon who has done well for the support of the rights and liberties of his country."

That was what the American David said in 17— to the English Goliah, the assured words of men who have the truth and are in earnest about it.

"Are any of us in such solemn earnest?" thought Mabel, sighing, as she looked around her.

There was Del Cameron and her brother Reginald in the alcove of one of the bay windows, for a low-spoken word she had turned her head half away, her color slightly heightened, her eyes with the slight quiver of the full lips, the gleam in the downcast eyes; it was only another flirtation on the lis of Del's foolish that season of it, and Reginald, for what or whom did he care? Mabel, his sister, could hardly know as yet. He was an Eastern story, he had angled for gold and silver fish that turned black in the frying, and died utstering threat of prophecy; he had plucked apples of Sodom and fed on ashes; he had ridden enchanted horses of dumsy to dizzy height of exhilaration, and returned to earth with the eye of Faith put out; at last coldly resigned himself to exist.

Then was Viola Bernole and Alice current enough about each other; nuccing Mayne Warren certainly in earnest about Isabel Stewart's fortune, it hardly seemed to matter which; Hesperia, wife of Grant Barnole, and other cadet matrons enthusiastic over their babies and their husband's promotions; in a corner Grant Barnole and Jack Delaunay discussing a military reputation after approved fifth-table cancen, and having it well down at last every body closed in at the death with his or her particular thrust.

Mabel listened with eyes growing suspiciously soft and dark, like the summer sky before rain, and at last—

"Do you think people talked like that in 1775?" came out from the window in a voice a little impatient and tremulous.

Every body stared blankly, trying to piece the question and the conversation together. Reginald found the clew first in the book still lying open on her lap.

"Oh! you have been reading up; but your history knows nothing of the tea-table gossip and about-the-fire that. Hearts were made of much the same stuff than as now."

"Yes; but there is a difference. I can't explain, but I can feel it.

Reginald seemed to dismiss the subject with a careless jest, but Mabel turned toward him with a distressed and quivering face that he stopped short; and she looked disliked impatience, and suddenly the infection of her pain, waking feelings forgotten under the tea-spoon of his selfish wakefulness, followed by words crisp and stinging.

"You are right. Those queer, prim-powdered people were in desperate, deadly earnest, and we are not. That is just the difference."

Half a dozen voices broke out in full cry, "Not in earnest!"—the very thing that every body is talking about, that the papers are urging.

"Exactly," replying—every face urging somebody else. The Government — the army — the mass—our neighbors—my own but ourselves. It is high time for somebody to do it, and there is very much in earnest indeed. The handwriting is already on the wall. If some one don't bestir himself, who knows how soon the fun will come crashing in among us? One man or woman's effort is but a drop toward the wave, therefore valueless; but if enterprise could only infect us in the lump—by thirties and forties—because there is such desperate necessity that somebody should do something to tighten that mischievous screw that is turned 'loose' in every one's mouth, and near no one's grasp."

People sat aghast—partly at the heresy, partly at the source. Speech could have been expected from the marble-lipped Plato over their heads with as much reason as any young person like Reginald Winthrop.

Mabel left her seat to cover to him and take his hand in both of hers.

"Why not be in earnest, then? You who, if you would—"

He placed a finger on her lips.

"Have I ever announced myself as a candidate for martyrdom? and besides, though I call our vanity at vaulties loudly as any Solomon, am I such a shuttlekin in the stock, drawing my dividends with tolerable complacency? I kindle sometimes at noble possibilities, just as I like a ballet, with much of the same reason—our mother sang it. We have all had our dreams, and perhaps it is now that for the middle-aged imaginations are stupified; but facts or dreams, they are dead enough now, make our playthetics as broad as we will, and see you are getting tired."

"I don't believe it, I won't believe it!" burst out Mabel, quite passionately.

"You need not," said a quiet voice, as a gentleman who had entered during the discussion now came forward. "You do not believe, and if we are, it is not of necessity."

Mabel rose up cross and excited.

"Oh! Dr. Philips. Now you will help me."

(Reginald, cool and half displeased), "But we never met discussing here."

"That, however, is your creed."

"If you mean that I believe that each man and woman is entitled to the full enjoyment of life and interest, the only difference lying between base and lofty enjoyment—yes, I suppose I do."

"We are so many spoiled children newly come to an estate contested and in confusion; we have yet to earn that we are worthy to enjoy it, and we are too slow in coming to knowledge of the truth; but the estate is left to us, and we shall not, and will not lift our birthright of liberty for a mess of pottage. God gave it us, and by his grace we will preserve it."

"From which I infer that Dr. Philips has volunteered for performing his share of the work," said Reginald, smoothly.

"I have. I am here to spend my last day with you all."

The answer was most unexpected. Every one started a little, but still Reginald was incredulous.

"Do you mean to enlist, or is it a medical mission?"—which, translated by the air of eye and lip, meant in the ranks, vulgar, "If it is not so very serious in a country doctor to accept an opening to distinction."

"Yes, as a private."

This time people gasped, as after a shower-bath, and Grant said with a little irritation—

"Thorston, I believe that you are in the incipient stages of brain fever, and that I should be justified in ordering you to bed, even without a physician."

A smile, sweet but how unutterably sad, shone out in the clear blue eyes.

"Et tu Brute! don't you see that any gentlemen that can be spared must, scores can as a private."

"But the degradation! the association!" said Grant cool and sarcastic as he had plucked apples of Sodom and fed on ashes; he had ridden enchanted horses of dumsy to dizzy height of exhilaration, and returned to earth with the eye of Faith put out; at last coldly resigned himself to exist.

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She sat down before her dressing-table, her long hair falling all about her slender waist, her chin supported in her hands, staring fixedly into the glass, and Hesperia, who had followed, watching her under pretense of playing with her fat golden haired baby, and chattering something after this fashion.

"When are you going to town, Mabel? I am in a hurry for *Le Monsieur*. Some one told me they mean to wear short cloaks. Won't it be dreadful?"

"Very."

"Do you like them?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Then I suppose that you suppose that you like them; which do you mean, Belle?"

"I—don't—what were you saying?"

"That it is such a pity that Thornton Philips is going."

Mabel jumped up and began to do up her hair with energy.

"You will lose a good physician."

"Do you know," went on Hesperia, as if entirely absorbed in her own speculations, "that I think we are going—Ella, stop, was there ever such a mischief?—going to develop a romance? Del Cameron, I think, really likes Thornton.—Don't you, Mabel? Ella—Belle has some queer ideas of nobility, and the love of a man like him might make of her a true-hearted woman."

"I am sure I don't see what it has to do with my heart," answers Mabel with unusual distinctness, very busy and preoccupied with her hair, which crowds into her hair very hard indeed, at which deepchesting Hesperia put down her head to indulge in a little giggle, and she went on baby.

"Only I must say," went on this consistent Mabel, from under the floating white shirt just then going over her head, "that there is a certain degree of propriety to be expected even from Del Cameron—there is a limit to her thought (cottoning up her dress vigorously) that Thornton Philips had too much sense to make himself so ridiculous."

"Oh! but I think we are never sensible, my dear; with which axiom the two ladies go down the broad staircase together.

Hitherto I have said nothing of Mabel's beauty, because I hardly knew how to translate into words her bright and delicate style, or thought to seize and locate. I might, like Olivia, give an inventory of features—their color, form, eyes, line top lip indifferent red, and still you would not see Mabel. It was a certain morning—seeming as if she had just dawned from somewhere, with a look as a child's eyes have just waked, and with the sweet solemnity of the day-spell still upon it, that was the subtle secret of her attraction, which made the people in the drawing-room below start a little, as though they had not seen her exactly in that light before.

Del Cameron with one glance (feminine) took in every thing, from the soft rolls of hair and mistaken dress to the pure calm enthroned on her forehead, and her face lengthened visibly, but blind Thornton Philips saw nothing. He was busy looking into Del's blue eyes and singing "How can I leave thee?" with an emphasis.

Reginald, in the background, viewed in the light of the conversation near the book-case, was unconscious, but Mabel, who had been provided with a meaning smile to Thornton, who nothing daunted turned to Del with

"Will it be a ta ta thy heart

And think of me."

"Brava!" cried Reginald, as Del took the favor at which that young lady had the grace to blush.

"No, eleven, isn't this?" asked Jack Delaunay, who had always admired Mabel, coming to sit by her on the sofa.

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that Mabel is Del's eleventh flirtation. I have been keeping count. There was Charlie Stevens, and Jenkins—"

"Spare the list! I will take your word."

"I think, though, this is serious. Del has been angling for Thornton all summer, simply because he fought shy of her; and now, if he is in love, I suppose that she is."

"You call that love?"

"Why not? There are half a dozen different kinds of love. It has its varieties, like the rose, and fever, or any other epidemic. There is the mushroom growth—for example, when the Champagne sort, the slow product of years, the fierce passion that lives cycles in a week, the deep self-sacrificing devotion that lasts for life and soul, and then— There is the dinner-bell. Permit me to leave you."

That was a lamentable dinner indeed. They sat opposite Thornton and Del. If Mabel turned every body seemed to think that she was cold, and looked she was afraid that she should care. She could not keep her wandering attention on Jack Delaunay, who was grave piqued and sullen; but it was hardly over when the Doctor came to bid her good-by.

"Miss Winthrop, you will not refuse me a game of chess—our last, perhaps," at the same time commencing to arrange the pieces as if nothing was impossible.

The table stood a little apart in the recess of a window opening directly on the grounds. The light curtains, lifting and swaying with little puffs of wind, shut in the rest of the drawing-room in a measure. Jack Delaunay and Del walked away; Reginald, engaged with a book, left Mabel quite alone; and having neared nature, though ever so little, felt in her truthful presence the utter pitiableness of the whole scene existing. Thornton certainly Mabel had thrown aside her smile and carelessness look like a mask, and sat sober and silent, looking down at the board; while the keen, cold speculation that had dwelt in the Doctor's eyes all day melted away into soft depths of feeling, and his voice trembled slightly when he commenced to play.

"Miss Mabel, suppose we try and add interest to the game by putting on stakes. Say, for instance, that, if I win, you will—you will—"

Mabel looked and crimsoned on the instant. It was the betrothal ring of the Thorntons—diamonds in an antique setting, with their motto, "Fidelis," graved on the gold. His eyes were fixed full on her, questioning, yet combating also resistance on her part. Impossible now to assume coldness; her first look had betrayed her; more impossible to meet his eyes. He had made the first move, and was waiting for her.

"And how if you lose?" she asked, with a faint hope of hurrying the affair into a jest.

"I shall not lose."

Now, if the floor would but have had bowels of compassion and opened to receive her, or an accommodating fairy godmother had only been on hand to whisk her into the chimney, it was pitiless. He would smile his triumph into her very eyes, the eyes that had kept him at such cool distance all summer. Del Zenobia chained to the drawing-wheels chafed more fiercely. With heart and soul she vowed to herself that he should not win. She was no contemptible player, and she bent all her energies on the game, but she was flurried, and her nervousness could not be determined; and so at last her heart gave a sudden quivering throb and was still, and even Thornton's steady face gleamed and quivered as he said under his breath, "Checkmate."

Some one parted the curtains, and bright golden hair and pink cheeks showed themselves in the opening. Del Cameron come to look after them.

"Who wins? What an age you have been!"

Mabel looked in dismay, but the fatal thing was gone, and the next moment half the chessmen were swept off by a careless touch of Thornton's. On one face he bent to recover them, and Mabel felt her hand seized under the table and pressed to a quickened lip, as she herself was slipped on her finger, emblem of what? She dared not look at it, but slipped away, and left the window to Del and Thornton.

The twilight was almost over, the drawing-room already lighted, and Mabel, sitting in the shadow of the lamps, the thing on her finger sparkled as if flashing out a laugh at her. Ethel, talking with Jack Delaunay and Hesperia, was in full career.

"How odd, and how pretty! Have you ever seen that ring before, Belle? I have never seen it."

Mabel's cheeks grew warm again. Hesperia smiled incredulously. Jack Delaunay looked pale, blank and smile, and his face grew dark.

"My mamma wore it many years, Miss Ethel," he said, with a world of meaning. "I have seen it before. It is not easily forgotten."

"It is an unusual pattern," said Ethel, indifferently, passing on into the hall lighted only by dim flame, and cool with the damp night-breeze. Out on the wide piazza the still night was moaning, sighing and brooding low over the earth, like a tender mother hearing over her cradle the sleeping babes. The vines hardly rustled on the trellis, and one could scarce have guessed at the neighboring ocean but for the light that here mirrored in its dark surface; but as she looked through the branches of a lately planted tree, a faint glimmer, and streamed from behind a jagged boulder of cloud up into the dark heavens a sudden glory, flowing up in golden and crimson and transparency and vapor islet, and throbbing in glancing ripples over the still water. At the moment Thornton's voice sounded behind her: "I have been looking for you. Here is your shawl."

"Oh, did I? I am glad you came. I wanted to give you 'this.'"

"This" was the ring. Thornton put it gravely back.

"One moment, Mabel, till I say what I exact more determinedly than I did. All this summer you have halted between two opinions. You did not hate me absolutely, I think, but always sounded in your ears that old 'Ought' and 'Duty' and 'Right,' and if ever at any time check began to glow and eye to kindle, you stiffened and kept down propriety. Now it is even worse. It will be 'a private in the army,' or at best "a commander in chief" at the front. Mabel, you are in my heart to live and die for you. If you will trust me, with God's help I will make your happiness. Choose now. Keep or give back the ring. I shall know how to interpret it."

The little hand had been extended was withdrawn, slowly, tremblingly, to cover a bowed and averted face, and then followed a hush, broken at last by Thornton: "I had forgotten in my selfishness. I have news for you."

"For me?"

"Yes. Reginald is going with me."

"As what?"

"A private."

It was too stupendous. Mabel received it by fibbs; takes fainting and recovering by turns; and now even when she read, as doubtless you did, reader, a few days ago, the two beloved names in a corner of a daily paper, the unpretending list of a few men who are in earnest.

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

We devote several pages this week to illustrations of the great BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, from sketches by our artist, Mr. A. R. Waud.

The long picture across pages 648 and 649 represents

THE BATTLE-FIELD ON THE RIGHT, WITH GEN. SUMNER'S CORPS JUST ENTERING INTO POSITION.

It was just at this moment that the General was killed. Mr. Waud writes:

"The battle-field is represented the woods on the left from which Hooker so gallantly drove the left wing of the rebel army, and also the woods on the right in which they took refuge, and which they subsequently held till they retreated, repulsing the efforts of our troops to drive them out. The fields between these woods were twice fought over, and thickly strewn with the dead and wounded. General Mansfield's corps is that where he is represented with his staff. In the corn-field beyond a battery is shown, drawn and firing. The infantry, in the front, lying down, is the Forty-third New York

Volunteers; beyond, in line-of-battle, the Third Wisconsin and Sixteenth Indiana. Toward the centre the brave Thirty-second New York Volunteers, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pinto, can be seen engaging the enemy's line; while in the distance the smoke of battle rises from the centre in all directions. The distant mountains are the same on which the battle of the Sunday previous was fought."

The Herald account says:

The army corps which has been under General Banks since the withdrawal of Gen. McClellan's forces to the vicinity of Washington was assigned to the command of the veteran General Sumner. It consists of three divisions, under the respective Generals Williams, Augur and Hooker, and is known in the name of action in close columns of companies, entering the field with a single line of battle, and with a strong reserve. General Williams's division occupied the right of the column on the left when the enemy opened the attack in the morning. The battle was raging fiercely on the right when our corps came up. With remarkable alacrity the divisions were placed in position, ready to push on to the contest. Four regiments of Williams's division being heavily, and sustained was required. Rapidly the regiments moved into position and were soon in the thick of the fight. General Mansfield was unfortunately wounded while directing the formation of his forces. A rebel sharp-shooter, seeing him mounted in front, within range of an excellent rifle, and evidently with a good eye, fired, and the bullet struck him in the breast. As a general officer, and a man of character and worth, he was deservedly held in high esteem by the whole army, and his wound was received in the most honorable manner, and becomes engaged in the important operations of the day. Immediately on the corps coming into action General Williams, being senior officer, assumed command of the corps, and General Gordon, of the First brigade, made a brigade, took charge of his division. The corps was formed in line of battle in the rear of Hooker's division, and entered a portion of that officer's brave but decimated regiments.

On page 644 we give the

CENTRE OF THE FIGHT.

Mr. Wood says: "At this point, in the course of the day, four batteries were posted in turn. They were chosen to represent the First Maryland Battery, which fought like fury for about two hours, and was put in the work of driving the invader from its native land, testifying to Maryland's loyalty by hard blows for the Union. Its battery was raised in Baltimore, and is armed with eight rifled light Parrott guns. In the picture is represented the ground upon which one of the rebel division lines was formed, the dead lying so thick as to mark distinctly their position right across the field. Here, on the right is a church on the edge of the rebel position in the woods, and in front of the church, the body of wife was enormous, the little road in front being filled (as well as the adjacent fields) with corpses. Turned the other way, the sketch is taken on the orchard, where there was some awful fighting, the dead lying piled up in groups. The lines were formed along the little hills from which the ground rises rising, where M'Clellan's artillery shelled the rebel positions with a murderous precision. The shells had one or two batteries badly used up in the fields near the little white church, among them the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry; but as the rebels retain claim the honor of their destruction, it will be yet as well perhaps to leave it an open question."

On page 641 we illustrate the

COURT OF HIGH DIGNITARIES OF SHARPSBURG,

who had no notion of being "delivered" by Jeff Davis. Mr. Wood says: "Sharpsburg contains a population of about 2000, mostly Germans, the exceptions being very few. It suffered considerable in the recent battle, several buildings being burned, one of them being destroyed by the explosion of the rebel soldiers who were cooking in it. All that was eatable they ate in Sharpsburg the night, and furniture they destroyed, even digging up things which the inhabitants had cached. Most of the citizens left the town with their wives and children, hiding in the surrounding country till the rebel horde had left. The inhabitants generally remained and pointed out to the Southern rebels the houses of prominent Union men, it is to be hoped will be dealt with as they deserve. It would be a good idea to confiscate their goods for the benefit of the sufferers."

On page 648 we give an illustration of the

BURNING OF MUNNA'S MILLS.

Mr. Wood writes: "The burned mills are seen in the centre of the picture. In the foreground is the Twelfth New York Volunteers, protected in the bed of the canal (from which most of the water has been run off) from the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, which the color-bearer is endeavoring to drive. The colors, presented to the regiment by the ladies of Syracuse, bear marks of shot and shell, and are as battle-scarred and worn that it would be difficult for the before-mentioned ladies to recognize them now."

Sharpsburg is almost entirely destroyed. A fellow correspondent says:

Nothing through Sharpsburg can be struck with the appearance of the village. You will remember it was occupied for several hours on Wednesday morning by the rebels, by Burnside's artillery. The terrible effects of the fire were instantly seen the moment we entered the town. Scarcely a house remained untouched. Chimneys were knocked down, fences were demolished, roofs riddled up and carried off, and almost every form of damage possible to conceive of as the result of a fierce cannonade was seen street. The large church, standing upon the left hand as the right of the village, was fairly riddled with shot and battered so terribly that a new edifice will have to be erected on the broken ground. Shells were found in the heart of the town had fourteen shots cut through them. Strange to say that to all this destruction and ruin of the village was killed or wounded. All did not leave, many remain shelter in the cellars of their houses.

On page 652 we publish a picture representing

THE CORN-EXCHANGE REGIMENT CROSSING THE POTOMAC,

in the advance of Fitz John Porter's corps. Mr. Wood writes: "This splendid regiment was one of those which crossed to reconnoitre the enemy's position on the opposite side, the whole brigade shortly engaging from the large force which the enemy brought against it. Some killed and a number of wounded were left on the opposite side, and were not brought over till the next day, when the rebel sharp-shooters having failed to prevent their use for some time, a number of the men went over and brought the wounded back."

Another picture on page 649, introduces us to the

HORRORS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

A *World* correspondent says:

The severest fighting of the war was followed by the most appalling sights upon the battle-field. Never, I believe, was the ground strewn with the bodies of the dead and the limbs of the wounded as upon the ridges and hillsides. Let those who desire to witness a great battle, and gratify themselves with a sight of the pomp and circumstance of war, go there, but let not the cries and groans of the wounded, and see the piles of dead men, in attitudes which show the terrible agony in which they died, distorted with the pains which afflicted the dead in their violent moments, be forgotten. Every orchard, wood, ditch, arms and legs torn from the body or the body itself torn asunder, and the whole ground, for the space of many hills, fill one with horror and sadness, and they will be content to leave the glorious pomp and circumstance of war to others, when they think upon the horrors of the field where the dead lie in their thousands, and the dying and wounded are scattered by hundreds. The faces of those who had fallen in the battle were, in many cases, turned upward, black from the sun and rain. Over-suspect that they had been white. All looked like negroes, and many of the dead in place where they had fallen, were quite black, they filled the by-standers with a sense of horror. The dead, and the dying scattered all over the field, and the ground where the heiles decomposing in the sun was almost unendurable. Burning after night from sharpshooting to Sharpsburg and the turnpike, it required the greatest care to keep my horse from trampling upon the dead, so closely were they strewn around. Along the line for not more than a mile at last one thousand dead Confederates were found.

On page 641 Mr. Waud introduces us to the present position of affairs by showing us

THE ENEMY ACROSS THE POTOMAC.

At the time he sketched they were within easy gun-shot of each other across the narrow river. Now, we learn, the barbarous custom of picketing has ceased.

OUR MAP.

On page 650 we give a Map of Washington County, Maryland, which shows not only every village and road, but every house, and likewise every farm in the county; and will be found of the greatest value.

ON THE UPPER POTOMAC.

On page 646 we reproduce three sketches by Mr. Davis, one of them representing THE LAST SHOT BY BROADIE OF UNION TROOPS moving from Hagerstown toward the battle-field of Antietam; another, THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ANTIETAM; and a third, HOSPITAL SCENE. General Kenly, late Provost Marshal of Baltimore, commanded the Maryland regiment which suffered so severely at Front Royal, is now in command of a Maryland brigade, in the advance of General M'Clellan's army. He is thorough soldier, and his men have proved that they are the right stuff. In the next battle we are much mistaken if they do not make themselves known. Mr. Davis writes that words fail to describe the kindness of the ladies of Hagerstown and the vicinity to our wounded. They are to be met at every house on the road and especially during the hospitals with articles of food and little comforts which "ministering angels" so well know how to procure. Many owe their kindness against the rude behavior of the secesh females of Baltimore, and remember only the former.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

On page 652 we give a picture, from a sketch by our special artist in Kentucky, Mr. H. Mosler, representing a GUN-BOAT IN THE OHIO on the look-out for rebels. Mr. Mosler writes:

"LOUISVILLE, *September*, 1862.

"Inclosed please find a sketch of the boats defending the Ohio River at this point. It might be forder, or stationed at different points to prevent the erection of batteries on the Kentucky shore. These boats are defended by bales of hay, and their pilot-houses made bullet-proof by heavy oak planking. They constantly traverse the banks of down the river, shelling the woods, as represented in my sketch."

JESSIE'S VOW.

In one of our large army hospitals—now, alas! a common sight,in this once peaceful country—a wounded boy lay dying. He was a mere child, mere boy. One glance at the fever-flush on his fair cheek, the unnatural brilliancy of the beautiful blue eyes, together with the physician's quiet movement that tossed the bright curls from his heated forehead, told with mournful certainty the tale that his hours were numbered.

Yet only a fellow-soldier sat beside him. No fond mother's or sister's hand bathed that fevered brow; and tender tones whispering words of love and comfort were wanting to the bedside of the dying lad. The physician approached him, and, used as he was to such scenes, said, sadly, "What child's name is this? Such a fair promising young boy, and to day so chance. Poor boy!" he continued, as he under stood, "I wonder where his mother is! but she could never get here in time. Well! it's fretting so much has done it." Here the kind doctor's voice trailed off in a whisper, and, stepping to the next patient, he left the soldier to his task as well as he pleased, passed on—he had no time to spend by any one case. The encouraging to talk—for the young soldier had his senses perfectly—he turned to his comrade, saying, "Will you hear me tell it, James? It wad mak the time soon shorter to speak out what is in my head. Well, then, I'll begin at the time when father, mither, Jessie, an I all lived in that sweet wee home wa among the Scotch mountains. We had na much, to be sure, but enough to keep ourselds, and some'at to spare for our poorer neighbors. Father was a farmer, and owned his farm well by some years, and it was na lang till she was promised to the minister of the place. A nice young man was he, an all the country round was glad when it was known. It came Jessie's birthday just three months before the wedding-day. She was very sad, as we kep saying how happy she had been at hame, an how no other spot could ever to to her what it had been; and then, in the middle of the dancing an fun, she up an threw her arms round my mither's neck, an vowed that always, on that evening, so lang as my mither was alive, she would come—whether 'in the body or in the spirit,' she would never fail.

"I read a hard word for her to speak, an many o' the neighbors shook their heads as they heard; an the talk went round the town that Jessie micht be buried by day, for fear o' a stranger.

Here the boy paused from extreme exhaustion, and his companion, one of the nurasses, seemed to be looking at something very far off; then, rousing himself, said, "I mean to short; it is near the time." A smile, unearthly, not one hearty was put as glad as children; till she was dead. Then the wedding-day would were removed. In crossing a little loch to visit some sick folk the boat was 'a overturned, for it was found floating; but we saw nae Jessie among us.

"Why 'twas a bitter time! My mither fretted mony a day, though she kenned it true, she couldna think of our bonnie lassie lying in the cauld at her husband's arms, on the stanes at the bottom of the loch. But she rested too. He wadna think that she was dead, but kep saying she wad soon be back to gladden our hearts ance mair; but she never came, an three, wi' sickning hearts waited for her lifetime; we kenned right weel that, dead or alive, her promise wad to us true.

"The night came, an we sat wi' open door an curtain drawn from the window (for when they come in they will only through the window they can look). We three by the bright fire sat waiting for the hour to have gone fortune. I heard it first, as, wi' the water dripping from her clothes, she cam swiftly up the walk, an, putting aside the rose-bush, knocked gently for one moment; then she was gone; but by that we kenned she was true. It seemed to my mither; so she said, when I left soon after to come here, I made the same vow, 'that so lang as my mither lived, whether in the body or out of it, I wad, as the same night, stand by Jessie's side;' an I mann," he added, his eyes brightening, and a cold damp gathering on his brow. "Does no one me? Don't you hear the water dripping frae her dress? My mither, wi' her long hair! See, she is putting the roses awa. How cold an clammy her hand is! It is dark!" and, with these words, fell back lifeless on the bed. In awe-struck silence his eyes were closed, and the cheeks of the bravest boy in the hospital that the spirit of the dead beloved and revered for unfailing tenderness and true courage might be, at that moment, standing by the sister it had so dearly loved, looking through the casement on the house and parents of their childhood, while the beautiful frame it had inhabited lay motionless before them.

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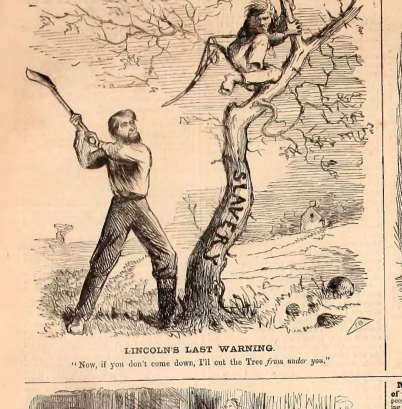
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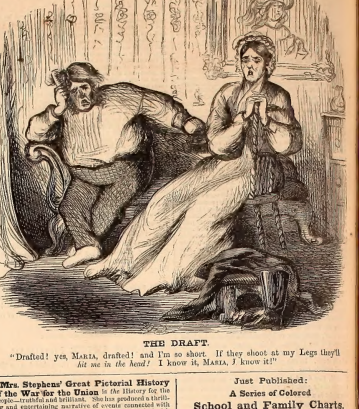
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MAJOR-GENERAL FRANZ SIGEL, COMMANDING TWELFTH CORPS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—FROM A DRAWING BY MR. EMIL SIGEL.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

MAJOR-GENERAL SIGEL.

Major-General Franz Sigel, whose portrait we give on the preceding page, was born at Baden, in Germany, in 1824, and is consequently thirty-eight years of age at the present time. He was educated at the military school at Carlsruhe, closed his course with honors, and obtained a high position in the army of his country. In the year 1847 he was esteemed by his brother officers the most scientific artillerist in Germany. When the rebellion broke out he took sides with the insurgents, lost his commission, and took service with the popular party. At one time he was in chief command of the popular army, and managed by a skillful retreat, in which he led away 30,000 men from a pursuing army of 80,000, and saved all his guns and trains, to elicit the warm eulogiums of the oldest soldiers in Europe. At the overthrow of the rebellion Sigel emigrated to this country.

Here he engaged in teaching, and fairly settled down to the dull life of a professor, and married the daughter of the principal of his academy. About the year 1858 he obtained a position in a college at St. Louis, and removed thither. When the rebellion broke out he tendered his services to the Government, and was given the command of the 2d Regiment of Union Volunteers, raised in St. Louis. He was soon appointed Brigadier-General, and accompanied General Lyon on his famous campaign against Price. At the battle of Springfield, where Lyon was killed, Sigel succeeded to the command, and withdrew our little army with skill and success. He subsequently commanded a corps throughout the bloodless campaign under Frémont; and when General Curtis was detached to operate in Arkansas, Sigel led one of his divisions. It is understood that he planned and won the great battle of Pea Ridge almost against the wishes of his superior, General Curtis. After the battle some difficulty about commands arose, and Sigel was called to Washington and given the command of Harper's Ferry. On the organization of the Army of Virginia a place was created for him by the resignation of General Frémont, and he accordingly took command of his army corps. In all the terrible battles which Pope fought in order to delay the advance of Lee against Washington Sigel took an active part. At the Rappahannock his cannon incessantly thundered; and though the enemy outnumbered him by at least five to one, he held them at bay until M'Clellan's army arrived at Washington. When the Army of Virginia was merged into the Army of the Potomac Sigel was given the command of the Twelfth Army Corps, and is now moving in the direction of Warrenton and Gordonsville, apparently in order to cut off the retreat of the rebels.

General Sigel is universally admitted to be a splendid officer, and is enthusiastically loved by the German troops. It is to be hoped that General Halleck will give him a suitable force.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 18, 1862.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION IN SECESSIA.

The iron is at last entering the rebels' soul. The blustering braggarts who insulted the spirit of the age by attempting to destroy the noblest Government on earth, and to rear up on its ruin a hideous deformity modeled on the pattern of the kingdoms of Ashantee and Dahomey: the sham chivalry who sickened Christendom by their pretensions, while they were living on the labor of 4,000,000 unpaid servants: the barbarous creatures, who thrust our prisoners into new Black Holes of Calcutta, and dug up our dead soldiers' bodies to make rings and drinking-cups and keepsakes of their poor bones: these monstrous products of the system of slavery are at length realizing the gulf into which they have plunged. Ordinary language fails to provide expletives for their wrath: there is no precedent in history fierce enough for the policy they are going to adopt. They call Mr. Lincoln an "ape," a "fiend," a "beast," a "savage," a "highwayman." Their Congress is resolved into a dozen committees, each trying to devise some new form of retaliation to be inflicted upon United States citizens and soldiers, if we dare to carry the proclamation into effect, and tamper—to use the words of the Richmond *Enquirer*—with "four thousand millions' worth of property!" They are going to hoist the black flag. They are going to put to death not only soldiers on the battle-field, but every Northerner found on Southern soil. Some they are going to try by courts-martial. But it doesn't seem that that is to benefit them much; for the end of the trial is to be death. No one has yet suggested torture before execution; but that will probably come. It will be nothing new in parts of the South.

Well: all this fuss and fury over, what then? As to the black flag, the rebel soldiers will have something to say about that. At the recent battle of Antietam a Louisiana Regiment was almost exterminated. One of our soldiers explained the circumstance to a visitor. "You see, Sir, the other day at South Mountain that regiment charged with the cry of 'No quarter;' so when our boys met them again we let them have it a little hotter than usual, and there was hardly a corporal's guard of 'em escaped." A lesson or two of this kind will show these insane warriors in the rebel Congress that departures from the regular laws of warfare cut both ways. If the game of murder is to be played, there will be two parties to play at it, and twice as many players on our side as on theirs.

As to negro insurrections. When this war first broke out it was commonly supposed that the negroes would rise at the South. This expectation has not been fulfilled. There have been negro insurrections. But they have been so promptly and so thoroughly suppressed that they exercised no appreciable influence on the war. The very fact of the war, and of the wholesale military organization of the Southern people, have rendered insurrection much less likely to be successful than it ever was. The slaves are unarmed and unorganized; the whites are under arms and thoroughly organized. Every town and village at the South contains more or less companies of armed troops—amply sufficient to put down insurrection in the neighborhood. Now the proclamation will no more alter this state of things than the Pope's Bull altered the course of the comet. What it will effect will be to destroy utterly and forever the legal tenure of slavery in the rebel States, and to deprive the slaveholders, wherever our armies go, of the peculiar property on whose behalf they made war upon us, and for whose protection they desire to erect a separate government. In point of fact, the slaves, when freed, are much more likely to trouble us than their old masters. We shall have to feed them until some new organization of their labor can be effected. They are not at all likely to attempt to massacre their old masters—unless, indeed, those masters should be foolish enough to try to massacre them. All the bugaboo stories about the slaughter of women and children are mere moonshine, intended to affect opinion in Europe. Even in San Domingo the negroes did not begin to kill the whites until they were satisfied the whites intended to exterminate them. If the rebel leaders are so afraid of their wives and children being massacred, why did they publish the proclamation in their papers? If there was really any danger of the kind, does any body believe that the negroes would have been so openly invited to commence the work of massacre?

The thing, the only thing, which the rebels do fear is the loss of "four thousand millions of property." The chivalry see that after 1st January, if the rebellion lasts, they will have to work for their living, instead of fattening on the unpaid labor of four millions of blacks. This is the awful prospect which unmans them. It is this which convulses the rebel newspapers, and has thrown their Congress into paroxysms of anguish.

GOOD EXAMPLES.

A few days since the President was induced, by representations from Western politicians, to remove General Buell from the command of his army, and appoint General Thomas in his place. The change was no sooner made known to the latter than he at once declined to accept the command, and telegraphed to Washington earnestly begging that General Buell be retained, and assuring the Government that no better man for the place could be found in the army. The reply to his telegram was an order reinstating General Buell.

A few days previously, shortly after the return of General M'Clellan from the peninsula, and when men's faith in the hitherto popular General had been shaken, the powers at Washington were casting about for a new chief for the Army of the Potomac. It is understood that their first choice was General Wright, who was killed at Centreville. Next they turned to Burnside, and offered him the command. He promptly declined it. With characteristic modesty he questioned his own fitness for so responsible a station, and he declared, as his own and the soldiers' conviction, that the very best possible man for the command was M'Clellan. Accordingly, General M'Clellan was reinstated, and the battles of South Mountain and Antietam were won.

There is nothing finer in history than the lofty examples of patriotism and self-sacrifice thus given by Generals Burnside and Thomas. It is refreshing to find that, even in our day, when politicians are disgracing the country by their selfish intrigues and squabbles, there are men who can afford to surrender for the sake of the public good what must always be the dearest prize of ambition. The war will not have been in vain if its fire purges men's souls of some of the dross of peace, and develops more noble acts like these. Burnside, commanding an army corps when he might have led the whole army, and stoutly refusing to be elevated at the expense of M'Clellan; Thomas, promptly telegraphing to Washington to decline the honor that is dearest to his heart, because he would not do injustice to Buell: these are the men, these the acts that will live in history, and which future generations will love to recall as evidences of the spirit which animated men in the terrible crisis of 1862.

THE LOUNGER.

THE UNION-AS-IT-WAS.

The speeches of Andrew Jackson Hamilton, of Texas, are so clear, manly, and convincing, that it is to be hoped every citizen in the loyal States will ponder them well. Mr. Hamilton was born in Alabama, and was a late representative in Congress from Texas. He is a Southerner and a slaveholder. But he believes in something besides slavery; and values the Union and the freedom of its inhabitants more than he does a system which is, has been, and always will be, essentially incompatible with republican government.

"I do not wish," he says, "the Union-as-it-was in Texas." Why? Because he dislikes the Constitution-as-it-is? Far from it. But because in the Union-as-it-was in Texas, the Constitution-as-it-is was constantly trampled under foot, and the very objects of the Union despised and outraged. "Because, in short," as Mr. Hamilton says, "because I might say what Washington said, believing it; what Jefferson wrote, and what all the good and great men of that day believed; and under the Union-as-it-was in Texas I should be stigmatized as a traitor, and meet a traitor's doom. If I can enjoy the right of speech, the great and inestimable right intended to be secured to me by the Constitution, then I can bless the Union." But a Union that gags him, and hangs him for claiming his constitutional rights, is a Union that he curses and does not bless. And who does? Who does?

Let every man remember that the loud-mouthed bayers for the Union-as-it-was do not mean the Constitution-as-it-is. Its most sacred provisions were outraged in every State now rebellious. No man's life was safe below Mason and Dixon's line who exercised the right, guaranteed to him by the Constitution, of saying what he thought upon public affairs. He was insulted, hunted, hung. Mr. Hamilton tells the terrible tale for Texas. Nor only that, but free citizens and voters in the loyal States were seized and sold into perpetual slavery; and when Massachusetts sent a venerable lawyer to discuss the question before the Carolina Courts, he was mobbed and forced to fly.

Grant that citizens used their constitutional right of speech in a manner "distasteful" to a certain class in the South. What then? Is the Constitution of the United States subject to the "taste" of a body of slaveholders? Was the simple plea of any speaker for the natural rights of man more "distasteful" to a certain class at the South than a speech of Yancey in a Northern State telling us that he and his friends would, of course, hang us if we spoke at the South as he did at the North, and that if he and his friends could not have their way they would break up the Union? He was protected, and properly, by the Constitution in saying what he had to say. But if the "taste" of his audience had done what Southern "taste" always did in the Union-as-it-was, Mr. Yancey would have been suddenly dumped into the nearest slave State, or he would have been ——! So the Constitution protected, and properly, the man who was brought from Tennessee as the grandson of Patrick Henry, and who driveled to honest and hard-working laboring men of the extreme happiness of slaves, and the immense delight for hard-working men and women of having their babies sold at auction.

Does any body suppose that the wretched stuff of this kind, insulting to humanity and common sense, which was so freely spouted by slavery-orators every where, was "tasteful" to the people of the Free States? No; but its free expression was a guaranteed right of the people of this country under the Constitution, and that right was perfectly respected. Yes, and often the right of saying such things was more respected than that of expressing faith in the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Yancey could say without danger any where in the Free States, "I am for dissolving the Union to save Slavery." But if Mr. Phillips said "I am for dissolving the Union to save Liberty," he was in personal danger.

From that kind of Union-as-it-was, in which the most sacred rights and the clearest provisions of the Constitution-as-it-is were outraged and violated, Mr. Hamilton, a slaveholder of Texas, desires to be delivered. So says he; so say we all. Amen, Amen.

THE POLITICIANS AND THE COUNTRY.

The honest and sober citizen will not fail to remark that the politicians at the North who strenuously supported the rebels when they threatened to destroy the Government, and who advised the people and the Government to surrender to their threats, are now equally anxious about what they call Constitutional rights and a Constitutional conduct of the war. They mean simply, as every body knows, such a conduct of the war as will leave slavery untouched. The Constitutional right of a rebel to his life they are willing to forego, but his Constitutional right to his slaves they insist upon protecting with an edifying ardor. Now as the right of a citizen to his life is the chief and most sacred of all his rights, why is it that the politicians find it Constitutional enough to kill him if in armed rebellion, but fearfully unconstitutional to liberate his slaves whom he compels to aid him in his rebellion?

Simply because these politicians are solely anxious for the preservation of their party, not of their country. They know that if the rebellion is suppressed and slavery is saved, they are sure of the political support of the entire slave interest which controls the South. And they equally know that, if the rebellion succeeds and the slave States secede, they (the politicians) have a political capital upon which to begin the agitation for reconstruction. But if in the process of suppression slavery disappears, these same gentlemen know that their political ambition is forever defeated.

It is not the welfare of the Union, nor the Constitution, nor the country, which inspires them, but their own political predominance. When they thought it necessary for the maintenance of that predominance to support those who threatened the Government, and the Union, and the country, in case of the constitutional election of a President they did not like, they did not hesitate to give that support, and thereby to threaten the Government. Now when they think that a truly earnest and constitutional conduct of the war, including emancipation, imperils their political future, they do not hesitate to denounce that conduct. Their sole interest is themselves. Their only care is their party.

But the Government which they denounce—the Government which can not constitutionally be changed for two years and a half, has *not* taken a party ground. Loyal men of all parties are in its honored employ to-day. In too many cases its desire to be truly impartial and patriotic has caused the retention of utterly unfit civil and military officers. The Government elected by a party has aimed only at the preservation of the Union, and not at the perpetuity of the party. In the interest of the Union, of the country, and of the Constitution, it has issued a military order of prospective emancipation.

In the interest of their party the politicians denounce it. Which is dearest to the sober citizen, to whatever party he may have belonged, the success of a party or the salvation of the country? If the former, he will support the politicians. If the latter, he will support, with all his soul and all his strength, the Government constitutionally elected.

"OUR FELLOW-CITIZENS."

"But when you talk of severe measures and a vigorous prosecution of the war, do you not forget that the rebels are our fellow-citizens, with whom, when we have subdued the rebellion, we must live as fellow-citizens still?"

No; it is not in the least forgotten. But while they have been and shall yet be fellow-citizens, they are now desperate conspirators and rebels. The first duty, as also the most pressing necessity of the Government, is the overwhelming and speedy suppression of the rebellion. For the possible future peace of the country, and for our living together at all, that is the paramount duty of the hour. Killing them, overrunning their estates, destroying as an army necessarily destroys, shelling their camps and their towns, if necessary; seizing their property for the use of the army, and to help pay the expense of the war they have waged against the Government; liberating their slaves who reach our lines, and at last freeing all slaves, that the rocking foundations of their industrial system may strike a panic to their hearts—all these measures are not gentle. They do not win affection although they do compel respect, as power always does. They certainly exasperate and embitter. But they are war; and war never makes immediate friends.

To call men who have risen in arms against this Government without a shadow of right or excuse—for the debate upon slavery was just as constitutional as that upon a tariff or a bank—and who have pursued that purpose by every dishonorable and bloody means—who have filled with anguish hundreds of thousands of hearts and homes—who have paralyzed the prosperity of a great nation, and, for a moment, affrighted the hope of humanity and civilization—to call these men "our erring Southern brethren" is to mock the agony of a nation and insult common sense.

But they are to be our fellow-citizens? Well, suppose they are. They are to be so only when they have satisfied themselves that they are not strong enough to break away and disown us. They are to be made our fellow-citizens in the future by conquest, by subjugation. Pray for what other purpose have we hundreds of thousands of men in arms, ships of war, and tremendous artillery? For what other purpose did we kill and wound thirty thousand of them, as General M'Clellan reports, at Antietam? Why have there been a hundred thousand of them disabled in the hospital at Richmond? Simply because they do not yet believe that we mean what we say, when we declare that the Union shall be maintained. For the Union we know is the nation; and to destroy the Union is to ruin the nation.

The rebels are to be forced at the point of the bayonet to be our future fellow-citizens. That is the result to which every loyal man looks forward. They are not to be conciliated, nor wheedled, nor bamboozled. They are to be starved and shot and maimed and impoverished and exposed in every way until they submit. There is but one other result of the war. There can be but one. And that is, that *we* shall be starved and shot and maimed and impoverished and hurt in every way until we are tired out and surrender.

Under these circumstances—and there are no other—what is the obvious condition of their consenting to be our fellow-citizens? Simply that further resistance now and future insurrection shall be clearly hopeless. If we patch up an armistice, a truce, a peace, we shall be merely Samson treacherously fondled to sleep by Delilah. Let us stop before the work is done, and we shall have it all to do over again. Leave a chance, a hope, a nucleus of future rebellions, and our "fellow-citizens" will again rebel.

It is, therefore, for the very reason that we bear in mind that they are, at every cost, to be our future fellow-citizens that the most stringent measures are the most conservative. The great point is to show the rebels that they inevitably *must be* fellow-citizens, and they do not believe it while we pat them and play war. If the popular mind had justified, as it did not, upon the breaking out of the rebellion, the employment of every power and resource of the Government, and every recognized means of war, the peace we all desire had been long ago conquered, and thousands of the brave and true, whom we shall see no more, would have hailed with us the dawn of that day in which, the seed of war being destroyed, we can indeed become fellow-citizens.

YANKEEIZATION.

The rebel Virginian Governor Letcher's late diatribe against the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad as a "nuisance" that ought to be abated recalls irresistibly the famous outburst of the old Virginian colonial Governor Berkeley, in 1671: "I thank

God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!"

What state of society is that in which schools and railroads are nuisances? It appears from the Virginian papers that these are "Yankeeizing" institutions. Yankeeizing is therefore another name for introducing intelligence, skill, enterprise, and thrift. The great Yankee idea of education has been Yankeeized; and it is a tolerably flattering specimen of the results of this process. This war is the Yankeeization of the great South. Our life is to be shaken up, renewed, developed into full civilization and the use and benefit of its magnificent resources. It is to be made to come to itself, as in the parable the prodigal son, after eating husks and lying with swine. It is to awaken, also, to its real powers and consciousness and conscience. From a sot he became a man.

Yankeeization is the unwelcome and awkward and spiteful word for civilization. And that is the concentrated protest which Virginia and the other capitulous States are to derive from this war. Poor Virginia has always labored under the terrible misfortune of an original settlement by a people who were called "gentlemen," and others defined in the petition of the Virginia Congress as "vagabonds and condemned men." It was a sorry beginning; but let the poor State which, nevertheless, standing like a rock, repelled gentlemen men a century ago take heart. Despite the present and recent crops of Magruders, Lechers, Floyds, and Tysons, it shall be Yankeeized into peace, prosperity, and an honorable regard for human rights.

THE POSTAGE STAMP NUISANCE.

The simplest way is usually the shortest and best. When the Government found it necessary to issue paper shillings, a plain shilling was at once dealt by the thing required. The unnecessary complication upon the simple idea of a shilling partly provoked the question of an intelligent foreigner: "Can the Yankee genius, in straits for a circulating medium, devise nothing simpler than a bill?"

Whether postage stamps are currency or not, is a question practically answered every time you get your change in stamps, and you make your purchases with them. They are the meanest and most inconvenient of all substitutes for coin; and the Government, of course, has received what it considers good money for them. But when you are informed that a "soiled" stamp will not be received upon letters, and that letters not posted with clean stamps will be sent to the Dead-Letter Office,

By what right does the Government repudiate its promises? What is a postage stamp but the evidence of payment for valuable service to be performed by the Government? The Government has made that contract with the mailing public, in the breach of trust to refuse to honor the certificate. Undoubtedly the order is made in the hope of throwing the stamps out of circulation as a medium. But whose fault is it that they have not already dropped out? And how can the fact that they are used as a convenience for exchange, or that they have become soiled, possibly affect the other fact that the Government has received the value for them?

The whole business is a botch and a disgrace. If a convenient medium has been discovered, as it is with reasonable rapidity, furnished to the people, there would have been little trouble about postage stamps.

DISCUSSION AND REBELLION.

In his admirable speech at Syracuse Mr. Tremain spoke one truth which ought to be thoroughly and constantly remembered. It is that those words indulged in as freely by the South as the North—affect justification for untold murders and the most wanton waste of life, are the fruit of the author of this mischief?"

This remark is in reply to Mr. Seymour's accusation of the North as the real author of the rebellion. "Who," asks Mr. Seymour, "stained our hand with blood? Who caused this civil war?" All these things are written your own knowledge. Are their authors the leaders to whom you look for calamities? They are the men who have made the mischief they have wrought, and tell you it is an impossible conclusion.

Freed from the rhetoric in which the orator finds it convenient to wrap it, this statement is precisely that the leaders of the rebellion slavery was discussed as the North. It is another form of the remark, "The abolitionists are the cause of the war." Mr. Tremain's reply is exactly to the point and conclusive. Words, the right of free speech, are the simplest discussion of every question that affects the welfare of the people, is the most sacred and precious privilege of the citizen under the Constitution of the United States, in the time of peace, there is no question whatever that may not be discussed with the most absolute freedom. It is the Constitution of a republic, but it allows and protects the expression of a preference for a monarchy or for a despotism. It is a Constitution of compromises upon certain points; but its spirit admits and its letter defends the most radical discussion of the wisdom or the folly of those compromises. Under no such thing as a free form of government without the most perfect liberty of discussion; and the only spirit in this country which has ever attempted to deny that liberty practically denied it by mobs and Lynch law, is the spirit of slavery, precisely the spirit which to-day and now seeking its overthrow—a spirit which worked its will in the Free States of the country through the agency of those who are the fastest friends of Mr. Seymour.

Under the Constitution of the United States a man has the most absolute right, and has always had, to discuss slavery in whatever terms he thought fit, just as he has to discuss property statutes, tariffs, forms of election, banks, laws of divorce, or any other subject which interested him. If he slanders any person, he is amenable to the law of libel. If he decries and accuses the Government, or charges the majority of his fellow-citizens with the guilt of a bloody civil war, or stealthily suggests to them the most dishonorable and destructive betrayal of the national integrity—as Mr. Seymour does in his speech—he is amenable under the Constitution neither to mobs nor to courts but simply to public opinion. Mr. Seymour charges the blood of the rebellion upon those at the North who thought and said that slavery was wrong and dangerous. That was the gravest offense, to say that and to hold in good faith to the Government and Constitution, or to say what Mr. Seymour himself says? If he is justly protected by the Constitution in saying at this time what he says in this speech, he was by the Constitution in complain of what Mr. Seward (whose famous phrase he repeats) and other orators said in honor while publicly denying the fact of an irrepressible conflict.

To charge upon the expression of any opinion the guilt of treason, which the overthrow by violence of a war is to flout the Constitution, which guarantees full liberty of speech. And to the eternal honor of the American people be it said, that while the advocates of slavery were dubbed "traitors," they were patiently borne with, and that in the end there were Americans who were resolved that Freedom should sometimes have a word at least in the Free States. Mr. Seymour, then, may attack at discussion because it knew that discussion was fatal to it. And when discussion, under the guise of traitor and treason, attacked the eyes of the people to the encroaching despotism which was threatening slavery itself, it is the Government whose control it had lost forever.

Great is the fall of slavery, Mr. Seymour, but no more final and less than that of those who declare that the exercise of any right under the Constitution justifies treason. Mr. Seymour knows what can not be discussed will not be tolerated; and discussion will surely expose also what is not worth tolerating. Judge Douglas said, "Words do not justify unlawful murders and the rankest treasons.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN near a choir he said to dislike you?—When it was singing.

A horse-dealer, in showing off a spirited nag to a customer, received a kick in his rib, and although smarting with pain, he said to the man, "Don't you see he is only playfulness?"

"Yes, Mr. Johnson, my poor husband and his sister Sarah, he died in the same month, and Mrs. Smith. But then, we must have got rid of the chicken; that is, my husband and Sarah, for they were always a-picking at one another." "You said, Mrs. Smith, that you had six children. Will he do, for I want a boy with both died together?"

A few days ago a gent in the neighborhood of Cardiff was out with his dog shooting. The dog was remarkably fond of the water, but the "sporting gent" walking up, declared that he would not go in. "Nonsense, sir," said the man, "why you've shocked up already!"

A gentleman at a public discussable lately asked the Rev. Mr. Judge if he could tell him what was meant by "Gin," said the man, "do you mistake me for a waiter?" "No, sir," was the reply; "I wished to know what it was to."

Francis I. being desirous to raise one of the most learned men in his kingdom to the dignity of Cardinals of the Church, asked him if he was of noble descent. "Sire," replied the learned man, "there were three brothers in Noah's Ark, but I can not tell positively from which of them I am descended."

"When I was quite a boy," says Smith, "my father used to say that a penny saved was a penny earned. Such arguments cause boys it was large enough for two or three of them." "Undoubtedly," said Brown, after trying to gulp or up the fullness in the back with his hand, so that the boy might not see it or get hold of it, "undoubtedly the cost was 'good,' it was so built of to-eat, to cast its cost enough, to buy you and your father."

A man that catches his handsome with scolding her servants is apt to be reminded that the peacock, with all its beauty, has a disagreeable voice to match.

A juvenile sporter belonging to a primary school, boasted to his play-fellows the other day that he would speak to the Queen when he grew up, and tell her to put an article of youthful aspiration. "My father," said he, "has spoke to the Queen, and if he gets talking to her, I can get a fish-line."

"Is it possible to oblige in the Pacific," said a Dutchman to a clerk in a shipping-office. "Well," said the clerk, pen in hand, "what is it you want?" "Vell, I want Mynheer Jacobus Vanderpumpkinbottomsupperdumplingvandermidden-dorpsmeerschaumpipe to go to Batavia." "Very well," said the clerk; "do you know what it is in English?" "Yes," said the Dutchman, "it is Jack Brown."

An ex-saint of Bangor was very peculiar as to the nature of his meals, and having once to dine on sunday with an old friend, he was asked what he would like to eat for his dinner. "Why," said he, "I should like to read the *Tribune*, and having to wait until breakfast was over, he sat down and was soon seen engaging in his ear, in the strike notes quite new!

"Is a cobbler's got a bird-quarter of lamb, What shall she do with?"

The cripple was astonished, but promptly replied, in bass, "Boast the loin and bell the leg, And make a pudding of the rest."

With which answer the lady apparently decamped.

FEMALE DEATH PRECOCITY.—"Woman," remarked the Contemplative Man, at Margate, "are dcep as the blue ocean." "Yes," said the Practical Man, "replied the Disappointed Man," and as full of crabs."

"We frequently see it stated," said Mr. Oldfox, "that gold and silver have been discovered in certain localities, and even town in the first place without a farthing of money, and that they have to borrow to get here, and I've been a-trying to borrow money to get here, and I've been a-trying to borrow money to get here, and I've been a-trying to borrow ever since. It is a great thing to be able to have published such a wonderful credit."

A DEVOUT SOUL.—"How old are you?" said Major Kilpatrick, as he was examining a recruit. "Twenty-one." "I wonder you aren't right down ashamed of being so bigger—you look like a boy of fifteen." "All comes of being a faithful child of the Church, your honor. I've been a-praying to God to put on my head, and said, 'Stop there!' and he then put on my shoulders, and said, 'Stop there!' and I don't think I right in me to—growing without his leave."

Put a good face upon every thing, unless you are up that you have.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

GENERAL McCLELLAN'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

NEAR SHARPSBURG, September 19—1 P.M.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief of the United States Army:

GENERAL—I have the honor to report the following as the result of the battle of Antietam of South Mountain and Antietam:

The battle-ground here was two and three, 1000 wounded and 70 missing. Total, 12,469.

The rebel force was by no means less than 120,000, 8426 wounded, 1313 killed, and 1000 prisoners. Total loss in the two battles, 14,794.

The loss of the rebels in the two battles, as near as can be ascertained from the number of their dead found upon the field, and from reliable data, will not fall short of twice the loss being estimated.

Major Ives, Assistant Inspector-General, who superintended the burial of the dead, reports about three thousand rebels buried on the field of Antietam by our forces.

Previous to this, however, the rebels had buried many on the field, which they occupied after the battle—probably as many as we buried.

The battle-ground at South Mountain can not be estimated with accuracy; but as our troops continually drove the enemy from position to position, the rebels lost a much greater number of their dead wherever on the field they were buried. It is not unreasonable to suppose that their loss was greater than ours. Estimating their killed at the low number of 1000, their killed in the two battles would be four thousand. According to the rule of our own loss in proportion to the wounded, would make their wounded eighteen thousand seven hundred and forty-one.

Their loss can be estimated at this time, the number of prisoners taken by our troops in the two battles will, in all probability, amount to 5000. The rebel Governor will no doubt show a larger number. Of them about 1200 are wounded.

This gives a total of rebels killed, wounded, and prisoners of 24,000. It will be observed that this does not include the rebels left dead on the field of which a list is impossible here to be kept.

The rebel army conducted, therefore, that the rebel army lost at least 30,000 of their best troops.

From the best information I can get concerning the enemy in Maryland, until he was driven back into Virginia, we captured 13,000 stragglers, 7 battle flags, 3 field batteries, 39 caisson bodies, 29 colors, and 1 signal flag. We have 305 rebel deserters in our hands.

On the battle-field of Antietam 14,000 small-arms were picked up. Probably the same number carried off by the rebels and those distributed on the ground to recruit and other unarmed men during the battle will not fall short of it.

At South Mountain my estimate of stands of arms was also large, as they were on the heels of the pursuit from that point, 400 were taken on the field of Antietam.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Maj.-General Commanding.

GENERAL HALLECK'S ANSWER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Sept. 20, 1862.*

Major-General McClellan, commanding, etc.:

GENERAL—Your report of yesterday, giving the results of the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, has been received and submitted to the President. They were not only battles fought, but well-earned and most victorious victories.

The valor and endurance of your army in the several conflicts which terminated in the occupation of the enemy's soil by the citizens of Maryland, are creditable alike to the troops and to the commander. The national forces, and the country, while mourning the lamented dead, will not be unmindful of the services of the living.

H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION IN SECESSIA.

The Richmond *Examiner* of Saturday, September 20, says the rebellion has fallen like a fire-brand into rebeldom. In the Southern States, on the 1st inst., Mr. Seward, of Georgia, published a joint resolutions on the proclamation, and said, "We will not submit to it, and we will not obey it. We will not as an invitation to service; and therefore should be glad to see the people given to their own resources to meet the enemy with their own means, such force as they can command. The Richmond *Dispatch* thinks "that the proclamation will be a dead letter in the South, and that the only way in which it has been an embarrassment to the Government is in the Border States, and as fast as the people there are willing to go wherever their soldiers and possessions can be carried." The Richmond *Enquirer* has a rabid editorial on the proclamation. It says that document "announces startling news, but has been received with a most thunderstruck North or South." It styles President Lincoln "a tyrant and a traitor," and says that the document in which driven him to his own destruction. It says that the proclamation will not even emancipate the enemy to be the darkest servile insurrection with the Northern people ever recorded in history. The *Enquirer* says: "It is one of the most extraordinary documents ever issued by any human being." The article closes: "Do . . . more we implore you, Southern country all turns between . . . The next campaign will be a tremendous one, both for the North and the South. Let our people be up and doing. Let them prepare the whole strength of our people for a tremendous effort."

MORE RETALIATORY MEASURES.

On 1st October Mr. Semmes introduced into the rebel Congress a resolution for still more retaliatory measures, declaring that after the 1st of January, 1863, all negroes captured in arms, or who have been found inciting the Confederate States to servile insurrection, shall suffer death by the civil authorities, at the end of the war, or the repeal of the Confederate States laws, and officers on any conviction of such negroes or ministers for military service against the Confederate States, shall suffer death by the civil authorities. Other pains and penalties are prescribed for different acts of our officers, in the way of extermination in which the rules of civilized warfare are to be ignored, is proclaimed. The resolutions were referred to the Committee on Retaliation.

In the House the spirit evinced was still more bitter. Mr. Lyons, of Virginia, introduced a resolution declaring that the people of the Confederate States will every officer, soldier, and sailor of the enemy captured in the Confederate States service, treated as felons; declaring that after the 1st of January, 1863, all negroes captured in arms, or who have been, or if encountered should be immediately hung; and offering a reward of $1000 for the capture and safe delivery dollars for life, to every slave and free negro who shall, after the 1st of January, 1863, kill one of the enemy.

The Virginia Legislature resolved to grant immunity to all persons who will buy partial land of the estate of any rebel, armed or unarmed, aiding to carry out the "British and Yankee abolition programme."

THE PROCLAMATION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The Union feeling in North Carolina appears to be developing. The President's emancipation proclamation has been received there with much favor. Governor Vance, in his address to the people, says he told a great Union movement in the spring of 1861, and that he would do all in his power to the two neighboring Congressional districts which had elected Union men. He says the proclamation was given to both districts are to be present and address the people on the occasion.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

The President, accompanied by General M'Clellan, had a grand review of the Army of the Potomac on Friday, October. His reception and that of the President connot fail to interest patriotic hearts. The President, accompanied with General Burnside, Governor Curtin, Governor Andrew, Governor Sprague, and Franklin, and the division of General Couch, crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, by the Pontoon Bridge at Boteler's Ford, and proceeded to the residence of Antietam Creek to Sharpsburg.

The President arrived at Hagerstown before his visit to the army on Saturday night, 5th, and immediately had an interview with Mr. Stanton. The enthusiastic reception of the President at Frederick, and the loyalty displayed by the Marylanders on the occasion, will have a most excellent effect upon the prospects of the war.

ANOTHER BATTLE AT CORINTH.

The forces of General Rosecrans had a terrible battle with the rebels under General Price, Van Dorn, and Lovell, at Corinth, lasting from Saturday, 4th, until three o'clock P.M. on 5th. General Price attacked our army with forty thousand men, but was completely met by General Rosecrans, assisted by General Grant, and, after two days' desperate fighting, the rebels were repulsed with great slaughter, leaving their dead and wounded behind: and were nearly pursued by our troops to the Tuscumbia. The rebels is said to be heavy. General Hackleman was killed at the head of his brigade. The rebels fought with hatred and desperation, twenty miles from Corinth, up to three o'clock on Sunday.

We lost between five and six thousand. General Oglesby, by was dangerously wounded, and Colonels Smith, Gilbert, and Mower slightly. General Rosecrans had his horse shot under the enemy. Price was said to be in the forks of the Hatchie River, between Corinth and Bolivar, with Lovell and Hurlbut. The latter was endeavoring to cut him off.

THE OFFICIAL DESPATCHES.

GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS,
JACKSON, TENNESSEE, *Oct. 5, A.M.*

To Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington, D. C.:

Yesterday the rebels, under Price, Van Dorn, and Lovell, were repulsed from their attack on Corinth with great slaughter. The enemy are in full retreat, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands. Our victory is complete, and that the loss is entirely on the rebel side, particularly as the battle-ground bears no comparison with that of the enemy. General Hackleman fell while gallantly leading his brigade. General Oglesby is dangerously wounded. General M'Pherson, who reinforced General Corinth yesterday morning, General Rosecrans pursued the retreating enemy this morning. General Ord will attempt to cut them off, while I will follow to their place. General Hurlbut is at the Hatchie River bridge, on the Bolivar road, and is no doubt with the pursuing column. From seven hundred to a thousand prisoners, besides those left in our hands, will be sent here.

U. S. GRANT, Major-General Commanding.

SECOND DESPATCH.

GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS,
JACKSON, TENNESSEE, *Oct. 5, 1862.*

To Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief United States Army:

General Ord, who followed General Hurlbut, met the enemy this morning at the south side of the Hatchie, and skirmished from a dogtrack, and drove them across the stream and bridge, destroying the bridge after them.

General Ord took two batteries and about two hundred prisoners.

A large portion of General Rosecrans's force were at Chewalla.

At this distance every thing looks most favorable, and I am not one to be over-sanguine. I have strong hopes that every thing but the cavalry will be captured.

I will advise you every thing to take into the fight an adequate force of cavalry to follow up the victory.

U. S. GRANT, Major-General Commanding.

THE SITUATION IN KENTUCKY.

On Friday, 3d, the rebels had driven the cavalry thirty-five thousand men within a circle of eight miles diameter around Louisville, and made the advance of our army within four miles of that town. There had been considerable skirmishing with the rebel cavalry on Friday, and with the hundred prisoners taken. On Saturday, 4th, the rebels commenced to fall back on the line of the Salt River, and stood at its rear o'clock. General Van Cleve, Kirby Smith, with his force, was at Shelbyville, and General Buell's forces were on their way to Lexington. Bragg everes with the rebel army, and Kirby Smith was on the way to the north of the Ohio. On the rebels evacuated Frankfort, after destroying the bridge at Mr. Hawes gravecrossing. Our pickets are near Frankfort.

GENERAL MORGAN ON THE OHIO.

General Morgan has entered Kentucky, Kentucky, on the Ohio River, fifteen miles above Portsmouth, and recently defeated General Gay at Piketon on the 11th ult., with General Stevenson's army three miles in the rear. On the 12th ult. Morgan was at Piketon, and the fourth in his rear. On the 13th he was at Pound Gap, on the Kentucky border of General Stevenson and the guerrilla chieftain succeeded in crossing him. Morgan has only four-day consecutive hours, and on three successive days, driving their rear guard from the mountain pass. For three days his force were on a limited supply of water.

GENERAL BUELL'S COMMAND.

General Buell has issued an address to the command last week, and General Thomas appointed in his place. General Buell says, however, nevertheless, retains his stated at the request of General Thomas himself and all the Major-General's staff officers.

JOHN MORGAN DEFEATED.

The rebel guerrilla, John Morgan, with fifteen men, made an attack upon Glasgow County, Kentucky, on Glover hill, on 6d, and after a fight of several hours was totally defeated. He fled precipitately toward the Little Barren River, burning thirty-five houses on his way. Not a single Morgan man escaped alive.

THE WESTERN GUN-BOAT FLEET TRANSFERRED TO THE NAVY.

The War Department has issued an order transferring the Western gun-boat fleet to the Navy Department, and returns thanks to all the officers of the Navy and Army, and to the officers who aided them, for their zeal, skill, and patriotism exhibited in the service on the Western waters during the present war.

CIVIL LAW RE-ESTABLISHED IN NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans journals state that the operation of civil law has been restored, and that Gen. Butler has ordered that no open six district courts in proper form, and the usual law proceedings resumed.

THE ADDRESS OF THE LOYAL GOVERNORS.

The address to the President by the Governors of the loyal States was delivered, and privately no Altoona has been published. It is signed by all the Governors except the Governors of Rhode Island and Kentucky. The Governors of the two States are absent. The address declares that a reserve army of 100,000 men for one year's service should be called forth. It also advises the emancipation proclamation of Mr. Lincoln, and pay a full tribute to the value of the army in the field.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ITALY.

IS GARIBALDI COMING HERE?

The American Consul at Vienna wrote to Garibaldi, asking, as he understood, he had taken up his abode in that city, whether his valiant arm in the American struggle for liberty would be accepted by him an enthusiastic admirer of Garibaldi, under date of September 14, replied: "I am a prisoner and dangerously wounded. It is consequently impossible for me to dispose of myself. However, as soon as I am restored to liberty, and my wounds are healed, I shall take the first favorable opportunity to satisfy my desire to serve the great cause of humanity by fighting under the banner of a brave nation, of which I have so many friends. Receive, my dear friend, the expression of my sincere thanks for your kind offer. Wonder, of Vienna." He seems to cheer at the idea of Garibaldi taking service under the banner of Washington's flag. He says there "nine millions of people are fighting for the right to govern themselves."



GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY ENTERING LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—DRAWN BY MR. H. MOLLER.—[SEE PAGE 669.]



SHELBYVILLE, THE ONLY UNION TOWN OF TENNESSEE.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. R. HÜBNER, THIRD OHIO VOLUNTEERS.—[SEE PAGE 663.]



THE VETERANS OF THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI ON THEIR WAY UP THE OHIO.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 663.]



THE PATRIOT'S SLEEP.

["Too many of the Wide-awakes of the last campaign are indeed fast asleep now, when their country needs them. I saw one of them slumbering by Culpeper Court House last week. He was sleeping with his right arm twisted in the spokes of a disabled caisson-wheel, and a purple mark was on his right temple. But he was not alone in his forgetful sleep, for near him, and rightly greeting his disengaged hand, was a Democrat, slumbering with his fingers clutching the flag, and many stars shed pleasant frames on their loyal souls forever!"]

Two soldiers slumbering, hand clasped in hand?
Not thus should freemen lie
When storms of trouble break upon the land,
And treason's hordes are nigh.
Not thus Columbia's children should give o'er
When tyrants boast and brag
Of Freedom vanquished. "Nay, we can no more!
We sleep here for the flag!"

"See!" one said, "here's a mark upon my brow
That coward never wear;
I have but left the battle-field just now—
A bullet hit me there!"
The other looked up smiling in my face,
His rigid lips apart;
And spoke no word, but motioned me to trace
His wound above his heart.

Oh! many slumbering by the flag we see,
By love of ease possessed,
Feeling no shame; not caring to be free—
Not so *they* sunk to rest.
They mut the foe, refusing to low down
Before a rebel rag:
Speak softly! give their memory a tear
We sleep thus for our flag!

Dear Flag, for whom so many sleep this day!
Let all thy bright stars shine
In pleasant dreams upon these loyal souls,
For they were always thine!
When others would have trailed thee in the dust,
And hailed thy fall with glee,
They sprang to save thee—fought in thy defense—
Now sleep in death for thee.

Sleep on, brave ones, ye shall not be forgot!
Though all the country's pain
Sue dreams not all of *self*—her tenderest thought
Is for her children slain.
When she shall stretch strong arms, and willing hearts,
And feet that never lag,
She wishes you were by her side again,
Who now sleep for the flag!

MISSING.

"What is it, dear?"

"Only the drums. Oh, if they would only stop one moment!"

I saw my dear aunt shake her head sorrowfully, while a look of meaning passed between her and my uncle. They thought I was out of my mind, but they were mistaken. I knew as well as they did that the noise which was wearing upon every nerve was only the reverberation of the crowd of carriages and omnibuses on Broadway. Still I could only hear the roll of drums. I had heard it, day and night, for five weeks.

It was a drum this time, after all, and muffled: they were approaching the house. My aunt started up, with a gesture of dismay, to try and close out the sound. Nearer and nearer came the heavy tramp of men, and now the sad dirge wailed out by low-toned instruments the Dead March that marks a military funeral. Strange to say, it was wonderfully soothing and restful as it rose and died away upon my ears, strained so long to a steady, monotonous roll! When they had all gone by, I was weeping, for the first time in many days. It was like the to my dry eyeballs—an unspeakably blessed physical relief to my aching heart.

Those funeral honors were in my mind apprehended to him. I felt no longer the bitterest, most maddening fear of all—that his dear form was left unburied, for the ill birds of prey to tear and mangle. A ghastly, blackened face, upturned to the morning sun, no longer glared upon me when I closed my eyes; but a low, quiet grave, where comrades had said a prayer as it was hollowed, and where dust should quietly mingle with dust. The grass should spring upon it some day; wild-flowers look up with showy eyes to heaven; and there peacefully, as in my arms, he should slumber until we should be reunited beyond all death and change.

Again that sad and touching strain floated back to my darkened room on its errand of mercy—fainter and fainter now as the footsteps receded—"Adeste fideles," our old Sunday evening hymn! For weeks my mind had gone in the same dull, maddening round; but now I saw my old home as vividly as if I were in reality the little fair-haired child seeting in my dear father's arms, while my mother looked on, the boys, and their voices rose upward in a solemn and tender unison—an emblem of their united girls' lives!

A feeling of pity for myself came over me to think I had come to this—that bright, eager, hopeful child I wondered if they did not pity me, removed as they were from the sorrows of earth; if they did not long to pluck me out of the dark waters that were surging over my soul. Who knows but it was their spirits ministering unto me; for from that moment the stupor of despair left me? I only wonder I had not died at first. It happened thus: I came down so cheerful and buoyant that morning, singing to my bird as I arranged the flowers that our city garden afforded, for it was my day for a letter from him, and all this long year he had never failed me. Twice a week his daily journal, in which every act and thought of his was chronicled for my eyes, came. There might be delays after it left his hand, but none through him.

I did not think to unfold the morning paper, not knowing that a movement of his corps was expected; but my uncle had known it for several days, and had been dreading disaster, as I afterward found, from the carefully-worded telegraphs of the War Department. But I was young and ever confident of our cause, and had paid no heed to the ominous mutterings of the coming storm. The sun fell on my daily path—what were the clouds to me!

There was a white, fixed look in my uncle's face; that was my first warning. I dropped the blood-red fuchsias and fragrant heliotropes which I held, and sprang to his side.

"What is it?—what is it?"

My voice sounded changed and husky to myself. The scared look passed from my uncle's kind eyes, and one of love and pity entered into them.

"He may be only a prisoner after all; do not worry before we hear."

But I could detect the deceit, as a child does the bitter drug hidden in the conserve.

"You mean that he is dead; and you are lying to me!"

It did not matter that "Missing" stood above the column in which his name was enrolled. They tormented me with watching, and writing for information, and all manner of hopeless devices for many a day. They were sure that when the list of the prisoners should be received from Richmond he would be reported among them, but I gave up from the first; and when that came with no news of him it was almost a relief, for they let me alone with my trouble.

You take up the papers day after day, and read those dreadful lists without a thought. Those names are no more to you than the columns of a directory, or a list of advertised letters. You have a kind heart, and you sigh, and say, "Poor fellows!" as you lay them down. How little do you understand of the sickening anxiety, the appalling shock, which those very columns carry to a thousand households! How eager eyes dilate with horror and unbelief as fearing, and hoping, and praying they come upon the name they seek for staring them in the face with such persistent reality—staring them into blindness.

So I read it, leaning over my uncle's shoulder, and following his finger with a dizzy brain:

Missing—ARTHUR L. GRANT.

The first on the list, followed by the name of a company and regiment that had marched proudest of all through our streets thirteen months before, since they had left wealth, and ease, and luxury, to go out for their country's sake—a pure enthusiasm in what they believed to be a noble cause.

Again and again he had been in the thickest of the fight, and had come out unharmed. I impiously believed it was my unceasing selfish prayers that protected him [—how impious and how selfish I had never known till now; for I had come to believe the angels had a special charge concerning him. But that veil of self-delusion fell from my eyes like a mist; my presumption in thinking God would exempt me from the trials common to all! I dare say you know every phase of mind I passed through with, if you have ever been visited with a sudden shock of fear; how, from what I conceived to be loving trust in my Heavenly Father and a glowing gratitude, I found myself madly rebellious, sullenly faithless, wholly unbelieving. What were all His promises worth since it had come to this! Only that morning before I left my room I had read with such a boastful confidence in the Bible which had been his earliest gift to me:

"He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven shall no evil touch thee.

"In famine he shall redeem thee from death, and in war from the power of the sword."

But now He had "put forth his hand and touched all that I had," and the temptation to "curse him to his face" swept over me, as it had through the soul of the patient Chaldean!

During the slow decline which had taken my father from me, and exhausted my mother's little strength in long-continued care and watchfulness, we had sailed on a long voyage, in the hope that it might stay the cruel disease which worked out its end with such deceptive quietness. I was wretchedly feverish and ill for a long, long time, unable to leave my berth or to take any nourishment; yet, strange to say, I never slept without such heavenly dreams! An unaccountable happiness stole over me as I sank into sleep; my fever and the thirst were slaked on delicious fruits or at sparkling fountains of the clearest water. The most monotony of sight and sound, which almost maddened me when awake, was exchanged for the landscapes and the music of Paradise.

So it was with me now for a time; when awake, despair and desolation and eternal isolation closed around me; but when I sank into an unconsciousness that was not sleep, such bright, morking visions of the past, with every precious hour that memory held in store, was lived over with a minuteness and vividness that mocked the changeless reality of widowhood.

Every half-expressed thought or glance of tenderness—the perfect repose of the full knowledge of his love—the bitter bliss of our first parting, when the call to arms sounded through the land—the unspoken longing to be called his—to bear his name, at least, if his life should be laid down for his country; the long-lingering, passionate farewell, when I first felt all the intensity of his love; and his sudden, unlooked-for return.

That day came up before me continually. I heard the sound of clear ringing footsteps in the hall when I thought him hundreds of miles away, and started to be caught to his heart, and feel that my quick recognition of that familiar treat was indeed a blessed reality! How tenderly he smoothed back my hair as I clung to him—afraid he would vanish as strangely as he had come—and pressed my cheek close and closer to his breast, till I could hear the strong throbbing of his heart; and then he whispered, "I must be my wife, Agnes, before I leave you again; this separation will be intolerable if I can not pour out my whole heart to you, and think of you as all mine!"

Yet he was to return the next day; for his sad errand of secret to a deceased comrade, one of the first to baptize the soil of Virginia with heroic blood,

was already accomplished. It was all so strange, so hurried, so dream-like, when I stood up between my kind uncle and aunt the next morning, and my uncle laid my hand in Arthur's, and, trembling from head to foot, I made those solemn vows that bound me to him for life and death.

Once—only once—I heard his dear voice utter the sacred name of "wife"—and then it was all over; my clasping arms were unlocked from his neck with tender and gentle force, my husband's first and last kisses were showered upon my face—and he was gone!

Was this the end of my faithful watching and waiting—ceaseless vigils in spirit by an unknown, unhonored grave?

But now neither bitter realities nor tender memories mingled in the sleep to which I sank; for hours my unstirred pillow was as dreamless as that of the dead, and I awoke so rested and so calm that at first they feared the new mood only as a more insidious symptom of mental malady. I had a plan and purpose of life—for a time, at least—which had come to me as suddenly as an inspiration. I had been denied that which I had coveted—to soothe his pain, to watch by his bed of suffering; but there were those who had suffered in the same holy cause to whom I could minister—his comrades, who, in turn, were far from all they loved.

My aunt called it madness when I told her of my intention to leave my sheltered home with her, and devote myself to the wearing, self-sacrificing life of nurse among the hospitals. "My health forbade;" "my strength had never been taxed;" "it was a romance I should soon be cured of;" "they would not undertake the risk to which my life would be exposed." But I had expected opposition, and met it quietly but firmly. An only child, self-will had been long a governing principle, and they finally gave way, believing what I told them, that it was my only escape from madness, the prospect of action, a mind and heart both occupied fully.

I knew he would have approved my course, and what was my ease and comfort that it could not be resigned when Arthur's had been so readily sacrificed? And suppose the worst came—or what they thought so—there was a selfish, cowardly pleasure to me in the thought that I should then be united to him again so soon.

I wanted to put on the mourning-dress which suited my condition, but that they would not allow me. Arthur's relations opposed it "while there was hope." Alas! there had never been hope. Some of them caviled at my purpose, and called it unwomanly; but then they had at my sudden marriage also—dull souls, who made religion of routine and social observance.

It was the first approach to happiness I had known when I put on the plain gray dress which Arthur had always liked so much, calling me his "little nun," and knelt down in the silence of my own room with a vow of consecration to my God and my suffering fellow-creatures; for He accepted it, I knew, blotting out the human weakness of my rebellion. I knew it by the power that I had given me at that moment to look upon the past without bitterness, and the long, weary future without a cowardly shrinking from it.

My dear aunt waited for me below, with tears that she could not restrain; she saw my blighted life in my thin, worn face, and she had tried so hard to make me happy after that first great loss, and be a mother to me. I stood on the spot where I had been made Arthur's wife. How should I return to my home again? How pass through those doors that now closed so reluctantly upon me?

But then all pain was over save meeting my uncle's pitiful looks, from time to time, as we went on our little journey together.

The surgeons did not care to admit me at first—my youth and inexperience were against me; but my uncle told them my story with a faltering voice, and I pleaded so humbly for the least and lowest office, that they allowed me to remain. My narrow, comfortless quarters were assigned me, and my longed-for task began.

The first day tried my resolution to the utmost; the long rows of sufferers, the wan and wasted faces, the pitiful imploring looks from eyes that followed me as I passed, the sickening sight of maimed and wounded limbs, the ghastly stump cushioned into sight and coolness, the ravings of delirium, the wan, ashen faces of the dying!—oh, my God, that such scenes should be!—repeated with unvarying sameness through those long, dull wards—through miles of wards like these all over our land! And then I saw his sufferings in theirs. Ah! I could not close my eyes, could not compose my limbs to sleep; could only start, and turn, and pray for them and for those they loved, and for my country, all those long wakeful hours.

After that I entered into my work with the exceeding comfort I had expected, and an eager interest in individual suffering that surprised me. When I first came upon the empty bed of one who had been my peculiar care, and who had passed beyond the reach of all ministry, I wept as if I had lost a brother. I forgot aching limbs and weary head when moistening lips blackened by fever, cooling the stiffened bandages, or turning the heated pillow. The close, heavy air ceased to sicken me, my nerves shrank no longer at cries of pain or sight of gaping wound, if so I could prepare a cordial or bathe the sinking pulse back to life again.

Two weeks had passed, and I had won the confidence of the surgeon who had opposed my admission most decidedly. He was abrupt and cold in his manner, but he had a warm and feeling heart; these men had found it out beneath his brusque exterior, for no woman's touch was more gentle, though so firm and rapid in all that required to be done.

I had never obtruded myself upon him, but I noticed, with a pleasure like the award of commendation, that he began to intrust his orders to me more and more; that he singled me out for cases that required the most constant watchfulness. This day he said to me, after giving his directions, "You have not broken down yet, poor thing! poor young thing!"

It was as if my father had pitied and caressed me; but it was so unlooked-for that I almost gave way to tears before him.

That same afternoon I found myself passing a ward that had been prepared some days for new arrivals, just as they were bringing in those sad and touching burdens. Men helpless as infants clung to the arms that supported them, or tottered to the beds prepared for them like little children just learning to walk; stretchers as ghastly as biers passed and repassed with those to whom all places were alike, so that motion would cease and they might be allowed to die in peace; others moaned or shrieked at the torture of the tenderest touch; and all were, without exception, squalid and wretched to the last degree. I wondered to see them so, even while I passed from one to another with restoratives; but still I had not heard that they were paroled prisoners, fresh from the filth and privations of the rebel capital. No; there was not even a tremor of possible hope that I might hear his name or his story among that suffering crowd, as one by one passed before me.

I stooped at length over a wan and wasted figure laid upon the bed in the most remote corner. The face was hollow and emaciated, the eyeballs sunken, the dry lips black and parched by fever; the dark hair and heavy beard were closely shaven; the thin hands clasped together, as if death had already released this poor sufferer. I thought it must be so at first; but as I bent down more closely the eyelids were feebly lifted, the lips quivered painfully.

"Yes—it is heaven!"

I caught the feeble, wandering whisper; but, oh, my Heavenly Father! was my mind wandering too?—had pity clouded my brain?

They must have thought I had gone mad! Perhaps the kind surgeon thought so when he turned, the moment after, to find me kneeling by the bed with that poor, wasted, shriveled face cradled in my arms, and my passionate outcries for help startling the painful quiet around us, for life seemed to have flickered and gone out with the look of recognition which I had caught.

I had said—oh how often!—that I would be content if he could die in my arms; and there he lay, slipping away from me into eternity!

I knew it was best, when they unwound my arms as he had done on that blessed morning, and the surgeon lifted me as if I had been a child and carried me from the room; but I crouched down by the door, blessing the falling darkness that sheltered me, and when he had passed out I crept back again to that bedside. Surely we might be trusted: we did not exchange one word! Sight and touch were sufficient; the grateful, almost adoring looks from those large, brilliant eyes, as my hand passed softly over his forehead, wooing for him the sleep that would save him, and praying that it might avail. And at last the lids fell softly, the hand that I clasped sank away, the painfully tense expression faded from his face; and I began to find that it was no cheating dream, but a blessed, hopeful reality, that Arthur had been given back to me from the dead!

How did I return to the home I had left with such a breaking heart? As a bride indeed, with the blessed consciousness that, but for my presence and watchful care, Arthur would have been at that moment lying among the crowded unknown dead of a soldiers' burial-ground. There had been no trace of his name or home, for the fever had been on him when he went out to the battle-field, and he was carried away from it to a prison shelter, wounded and raving in delirium.

Think of the change in my heart and life when I entered the room in which I had suffered those long, slow weeks of torture; when I knelt by the white-robed bed, too speechlessly thankful for words or tears, with Arthur's arm clasping me, and his dear voice thanking God for both of us, and for the strange deliverance which He had wrought!

THE BROKEN VOW.

I.

Dying lies young Effie Logan
While the snow-drops spring:—
Though her lily hand, so wasted,
Wears no bridal ring,
Yet a babe unto her white breast
Tenderly doth cling!

II.

She is dreaming of the false one,
And the traitor's vow
That beguil'd her heart so trusting—
Trusting even *now!*
"*He will come!*" she softly murmurs—
Death dews on her brow!

III.

Lo! a Chief spurs o'er the heather,
And the draw-bridge falls,
And a stately step is sounding
Through Glenallen's halls.

IV.

Well she knew that haughty footfall—
With a sobbing cry
Stretching wide her arms so wasted—
"Kiss me ere I die!

V.

"Fold me fondly to your bosom!
Clasp me closer still!
Let me feel my true-love's kisses
Though his kiss doth kill!

VI.

"Though my woes of hope bereft me,
Did my sore heart break?
No! I lived—*that* bliss was left me—
For *thy* bairnie's sake!

VII.

"Fast my soul is fleeting homeward
From this weary strife—
By the babe that calls ye Father—
By my ruined life—
Let the stone among the daisies
Bear the name of Wife!

VIII.

"Bring the priest and wed me, Gordon,
If ye love me still!"
See, his proud, wild heart is heaving
With a softer thrill;
With a pang he kiss'd her white lips—
"By Christ's love I will!"

* * * * *

IX.

When the clans swept down to battle
On Culloden's day,
Gallant Gordon bravely perish'd,
Foremost in the fray:
With his tartan pierced and bloody,
On the muir he lay.

X.

Effie and her babe are resting
From this weary strife,
And the stone among the daisies
Bears the name of wife.
She hath sinned, and she hath suffered—
Christ absolve her life.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

We reproduce on page 660 a picture by our special artist, Mr. Mosler, representing the Entry of Buell's Army into Louisville, Kentucky; on page 661 another picture, also by Mr. Mosler, showing the Movement of Veterans on the Ohio; and on the same page a sketch by Mr. Hübner, representing Shelbyville, the only Union town in Tennessee.

Buell entered Louisville on September 25. The *Herald* correspondent, writing on that day, said:

I have to announce the junction of the main portion of the United States forces under General Buell, and the army under General Nelson, assembled for the immediate defense of this city. The advance of General Buell reached the city to-day, and is going into temporary camp on the eastern limits of the town. The advance consisted of General Crittenden's division. It is followed by those of M'Cook, Smith (formerly Ammen's), and Wood. General Buell reached here during last night, and will to-day assume the command of all the forces in the vicinity. A new organization of the two armies into one will doubtless ensue.

Speaking of Buell's rapid march from Green River, the same writer says:

The march from Green River has been made in the rear of Bragg, and battle has been several times offered him, but we have had no response. The whole march has had the appearance of a rapid retreat on the part of Bragg, but General Buell, as if designing to push him as far North as possible, has pursued slowly. The theory of an officer on General Crittenden's staff, with whom I have conversed is, that Bragg has been retreating ever since he reached Glasgow and made an attack on Munfordsville. Failing in his first attempt, the rebel moved up in force and took the position to find that Buell was in line of battle in his rear on Thursday morning. Too late to fall back to Glasgow, Bragg hastily moved forward to Elizabethtown, and, on Thursday night, made a forced march, evacuating Munfordsville in such haste that he did not destroy the railroad bridge at that point. General Buell did not discover this until next morning, when he immediately moved forward. Thomas's corps—Rousseau and Schœpff—by the Glasgow and Bardstown road, and Wood, M'Cook, Crittenden, and Ammen (now Smith), by the road to Elizabethtown.

Colonel Edward M'Cook, Second Indiana cavalry, had the advance of the main column in Bragg's rear. He began to feel Bragg at Bacon Creek, and skirmished with him for three days. Major William H. Polk, volunteer aid on General Crittenden's staff, describes this skirmishing on the part of Colonel M'Cook as exceedingly skillful and successful. He moved with rapidity, and was every where at the same time. He boldly attacked the rebel flanks, and made gallant dashes and charges upon the retreating column. Colonel M'Cook and his men were in the saddle night and day, and harassed the enemy most terribly. He killed a large number, and has brought in over seven hundred prisoners. He states that among the rebels killed in skirmishing with Bragg's rear were Colonel Forsyth, formerly editor of the Mobile *Register*, and on Bragg's staff; Major Wicks, of Hardee's staff; Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, in command of Bragg's rear-guard, and two captains. Among the prisoners are several majors and two captains. The privates, in many instances, were stragglers, but many were taken in actual skirmish. Colonel Edward M'Cook is a member of the M'Cook family. It is not ridiculous or obscure language I use when I say he is a son of old M'Cook, for the name is historical, and the old man and all his sons have made their mark in this war.

The picture on page 661 needs no description. As soon as it was known that the rebel armies were moving northward through Kentucky portions of our veterans were quietly sent north, on transports up the Mississippi and the Ohio, and distributed among the new levies at Louisville and Cincinnati. These are the troops who fought at Fort Donelson and Shiloh. Their arrival and their thoroughly soldierly aspect gave heart and hope to the frightened denizens of those cities.

Of Mr. Hübner's picture of Shelbyville the artist says: "Shelbyville is the county seat of Bedford County, in Middle Tennessee. It is not only noted for its beauty, but for the loyalty of its inhabitants. Shelbyville stands alone in the rebel States true to the Union. To the Federal soldier, on his march through the rebellious States, Shelbyville is like an oasis to a traveler in a great desert. Your correspondent had the pleasure of entering Shelbyville with the advance-guard of General Mitchell's division, it being the first to penetrate Middle Tennessee and Northern Alabama. The citizens shouted for joy at the sight of the columns of Union men. Flags were waved from the principal public buildings and most of the private residences. Unlike most portions of the South, the wealthiest and most influential persons of the town are loyal. The accompanying sketch represents the Stars and Stripes waving from a pole erected in the public square by the citizens, and although the place is not at present occupied by Union troops, the national banner still waves in defiance of the threats of rebellious citizens and guerrillas of the State. The names of such men as Wisener, Warren, and others deserve to be perpetuated in history for their unyielding fidelity to the great republic. Their sacrificing spirit should nerve up the loyal men of the North, and be an example to the weak-kneed Union men of the South.

"The kind hospitality of the citizens of Shelbyville will never be forgotten by the Union soldier whose good fortune it has been to enter the place."

THE PRIZE FLEET.

The illustration of the Prize Fleet, which we publish on page 668, by no means includes all the steamers captured by our naval forces, but only refers to those at present in our harbor.

The largest of the fleet is the Circassian, formerly one of the Galway line of steamers. She is about 2300 tons, and is a very fast and stanch vessel. She was captured in the Gulf, with an assorted cargo on board, bound for rebeldom. She is at present at the Navy-yard, where she will be put in order for the purpose, it is said, of carrying out the first colored emigrants to Chiriqui.

Next in size is the Memphis, also a British-built steamer, which was captured off Charleston on the 21st of July, 1862, by the *Magnolia*, formerly a rebel steamer. The *Memphis* was libeled August 8, and purchased by the Navy Department for a cruiser. She is at the Navy-yard, and is a splendid specimen of naval architecture.

The Stettin is also at the Navy-yard, to be fitted for naval service. She was captured on the 24th of May, 1862, off the coast of South Carolina, by the *Bienville*. She was loaded with munitions of war in great abundance.

The Elizabeth, a wooden vessel, has borne at least half a dozen names, among the number that of the *General Miramon*. She was captured, with a full cargo of war materials, on the 27th of May, by the steamer *Keystone State*.

The Patras was captured near Bull's Bay, South Carolina, on the 27th of May, by the *Bienville*, and was libeled April 21. Her cargo consisted of hardware, quinine, powder, arms, lead, etc.

The Tubal Cain was captured at sea on the 24th of July, by Commander D. D. Porter, in the *Octorora*. She was loaded with arms and munitions of war.

The Ann was captured on the 17th of July, by the *Susquehanna*, *Kanawha*, and *Preble*. She had a large cargo of powder, and some arms and medicines.

The Ella Warly, formerly the *Isabel* of Charleston, was captured on the 24th of April, by the *St. Jago de Cuba*, and was libeled June 4, 1862. Her cargo consisted of arms, skins, copper, paper, cigars, and powder.

The ship Alliance was captured by the army under General Burnside at Morehead city, North Carolina, May 12, 1862, when she was awaiting an opportunity to run the blockade. Her cargo consisted of rosin, turpentine, and pitch. She was turned over to Captain Lockwood, senior naval officer in command.

A large fleet of sailing vessels are now in the harbor awaiting the action of the United States Marshal.

Our neutral friend John Bull has unwillingly contributed somewhat to the increase of our navy.

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

We reproduce on pages 664 and 665 a number of photographs of the Battle of Antietam, taken by the well-known and enterprising photographer, Mr. M. B. Brady, of this city. The following description of these wonderfully lifelike pictures is from one who knew the ground:

The first of these pictures—the large view of Antietam creek and bridge, the crossing of which General Burnside effected at such a fearful sacrifice of life—exhibits little or no traces of the conflict. The spot is just as lovely and tranquil as when last we visited it. Artistically speaking, the picture is one of the most beautiful and perfect photograph landscapes that we have seen. The tone is clear and firm, but soft, and every object is brought out with remarkable distinctness. Next to it is a smaller photograph, some seven inches square, which tells a tale of desperate contention. Traversing it is seen a high rail fence, in the fore-ground of which are a number of dead bodies grouped in every imaginal position, the stiffened limbs preserving the same attitude as that maintained by the sufferers in their last agonies. Minute as are the features of the dead, and unrecognizable by the naked eye, you can, by bringing a magnifying glass to bear on them, identify not merely their general outline, but actual expression. This, in many instances, is perfectly horrible, and shows through what tortures the poor victims must have passed before they were relieved from their sufferings.

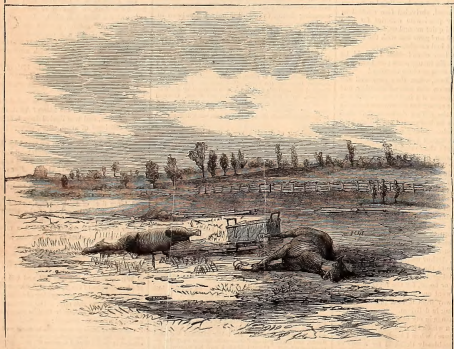
Another photograph exhibits a deep trench or gully, one side of which had been protected by a strong fence, the rails of which are seen scattered about. Lying transversely in its depths, where they have evidently fallen in attempting to cross, are piles of rebel dead, many of them shoeless and in rags. On the left bank are a number of persons examining the spot with curious interest, visitors probably from some of the Northern cities.

A poetic and melancholy interest attaches to the next scene that we come to. There is such a dash of sentiment in it that it looks more like an artistic composition than the reproduction of an actuality. A new-made grave occupies the centre of the picture, a small head and foot board, the former with lettering, defining its limits. Doubled up near it, with the features almost distinguishable, is the body of a little drummer-boy who was probably shot down on the spot. How it happens that it should have been left uninterred, while the last honors were paid to one of his comrades, we are unable to explain. Gazing on the body, with a pitying interest, stands in civilian's attire one of those seedy, shiftless-looking beings, the first glance at whom detects an ill-spent career and hopeless future. It is some time, perhaps, since that blunted nature has been moved by such deep emotion as it betrays at this mournful sight.

We now pass on to a scene of suffering of another character, where, under tents, improvised by blankets stretched on fence-rails, we see the wounded receiving the attentions of the medical staff. Next to it is a bleak landscape, on which the shadows of evening are rapidly falling, revealing, in its dim light, a singular spectacle. It is that of a row of dead bodies, stretching into the distance, in the form of an obtuse angle, and so mathematically regular that it looks as if a whole regiment were swept down in the act of performing some military evolution. Here and there are beautiful stretches of pastoral scenery, disfigured by the evidences of strife, either in the form of broken caissons, dead horses, or piles of human corpses. In one place a farm-house offers visible marks of the hot fire of which it was the centre, the walls being battered in and the lintels of the windows and doors broken.



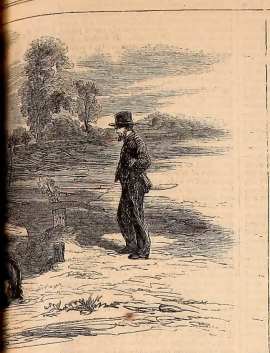








SCENES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ANTIET











—From Photographs by Mr. M. B. Brady.—[See Page 663.]

WAITING.

When he comes back, all glorious,
With the love-light in his eye,
From the battle-field victorious,
Who'll be happier then than I!
See, the big arm-chair is waiting,
Vacant still, in its old place—
Time! press quickly on the hours
Till I see his pleasant face!

He was too young, they told me,
To march against the foe;
Yet when his country needed aid
His mother bade him go!
'Twere meet slaves should tremble
Whom tyrants hold in thrall;
But my boy was a freeman born,
He went at Freedom's call.

My small weak hand would waver
The shortest sword to bear;
But he stands steady in the ranks,
And holds his musket there.
My faint heart would falter
The battle-ground to see;
But his is strong in Freedom's might,
He fights for her and me.

I am watching and waiting,
As mothers watch and wait
Whose sons are in the army now,
And it is growing late;
My life's past its morning,
It's near sunset in the sky—
Oh! I long once more to clasp him
In my arms before I die.

Yet farther off the army goes—
He will return no more,
Till our glorious flag is free again
To float o'er sea and shore.
Where'er it waved in days gone by,
Its folds again shall rest,
From the depths of the lowest valleys
To the highest mountain crest.

And he, my boy, my darling,
The pride of my old heart!
Where'er his place may be, I know
He will fulfill his part.
Not until the war is over
Shall we meet in fond embrace—
Time! press swiftly on the hours
Till I see his pleasant face!

HOW THE ENGLISH PLUNDERED DELHI, IN 1857.

[The October number of *Harper's Magazine* contained an article giving some account of the atrocities perpetrated by the English in the suppression of the Sepoy "Rebellion." The London *Cornhill Magazine* for the same month contains an account of the Plunder of Delhi, which we reproduce with slight curtailment. It is a personal narrative of the proceedings of a single individual, and similar scenes were taking place all over the city. Imagine [illegible] execration that would be heard all over England could one of our officers at New Orleans or Nashville give a similar detail of his proceedings in either of those cities.—Ed. Harper's Weekly.]

The siege was over. We were safe within the red walls; our dead were buried. We had not time to weep, for Delhi was to be looted, and *hodie mihi* was every body's motto. Before the assault, confident of the result, we had elected prize-agents by vote, who were to see fair play, collect the spoil, and realize afterward; they did *their* duty well, but where's the money? At that time they were the greatest men within the walls—greater even than Wilson, who, as somebody said, can not be refused the credit of having commanded the army that took the city—greater even than poor Hodson, who had just brought back the old king from Humayou's tomb where he had fled for sanctuary, together with the bodies of the princes, slain before their father's eyes, to be exposed stark naked in the "Silver Road," the main street of Delhi. We were certainly savage in our wrath then. But for the man laid the other day in the Abbey, we should have done deeds of massacre and rapine in those times which England never could have sufficiently atoned for.

The prize-agents soon discovered that there was little valuable treasure overground; the jewelers, the workers in the precious metals (for whom Delhi is famous), the Cashmere fabric and silk merchants, the bankers and money-changers, had, months before the assault, when the sepoys first seized the city in the name of the Moghul, either hidden or buried their wealth; for they trusted their own countrymen not at all. In the panic flight of the inhabitants upon our getting in, they left their treasures behind them, hoping that they would not be discovered, and intending to return when things had become settled; for they wisely suspected that the English conquerors would at first take little trouble to distinguish between friends and foes. All did, in fact, shortly return, and many influential bankers and merchants were permitted, on proving their loyalty, to redeem their tenements and property, but all movables that could be laid hands on were prize. We were not at all scrupulous; we wanted to tear the gilt copper-sheeting off the domes of the mosques and temples, and add it to the prize heap; but John Lawrence, the now neglected saviour of India (he saved India *for* us, Earl Canning saved its inhabitants *from* us), put in a veto, and the sacrilege (from a native point of view) was not committed. It was decided that the wealth of Delhi should be digged out of the bowels of the by no means innocent city; and, as in Australia, the prize-agents conferred licenses on officers, in whose integrity they trusted (I, my friend, was one), to dig for treasure in their behalf. All property discovered was to be brought to the prize-office, in one of the chief streets, a place to describe which would take more time than I can spare now, and the diggers were to get a per-centage upon their "treasure-trove." The diggings promised to be profitable. Labor was cheap and abundant—the only difficulty was to scent out the spoil.

I occupied a large native house in "a central situation," which I had taken possession of shortly after our entry. I planted "touts" at the door, and gave it to be understood that I was a man of great influence with the Government, and of large resources, who was ready to pay liberally for information as to the whereabouts of buried valuables. At first I did not prosper; the inhabitants were slowly returning to their dwellings, trembling and suspicious, more anxious just then about their necks than any thing else. Our troops, white and black, particularly the latter, were busy looking for plunder. However, after many days' waiting, a change came in my fortunes. As I watched the crowd hurrying by one day, a tall gaunt Sikh, with hungry eyes and troubled air, made me a sign. I hurried out at once. He walked aside from the main stream of pedestrians, camels, and bullock-carts, and inquired whether my Highness-ship would make him a promise of secrecy. On my eagerly assenting, he told me that he had a piece of jewelry to sell, and that the price was one thousand rupees cash; he added, further, that if I wished to deal, I must bring the money that evening to a place he named without the Cashmere gate, on the cantonment road, where he promised to meet me.

I scraped together, with some difficulty, five hundred rupees, and went to the spot at the appointed hour. I found the Sikh awaiting me. He produced a frontlet, or forehead-ornament, of large emeralds and diamonds, with a great central ruby, all most clumsily and loosely fixed together. He declined to say how he came by it. "*Loot be-shuk*," "plunder undoubtedly," he said, with a grin. I was fascinated by the glitter of the gems, but, happily, having only the above sum, I told him I could give no more. After demur and remonstrance, he consented to let me have it, and I returned home satisfied that I had made one successful *coup*. I rejoiced in the possession of the Sikh's booty for many months, and proudly did I display it one day to a London jeweler, to be told, to my horror, and to the destruction of mighty air-castles, that the stones were pierced and flawed every one, and that their united value did not amount to the sum the ornament had cost me.

Shortly after my bargain I was riding one evening about sunset through the "Dureeba," a winding street, and the most picturesque in Delhi, when I saw a scantily-dressed native of the lowest class, skulking, with a bundle in his hand, in the shade of the shop-roofs, evidently trying to escape my notice. I rode over to him, demanded his business in loud tones, and drawing my sword at the same time threatened him with instant execution. He became sallow, his knees tottered, he muttered some indistinct prayer for the "*Kumpanee Bahadoor ke kawa*"—"Mercy from the omnipotent Company," and fled, leaving his bundle behind him. I took it to my house, and found, tied up in a singularly unclean cloth, a piece of Cashmere silk embroidery, worth at least £20 in England, a handful or two of parched pease, a ball of tobacco prepared for the "chillum," a lot of cowries or shell-money, and three annas four pie in copper. It was clear that he had stolen the only valuable article in the list, and it was equally clear that it had become mine more or less lawfully.

Next morning (it never rains but it pours) I received a confidential communication from my table servant, as he stood by my bedside, tea-cup in hand; he had met an old friend in the vegetable-market, who said he knew of an old woman who was heard to say that, in a certain house, near the Ajmere gate, there was a sum of money buried in a ghurra, or earthen water-jar, not less, at all events, than 6000 rupees, £600. Some tedious negotiation followed this straightforward statement, but I was finally led to the place, followed by my coolies with digging-tools. A closely-shut door was opened after violent threats, and I got into a small darkened room on the ground-floor, ill-smelling and filthy, with but one article of furniture, a native charpoy, or bedstead, whereon lay an old man, declared by an attendant hag, probably his betrayer, to be bedridden and very ill.

Amidst shrieks of pretended pain from its occupant, the bedstead was moved to one side, in accordance with previous instructions, and the coolies commenced to dig. The ground had evidently been disturbed not long before, and soon a clink, as of metal against pottery, was heard, and the ghurra was lifted out, with a cloth tied over the top—not without some difficulty, as it was of the largest size made. My clumsy assistants managed to break the vessel in setting it down, and amidst triumphant shouts from all the spectators except the old man, who shrieked feeble prayers for pity to the "sirkar," or Government, as represented by me on the occasion, a stream of silver gushed from the interior. Denouncing my workers as the offspring of swine, fit only for Jehennam, and not for the service of a "Protector of the Poor," and "Cherisher of the Oppressed," such as I, I ordered one of them to divest himself of his only garment (some yards of coarse cotton stuff, wound first round the waist, and then round the semi-shaven scalp). We tied our ghurra up in this, swung it on a strong bamboo, and carried it off. The value I found to be very nearly equal to the sum promised, all in rupee and eight anna pieces.

My next take was a noble one—the *spolia opima* of looting; it struck me that it would be a good plan to try the earth in the vicinity of the jewelers' shops, or, rather, where the jewelers had lived before the siege. I knew Delhi pretty well in former times, and the *habitat* of the different merchants of note. At gun-fire, one fine morning in October (delightful the early morning in the beginning of the cold weather in the northwest is), I set forth, attended by my six coolies, with the Hindoo equivalents of spades, shovels, and picks on their shoulders, taking with me the *Overland Mail*, a cheroot-box stuffed with very fair number twos, half a dozen of soda-water, and half a bottle of John Exshaw "Number one." I struck into a circuitous lane near the canal, leading from the "Loll Surrak," or red street, to the Begum Sumroo's garden (Dyce Sombre's Begum), and selected, for my first trial, a ruinous buffalo-dairyman's shed, which stood (or tottered) close by a dirty little hut, then deserted, where one of the chief gold-workers of the place had formerly flourished. I had excavated for a little time without success, when an acute coolie, whose intelligence I afterward rewarded with four annas, sixpence-halfpenny, over and above his lawful wages, suggested a mine under the party-wall. It was easily made, for the wall had no foundation, and was built of "kuccha" or sun-dried bricks of clay, quite friable from age. I read the English news with as much interest as I could, while my men were rooting; but I was soon interrupted by a heavy fall of rotten bricks, a shout from my coolies, and the apparition on the other side of the tumbled wall of my jolly friend Pintle, of the Royal Bengal fire-workers, mattock in hand, with his great red cheeks covered with dust and sudor, his "khakee" tunic dirt-colored indeed and wet through with perspiration, his whole appearance like a navvy's in a solah topee. The rascal was a licensed digger like myself, but he worked alone, on principle; and there were, in consequence, even uglier stories about him than about myself, and that's saying a good deal. We cried simultaneously, "Halves with you!" and struck a partnership on the spot. He knew Delhi better than I did, and worked, as I afterward found, on more scientific data; but my sources of information were better than his, and he acknowledged that solitary digging was an error. The natives began to clear away the rubbish, and while I watched them, Pintle, pulling a small chisel out of his pocket, tested knowingly every likely-looking brick in the jeweler's wall.

"I shouldn't wonder at all," he said, as he went around tapping, "if the swag were here." He had scarcely spoken when, by a neat wrist-turn, he extracted a brick which was a trifle more firmly set than its neighbors, and thrust his chisel into the cavity. "Something soft at all events," he whispered, peering in eagerly. A little skillful scooping produced a small dirty rag tied in a knot. I "lent him a knife:" the rag contained about a dozen uncut sapphires and diamonds of unquestionable value, and a splendid "cat's-eye"—one of those gorgeous dusky orange opals, with as many changes of color in different lights as a cameleon, a real "talisman stone." We looked at each other and sighed; there was at least two hundred pounds' worth of gems in that rag, and there were two of us. Pintle recovered his presence of mind first.

"They" (*i. e.*, the prize-agents) "ought to give us one each," he said.

"Dig on, you worthless demons," I said, turning savagely on the coolies who had suspended *their* operations to watch *ours*: so they shoveled away with vehement expressions denoting zeal in the service of my High Mightiness-ship. I may have wished Pintle down the Grand Trunk Road with the "clearing" column; he possibly wished me in Jericho.

We soon got down on the mine I had commenced under the fallen wall; and though the mine led to nothing, yet we found indications on one side of recently broken soil, and finally, beneath the rude platform where the unlucky jeweler used to sit, five feet under the ground, came upon the rest of his treasure: viz., a brass betel-box such as natives use, called a Paun-dan, a quaint ebony casket with joinings of silver, a bale of goods tied carefully in gunny, a "degchee" or copper cooking utensil with a loose lid, and half a dozen brazen dishes and "lotas," or drinking vessels, which latter became our coolies' share of the spoil, and made happier dogs of them than our findings made of us, then or since.

We took our booty off to my quarters; the prize-office was close at hand to be sure, yet we could not deny ourselves the small gratification of being the first to investigate the products of the lode. But it may be asked, how was it that the owners of articles of great value such as gems, so portable and so easily concealable on the person, did not carry them away when they fled? This question is easily answered. The sepoys were really masters of the city and its inhabitants for four clear months; the old king was but nominally supreme: they levied black-mail, in money and kind, from the shroffs and bunyahs, the bankers, tradesfolk, and food-sellers, during that time without mercy. If any who were known to be possessed of means pleaded poverty, the sepoys, under no restraint, searched their houses and their persons, and even beat and tortured them to force them to disgorge. Circumstantial diaries of the events within the walls during the siege were kept by more than one native of the place, which were afterward translated and published in India, and in which were recorded instances after instances of this: the consequence was, that the jewelers and merchants had no resource from the first but to conceal their goods as artfully as they could, and the valuables the Delhi diggers exhumed were originally buried, in order that they might not fall into the hands of the mutineers.

The haul was a grand one that morning. The betel-box was full of gems in all stages of preparation for setting—rubies, onyxes, jaspers, pearls of some price, topazes, gold stones, and pebbles of minor value, such as abound in all the shops of the Delhi jewelers. The copper cooking utensil contained our poor friend's working tools (clumsy they looked, but marvelous is the work native goldsmiths turn out with them), and studs, bracelets, and brooches in gold and silver filigree, of native and English pattern, some of the former very tasteful: there were also gold and silver chains half finished, lumps of unworked precious metal, semi-moulded armlets, nose, ear, and ankle ornaments for native ladies, a few gold mohurs and other coins, in that battered-looking skillet.

The ebony casket we were rather disappointed in. We had some trouble in bursting the lock, to find only an old Koran, illuminated and richly bound to be sure, but then entirely out of proportion as to value we thought. It fetched a high price at the prize sale, for there are book maniacs even in India who are as particular about bits of Arabic scroll and the curves of the reversed caligraphy of the Eastern reed as their brethren at home are about Aldine imprimature and impossible black letter. One enthusiastic gentleman got hold of a piece of goods in the Jumma Musjid, silk or cotton, written all over with sacred sayings from the Koran: this he pronounced to be nothing less than the shirt of the Prophet, and advertised it for sale in the Delhi *Gazette* at the low figure of five thousand rupees. I did not hear the name of the purchaser. Our eager hands and knives made short work of the outer covering of the bale. Its contents filled us with admiration: purdahs or door-hangings of crimson velvet, four yards long and nearly half as wide, with cords and tassels of gold lace and double bullion, the whole stiffly embroidered with gold in arabesque patterns—quite new, and evidently made to order for some shrine: they had suffered somewhat from the damp of the hiding-place, but were still very gorgeous. There were shawls, and waistbands, and turbans, beautifully embroidered with the highly-dyed silk for which Delhi is famous—chogas or mantles from Cashmere, of the exquisitely fine Pushmeena fabric, with deep selvages of gold-lace work, or needle-made shawl-pattern of the brilliant colors, which, it is said, no dyes can produce save those mixed with the water of the rushing Jhelum. Then there were daggers and stilettoes of strange shapes, made of blue wave-lined steel from the country west of Cabool, the qualities of the metal, and the name and residence of its artificer cut upon the blades in beautiful Persian characters, the handles inlaid with gold and ivory, the sheaths and scabbards of soft wood covered with crimson velvet and gold lace; there were shields too, of light wood and leather, covered with green or crimson velvet and heavily bossed with gold work—all ornamental armor for noble natives on state occasions. The place we were fortunate enough to discover had, it was clear, been selected by a family of different trades to conceal their stocks in. My friend Pintle and I, after bath, breakfast, and cheroot, returned to the house for further exploration; but we found two Ghoorkas (with their khookries on) and a particularly ferocious-looking Belooch in the pit, scraping briskly, and we did not consider it advisable to claim our right of priority.

After this I made no mighty *coup*. I had many a hard day's work, and so had Pintle, clearing out choked-up wells, probing sewers, stripping staircases, and scraping off room-plaster; but we gained hardly any thing to recompense our toils: all that we did gain the prize-agents got, and so we said, but nobody believed us. Afterward, at the auction, Pintle and I purchased a few little things we admired; our friends said it was a clever "dodge," but that it didn't take *them* in.

DUGGAN AND HIS GANG.

Though it is now sixty years ago, there are travelers yet alive who, going by stage-coach from Cork to Tralee, have seen the eight skulls that were stuck on spikes on the roof of the market-house in the town of Macroom, in the barony of Muskerry.

People did not like to talk about the skulls. When questioned, the country people said "they were the murderers of Colonel Hutchinson;" but no more could be got out of them. The skulls were a source of disgust and horror to the inhabitants of Macroom, and to all the country round. They had not been subjected to any previous process, as was usually the case with the horrible remains of traitors' heads and members, ordered to be exposed. These heads had been put over the market-house at Macroom just as they were struck from the bodies to which they belonged.

Above one of the heads there was nailed a hand, severed at the wrist, and the sight of the half-bleached skulls was hideous. They cowed the people, and struck more fear of the law into their hearts than as many regiments of dragoons. That part of the country, for many years after the event that gave rise to this spectacle, was the most peaceable district in Ireland. The fate of the "murderers of Mr. Hutchinson" was a very effective terror to evil-doers. But who were they? and what was the story? Here it is: for though people would not tell it, it is on record in the criminal trials.

Mr. Hutchinson was an amiable and worthy man, who lived at a house called Codrum, about a mile out of the market-town of Macroom. It stood in its own plantation, on a rising ground, with a lawn before it, dotted with ornamental trees, and adorned with fair beds of flowers. Colonel Hutchinson was a man of property; he belonged to what was called a "new family," but he was much respected by the neighboring gentry; the poor people were fond of him, for he was an excellent and charitable man.

One morning, early in the summer of the year 1800, the neighborhood was thrown into commotion by the report that Colonel Hutchinson had been murdered in the night. Some laborers passing to their work saw the large kitchen window, in the front of the house, completely smashed. Going up to learn what had happened, they found the shutter broken in, the front door open, and the body of Colonel Hutchinson lying dead and stiff at the foot of the stairs, with a wound through his heart. Shot dead, as was supposed.

None of the inmates could give any account of the matter. Miss Hutchinson could only say that she had been awakened by the noise of the kitchen window being smashed in, and the sound of several persons rushing into the house. In her fright she left her bed and hid behind a large press, up stairs in a garret, and had not ventured out till long after all was quiet. Reen, the man-servant, stammered and looked exceedingly guilty, but could give no

information. All the neighboring gentry belonged to the yeomanry corps—Catholics as well as Protestants—and they found themselves by an oath put to rest until the murderers were discovered.

A reward of three hundred pounds was offered for any information that could lead to their detection. One remarkable thing was, that although a handsome looking-glass had been broken, and some furniture pulled about, nothing had been stolen. Suspicion at last fell on a man named Malachi Duggan. He was a farmer of the better class; superior to the common peasantry in education and intelligence, as well as in circumstances, but, however, a very bad character. In appearance he was the type of a ruffian; of gigantic stature, and strong in proportion; his countenance was brutal and ferocious, with a dash of cunning which made it more repulsive; and altogether he was the most respectable in the neighborhood as a juryman! People who had a cause in court used to bribe him to be on the jury, and if he were not chosen he was insulted, he, possibly, also bribed the summoning officer. He then always either voted out, or "hung" a verdict—generally his fellow-jurors. When the officers went to his house, accompanied by several magistrates, they found him at home. He made no attempt to escape, but treated the charge lightly. One of the magistrates advised him to give orders about his horses, as he would be away a long time.

"Sure, it will not be more than a couple of days at the furthest," said he.

"It will be more than two days, or two weeks, or two years," said the magistrate.

Malachi changed his manner, ordered his nag to be saddled, and he cut a long willow switch for the purpose of urging on his horse. Then he went to attend to any thing passing round him, sent rods on in silence, with the end of this rod in his mouth. He continued to keep it there, and in his escort arrived at Macroom, a distance of only three miles, in the short space of about half-an-hour, within an inch of the end. He had been considering. He offered to turn informer if he might be assured of having bail bond found and the rod burned. His offer was accepted, and Malachi Duggan stated that on the night in question, a certain Sunday, he and others, assembled, and went in a body to attack Coltom, with the intention of plundering whatever they could carry off, but without any design to harm Colonel Hutchinson. Colonel Hutchinson was sitting or reading at window, as he hearing the noise of the window smashed and the shutter broken in, he immediately came down stairs to see what was the matter. Then the mob fell tiled with men, some of whom were armed; among them he saw his own game-keeper, named M'Carthy, and several of his tenantry.

"Are you here, M'Carthy?"

Malachi Duggan, the captain of the gang, at once called out:

"M'Carthy, do your duty!"

The game-keeper raised his gun and fired. Colonel Hutchinson fell dead. The sight of his dead body struck them with panic, and they retreated from the house, taking nothing with them. Malachi Duggan gave the names of all the men who had been with him. The magistrates and gentry immediately began a strict search, but the criminals, as soon as it was rumored that Malachi had turned informer, took to the hills and concealed themselves—all the country people, of course, assisting and aiding them. The County Cork was at that time a period under martial law, and the Cork yeomanry were a formidable body. They were determined that the murderers of Colonel Hutchinson should not escape, and they hunted down all the peasants suspected of giving them shelter. Half a day's work were on the track of some of the murderers; but the inhabitants of a mountain hamlet had aided their escape. Frequent measures were taken on the spot. The cabins were searched; every article of furniture was dragged out, and the thatch, and then set on fire—the wretched owners standing round, not daring to say a word. One of the soldiers, separated from the ranks, wandering on into a house, found a feather-bed carefully concealed. He was charging this part of the house with the rest of the rest, when the captain, a man of humanity, cried out:

"No, gentlemen, these wretched people have suffered enough; let us leave them at least this bed."

As he spoke, a ball whizzed past, grazing his ear. Turning round, a puff of white smoke was seen over the brow of a hill behind them. Immediately he and all two other gentlemen dashed to the spot, feeling sure they had come upon the criminals. They, however, found only two peasants, who had no connection with Duggan or his gang. They belonged to the village, and, exasperated at seeing the destruction of their goods, had fired the shot. They were immediately seized, and dragged to the prison of Macroom. They were charged with firing on the yeomanry, but for helping and hiding the murderers, and they were condemned to be transported. Their trial and sentence took place at great speed. When they were on board the hulks, all their relations and friends came to a place called Coolmeen, a cross-road, and offered, if there two men were restored to their families, that the whole country should join to hunt down the murderers and give them up to justice. After some consideration this offer was accepted.

The men were pardoned, sent back to their homes, and the people of the county began to keep their word. The murderers now led the life of hunted wolves, and endured fearful hardships. Winter was approaching, and they did not dare to seek concealment; every one was against them. Two contrived to escape to America; but the others wandered about among the mountains of Glenflesk, hiding under rocks, not daring to kindle a fire. At length the people pretended to become friendly to them: some villagers invited them to come to a supper in a barn, where they declared they would be safe. The men, more than half-famished, came down from the mountains, but refused to enter any building lest they should be surprised; they sat down on the ground and began to eat voraciously. The peasants fell upon them, disarmed them, and gave them up to justice. The trial came on. Malachi Duggan swore to them all, gave a circumstantial account of the murder, and several others, cautious to his own infamy. One of the men was his own cousin, named John Duggan, a stone-mason. This man was not destitute of the family cunning; he declared that Colonel Hutchinson had not been shot at all; that if his body could be seen, it would be found that the wound had been made by a sharp instrument, and that the end of his chisel would fit the wound; that Colonel Hutchinson had been shot, discharging the gun was a lie. This circumstantial account shook the jury. The gang was disentered and examined. Three bullets and a brace of slugs were found behind the heart. This of course settled the question. Malachi was all sentenced to be hanged, and their heads to be exposed on spikes over the jail-entrance gates. Strictly, the game-keeper, as the man who fired the shot, was to have his hand struck off and affixed above his head.

The prisoners were to be executed at Macroom, and they were conveyed there in a cart, an open cart: the hangman—a hideous person—clothed for the occasion in bright green, with a belt on which pistols and long knives, "Erin go bragh"—for show what Erin go Bragh principles led to.

The priests were in attendance on the criminals when they had performed about half the journey, in order that the people, seeing them die without the consolations of religion, might be roused with greater ave. One of the criminals was quite a young boy, cousin to the murderer. He was not executed, and that the worst thing he had ever done was stealing some hens' eggs from his mother's roost. He was kept in appearance that he our innocent, but that Duggan had sworn against him, in order not to leave one of the family alive, who might be witness upon him. When the cart and the wretched men arrived at a grove of trees at the entrance of Macroom, they were halted. A beam was laid between two trees, and two of the men were hanged, one at each end; their companions looking on at the people standing by in silence. When all had suffered, the hangman proceeded to cut off the heads of the men. At silence, though even his callous feelings revolted against it, and he required copious draughts of whisky to enable him to do it. The heads of the eight heads struck a great deal more terror into the people than the bodies.

As for Malachi Duggan, the captain of the gang, and treacherous informer, he received the three hundred pounds reward, and emigrated with his family. The neighboring gentry endeavored to countenance him, but he was quite beyond the pale of all acquaintance, though the first day on which he appeared in Macroom he looked up to the heads and said: "Ha! I have got you at last, my fine fellows, and in array. It is the best place for the rascals."

He survived many years, and at last died in his bed at last; but his memory is held, even yet, in the deepest execration in that part of the country.

"O! that was the most curious trouble not more than twelve or fourteen years ago. A gentleman living in the neighborhood, a magistrate, was murdered in his own house. One of them was a very nice young girl, named Duggan, a far away cousin of the hanged man, Malachi Duggan. A dispute about some trifling matter, and one of the other servants said to Duggan, 'We shall have to get rid of that girl, Miss Malachi.' The poor girl did not answer a word, but that very evening she left her place and went to live with people at a distance of five-and-twenty miles, so disgraceful was the imputation of belonging even remotely to the treacherous informer.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S STORY.

"My father was a merchant, and owned many ships. He sent them to the West Indies, the East Indies, and Australia, and China. He owned one and the ships. My father used to allow me to go on board with him when they were about to sail, or had arrived from a long voyage. I sometimes took such little presents on board as sailors like, and they said I would give them a kiss for a present. They did not forget me, and brought me many a nice present from beyond the seas.

"My father had a favorite ship, and found a new captain, whom I had never seen before. I thought him very handsome, and he was very kind to me. He told me afterward that he was good and honorable. He had been in the royal navy. A great misfortune had befallen him, and he resigned from it to leave the service and accept the higher pay of a merchantman. He was a long time at sea, and was very much tossed, and he came to love me better than all the world.

"One day that they did not love him so well as another person did—at least, he did not wish me to love him. I was only a child, and could not know that I saw him, and when the time for his arrival drew near, and the ship, for me so richly laden, was in sight, I was on the cliffs with my telescope to the top of our house, sweeping the line of the horizon with a long spy-glass, and when I saw the little signal flag that I adore know of, and that would tell me it was coming.

"One day that my father was at home, and he won my heart, asked my father for my hand. He could have nothing against him. He was wealthy himself; but I was my father's pet and pride, and he would not have thought of refusing him what he would then have satisfied him for a son-in-law.

"Captain Walter came and told me, with some bitterness, the result of his interview with my father. I knew that he was poor, but I knew that this was the only reasonable objection that could be made to him, and I laid my hand in his—a strong, manly hand—strong and true, and I said, 'Be patient: I am yours, and I will never be my one's but yours while this world stands.'

"He said I must expect a long voyage, and a very important one, for my father liked him as a captain of his ship, and knew well that he could trust him to the last drop of his blood to protect ship and cargo.

"When he came home next time I had reflected much, and determined upon what I ought to do. I did not wait for him to come and see me. I did not wait for him to ask me to do any thing. I knew that he could not while he was my father's captain. So I went to the ship, and said: 'Captain Walter, will you leave this all to me, to do as I think right?'

"He only held me to his big heart a moment, but he looked a thousand yeses out of his handsome, loving eyes.

"The day his ship was to sail on her next voyage I sent my trunks on board the ship. Then I found my father, and said: 'Come with me, and redeem your promise, and I will keep mine.' We went to a church, the banns were ready, and we were married. The ship was ready to sail, and I knew that my father was on board to give his last directions, and was not. I was then on board with my husband, and my father was not surprised, for I had often sailed out with him, and remained in the pilot-boat.

"When the ship was fairly out a good offing, and the pilot was ready to take us back, my father said his last words to the captain, and shook hands, wishing him a good voyage. 'Come, darling,' said he to me: 'say good-by to Captain Walter, for we must go now.'

"I fixed myself, 'said I, 'forgive your darling; I can not go with you now.'

"'What, Captain Walter!'

"He looked from one to the other to see if they were jest or earnest.

"'Yes, father,' said I, 'you could never have found me so good a husband. So I took him this morning, and I have now my one, and here is the certificate that I am his wife.'

"Poor father! He turned very pale, but he loved me more than he was his. He took me in his arms and kissed me, while his tears ran over my cheeks. He said that he could not be angry to brave captain in token of forgiveness. He went home alone in the pilot-boat.

"The ship was England faded from our sight, and we were on the open sea. We had fair winds and fool, still, and gentle breezes, and I became a sailor. We crossed the line, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and sailed on weeks and weeks through the Indian Sea to Batavia, and then to Canton. When our cargo was completed we sailed homeward again.

"Now, as we were reaching our northern latitudes, my captain came hastily into the cabin to get his sextant, and I followed him on deck. There was a vessel in sight bearing down directly for us. She had changed her course since we first saw her, and it was evident she meant to come near us.

"My captain took a long look at her. Well?' said I, standing at his elbow, and taking the glass from his hand.

"'I don't like good eyes, darling,' said he, 'see what you can make of her.'

"I looked at her intently to my eye, and looked intently. 'I is an armed vessel,' said I. 'I see ports, and a large gun amidships.'

"'Quite correct—and usual,' said my captain.

"But she does not look like a man-of-war,' said I, 'and I do not think she is English.'

"No more is she,' said he. 'Either war has been declared, or she is a privateer, or she is a cursed pirate.'

"I never was a coward. I held the glass steadily in my hands, and watched the brig as she bore down with all sail set, and it was evident that she was a good sailor. There had been talk of war before we left England, but my father did not believe in it. I shuddered at the idea of its being a pirate.

"Whatever she may be,' said my captain, 'she has no business with us. Get you below, my love, and I will give our ship the best possible trim, the sails were wet; but it was necessary to dry them in the sun. Meanwhile, the brig was gaining on us—slowly, indeed, but certainly gaining.

"'Now, my darling, bring a long chair, Calista, darling,' said my captain, cheerily; but I could see that he was not at all satisfied with the aspect of affairs.

"'You know that I am not a coward,' said I; 'and this can not be war.'

"'I know your soul is bigger than your body, my darling,' said he. 'This reachy little brig can not be. I can not have foul weather to-night, we may change our course and lose sight of her. I see no sign of it. She is not strong enough to fight us.'

"There are muskets and pistols in the cabin,' said I, 'and we have two cannon on deck.'

"Still enough to frighten savages, or beat off the Malay pirates; but that brig is well armed, and must have a crew of forty, by the way they handle her. If she is a privateer, we must surrender. If a pirate, I will not be taken alive. You will make your own wood of us, but we must take our chance.

"I was bold on, praying for night, and storm, and darkness. The full moon rose high in the heavens, and silvered the waves through which our good ship plowed gallantly. Nearer and nearer came our pursuer. Once the wind freshened, and we seemed to gain a slight advantage, but it soon fell off again, and the brig crept nearer and nearer. Few slept. By the full morning light there lay the handsome brig, full over our taffrail, bounding along with a bone in her mouth. My brave husband walked the deck in sore trouble. He had made the best possible preparations for defence, the crew were ready to obey his orders, but the case was desperate.

"As the light increased I watched the brig closer through the glass, trying to ascertain the character of our pursuer. A flag of stars and stripes went up to her mast-head, and the smoke of a cannon curled up from her deck. It was the first signal. The commander of the brig was in the field of my glass and my worst fears were dispelled.

"'Look!' said I to my husband, giving him the glass; 'that man is not a pirate.'

"I could not be mistaken. He was a fine-looking man of thirty-five or forty, in an undress naval uniform. His bearing was manly, and his face was that of a look at it, was clear and open. My captain took the glass and gave an anxious look.

"'I believe you are right, my darling,' said he. 'The man is no pirate. Then it is war, and we shall soon be his prisoners. It is a hard case, but there is no help for it.'

"'I do not be cast down my brave captain,' said I; 'father knows him ship's, and has dealed this one from my portion.'

"Just then another shot from the long gun came alongside, and showed that we were within point blank range. The order was given to take in sail, and we waited for the brig to come up. As she came on, dashing gallantly through the waves, my captain took his trumpet and hailed her. The hail was courteously responded to. It was a United privateer demanding our surrender.

"On the part of grim, and half a chance at him!' exclaimed my captain; but the disparity of force was too overwhelming. In answer to the question, he gave the name of his vessel and ship and his own.

"Then I, who was watching the deck of the enemy still through the glass, though we were now so near, saw a strange movement. The captain of the brig suddenly put up his glass, and then turned on my husband. Then he appeared to give some order to the lieutenant who commanded on board us, and soon sprang into the boat himself, and came on board of us.

"He was received with a not very cheerful politeness, but his manner, as he stepped upon our deck, was courteous and kind. I could see that my husband was not to be won with a graceful bow, and my husband invited him to enter our cabin, which the light was extinguished, and where fresher refreshments were brought out in plenty, and the stranger told us of the outbreak of war in the West Indies, and also of other events which were news to us at that time.

"'We are prisoners? Was this our captor, quietly conversing with us, and courteously drinking to our success? I knew that we were prisoners of war, but I felt that we were safe from insult, and that, by and by, when my eyes were turned away, and I thought I saw a strange smile upon his face.

"My husband opened a locker, and taking out the ship's papers, laid them on the table with a sigh. He knew that he would show it, and said with an air of assumed cheerfulness—

"'It is the fortune of war. My ship is your prize, captain, and since I am surrendered to, I am glad it is to a gentleman. Where do you propose to send us?'

"The stranger moved into the light, brushed back the curls of his dark hair, and turning to my husband, said:

"'Is it possible, Captain Walter, that you do not know me? Have you forgotten the wars whose life you saved, and who owes you so much?'

"My husband looked earnestly at him a moment, then grasped his hand with both his own.

"'Hardy! Frank Hardy! is it really you?'

"'It is my self, my old friend,' said he, 'it is really me, with a better memory than you have, who saved my life at the risk of your own. And this is your wife? I congratulate you—I congratulate you both with all my heart. Madam, he took me off the wreck when every one else was overboard. Thank God! I can show that I am not ungrateful. I shall appoint you prize-master, and you shall be your ship, please God, in safety to your haven.'

"But can you do this safely, Frank?' asked my captain.

"'Safely!' His lip curled. 'I would like to see the danger I would not confront for you, old friend. But I will tell you what I will do—I will be a different matter, but a privateer has some discretion. My pretty brig is not to be lost in a calm. The wind is an ugly business, but you know me of old—we are seamies in war, in peace friends,' all but you, and you will keep your friend's word, I am sure.'

"And how will your crew stand the loss of their share of prize-money if we are retaken?'

"They are pretty likely to stand what I require them to,' said the Yankee, proudly. 'I am sure that I am right for them. Captain, men are not very scarce articles. Here, give me the papers! Have you your own?'

"My father,' said I.

"All right, Madam,' said he, bowing. 'I wish to make you as well pleased as I can.'

"If you wish to do me a favor,' said I, 'make your prize-master my husband.'

"He smiled, as he looked from one to the other, and seemed to understand the state of the case in an instant.

"You are quite right, Madam,' said he; 'it shall be as you desire.'

"Then he indorsed the ship's manifest with the fact of her capture, and he made over ship and cargo to my husband as prize. It was a gala vessel, of course, but it had its weight with my father.

"Our captor, with the exception of a few men, we could get him to accept. His boat's crew looked at them wonderingly as they were passed over the side to these, and even still more wonderingly at the manner in which their captain took his leave of us.

"In a week more we were safe in an English harbor and on English ground. We had eaten two or three years, and many prizes were taken on both sides, and some hard battles fought by land and sea, but I never heard that any ship ever escaped as we did."



OUR PRIZE FLEET, CONSISTING OF BRITISH VESSELS CAPTURED WHILE TRYING TO *RUN THE BLOCKADE*.—[See Page 659.]



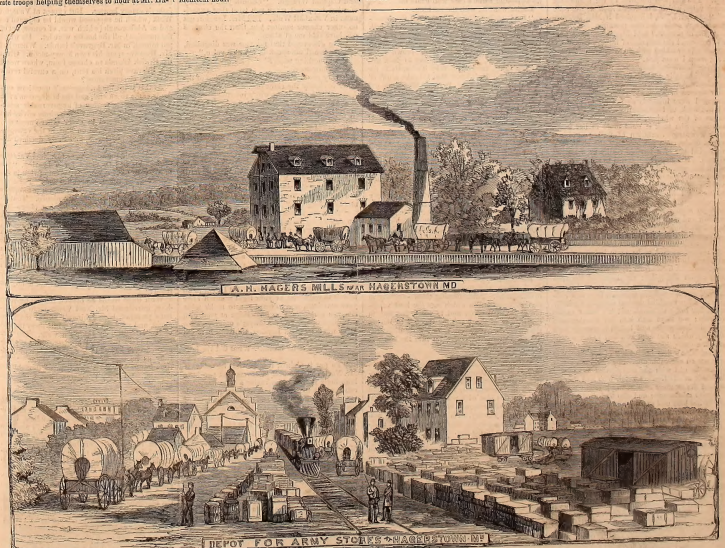
THE ASSASSINATION OF GENERAL NELSON BY GENERAL JEFFERSON C. DAVIS.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 671.]

ON THE UPPER POTOMAC.

MR. DAVIS sends us the Hagerstown pictures given below. One of these represents the Confederate troops helping themselves to flour at Mr. Hager's mills. Mr. Hager advised them to be quick and eat it, or it might not benefit them much. The event proved his wisdom, for our cavalry recaptured a part of the wagon train containing this identical flour.

The dépôt at Hagerstown is a scene of wild activity. Immense stores of all kinds are pouring in for the sustenance of the army; every available foot of space is covered with barrels, bales, and boxes.

Another picture by Mr. Davis, which we reproduce on page 662, introduces us to WILLIAMSPORT, on the Upper Potomac. Some of our troops are represented as fording the river, which, at the time Mr. Davis made his sketch, was barely knee-deep.



SCENES AT HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XIII.

The morning of her husband's return to North Shingles was a morning memorable forever in the domestic calendar of Mrs. Wragge. She dated from that occasion the first announcement which reached her of Magdalen's marriage.

It had been Mrs. Wragge's earthly lot to pass her life in a state of perpetual surprise. Never yet, however, had she wandered in such a maze of astonishment as the maze in which she lost herself when the captain coolly told her the truth. She had been sharp enough to suspect Mr. Noel Vanstone of coming to the house in the character of a sweet-heart on approval; and she had dimly interpreted certain expressions of impatience which had fallen from Magdalen's lips as boding ill for the success of his suit—but her utmost penetration had never reached as far as a suspicion of the impending marriage. She rose from one climax of amazement to another as her husband proceeded with his disclosure. A wedding in the family at a day's notice! and that wedding Magdalen's! and not a single new dress ordered for any body, the bride included! and the Oriental Cashmere Robe totally unavailable, on the occasion of all others when she might have worn it to the greatest advantage! Mrs. Wragge dropped crookedly into a chair, and beat her disorderly hands on her unsymmetrical knees, in utter forgetfulness of the captain's presence and the captain's terrible eye. It would not have surprised her to hear next that the world had come to an end, and that the only mortal whom Destiny had overlooked in winding up the affairs of this earthly planet was herself!

Leaving his wife to recover her composure by her own unaided efforts, Captain Wragge withdrew to wait for Magdalen's appearance in the lower regions of the house. It was close on one o'clock before the sound of footsteps in the room above warned him that she was awake and stirring. He called at once for the maid (whose name he had ascertained to be Louisa), and sent her up stairs to her mistress for the second time.

Magdalen was standing by her dressing-table when a faint tap at the door suddenly roused her. The tap was followed by the sound of a meek voice, which announced itself as the voice of "her maid," and inquired if Miss Bygrave needed any assistance that morning.

"Not at present," said Magdalen, as soon as she recovered the surprise of finding herself unexpectedly provided with an attendant. "I will ring when I want you."

After dismissing the woman with that answer, she accidentally looked from the door to the window. Any speculations on the subject of the new servant in which she might otherwise have engaged were instantly suspended by the sight of the bottle of laudanum, still standing on the ledge of the window, where she had left it at sunrise. She took it once more in her hand, with a strange confusion of feeling—with a vague doubt even yet, whether the sight of it reminded her of a terrible reality or a terrible dream. Her first impulse was to rid herself of it on the spot. She raised the bottle to throw the contents out of the window—and paused, in sudden distrust of the impulse that had come to her. "I have accepted my new life," she thought. "How do I know what that life may have in store for me?" She turned from the window and went back to the table. "I may be forced to drink it yet," she said, and put the laudanum into her dressing-case.

Her mind was not at ease when she had done this: there seemed to be some indefinable ingratitude in the act. Still she made no attempt to remove the bottle from its hiding-place. She hurried on her toilet; she hastened the time when she could ring for the maid, and forget herself and her waking thoughts in a new subject. After touching the bell she took from the table her letter to Norah and her letter to the captain; put them both into her dressing-case with the laudanum, and locked it securely with the key which she kept attached to her watch-chain.

Magdalen's first impression of her attendant was not an agreeable one. She could not investigate the girl with the experienced eye of the landlady at the London hotel, who had characterized the stranger as a young person conversant with misfortune; and who had shown plainly, by her look and manner, of what nature she suspected that misfortune to be. But, with this drawback, Magdalen was perfectly competent to detect the tokens of sickness and sorrow lurking under the surface of the new maid's activity and politeness. She suspected the girl was ill-tempered; she disliked her name; and she was indisposed to welcome any servant who had been engaged by Mr. Noel Vanstone. But after the first few minutes "Louisa" grew on her liking. She answered all the questions put to her with perfect directness; she appeared to understand her duties thoroughly; and she never spoke until she was spoken to first. After making all the inquiries that occurred to her at the time, and after determining to give the maid a fair trial, Magdalen rose to leave the room. The very air in it was still heavy to her with the oppression of the past night.

"Have you any thing more to say to me?" she asked, turning to the servant, with her hand on the door.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said Louisa, very respectfully and very quietly. "I think my master told me that the marriage was to be to-morrow?"

Magdalen repressed the shudder that stole over her at that reference to the marriage on the lips of a stranger, and answered in the affirmative.

"It's a very short time, Miss, to prepare in. If you would be so kind as to give me my orders about the packing before you go down stairs—?"

"There are no such preparations to make as you suppose," said Magdalen, hastily. "The few things I have here can be all packed at once, if you like. I shall wear the same dress to-morrow which I have on to-day. Leave out the straw bonnet and the light shawl, and put every thing else into my boxes. I have no new dresses to pack—I have nothing ordered for the occasion, of any sort." She tried to add some commonplace phrases of explanation, accounting as probably as might be for the absence of the usual wedding outfit and wedding-dress. But no further reference to the marriage would pass her lips, and without another word she abruptly left the room.

The meek and melancholy Louisa stood lost in astonishment. "Something wrong here," she thought. "I'm half afraid of my new place already." She sighed resignedly, shook her head, and went to the wardrobe. She first examined the drawers underneath; took out the various articles of linen laid inside, and placed them on chairs. Opening the upper part of the wardrobe next, she ranged the dresses in it side by side on the bed. Her last proceeding was to push the empty boxes into the middle of the room, and to compare the space at her disposal with the articles of dress which she had to pack. She completed her preliminary calculations with the ready self-reliance of a woman who thoroughly understood her business, and began the packing forthwith. Just as she had placed the first article of linen in the smaller box the door of the room opened, and the house-servant, eager for gossip, came in.

"What do you want?" asked Louisa, quietly.

"Did you ever hear of any thing like this!" said the house-servant, entering on her subject immediately.

"Like what?"

"Like this marriage, to be sure! You're London bred, they tell me. Did you ever hear of a young lady being married without a single new thing to her back? No wedding-veil, and no wedding-breakfast, and no wedding-favors for the servants! It's flying in the face of Providence—that's what I say. I'm only a poor servant, I know. But it's wicked—downright wicked—and I don't care who hears me!"

Louisa went on with the packing.

"Look at her dresses!" persisted the house-servant, waving her hand indignantly at the bed. "I'm only a poor girl, but I wouldn't marry the best man alive without a new gown to my back. Look here! look at this dowdy brown thing here. Alpaca! You're not going to pack this Alpaca thing, are you? Why it's hardly fit for a servant! I don't know that I'd take a gift of it if it was offered me. It would do for me if I took it up in the skirt and let it out in the waist; and it wouldn't look so bad with a bit of bright trimming, would it?"

"Let that dress alone, if you please," said Louisa, as quietly as ever.

"What did you say?" inquired the other, doubting whether her ears had not deceived her.

"I said, let that dress alone. It belongs to my mistress; and I have my mistress's orders to pack up every thing in the room. You are not helping me by coming here—you are very much in my way."

"Well!" said the house-servant, "you may be London bred, as they say. But if these are your London manners, give me Suffolk!" She opened the door, with an angry snatch at the handle, shut it violently, opened it again, and looked in. "Give me Suffolk!" said the house-servant, with a parting nod of her head to point the edge of her sarcasm.

Louisa proceeded impenetrably with her packing up.

Having neatly disposed of the linen in the smaller box, she turned her attention to the dresses next. After passing them carefully in review, to ascertain which was the least valuable of the collection, and to place that one in the bottom of the trunk for the rest to lie on, she made her choice with very little difficulty. The first gown which she put into the box was the brown Alpaca dress.

Meanwhile Magdalen had joined the captain down stairs. Although he could not fail to notice the languor in her face, and the listlessness of all her movements, he was relieved to find that she met him with perfect composure. She was even self-possessed enough to ask him for news of his journey, with no other signs of agitation than a passing change of color and a little trembling of the lips.

"So much for the past," said Captain Wragge, when his narrative of the expedition to London by way of St. Crux had come to an end. "Now for the present. The bridegroom—"

"If it makes no difference," she interposed, "call him Mr. Noel Vanstone."

"With all my heart. Mr. Noel Vanstone is coming here this afternoon to dine and spend the evening. He will be tiresome in the last degree; but, like all tiresome people, he is not to be got rid of on any terms. Before he comes I have a last word or two of caution for your private ear. By this time to-morrow we shall have parted, without any certain knowledge on either side of our ever meeting again. I am anxious to serve your interests faithfully to the last; I am anxious you should feel that I have done all I could for your future security when we say good-by."

Magdalen looked at him in surprise. He spoke in altered tones. He was agitated; he was strangely in earnest. Something in his look and manner took her memory back to the first night at Aldborough, when she had opened her mind to him in the darkening solitude—when they two had sat together alone on the slope of the martello tower.

"I have no reason to think otherwise than kindly of you," she said.

Captain Wragge suddenly left his chair, and took a turn backward and forward in the room. Magdalen's last words seemed to have produced some extraordinary disturbance in him.

"Damn it!" he broke out; "I can't let you say that. You have reason to think ill of me. I have cheated you. You never got your fair share of profit from the Entertainment, from first to last. There! now the murder's out!"

Magdalen smiled, and signed to him to come back to his chair.

"I know you cheated me," she said, quietly. "You were in the exercise of your profession, Captain Wragge. I expected it when I joined you. I made no complaint at the time, and I make none now. If the money you took is any recompense for all the trouble I have given you, you are heartily welcome to it."

"Will you shake hands on that?" asked the captain, with an awkwardness and hesitation strongly at variance with his customary ease of manner.

Magdalen gave him her hand. He wrung it hard. "You are a strange girl," he said, trying to speak lightly. "You have laid a hold on me that I don't quite understand. I'm half uncomfortable at taking the money from you now, and yet you don't want it, do you?" He hesitated. "I almost wish," he said, "I had never met you on the walls of York."

"It is too late to wish that, Captain Wragge. Say no more—you only distress me; say no more. We have other subjects to talk about. What were those words of caution which you had for my private ear?"

The captain took another turn in the room, and struggled back again into his everyday character. He produced from his pocket-book Mrs. Lecount's letter to her master, and handed it to Magdalen.

"There is the letter that might have ruined us if it had ever reached its address," he said. "Read it carefully. I have a question to ask you when you have done."

Magdalen read the letter. "What is this proof," she inquired, "which Mrs. Lecount relies on so confidently?"

"The very question I was going to ask you," said Captain Wragge. "Consult your memory of what happened when you tried that experiment in Vauxhall Walk. Did Mrs. Lecount get no other chance against you than the chances you have told me of already?"

"She discovered that my face was disguised, and she heard me speak in my own voice."

"And nothing more?"

"Nothing more."

"Very good. Then my interpretation of the letter is clearly the right one. The proof Mrs. Lecount relies on is my wife's infernal ghost story—which is, in plain English, the story of Miss Bygrave having been seen in Miss Vanstone's disguise, the witness being the very person who is afterward presented at Aldborough in the character of Miss Bygrave's aunt. An excellent chance for Mrs. Lecount, if she can only lay her hand at the right time on Mrs. Wragge, and no chance at all if she can't. Make your mind easy on that point. Mrs. Lecount and my wife have seen the last of each other. In the mean time, don't neglect the warning I give you in giving you this letter. Tear it up for fear of accidents, but don't forget it."

"Trust me to remember it," replied Magdalen, destroying the letter while she spoke. "Have you any thing more to tell me?"

"I have some information to give you," said Captain Wragge, "which may be useful, because it relates to your future security. Mind, I want to know nothing about your proceedings when to-morrow is over—we settled that when we first discussed this matter. I ask no questions, and I make no guesses. All I want to do now is to warn you of your legal position after your marriage, and to leave you to make what use you please of your knowledge at your own sole discretion. I took a lawyer's opinion on the point when I was in London, thinking it might be useful to you."

"It is sure to be useful. What did the lawyer say?"

"To put it plainly, this is what he said: If Mr. Noel Vanstone ever discovers that you have knowingly married him under a false name, he can apply to the Ecclesiastical Court to have his marriage declared null and void. The issue of the application would rest with the Judges. But if he could prove that he had been intentionally deceived, the legal opinion is that his case would be a strong one."

"Suppose I chose to apply on my side?" said Magdalen, eagerly. "What then?"

"You might make the application," replied the captain. "But remember one thing—you would come into Court with the acknowledgment of your own deception. I leave you to imagine what the Judges would think of that."

"Did the lawyer tell you any thing else?"

"One thing besides," said Captain Wragge. "Whatever the law might do with the marriage in the lifetime of both the parties to it, on the death of either one of them no application made by the survivor would avail; and, as to the case of that survivor, the marriage would remain valid. You understand? If he dies, or if you die—and if no application has been made to the Court—he the survivor, or you the survivor, would have no power of disputing the marriage. But in the lifetime of both of you, if he claimed to have the marriage dissolved, the chances are all in favor of his carrying his point."

He looked at Magdalen with a furtive curiosity as he said those words. She turned her head aside, absently tying her watch-chain into a loop and untying it again, evidently thinking with the closest attention over what he had last said to her. Captain Wragge walked uneasily to the window and looked out. The first object that caught his eye was Mr. Noel Vanstone approaching from Sea View. He returned instantly to his former place in the room, and addressed himself to Magdalen once more.

"Here is Mr. Noel Vanstone," he said. "One last caution before he comes in. Be on your guard with him about your age. He put the question to me before he got the License. I took the shortest way out of the difficulty, and told him you were twenty-one, and he made the declaration accordingly. Never mind about *me*; after to-morrow I am invisible. But in your own interests don't forget, if the subject ever turns up, that you are of age. There is nothing more. You are provided with every necessary warning that I can give you. Whatever happens in the future, remember I have done my best."

He hurried to the door without waiting for an answer, and went out into the garden to receive his guest.

Mr. Noel Vanstone made his appearance at the gate, solemnly carrying his bridal offering to North Shingles with both hands. The object in question was an ancient casket (one of his father's bargains); inside the casket reposed an old-fashioned carbuncle brooch set in silver (another of his father's bargains)—bridal presents both, possessing the inestimable merit of leaving his money undisturbed in his pocket. He shook his head portentously when the captain inquired after his health and spirits. He had passed a wakeful night; ungovernable apprehensions of Lecount's sudden reappearance had beset him as soon as he found himself alone at Sea View. Sea View was redolent of Lecount: Sea View (though built on piles, and the strongest house in England) was henceforth odious to him. He had felt this all night; he had also felt his responsibilities. There was the lady's-maid, to begin with. Now he had hired her he began to think she wouldn't do. She might fall sick on his hands; she might have deceived him by a false character; she and the landlady of the hotel might have been in league together. Horrible! Really horrible to think of! Then there was the other responsibility—perhaps the heaviest of the two—the responsibility of deciding where he was to go and spend his honey-moon to-morrow. He would have preferred one of his father's empty houses. But except at Vauxhall Walk (which he supposed would be objected to) and at Aldborough (which was, of course, out of the question), all the houses were let. He would put himself in Mr. Bygrave's hands. Where had Mr. Bygrave spent his own honey-moon. Given the British Islands to choose from, where would Mr. Bygrave pitch his tent, on a careful review of all the circumstances?

At this point the bridegroom's questions suddenly came to an end, and the bridegroom's face exhibited an expression of ungovernable astonishment. His judicious friend, whose advice had been at his disposal in every other emergency, suddenly turned round on him, in the emergency of the honey-moon, and flatly declined discussing the subject.

"No!" said the captain, as Mr. Noel Vanstone opened his lips to plead for a hearing, "you must really excuse me. My point of view in this matter is, as usual, a peculiar one. For some time past I have been living in an atmosphere of deception to suit your convenience. That atmosphere, my good Sir, is getting close—my Moral Being requires ventilation. Settle the choice of a locality with my niece, and leave me, at my particular request, in total ignorance on the subject. Mrs. Lecount is certain to come here on her return from Zurich, and is certain to ask me where you are gone. You may think it strange, Mr. Vanstone; but when I say I don't know, I wish to enjoy the unaccustomed luxury of feeling for once in a way that I am telling the truth!"

With those words he opened the sitting-room door, introduced Mr. Noel Vanstone to Magdalen's presence, bowed himself out of the room again, and set forth alone to while away the rest of the afternoon by taking a walk. His face showed plain tokens of anxiety, and his particolored eyes looked hither and thither distrustfully as he sauntered along the shore. "The time hangs heavy on our hands," thought the captain. "I wish to-morrow was come and gone."

The day passed and nothing happened; the evening and the night followed placidly and uneventfully. Monday came—a cloudless, lovely day; Monday confirmed the captain's assertion that the marriage was a certainty. Toward ten o'clock the clerk, ascending the church steps, quoted the old proverb to the pew-opener, meeting him under the porch: "Happy the bride on whom the sun shines!"

In a quarter of an hour more the wedding-party was in the vestry, and the clergyman led the way to the altar. Carefully as the secret of the marriage had been kept, the opening of the church in the morning had been enough to betray it. A small congregation, almost entirely composed of women, was scattered here and there among the pews. Kirke's sister and her children were staying with a friend at Aldborough, and Kirke's sister was one of the congregation.

As the wedding-party entered the church the

haunting terror of Mrs. Lecount spread from Noel Vanstone to the captain. For the first few minutes the eyes of both of them looked among the women in the pews with the same searching scrutiny, and looked away again with the same sense of relief. The clergyman noticed that look, and investigated the License more closely than usual. The clerk began to doubt privately whether the old proverb about the bride was a proverb to be always depended on. The female members of the congregation murmured among themselves at the inexcusable disregard of appearances implied in the bride's dress. Kirke's sister whispered venomously in her friend's ear, "Thank God for to-day, for Robert's sake!" Mrs. Wragge cried silently with the dread of some threatening calamity, she knew not what. The one person present who remained outwardly undisturbed was Magdalen herself. She stood with tearless resignation in her place before the altar—stood, as if all the sources of human emotion were frozen up within her. What she suffered that morning she suffered in the secrecy which no mortal insight can divine.

The clergyman opened the Book.

* * * * * * * *

It was done. The awful words which speak from earth to Heaven were pronounced. The children of the two dead brothers—inheritors of the implacable enmity which had parted their parents—were Man and Wife.

From that moment events hurried with a headlong rapidity to the parting scene. They were back at the house, while the words of the Marriage Service seemed still ringing in their ears. Before they had been five minutes indoors the carriage drew up at the garden-gate. In a minute more the opportunity came for which Magdalen and the captain had been on the watch—the opportunity of speaking together in private for the last time. She still preserved her icy resignation—she seemed beyond all reach now of the fear that had once mastered her, of the remorse that had once tortured her to the soul. With a firm hand she gave him the promised money. With a firm face she looked her last at him. "I'm not to blame," he whispered, eagerly; "I have only done what you asked me." She bowed her head—she bent it toward him kindly, and let him touch her forehead with his lips. "Take care!" he said. "My last words are, for God's sake take care when I'm gone!" She turned from him with a smile, and spoke her farewell words to his wife. Mrs. Wragge tried hard to face her loss bravely—the loss of the friend whose presence had fallen like light from Heaven over the dim pathway of her life. "You have been very good to me, my dear; I thank you kindly, I thank you with all my heart." She could say no more; she clung to Magdalen in a passion of tears, as her mother might have clung to her if her mother had lived to see that horrible day. "I'm frightened for you!" cried the poor creature, in a wild, wailing voice. "Oh, my darling, I'm frightened for you!" Magdalen desperately drew herself free, kissed her, and hurried out to the door. The expression of that artless gratitude, the cry of that guileless love, shook her as nothing else had shaken her that day. It was a refuge to get to the carriage—a refuge, though the man she had married stood there waiting for her at the door.

Mrs. Wragge tried to follow her into the garden. But the captain had seen Magdalen's face as she ran out, and he steadily held his wife back in the passage. From that distance the last farewells were exchanged. As long as the carriage was in sight Magdalen's face looked back at them; she waved her handkerchief as she turned the corner. In a moment more the last thread which bound her to them was broken; the familiar companionship of many months was a thing of the past already.

Captain Wragge closed the house-door on the idlers who were looking in from the parade. He led his wife back into the sitting-room and spoke to her with a forbearance which she had never yet experienced from him.

"She has gone her way," he said, "and in another hour we shall have gone ours. Cry your cry out; I don't deny she's worth crying for."

Even then—even when the dread of Magdalen's future was at its darkest in his mind—the ruling habit of the man's life clung to him. Mechanically he unlocked his dispatch-box. Mechanically he opened his Book of Accounts, and made the closing entry—the entry of his last transaction with Magdalen—in black and white. "By Rec[d] from Miss Vanstone," wrote the captain, with a gloomy brow, "Two hundred pounds."

"You won't be angry with me?" said Mrs. Wragge, looking timidly at her husband through her tears. "I want a word of comfort, captain. Oh, do tell me, when shall I see her again?"

The captain closed the book and answered in one inexorable word:

"Never!"

Between eleven and twelve o'clock that night Mrs. Lecount drove into Zurich.

Her brother's house, when she stopped before it, was shut up. With some difficulty and delay the servant was aroused. She held up her hands in speechless amazement when she opened the door and saw who her visitor was.

"Is my brother alive?" asked Mrs. Lecount, entering the house.

"Alive!" echoed the servant. "He has gone holiday-making into the country to finish his recovery in the fine fresh air."

The housekeeper staggered back against the wall of the passage. The coachman and the servant put her into a chair. Her face was livid, and her teeth chattered in her head.

"Send for my brother's doctor," she said, as soon as she could speak.

The doctor came in. She handed him a letter before he could say a word.

"Did you write that letter?"

He looked it over rapidly, and answered her without hesitation,

"Certainly not!"

"It is your handwriting."

"It is a forgery of my handwriting."

She rose from the chair with a new strength in her.

"When does the return mail start for Paris?" she asked.

"In half an hour."

"Send instantly and take me a place in it?"

The servant hesitated; the doctor protested. She turned a deaf ear to them both.

"Send!" she reiterated, "or I will go myself."

They obeyed. The servant went to take the place: the doctor remained and held a conversation with Mrs. Lecount. When the half hour had passed he helped her into her place in the mail, and charged the conductor privately to take care of his passenger.

"She has traveled from England without stopping," said the doctor; "and she is traveling back again without rest. Be careful of her, or she will break down under the double journey."

The mail started. Before the first hour of the new day was at an end Mrs. Lecount was on her way back to England.

THE END OF THE FOURTH SCENE.

THE MURDER OF GEN. NELSON.

On page 669 we publish an illustration of the ASSASSINATION OF GENERAL NELSON BY GENERAL J. C. DAVIS, which took place ten days since at Louisville. Our picture is from a sketch by our artist, Mr. Mosler, who visited the spot immediately after the affair. The Cincinnati *Inquirer* gives the following particulars:

When the alarm was raised in Louisville that the enemy were marching on that city, General Davis, who could not reach his command under General Buell, then at Bowling Green, went to General Nelson and tendered his services. General Nelson gave him the command of the city militia so soon as they were organized. General Davis opened an office and went to work in assisting the organization. On Wednesday last General Davis called upon General Nelson in his room at the Galt House, in Louisville, when the following took place:

GEN. DAVIS. "I have the brigade, General, you assigned me ready for service, and have called to inquire if I can obtain arms for them."

GEN. NELSON. "How many men have you?"

DAVIS. "About twenty-five hundred men, General."

NELSON (roughly and angrily). "About twenty-five hundred! *About* twenty-five hundred! By G—d! you a regular officer, and come here to me and report *about* the number of men in your command? G—d d—n you, don't you know, Sir, you should furnish me the exact number?"

DAVIS. "General, I didn't expect to get the guns now, and only wanted to learn if I could get them, and where; and, having learned the exact number needed, would then draw them."

NELSON (pacing the room in a rage). "About twenty-five hundred! By G—d I suspend you from your command, and order you to report to General Wright; and I've a d—d mind to put you under arrest. Leave my room, Sir!"

DAVIS. "I will not leave, General, until you give me an order."

NELSON. "The h—l you won't! By G—d I'll put you under arrest, and send you out of the city under a provost guard! Leave my room, Sir!"

General Davis left the room, and, in order to avoid an arrest, crossed over the river to Jeffersonville, where he remained until the next day, when he was joined by General Burbridge, who had also been relieved by Nelson for a trivial cause. General Davis came to Cincinnati with General Burbridge, and reported to General Wright, who ordered General Davis to return to Louisville and report to General Buell, and General Burbridge to remain in Cincinnati. General Davis returned on Friday evening and reported to General Buell. Nothing further occurred until yesterday morning, when General Davis, seeing General Nelson in the main hall of the Galt House, fronting the office, went up to Governor Morton and requested him to step up with him to General Nelson and witness the conversation that might pass between Nelson and him. The Governor consented, and the two walked up to General Nelson, when the following took place:

GEN. DAVIS. "Sir, you seemed to take advantage of your authority the other day."

GEN. NELSON (sneeringly, and placing his hand to his ear). "Speak louder, I don't hear very well."

DAVIS (in a louder tone). "You seemed to take advantage of your authority the other day."

NELSON (indignantly). "I don't know that I did, Sir."

DAVIS. "You threatened to arrest and send me out of the State under a provost guard."

NELSON (striking Davis with the back of his hand twice in the face). "There, d—n you, take that!"

DAVIS (retreating). "This is not the last of it; you will hear from me again."

General Nelson then turned to Governor Morton, and said: "By G—d, did you come here also to insult me?"

GOV. MORTON. "No, Sir; but I was requested to be present and listen to the conversation between you and General Davis."

GEN. NELSON (violently to the by-standers). "Did you hear the d—d rascal insult me?" and then walked into the ladies' parlor.

In three minutes General Davis returned, with a pistol he had borrowed of Captain Gibson, of Louisville, and walking toward the door that Nelson had passed through, he saw Nelson walking out of the parlor into the hall separating the main hall from the parlor. The two were face to face, and about ten yards apart, when General Davis drew his pistol and fired, the ball entering Nelson's heart, or in the immediate vicinity.

General Nelson threw up both hands and caught a gentleman near by around the neck, and exclaimed, "I am shot!" He then walked up the flight of stairs toward General Buell's room, but sank at the top of the stairs, and was unable to proceed further. He was then conveyed to his room, and when laid on his bed requested that the Rev. Mr. Talbott, an Episcopal clergyman stopping in the house, might be sent to him at once. The reverend gentleman arrived in about five minutes.

Mr. Talbott found General Nelson extremely anxious as to his future welfare, and deeply penitent about the many sins he had committed. He knew that he must die immediately, and requested the ordinance of baptism might be administered, which was done. The General then whispered, "It's all over," and died in fifteen minutes after he was conveyed to his room. His death was easy, the passing away of his spirit as though the General had fallen into a quiet sleep.

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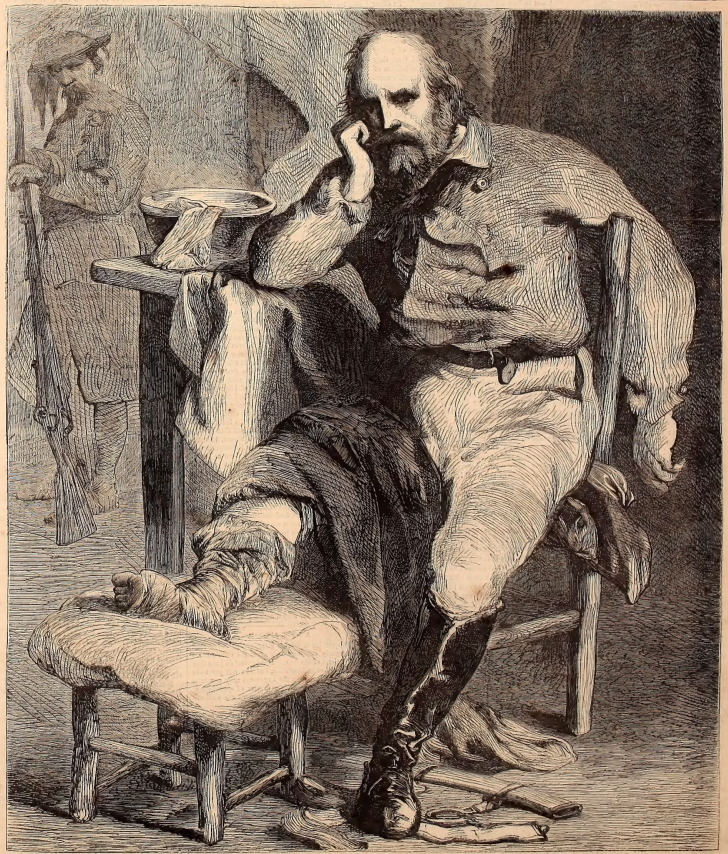
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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GARIBALDI, WOUNDED AND A PRISONER.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

Like plates of brassy armor
The yellow plowed lands lay
Upon the valley's bosom
For leagues and leagues away.
Along them shines and shimmers
The lazy moving stream,
As o'er a child's soft bosom
The idle ribbons gleam.

The mountain's velvet helmet
Nods darkly on her crest,
As though some untold passion
Were trembling in her breast.
The green leaves chant together
A weird and mystic strain,
And the feathery mantle mingle
Their notes in the wild refrain.

The shadows sweep o'er the valley
Like an evanescent blot,
That seems like a holy footing
Imprinted with an impress thought.
O'er listening hills and dells.
The soldiers march in the cadence
Borne out on the distant air,
And it comes to their weary spirits
Like the thought of an angel's prayer.

But vain the holy summon—
The prayer remains unsaid,
The singer's lips are silent,
The sermon lies unread;
While long and dusty columns
Of sun-burned troops file by,
Nerved by the rigid purpose
To win the day—or die!

Along the paths of the mountain
Moves up the dark-blue line,
The gun-wheels grind over the boulders,
The burnished bayonets shine.
Way up in the leafy covert
The curling smoke betrays
Where the foe lurks down the gauntlet,
And the answering cannons blaze.

The crack of the Minié rifle,
The shriek of the crushing shell,
The ring of the flashing sabre,
With the din of the conflict tell.
They tell of the dear lives lying,
War's food in Nature's lap,
Ere the Starry Flag in triumph
Waves through its Mountain Gap.

Night drops her pitying mantle
To hide the bloody scene—
Next morn a thousand dead men
Mark where the foe had been.
And where the fight was hottest
Two mangled corpses lay,
One clad in bright blue jacket,
And one in homespun gray.

Their hands are clasped together,
Their heads upon one shoe
Each fought with a dauntless purpose,
And fell 'neath each other's blow!
They fell, and the crimson mingled,
And before the paling eye
Rack rolled the storm of the conflict
To the peaceful days gone by.

Each thought of the mystic token—
The talismanic sign;
Each recognized it. Brother!
Two firm right hands entwine!
The fire of the noble order
Touched not their hearts in vain.
All hate tades out, uniting
Two hearts with the triple chain!

CAMP OF EIGHTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY,
ANTIETAM CREEK, October, 1862.

GARIBALDI.

We reproduce on the preceding page a picture by M. Benard, which represents GARIBALDI WOUNDED AND A PRISONER. Every one remembers that Garibaldi, who was at the head of a small band of followers, was attacked at Aspromonte by the Neapolitan forces and made prisoner. He was conveyed to Spezia by his captors, and placed in the hands of surgeons for his wounds, which are severe. It is not yet known what disposition will be made of him. When he arrived at Spezia one of our friends addressed him a letter inquiring whether he would accept a command in our army in case it should be tendered him. He immediately replied that, being wounded and a prisoner, he could not yet dispose of his future movements; but that if he regained his strength and his liberty he would at once offer his sword to the United States, which was fighting its freedom throughout the world.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1862.

WHY WADSWORTH WILL BE DEFEATED.

HORATIO SEYMOUR, the Democratic candidate for Governor of this State, has arrayed himself fairly and squarely in opposition to the Government in its protection of freedom, and claims the votes of the people of this State in virtue of that opposition. Citizens who now support him simply by their suffrages that they are opposed to the United States Government, on the most vital question of its policy, at the most imminent crisis in the history of the nation. To use the words of Mr. John Van Buren, at the meeting on 13th, supporters of Horatio Seymour consider "the Government of the United States the most contemptible failure in the shape of a Government in the world;" and pronounce that, in their judgment, "the Southern people ought not to live under an abolition sway." In other words, men who vote for Seymour mean by that vote that they hate and despise their own Government, the Government of Abraham Lincoln; that they are opposed, in the crisis of a desperate war, to the most vital measures of policy adopted by that Government; and that they find much more justification for the rebellion of the Southern people than for the North's resolute and constitutional exercise and defense of its political rights. The issue is fairly and squarely made.

Men who are in favor of supporting the Government honestly and manfully: of maintaining the policies system handed down to us by our fathers, and of preserving intact in its integrity the Union which a band of desperadoes at the South seeks to destroy, will give no support or sympathy to their views by voting for WADSWORTH.

Men who are opposed to the Government of the United States; who can find excuses for the rebels, who think the chosen rulers of the country; who have a hundred schemes for destroying and remodeling, but not one for simply maintaining the policy of our Union; these whose secret sympathies are at this dreadful hour with the enemies of their country and the perjured traitors at Richmond: these men will vote for SEYMOUR.

It has been suggested that, in view of the unequivocal declaration of the election of Mr. Seymour, Mr. Seymour should resign, and leave the course clear to his opponent. The Democratic leaders on the contrary, think the very glad they do. We should like to see precisely how many people in this State agree with Mr. Alex. Van Buren. Each supporter of "the Southern people ought not to live under an abolition sway." We want to ascertain how many citizens of the State of New York deem this a fit moment for dividing the North, opposing the Government, and holding out to the rebels hopes of support in their rebellion. We want to separate the sheep from the goats, and to see where we stand. By no means let Mr. Seymour resign. By remaining he will render the country a signal service.

The eyes of the rebel leaders at Richmond are fixed upon the contest in this State. They attach even more intensity than upon the contest in Kentucky or on the banks of the Potomac. They know that the disheartening defeats and successes which accident has enabled them to achieve this summer, the result of the contest is so certain as fate, if it is left simply to be decided by to the sword. It may take more time than the sanguine people of the North once hoped. But it is none the less certain, and the leaders know it. Their only hope now is that the Government of the United States may be paralyzed by divisions at home. A party can be elected to power in the great State of New York whose leaders unanimously avow greater aversion for the United States Government than for the armed rebels who wholly or partially justify the rebellion, and denounce the Government of the United States as an intolerable despotism: that party of Jeff Davis and his colleagues will be revived, their despising spirits cheered, their armies encouraged to press the flagging contest. Such a party as the election of Seymour and his crew would signify to the foreign world that the temper of the North was undergoing a change, and that the rebels' prediction—that the would tire of the enterprise of subduing the South—was becoming verified. In any thing would justify foreign powers in the would do it. Europe could say to us, "Not yet. The South desire us to interfere, but the greatest and most populous State of the North practically calls upon us likewise, by electing to office a man who is opposed to your Government; opposed to the policy which you are about to initiate, and whose leading supporters justify the rebellion." What could we say in reply?

In what manner the vote cast in this country next January if Seymour should be elected? Whatever Mr. Seymour may say, how could he possibly give a hearty or even any kind of support to a Government which he and his supporters denounce as an "atrocious despotism," "the most contemptible failure in the world," "a band of thieves and robbers?" etc., etc. And how could the war be prosecuted if the chief State of the North refused to support the Government: declined to forward troops, and placed itself in the attitude which Kentucky occupied eighteen months ago. Does Horatio Seymour expect to be able to play the part of Beriah Magoffin in the heart of the loyal North?

THE LOUNGER.

"AND TO PARTY GAVE UP WHAT WAS MEANT FOR MANKIND."

THE speech of Mr. Richard O'Gorman, some ten days ago, will bring a pang to many a breast he did not mean to wound. For some twelve years he has lived in this country, but has been publicly known only as a most polished and charming orator upon occasions which were not political. At last he breaks this public political silence of twelve years by a fiery denunciation of the Government and its policy, and an eloquent lament over the happy days when the freedom of speech, of the press, and of the person was absolutely respected. He eulogizes the "high and progressive civilization" we enjoyed ten years ago; and decries the degradation which, in a time of tremendous civil war, exercises the solemn Constitutional right of suspending the habeas corpus.

Mr. O'Gorman's speech itself refutes its assertions. It is the most brilliant indictment and vile picture of the condition of this city, as it appears to him at this moment, in the very crisis of this terrible national war for its existence, was the permanent condition in peace of the whole region now in open revolt. Under the "high and progressive civilization" of ten years ago the present rebels nullified the Constitution. Now they are trying to destroy it. Does the orator mean that he praises the Constitutional reverence of a time when an innocent free citizen of one State could be hunted forever with the posterity by the law of another?—a time when no State or national authority protected the free discussion of rights under the Constitution?—a time when the Constitution of the United States was openly and shamelessly violated in time of profound peace?

Of course crime does not excuse crime. Violence then would not excuse violation now; but that is the time of constitutional felicity which the orator selects for his praises. During all those years the country was told that there was no danger. Not only was the outrage itself flagrant, but its cause was concealed. The Constitution was violated to sustain slavery. Even at the North the sacred right of speech was threatened by violence; but still this voice was silent. The tragedy of Kansas not only revealed the most wicked and inhuman conspiracy that ever disgraced a people, but showed the imminence of the loss of all constitutional securities. But this voice had not a word of reproach, or complaint, or grief. Exiled from his native land for loving liberty, the orator saw the fundamental safeguard of all liberty in his adopted country scorned and destroyed by the force will of a most cruel despotism; but he saw unmoved. Good men, priests, the bravest of the land, every where looked on in alarm, and feared for the hope of humanity. The Despotism openly threatened to destroy the Constitution which it already nullified: and the voice was silent, and the hand doubtless gave its blessing to the vote. At last the sway of despotism sprang at the nation's throat, to complete its victory and subjugate the Constitution in every State. Then it had already done its work. The nation, desperately struggling, declares that it will take all necessary steps to save, since war has been forced upon it; that it will, in this great stress, suspend temporarily some rights that it may secure the permanent enjoyment of all rights; and then, at last, this voice breaks silence—storms out into passionate utterance, declares that there is no consent the Constitution was shamelessly outraged: are alone fit to save it from destruction! Gentlemen! rights might be lost, but not gone—liberty lost—the laws defied—the Constitution nullified—the basest method of treason and rebellion in a desperate struggle—and the eye was cold and the tongue silent. But from the wild turmoil let some illusive dream of liberty but last for an hour, and the voice is over power, and the orator lends his fervid tongue to the lamentation.

Who can mark length if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

A LOOK ABROAD.

THE question of foreign intervention is one that will properly continue to interest the public mind until the end of the war. It is beyond dispute that France wishes to intervene, but can not persuade England. She has the argument now presented before it is successful is a matter of speculation. But the two points of the argument are well understood.

The first is the conviction that, in case of our success, coming from victory flushed and furious with a huge military organization in good working order, we will instantly demand of Europe, which has an explanation of her passive hostility toward us in our intolerance. In other words, that upon the subsidence of our war with England will be inevitable; and that it is wise for her to prevent it, by stopping in and forcing a settlement which will be founded upon reparation.

The second point of the argument for intervention is, that we are both heartily tired of the war, at the North and South, and that we shall secretly hail a suggestion and invitation for ending it. We ask for foreign observers to be in the condition of duellists, who have exchanged a round of shots and are still unwounded and resolute. They, the belligerents, of course, will not listen. Not they. They can each be satisfied only with the heart's-blood of the other. But after all, they are very well content when the spectators insist and actually separate them.

These are views seriously entertained by foreign statesmen, and by foreigners among us, and it is to the influence of such convictions that we must look for the chances of intervention. The foreign horoscope of the inevitable result of the war involves only separation or anarchy. Peace, order, and law can be secured, in the opinion of Europe, only by speedy separation. In the interest of civilization, of society, and of government, therefore, the foreign mind believes intervention to be essential.

It seems impossible to show Europe that the only two possible results of this war are, either the unconditional victory of the rebellion, which is dissolution of the Union, destruction of the Government, and universal anarchy—or else the unconditional victory of the Government, whereby the rebels lay down their arms and submit, and return, accordingly, to the laws, and seek their ends, if they still desire them, according to the Constitution.

There is no middle ground. Separation of the States is National death, and is as much the triumph of the rebellion as if Jeff Davis installed in the White House as President of the Union. The aim of the rebellion is to change the Government by force of arms. That of the Government is its maintain itself intact. But if it concedes any part to the armed demand, it surrenders the whole principle. For when another rebellion demands another concession there is no reason why it should not be made; until at last the very form of the Government would have perished with its spirit.

No one should object that this does not follow, any more than the destruction of the British Government followed the conceded independence of the American colonies, the right to which in relation of Britain to her colonies does not resemble that of the National Government to the United States citizens. If you wish to have the exact parallel, consider what would be the position of the government of Great Britain if, after the most tremendous struggle to maintain its authority over Kent or Yorkshire, conceded the separation and independence of those counties. Would the British Government, in any candid sense, longer exist? Would it retain any respect, or any hope of success, refuse the claim of any other county to retire? Intervention, by the confession of foreigners who frankly discuss it, means separation. That is to say, it is the armed alliance of whatever powers undertake it with the rebels. The object of the alliance is, that they shall fight for the cause of the rebels. That cause is the establishment of a new political power in the world founded on slavery and that power takes its origin in the conviction of its subjects that their only hope of safety was from their old political community, not because of injuries suffered without hope of legal redress, which is the only plea of forcible revolution, but simply because they feared that the normal development of that community would peacefully eliminate slavery.

Nations are governed by their interest; but mechanical and individual interest is never removed from certain moral principles in human nature. If Great Britain thinks her interest will be served by drawing the sword in the cause of rebels a power she will do it. But she will never sheathe it again as the nation she now is.

OVER THE SEA.

THE response of Europe to the President's Proclamation is near at hand, if it be not already audible when these lines are printed. It will be a yell of affected horror and fiery indignation. All nothing will please that unhappy Europe. It is so determined that we shall go to pieces that it is impatient of our relucrance. "Why don't you die! Why, in the naughty name, don't you disappear! Can't you vote. You've been a month, and now you are a ridiculous warning. Just be buried as soon as possible." This is the tone in which Europe communicates with America.

A few weeks since we were languid, in the high European estimation, and ready to give up our arms. Our war was a melodrama. We did not mean to do any thing. We had no earnestness, no purpose, no life. Our Proclamation, therefore, however, really meant something. They were fatal and vigorous and unjust.

Now we shall hear that we are ferocious, bloodthirsty, and barbarous; that the interests of civilization and humanity require the abandonment of a system which denies every right and practices every enormity in the name of human beasts. We shall hear that we confess we could not fairly conquer in honorable warfare, and have therefore appealed to the most horrible of all the means. Forget that we have made forcibly take the place of heroism, and massacre that of honorable battle, and that we have merely supplied with the most stringent reason for the desperate and unconquerable unity of the enemy. We shall hear that we have done dreadful before, and is hopeless now, etc., etc.

Meanwhile, in the midst of the tumult, the Government of the United States has, at last had, but one duty, to suppress this rebellion in the most speedy, swift, and overwhelming manner. It can not use too many means, nor kill it too dead.

NO HANGING MATTER.

MR. CASSIUS M. CLAY was born in a slave State, and early convinced that slavery was wrong, he took manfully to the task of emancipation in Kentucky; and has been universally known as one of the most valiant of the anti-slavery orators. He is a man of indomitable courage, and his quarrelsome career has compelled the admiration of many who differ from his views. But like all ardent and sincere men, whose moral convictions are not tempered with the worldly wisdom, he very frequently puts the cause he adopts in a ludicrous or repulsive light.

When upon his journey to Russia, as our minister, he wrote a letter to the London *Times* and made a

speech at a Paris breakfast, he made our cause a little ridiculous. But when, in his speech at Brooklyn, he said that he wished the President had suppressed the writ of *habeas corpus* by hanging traitors, and that the lives of thousands of good men would have been saved if Mr. Seymour and Governor Wood had been hung in crowns, of course, only a rhetorical period, and the rhetoric was not half the cause.

That traitors duly convicted shall be executed, by law provides: but the law also provides that they shall be tried. That men of treasonable sympathies or patriotic indifference should be hung, no law provides, and common sense and the usage forbid.

If Mr. Seymour still believes what he has constantly said, he is guilty of opinions which are justly loathed and the Government is imbecile and criminal. He would gladly effect a surrender of the Government by means of settlement. But he is not known to have helped the nation with money any more than with men. Such an objection would be the moral defeat of the Union and the Government. It would be the first step not to a vigorous or any other prosecution of the war, but to peace upon dishonorable terms to the country.

But while all this is true, it does not follow that he ought to be hung; because hostile opinions and indifference or coldness of heart are common, and some opinions in time of war to be so vehement and influential as to be clearly injurious to the Government, it is constitutionally competent to the Government to suppress that expression; and when Mr. Seymour declares that, of course, he will not be silenced, but certainly not hung. When the Government is engaged in a struggle to maintain by fundamental principles the guarantees of Life, Liberty, and Property, it must, by the very necessity of the case, practically suspend all three of the rights of Liberty and Property of its enemies as it thinks necessary. It is making war, and that is the condition of war. It takes life to preserve life, and destroys injure liberty; and property to secure property. So national and seriously conducted war will never be over to do all this. For if it may make war it may do all that is necessary to make war effective.

BLIND FURY.

"LINCOLN the fiend.—let history take hold of him, and let the civilized world ding its scorpion lash upon that fiend's crime-blackened shoulders."

Who is it that says this? Who cold aloud for the sympathy of mankind? People who say they declare every hour in the day, and deem them and their posterity forever to the condition of brute beasts. The steal, burn, pillage, starve, whip, rout, and make perfectly innocent men and women, if they refuse to work for nothing, and to be degraded below human—the outrages are so numerous that human honor and decent social relation, profiting by their own law, are ashamed to be named. Cowardly of marriage among those whom they hold in hopeless and helpless submission—who degrade manhood, dishonor womanhood, and, by law of their own debts, sell other people and their children into eternal separation and misery, pursued by the contempt of Christendom, and stung to madness by fierce hatred of human liberty and the equal rights of all men, are now seeking to smother in blood a great nation of which they are a sworn part, and without any other pretext than that their system of barbarism and infamy can not be infinitely extended.

And who is "Lincoln the fiend?" He is the man who, speaking for his country, is putting an end to all this lamb-like barbarism.

Upon the heads of "fiends" the civilized world is not likely to have two epithets at hand, whatever its lips may say.

A SOUTHSIDE VIEW.

THE Richmond *Dispatch* of September 27 had two most important articles. One was the full and great deal of truth. One says, "If the North ultimately fails in this war, we will fall with it." The other is a confession of the same truth. The "fiend" or as Lucifer in his descent from heaven." The North, it says, clings to the Union as the manner "to the last plank that has been saved from the unfathomless depths of eternity." The rhetoric is bad, but the truth is solid and sound. It is the reason why the North has the full victory, for she sinks into the slough of a slave-despotism.

The same article says that there is scarcely an abolitionist to be found" in the Union armies; but the next one asserts that "the Northern people" not that the Union Army are rent on a grand scale. Wherever the Federal armies have advanced the negroes have been set off as free, and the Southeastern locusts swept a field of grain."

But if this be the result with, the *Dispatch* declares, the war is carried on "by the conservative classes," what would happen if these frightful fellows the abolitionists were to get the reins of office? If the only "friends of the South" at the North were the "Conservatives," and they were wrong the abolitionists were, and the war is the nature of things, a war of desperation upon the part of the North, what is the prospect for the South?

But there is still further improvement to be derived from the *Dispatch*. We have been favored told of the extreme fitness of the Africans for slavery; they are better off as slaves; they are happy as slaves; and the whole system of slavery is truly touching and patriarchal; the master is all anxiety for the welfare of his "servant;" and the slave is all tenderness and fidelity toward the generous being to whom Providence has committed him, etc., etc., etc. Now steps in the *Dispatch*, and says, oh! disillusion, disenchantment! "The neighborhood of a Yankee army creates no complete a stampede among negroes as the approach of a locomotive among cattle. There are thousands of masters who continue to believe that their servants will not run under similar temptations, and foolishly to expose them to temptation. It is clear, therefore, that there is no security for the negro property of the State, unless the Legislature makes the removal of the negroes from districts exposed to invasion compulsory."

If the faithful and affectionate chattels behaved in this way before the President's Proclamation called universal attention to the law freeing all slaves who reached our lines, what will be their feelings when the hope which, despite our cruel usage of them, the advance of our armies has always been, is finally confirmed by the promise and guarantee of the Government? To suppose the Proclamation will not have FIRE is to disregard the most essential qualities of human nature.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A WAG upon visiting a medical museum was shown, among other curiosities, a preparation of bronchitis; all grown to papers say that besides being deaf, dumb, and blind, he is also lame, and consequently not eligible for military service.

WIFE PRETTY.—"What said Marguerite to Achilles, "what, dearest, do you think a really fine God of Cupid?" And Achilles answered, "Mythology."

CURIOUS FACT IN CLASSICAL HISTORY.—The *Hectorists* stand best better than Cicero.

TO PRESERVE APPLES FROM ROTTING.—Put them into a dry cellar, of course, and keep them from the frost.

CAUTION.—"Now, mind you," whispered a servant-girl to her neighbor, "if I don't say an hour minute drinks; but you must say I do, whether I do or not." "I will," was the reply.

A young doctor, on being asked to contribute toward inclosing and ornamenting a cemetery, very coolly replied that he thought it would be a very good thing.

THE MOST DIRECT METHOD OF REFRESHING HOSPITAL-PATIENTS.—Stand behind and tickle his hind-legs with a brier

A man is the healthiest and the happiest when he thinks the least of himself and his health.

UNEASY.—"I'm particularly uneasy on this point," as the fly said when the boy stuck him on the end of a needle.

Why are a pin and a poker like a blind man?—Because they have a head and can't see.

AN ABSTRACT DEED.—Having your teeth drawn.

A TREBLE.—When was beef-tea first made in England? —When Henry the Eighth dissolved the Pope's bull.

A cynic has supposed to be run until he has been cornered a fox.

The entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine shillings. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

ONE of our country correspondents, who has read about "Sweet Auburn," says, "I wish to know if it is not a nickname that makes 'em do it."

FIRST FROM EDEN.—"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you find your self this morning?" "Faith, sir, very poor health intirely. The remedies are very good entirely, but I'm afraid I'll not be able to stand sight, and my son is retied to do all me work." "Indeed, my man, I'm sorry to hear it accordingly."

A RUNAWAY couple having been married at Gretna Green, Yorkshire, a neighbor, on hearing the news, cried "Hoo is this?" and the bridegroom: "the gentleman you let marry your daughter." "Let!" said the father-in-law, "I'll sell the wish; but he was an Irishman, and I have nothing to say to him." "He is a customer, you know I bot you Linsy never see again."

"I'm not your faith on my oath," says a good Irish man to his wife's confessor, "but I'll not say it was the thing a round me neck with her heart's arm in it.

THE Southern Confederacy includes those who are obliged to ride a passenger three times a day during dog-days are justified in pretty hot weather.

THE City of Americus have more cause to remember the letter S than any other in the alphabet? Because it is the beginning, in succession, of Sumter, Shiloh, and Secession.

THE GEM CRIB FOR VANITY.—Be photographed.

A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon the first Sunday after her marriage, replied that he thought it would be impossible as the Psalms as he term'd "And then shall be abundance of peace."—Vide Psalm lxxii. 7.

An eminent conchologist has made a calculation that it takes sixteen days and fourteen hours for a "modern-speaking" man to utter the letter A.

A general on the point of death, speaking his eyes and seeing a constitution of three physicians who were standing around his bed, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I perceive, if you fire by platoons it is all over with me!" and expired without a groan.

"The snow-storm the boys request as a joke," said one of the Fifth Avenue belles to her friend. "Yes," replied the doctor, "and it is a joke that any one can see the drift of."

MEDICAL DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—Stale dry bread is a very useful article in the sick-room.

Make your son wise, and noble, and grand, and he will be your grandson.

SHIP-SHAPE.—Why is a fashionable lady's dress like an American ship? It is made to suit the breeze.

It isn't enough that men and women should be of the true metal: they should also be well-tempered.

Of all the vanities and hypocrites, the vanity of high birth is the most absurd, the most contemptible, the most blind.

HIGH HIM THERE.—A waggish curate overheard the schoolmaster giving lessons in grammar. "You can not say, 'I am high,' but you may say, 'I am precipice' before plural nouns. No one can say 'I am high,' but you may say, 'I am high-land.'" Prayer-book knows better than you, I should think, or it wouldn't teach me to say at church

A boy who had stolen some apples was fondling for the rather ingenious manner in which he excused himself. The schoolmaster asking him what he had to say for himself, the urchin replied, "Please sir, apples were THERE; I don't know how he got them; and now they're mine, and he don't know how I got them."

"Well, Matt, are you going to the new place?" "Sure, no, ma'am! the lady couldn't give a satisfactory reference from her last place."

JOHN (*bantering fellow*!) says the only parting that ever troubled him is the parting of his back hair.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE

THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.

The following is official.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE OHIO,
VAN HARRISBURG, OCT. 10, 1862.

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

I have already advised you of the movements of the army under my command from Louisville. More or less skirmishing has occurred daily with the enemy's cavalry. Since it is was supposed that the enemy would give battle in Kentucky. My troops reached that point on the 4th inst. driving out the enemy's cavalry and artillery. The main body retired toward Springfield, whither the pursuit was continued. The centre corps, under General Gilbert, moved on the direct road from Springfield to Perryville, which road on the 7th inst. was found to be in possession of the enemy. The left corps, under General McCook, was ordered into position to attack, and a strong reconnoissance directed, with the centre corps in support. General McCook for reinforcements, and learned that the left had been attacked in force by the enemy, and driven back in disorder. The centre corps was being turned and severely pressed. Two divisions of the reserve corps were forward from the centre. Orders were also sent to the right column, under General Crittenden, which was advancing by the Lebanon road, to push forward and attack the enemy's left; but it was impossible for it to get in position in time to produce any decisive result. The action commenced at 11 A.M. and continued with great fury until night, when the enemy were driven repulsed, but without some momentary advantage on the left. The second corps were put in position on the left, and was moved to the attack at six o'clock this morning. Some heavy skirmishing ensued, the enemy's rear-guard. The main body had fallen back in the direction of Harrodsburg. I have no reports of the number of killed in the recent battle, including valuable officers. Generals Jackson and Terrill, I regret to say, are among the killed.

D. C. BUELL,
Major-General Commanding.

ANOTHER VICTORY.

Another brilliant victory in Kentucky was reported on 4th. Dispatches received from Lebanon state that there was a great battle fought on Friday last, between the forces of Bishop and Danville, heavier and more severe than that by all previous fighting in Kentucky. On Friday night Gen. Dumin cavalry, captured one hundred and sixty wagons and a thousand prisoners. The rebels, it is said, were retreating to Camp Dick Robinson.

GENERAL CLAY AND GEN. JACKSON.

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 163.

CAMP NEAR HARRISBURG, HARRISON, CO., 1 MILE FROM PERRYVILLE, KENTUCKY, OCT. 9, 1862.

The attention of officers and soldiers of the 1st division of the Potomac is called to General Orders No. 139, War Department, dated Washington, July 31, 1862, relative to the President's proclamation of September 22.

A proclamation has been given moment to be nation, officially communicated to the army, affords to the general officers and soldiers of the army of the Potomac, and to the officers and soldiers under its command the relation here by all persons found within the lines of the army, or taken beyond the civil authority of the Government. The Government of the United States, its legislature, judicial tribunals, and executive officers, all exist and are operating, and extending the Federal laws. Armed force is employed only to repress combinations too powerful for the civil authorities, and are to be held in strict subordination thereto and responsible to them for any unnecessary force they may use in the performance of their duties. The object of the war is declared, as defined by the Congress of the United States, to be to suppress the rebellion, must be determined and declared by the civil authorities of the United Executive, who is charged with the administration of the national affairs, is the proper and only judge when military force is necessary to be used, and when it is no longer necessary. The military power of the Government can be made known to the armies of the nation only by its chief.

The duties of officers and soldiers commanding armies determined upon and declared by the Government when exercising military power are to obey promptly and respectful expression of opinion, and gravity to impose upon them the responsibility of making known to the army the orders of the people at the polls.

The duty of the soldier is to fight battles, and not to interfere between the soldiers and the Government, to which he owes implicit obedience in all lawful orders. Upon which it has been thought proper to publish during our whole history to the officers of the republic, and in so doing we will not be considered as intending to impose upon them any new rules upon that loyalty and good conduct which have always characterized upon so many battle fields. In carrying out all measures of public policy this army will, of course, be guided by the same rules of mercy and Christianity that have ever controlled in conduct toward the enemies.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN.
JAMES A. HARDIE, Assistant-General, Aid-de-Camp and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

THE BATTLES OF IUKA AND SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 169.

CAMP NEAR SHARPSBURG, MARYLAND, OCT. 8, 1862.

The Commander-in-Chief takes occasion to congratulate the army under his command for the victories achieved by the gallantry and good conduct of officers and soldiers of the Antietam Creek.

The defeat and retreat of Bragg's and Hooker's corps, under Burnside, at Turner's Gap, and of Franklin's corps at Crampton's Gap, on the 14th inst., after a severe struggle in position and resisting with obstinacy, they carried the passes of South Mountain, were the way for the advance of the army, was for them the admiration of their brethren in arms.

Then, from the heights of Antietam, on the 15th, the enemy was driven in force and with great slaughter, and the success of the army was crowned by the repulse of the enemy's attack on the right wing, and the total defeat of his left, which was driven back in confusion, and the destruction of his whole attempted it. The obstinate conflict which raged during the 16th, mainly on our left, the dashing gallantry of those of Franklin on the right; the steady valor of the troops of Burnside on the left, the vigorous support of Porter and Pleasanton, present a brilliant spectacle of courageous devotion to the country, that meets with pride and exultation.

The losses of the enemy, in vast colors, fifteen thousand five hundred stand of arms, and nearly six thousand prisoners, taken from the enemy, are evidences of his complete defeat of our triumph.

The Commander will thank the noble army for achievements which have driven the invaders from our soil, and the ravages of the invader, and have driven him from their

While rejoicing at the victories which, under God's blessing, have crowned the operations of the army, the memory of our brave comrades who have laid down their lives upon the battle-field will be fondly cherished by us. Their names will be enshrined in the hearts of the people.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN.
S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.

A REBEL VERSION.

GENERAL ORDERS—NO. 113.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
OCTOBER 9, 1862.

In reviewing the achievements of the army during the present campaign, the Commanding General can not withhold the expression of his admiration of the indomitable courage it has displayed in battle, and its cheerful endurance of privation and hardship on the march.

Since the commencement of the campaign it has defeated the enemy at Manassas, Richmond, expelled him from the valley of Virginia after a conflict of three days, utterly repulsed him from Maryland, and driven him back behind the fortifications around his capital.

Without halting for repose, you crossed the Potomac, stormed the heights of Harper's Ferry, made prisoners of more than ten thousand men, and captured upward of seventy pieces of artillery, all their small-arms and other munitions of war.

While one corps of the army was thus engaged, the other hastened its success by arresting at Boonsborough the combined armies of the enemy, advancing under their Executive General to the relief of their beleaguered comrades.

On the field of Sharpsburg, with but three-quarters of a number, you resisted from daylight until dark the whole army of the enemy, repulsed every attack, and gained the entire front of more than four miles in extent.

The events of the day following that you advanced to renew the conflict on the same ground, and retired next morning without molestation to the Virginia shore.

Two attempts subsequently made by the enemy to follow you were promptly repulsed, and he has since not ventured to cross the river in force.

Achievements such as these demanded much valor and constitution. Marching and fighting almost daily, the blacks and endurance than this army has exhibited; and no troops ever displayed more gallantry in action.

The Commanding General has watched with pride and admiration the manner in which the men have responded to the demands made upon their energies, and has observed with pleasure the confidence they have manifested in their officers.

Much as you have done, much more remains to be accomplished. Your country expects every man to do his duty, and to your tried valor and patriotism the country looks with confidence for the achievement of that great object for which you have so often periled your lives.

R. E. LEE, General Commanding.

A REBEL RAID INTO PENNSYLVANIA.

A force of two thousand rebel cavalry, under the renowned Stuart, crossed the Potomac at a point far above the right wing of General McClellan's army, and pushed rapidly on through Mercersburg to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, reaching there at 4 o'clock, Friday evening, 10th. About eight hundred entered the town, the remainder remaining a mile away. They immediately proceeded to boots, shoes, and clothing, giving Confederate paper in exchange for the same. They also destroyed the depot and the Cumberland Valley Railroad bridge, and tore up the railroad track. They then left the town, taking with them a long line of wagons loaded with boots and shoes and forced Gettysburg. They borrowed or exchanged horses wherever they could, but have been entirely unsuccessful in getting such articles as they most needed. No violence was done to individuals, and the property was made by the people, at least not until they had gone from Chambersburg. Before they left, they burned a large number of the machine-shops, and that was a'2 the violence experienced. There is a rumor that a force of 5,000 when they crossed the Potomac, on Tuesday morning, but it is doubtful; indeed the number of the rebels in the whole scene accounts say at Hancock, and others at Dan No. 8 Bridge, on the Potomac, and that they had not crossed the river. The Hagerstown and Ohio railroad for four miles south of Frederick City says that the rebel cavalry passed along that road. Hagerstown has been entirely deserted, and took breakfast at Urbana, four miles from Monocacy, on Sunday morning last. Harrey Urbana is on the road in the direction of Stuart's Ferry on the Potomac. Seven prisoners, captured by the rebels, were paroled. All this indicates that the rebels were pretty surely are over the Potomac, and are probably in or near Leesburg, before night on Sunday, 12th.

THE VICTORY AT CORINTH.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL CURTIS,
CORINTH, MISS., OCT. 5, 1862.

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

Generals Rosecrans and Hurlbut, with their army yesterday, and General Hurlbut having driven in small rebel forces on the Purdy road before, after every effort fought. Gray drove the enemy five miles back across the Hatchie bridge, and Carroll, capturing two battle-flags, and many dead prisoners, and many small-arms.

I immediately ordered General Ord to cross of these forts, and directed him to urge on the good work. The following despatch has just been received from him:

To Major-General Grant:

The enemy are totally routed, leaving their dead and wounded. We are following sharply.

E. O. C. ORD, Major-General.

Under perilous instructions General Ord has since pursued the enemy to the Tennessee River, and General Rosecrans's column.

THE ENEMY DISPERSED.

Later news from the West does not confirm the report of a splendid victory. We captured two thousand prisoners, including three hundred officers, but the loss one thousand killed and a large number wounded. Our loss was about two thousand killed and wounded, and three hundred wounded. The rebels abandoned and many slaves joined our army. Rosecrans and Ord, and last most of their ammunition and trains. General Rosecrans, after pursuing the enemy until the 5th inst., returned to Corinth at the command of General Grant. He reports the rebels utterly dispersed, abandoning all hopes of further mischief. We would gladly have followed them up, but the enemy have thus had time to reorganize, time to destroy them utterly, but for the orders of his superior officers.

A BATTLE NEAR BEDFORD.

A battle took place on St. Inst. in the vicinity of Suffolk, at Franklin, on the Blackwater River, which appears to be of considerable importance. The rebels had a force there thousand strong at that point, and were commanded by General Holmes, of North Carolina, who was reinforced by General Hill's division, from Richmond.

The rebels were pretty badly used up by troops, who were commanded by General Peck, and Gen. Wessells, and artillery commanded by Col. Spear. The fight lasted all day, and the rebels, while our line was only three in all. The attack was planned by General Peck, and the rebels were driven pickets of the enemy, and it was intended that the gunboats should co-operate with the land forces by way of Chowan Creek, from Albemarle Sound; but owing to some mistake they did not arrive in time. Our force was somewhat about two thousand. The object of the attack was fully attained.

THE REBELS WINCING AT NEW ORLEANS.

Our new Provost Marshal-General, by the effect of General Butler's Order No. 76 is very interesting. The facts are developed there that all persons taking the oath of allegiance and given a return of their property has been restored to them, and that many are coming forward, and thousands were flocking to the places appointed to take the oath, some in terror and many with entire unwillingness.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ANOTHER PRIZE AT WORK.

We have important news of the operations of the rebel steamer Alabama. Captain Semmes, the commander, an English vessel, lately arrived at Greenock, from Jamaica, and reports that on the 3d inst. he fell in with a large three-masted vessel, from which a pilot came alongside. Semmes ordered that their ship, the Gemsbok, of Liverpool, Captain Manwell, had been captured by the Alabama, under the command of Captain Semmes, late of the Sumter. The Gemsbok had one hundred and fifty tons of oil, and her crew (thirty-four men) were made prisoners. The Alabama had already burned four whalers. She also captured an American schooner gonne unknown in sight of the Cairngorms. The United States sailing sloop of war *St. Louis* left Lisbon to search, as we supposed, for the rebel privateer "No. 290" off the Azores, to capture her of her old an American whalers.

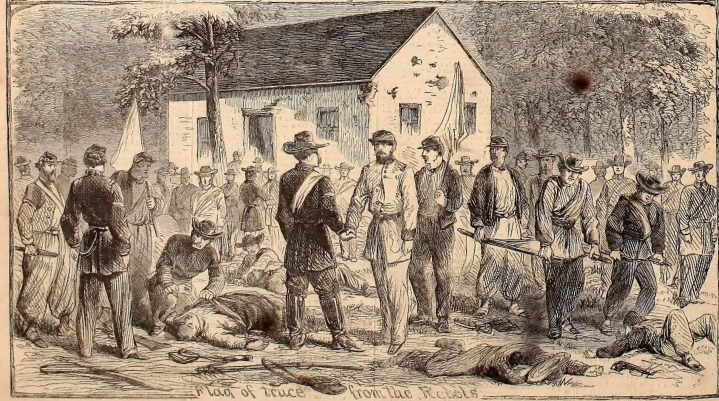
BELGIUM.

A PEACE CONGRESS.

Distinguished men from almost every country in Europe, who have assembled at Brussels to attend the Congress at Brussels, had proposed and signed a peace address to President Lincoln.







THE CAMPAIGN IN MARYLAND.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 685.]



BOONESBOROUGH, MARYLAND, SOUTH MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE—SCENE OF BURNSIDE'S FIGHT.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 683.]



SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAIN, MD.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 683.]



MIDDLETON, MD., NEAR SOUTH MOUNTAIN.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 683.]



BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN—FRANKLIN'S CORPS STORMING CRAMPTON'S PASS.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 685.]



MAP OF KENTUCKY, SHOWING THE THEATRE OF THE CONTEST BETWEEN GENERALS BUELL AND BRAGG.



MAP OF PART OF MARYLAND, SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE LATE REBEL RAID.



AFTER THE BATTLE—THE REBELS IN



OSSESSION OF THE FIELD.—[See Page 686.]

MARTIAL LAW.

TUNE drum, the fife, the bugle!
My life was a tranquil flood,
But the waters are suddenly shaken,
And the billows imbued with blood.

I thought we were Freedom's children—
What right have they thus to come,
Disturbing my dreams of beauty
With their fife, and drum?

The drum, the fife, the bugle!
Why ships the pen from my hand?
What voices are crying within me?
Why menaces this fair land?

The drum, the fife, the bugle!
The foe to our gates is hurled,
And the People are marching to meet him,
With a tread that shakes the world.

The quail in the stubble are merry,
The deer skip lustless and free;
The plow-share sleeps in the furrow,
The axe sticks fast in the tree:

And men stream down like a torrent—
Is the Valley of Death destroyed?
And a feeling of shame comes o'er me—
Why linger you here, my boys?

CHESTERTON, September, 1862.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

BETWEEN THE SCENES.

I.

FROM GEORGE BARTRAM TO NORA VANSTONE.

"DEAR NORA—Where are you?

"MY DEAR NOEL.—Here are two plain questions at starting. In the name of all that is mysterious, what are you doing in London? And why is every thing relating to your marriage kept an impenetrable secret from your oldest friends?

"I have been to Aldborough to try if I could trace you from that place, and have come back as wise as I went. I have applied to your father in London, and have been told in reply that you have forbidden him to disclose the place of your retreat to any one without first receiving your permission to do so. All I could prevail on him to say was that he had received a short letter which might be sent to his care. I write accordingly, and, mind this, I expect an answer.

"You dear oaks, in your old-fashioned way, what business I have to meddle with affairs of yours which it is your pleasure to keep private. My dear Noel, there is a serious reason for our opening communications with you from this house. You and don't know me; and when I take my place at St. Crux since you ran away to get married (and though I detest clergymen as a rule, must lose an hour's shooting to-day in trying to enlighten you.

"On the twenty-third of last month the admiral and I were disturbed over our wine after dinner by the announcement that a lodger had unexpectedly arrived at St. Crux. Who do you think the visitor was? Mrs. Lecount!

"Mrs. Lecount, with that old-fashioned bachelor gallantry of his, which pays equal respect to all wearers of petticoats, left the table directly to welcome Mrs. Lecount. While I was debating whether I should follow him or not, my meditations were suddenly broken in upon by a loud call from the admiral. I ran into the morningroom, and there was your unfortunate housekeeper on the sofa, with all the symptoms about her, more dead than alive. She had travelled from England to Calais, from Calais back again to England, without stopping, and she looked accordingly. I was the only doctor to be had, so I immediately agreed with my uncle that the first thing to be done was to send for medical help. We dispatched a groom on the spot, and at Mrs. Lecount's own request sent all the servants in a body out of the room.

"As soon as we were alone Mrs. Lecount surprised us by a singular question. She asked if you had received a letter which she had addressed to you, before leaving England, at this house. When we told her that the letter had been forwarded, under cover to your friend Mr. Bygrave, by your own particular request, she turned as pale as ashes; and when we added that you had left us in company with this same Mr. Bygrave, she clasped her hands and stared at us as if she had taken leave of her senses. Her next question was, Where is Mr. Noel now?' We could only give her one reply: Mr. Noel had not informed us. She looked perfectly thunder-struck at that answer. 'He has gone to his ruin!' she said. 'He has gone away in company with the greatest villain in England—and we shall find him at once if we send Mr. Noel!' If I don't find him at once it will be too late. He will be married!' she burst out quite frantically—'on my honor and my oath he will be married!' The admiral, incautiously perhaps, but with the best intentions, told her you were married already. She gave a scream that made the windows ring again, and dropped back on the sofa in a fainting fit. The doctor came in the nick of time, and soon brought her to. This was ten days ago, and the same state she has grown worse and worse ever since, and the last medical report is that the lower portion of her body is paralyzed, and in a fair way to settle on her brain.

"Now, my dear Noel, neither my uncle nor I have any right to intrude ourselves on your confidence. We are naturally astonished at the extraordinary circumstances which have attended your marriage, and we can not be blind to the fact that your housekeeper has apparently some strong reason for her ery for vengeance. Mrs. Noel Vanstone with an enmity and distrust which we are quite unable to believe that lady had any thing to deserve. Whatever strange misunderstanding there may have been in your household is your business and not mine (keep it to yourself), and not ours. All we have any right to do is to tell you what has occurred. His uncle is not in the least delirious; he declines to answer for her life if she goes on as she is going on now; and he begs—thinking that she is personally talking of her master—that your presence would be useful in quieting her, if you chose to come here at once and exert your influence before it is too late.

"What do you say? Will you emerge from the darkness that surrounds you, and come to St. Crux? If this was the case of an ordinary servant, I should understand your hesitating to leave the delights of your honey-moon for any such object as that proposed to you. But this, my dear fellow, Mrs. Lecount is not an ordinary servant. You are under obligations to her fidelity and devotion as your father's friend as well as in your own; and if you can quiet the anxieties which torment her, and which appear to me, personally, as real, I really think you ought to come here and do so. Your leaving Mrs. Noel Vanstone in the society of this person for a while is no necessity for any such hand-hearted proceeding. The admiral desires me to say that he can be your quiet friend living, and that his house is at your wife's disposal, as it has always been, from the day of her birth. Strangers are the need dread no near association with the sickroom; and, with all my uncle's oddities, I am sure he will not think an offer of his friendship an offer to be despised.

"Here I told you already that I went to Aldborough to try and find a clew to your whereabouts? I can't be at the trouble of looking back to see if I have told you or not, so I go again. The truth is, I made an acquaintance at Aldborough of whom you know something, at least by report.

"After applying vainly at Sea View, I went to the house next door to inquire whether the lady could give me no information; but the moment I mentioned your name the door was shut behind my face; and when I told her I was your cousin, she said there was a young lady then at Aldborough of your name who was not to be seen. She was in great distress about a missing relative, and who might prove of some use to me, or I to her. I left my card, and came away from Aldborough. I had not the least idea who she was, but I found out and came back (within a few minutes afterward I found myself in the presence of one of the most charming women these eyes ever looked on).

"Our first words of explanation informed me that your Aldborough friend was not to be put. Who do you think she was? The eldest daughter of my uncle and yours—Andrew Vanstone's child by his first wife. She had come to the past years speak of her brother Andrew, and I knew of what and every thing. Andrew, by his poor families, as you are aware, had always been estranged; and I had never seen my charming cousin before. She has all the Vanstone beauty and the gentle, retiring manners that I always admire in women. I was in a position to answer all disagreement about your father's conduct to those two sisters, or to deny that his brother Andrew had behaved badly to him. So I was willing to admit that the high moral position he took in the matter is quite unassailable by such poor creatures as I am. And I was able to impute that my own spendthrift habits inexpicable to me from different causes, and not to those of my father people's pecuniary affairs. But, with all these allowances and drawbacks, I can tell you that Miss Bygrave is, if you mean to do justice to Vanstone, I venture to prophesy that for the first time in your life you will have the propriety of following your father's example.

"She told me her little story, poor thing, most touchingly and simply. She is now occupying her second situation as a governess, and, as usual, all who know her, love her. She is very rich. They are friends of my uncle's, whom he has lost sight of latterly—the Tyrrels of Portland Place—and they trust Miss Bygrave with as much kindness and consideration as if she was a member of their family. Her last letter to them, sents accompanied her to Aldborough, her object in traveling to that place being what the landlady of the hotel had stated it to be. The family reverses have, it seems, had a serious effect on Miss Vanstone's younger sister, who has left her friends, and who has been missing from home for some time. She had been last heard of at Aldborough; and her elder sister, on her return from the Continent with the Tyrrels, had instantly set out to search for the girl on the spot.

"This was all Miss Vanstone told me. She asked whether you had seen any thing of her sister, or whether Mrs. Lecount knew any thing of her sister—I suppose because she was aware you had been at Aldborough. Of course I could tell her nothing. She entreated me to speak out on the subject, and I could not presume to ask her for any. All I did was to set to work with might and main to assist her inquiries. The attempt was an utter failure—nobody could give us any information. We tried personal description, of course; and, strange to say, the only young lady formerly staying at Aldborough who answered to the description was the only person in the world, the lady you have married! If she had not had an uncle and aunt (both of whom I have seen), I should have begun to suspect that you had married your cousin Miss Vanstone! But—I, is this the clew to the mystery? Don't be angry; I must have my little joke, and I can't help writing as carelessly as I all baffled, and I traveled back with Miss Vanstone and her friends as far as the station at here. I think I shall call on the Tyrrels when I am next in London. I have certainly treated that family with the most inconceivable neglect.

"Here I am at the end of my third sheet of note-paper. I don't often take the pen in hand, but this time I do very well agree with me that I am in no hurry to lay it aside again. Treat the rest of my letter as the first, and consider what I have told you about Mrs. Lecount, and remember that time is of consequence.

"Ever yours,

GEORGE BARTRAM."

II.

FROM NORAH VANSTONE TO MISS GARTH.

"PORTLAND PLACE.

"MY DEAR MISS GARTH,—More sorrow, more disappointment! I have just returned from Aldborough without making any discovery. Magdalen is still lost to us.

"I can not attribute this new overthrow of my hopes to any want of perseverance or patience in making the necessary inquiries. My inexperience in such matters was kindly assisted by the experience exercised by Mr. George Bartram. By a strange coincidence he happened to be at Aldborough at the time of Miss Vanstone at the very time when I was there inquiring after Magdalen. He sent in his card; I received him; he looked at the name, that he was my cousin—if I may call him so—I had not mentioned it to him previously in my seeing him and asking his advice. I abstained from entering into particulars for Magdalen's sake, but I made no allusion to that letter of Mrs. Lecount's which you answered for me. I only told him that Magdalen was missing, and had been last heard of at Aldborough. The kindness which he showed in devoting himself to my unfortunate cause is beyond all description. He treated me, in my forlorn situation, with a delicacy and respect which I shall remember gratefully long after I forget, perhaps, forgotten our necessary altogether. He is quite young—not more than thirty, I should think. In face and figure he reminded me a little of the portrait of my father at Combe-Raven—I mean the portrait in which he looks young. My father when he was a young man.

"I believe as our inquiries were, there is one result of them which has left a very strange and shocking impression on my mind.

"By my advice Mr. Noel Vanstone has lately married, under mysterious circumstances, a young lady whom he met with at Aldborough, named Bygrave. He has gone away with his wife, telling nobody but his lawyer where he has gone to. Mr. George Bartram, my cousin Bartram, who was endeavoring to trace him, for the purpose of communicating the news of his bereavement to his relatives, the housekeeper being the same Mrs. Lecount whose letter you answered for me. So far, you will perceive, nothing has transpired particularly interest either of us. But I think you will be as much surprised as I was when I tell you that the description given by the people at Aldborough of Miss Bygrave's appearance is most extraordinarily and unaccountably like the description of Magdalen's appearance. This discovery, taken in connection with all the circumstances of the case, has had an effect on my mind which I can not describe to you, which I have not courage enough to describe even to me! I have never felt so wretched about Magdalen as I feel now. Suspense must have weakened my nerves in some strange way. I feel superstitious about the slightest things. The accidental resemblance of a total stranger to Magdalen fills me, every now and then, with the most horrible misgivings, merely because Mr. Noel Vanstone happens to be mixed up with it. Once more pray come to me; I have so much to say to you that I can not and dare not say in writing.

"Gratefully and affectionately yours,

"NORAH."

III.

FROM MR. JOHN LOSCOMBE (SOLICITOR) TO GEORGE BARTRAM, ESQ.

"LAMBETH, 20 GEORGE STREET, September 6, 1847.

"SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your note inclosing a letter addressed to my client, Mr. Noel Vanstone, and requesting that I will forward the same to Mr. Vanstone's present address.

"Since I last had the pleasure of communicating with you on this subject my position toward my client is entirely altered. Three days ago I received a letter from him which stated his intention of changing his place of residence on the next day then ensuing, but which left me entirely in ignorance on the subject of the locality to which it was his intention to remove. I have not heard from him since; and, as he had previously requested me to write to him no oftener than usual, there would be no present necessity for his writing to me again—assuming that it be his wish to keep his place of residence concealed from you, and from myself also.

"Under these circumstances I think it right to return you your letter, with the assurance that I will let you know if I happen to be again placed in a position to forward it to its destination.

"I am, your obedient servant,

"JOHN LOSCOMBE."

IV.

FROM NORAH VANSTONE TO MISS GARTH.

"PORTLAND PLACE.

"MY DEAR MISS GARTH,—Forget the letter I wrote to you yesterday, and all the gloomy forebodings that it contains. The morning's post has brought new life to me—I have heard from Magdalen!

"The letter is very short; it seems to have been written in a hurry. She says she has been dreaming of me for some nights past, and the dreams have made her fear that her long silence has caused me even more distress, on account, than she is worth. She writes therefore to assure me that she is safe and well—that she hopes to see me before long—and that she has something to tell me, when we meet, which will try my sisterly love for her as nothing has tried it yet. The letter is not dated; but the post-mark is 'Aldonby,' which I have found, on referring to the Gazetteer, to be a little sea-side place in Cumberland. There is no hope of my being able to write back—for Magdalen expressly says that she is to be on no account—from her present residence, and that she is not at liberty to say where she is going to next. I have also instructions for forwarding any letters after her.

"In happier times I should have thought this letter very short and very unsatisfactory—and I should have been seriously alarmed by that mysterious hint in reference to the secret which will try my love for her as nothing has tried it yet. But after all the suspense I have suffered the happiness of hearing of her again seems to fill my heart, and to keep all other feelings out of it. I don't seem to care any longer how I answer you are coming to me soon, and I want to have the pleasure of seeing you read it.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"NORAH.

"P.S. My uncle Vanstone called on Mrs. Tyrrel to-day. He insisted on being introduced to the children. When he was gone, Mrs. Tyrrel laughed at his good-humored way, and said that his anxiety to see the children looked, to her mind, very much like an anxiety to see me. We may imagine now how my spirits improved when I can occupy my pen in writing such nonsense as this!"

V.

FROM MRS. LECOUNT TO MR. DE BLYDIT, GENERAL AGENT, LONDON.

"ALDBOROUGH, October 25, 1847.

"DEAR SIR,—I have been long in thanking you for the kind letter which promises me your assistance, in the friendly manner in the commercial relations formerly existing between my brother and yourself. The truth is, I have overtaxed my strength on my recovery from a long and dangerous illness; and for the last ten days I have been suffering under a relapse. I am now better again, and able to enter on the business which you so kindly offer to undertake for me.

"The person whose present place of abode is of the utmost importance to me to discover is Mr. Noel Vanstone. I have lived for many years past in this gentleman's service as housekeeper, and, having received from my former dismissal, I consider myself in his service still. During my absence on the Continent he was privately married at Aldborough, in Suffolk, on the eighteenth of August last. He left Aldborough on the next day, taking his wife with him to some place of retreat which was kept a secret from every body except his lawyer, Mr. Loscombe, of Lambeth Inn. After a short time he again removed, on the 4th of September, without informing his lawyer of the new occasion of his new place of abode. From that date to this the lawyer has remained (or has pretended to remain) in total ignorance of the present exile. Application has been made to Mr. Loscombe, under the circumstances, to ascertain what that former place of residence was of which Mr. Vanstone is known to have informed his lawyer. This application he has steadily declined to do, in consequence of having received from the gentleman himself a formal permission to disclose his residence to any one but the lawyer. I have all these latter particulars from Mr. Loscombe's correspondence—the nephew of the gentleman is my own half-brother, and whose charity has given me an asylum, during the heavy affliction of my sickness, under his own roof.

"I believe the reasons which have induced Mr. Noel Vanstone to keep himself and his wife in hiding are reasons which relate entirely to myself. In the first place, he is aware that he knows that my faithful services, rendered through a period of twenty years, to his father and himself, fully justify the common decency, to cast me out helpless on the world without a provision for the future. And of my life is the meanest of living men, and his wife is the vilest of living women. As long as he can avoid fulfilling his obligations to me he will, and his wife's encouragement may be trusted to fortify him in his ingratitude.

"My object in determining to find him out is briefly this: His marriage has exposed him to consequences which a man of ten times his courage could not face without shrinking. Of these consequences he is known perfectly. His wife knows, and keeps him in ignorance. I know, and can enlighten him. His ignorance of this

danger that threatens him is in my hands alone, and he shall pay the price of his rescue to the last farthing of the debt that justice claims for me as my due—no more and no less.

"I have now laid my mind before you, as you told me, without reserve. You know why I want to find this man, and what I mean to do when I find him. I leave it to your sympathy for me to answer the serious question that remains: How is the discovery to be made? If a first trace of them can be found after their departure from Aldborough, I believe careful inquiry will suffice for the rest. The personal appearance of the wife, and the extraordinary contrast between her husband and herself, is certain to be remarked and remembered by every stranger who sees them.

"When you favor me with your answer, please address it to 'Care of Admiral Bartram, St. Crux-in-the-Marsh, near Ossory, Essex.'

"Your much obliged,

"Virginie Lecount."

VI.

FROM MR. DE BLERIOT TO MRS. LECOUNT.

"Dark's Buildings, Kingsland, *October* 25, 1847.

[Private and confidential.]

"Dear Madam,—I hasten to reply to your favor of Saturday's date. Circumstances have enabled me to forward your interests by consulting a friend of mine possessing great experience in the management of private inquiries of all sorts. I have placed your case before him (without mentioning names), and I am happy to inform you that my views and his views of the proper course to take agree in every particular.

"Both myself and friend, then, are of opinion that little or nothing can be done toward tracing the parties you mention until the place of their temporary residence, after they left Aldborough, has been discovered first. If this can be done, the sooner it is done the better. Judging from your letter, some weeks must have passed since the lawyer received his information that they had shifted their quarters. As they are both remarkable-looking people, the strangers who may have assisted them on their travels have probably not forgotten them yet. Nevertheless, expedition is desirable.

"The question for you to consider is, whether they may not possibly have communicated the address of which we stand in need to some other person besides the lawyer. The husband may have written to members of his family, or the wife may have written to members of her family. Both myself and friend are of opinion that the latter chance is the likeliest of the two. If you have any means of access in the direction of the wife's family, we strongly recommend you to make use of them. If not, please supply us with the names of any of her near relations or intimate female friends whom you know, and we will endeavor to get access for you.

"In any case we request you will at once favor us with the most exact personal description that can be written of both the parties. We may require your assistance in this important particular at five minutes' notice. Favor us, therefore, with the description by return of post. In the mean time we will endeavor to ascertain on our side whether any information is to be privately obtained at Mr. Loscombe's office. The lawyer himself is probably altogether beyond our reach. But if any one of his clerks can be advantageously treated with on such terms as may not overtax your pecuniary resources, accept my assurance that the opportunity shall be made the most of by,

"Dear Madam,

"Your faithful servant,

"Alfred De Bleriot."

VII.

FROM MR. PENDRIL TO NORAH VANSTONE.

"Searle Street, *October* 27, 1847.

"My dear Miss Vanstone,—A lady, named Lecount (formerly attached to Mr. Noel Vanstone's service in the capacity of housekeeper), has called at my office this morning, and has asked me to furnish her with your address. I have begged her to excuse my immediate compliance with her request, and to favor me with a call to-morrow morning, when I shall be prepared to meet her with a definite answer.

"My hesitation in this matter does not proceed from any distrust of Mrs. Lecount personally, for I know nothing whatever to her prejudice. But in making her request to me she stated that the object of the desired interview was to speak to you privately on the subject of your sister. Forgive me for acknowledging that I determined to withhold the address as soon as I heard this. You will make allowances for your old friend and your sincere well-wisher? You will not take it amiss if I express my strong disapproval of your allowing yourself, on any pretense whatever, to be mixed up for the future with your sister's proceedings.

"I will not distress you by saying more than this. But I feel too deep an interest in your welfare, and too sincere an admiration of the patience with which you have borne all your trials, to say less.

"If I can not prevail on you to follow my advice, you have only to say so, and Mrs. Lecount shall have your address to-morrow. In this case (which I can not contemplate without the greatest unwillingness), let me at least recommend you to stipulate that Miss Garth should be present at the interview. In any matter with which your sister is concerned you may want an old friend's advice and an old friend's protection against your own generous impulses. If I could have helped you in this way I would; but Mrs. Lecount gave me indirectly to understand that the subject to be discussed was of too delicate a nature to permit of my presence. Whatever this objection may be really worth it can not apply to Miss Garth, who has brought you both up from childhood. I say again, therefore, if you see Mrs. Lecount, see her in Miss Garth's company.

"Always most truly yours,

"William Pendril."

VIII.

FROM NORAH VANSTONE TO MR. PENDRIL.

"Portland Place, *Wednesday*.

"Dear Mr. Pendril,—Pray don't think I am ungrateful for your kindness. Indeed, indeed I am not! But I must see Mrs. Lecount. You were not aware, when you wrote to me, that I had received a few lines from Magdalen—not telling me where she is, but holding out the hope of our meeting before long. Perhaps Mrs. Lecount may have something to say to me on this very subject? Even if it should not be so, my sister—do what she may—is still my sister. I can't desert her; I can't turn my back on any one who comes to me in her name. You know, dear Mr. Pendril, I have always been obstinate on this subject; and you have always borne with me. Let me owe another obligation to you which I can never return—and bear with me still!

"Need I say that I willingly accept that part of your advice which refers to Miss Garth? I have already written to beg that she will come here at four to-morrow afternoon. When you see Mrs. Lecount, please inform her that Miss Garth will be with me, and that she will find us both ready to receive her here to-morrow at four o'clock.

"Gratefully yours,

"Norah Vanstone."

IX.

FROM MR. DE BLERIOT TO MRS. LECOUNT.

"Dark's Buildings, *October* 28.

[Private.]

"Dear Madam,—One of Mr. Loscombe's clerks has proved amenable to a small pecuniary consideration, and has mentioned a circumstance which it may be of some importance to you to know.

"Nearly a month since accident gave the clerk in question an opportunity of looking into one of the documents on his master's table, which had attracted his attention from a slight peculiarity in the form and color of the paper. He had only time, during Mr. Loscombe's momentary absence, to satisfy his curiosity by looking at the beginning of the document, and at the end. At the beginning, he saw the customary form used in making a will. At the end, he discovered the signature of Mr. Noel Vanstone, with the names of two witnesses underneath, and the date (of which he is quite certain)—*the thirtieth of September last.*

"Before the clerk had time to make any further investigations his master returned, sorted the papers on the table, and carefully locked up the will in the strong box devoted to the custody of Mr. Noel Vanstone's documents. It has been ascertained that at the close of September Mr. Loscombe was absent from the office. If he was then employed in superintending the execution of his client's will—which is quite possible—it follows clearly that he was in the secret of Mr. Vanstone's address, after the removal of the 4th of September; and if you can do nothing on your side, it may be desirable to have the lawyer watched on ours. In any case it is certainly ascertained that Mr. Noel Vanstone has made his will since his marriage. I leave you to draw your own conclusions from that fact, and remain, in the hope of hearing from you shortly,

"Your faithful servant,

"Alfred De Bleriot."

X.

FROM MISS GARTH TO MR. PENDRIL.

"Portland Place, *October* 28.

"My dear Sir,—Mrs. Lecount has just left us. If it was not too late to wish, I should wish from the bottom of my heart that Norah had taken your advice, and had refused to see her.

"I write in such distress of mind that I can not hope to give you a clear and complete account of the interview. I can only tell you briefly what Mrs. Lecount has done, and what our situation now is. The rest must be left until I am more composed, and until I can speak to you personally.

"You will remember my informing you of the letter which Mrs. Lecount addressed to Norah from Aldborough, and which I answered for her in her absence. When Mrs. Lecount made her appearance to-day, her first words announced to us that she had come to renew the subject. As well as I can remember it, this is what she said, addressing herself to Norah:

"'I wrote to you on the subject of your sister, Miss Vanstone, some little time since; and Miss Garth was so good as to answer the letter. What I feared at that time has come true. Your sister has defied all my efforts to check her; she has disappeared in company with my master, Mr. Noel Vanstone; and she is now in a position of danger, which may lead to her disgrace and ruin at a moment's notice. It is my interest to recover my master; it is your interest to save your sister. Tell me—for time is precious—have you any news of her?'

"Norah answered, as well as her terror and distress would allow her, 'I have had a letter, but there was no address on it.'

"Mrs. Lecount asked, 'Was there no post-mark on the envelope?'

"Norah said, 'Yes, Allonby.'

"'Allonby is better than nothing,' said Mrs. Lecount. 'Allonby may help you to trace her. Where is Allonby?'

"Norah told her. It all passed in a minute. I had been too much confused and startled to interfere before, but I composed myself sufficiently to interfere now.

"'You have entered into no particulars,' I said. 'You have only frightened us—you have told us nothing.'

"'You shall hear the particulars, ma'am,' said Mrs. Lecount; 'and you and Miss Vanstone shall judge for yourselves if I have frightened you without a cause.'

"Upon this she entered at once upon a long narrative, which I can not—I might almost say, which I dare not—repeat. You will understand the horror we both felt when I tell you the end. If Mrs. Lecount's statement is to be relied on, Magdalen has carried her mad resolution of recovering her father's fortune to the last and most desperate extremity—she has married Michael Vanstone's son under a false name. Her husband is at this moment still persuaded that her maiden name was Bygrave, and that she is really the niece of a scoundrel who assisted her imposture, and whom I recognize by the description of him to have been Captain Wragge.

"I spare you Mrs. Lecount's cool avowal, when she rose to leave us, of her own mercenary motives in wishing to discover her master and to enlighten him. I spare you the hints she dropped of Magdalen's purpose in contracting this infamous marriage. The one aim and object of my letter is, to implore you to assist me in quieting Norah's anguish of mind. The shock she has received at hearing this news of her sister is not the worst result of what has happened. She has persuaded herself that the answers she innocently gave in her distress to Mrs. Lecount's questions on the subject of the letter—the answers wrung from her under the sudden pressure of confusion and alarm—may be used to Magdalen's prejudice by the woman who purposely startled her into giving the information. I can only prevent her from taking some desperate step on her side—some step by which she may forfeit the friendship and protection of the excellent people with whom she is now living—by reminding her that if Mrs. Lecount traces her master by means of the post-mark on the letter, we may trace Magdalen at the same time, and by the same means. Whatever objection you may personally feel to renewing the efforts for the rescue of this miserable girl, which failed so lamentably at York, I entreat you, for Norah's sake, to take the same steps now which we took then. Send me the only assurance which will quiet her—the assurance, under your own hand, that the search on our side has begun. If you will do this, you may trust me when the time comes to stand between these two sisters, and to defend Norah's peace, character, and future prosperity, at any price. Most sincerely yours,

"Harriet Garth."

XI.

FROM MRS. LECOUNT TO MR. DE BLERIOT.

"*October* 28.

"Dear Sir,—I have found the trace you wanted. Mrs. Noel Vanstone has written to her sister. The letter contains no address; but the post-mark is Allonby, in Cumberland. From Allonby, therefore, the inquiries must begin. You have already in your possession the personal description of both husband and wife. I urgently recommend you not to lose one unnecessary moment. If it is possible to send to Cumberland immediately on receipt of this letter, I beg you will do so.

"I have another word to say before I close my note—a word about the discovery in Mr. Loscombe's office.

"It is no surprise to me to hear that Mr. Noel Vanstone has made his will since his marriage; and I am at no loss to guess in whose favor the will is made. If I succeed in finding my master—let that person get the money, if that person can! A course to follow in this matter has presented itself to my mind since I received your letter, but my ignorance of details of business and intricacies of law leaves me still uncertain whether my idea is capable of ready and certain execution. I will call at your office to-morrow at two o'clock for the purpose of consulting you on the subject. It is of great importance when I next see Mr. Noel Vanstone that he should find me thoroughly prepared beforehand in this matter of the will.

"Your much obliged servant,

"Virginie Lecount."

XII.

FROM MR. PENDRIL TO MISS GARTH.

"Searle Street, *October* 29.

"Dear Miss Garth,—I have only a moment to assure you of the sorrow with which I have read your letter. The circumstances under which you urge your request, and the reasons you give for making it, are sufficient to silence any objection I might otherwise feel to the course you propose. A trust-worthy person, whom I have myself instructed, will start for Allonby to-day; and as soon as I receive any news from him, you shall hear of it by special messenger. Tell Miss Vanstone this, and pray add the sincere expression of my sympathy and regard.

"Faithfully yours,

"William Pendril."

XIII.

FROM MR. DE BLERIOT TO MRS. LECOUNT.

"Dark's Buildings, *November* 1.

"Dear Madam,—I have the pleasure of informing you that the discovery has been made with far less trouble than I had anticipated.

"Mr. and Mrs. Noel Vanstone have been traced across the Solway Firth to Dumfries, and thence to a cottage a few miles from the town, on the banks of the Nith. The exact address is, Baliol Cottage, near Dumfries.

"This information, though easily hunted up, has nevertheless been obtained under rather singular circumstances.

"Before leaving Allonby, the persons in my employ discovered, to their surprise, that a stranger was in the place pursuing the same inquiry as themselves. In the absence of any instructions preparing them for such an occurrence as this, they took their own view of the circumstance. Considering the man as an intruder on their business, whose success might deprive them of the credit and reward of making the discovery, they took advantage of their superiority in numbers, and of their being first in the field, and carefully misled the stranger before they ventured any further with their own investigations. I am in possession of the details of their proceedings, with which I need not trouble you. The end is, that this person, whoever he may be, was cleverly turned back southward, on a false scent, before the men in my employment crossed the Firth.

"I mention the circumstance, as you may be better able than I am to find a clew to it, and as it may possibly be of a nature to induce you to hasten your journey.

"Your faithful servant,

"Alfred De Bleriot."

XIV.

FROM MRS. LECOUNT TO MR. DE BLERIOT.

"*November* 1.

"Dear Sir,—One line to say that your letter has just reached me at my lodging in London. I think I know who sent the strange man to inquire at Allonby. It matters little. Before he finds out his mistake I shall be at Dumfries. My luggage is packed, and I start for the North by the next train.

"Your deeply obliged,

"Virginie Lecount."

THE CAMPAIGN IN MARYLAND.

Our special artist with the Army of the Potomac has sent us sketches which we reproduce on pages 676 and 677. Most of these pictures explain themselves; but we subjoin Mr. Waud's descriptions:

SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAIN

is used as a signal station, having a very extensive view over the neighboring country. When the Confederates were in Maryland their signal officers occupied it, but the advance of Franklin's corps drove them off, and re-established our own on its summit.

MIDDLETON

is a small town away from railroads, on the stage-road from Frederick to Hagerstown. The right wing of the army passed through on its way to attack the enemy at the battle of South Mountain.

THORNTON'S GAP

is about six miles from Middleton. The turnpike here crosses the mountain. It was held by the rebels in force, and considered an impregnable position, but it could not stand before the determined valor of the Union army. Our sketch is from the north side of the mountain, the smoke on the top of the mountain at each side of the gap showing where the battle was fought. Nearer is the village of Boonesborough, six miles from the battle-field of Antietam, which was filled with the wounded of both armies.

CRAMPTON'S GAP

is six miles to the south of Thornton's. Here Franklin's corps covered itself with glory. The position of the rebel army was much the same as at Thornton's, being posted on the hill-side, where its guns could command the approaches. Up the steep sides of the hill the brave soldiers of Slocum's division charged, driving first one, and then a second line of the rebels before them. The sketch shows how steep was the incline the soldiers had to climb in the face of the enemy, who in some places used a stone wall as a breast-work. On meeting the second line (seen in the picture, formed on a little mountain road) the Union line wavered. Colonel Bartlett (commanding a brigade in Slocum's division) started forward and led the soldiers to a fresh effort, so impetuous that the rebels were broken and driven over the crest of the mountain in utter rout. The general view of the scene shows where the rebel artillery was posted, and gives a good idea of the difficulties encountered in this battle, which M'Clellan speaks of as the battle of South Mountain.

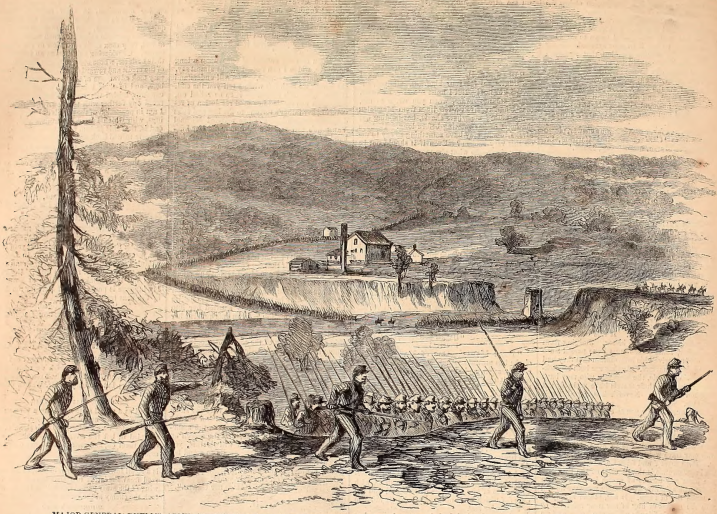
THE COLONEL OF THE TWENTIETH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS LEADING HIS REGIMENT AT THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

The Twentieth Regiment, of which General Max Weber was originally Colonel, lost in the recent battle two hundred and forty men and nine officers at one time when it was necessary to charge up a slope against the rebels. The Colonel, Van Vegesark, took the flag, and galloping up the rise, led the Regiment to the crest of the hill amidst a very heavy fire. Strange to relate, the Colonel escaped uninjured.

THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

While the armies stood in line of battle grimly contemplating each other, neither one anxious to renew the engagement, unarmed parties under a flag of truce—which was suffered rather than granted—went about picking up the wounded who lay between the lines. The rebel ambulance corps, with pieces of white cloth on their hats, and our soldiers with white bands on their arms, mixed freely on the field. At one time some muskets were fired, whether by accident or design was not known; in an instant each army sprang into line, cannoneers in position, and all ready at once to renew the combat.

The little church in the sketch was badly peppered by the shot and shell, and its neighborhood was the scene of fearful slaughter. A Union officer, who was taken into it, wounded, by the rebels, had to lie there all through the fight, and was not injured by the shell.



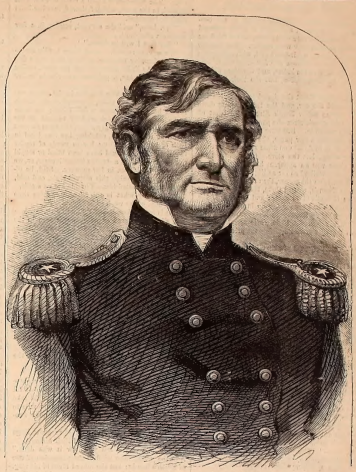
MAJOR-GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY CROSSING SALT RIVER, KENTUCKY, IN PURSUIT OF BRAGG.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 687.]



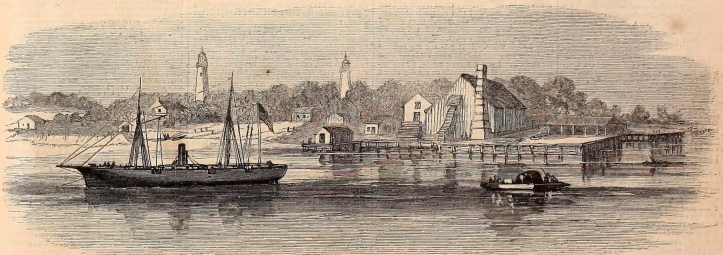
THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—ARRIVAL AT THE STATION AT FREDERICK.—SKETCHED BY MR. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 686.]



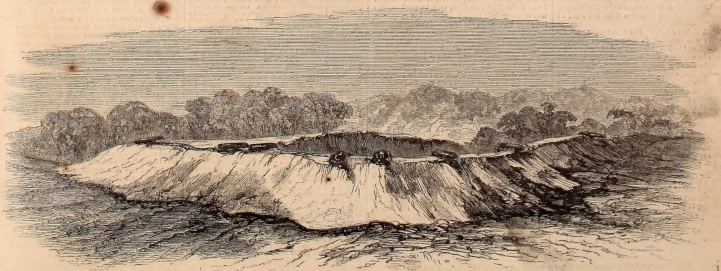
BRIGADIER-GENERAL WADSWORTH, UNION CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[See Page 686.]



THE REBEL BISHOP-GENERAL POLK.
[See Page 687.]



MAYPORT MILLS, MOUTH OF ST. JOHN'S RIVER, FLORIDA.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. VAN INGEN.—[See Page 686.]



BATTERY ON ST. JOHN'S BLUFF, FLORIDA, TAKEN BY OUR FORCES.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. VAN INGEN.—[See Page 686.]

THE NARROW ESCAPE.

"Carpet shoes are much needed in the hospitals." The remark was made in a city railroad car. Two ladies were conversing, and a third sat listening to what they were saying. The listener was quite young, a fair-faced girl, with soft brown eyes, whose countenance was full of interest. She was a stranger to the ladies, and therefore did not join in the conversation, but she took in every word.

At Chestnut Street she signed to the conductor, who stopped the car, and she left it, going down to the square below Ninth Street. In front of Evans's dry-goods store she paused for a moment, and then passed in. But after moving toward one of the counters a few paces, she stood still for an instant, as if in debate on some subject, and then, turning about, left the store. On regaining the street there was an apparent hesitating state of mind. She walked as far as Eighth Street, stood a little while on the corner, then retraced her steps as far as Evans's, paused there, turned toward the door as if resolved to enter; and then, as if the debate which had been going on in her mind had closed, passed up the street with a firm step and a resolved manner. A little while afterward she was in a carpet store inquiring the price of short remnants.

"For what purpose are they intended?" asked the dealer.

The fair face heightened in color with the almost timid answer—

"For carpet shoes. They are wanted in the hospitals."

"Ah!—well—in that case—let me see." The man considered for a little while. "How large a quantity did you propose getting?"

"I will lay out five dollars in this way." She spoke with regaining confidence.

"Very good. For five dollars you shall have more than ten dollars' worth. Where shall I send them?"

The address was given and the money paid.

"Back already!" As the maiden entered a plain but neat and well-furnished room she was greeted with this remark in a tone that expressed surprise. The speaker was a middle-aged woman with a calm, kind face.

"Yes. It didn't take long to get through with my shopping this morning."

"What did you buy, dear?"

"I don't know what you will think of me, Aunt Grace, but—" The young girl paused, not completing the sentence.

"But what, Edith?"

"Well, you see, Aunty dear"—and Edith leaned toward her relative, speaking in a tender, deprecating voice—"as I rode down in the cars I heard two ladies talking about the sick and wounded soldiers in our hospitals; and among other things they said that soft carpet shoes were wanted for the convalescents who were getting just strong enough to walk about in the wards. And so—now don't look soberly at me; don't say I am weak and impulsive—I spent my money for remnants of carpet instead of for gloves, ribbons, and under-sleeves. They'll be sent home in a little while, and I'm going to cut them all up into carpet shoes. Katy Dawes has a pattern—I saw her at work on some last week—and she'll show me just how to make them."

Edith paused, with her pure, earnest eyes full on her aunt's face, waiting for the answer to all this. Aunt Grace, in half surprise, mingled with pleasure, was already leaning toward her niece. Laying her hand gently on the head of Edith she said, in a voice slightly veiled with feeling,

"I have not a word of disapproval, my dear. When we obey suggestions of self-denial for the good of others we obey God. You have done well."

Tears came into Edith's eyes. She bent her head for a few silent moments; then rallying to full self-possession, she replied,

"I am glad you think I've done right. And now I'll put on my bonnet again and run around and see Katy Dawes about the pattern."

"You were just in my mind," said Katy, as her friend looked in upon her. "I've been wanting to see you all the morning. You don't know what a nice letter I've received from George! And, what do you think? He's been promoted again."

"You don't tell me so!"

"Yes, indeed! He went as a private. Not for honor nor pay, but with a brave, true heart to save his country. It was hard to let him go; but I would have loved him less if he had staid at home."

Edith sighed faintly. Her friend went on.

"He was wounded in the arm, you know, at Phillippi, and had to go to the hospital for a month. When he came out, well enough to rejoin his company, he found a second lieutenant's commission awaiting him, conferred for soldierly conduct and bravery in battle. Wasn't my heart proud! Didn't it seem for a while too large for my bosom!"

Another sigh parted the lips of Edith.

"And now he writes me that he is a first lieutenant."

"I am so pleased to hear of it," said Edith.

"Promoted again for bravery and good conduct," added Katy Dawes.

"No wonder you feel proud, dear Katy." Edith spoke in a slightly subdued voice, as if there were in her heart some drawback to the pleasure expressed.

The two young friends spent an hour together, during which time Edith acquired the art and mystery she had come to learn. From some cause she was not in the best of spirits when she returned home, and appeared disinclined to talk. At once she set about the work in hand, assisted by her aunt, and was soon fashioning the remnants of carpet into soft shoes for sick soldiers. Twilight stayed her busy fingers ere the day seemed half departed. During tea-time Edith's face wore an absorbed, almost troubled, expression, which her aunt did not fail to observe. After supper she resumed her work. Half an hour later the door-bell rung. The sound gave Edith a start, and her aunt noticed, in the pause which followed, that her hand slightly trembled.

"Mr. Loto," said the servant, coming in a few moments afterward.

"Say that I will be down."

The servant retired. Aunt Grace hardly recognized a familiar tone in the voice that made this answer. As Edith arose and left the room, taking her work with her, a paleness was visible in her face.

The young man who met her in the parlor was about twenty-three; stout, compactly built, and in robust health. He wore a full beard; the mustache carefully cut and slightly twisted at the ends. He moved quickly across the room to meet Edith as she came in, catching her free hand in both of his, and greeting her in words of tender familiarity. He would have been blind or stupid not to have noticed a strange impassiveness, or, we might say, coldness, in her manner. Still, he affected not to perceive this altered state, and said, lightly, as he seated himself beside her on a sofa,

"And pray what is this?" at the same time taking hold of the work in her hand.

"It is for the hospitals," replied Edith.

A slightly amused expression was seen in the young man's countenance as he lifted a half-made shoe and held it out before him.

"Oh! I see." And he dropped the article. He did not manifest contempt, or ridicule, or disapproval—only indifference.

"And now, Edith," he said, speaking with the pleased ardor of one who brings welcome intelligence, "I have some good news for you."

"Ah! what is it?" She fixed her soft brown eyes on him expectantly.

"I've escaped."

"Escaped what?"

"The enrollment," replied the young man.

"The enrollment? I'm not sure that I understand you."

"You know that they've been enrolling for the draft."

"Yes."

"Well, I've been nervous about it ever since the thing was ordered. If my name got down I knew it would be all over. The draft would take me, sure. That's my luck! So I set my wits to work to escape the enrollment, and have succeeded."

"Indeed!" The soft brown eyes grew large and round, parting with much of their softness.

"Yes. And I'll tell you how it was done." And the young man tried to get possession of one of Edith's hands; but she moved it out of his way.

"As soon as I learned that the enrolling officer was at work in our ward I got up a little breeze with my landlady—no hard matter at any time, for she has a quick temper—and under cover thereof left the house. Within an hour afterward I had my trunks removed. I take my meals at an eating-house and sleep at the store. Next week I will find a new boarding-house. I tell you all about it to relieve your mind. But don't speak of it for the world. If it gets out the marshal will order my arrest and put a musket in my hand for the war. I had a narrow escape, for the enrollment in our block was made on the day after I left."

"You are not the only one who has made a narrow escape, Mr. Loto." Edith's face was almost white; but her voice was deep and firm. She had drawn herself a little away from the young man and was looking at him sternly.

"Ah! who else has made an escape?"

"I have!"

"You?"

"I asked a week in which to consider your offer, Mr. Loto." Edith's tones did not falter. "If you had been a soldier in the field, or on the eve of marching to the defense of your imperiled country, I would have yielded this hand without an instant's hesitation. But your lack of courage or patriotism, I knew not which, made me hold back and question your fitness to be my husband. Now I know you to be unworthy. I might have looked past a natural shrinking from the hard and dangerous life of a soldier—excused you on the ground of constitutional impediments, if you will call them so—and on this plea accepted your failure to spring to the rescue when your country was assailed—still believing in your honor—still having faith in your will to do right no matter how stern the demand might be when it came clear and unmistakable. I can understand that there may be good reasons why one may hold away from the act of volunteering—and I gave you the benefit of this assumption. But when the danger becomes so imminent that an allotment has to be made for defense, only the meanest spirits seek to evade their duty. John Loto, I am speaking plainly, for I do not mean that you shall misunderstand me. Our ways part to-night never to touch again; and in parting I leave with you hard words that may do you good. Take my advice and give in your name to the enrolling officer. If drafted, go cheerfully and stand up with brave men for your country's safety. There is a worse thing than death—it is dishonor!"

He attempted, in a confused way, to reply; but Edith, who had arisen, waved her hand, saying:

"Leave me, Sir! The argument is closed. Our ways have parted, and they can not meet again!"

"I have passed through a great trial, aunt!" said Edith, in reply to anxious questions. Aunt Grace had found her, not long afterward, lying on a sofa in the parlor in a state of partial stupefaction. She had not been weeping. Her face was still very pale; her eyes had parted with their tender sweetness; her lips were almost rigid. On returning fully to herself she had made this answer.

"And come out purer and stronger, I trust. Is it so, dear Edith?" replied her aunt.

"Purer and stronger, if walking through pain to duty gives purity and strength," said Edith.

"Trial—pain—duty. These words include stern meanings, Edith. Mr. Loto is not here."

"And will never be here again, aunt. I have made a narrow escape."

"How?"

"The man who lacks honor, courage, and patriotism, is false to the heart's core."

"Does Mr. Loto lack them?"

"He has, on his own confession, by a mean trick evaded the enrollment."

"You fill me with surprise!"

"I was shocked. But strength and courage came to me. I rebuked him in strong, indignant language, and then told him that here and now our ways parted—parted forever. A coward and a poltroon for a husband! My whole nature rises in revolt."

The pale face grew crimson with the mounting blood, and the dull eye flashed with kindling fires.

"Poltroon is rather a coarse word for my Edith's lips," said Aunt Grace.

"Do you know its origin? Only yesterday, I read it in French, and the significance being in my mind, I could not repress the fitting term. When bows and arrows were among the chief weapons of semi-civilized European tribes and nations, it sometimes happened that a mean and cowardly fellow would cut off the forefinger or thumb of his right hand so as to unfit him for a soldier's duty. He was called, from the act, a poltroon—and the word has come into our language to express a mean-souled, cowardly fellow, who resorts to any trick or shift to escape from an unpleasant or dangerous duty. And so, under the impulse of strong feelings, I have called this man a poltroon. It is the fittingest word, in all our language, to express my present thought of him. Thank God for a narrow escape, dear aunt! I am wounded and bruised in the sudden sharp conflict through which I have passed—hurt inwardly—but not unto death. A little while, and my heart shall beat strong and evenly again. I did not love Mr. Loto for what he was, but for what I imagined him to be. The idol which I thought to be of gold, silver, and precious stones, is discovered to be of clay, and I sweep it from the pedestal of honor."

Edith laid her face down upon the bosom of her aunt. Her frame was trembling from excitement. In a little while the tremor ceased, and she grew very still—still and heavy. For nearly half an hour aunt and niece remained thus without speaking. Then Edith raised herself up slowly and wearily, and going to her own room, shut the door, and entering, alone, into her pain-stricken heart, commenced gathering up its rent fibres, and laying them back in safe places tenderly, that nature, assisted by time and repose, might heal them. For such wounds there is always balm.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

On pages 680 and 681 we publish a large picture of a Battle-field after the Battle—the rebels being left in possession. The following extract from a letter in the *Times* will serve to explain the picture:

To-day, taking advantage of the protection afforded by a flag of truce, which was granted for the purpose of removing the wounded and burying the dead who fell in the battles of Friday and Saturday, I visited the scene of those sanguinary conflicts. Passing out of our lines upon the Centreville Road, and crossing Bull Run Creek at Blackburn's Ford, the outer picket of our army in that direction was reached about two miles from the little hamlet dignified by the name of Centreville. All beyond this barrier, for two miles, was disputed ground, occupied by neither friend nor foe, to the advance picket of the rebel camp. Entering the rebel lines but a short distance evidences of the carnage of a recent deadly strife were to be seen far and near. On either hand were wounded soldiers, just able to drag themselves along at a slow pace by the aid of a cane or a friendly hand—men who had been captured after having been disabled in battle, now paroled and started for a more congenial and friendly camp. Dead horses, broken carriages, shot and shell, and here and there the dead body of a man, shattered trees, ambulances filled with the wounded, caps, equipments, and clothing scattered about—all bore unmistakable evidence of the sanguinary battle that had been fought. Turning to the left from the main-road, and riding perhaps a mile, the dead bodies of our soldiers were visible on every hand. Near this point the strife was hottest on Friday.

In the edge of a piece of timber in close proximity to the field, numerous tents were pitched for the temporary accommodation of our wounded, and where they were cared for by soldiers of our army acting as nurses, who nobly stood to their posts in the hour of trial, while our physicians for the most part abandoned their charge, leaving the bleeding, dying patriots to the tender mercies of a demoralized foe. The medicines left for the wounded were confiscated by the enemy, who refused to permit any portion of them to be used, and many of those left upon the field died because of this inhuman conduct. In plain view of the hospital tents, not fifty yards distant, the dead bodies of seventeen of our men had been placed, side by side, by the rebel soldiery, in full view of the wounded and suffering men, as if they took a fiendish delight in making the picture as shocking as possible. On one side of this field stood two squadrons of Stuart's cavalry formed in square, and standing and lying about the vicinity were large numbers of rebel soldiers, looking curiously at the strangers (?) within their camp; many of them illy concealing the brutal delight they experienced in viewing the scene before them.

A ride of a few minutes in a southeasterly direction, another field was reached, where the contest raged the fiercest on Saturday evening, and near the point where, in some unaccountable manner, our left wing gave way—by which the tide of battle was turned against us, and the day was lost, to be fought for again, it is to be hoped with far different results. This field presented a more ghastly sight, for in this vicinity it is estimated nearly two hundred of our dead were scattered about on the field and in the adjoining woods. The enemy holding the field the night after the scene of carnage had closed, aided by negroes, the officers gathered up their dead, and buried them in trenches, in some instances going so far as to cover the newly-disturbed earth with leaves and brushwood—all of which was evidently done to deceive their deluded followers, and those whom chance brought into the vicinity, as to the exact extent of their losses. The common instincts of humanity seem to have entirely left the breasts of a majority of the rebel soldiery, for they not only neglected to pay the customary attention to the brave dead of the Union army around them, but also violated the sanctity of death by robbing the lifeless bodies of coats, caps, shoes, jewelry, money, and all other valuables, and ignored the claims of the living also, who were suffering and within their power. We doubt if, of all the vast number who fell in the battles of Friday and Saturday, there was one who, dead or alive, was not robbed of every thing of value. Of the hundred or more bodies to be seen above the ground, there was not one whose pockets had not been rifled, and their shoes and other articles of clothing taken away.

The writer entered the enemy's lines especially to obtain the names of the wounded and prisoners in their hands. But he was peremptorily refused this privilege, and threatened with a Richmond prison for violating the flag of truce by taking the names of a few of the dead on the field. The same officer in an imperious manner said there was a Major or a Colonel "yonder," and perhaps I could identify him. We walked to the spot. The deceased had nothing on but pants, under-shirt, and socks; the pockets had been turned inside out, and every thing of value removed. In reply to the question, how he knew that it was a field-officer at all, our rebel companion suddenly became red in the face, and after hesitating a moment, stammered out that they supposed it was a field-officer. I told him in plain terms that the body had been robbed, and expressed my astonishment that such treatment of the gallant dead was permitted. He indignantly denied that it was permitted, but added, in a deprecating tone of voice, that the men could not be restrained.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO M'CLELLAN'S ARMY.

We publish on page 684 an illustration of the President's visit to Frederick. His journey through Maryland was one continuous and triumphant ovation, and will have the effect not only of teaching the rebels how little they gained by their last raid upon the affections of "My Maryland," but of convincing Northern traitors that henceforth we may count her as irrevocably fixed to the Union.

A vast concourse of people had assembled at the railway station at Frederick; and the President had no sooner got away from those who rushed to shake hands with him, and reached the train, than loud cries brought him to the platform of the rear carriage, to show himself and speak to his friends. This is the moment seized upon and illustrated by our artist. The President, in a clear voice, and with that honest, good-natured manner for which he is so noted, spoke as follows:

Fellow-Citizens,—I see myself surrounded by soldiers and by the citizens of this good city of Frederick, all anxious to hear something from me. Nevertheless, I can only say—as I did elsewhere five minutes ago—that it is not proper for me to make speeches in my present position. I return thanks to our gallant soldiers for the good service they have rendered, the energies they have shown, the hardships they have endured, and the blood they have so nobly shed for this dear Union of ours. And I also return thanks, not only to the soldiers, but to the good citizens of Frederick, and to all the good men, women, and children throughout this land for their devotion to our glorious cause. And I say this without any malice in my heart toward those who have done otherwise. May our children, and our children's children, for a thousand generations, continue to enjoy the benefits conferred upon us by a united country, and have cause yet to rejoice under those glorious institutions bequeathed us by Washington and his compeers! Now, my friends—soldiers and citizens—I can only say once more—Farewell!

OUR ARMY IN FLORIDA.

We reproduce on page 685 two pictures by a volunteer correspondent with General Mitchell's army, illustrating the recent Capture of a Fort on St. John's Bluff, Florida. Our correspondent writes:

Hilton Head, *October* 5, 1862.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Inclosed I send you a couple of rough sketches of scenes in the last expedition from here—Mayport Mills, the place where the land forces disembarked, and St. John's Bluff Battery, consisting of eleven guns. The expedition started from here on 1st inst., General Brannan commanding, on board the *Ben De Ford*, the troops on board the *Cosmopolitan*, *Boston*, and *Neptune*. The navy was represented by the *Paul Jones*, flag-ship, *Port Royal*, *Uncas*, *Semirona*, *Patroon*, and *S. B. Hale*, all under command of O. E. Stedman. The troops disembarked on the 2d at the Mills, and marched for the battery, about eight miles distant, but were compelled to return owing to an unfordable creek; while the naval squadron sailed up to the battery, and the *Paul Jones* opened fire on it, receiving replies occasionally; and having ascertained the calibre of their guns returned, but started again next morning; while the infantry, having again landed on the opposite side of the creek, took up their line of march, the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania, Colonel Good, taking the lead, and surprising a camp of cavalry, who made good their escape.

In the mean time the naval squadron, having arrived opposite the fort, about four P.M. opened fire upon it; but receiving no reply, a boat was sent ashore, and the fort was found to be completely abandoned, upon which the "Old Flag" was raised amidst much cheering from all hands. Upon arriving there, about 5 P.M., the Forty-seventh took possession of the late rebel stronghold.

GENERAL WADSWORTH

On page 685 we publish a portrait of General James S. Wadsworth, the Union candidate for Governor of New York. As there is little or no doubt of his election, we have thought our New York readers would like to see the features of their next Governor.

James S. Wadsworth is the son of James Wadsworth, of Geneseo, and is himself a resident of the same place, and the richest man there. He has never filled any public office, and once only, we believe, came before the public previously to the present war. That was during the famine in Ireland, when he sent the Irish a ship-load of food. When the war broke out he was one of those who apprehended a deficiency of supplies for the troops who were hurrying to the defense of the capital; and accordingly, without waiting for orders, authority, or money from Government, he chartered a steamer here, filled her with provisions, and sent her to Annapolis, going himself as supercargo. How much suffering this prompt action of his may have saved it is hardly possible to say. But the Government and the troops so appreciated it that General Wadsworth was at once appointed an Aid-de-camp to General M'Dowell, with the rank of Colonel. In that capacity he participated in the Battle of Bull Run. He was shortly afterward appointed Brigadier-General, and placed in command of Washington as Military Governor, which post he has filled with energy and judgment.

In his letter of acceptance to the Convention General Wadsworth said:

I think I can not be mistaken in assuming that the election will turn upon the necessity of sustaining our national Government in its effort to uphold itself, and maintain its territorial integrity, and especially upon the proclamation of the President, issued to that end, and referred to in the fourth resolution of the Convention.

I entirely approve of that proclamation, and commend it to the support of the electors of New York for the following reasons:

1. It is an effectual aid to the speedy and complete suppression of this rebellion.

Six or eight millions of whites, having had time to organize their government and arm their troops, fed and supported by the labor of four millions of slaves, present the most formidable rebellion recorded in history.

Strike from this rebellion the support which it derives

from the unrequited toil of these slaves, and its foundation will be undermined.

2. It is the most humane method of putting down the rebellion, the history of which has clearly proved that the fears of slave insurrections and massacres are entirely unfounded. While the slaves earnestly desire freedom, they have shown no disposition to injure their masters; they will cease to work for them without wages, but they will form throughout the Southern States the most peaceful and docile peasantry on the face of the earth.

The slaveowners once compelled to work for their own support the war must cease, and its appalling carnage come to an end.

3. The emancipation once effected, the Northern States would be forever relieved, as it is right that they should be, from the fears of a great influx of African laborers, disturbing the relations of those Northern industrial classes who have so freely given their lives to the support of the Government.

This done, and the whole African population will drift to the South, where it will find a congenial climate and vast tracts of land never yet cultivated.

I forbear to enter into the discussion of the great increase of trade to the Northern States and the whole commercial world which would result from the wants of four millions of free and paid laborers over the same number held as heretofore in slavery.

I forbear also to enter into the question of the ultimate vast increase in the production of the great Southern staples. This is not a time to consider questions of profit. It will long be remembered, to the great honor of the merchants, bankers, and manufacturers of the North, that giving the lie to the calumnies of slave-breeding aristocrats, who charge them with being degraded and controlled by the petty profits of traffic, they have met the numerous sacrifices of this great struggle with a cheerfulness and promptness of which history furnishes no parallel.

Nor is the question now before us one of philanthropy alone, sacred as are the principles therein involved; nor is it a question of abstract ideas, involving an unprofitable discussion of the equality of races. It is simply a question of war, of National life or death, and of the mode in which we can most surely and effectually uphold our Government and maintain its unity and supremacy.

Our foreign enemies, for it is not to be disguised that we have such, reproach us with waging a territorial war. So we do; but that territory is our country. For maintaining its greatness and power among the nations of the earth, by holding it together, they hate us. We can bear it; but if we were to yield to their suggestions, and submit to its dismemberment, they would forever despise us.

This Great domain, from the lakes to the gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, one country; governed by one idea —freedom—is yet destined to dictate terms, if need be, to the world in arms, and I hold that man to be a traitor and a coward, who, under any defeats, any pressure of adversity however great, any calamities however dire, would give up one acre of it.

BUELL'S ARMY ON THE MARCH.

WE publish on page 684 a picture which represents BUELL'S ARMY CROSSING SALT RIVER, KENTUCKY, from a sketch by Mr. Mosler. The bridge over the river was destroyed some time since, but the water is so low that it was easily forded, and as soon as Buell's skirmishers cleared the way the army crossed in heavy column. The result of the expedition, or at least one of its results, will be found recorded in another column.

THE REBEL BISHOP-GENERAL POLK.

THE debates in the Episcopal House of Bishops on the subject of the rebel BISHOP-GENERAL POLK, have induced us to present our readers with a portrait of the personage in question on page 685.

Leonidas Polk was born in North Carolina about the year 1805. He entered West Point in 1823, and graduated in the artillery in 1827. Six months' service in the army quenched his military aspirations, and resigning his commission he studied for the Church. In 1831 he was ordained an Episcopal minister, and officiated regularly in the Southwest for seven years. In 1838 he was appointed "Missionary Bishop" of Arkansas and the Indian Territory, and discharged the functions of that office for three years. In 1841, the Episcopal See of Louisiana falling vacant, he was elected to fill it, and continued to do so until the rebellion broke out. He sympathized so ardently with the rebel leaders that he was induced in an evil moment to resign his bishopric, and accepted from Jeff Davis a commission in the rebel army as Major-General. His service has chiefly been in the Southwest. He was in command for some time at Columbus, Kentucky, and took part in the Battle of Shiloh. His present station we hardly know.

Report says that since Bishop Polk became a soldier he has doffed the decent manners of the episcopate for the habits of a trooper—that he drinks, swears, etc., etc.

BURIED ALIVE.

MY name is Karoly Varga. I worked in the salt-mines, as my father and brother do, and as my grandfather did, and his father before him. On the 17th August, 1723, I dressed myself as usual and descended into the mine, taking with me a box of candles, which were to be used for a purpose I shall mention presently. My orders were to make a careful examination of the arches that had been erected, and the blocks that had been placed round the pools of water to prevent the expected visitors from falling in, for it was intended to give a concert and entertainment in honor of the director of the mine and his wife, who would complete twenty-five years of married life on the twenty-fifth day of the month mentioned. I had also to select a place in which to establish the orchestra, of which I was myself one of the members, the rest having deputed me to make this choice in consequence of my experience in working the mine, care being always requisite in choosing the position, from the danger of the vibration causing a fall. Having performed the first part of my duty I climbed up into a gallery, which had been cut long before the mine had reached its present depth, to select the position in which the orchestra was to establish itself. The spot that seemed most suitable was a recess, lofty at the entrance but of no great depth. Its shape was so good for the purpose that I fetched the box of candles and put it in the recess ready for use. It was not till I had done this that it occurred to me to sound my horn and try the effect produced. I blew it first at the entrance, then drew back farther and farther, sounding it at intervals, knowing there were others in the mine who would be able to tell me what the effect was in that part where the company would be assembled. I was standing at the very bottom of the cave, and was in the act of drawing a deep breath to sound a final blast, when I was stopped by a pattering sound which paralyzed me, and before I was myself again there was a fall of earth and salt, lumps of which rolled to my feet. I had a lighted torch beside me, and with this I examined the fall to see if there was any opening for escape, but there was none, the recess being blocked up to the roof. I thought I might call the attention of my fellow-miners to my position by blowing my horn, but the only result of my doing so was to cause another fall. I laid it down to think over my position, and calculate my chance of escape. I hoped that, as they would be certain to miss me within a few hours, there might be something in the slip to attract their attention. Hour after hour passed over without my hearing a sound, except that caused by the earth crumbling down as it settled into a firmer mass. The torch I had extinguished long since, to save myself from being suffocated by the smoke, and instead of it I had lighted a candle, but this melted away in a few minutes owing to the air being so hot. I was now in total darkness. The air was filled with particles of salt, which stung my eyes and made the inside of my mouth, and nose, and my throat smart painfully, besides exciting a sensation of intense thirst. As for hunger, it was long before I felt it, and when I did I had a ready means at hand for assuaging it, in the box of tallow, which, disgusting as it would have been at any other time, was a treasure to me now. There was another comforting circumstance, that air made its way to the little hollow in which I was confined: where from I could not tell, but it was sufficient in quantity to prevent me from being suffocated, though breathing was a matter of great difficulty and pain. I soon began to feel sleepy, and stretched myself on the ground, but whether I slept only a few minutes or several hours I have no idea; and so the early part of my imprisonment passed away.

All this time nothing had occurred to show that any body had discovered the place where I was buried, though I was sure I must have been missed long since. Then, for the first time, I was seized with a hopeless dread. I became intensely cold, my heart almost ceased to beat, and my tongue and the roof of my mouth became dry and hard, as if it had been burned with a red-hot iron. I curled myself in a heap on the ground, and for a time was insensible. When I again grew conscious my sufferings were much aggravated. A burning heat was gnawing at my body from head to foot. The feeling is indescribable and can not be imagined. I knew that the salt was getting into my blood, and that I must soon go raving mad if I could not keep it out of my lungs. I ate as much of the tallow as I could, or rather I put it in my mouth and let it run down my throat. This relieved me very much, and I then tore a piece off my dress and fastened it across my mouth and nose, which added to the difficulty of breathing, but kept the larger particles of salt from entering my lungs. I also found that the air was better when I was standing than when I was lying down, and from thenceforth I stood with my back resting against the side of the cave, as much as my strength allowed me. Before this I had tried to remove the earth nearest the roof, but I could find nothing to encourage me to persevere, and the exertion was so painful, and the clouds of salt dust raised were so thick, notwithstanding that I placed every handful I took out carefully at the bottom of the heap, that I desisted, thinking it better to bear my sufferings as patiently as I could till my situation was discovered than to render it worse by vain efforts to escape from it. But as they continued to increase I determined to make another attempt, whatever the consequence might be. I grouped about till I found the hole I had made, and began to rake out the earth with my hands, but with less precaution than before, for I had now become desperate, and would gladly have died to have been released from my misery. The salt forced itself through the cloth over my face, penetrated to my lungs, and caused me such torture as no words can describe. I dashed myself against the sides of my prison, I beat my head against the rock, but I was unconscious of pain from so doing; life seemed raging within me with greater strength and intensity than I had ever felt before, and it seemed to me that I could move a mountain by my own strength alone. I thrust my head and shoulders into the hole I had made, and tried to burrow my way through like a mole, and when I could endure this no longer I threw myself on the ground and rolled and writhed. In imagination I screamed and cried, but in truth I could utter no sound. I prayed, oh! how fervently I prayed, for death, but it would not come. Then I swallowed some of my provisions, and this gave me relief for a time, but only for a time, for the same tortures began again very soon, followed by a repetition of my frantic attempts at self-destruction. If I could have abstained from the only thing that gave me relief my torments must soon have been at an end; but the very intensity of my pain forced me, against my will, to resort to it. Thus my sufferings went on ebbing and flowing, but, like the rising tide, always mounting.

I was in this dreadful condition when I heard the sound of music. At first I thought it must be my imagination, that I was at last going mad. Then, as it continued, I remembered the concert in honor of the director. I searched about for my horn, and when the music was silent, I raised it to my lips and tried to sound it: I might as well have attempted to rend the rock asunder which cut me off from the light; my dry and cracked lips would not fit themselves to the instrument, and the little air my lungs were still capable of expelling wasted itself soundlessly. In my madness I beat it furiously against the ground, I bit and gnawed it, and, finally, I dashed it down, and seizing handfuls of the dirt, I thrust it into my mouth in vain efforts to choke myself. Again and again the music was renewed, but at last it ceased altogether, and I knew that I was once more alone in the mine.

I afterward learned that, during the concert, one of the miners in wandering through the old workings noticed a mark on the rock where I had cleared the head of the torch. The freshness of this mark drew his attention to the fall of earth, and though he was not able to distinguish whether this fall was of recent or old date, he pointed it out to others, and they determined to clear it away, that my body, if it were beneath it, might receive Christian burial. The next day the director gave them a fête in return for their entertainment, and the following day being Sunday, it was not till the succeeding day they began digging for me, which was the twelfth day of my imprisonment. On that evening I was released and carried out of the mine.

My appearance at this time was frightful. Every hair had fallen from me, my eyes had disappeared, and my body, from head to foot, was covered with crystals of salt. I was laid in warm water and kept there: warm and cold water was given me to drink as often as I could swallow it, and my sufferings soon began to diminish. In time they became endurable, but they have never left me altogether, and I shall always be a poor, blind, suffering creature such as I am now.

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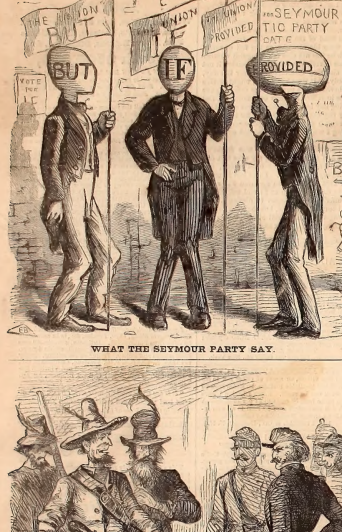
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THE TOWN OF PERRYVILLE, KENTUCKY, SCENE OF THE RECENT BATTLE.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 695.]



THE PIRATE "ALABAMA," *ALIAS* "290," CERTIFIED TO BE CORRECT BY CAPTAIN HAGAR OF THE "BRILLIANT."—[SEE PAGES 690 AND 699.]

THE PIRATE "ALABAMA."

THE picture of this famous pirate, which will be found on the preceding page, has been attentively examined by Captain Hagar of the *Brilliant*, and pronounced correct. He has kindly given to the following certificate of the fact:

I have seen the drawing of the *Alabama* which will appear in the next number of *Harper's Weekly*, and pronounce it a correct picture.

GEORGE HAGAR, Capt. of ship *Brilliant*.

October 16, 1862.

No ship should sail out of port without this number of *Harper's Weekly*, in order that her captain may be able to recognize the pirate.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1862.

THE REBEL ENTERPRISE IN KENTUCKY.

THE smoke is clearing away from the scene of the campaign in Kentucky, and we are at length beginning to understand the mysterious movements of Buell and Bragg.

When Mr. Lincoln called for a new levy of 600,000 men it was evident to the Southern leaders that, unless they could achieve decisive successes before that new levy was brought into the field armed and disciplined, their cause was gone. The fact, therefore, went forth that the defensive policy must be abandoned, and that Northern States invaded. At that time General Bragg was at Chattanooga, General Buell within 20 miles of him, each with an army of some 35,000 men. For some time past Buell's object had been to manœuvre Bragg out of Chattanooga, which then appeared to be the key to the whole country, and which, by the way, it still remains. In August last, to the astonishment of Buell, Bragg evacuated that city, and moved rapidly northward in the direction of Nashville. Rapidly comprehending the movement, Buell likewise abandoned the city which he had so long contended, and marched northward on a parallel line to Bragg. Being nearer to Nashville than his enemy, he arrived there first, and the capital of Tennessee was saved. Bragg, perceiving that he was foiled, shifted his line of march to the eastward, and entered Kentucky, where John Morgan and Kirby Smith, with the armies of Eastern Tennessee, had been operating for some little time previous.

This was the situation at the middle of September. Buell's one object of Bragg was to save Louisville and Cincinnati there can be now no doubt whatever. Buell had to choose between moving outwardly upon Louisville, and ward Louisville on a parallel line to his enemy, with the advantage which he had previously enjoyed on the march to Nashville, of being nearer the point they both wished to reach. He chose the latter, with evident wisdom, and reached Louisville in time. Bragg's army being nearly two days' march from the place when Buell's advance-guard entered it. Buell's entry into Louisville was evidently the turning-point in the campaign. Foiled in both his objects, having taken neither Nashville nor Louisville, Bragg had now no choice but to retreat from whence he came. Buell, on the other hand, was free to pursue him with a largely increased army, freshly equipped and supplied. He commenced the pursuit accordingly, dividing his army in pitch a way, and directing them to march by such roads as, in the opinion of competent judges, rendered it likely that Bragg might be surrounded.

This plan failed, owing, it is said, to the disobedience of a corps commander, who could not resist the temptation of giving battle, at Perryville, with his single corps, to the whole rebel army. The consequence was that Bragg made good his escape in the direction of Cumberland and Big Barren Mountains, with his artillery and most of his stores.

Take it all in all, it must be admitted that the rebel enterprise in Kentucky has failed. Bragg has not succeeded in the great objects he had in view—the capture of Nashville or Louisville. He has not received the decisive reinforcements which the rebel leaders deemed it essential to achieve before our new levies were in the field. He has not wrested from us and permanently held any single point. He has overrun and plundered the finest region of Kentucky, but this will have no more influence upon the result of the war than the raids of the pirate "290."

It is a little remarkable that, while a large number of journals and politicians at the North have been reviling Buell for not fighting Bragg, the rebel papers are equally severe on Bragg for not fighting Buell. The probability is that both Generals acted for the best. If Buell had fought Bragg in Southern Tennessee, or again in Southern Kentucky, and had been defeated, Louisville and Kentucky would inevitably have been lost. And the forces of the two Generals were so nearly matched that no one can tell what might have been the issue of a battle. If Bragg had been routed in Southern Tennessee nothing could have saved Chattanooga, Rome, and Knoxville to the Confederacy.

The Richmond *Examiner* is especially severe on Bragg for being "too slow," and for allowing Buell so constantly to "outstrip him in the race." To which it may be hardly set against the oft-repeated complaints of our journals about Buell being "too slow." The fact is that both Generals marched very fast indeed, but Buell having the shorter distance to run, won the race. And the practical result of the campaign is, that the rebels have not, or are being, expelled from Kentucky, where they have left a record which will make them execrated for generations.

LEE, BEAUREGARD, AND M'CLELLAN.

No one who reads the voluminous Reports of Scott's Generals in Mexico can fail to observe the frequency with which special honor-able mention is made of three young officers of the Engineers. In his first dispatch, giving an account of the capture of Vera Cruz, General Scott, after ascribing the success of this operation mainly to the Engineers, says, "Of it there he any thing in the form, position, and arrangement of the trenches and batteries, or in the manner of conducting the siege, is due to the ability, devotion, and unremitting zeal of these officers." Prominent among these specially commended are "Captain Lee, Chief Lieutenant P. G. T. Beauregard, and Brevet Second Lieutenant George B. M'Clellan."

Lee and Beauregard had the special favorite of the veteran General, and there is hardly a single dispatch in which his name is not honorably mentioned. But this was owing, no doubt, to the fact that, as he was highest in rank, the direct execution of the more important duties was committed to him. In the case of subordinate officers the names of Beauregard and M'Clellan, with special commendations of their skill and ability, occur with about equal frequency. We have noted nearly thirty instances of honorable mention of each of their names; and that of Lee, as might be so frequently mentioned, mainly by Scott himself.

In reading the reports of the battles in Mexico, and remembering the positions now occupied by the various officers, some curious coincidences are found. Thus Magruder gives especial credit to Sumner, and Sumner to Magruder. "The Rifles were accompanied throughout by the distinguished young Lieutenants Beauregard and Smith, and M'Clellan, of the Engineers, in command of a portion of the Engineer corps; all, I am happy to say, bore themselves with the greatest gallantry."

At Churubusco M'Clellan was under the immediate command of Lieutenant G. W. Smith, subsequently Major-General commanding in New York, and now one of the "Generals," the highest rank in the Confederate service, superior to Major-General, and nearly corresponding to Marshal in the French army. Smith is especially warm in his commendation of M'Clellan. He says: "Lieutenant M'Clellan, Topographical Engineer, and several times in command of the Engineer Company, is entitled to the highest praise for his cool and intelligent conduct in the actions in the 17th and 20th." And again:

"The Rifles, with Captain Lee of the Engineers, were reconnoitring the same works, and had gone to our right considerably further from the battery than we were." M'Clellan was directed to attend the proper officials, and reported that Lee was engaged with a superior force. "I ordered Lieutenant M'Clellan," continues Smith, "to report to Captain Lee, and continue to General Twiggs. He did so, and on the recommendation of Lieutenants Stevens and M'Clellan, in which I concurred, the Engineer of artillery was ordered to support the Rifles. I have every reason to be satisfied with the daily gallantry of Lieutenants G. B. M'Clellan and J. G. Foster, and am much indebted to them for the valuable assistance which they rendered their arduous duties on the 19th and 20th of August."

At Churubusco M'Clellan was also under the immediate command of Smith, who, in his report to Captain Mackall (the Confederate General Mackall, we suppose, who was killed near Corinth), says: "To Lieutenant G. B. M'Clellan, of the Engineer Company, I am indebted for the most important services, both as engineer and as a company officer. His daring gallantry, always conspicuous, was never more clearly shown than on this occasion. Operating most of the time separately, I relied implicitly on his judgment in all matters where I was not present, and am happy to say that the result in every case justified his decisions."

The careful reader of the whole series of dispatches cannot help observing that in Mexico Will come to the conclusion that the three men who, after the veteran commanding General, displayed the highest military talents were the three young officers of Engineers, Lee, Beauregard, and M'Clellan. Beauregard has not, on the whole, justified his early promise in as high a degree as the others; though it may be doubtful whether the reason is not to be found in the jealousy of the Confederate authorities rather than in any want of capacity on his part. Lee and M'Clellan are now virtually at the head of the two armies of the North and the South, and by the ultimate issue consist of both which they are the most capable men to fill these posts. So far as we can now judge, from the combined reports of the Generals, their operations in which they have been pitted against each other, M'Clellan has shown himself the superior. His campaign in the Peninsula resulted unfortunately, it is true, but the unanimous verdict of the country is that this was owing to his plunk being thwarted by men without any competent military knowledge. The success of his operations in Maryland, where he has had uncontrolled authority, vindicates the highest claim for military genius which his friends have ever advanced for him.

SCHOOL-BOOK LITERATURE.

THERE was a time—and fully within the memory of the oldest inhabitant—when it was thought that the publication of a book would necessarily be school purposes, and when, consequently, the little that there was of the publishing business was confined to the issue of the hardest crusts and the dryest morsels imaginable. Those only who can go back with us to that school-days, can appreciate the change for the better which a single generation has seen. Now the very best books, both in point of style and of mere mechanism—the best talent is employed in compiling them; the best artists in illustrating them, and the "getting up" in some of the neatest, most attractive, and most substantial kind. The first expense—the outlay—to publishers is very considerable, but the profits, in market for a really good school-book—and none but such are ever likely to succeed—is, indeed, almost illimitable.

We have been led to these remarks by an examination of the series of truly splendid "School and Family Charts," twenty-two in number, prepared by Messrs. William and Charles Leypoldt, and published by Mr. Appleton. Nothing equal to them—whether as to attractiveness or adaptation—is in existence in the entire range of works for primary instruction, either in the Old World or in the New. The early numbers connected with Reading Lessons for instructors upon the "object" system—a high type sufficiently large to be easily read twenty feet distant; then succeeding ones on Colored Sounds, Phonetic Writing, Drawing, Lines and Measures, Forms, Solids, Colors, Quadrupeds, Birds, Reptiles, Fishes, Plants, etc., etc., the whole embracing more than *six hundred* colored illustrations! And though so costly in getting up, and a wonderful cheapness of art, the low price at which they are sold—nine dollars for a complete set, mounted—places them within the reach of every family and every school. An accompanying Manual of Instruction by Mr. William, the author of the well-known series of "School and Family Readers," gives the information and the directions for their use. Every family in which there are children to be educated, and every school, should have a set of these Charts and a copy of the Manual.

THE LOUNGER

THE ABOLITIONISTS.

THERE is no word more frequently and angrily used and less understood than the word Abolitionist. President Lincoln and Daniel S. Dickinson, Governor Johnson and Governor Andrew, Thurlow Weed and Fitzhugh Lee, Phillips, are all called by the same name. Of course there is but one point upon which all these agree, and that is a truly vigorous prosecution of the war. But that is not abolitionism. Emancipation as a means of war may be justifiable, and all of them, I am not abolitionists. The word Abolitionist designates a party in the country whose principles and influence have never been correctly estimated, because its members have been too much hated to be fairly treated. They have taken the honest pains to know what they thought or what they proposed. It has been enough that they were said to be abolitionists. Not a bill of abolitionists, or why disunionists, have not been questions thought to be worth the asking, although the politicians have never cut their late companions Abolitionists, because they would be sure to get into the other camp and help insist upon the Union at every cost; and which they said the more deadly disunionists at the South "erring brethren."

But the history of these times will have to deal differently with the facts, the influences, and the characters which are summarily classed as "Abolitionists." For nearly to call the name of one of Abolitionists a handful of fanatics, incendiaries, and agitators, explains them and their work as much as Sydney Smith's sneering accounts of Methodism and the Methodists, or Hume's description of Cromwell and the Independents, is no more. It is certainly not very complimentary to the Abolitionists to say that they have been fanatics at the North called Abolitionists, and a few other fanatics at the South called Secessionists, who have brought about the present unnatural civil war. If the individual James Otis had held his tongue would there have been no Revolution? If John Hampden had paid the ship-money would the Stuarts to-day be Kings of England? James Otis and John Hampden were but men who spoke for fundamental and decisive principles. When those ideas were in play there was never incredulity. If fifty Abolitionists and as many Secessionists had been hung, think many, there would have been no trouble. But do you think that if Luther had been hung there would have been no Reformation? In what conceivable way was Luther strong or successful but in being the mouth of those who believed as he did? Unless you could have hung the instinct of popular liberty in England in 1640, or the same instinct in America in 1770, you would have struck but one soldier of an army in striking Hampden or Otis. Unless you could kill Protestantism you might as well spare Luther. And unless you can hang abolitionism you will hang Abolitionists in vain.

Correctly speaking, the Abolitionists were, in our history, a single party of protest. They were strong; who held that the Constitution favored it; and that as the system was sure to corrupt the whites as well as inferior it had no business to hope for either but in the change of the Constitution. And the limitation of the Union of which it was the bond. But they proposed that the change should be effected peacefully and legally, by common consent; and to that end they referred to show what they considered the ultimate danger and present wrong of the Constitution. This was their "agitation." They opposed violence of every kind. They were, many of them, non-resistants. They did not vote, for to vote was to acknowledge what they thought a wicked Constitution. They did not approve the method, but only the purpose of John Brown; and they said to the rest of us, "You who believe in force have no right to blame him for helping others to do what you yourselves for doing in the Revolution." They believed that insurrective emancipation was desirable, but they stated as their duty the necessity of following public opinion through that perfect freedom of discussion which the Constitution guaranteed. Some among them—but very few—were more vehement, and sometimes attempted to resist the law, as in Boston at the rendition of Anthony Burns and Liberty-bills, although the Abolitionists approved and had originated those laws, were the Abolitionists in which no Abolitionist sat, because no Abolitionist could swear to support the Constitution and the laws of the United States.

Abolitionism, justly understood, was thus a purely moral power. It sought a result to be effected by moral means only, by vituperative, and denunciative; but as has every party been. In this sense they were a party of the higher duties to worldly ambition, and accepted the contumely heaped upon them by both the great parties in the country. Because they were unpopular they received the same or suspicion of abolitionism. And justly. For the Democratic party political alliance with slavery, and the Republicans differed fundamentally from the Abolitionists in their interpretation of the Constitution. The Democrat held it to be a bond of slavery; the former of liberty. The Abolitionists thought that the history of the country was in evidence from the Constitution. The Republicans believed that the Slavery question could be settled peacefully by a constitutional change of the Constitution.

They were right. For it was the clear perception of the slave interest that it could be so settled—a fact of which Mr. Lincoln's election was the example—that lured the slave interest to destroy the Constitution. Philosophically, the difference between the Republicans and the Abolitionists was one of political economy, not of moral sentiment. But in human affairs a difference of method is radical. The Republicans were for preserving the present Constitution not the Union. But they deplored the false interpretation of the one and the prostitution of the other. They were for the Union at any price that could save both. Consequently they were all of them loyal to the Union. They did not threaten it unswerving Unionists. They did not threaten to rebel if they were not successful at the polls, and they severely condemned all who assented to such threats. For they held it to be a popular government to right even the worst wrongs. And their faith is justified.

There is no more interesting chapter of our history than that known as Abolitionism, which is so misunderstood. It was the utterance of the whole continent. To call it fanaticism, and consider that a final and satisfactory explanation, is as ludicrous as for the Athenian Assembly to call Pericles a sophist or a heretic.

OLD LETTERS.

To show a private letter written at the moment of the struggle, in cases of great importance, or to establish and expose fraud, or some other purpose of general advantage, is sometimes very commendable, and very rare. But at a late party political meeting a letter was read which was said to have been written by Mr. Seward a year ago last March, and which was confessedly made public without General Scott's authority. If the letter was written, as is believed, at Scott's opinion, the wisest way for the new administration was to say that it was always understood to rebel, "with word sisters, depart in peace!"

As to the letter itself, there are two things to be said. First, that General Scott is a soldier and not a statesman; and that his advice, under the circumstances, was probably as safe as he would think it worth while to try to defend its existence, a young and able general, with 500,000 disciplined troops, and $250,000,000, and with enormous waste of life and property, would be essential, and, after all, might be no good. Secondly, considering that in March, 1861, therefore, as a soldier, was that the Union could not be maintained by force against the South, General Scott changed his opinion in July, 1861, does not appear.

The second thing to be said upon the letter is that it by no means follows that a man's views are the same now that they were upon the eve of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration. Multitudes of the bravest and best men in the army, who have relinquished all to fight for the Government, are now ready to die or liberty under law, who believe, with General Corcoran, that it is an "accursed rebellion," unbelievably held the views that General Scott expresses

at the time when he wrote the letter. General Corcoran himself was unquestionably of that opinion. But his exact conviction on this point—how just representatives pledged to a vigorous prosecution of the war" should be sent to Congress. General John Cochrane made a famous speech at Richmond in the early spring of 1861. But General Cochrane, late in the autumn of the same year, declared for the most radical military measures against rebellion.

Suppose that some politician should now quote what General Corcoran privately said, and when General Cochrane certainly acted, and on the same day when General Scott's letter was written, as arguments for the surrender of the Government to the rebellion, would it be an honest and creditable reply to point to the acts and words of those men now? What General Scott thought and said and knew the rebellion can not be fairly quoted as counsel for surrender at this. The difference between Mr. Seymour, in whose hall letter was read aloud by Mr. Van Buren, and such Democrats as General Corcoran and Cochrane, and General Scott and M'Clernand, and, probably, M'Clellan, is that although they hoped the rebellion might be avoided, when it came they knew no party, no cause, no hope, but its overwhelming suppression; while Mr. Seymour, who wished to surrender to it before it had struck a blow, now wishes to yield to it after it has slain unnumbered thousands of our best and bravest. But the national Government and the rebels could not effect, even with Mr. Seymour's assistance, before they fired at the flag, they are not likely to achieve, still when they have fired, merely because they are smeared all over with the blood of our brothers.

A LUDICROUS APPREHENSION.

This apprehension which a few people seriously felt, and which the rebel press sometimes affected to regard as to the effect of the President's Proclamation upon the army, was, in the nature of things, utterly groundless. If an army is marching on a city: if it has been before it for a year and a half: if it has encountered the enemy in the most sanguinary contests: if the hostility it intends and the enemy's conduct behaviour: does any sane man suppose that that army will become suddenly demented and mutinous because it hears that the city has been missed, or that the enemy's supplies have been cut off, and that they have been summoned to surrender or to abide the consequences? What is the army there for? Is it not to do the most effective force the surrender of the enemy? Could a man be heard for the loud laughter of the camp, who should overhear a body soberly debating how to operate the enemy to mine their city and cut off their supplies? Is it supposed that soldiers will be wounded, killed, and mangled by shot and shell without exasperation upon their part?

Yes, reply the objectors: then you see it isn't constitutional.

What isn't constitutional? Is it constitutional to break the key of rebels but not to kill them? Is it constitutional to march to subdue them, but not to make them pay the expense? Is it constitutional to fight them with Columbiads but not with Parrott guns? Is it constitutional to kill them with minnie but not with shell? Is it constitutional way of making war upon rebels, and by rule constitutional ways to kill them and to destroy wives at once and with every means you can command. You may blockade them and cut off all their food and supplies. You may drive them to battle and slay until they yield or retreat. You may shell them out of their forts and cities. You may withdraw from their service as many men and hands as you can induce to leave them. You may destroy the squadrons of steamers that ply to their cities, and the trains that carry bread and salt. This is war. This is the organized and brute force. When the rebels invited war they invited this. They are having it, and so are we.

But if we are and feel this kind of war, soldiers too? They who have seen their comrades gashed and torn and slaughtered; who have heard the taunts of the enemy for the fate that was in store for who have seen the rebels shooting our men as they carried water to their companions wounded and dying: who have found the carved bones of their friends and cousins in the camp of the rebels; and who know that this bloody effort is against their country, and to ruin all the safeguards of civil liberty, is made for no reason whatever except because the aristocratic class in the country would not submit to share the Government with the great mass of the people who are working men.

It was simply ludicrous to suppose that the soldiers would abandon a campaign or a siege and strike the rebellion in its weakest part, but is also the solution of the vital question from which the rebellion sprung, an act of justice peculiarly fitting for Americans.

A PLEA FOR HONORABLE DISCHARGE.

There is a constant application for the release from service of certain familiar quotations upon the ground of utter exhaustion. They have done duty beyond all reason. They have worn out their welcome. They are as appalling upon the page as bores are in society. They are contaminated and stale they should be gratefully dismissed.

There are certain phrases, likewise, which have come constant duty in the war that their constant thirsty demands honorable discharge. They may fitfully have been of service as a stimulus, but their time is entirely past. The first phrase of the kind, and the longest in active service, is this: "The enemy greatly outnumbered us." This, it appears, has been the case wherever we have met them. So that the President upon being asked the actual number of the rebels answered, "About twelve hundred thousand;" and when the astounded inquirer incredulously repeated the figures and besought an explanation, the President replied, "Why, Sir, we have about four hundred thousand, and the reports after every engagement inform us that the enemy were three to our one; and three times four are twelve."

Indulgent dismissal is also earnestly entreated for the phrase, "We have completely surrounded the enemy, and they will be bagged." The thing, indeed, has never been done, but it is not from any want of activity upon the part of the phrase. That, indeed, had itself nearly telegraphed from Virginia and from the West. It was not its fault if the facts did not correspond. *Veni vidi vici* for *facts*. And still another phrase, "We are now perfectly prepared to receive the enemy at all points." This is a most gallant and magnificent boast. It takes history of the entire line of the war east and west. Those rebel vermin, we constantly learn, are under our eyes. They think they are going to be a thing or two. Never fear. We have them in hand. We only want them to come on; for we are prepared at all points. To be sure they do come on. They ride ostlerly around us. They put Cincinnati, Louisville, Pennsylvania (by the burning of the fastidious!) the most awful "funk." They seize whatever they can lay their hands on. Corps and council, mount them on horses, and carry them off as prisoners." They burn and ravage and receive the surrender of every town miles behind us at points' of our lines. They "will probably repeat in Gettysburg to-night the performance in Chambersburg." But our permanent telegraphic consolation is, not that General Somebody's forces "arrived at the scene of action" (as the rebels had fatalished crossing," but that we are fully prepared at all points. That is an immense satisfaction. And we have only to be in that condition of waiting and watching, that the very phrase is exhausted and ought to have been long discharge.

The constant rumors that the chief rebel generals were killed in every battle; that the foe is utterly routed; that the rebels are entirely demoralized, that they have nothing to eat nor wear, may all be true. Nevertheless, we have constant reports in our ports, claim victories, and fight again. The routed foe skips all round us and hits us once more. The demoralized rebels fight like fiends. And having nothing to eat or wear, their commissariat must needs be economical, and their clothing thin. They go up to wretched, shoeless, hatless, and breadless, why do we sit down on the Potomac and stare at them for a month and more? Why do we not pursue? If they are utterly demoralized and destitute, the more shame is as that they are not long since dead to a man.

A little public charity is respectfully requested that these long-continued and stale phrases which have done as much service as any feather in a general's hat or gold lace upon his coat. They are fallen sick and weary. They have no means of earning further support. They should be honorably discharged with the gratitude and the benediction that they will never try to return to service.

THE HABEAS CORPUS.

THE right of personal liberty is equally sacred with the right of life. Its careful defense is the foundation of free society. The most ancient recognition is the mark of progressive civilization. The writ of *habeas corpus* is thus the great bulwark of civil society. Its suspension is a matter so solemn and important as to require especial record; and the eyes of a free people will with nothing more jealously than the inviolability of that writ.

When our Constitution was framed the peculiarity of the temporary suspension of the writ under extreme circumstances occurred to the Convention. In the first draft it was provided that in case of a government, which was the ground-work of the present Constitution, he proposed (May 25, 1787): "Nor shall the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* ever be suspended, except in cases of rebellion and invasion." And in the draft of the Constitution reported certain propositions for the Committee of Detail. Among them was this: "The privileges and benefit of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall be enjoyed in this Government in the most expeditious and ample manner; and shall not be suspended by the Legislature except upon the most urgent and pressing occasions, and for a limited time, not exceeding — months." Mr. Pinckney, in proposing to fill the clause, upon the 28th of August, he urged the necessity of the writ, and Mr. Gouverneur Morris moved that it should not be suspended but on the most urgent occasions, and then for a time not exceeding three months. Mr. Rutledge thought it ought to be absolutely inviolate—that its suspension could never be necessary. Then Mr. Pinckney and Mr. Morris moved the clause as it now stands: "The privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it."

So jealous was the Convention of the security of the writ that it agreed to the first part of the clause as far as the word "unless," unanimously. But when out of the ten States (Rhode Island, Maryland, and Georgia) voted against the latter part.

Thus the privilege of suspension is granted in terms. But how may power be wielded so that its suspended is not specified. In Mr. Pinckney's original draft the clause stood as it now does, after defining and limiting the powers of the Legislature. And this particular paragraph is as follows: "The Legislature of the United States shall pass no law on the subject of religion; nor touching or abridging the liberty of the press; nor which shall suspend the writ of the *habeas corpus*," etc. as already quoted. So in the subsequent proposition to the Legislature of the United States shall pass no law which shall suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, or the Constitution the writ is provided for in the ninth section, which limits the power of Congress.

Thus the context of the Constitution, the English tradition, where Parliament suspends, and the whole spirit of our Government, gives the power of suspension to Congress. It certainly does not reside in any Secretary more than in a Secretary's clerk, unless it may be exercised by every officer of the Government, and by every body who chooses, in his own sole. But in the great emergency which threatened the President at the outbreak of the rebellion, compelled by the eminent peril of the country, he rightfully and wisely assumed a power which was clearly granted, but whose exercise was not expressly assigned to any other authority. Yet he should then have instantly summoned Congress, fresh from the people, to confirm the suspension and to define precisely the conditions under which, and the persons for which, the power should henceforth be exercised.

That was not done, but it should be the first duty of the session of Congress. For it is, beyond all question, the universal and profound conviction of the country that the suspension of the writ is the open grave, although strictly constitutional, that only the extreme and urgent peril of the state can justify, and that by the people as their representatives shall decree.

THE POSTAGE CURRENCY.

SINCE we are of those who have called attention to what seemed to be a repudiation by the Government of certain obligations in the shape of postage stamps, it is only fair to say that the postmaster of New York has published an explanation of the general order of the department to the effect that only stamps so defaced that it is impossible to decide whether they have been used to pay postage or not will be rejected. The result of the order practically will be that the utterly defaced stamps will not be taken in exchange. But the true remedy of the difficulty in the adequate supply of paper-money. Millions of this may be released from the vaults, boxes, and old stockings into which it has broken itself.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG lady of eighteen was engaged to be married to a gentleman of forty-five. Her mother having noticed her low spirits of late thus inquired the reason. "Why, mother," replied the young lady, "I was just thinking that when I am as old as Mr. Blank my age will be twenty-six—true; but how only thirty-six." "Yes, but only thirty-six when I am forty-five, but when I'm sixty—" "Oh dear! why, then he'll be a hundred and twenty!"

"The only way to look at a lady's faults," exclaimed a gallant beau, "is to look over them."

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.—A treasure of a husband—earlier the baby. A treasure of a wife—never asks for money. A treasure of a cook—never leaves the kitchen. A treasure of a daughter—looks the same age as her mother. A treasure of a little child—never has the whooping-cough as the pain is less than half as hoar. A treasure of a cook—is that individual whoever there is company to dinner. A treasure of a baby—doesn't disturb his dear mother's rest. A treasure of a—

A SCOTCH MINISTER'S "SONG."—In common with the rest of the world, Dr. M——, an eminent Church of Scotland divine, has visited the International Exhibition. Shortly after his arrival in the metropolis an Irishman came running to him in the street, crying, "Orh, blessin' on ye, Docther M——! Here ye are?" "I'm very well," replied the divine, "but what's that to you?" "Why, isn't it me come to London?" "Last week; but how do you come to know me?" "Sure, I've seen your song in the papers." "The Doctor, perceiving that the Irishman had his pocket-book open, gave him the shilling, and was answered by the laddie, "Sure then and I see your name on your umbrella."

CONVERSATION.

Conversation is but carving;
Give no more to every guest
Than he's able to digest.
Give him of the tender part,
Let him carve his own for tart;
Carve to all but just enough,
Leave them hungry, leave no more stuff;
And, that you may have your joke,
Carve the fowl, but don't provoke.

A young lady, on returning from school in England to her home in the East, wrote to her friends "in Egypt" that Cleopatra's Needle was "very well, thank you, and if it is, I assure you, she is having the roving-necklace in London."

One of our city bakers has invented a new kind of yeast, which makes bread to light that a pound loaf only weighs a quarter.

What female nature is that whose name, read backward and forward, is the same?—Ann. What lady-like indulgence is that which is equally hard backward and the same?—Bonbon. What time is that which spelled backward and forward is the same?—Noon. What action of a young lady's dress is that which spelled backward and forward is the same?—Flounce.

A village shop-keeper, on entering his shop one morning, found that a thief had been there during the night and helped himself to a quantity of cheese, and sticking up so great a range on a nail in the window, he wrote on a board, "Whoever has taken this tasteless cheese will be visited with the vengeance of the law." "Original thinking, Mr. Jones," remarked a friend, who had come with me a letter, and at the bottom of the page says, 'Turn over and oblige,' and I've been going it for half an hour."

The pompous epitaph of a rich client citizen closed with the following request of Scripture: "He shall grieve in the poor leaders to the Lord." "And may he so," suffix-ed a friend, "but when the man died he Lord didn't owe him a red cent."

WANTED TO KNOW.

If the tenth of a commander-in-chief is of no, is fighting a the result?

If a good view is to be had from the top of the mornings? If the man who did not know what to do ever got a job? If a bald-headed man ever got behind him? If a bald-headed man ever got behind him? If he would be found out? If he would be found, and he went to check the Sabbath profanation. Arrested, and committed, he said to Judge Story, do you remember what day this is?" "Yes, Sir," replied one of the most learned Judges, "it is Sunday."

To make lager-bier this following new recipe is given: Take a barrel and fill it with rain-water, put to one pail of old boots, a hand of last fall's cabbage, two short clubs, a sprig of wormwood, and a little yeast. Keep it for a year, and then "dish out."

Bachelors are a much-abused class of persons; but Guilp says it is much better to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because you are.

A gentleman was threatening to beat a dog for barking boisterously. "Why," exclaimed an Irishman, "would you beat the poor dumb animal for speaking out?"

IRREPARABLE WASTE.—A correspondent writes to ask how much he waste of time measures round.

THE BEST THING IN THE WRONG PLACE.—A love-letter written in a mourning book of paper.

The man who was "overflowing with the milk of human kindness" kept the cream for his own use.

The new pill just introduced is an infallible remedy for Hydrophobia. It is made up of tea and thrill six, in equal proportions, and is to be taken with cold water three times a day.

An editor says the only reason why his house was not struck by lightning the late gale was because there was a heavy mortgage upon it.

A young lady in the city says the reason the carries a parasol is that she is afraid of the masculine gender, and she can not withstand his glances.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONNOISSANCES ON THE POTOMAC.

On the 10th inst. at 4 A. M., General Humphreys's division crossed at Blackford's and Edwards's Ferries, and marched supported by General Hancock's division about the same time a portion of Sumner's corps consisting of part of General Couch's and General Sedgwick's divisions, under command of General Hancock, advanced from Bolivar Heights along the road to Charlestown, and met the enemy's pickets in force, supported by a battery, near Halltown, driving them back with artillery fire, and following them up toward Charlestown, which place our troops occupied at 9 A. M. The object of the reconnaissance having been accomplished, the armies returned. The rebel force was General Jackson's, followed by rebel cavalry and artillery in within a short distance of Shepherdstown, where they crossed the river and destroyed the bridge. The number of rebel prisoners, and it is understood that the rebels had been reinforced, and was killed and wounded while engaging the enemy.

THE CAMPAIGN IN KENTUCKY.

No more battles have taken place in Kentucky. General Bragg is retreating toward the Cumberland Mountains, and General Buell is following him. The distance between the two armies on the 15th was about 70 miles. Our troops passed through Crab Orchard.

THE REBEL RAID AT LEXINGTON.

Morgan, with fifteen hundred guerrillas, captured Lexington on the 17th, after a sharp fight with a small force of National cavalry. He then moved on toward Frankfort, destroying the railroad to the Versailles turnpike, and between Versailles and Frankfort, he was suddenly met by about 2500 of General Granger's command and routed. The short fight—his force being collected. It is supposed that he will continue to unite his scattered forces with Humphrey Marshall.

AFFAIRS AT NASHVILLE.

The following correspondence will explain itself:

THE DEMAND.

HEAD-QUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES,
NASHVILLE, TENN., *September*, 1862.

To Brigadier-General Negley, Commanding Forces at Nashville:

SIR—Having strongly invested your position, we demand an immediate surrender of the forces under your command. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES A. PAUL, A. A. G.

GENERAL NEGLEY'S REPLY.

HEAD-QUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES,
NASHVILLE, TENN., *September*, 1862.

SIR,—General Negley is prepared and determined to hold this place.

JOS. A. LAWLER, Captain and A. A. G.

No attack was made by the rebels, and General Negley finding them in none fears at Lavergne, fifteen miles from the city, attacked them and defeated them.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

The latest returns of the Pennsylvania election indicate that fifteen Union Congressmen are elected. The State ticket is still in doubt, but the chances are in favor of the Republicans. The Republicans will have a majority in the State Legislature Senate, with a Democratic majority on joint ballot.

The Democratic majority in Ohio will be about 20,000. Iowa sends six Republicans to Congress. Among the Republicans elected are Messrs. Kasson, Grow, Wilson, Grow of Pennsylvania, Bingham of Ohio, Richman of Pennsylvania, etc.

NO DRAFT IN DELAWARE.

It appears by the following order from the War Department that Delaware has already filled her quota of troops:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, SEPT. 20, 1862.

Ordered, That the draft ordered by the President of the United States of September 3, 1862, and by the President Department, been raised by volunteers, the order for the draft in the State of Delaware from the Board of Enrollment, be order of the PRESIDENT.

E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

There will be no draft in Illinois. In NEW YORK a draft will take place on the 10th November.

GENERAL JEFFERSON C. DAVIS RELEASED.

General Jefferson C. Davis, on 14th, received an order from the War Department releasing him from the arrest under which he has hitherto been confined since killing General Nelson in a personal affray at Louisville. The facts were fully stated in our issue of Oct. 4th, page 627. It will be in the recollection of our readers that Nelson struck Davis before long. He appeared on the streets the same afternoon, for the first time since Nelson's death.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S emancipation proclamation has excited the greatest interest throughout Europe. It is considered by the English press equivalent to the abolition of the State paper by the British people." The writer says that the North has now the right to declare that it will not confer the right to abolish slavery either on the President alone or on the President and Congress, or on the Legislature. It is said, is "a thunder-bolt placed in President Lincoln's hands to destroy the whole social organization of the south at a blow." The London *Times* thinks that the President has no power to enforce "his decree." The London *Post* more compass every square mile of the South before it can make the proclamation effective. The London *Herald* says:

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

A meeting of working men was held in London on the 22d, presided, having for its object "the question of the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by this country, as an independent nationality," by petitioning the Queen and Parliament to that effect. Mr. Mason was invited over the organization. Mr. Mason having been invited to offer his opinion on the subject, did so by letter. After recapitulating the secession arguments, Mr. Mason declares that the "separation from the United States is final and forever," and that "in no possible contingency——" and the war he continued to be carried on by the people of the Southern States are to be removed to the regular and Union." To the above he endeavored to pass a resolution declaring that the rebellion of the United States in certain portions of the Union constituted a civil war, and that having to such a war it was expedient to recognize the Confederate States as an independent nation. The resolution was rejected by the eminent people of the country, and a resolution was carried by a majority of 1,500 to 1,000 against the resolution.

A RIOT.

A riot took place in Liverpool on the 24th, in consequence of the Orangemen attempting to march through the Roman Catholic districts. The police interfered, and a fight ensued, in which several persons were killed and wounded.

THE CAMPAIGN IN KENTUCKY.

The rebels have been driven from Kentucky. General Bragg is retreating toward the Cumberland Mountains, and General Buell is following him. The distance between the two armies on the 15th was about 70 miles. Our troops passed through Crab Orchard.

THE REBEL RAID AT LEXINGTON.

Morgan, with fifteen hundred guerrillas, captured Lexington on the 17th, after a sharp fight with a small force of National cavalry. He then moved on toward Frankfort, destroying the railroad to the Versailles turnpike, and between Versailles and Frankfort, he was suddenly met by about 2500 of General Granger's command and routed. The short fight—his force being collected. It is supposed that he will continue to unite his scattered forces with Humphrey Marshall.

AFFAIRS AT NASHVILLE.

The following correspondence will explain itself:

THE DEMAND.

HEAD-QUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES NASHVILLE,
LAVERGNE, TENN., *September*, 1862.

To Brigadier-General Negley, Commanding Forces at Nashville:

SIR—Having strongly invested your position, we demand an immediate surrender of the forces under your command. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES A. PAUL, A. A. G.

GENERAL NEGLEY'S REPLY.

HEAD-QUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES,
NASHVILLE, TENN., *September*, 1862.

SIR,—General Negley is prepared and determined to hold this place.

JOS. A. LAWLER, Captain and A. A. G.

No attack was made by the rebels, and General Negley finding them in none fears at Lavergne, fifteen miles from the city, attacked them and defeated them.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

The latest returns of the Pennsylvania election indicate that fifteen Union Congressmen are elected. The State ticket is still in doubt, but the chances are in favor of the Republicans. The Republicans will have a majority in the State Legislature Senate, with a Democratic majority on joint ballot.

The Democratic majority in Ohio will be about 20,000. Iowa sends six Republicans to Congress. Among the Republicans elected are Messrs. Kasson, Grow, Wilson, Grow of Pennsylvania, Bingham of Ohio, Richman of Pennsylvania, etc.

NO DRAFT IN DELAWARE.

It appears by the following order from the War Department that Delaware has already filled her quota of troops:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, SEPT. 20, 1862.

Ordered, That the draft ordered by the President of the United States of September 3, 1862, and by the President Department, been raised by volunteers, the order for the draft in the State of Delaware from the Board of Enrollment, be order of the PRESIDENT.

E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

There will be no draft in Illinois. In NEW YORK a draft will take place on the 10th November.

GENERAL JEFFERSON C. DAVIS RELEASED.

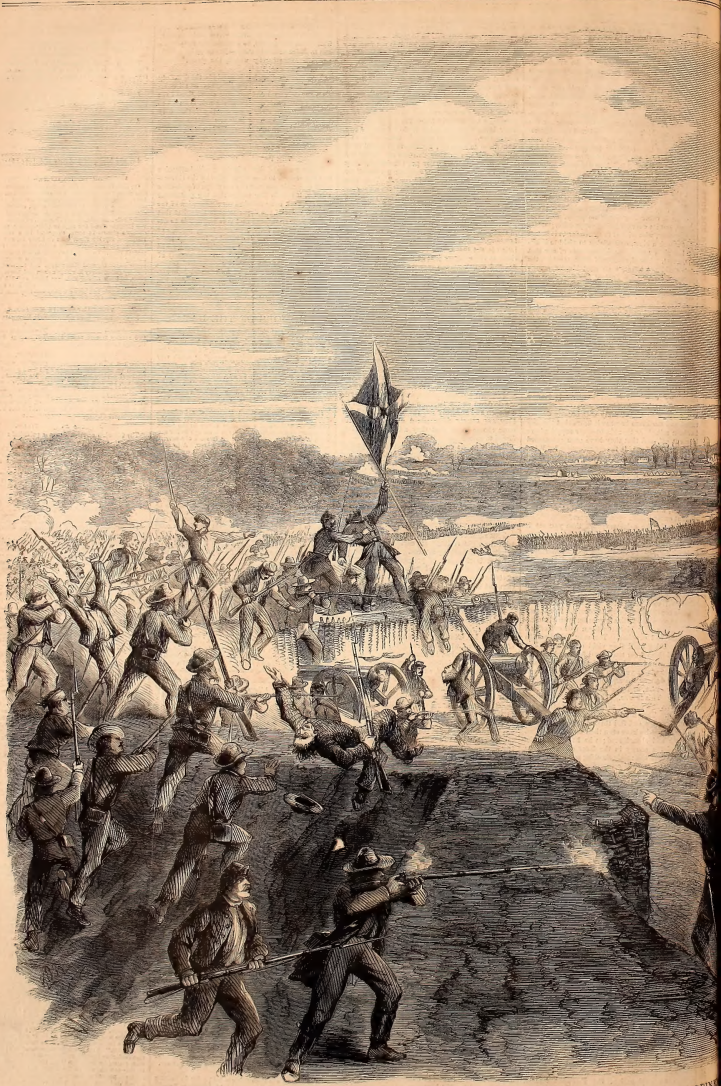
General Jefferson C. Davis, on 14th, received an order from the War Department releasing him from the arrest under which he has hitherto been confined since killing General Nelson in a personal affray at Louisville. The facts were fully stated in our issue of Oct. 4th, page 627. It will be in the recollection of our readers that Nelson struck Davis before long. He appeared on the streets the same afternoon, for the first time since Nelson's death.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S emancipation proclamation has excited the greatest interest throughout Europe. It is considered by the English press equivalent to the abolition of the State paper by the British people." The writer says that the North has now the right to declare that it will not confer the right to abolish slavery either on the President alone or on the President and Congress, or on the Legislature. It is said, is "a thunder-bolt placed in President Lincoln's hands to destroy the whole social organization of the South at a blow." The London *Times* thinks that the President has no power to enforce "his decree." The London *Post* more compass every square mile of the South before it can make the proclamation effective. The London *Herald* says:



THE BATTLE OF CORINTH, FOUGHT OCTOBER 4, 1862—THE STRUGGLE OVER ROBIN



THE REBEL FORAY IN PENNSYLVANIA—GENERAL VIEW OF CHAMBERSBURG.—Sketched by Mr. Davis.—[See Page 628.]



THE REBELS EXCHANGING THEIR RAGS FOR U. S. ARMY OVERCOATS AT CHAMBERSBURG, PA.—[Sketched by Mr. Davis.]



BURNING THE ENGINE HOUSE AND MACHINE SHOPS AT CHAMBERSBURG, PA.—Sketched by Mr. Davis.—[See Page 628.]



CAMP DICK ROBINSON, GARRARD COUNTY, KENTUCKY—THE GREAT RENDEZVOUS OF UNION TROOPS AND REFUGE OF TENNESSEE EXILES—RECENTLY DESERTED BY GENERAL BRAGG.—[DRAWN BY MR. W. T. R. BRIDGE.]

CAMP DICK ROBINSON.

WE publish on this page a view of CAMP DICK ROBINSON, Garrard County, Kentucky, a twenty-mens place, which has just been vacated by the rebel army under Bragg and reoccupied by Union troops. Our picture is from a sketch by Mr. W. T. R. Bridge, of Cincinnati.

Camp Dick Robinson is situate about midway between Cincinnati and Cumberland Gap, 126 miles from the former place, 27 miles from Lexington, and 8 miles east of Danville, the residence of Hon. C. A. J. Breckinridge. It is on the farm of the famous Captain Dick Robinson, an uncompromising Union man, and a very popular citizen of Kentucky. The camp is well known as having been the first rallying-place for the Kentucky Unionists and the refugees from Tennessee. Hither were sent the arms furnished by Government to the Union Home Guards of Kentucky, which here formed the nucleus of the Union army in that State; its importance as a military depôt during the first year of the war was second to that of no other spot in the State. The late Major-General Nelson was one of its early commanders; he may be said, in fact, to have founded it. He always loved the place, and after he was shot he expressed a wish to be buried on the spot which had been the scene of his patriotic endeavors to preserve his State in the Union. The rebels, in their recent invasion of Kentucky, took possession of Camp Dick Robinson, and rechristened it Camp Breckinridge. They found but little there, however, to reward them for the capture. Quite recently they evacuated the place with precipitation, and the loyal residents believe that no flag but the old Stars and Stripes will ever again float over Camp Dick Robinson.

Our picture is taken from the southwest. Captain Robinson's house is seen just over the tents, a little to the left of the centre of the picture. The road in front of the house, passing to the right of the picture, is the turnpike to Cumberland Gap, along which Bragg's army lately skedaddled and Buell followed in pursuit.

HE HAS GONE, AND I HAVE SENT HIM!

He has gone, and I have sent him!
Think you I would bid him stay,
Leaving, craven-like, to others
All the burden of the day?
All the burden? nay, the triumph!
Is it hard to understand
All the joy that thrills the hero
Battling for his native land?

He has gone, and I have sent him!
Could I keep him at my side
While the brave old ship that bears us
Plunges in the perilous tide?
Nay, I blush but at the question,
What am I, that I should chill
All his brave and generous promptings
Captive to a woman's will?

He has gone, and I have sent him!
I have buckled on his sword,
I have bidden him strike for Freedom,
For his country, for the Lord!
As I marked his lofty bearing,
And the flush upon his cheek,
I have caught my heart rebelling
That my woman's arm is weak.

He has gone, and I have sent him!
Not without a thought of pain,
For I know the war's dread chances,
And we may not meet again.
Life itself is but a lending,
He that gave perchance may take;
If it be so, I will bear it
Meekly for my country's sake.

He has gone, and I have sent him!
This henceforward be my pride,
I have given my cherished darling
Freely to the righteous side.
I, with all a mother's weakness,
Hold him now without a flaw;
Yet when he returns I'll call him
Twice as noble as before.

BURIED ALIVE.

THOMAS WHITMEAD, Joseph Anscombe, and Henry Aldham lived at Stratford, in the county of Wiltshire, in England, and worked a chalk-pit on Salisbury Plain for their joint benefit. This so-called pit was in the form of a crescent, the excavation having been begun at the foot of a large mound, so that the entrance should be on a level with the adjoining plain. After the excavation had been carried on for some time, they cut out a chamber in the chalk for the purpose of shelter in stormy days, and for holding tools, wheel-barrows, and other things. On the 16th of April a terrific storm arose, the wind blowing with peculiar violence on this plain, owing to its great extent and the few obstacles which exist there to impede its progress. The rain fell in torrents, and the flashes of lightning succeeded each other so rapidly that the air seemed all ablaze. The three men sat down in their nook to wait till the storm had passed over. Whitmead and Anscombe struck a light and began smoking, but Aldham, who was a man of an unusually serious turn of mind, and much given to the study of religious subjects, sat down a little within the entrance, just out of reach of the driving rain, and began reading the Pilgrim's Progress, the numbers of which were left at the pit by a bookhawker who crossed the plain at regular intervals during the year. Being asked by his persons to read aloud, he commenced with the account of Christian's journey through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The exciting character of the narrative, combined with the awe inspired by the raging storm, caused the other two to listen with such breathless interest that their pipes were forgotten and the light died out. Just as Aldham was reading the passage—"The flames would be reaching toward him; also, he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets. This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard by him for several miles together; and coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him, he stopped and began to muse what he had best to do"—a more furious blast came, the howling and roaring of which drowned the reader's voice, and almost overpowered the sound of the falling of a large fir-tree, several of which grew within a few paces of the top of the cave. This tree fell over the entrance, and its matted roots tore up a large portion of the earth which formed the roof of the cavern, and in this circumstance the two men were probably indebted for their escape from instant suffocation from the consequences of what followed almost immediately afterward. They were still trembling from the fright when the lightning descended upon the fallen tree, tearing it into fragments, and from these passed into the earth, rending it, and causing the chalk to fall into the cavern where they had sheltered themselves, and burying them therein. Anscombe and Whitmead being at the bottom of the excavation happened to be under the part of the surface from which the earth had been torn up by the roots of the tree, and were able to breathe with tolerable facility, though unable to extricate themselves from the mass of chalk which surrounded them; their position being still further aggravated by the pain which, continuing to pour without slackening for some time, trickled through the floor and streamed down their faces and saturated them to the skin. After a night passed in this position, during which they could hear the groans of their unfortunate companion, they were rescued by their fellow-villagers without other injuries than a few bruises of no importance. As for poor Aldham his case was much worse. Having been seated near the entrance of the cave, under the roof from which no portion of the earth had been removed, he had been completely buried in the chalk, the pressure being to some extent increased by the body of the tree. To the circumstance that chalk fractures in pieces and not in powder it was owing that he was dug out alive; but it been earth he must have been stifled. Though, however, he was yet alive when he was placed on a hurdle and carried to his cottage, he received such severe internal injuries that the doctor, who had been sent for in anticipation, after a very brief examination, pronounced his case hopeless. Still he lingered on day after day, with the shadow of the hand of death on his feet and the point of his dart pressing against his breast. Meanwhile his partners had recovered their health and strength and were able to work again.

I have now to relate a very extraordinary occurrence which forms part of this painful history. The three men whose names I have mentioned, with ten others, formed a club, which combined for numerous beneficial purposes. Their meetings were held on a certain evening every week in a little house in a garden belonging to a mariner, who was one of the members of the club. The entrance to this garden was through his house, or through a door opening into the fields, of which each member had a key. On the fifth evening after the accident they were assembled as usual. Some of them were smoking, and had jugs of beer before them, but all were unusually grave and silent, for Whitmead and Anscombe, who were present, had called on their suffering partner on their way down and found him speechless and at the point of death. While they were sitting they were expecting every instant to hear the passing-bell tell of his spirit's departure, the figure of their friend, with no clothing except a shirt upon him, appeared in the room. It looked about for an instant, and then sat down in a vacant chair near the door. Not doubting that it was the apparition of their friend, and not a being of flesh and blood, no one dared to speak. The figure sat still for some minutes without speaking; quite regardless of everything around, then repeating in a low monotonous tone, "He hath turned the shadow of death into the morning," it rose, glided noiselessly from the room, and disappeared through the door opening into the fields. It is not known, nor is it possible to form an idea with any certainty, how many minutes elapsed before any of those present had so far recovered their self-possession as to open the door and look out; but when they did, the figure was no longer visible, though they could see for some distance along the path leading in the direction of Aldham's house. After exchanging a few remarks, Whitmead, Anscombe, and another, named Jennings, agreed to go to their friend's house and ascertain his condition; but before they returned the bell of the church had informed those who remained behind that Aldham had ceased to exist. The information which the three brought back was, that Aldham had died at twenty minutes past six o'clock, upon which one of the party averred that this was the very time when the figure entered the room, as he had his watch in his hand at the moment for the purpose of showing his neighbor the time—an event to which his neighbor confirmed.

The narrative of Jacob Hirsig, a Jew, who was buried alive in a poisoned well.

In the year 6108, which in the European calendar is 1348, a Jewish physician named Balcrinus, who dwelt at Thanon, near Chillon, and being the fear of the Most High God, even before he was born, under the influence of torture, he having wrenched several times, and being, moreover, threatened with other and more grievous torments, confessed that he had received from Rabbi Jacob Hirsig, through the hands of a Jewish boy, a packet of

poison, which he was directed to throw into the principal wells of the town in which he lived, which injunction he had obeyed. This pretended confession, which he made in the madness caused by intense suffering, was afterward read over to him, and he was made to swear to its truth on the Law. Subsequently, while still insane, he confessed, or was said to have confessed, that he had thrown a portion of the poison into a certain well, and that he had concealed another portion tied up in a piece of rag beneath the stones on the brink. Being taken to this well, and compelled to search among the stones, he, in the presence of the magistrate and other of the municipal authorities, drew out a piece of rag, which on being opened was found to contain a red and black powder mingled together. The mob of Christians then present did thereupon seize a certain renegade Jew, who had departed from the religion of his forefathers, and forcing the magistrate to put a small quantity of the powder into a vessel, they filled it with water and compelled the Jew to swallow it, who was immediately smitten with death and died in great agony within an hour—a most just punishment for his former apostasy. As for Balavignus he was taken back to prison, and subsequently put to death with great cruelty.

On the day following the said discovery of the poison, in the evening, being the eve of the Sabbath, and my wife, Esther, having just kindled the lights, according to the custom of our people, the magistrate of the town of Chillon, attended by his officers, rode up to the door of my dwelling, dismounted, and entered therein. They first seized me, and then bound my arms together behind my back with great cruelty, so that the blood forced its way beneath my nails and dropped from the ends of my fingers to the ground. They next searched every corner of my house, trying by blows and threats to make my wife and daughter, Rebecca, reveal the secret hiding-place in which I kept my poisons. My heart was rent at the sight of the sufferings and indignities they were made to undergo, but I was powerless to help them, and I could only beseech them to bear patiently the trials to which they were subjected. After searching every part of my house, and finding nothing of what they were in search, I was dragged away to prison. The next day the magistrate and other officials came to me in my cell, and read to me the confession of Balavignus, concerning which they put to me many questions. I denied that I had sent any poison to him, or had ever thought of so doing, or that I had ever heard any of our people even speak of such a thing. Finding that I continued firm in my denial, and that I was prepared to swear on the Five Books of Moses that I knew nothing of any plot for poisoning the wells, I was ordered to be racked till I should be tortured into making confession of a falsehood. Four times were my limbs torn asunder by that hellish invention, till I could feel no longer, after which I was left for eleven days on the floor of my dungeon undisturbed. On the twelfth day I was taken from prison to the place of execution, to witness the murder of my countryman, Solomon Chomer, a man of wonderful knowledge, and greatly learned in the philosophy of the Egyptians and Chaldeans. He, too, had been sentenced to die for the same crime with which I was charged, and I was placed near him to be a witness of his sufferings. Together we called on the God of our forefathers for fortitude, and, verily, the patience with which he bore the cruel tortures to which he was subjected could only have been born of insensibility. He was stretched on a wheel, and after his arms and legs had been broken in sundry places by the bar of the executioner, he was unbound and laid on the ground, his body folded back on his legs so that his head rested on his heels. He was again questioned touching the crime with which he was charged, but he gave no answer; whereupon he was laid on the wood which had been prepared for the purpose, the fire was kindled, and his spirit rose with the smoke which ascended from the pile.

I was being taken back to prison, my heart quaking with fear at the doom that was before me, when one cried "Let us not suffer this Jew to escape us," and another, "Let us throw him in the well he poisoned for us." Then there was a great cry, and much tumult, and I was taken from the officers and dragged to a well outside the town in which the poison had been found and hurled therein—the body of the apostate Jew, which had lain there unburied, being cast down upon me. The water reached above my shoulders when I stood upon my feet, and I was forced to stand on the tips of my toes to keep my mouth above water. Standing thus, with my flesh torn, bruised, and bleeding, I heard the planks laid across the top of the well, and stones thrown on these, and then all was silent, and I was left to die an agonizing death. After a while I felt that my feet were sinking deeper in the sand and gravel, and I had to cling to the sides of the well to keep myself from instant death.

I had been in this position several hours when I heard a noise above me as though one were removing the stones, then a voice, which was that of my wife, Esther, calling my name. My heart leaped within me at the sound of her voice, and I answered joyfully, upon which she bade me be of good cheer. Presently she called again, and told me to tie the rope she was letting down about my body. I had much difficulty in doing this, because I was forced to loosen my hold and suffer myself to sink below the water till it forced itself beneath my eyelids. I succeeded at last in tying the cord tightly beneath my armpits, and was then drawn up to the well's mouth, and laid on the grass by my beloved wife and daughter. While I was slowly recovering the use of my limbs, which had been much weakened by the torments I had undergone, they occupied themselves in restoring the planks and stones to their places. When this had been done, we left the spot while it was yet dark, and I hid myself in a tree in a wood near my house, to which place Rebecca brought me food. Our escape to Poland was accomplished with great difficulty and much suffering.

WHO MOST NEED OUR PITY?

Oh! pity those whose lifeless hearts
Have never known a patriot's thrill;
Who, though they have a mind and will,
Lack courage now to act their parts.

Yes, pity them! for where the power
To rouse those feelings that remain,
If *Liberty* has called in vain
In this their Country's needful hour?

They can not feel (who stand aloof)
That glow of noble, inborn pride
For which men barter all beside,
And give the world their loyal proof.

Yes, pity them! the thronged Broadway,
Where selfishness and fashion meet—
The very stones beneath their feet
Might boast of hearts as well as they.

SOLDIERS' DEAD-LETTERS.

"Why not write Dead Soldiers' Letters at once?" says a voice at my elbow.

Only out of respect to the old logical rule requiring the perfect definition of a class to embrace all the individuals composing it. It is a sad truth that too many of these missives that have been wandering about in the mail-bags are the letters, and the last letters—the last written expression of thought or wish—of men who have dared to die for their country. Many of these rough-looking, soiled, and torn envelopes now lying in the Dead-letter Office, after a fruitless journey in search of friends to read their contents, are filled with strange tales of blood and battle, or breathe sentiments that should stir the very soul of patriotism, and fire the heart and nerve the arm of every man who perils his life in the cause of his country's honor. Outside, it is a shapeless and uninviting mass of worn and crumpled envelopes, soiled with the dust and smoke of every camp and battle-field on the continent; within, are the thoughts, wishes, last words, and dying prayers of those who have offered their own lives to save the life of the nation.

Up to the last of August soldiers' letters, written from camps or head-quarters, and containing no valuable inclosure, when returned from the local post-offices to the Dead-letter Office because they were "not called for," have been destroyed, because they could not, like ordinary letters, be returned to the writers. Armies are always upon the move, and the ten or twelve weeks that must expire between the date of a soldier's letter in camp and its return to Washington as a "dead-letter" render any attempt to place it again in the hands of the writer as impossible as it is useless. The Department having once sent the letter to its place of destination, and advertised it there, has no legal authority to incur further trouble or expense in the matter. Hence the practice that obtained in the opening-room of the Dead-letter Office, of throwing into the waste-basket all "dead-letters" containing no valuable inclosure, which had been written by soldiers from camps or head-quarters. As the war progressed and great battles were fought, consecrating in history such names as Pea Ridge, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Fair Oaks, and Malvern Hill, and marking the boundaries of each field of bloody strife with the tumuli of buried heroes, it came to be noticed that many of the soldiers' letters, written upon the eve or at the close of these fierce struggles for a nation's life, contained matter of the gravest interest to the friends and relatives at home. Some of these lost missives, containing the words of father, brother, son, or husband, who had gone down in the storm of battle, or survived to tell the fate of other martyrs in the holy cause, and which had failed in the first effort to place them in the hands of the persons addressed, were rightly conceived to be of as much importance to the soldiers' friends as the letter inclosing a part of his pay to the wife and little ones at home.

The subject having attracted the attention of Mr. Zevely, the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, who has charge of the Dead-letter Office, and whose hand is as open as his heart is warm in the cause of aiding the soldier in the field and his family at home, he at once determined to have this class of dead-letters examined by a competent clerk, and all that were likely to be of interest or importance again forwarded to the post-offices originally addressed. As the law authorized no additional expense for such an enterprise, one of the clerks volunteered to perform the work out of office-hours; and so a second effort is being made to get these soldiers' letters into the hands of their friends.

An interview with the clerk who spends his evenings and mornings in this work brought me to a knowledge of the enterprise, and I write this sketch with the purpose of bringing the matter to public notice, and thus to aid in getting these lost letters into the hands of those for whom they were intended.

I learn from the gentleman who has charge of the work that four or five hundred letters a day of this class come into the Dead-letter Office. As they are opened, all soldiers' letters containing no valuable inclosure are placed in his hands, and after office-hours he proceeds to examine them, and select such as can be again sent to the local post-offices with some prospect of reaching the parties addressed. Each letter thus re-sent is entered upon a blank form addressed to the postmaster, and charging him to use "all diligence to secure its delivery." This form contains not only the name of the person addressed on the envelope, but the name of the writer and of the place where the letter was dated. This schedule, or catalogue of letters, is to be conspicuously posted for one month, and any letters upon it that are not delivered in that time are to be returned to the Dead-letter Office at Washington, to be destroyed. The whole thing is a work of grace on the part of the Postmaster-General, there being no charge made for the second transportation of the letters or their delivery at the local post-offices. This being the case, it is proper to add, for the benefit of the Department, and to save people from unnecessary trouble, that it is quite useless to address inquiries to any one in the General Post-office respecting letters of this description. No record is kept of them, and those not re-sent are immediately destroyed. Any one looking for such a letter, known to have been advertised at a local post-office and returned as "dead" to Washington, should watch the posted catalogue of "Soldiers' Letters," which, for the smaller offices, is forwarded at the close of each month, and once a week or fortnight to the large city offices.

With a proper care not to violate the confidence and privacy peculiarly strict in this office, I have been allowed to notice the character of some of these letters. Here is one written by T. F. H., Lieutenant-Colonel Fifth Ohio Cavalry, and very fully and carefully directed, yet it has failed to reach its destination; and lest a second effort should prove as fruitless as the first, I am permitted to make an extract, in the hope that it may reach the eyes of the bereaved parents. The letter is written from Zanesville, Ohio, under date of May 27th, and addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, Baleyville, near Minneapolis, Minnesota, and reads thus:

Friends,—On the evening of Monday, April 7, 1862, about five o'clock, after my regiment had been halted in its pursuit of the fleeing hordes of rebels, I rode slowly around the field, meditating on the result of that bloody action [Shiloh], and observing the effect of the "bolts of war" on the dead bodies which covered the ground. Various were the attitudes and expressions of the fallen heroes; yet as I rode along one smooth-faced lad, whose features were lit up by a smile, so attracted and riveted my attention as to cause me to dismount and examine him. His uniform was neat as an old soldier's, his buttons polished, his person clean, his hair well combed, lying squarely on his back, his face toward the enemy, his wounds in front, from which the last life-drops were slowly ebbing, his hands crossed on his breast, and a peaceful, heavenly smile resting on his marble features. I almost envied his fate as I thought,

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
* * * * * *
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
Lo! Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

I asked the by-standers who that lad was. No one could tell. Hoping to find some mark on his clothing by which I could distinguish him, I unbuttoned his roundabout, and in the breast pocket found a *Bible*, on the fly-leaf of which was an inscription by his mother to "John Elliott." In the same pocket was a letter from his mother, and one he had written to his uncle, both dabbled with blood. Pleased with getting these data from which to trace his family, I determined to preserve the Bible and letters and send them to you. I have since regretted that I did not examine all his pockets and save whatever may have been in them; but my time was short, and I felt that the Bible he had so faithfully carried would be treasure enough for you, and in the hurry of the moment I did not think to look for any thing else. His remains received decent sepulture that night, and he now sleeps in a soldier's grave.

And now, my dear friends, I would have written to you weeks ago, but was long sick in camp, was sent to Ohio low with fever, and am but just able to begin to sit up.

You have doubtless wept over your dead boy. No human sympathy could assuage your grief. Yet He who guides and governs the universe of man and matter, I doubt not, has thrown around you "everlasting arms," and supported your faint, bereft, and bleeding hearts.

After a while, when time shall have healed the wounds that war has inflicted, it will be a heritage of glory for you to reflect that your boy died in the cause of human rights and to save the life of a great nation; and you can with righteous pride boast that he fell in the thickest of the fight, with dead rebels all around him, his face to the foe, and in the "very forefront of the battle."

He died a young hero and martyr in the holy cause of freedom, and Elijah riding up the heavens in a chariot of fire had not a prouder entrance to the Celestial City than your boy. Let your hearts rejoice that there is one more waiting to welcome you back to the "shining shore."

Here is a brief extract from the letter of a surgeon on the Peninsula to a friend at home:

Almost the first one I came to was our poor little friend Dick, the bright-eyed but pale-faced drummer boy, who broke from the warm embrace of his mother and rushed into the wild storm of war at the first call to arms. He was still alive, and able to speak in a low voice. I raised his head and gave him some water. He smiled his thanks, and said, "Doctor, tell mother I wasn't afraid to die. Tell brother Jimmy he can have my pony; and Sis can have all my books; and they mustn't cry about me, for I think I have done right. And take the drum to them; and bury this little flag with me—and that's all!" And that was all; and a moment afterward the spirit of the young hero went up to heaven.

Here is a letter from a wife to her husband in the Peninsular army. It arrived too late, and is on its way back to the writer, with the simple indorsement on the envelope, by an officer of his regiment: "Was killed yesterday in the battle of Malvern Hill."

These are a few examples of what may be found in the "Soldiers' Dead-letters;" and if local postmasters will manifest the same disposition exhibited in the action of the Department at Washington, thousands of these lost epistles will find their way to the rightful owners, and serve to comfort and console many a bereaved and breaking heart.

THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.

On page 689 we give a picture of the little town of Perryville, Kentucky, where M'Cook fought the rebel army on 8th; and on page 700 a picture of the Battle; both from sketches by our special artist, Mr. H. Mosler. Perryville is a small place of about 500 inhabitants. It is now entirely evacuated by the residents, and several of the houses have been destroyed by the shells. Of the battle a *Times* correspondent gives the following account:

When M'Cook and Rousseau appeared before the town they found the immense forces of the enemy most advantageously posted to meet them. The rebels were posted on a long range of hills, extending in a crescent form from north to west, the termini of the crescent being almost due north and due west, with its inner centre precisely northwest. This semicircular range of hills formed their advance, and on these hills the rebel generals exhorted their soldiers to dye their colors deep in the blood of the enemy rather than surrender them. These hills are about a mile and a half from Perryville. Behind this range of hills, and between them and the Big Spring, there are two other high hills, along the left base of which is a corn-field, and along the right base the tortuous course of the Spring, to the right of which is the extensive and finely-shaded woodland forming their camping grounds. Running off through the corn-field, and angling a little south of west, beyond the western terminus of the advance crescent, there is a strong stone fence, behind which the enemy posted a part of the infantry. Under the brow of the semicircular range of hills the rebel batteries were placed in admirable position, sustained by their infantry—who could fire with destructive effect, and then screen themselves behind the hills and among the grass and weeds. In front of the enemy's right there is a narrow valley of meadow-land, after descending which you come into a skirt-woods. Facing the enemy's centre there was a corn-field, which extended, a little broken, for several hundred yards back to the woods. Facing the stone fence is a stretch of waste land, gently sloping parallel with the fence to the woods. Behind the fence there is heavy timber. The rebels were commanded by their chosen and favorite generals. Bragg was on the field in person, and assumed general command. Buckner led the centre, Hardee the right, and Polk the left wing. General Cheatham had the reserve, while General Brown and a host of other Brigadiers cheered and led on their commands. This General Brown is the same *Colonel* Brown who commanded the Third Tennessee Regiment at Fort Donelson, and who, with Buckner, surrendered, and served a term at Fort Warren. Since his exchange he has received a Brigadier-General's commission. He is, I believe, a nephew of Niel S. Brown, of Tennessee. So much for the position of the enemy. Now let us look at our own.

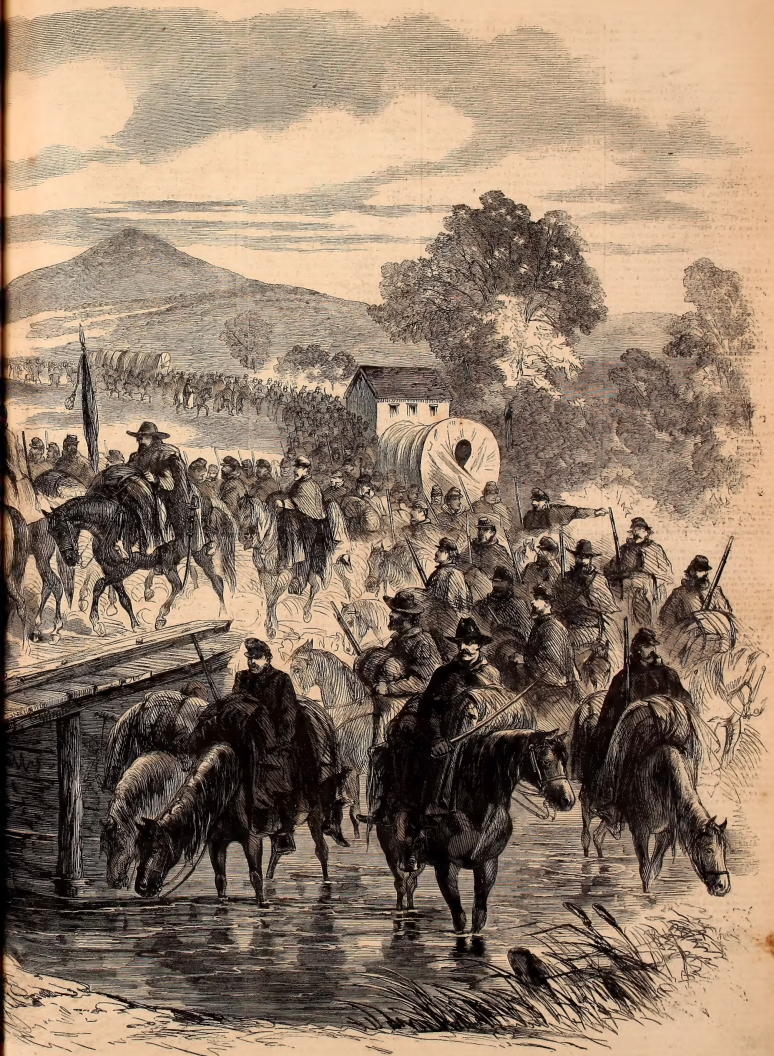
The approach of Gilbert's Corps, with M'Cook, Rosseau, and Mitchell, was well known to the rebels. Our men had made forced marches through heat and dust, over a rough road, and through a country utterly destitute of water. Their arrival in the morning was hailed by a shell from the enemy's battery. Notwithstanding the formidable array before us, and notwithstanding the advantages of position the enemy had, our men prepared for action. Harris's battery was planted on our left, Loomis's on the right, with Parson's and Simonton's between the two. M'Cook was chief in command on the field, and Rousseau second. General Jackson, with his brigade, was posted on the left, Rousseau in the centre, while the right was led by General Mitchell. We opened upon the rebels at 1 o'clock P.M., on the 8th. The most sanguinary battle of the war commenced. The enemy opened all their batteries upon us. Soon the whole rebel artillery let their guns loose upon us. The hills shook to their base, as one livid sheet of flame poured across them. Shell would whiz through the air, fall at the point of their aim and burst, dealing death all around. Solid shot went screaming across the field, cutting great gaps through the ranks. Mingling with the terrific roar of cannon, now the shrill hiss of grape and canister, thinning out the troops—literally mowing them down, and piling them in mangled swaths over the field and across the hills. Next come the crash of musketry, quick, loud, and incessant. The noise of these guns blended with that of the artillery in tumultuous roar. Never, perhaps, was there a battle fought at so short a range, and never were fires so murderous and destructive. The battle commenced at 1 o'clock and had reached its height at 3. For an hour now it was a succession of advances and repulses, first one side advancing and then falling back before their infuriated pursuers. On the right a desperate attempt was made to flank the reinforcing columns of M'Cook, which was for a time partially successful, some of the new regiments wavering and staggering under the galling cross-fires poured upon them. The scene was terrific. Dense smoke rolled all over the field, while the hills were literally enveloped in sheets of fire. The thunder of cannon and the crash of musketry can be compared to nothing I have ever heard. The simultaneous falling and splitting of a thousand forest trees might perhaps be *something* like it.

Harris's Battery which, as stated, was posted on our right, poured grape and canister into the ranks of the advancing rebels, and literally paved the slope with their dead bodies. Yet, on and on came these fierce rebels, over heaps of dead of their own, to within forty yards of that death-dealing battery. Again and again would they recoil with decimated ranks from the terrible machines of death. Determined yet to take that battery, they charged down the slope and through the hollow, diagonally across, from toward the centre, and there one of the regiments supporting it fell into confusion. Still the battery maintained its ground, right in the face of fearful odds; and again the rebels were driven back with fearful slaughter. Parson's Battery, to the right of Harris's, in the mean time had been dealing destruction in the ranks of the foe. The enemy, in overwhelming numbers, and with determined exasperation, closed in upon this battery and succeeded in capturing it. They subsequently spiked the guns and cut the wagon-wheels to pieces. In taking this battery the rebels lost fearfully, our men fighting like heroes against their superior advance. In the early part of the action, General James S. Jackson was killed. He was coolly giving some order on the left. He and General Rousseau had been in conversation. Rousseau turned toward the centre, and Jackson deliberately lighted a cigar; just as he had lighted it, a ball from the enemy struck him, killing him almost instantly. Jackson was a member of the National Congress from the Second District of Kentucky. He resigned his seat to draw his sword for Constitutional liberty. The nation mourns no truer patriot; the army no braver soldier. About this time, also, Colonel Terrell, one of the bravest and most skillful officers of the service, fell mortally wounded, while engaged in pointing a battery under fire of the enemy. The First Wisconsin, Colonel Starkweather, had engaged the First Tennessee rebel regiment on the left, and warm work was going on. The ground was sharply and gallantly contested for hours, with apparently no decisive results, the fire of the First Wisconsin thinning the ranks of the enemy at every round.

The Twenty-third Indiana, toward the centre, covered itself with honors. Their flag was planted near the centre of the field, and the regiment was raked by the crescent-shaped batteries and cross-fires from the rebels. Their ammunition gave out, and they heroically threw themselves upon their faces, the balls of the enemy passing over them in a perfect shower. This regiment suffered severely, one-third of its men being killed or disabled. Their flag was riddled into strings and shreds, and its staff splintered by the enemy's bullets. Yet they kept it waving, and preserve its torn fragments as a memorial of their bravery upon that bloody day. M'Cook and Rousseau both pronounced this a much more hotly-contested fight, and the fires much severer than they were at any time at Shiloh. The Twenty-third Indiana was now happily relieved. Further to the right the immortal Tenth Ohio, of the Seventeenth Brigade, under Colonel Lytle, who was Acting Brigadier, stood their ground firmly for hours in a perfect rain-storm of shot and shell. At length their leader, the high-souled and heroic Lytle, fell dangerously wounded. The Tenth Ohio was now withdrawn. The battery of Captain Loomis, which had all day piled the enemy in heaps, was now threatened by the enemy, who were throwing their dense columns forward with a view of surrounding and capturing it. The battery was withdrawn toward the wood, but continued to hurl its leaden death-messages at the enemy. A part of Gilbert's command now came superbly into action on the left, driving the enemy before them, though suffering heavily from the fire poured upon them from the stone fence. General Webster was in the mean time killed, as was also Colonel Jouett, of the Fifteenth Kentucky. The first advantage gained by the enemy in the centre was by one of those acts of perfidy which they have never been slow to exhibit. A rebel Colonel, with National uniform on, advanced along to the centre, where the brave Indianians were exposed, and shouted, "Hurrah for the old Hoosier boys!" He was met as a comrade, and by deception the rebels were permitted to advance to within a few yards of our men. A most unexpected and murderous fire was poured upon us from two sides, without our regiment even returning it. The Indiana boys were of course stunned and thrown into temporary confusion. The battle having raged fiercely now for five hours, and the men being exhausted with slaughter, just as night began to conceal the field of death and of blood, the combatants ceased their awful work. Our troops fell back a short distance under cover of the woods, worn and exhausted with their hot day's work. A portion of the rebels held possession of the larger part of the battle-field. We had but twelve thousand troops on the field, which contended with the combined rebel forces, fully forty thousand strong.



THE REBEL RAID INTO PENNSYLVANIA—STUART'S CAVALRY ON THEIR WAY TO



THE POTOMAC.—Sketched near Poolesville, Maryland, by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 698.]

THE REBEL RAID IN MARYLAND.

On pages 696 and 697 we reproduce a sketch, by Mr. A. R. Waud, representing SHARP'S RIFLE CAVALRY on the Poolesville Road, returning from their recent raid. On page 696 we publish three more pictures on the same subject, from sketches by Mr. Davis. One of these shows the quiet little town of CHAMBERSBURG, which surrendered to the rebels on their approach. They spent the night there, and finding a large quantity of soldiers' clothing in one of the stores, helped themselves to it freely. One of Mr. Davis's pictures shows us the rebels casting off their tattered and filthy butternut attire, and equipping themselves in the comfortable costumes provided for our soldiers. In the morning they fired the storehouse, among others, likewise carried off some 500 horses. Some subtilities estimate the property destroyed and seized by them at fifteen. Of the following account of the marauders is published in the Washington *Star*:

A lady arrived here this morning from the vicinity of Pa's Ferry states that he was in the presence of General Stuart a few minutes before he moved his rear with the marauding force in retreat from Pennsylvania. Stuart informed him, in a surprised manner, he had left Chambersburg, but regretted he had not accomplished what was intended when he started, as we were not prepared for his attack. Maryland, destroying the Government stores of that place, and destroying the railroad for over two miles, and but that all things taken into consideration, he had carried out his programme with much success. He had captured 1,200 horses looked extremely exhausted, but the former were in high condition. He had also captured 1,200 head of cattle, which had been driven with the horses, and that while they had tied on their extra mules and horses, which numbered about 1,000, a change would be very acceptable, and that their shoes and heels, of which they had a large quantity. Gen. Stuart further said, in addition to a number of United States officers with whom he was acquainted in old times.

The *Herald* correspondent at Frederick thus speaks of Stuart:

The termination of the rebel cavalry raid did not result in their capture, or any considerable portion of them, as had been hoped.

The strong force under General Pleasanton, which passed through this city at daylight on Sunday morning, reached the vicinity of Poolesville a short time after the main body of the rebels. Both men and horses had had a very hard time, the men having been in the saddle and on the road almost constantly from the time the fact of the rebels having crossed the Potomac above was announced by neither of them seem inclination to render so efficient service as they had done on former occasions.

The rebels made their appearance, and opened a single gun on a hill, as glanced at to cover their passage. One battery was found in position, but not a shot made to silence this gun. The firing was kept up at intervals for about two hours, during which time no harm of any consequence was done.

It is said that no attempt was made to fire upon the cavalry while they were crossing the river, which might easily have been done, and would have had a most important material change upon their by our cavalry and regular them. This can only be accounted for upon the supposition that the horses were too much exhausted to warrant such an attempt. It is also said by hypothesis no small portion of the cavalry would seem to have been most disgraced to them- selves and the service.

Persons who were present and saw the rebels, state that the men were well supported only by about twenty-pounder guns.

The crossing occupied some three or four hours, and from first to last met with no serious opposition. The rebels went on their way with their plunder, no doubt convinced as well as delighted at having escaped so easily. The result was, in fact, nothing which could be called even a skirmish, and for the first time in the war, a standard our troops might as well have been at Harper's Ferry.

THE WAYSIDE HOUSE.

THE traveler who passes along the H——road can hardly fail to remark, in a house of rather unusual shabby appearance on his right. Nothing about that dreary old house, standing desperately near you into decay and desolation. The glass is gone from every window, and there are boards nailed across the openings. Some of the stones that go to form the foundation have crumbled away, and fallen away it is stained with mould, or hidden with a growth of yellow lichen. Weeds grow rank in the parlor, and a few grasses spring even on the highest window-sills, and a little ivy creep about the walls, but the last seem to embrace the general sadness.

Many, many years ago, in that bay window, now almost hidden by the tangled boughs, a father and daughter lingered over the breakfast-table. It was late in the autumn, and the shades of thick leaves made a shelter from the sun, while the air was heavy with the perfume from the flower-beds. There was an air of comfort and even of wealth about every thing, from the chased silver and exquisite china on the table to the fair dress of the young lady. The dark silken folds fell like the rich purple of a queen's robe; her tall figure, and accorded well with the stately beauty of her face and head. The dark hair smoothly braided, the deep-gray eyes with their heavy fringe, the short upper lip, and well-developed chin, the finely-moulded throat set off by the low collar and knot of rose-color, the rich glow that pervaded cheek and lip, all combined to make Honoria Calvert a beautiful woman. Her father considered her more so as he watched her pouring out his tea with a grace and dignity that might have becomed an empress.

"Did I tell you I met an old friend yesterday, Honoria?" asked Mr. Calvert.

"No, Sir; who was it?"

"I hardly know whether you can recollect him, it is so long ago; but he was a pupil of old Brown's when we lived at Hendon, and he sometimes dined with us on Sundays. You were but five or six years old, and he was a great lad of sixteen. His name is Benham."

"Oh yes, I remember him," answered Honoria, with a smile; "Archer Benham used to swing me and let me ride on his shoulder. He was a merry, good-natured boy."

"Well, he seems a pleasant young man enough," said Mr. Calvert, "and I told him we should be happy to see him here. If he should call this afternoon, ask him to stay and dine. I will bring Ellis back with me to make a fourth."

Honoria hoped somebody else was usually chary of her words—but she looked pleased, for she had an agreeable recollection of her old play-fellow, and she liked anything out of the common. Luncheon she opened one of Beethoven's sonatas, and labored vigorously at its complicated chords and movements, thoroughly enjoying and enjoying the difficulty, though she missed the beauty.

"Well, dear, you have made a manly voice, when at length she paused for a little rest; out turning round, she saw a gentleman, whom she easily guessed to be Mr. Benham.

"I beg pardon, Sir," he said, "I am afraid I startled you; you are duly announced, but your grand music drowned my humble name."

She held out her hand and gave him welcome "I think I should have recognized you," he said, looking steadily into his face; "you are very little altered, only older and taller."

He shook back his light brown hair and twirled his mustache with an air of good-humored self-satisfaction, which was pleasant.

"I hardly think I should have known you."

"I was as much surprised," Honoria replied, turning away with a slight blush at the compliment his looks implied. He soon glided into a subject less embarrassing to her, and Honoria returned, bringing his old friend Mr. Ellis, he found the young pair strolling side by side in the shadow of the trees, as natural as if they had been in those old days of which they had been speaking, when Honoria was a child.

The evening passed away cheerfully. Mr. Ellis, who held a confidential situation in the banking house in which Mr. Calvert was a partner, was sensible and well-bred; and while he talked politics with the gentlemen, Honoria and Archer found themes more interesting. There was music, too, to beguile the time. Mr. Benham had a rich tenor voice, and Honoria accompanied him in song, she could accompany him brilliantly. She could talk of pretty things and remember pretty things, for she had felt it more deeply. Certain it is that, if Archer Benham rode slowly home, his thoughts were busy with Honoria Calvert.

She is a glorious creature to look at," he said half aloud, as he turned his horse's head homeward enough. Now every body is out of town, it won't be a bad thing to ride this way occasionally. I shouldn't like to lose sight of that girl—she would look in a rage!"

Such were his reflections; but with Honoria life became serious matter. She had enjoyed that evening's conversation; she had uttered more of her heart's feelings than she had ever yet accustomed to do; her imagination had been warmed and excited by her companion's descriptions of foreign travel, and by the sympathy in the tone of most of his voice.

"What a pleasing young man," remarked her father; "if you seemed to like him, Honoria, and I hope he will come again. He sings well, doesn't he?"

Honoria ignored the question, gave her father a slightly formal kiss on the cheek, and left him to shut her door on the outer world, extinguished her taper, and went to the open window, leaning out among the roses, and inhaling the perfume with the moonlight. There was a half-smile on her lips as she murmured,

"Have I met my fate so today? I could almost think so. All was yesterday so stagnant, so dull, and now—But I will not be a fool."

Days, weeks, and months passed on, and Archer Benham frequently came, and become matters of course. Very commonly Honoria's brother Edward from Oxford, and sometimes a friend or two from London in the afternoon to meet her father, and to dine with them, and Archer Benham was left alone. She was a noble figure on horseback, and Archer had often the playfully given her the title of "Empress," by which he had first addressed her. Mr. Calvert observed all that passed, and was pleased. Mr. Ellis, a confirmed old bachelor, clerk in the Foreign Office, with a small salary, but by no means poor and heir to Sir Archer Benham, of Benham Hall, was not likely to become an eligible match, even for the stately Honoria. As yet he never spoke of love to her, but Honoria could be construed into only one meaning, and Mr. Calvert complacently awaited the event, ready to give her consent whenever Archer should ask it—a consent should arrive.

Honoria never was it with Honoria herself? She was living in a dream of happiness, which she would not pause to analyze. Enough to know, that every day was bringing her to the time when she can be alighthill; or, if he came not, enough to feel that he was near her, or in the twilight stroll in the shrubbery, or—as autumn drew on—at the fireside, or by the piano. Enough to think of the future, and to be suggested to some slight remark of his, and to look out over the broad landscape, and to know he would soon return. For on that summer day when Archer Benham had come to the old house Honoria had "met her fate," and she was conscious of it—that it was so.

Did he love her? She never asked herself the question. Perhaps the reserve occurred to Archer himself, and received a doubtful sort of answer. He liked her society—her conversation always so animated with him; her beauty so brightened and almost glorified by her present happiness. He might, he thought, be drifting on toward matrimony; if so, well and good. It did not much matter; but, at all events, she was handsome enough for an empress, and never enough to make no doubt her father would give her a good portion; and if he should, it would be easy to him, why, all parties would be very well pleased.

So time passed on, and Christmas was coming near. One evening Mr. Calvert had brought Archer in his carriage from London—an unusual and unusually large dinner-party. Honoria came down with her father just before the other guests arrived, and Archer started from his seat to receive her. She never dressed like others of her age, but in a picturesque style of her own, and on this occasion she was more than ordered velvet, with a coronet of chased gold beads on her head.

"You are glorious to-night, Empress!" exclaimed Archer; "allow me to tender my homage. I can not greet you as an ordinary mortal," and he took her hand and kissed her hand. Then he her smiled, and, turning her toward the light, said, "Well, you are very handsome to-night, my dear, though I say it."

"Thank you, papa; it is something to get a compliment from you," said Honoria; and then, to change the subject, she asked if he had read the letter she had left in his room.

Susie's letter do you mean? Yes. Little darling, how glad I shall be to see her at home again!"

"And who else is coming, Sir?" asked Archer.

"Susie is my sister," replied Honoria.

"Your sister! Do you mean to say you have a sister? I never told me so," he exclaimed.

"I wonder you never spoke of Susie in all your talks," said Mr. Calvert. "She was my only other child, and she leaves school at Christmas, to my great joy; for she is a sweet, loving little creature, and the delight of her poor mother."

A silence fell on the three. The father's thoughts were full of Susie's dead girl; Archer wondered how it was that Honoria had never spoken of her sister—her young, only sister. It did not seem natural to him. Honoria felt the cloud of reserve that came over him. She might have told him it was only because she had never thought of him or even mind had been full of him and his interests, that she had never mentioned her little sister; but perhaps it is always a part of the punishment of idolatry such as hers to be misunderstood by its object.

The guests arrived; the momentary cloud dispersed; and Archer could not but admire the perfect grace with which Honoria presided at the feast. He noticed, however, that, though perfectly polite to all, she seemed intimate with none of the ladies present, and wondered what this to her society of them were playing and singing.

"Don't you sometimes you?" he said, slightly shrugging her shoulders. "I am quite used to it. We beauties have no friends. No woman ever loved me except my mother, and she died when I was very little Susie—if I may call that scrap of humanity a woman."

Again Archer was a little startled. He did not like a sarcastic woman. He began to be glad he had not committed love to this hard beauty, who had no friends.

She saw the shadow again; and with her most winning smile, said,

"I am tired of all this insipid music. Come and sing your favorite duet, Mr. Ellis and I."

He did sing—in these full, rich tones that found an echo in her heart. The music was one of Mozart's most beautiful melodies, and Honoria's great eyes were filled with tears when she looked up to Archer's face. It all seemed so wonderful that he might have led him to consult himself by some tender speech, but that Mr. Calvert drew near.

"That is very beautiful, Benham," he said. We must have some duets when Susie comes."

"What! does she sing?" asked Archer.

"She always had a sweet little voice," replied the father; "and now she has been taking lessons. I hope she will sing pleasingly well."

The idea of singing duets with a little girl fresh from school was not very attractive to a musician of Archer's pretensions, but he answered politely, as Honoria would still play the accompaniments. He was going to Devonshire for Christmas, but on his return he would call and bring some music with him to try Susie's voice.

The time passed on, and in January he came. The lamp was lighted, the crimson curtains drawn, and the fire burning merrily, as he entered that cozy drawing-room. Mr. Calvert was up stairs preparing for dinner. Honoria, in a dress of some rich shawl pattern, leaned back in an easy-chair; and in a cushion at her feet nestled a little figure, almost a child in size, but with a face and light hair that Archer said lovingly on Honoria's lap, her blue eyes looking dreamily into Honoria's face. Both started as Mr. Benham entered.

"Welcome!" said Honoria, giving him her hand. "Allow me to present my sister Susie." She continued, turning to the little figure now shyly standing beside her—"this is my sister Susie; Susie, this is my friend Mr. Benham."

Archer took the little childish hand, only half-extended to him, and clasped it kindly as he looked down with interest on the girlish figure before him. Honoria watched him, and a fierce pang shot through her heart. He had many a time regarded her herself with admiration, with amusement, even with kindness; but that look of interest was an expression which she had never seen in his face before. What did it mean?

Mr. Calvert now joined them, and Archer dined with the family. Susie was petted by her father, and her shyness soon abated, so that the gave him a playful reproach for not remembering his little cultural conversation. Honoria was unusually grave, and Archer saw Susie glance uneasily at her occasionally.

"What ails the Empress?" he said, at last; "a sour magnificence, I declare. Are you wearied with the festivities of the season?"

"No," Honoria said, with a faint smile; "we have been very quiet."

"I thought very young ladies had parties at this time of the year," he continued, with a sly glance at Susie.

"Indeed, Mr. Benham," Susie said, laughing, "I am not a very young lady now. It is very hard, because one has an empress for a sister, that one is not glad for a child when one is a young woman of eighteen."

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said Archer. "I had no idea I was offending the dignity of eighteen years. I shall be more discreet for the future."

After dinner the piano was opened, and Susie was coaxed to sing. Truly had her father spoken when he said her voice was sweet. There was a pathos in its tones that went straight to the hearer's heart—a tender sadness that brought tears to the eyes. When she sang alone, and the full, yielding tones rose thrilling and clear, Archer listened with hushed breath. Not a note escaped him. Honoria saw it, as she accompanied her sister, and felt a pang such as she had never known. Then came that after duet, the two lovely voices blending in perfect harmony. Mr. Calvert was beside himself with delight.

"Is it not beautiful, Honoria?" he said; "only Honoria has always played them and sung them so loud. Of course, you know best; but it seems to me they ought to die away with the music."

"I am tired," Honoria said, abruptly, pushing back her chair; "my head aches, and I can play no more. So if you want any more singing, you must play your own accompaniments, Susie."

Archer laughed and said he understood. Also from what bitter anguish of heart does a woman's seeming ill-humor sometimes spring! Susie was kinder.

"How good of you, dear, to play for us so long! How selfish we have been! Of course, we won't sing any more. Sit here and let me rub your head."

Her pretty caressfulness was charming, and Archer watched it with a smile, forgetting to express regret for the pains he was trying to soothe. It was Honoria who said, "Thank you, Susie dear," when Honoria said she would go to her room. She only needed darkness and quiet, a very little resting headache, and no one need be disturbed about it. Archer held the door open as she swept out, and thought what a fine lady she would one day be.

"I fear you are worse than you will acknowledge," he whispered, as he passed him, and he caught sight of her troubled face. He sighed, petted all her pride to her aid, and smiled.

"It is nothing, I assure you. Good-night." And she shook hands.

Her fingers were cold as ice, and he could not forget the expression of her countenance for months before; but his reflections were soon disturbed by Susie Calvert, who begged for more music, and silenced all Susie's objections by the assurance that Honoria could not hear it in her room.

When Archer Benham had fairly shut the door, thrown aside the heavy curtains, and opened the window of which she had stood observing so happily a few short months ago. It was a wild, stormy night. The meadows were covered here and there with patches of snow, which, in the moonlight, and dark clouds were driving over the moon, which shone out at intervals with keen brightness above the saddened landscape. Honoria had gone in the way-scene to Honoria's heated brow. She could have thanked an answer to that wild cry that her eyes were full of despair, as the moonlight fell upon it. She wrung her hands in anguish.

"I cannot, cannot," she murmured. "A love it coming. Fool, fool that I have been, not to foresee it! I knew it from the first moment I saw it. God! I have staked all my happiness, all my peace, and he cares not for me. He will love her. Love her! I know it by the tone of every word he says. Day after day, day after day. Oh! if I might die! I might die!"

Passionate moans and inarticulate cries gave way at last to a burst of tears, and then she beat her troubled forehead of moan of despair. It was plain he did not care; and Susie, too, was hateful, inconsiderate, unfeeling, to sing when her heart was like to break. Honoria's passion was exhausted now, and had given place to an intense hatred of Susie. She rose up shadow with a shudder, drew the curtains, and prepared for bed. Susie's gentle voice pleaded in vain for admittance; and at last a cold "good-night" answered Mr. Calvert's kindly inquiries.

This was the spirit in which Honoria met her beauty trial—the bravest, perhaps, that could be laid on a nature like hers. She had seen the truth. Archer looked at Susie with a gentleness that all Honoria's beauty could not equal. His heart was touched as it had never been touched before. All that was best in her was called forth by his young, tender creature, who could but love him in return for his kindness. And Honoria recalled good qualities she very naturally saw in him. Oh! what days and weeks of torture for Honoria! She sang down, she was the poor slave of misery, the anguish of her jealousy, she were a smiling face in public of a breaking heart. She watched Archer as a friend, and talked to him as of old, when her sister was out by. Susie was so occupied with the strange joy of being introduced into the ball saloon time to wonder at Honoria's wayward manner—sometimes so full of affection toward herself, sometimes so cold and stern as almost to frighten her gentler spirit. Still the crisis had not come—Archer had not spoken of love to Honoria nor Susie alone. There was to be yet one more drop of bitterness in Honoria's cup. Archer had forgotten, as it was easy for men to do, some old time when he had dreamed of the possibility of making Honoria his wife. Now that he knew Susie's character, and as such, of course, his friend. He could find no opportunities of speaking to Susie. He believed he could win her love easily, but would he open still wider with wonder! He would speak to Honoria. She loved her sister, and would have all about her feelings, and speak for him. So he watched for an occasion, and soon found it.

"You know so well what admiration it, fair Empress," he began; but Honoria shrank away, as if she had been stung. "Forgive me," he continued; "perhaps that address is imperfectly familiar. I only meant that, used as you are to homage, you must know what admiration you inspire your sister. She is so young and gentle, I am afraid that she may be her; and if you will stand my friend I shall be eternally grateful to you."

He paused; but she kept her eyes fixed on the ground, and said, in a low voice,

"What would you have me do?"

"Will you advise me?" he asked. "I am so afraid of speaking too soon. Will you talk to her of me, and prepare her for my declaration?"

"On one condition," Honoria answered.

"What is it?"

"That you promise not to speak till I give you warning. You will ruin your own cause if you speak too soon."

Archer hesitated; then said, smiling, "Well, I promise; only you must not try me too long."

She wondered at herself for the composure with which she now could go through scenes like this one. No one knew what passed in the solitude of her own chamber, when the tall, proud form lay stretched on the ground, as if crushed by some heavy blow; no human eye saw the haggard face, peering out in the moonlight, the clenched hands raised in a mad supplication for death. Morning found her in her usual place at the breakfast-table, calm and attentive to her duties, ready to listen to her father's plans, and to take her part in conversation. There was no outward change, or, at least, Mr. Calvert perceived none; and if he was a little puzzled at seeing Mr. Benham devote himself to Susie quite as much as to Honoria, yet he made no remark, and concluded, probably, that it was a natural consequence of the little girl's pretty voice.

But a dark shadow hung over the old house. Mr. Calvert was seized with a fit at his office, and almost instantly expired, only the day after Archer had made his appeal to Honoria for her assistance. The sisters were overwhelmed with sorrow, and Susie drooped at once, like some tender plant beaten down by the storm. When Mr. Ellis arrived to announce the sad news, he found the sisters sitting together busied with some womanly work. His face betrayed that he was the bearer of evil tidings. He tried to tell them cautiously, but when Susie understood the truth she dropped from her seat like one heart-stricken.

"Poor child!" Mr. Ellis said, kindly, as he raised her in his arms as gently as if she had been his own daughter. "Let me carry her to her room, Miss Calvert; she will be better there."

Pale and wan, but tearless still, Honoria led the way, and Susie was carried to her room. The sun was shining gayly in, but Honoria, almost impatiently, drew the heavy curtains to shut out the daylight; and begging Mr. Ellis to send Susie's old nurse, who was still a favored member of the household, she began to undress the poor child. The swoon lasted long; and for many a day afterward Susie lay, feeble as an infant, with wide-open eyes, scarcely speaking, even to old nurse, who sat beside the bed, working at the black garments, and wishing for cries or tears, or any thing rather than that strange stillness.

Meanwhile, Honoria came and went through the darkened chambers, gloomy, hopeless, and most miserable. She saw no one but Mr. Ellis, who had been named in Mr. Calvert's will as one of Susie's guardians, while Honoria herself was the other. The property, which was considerable, was divided equally between the two sisters; and in the event of one of them dying all was to belong to the survivor.

"Arrange all as you think best," Honoria said to Mr. Ellis; "only I shall remain in this house with Susie. I do not care for any thing else."

Mr. Ellis offered his wife's assistance.

"No," Honoria replied; "you are very kind, but we can do very well. I am glad to have something to do;" and she sighed drearily. About one thing she was obstinate—she would not see Archer Benham. He called, he sent messages through Mr. Ellis, he wrote imploring letters, but all in vain; she always sent the same answer, "He must wait."

So the weary weeks passed on, and Susie could yet only bear to be lifted from the bed to the sofa; but she sometimes spoke of her father with quiet tears that the nurse rejoiced to see. Strength might return to the delicate frame, enfeebled by so severe a shock, now that the mind was clear and calm. And all this time there was a heart beating only for her. Archer longed to defend her with his strong, loving arms against all the cares, all the sorrows, all the unkindness of the world. If she had only known!

One day Honoria was beside her sister's couch, silently watching the thin fingers braiding some pretty work. It was so still outside that they could hear the approach of a horseman, and presently a voice almost under the window asked for Miss Calvert. Honoria saw the color rise in Susie's cheek, the eyes fill with moisture, the trembling hands drop the work. She saw how the tender little heart yearned with eager longing at the sound of that voice, but she had no pity then. She rose, pressing her hand on her heart, and left the room. With that burning, passionate jealousy in her soul she dared not stay beside her sister. She went to her room, the scene so often of her fearful mental struggles, and sat down, gasping for breath, and shuddering at her own thoughts. A knock roused her, and the servant put a letter into her hand.

"Mr. Benham says, Will you be good enough to see him, only for five minutes, Miss Calvert?"

"I can not see him," she answered, hoarsely. "Tell him I will write."

She sat listening till she heard him ride slowly away; then she rose and went to the window, whence she watched the solitary horseman as long as he was in sight. Almost with a groan she then broke the seal of the letter she had held all this time. An inclosure fell out, addressed to Susie; she laid it aside, and read the sheet addressed to herself. In it Archer implored her forgiveness, but he could wait no longer. Surely, if Susie loved him, it would be a comfort to her to receive the assurance of his deep and unalterable affection. Would she not give him some hope? He could not stay so near and not try to see her. If Susie would not give him an answer now, would she name a time when he might come? Might he return in a month—two months—three months? Meantime he would go abroad. He would not harass her for the world; he would be a wanderer till she bade him come; only let him have a hope, he asked no more.

There was a cold, cruel gleam in Honoria's eye as she read. The jealous passion she had nursed had grown beyond her unassisted human strength now, and she yielded to its whispers. Lighting a candle, she held Susie's letter in the flame till it blazed, then threw it on the hearth, and stood watching it till the last particle was consumed; then she sat at her desk and wrote, without glancing at the open sheet that lay beside her.

"Susie can not, will not listen to you now. You will lose her forever if you persist in writing. Her heart is full of her father, and she thinks it sacrilege to talk of any other love now. Your plan of going abroad is excellent. Leave her to me and go. In three months you may return." For a moment she paused. Implied falsehood had been but too easy; a direct untruth was harder. Again her evil spirit prompted, and she listened. A very few words were added. "Susie bids me say so."

She dared not read what she had written. Hastily sealing and directing it, and only pausing to crush Archer's letter into a secret drawer of her desk, she took her note to the hall, and put it into the letter-bag herself. She could not stop to think, but went straight to Susie's room. The poor child looked up with eager, wistful eyes, and her lips were white with agitation. Honoria moved out of reach of her glance, and said, as easily as she could—

"I have had a note from our friend Mr. Benham. He inquires kindly for us, and is just going abroad."

Her ear caught a low, shivering sigh, but there was no answer; and when she ventured to turn from the window the little fingers were busy with their delicate work again. Honoria smiled bitterly.

"She does not care much, after all," she thought.

A few days later Mr. Ellis mentioned, accidentally, that Mr. Benham was gone abroad for three months. Honoria replied that she had heard so from himself, and then the subject was dropped, and Archer's name was mentioned no more.

Summer was coming with its roses, but no roses returned to Susie's cheek. The doctor, whom Honoria anxiously consulted, said the nerves had sustained so severe a shock in her father's sudden death that she could only rally by very slow degrees. The old nurse trembled for her darling, and called Honoria's attention to the fact that Susie grew weaker. The old woman carried her about like a child, and Susie liked to be taken to the couch in the bay-windowed room, to lie listening to the whispering leaves and dreaming over the past.

Honoria herself was fearfully changed. Her cheek was hollow, her eye burned with a restless fire. Sleep seldom visited her. Through the long nights she wandered up and down her room, pausing at the window to watch the gray dawn stealing up the sky, or to gaze over the meadow-land, where the grass was once more rich and high, as in the time last year when Archer Benham first came to the old house. Thoughts which almost maddened her rushed over her brain in those miserable nights.

"Was Susie really dying, as nurse feared? Was it only grief for her father's death? Would the knowledge, the blessed certainty that she was beloved, send fresh life through those veins, fresh vigor into that fading form? Should she hear the truth soon—to-morrow? No: Honoria would wait till she knew where he was, and could summon him. She knew not now any thing of his whereabouts; she must wait. Only three months, and he would come, and then......and then......"

Two-thirds of the time had rolled away. It was a lovely day in June, and the blackbird was piping in the pink-thorn whose bloomy boughs shadowed the bay-window. Susie was on her couch facing the garden, and Honoria sat with her back to the light, looking at her sister, and trying to fancy she was better. Susie shook her head in reply to some remark of Honoria's. "I have taken my last walk, dear," she said; "you must learn to do without little Susie."

Honoria hid her face in her hands, when suddenly she was startled by a low cry, and, looking up, she saw Susie raising herself on the couch, with outstretched hands and glowing cheek, her eyes intently gazing out of the window. Honoria turned. *He* was there; pale, travel-worn, altered—but it was Archer Benham.

In a few moments he was in the room, kneeling by the couch, Susie's little head lying on his bosom in an ecstasy of joy. Tender as a mother's were his low, caressing words: "My little one, my dove, my darling, why did you send me away?"

He could only think of the bliss of seeing her again at first. Honoria sat spell-bound, till at last he turned to her, and said, fiercely, "Why was I not warned of this? Why did you not tell me? I heard from a stranger that she was ill."

"How could I know where you were?" faltered Honoria.

"You knew my uncle's address," he said; then, turning to Susie, "Why did you not answer my letter, my little one? Why not tell me I should be welcome? One word would have brought me, as I told you. Why did you not write!" Susie looked up astonished.

"Letter!" she said; "I had no letter."

Honoria hid her face, and the truth flashed on Archer that he had been deceived. He started to his feet and confronted her.

"You did not give her my letter?" he asked, seizing her wrist. "Where is it?"

"I destroyed it."

The words sounded unnaturally hollow. He stood a moment, as if paralyzed; then a low moan from Susie roused him, and he flew to his place by the couch, where the poor child lay cold and still, faint with terror.

"God forgive you!" he muttered, as he turned from Honoria. "You have murdered your sister."

It was too true. Joy came too late to save the young life, blighted by sorrow and falsehood. The next day, with words of Christian forgiveness and Christian hope on her lips, Susie's spirit passed into the world where sorrow is unknown. Honoria had confessed all, and Susie had earnestly pleaded with Archer; but Honoria felt that his seeming pardon was but spoken to pacify her sister, and that in reality he shrank from her with disgust. One promise Susie had exacted from her old nurse; it was that she should always remain with Honoria. Even Susie's influence would have failed here had the old woman known the truth, but none ever knew it except the three persons concerned.

The funeral moved away from the house, and once more Honoria gazed from the window, wild and hopeless, as the body of her only sister was carried to the grave. From that day she never again saw the face of Archer Benham, nor did any friendly foot ever cross her threshold. With Mr. Ellis she would only communicate by letter on matters of business. She dismissed every servant except the gardener, his wife, and the old nurse. She never left the house by day, only in the twilight she would steal into the garden or shrubbery, and wander for hours like a restless ghost; and many a time the passing traveler might be startled by the sight of a white, despairing face looking drearily out of one of the upper windows. Who shall say whether peace ever came to that proud and sinful heart? Death took her after many years. The nurse, entering her room one morning, found the bed had not been occupied, but on the floor under the window lay Honoria, her gray hair unbound, her hands clasped as if in supplication. She was dead.

Her will left all her large fortune to different charitable institutions, after providing for her servants. The house she bequeathed, without remark, to Archer Benham, now a baronet and in possession of Benham Park, but still a sad and solitary man. By his order the furniture was sold, with the exception of some few things he reserved for himself. In the secret drawer of Honoria's desk he found a crushed letter, which he tore and flung to the winds; the other papers he handed to Mr. Ellis. After the sale, he ordered that the house should be shut up and left to decay. The very windows had been removed, and replaced by boards, and neglect soon did its work. The once cheerful home is now but a desolate ruin, which the traveler can scarcely pass without a sigh, even when the history of its former inmates is unknown to him.

THE PIRATE "ALABAMA," *ALIAS* "290."

WE publish on page 689 a faithful portrait of the new PIRATE "ALABAMA," *alias* "290," which was built by the British a few months since to prey upon our merchant navy, and which has already taken and burned fourteen vessels of various sizes. She is commanded by Captain Raphael Semmes, late of the *Sumter*. Captain Hager, of the *Brilliant*, one of the vessels taken and burned by the *Alabama* describes her as follows:

The *Alabama* was built at Liverpool, or Birkenhead, and left the latter port in August last; is about 1200 tons burden, draught about fourteen feet; engines by Laird & Sons, of Birkenhead, 1862. She is a wooden vessel, propelled by a screw, copper bottom, about 210 feet long, rather narrow, painted black outside and drab inside; has a round stern, billet head, very little shear, flush deck fore and aft; a bridge forward of the smoke stack carries two large black boats on cranes amidships forward of the main rigging; two black quarter boats between the main and mizen masts, one small black boat over the stern, on cranes; the spare spars, on a gallows between the bridge and foremast, show above the rail. She carries three long thirty-two pounders on a side, and is pierced for two more amidships; has a one hundred-pound rifled pivot gun forward of the bridge, and a sixty-eight pound pivot on the main deck; has tracks laid forward for a pivot bow gun, and tracks aft for a pivot stern chaser—all of which she will take on board to complete her armament. Her guns are of the Blakely pattern, and manufactured by Wesley & Preston, Liverpool, 1862. She is bark rigged; has very long, bright lower masts, and black mast-heads; yards black, long yard-arms, short poles (say one to two feet), with small dog-vanes on each, and a pendant to the main; studding-sail booms on the fore and main, and has wire rigging. Carries on her foremast a square foresail; large try-sail with two reefs, and a bonnet top-sail with two reefs, top-gallant sail and royal. On the mainmast a large try-sail with two reefs and a bonnet. No square mainsail bent, top-sail two reefs, top-gallant sail and royal. On the mizen-mast, a very large spanker and a short three-cornered gaff top-sail; has a fore and foretop-mast stay-sail and jib; has had no stay-sail to the main or mizen-mast bent or royal yards aloft. Is represented to go thirteen knots under canvas and fifteen under steam. Can get steam in twenty minutes, but seldom uses it except in a chase or an emergency. Has all national flags, but usually sets the St. George's cross on approaching a vessel. Her present complement of men is one hundred and twenty, all told, but is anxious to ship more. Keeps a man at the mast-head from daylight till sunset. Her sails are of hemp canvas, made very roaching; the top-sails have twenty cloths on the head and thirty on the foot. General appearance of the hull and sails decidedly English. She is generally under two top-sails, fore and main try-sails; fore and foretop-mast stay-sails; sometimes top-gallant-sails and jib, but seldom any sails on the mizen except while in charge of a vessel. She is very slow in stays; generally wears ship. She was built expressly for the business. She is engaged to destroy, fight, or run, as the character of her opponent may be. She took her armament and crew and most of her officers on board near Terceira, Western Islands, from an English vessel. Her crew are principally English; the officers chivalry of the South. All the water consumed on board is condensed. She has eight months' provisions, besides what is being plundered, and has about four hundred tons of coal on board.

He gives the following additional information, which will be found interesting and important:

In all cases where Captain Semmes captures a vessel, he sends an armed boat on board and orders the unfortunate captain on board the *Alabama* with his papers. On his arrival he is ushered into the presence of the pirate Semmes, who receives him in the most pompous and overbearing manner. He is questioned as to the name of the ship, where from, where bound, and the character of his cargo. Captain Hagar, in reply to the latter question, said that some of his cargo was on English account. On his giving this reply Semmes scowled at him and remarked, "Do you take me for a d—d fool? Where are the proofs that part of your cargo is on English account?"

The papers, unfortunately, not having the Consular seal attached, were not considered proof, and the *Brilliant* and her cargo were in consequence seized by Semmes as a prize.

When Captain Hagar left the *Alabama* there were between forty and fifty of the crews of the different vessels she had destroyed still on board. They were confined below in irons, in the most miserable condition. They were where every drop of rain fell on them, and every sea that came aboard the vessel washed over them, and the poor fellows were in a terrible plight, having lost every thing, with the vessels they belonged to, the pirates permitting no baggage, except the very smallest quantity, to be brought away from the prizes before they were destroyed. They had the satisfaction of knowing, however, that it could not be long before they would be released; for Semmes could not afford to have his ship filled up with prisoners.

The plan that Semmes has adopted to bring fish to his net is as follows: It will be seen at a glance that the position he was last reported in was in the track of many vessels bound to and from Europe. This is the position he has chosen to do the greatest possible amount of destruction; and he certainly has been most successful. Whenever he captures a ship, after taking from her all that he and his officers want, he lays by her until dark, and then sets her on fire. The light of the burning ship can be seen many miles, and every other ship within seeing distance stands toward the light, thinking to rescue a number of poor fellows from destruction. The pirate keeps in the immediate vicinity awaiting the prey that is sure to come, and the next morning the poor fellows who have, to serve the cause of humanity, gone many miles out of their course, find themselves under the guns of the *Alabama*, with the certainty that before another twenty-four hours they will share the fate of the ship they came to serve.

This plan will enable him to destroy an immense amount of property without much cruising. He can lay in one position and gather the ships around him during the night ready for operations on the coming day for weeks to come; for it will be a long time before his depredations can be made known.

Again, he will be enabled to cruise for an indefinite length of time; for he uses no coal, depending upon his canvas entirely, which, it seems, is all-sufficient for his purpose. He carries stores for eight months, and can always replenish from the prizes he may take. He will be here to-day, there to-morrow, and will be certain to be found where no one is looking for him. Looking for him will be like "looking for a needle in a haystack," and with the majority of vessels we have cruising at the present time, should one of them be fortunate enough to see him, all we shall benefit thereby will be a look, and so it will continue to be until we have ships of greater speed than we now possess or expect soon to have.

THE BATTLE OF CORINTH.

ON pages 692 and 701 we give a large picture of the BATTLE OF CORINTH, fought on 4th October, from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. A. Simplot. The battle commenced on 3d, the rebels under Price and Van Dorn being the attacking party. That day they seem to have rather had the advantage. On the 4th the contest was renewed at daybreak. For some hours it was waged with indifferent success. At length the great effort was made which forms the subject of our picture. The *Tribune* correspondent describes it as follows:

For a time there were no demonstrations on the part of the enemy, and they remained altogether quiet in the angle of the woods near the railroad. Presently two lines were formed, one at right angles to the other—the one destined with its reserves to sweep over the railroad, through the abattis into the village—the other with its reserves to attack battery "Robinett," which was the key to the whole position. It once taken and held, Corinth was undeniably in rebel possession. The line destined for the occupation of the village came rapidly forward at a charge across the railroad, over the fallen timber, driving the Union line before them like chaff. All that grape and canister could do to impede their progress was attempted, but still their irresistible progress was not stayed. Batteries of light artillery played upon their front and left incessantly; their colors were thrice shot away; but they came still onward, nor halted until they reached the public square, and formed in line of battle directly in front of General Halleck's old head-quarters. Our line of battle was formed directly opposite, in the street leading past General Rosecrans's head-quarters.

The two armies advanced and engaged in a terrible hand-to-hand conflict, and for a time the destruction of the Union line seemed inevitable. Our army gradually yielded, and fell back until the enemy had nearly reached the Corinth House. Here General Rosecrans rode along the line, and in a few cheering words revived the drooping courage of the wearied soldiers. The enemy's reserve was at this time directly in range of the guns on the redoubts to the left, and huge shells began to drop in their midst, whose explosion in the solid masses began to create considerable confusion and loss of life. At the same time the order was given to "charge bayonets." At this command our brave soldiers sprang to their work with a will. They attacked vigorously, and soon the enemy were flying across the public square in wild confusion. The explosion of the fiery missiles from the two batteries added haste to their movements, and by the time they had reached the cover of the timber their retreat had become a rout.

By the time this line was driven back the other line with their reserves were well advanced in the direction of battery "Robinett."

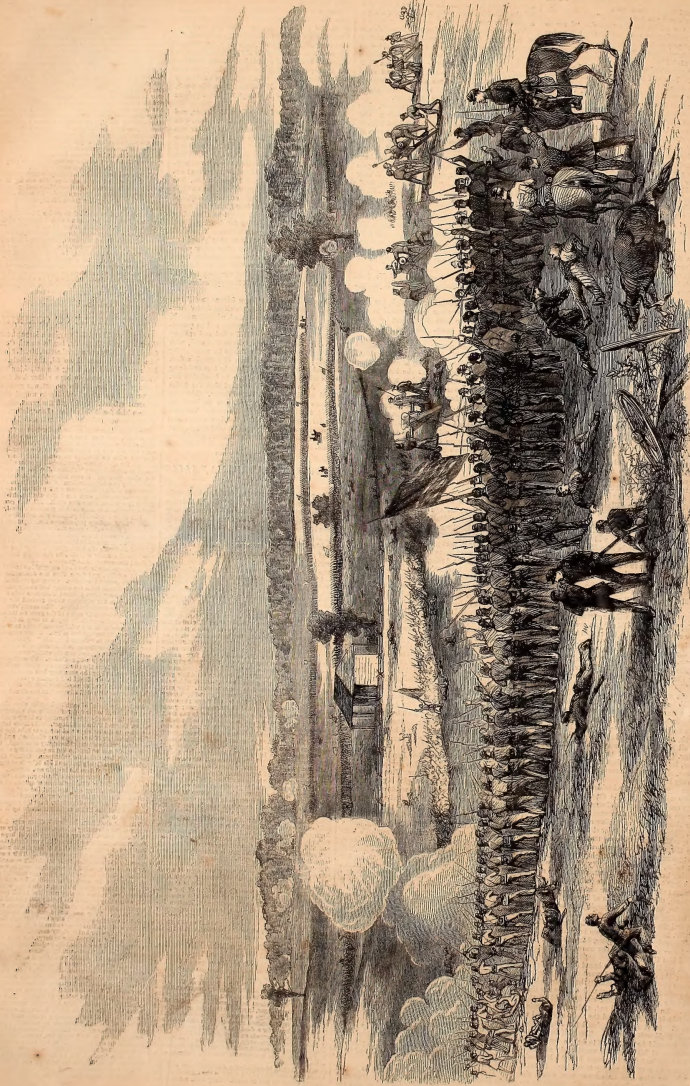
During the period of seeming inaction when the enemy had withdrawn to the cover of the timber, while preparing to make the two charges as recorded in the preceding narrative, General Price and his principal officers held a consultation to devise ways and means to take the battery. The importance of its capture was admitted, and the risk and danger of the attempt thoroughly canvassed. General Price would not undertake the responsibility of ordering the attack, but called for volunteers. Colonel Rogers of Arkansas immediately tendered his brigade as the forlorn hope, and Colonel Ross his brigade as a support.

They massed their troops eight deep, and advanced under a heavy fire of double charges of grape and canister. A terrible enfilading and flanking fire was poured upon them from every battery bearing in that direction, aided by incessant volleys of musketry from the supports of the batteries and the Union regiments drawn up in line parallel with them.

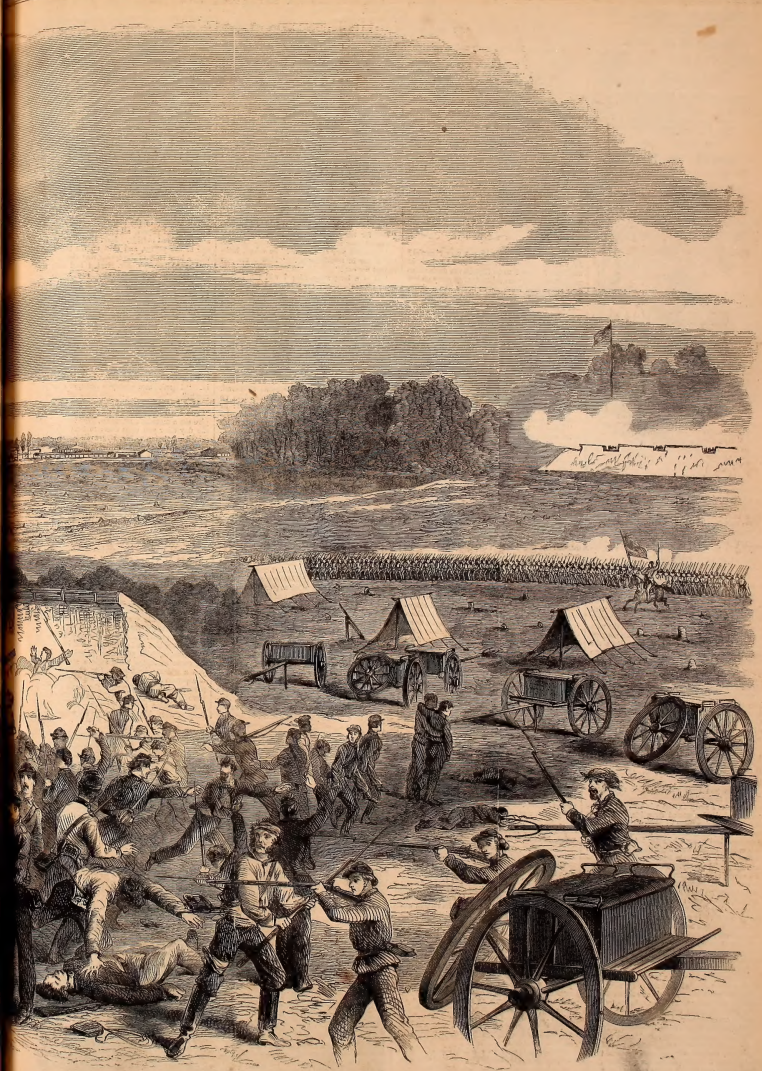
The first shell from Battery William exploded in the centre of the advancing column, sending thirty or forty to their long home. Every discharge caused huge gaps in their ranks. An eye-witness of that wonderful charge says that he can compare the effect of our fire to nothing but the falling of grain before the scythe. This tremendous mortality did not affect their irresistible onward march. As fast as one man fell his comrade stepped forward in his place. I doubt whether history has ever recorded a charge characterized by such determined valor and bravery. Twice did they approach almost to the outer works of the battery, and twice were they compelled to fall back. The third time they reached the battery and planted their flag upon the edge. It was shot down, raised again, and again shot down. They swarmed about the battery; they climbed over the parapets; they fired through the escarpments, and for a time it seemed as if they had secured the victory their valor had so richly earned.

When they obtained the battery, our men who were working it fell back behind the projecting earth-works, out of reach from our shells, and immediately all the batteries bearing upon the position were turned upon Battery Robinett, and soon a shower of missiles were falling like hail upon the brave intruders. No mortal man could stand the fire, and they retreated. Slowly the brave remnant turned their unwilling steps toward the forest from which they started, when the order was given to the two regiments supporting the battery to charge. This order was splendidly executed. The miserable remnant of troops whom the batteries had nearly destroyed was now almost annihilated. A few scattering troops were all that remained of the column which so valiantly attacked the battery scarcely an hour before. The dead bodies of rebels were piled up in and about the intrenchments, in some places eight and ten deep. In one place directly in front of the point of assault 216 dead bodies were found within a space of a hundred feet by four, among them the commanders of both brigades making the assault—Colonel Rogers and Colonel Ross.

This was the termination of the engagement.



THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE, KENTUCKY, FOUGHT OCTOBER 8, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 683.]



STANLEY'S DIVISION COMING UP TO THE SUPPORT.—Sketched by Mr. A. Simplot.—[See Page 690.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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By WILKIE COLLINS,

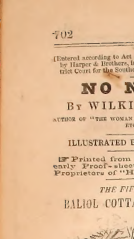
AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "HEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MCLENAN.

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THE FIFTH SCENE.

BALIOL COTTAGE, DUMFRIES.



TOWARD eleven o'clock on the morning of the 21st of November the breakfast-table at Baliol Cottage presented that essentially comfortless appearance which is caused by a meal in a state of transition—that is to say, by a meal prepared for two persons, which has been already partaken of by one, and which has not yet been approached by the other. It must be a hardy appetite which can contemplate without a momentary discouragement the battered egg-shell, the fish half stripped to a skeleton, the crumbs on the plate, and the dregs in the cup. There is surely a wise submission to those weaknesses in human nature which must be respected and not reproved, in the sympathizing quality with which servants in places of public refreshment clear away all signs of the contented past from the eyes of the customer in the present. Although his predecessor may have been the wife of his bosom or the child of his loins, no man can find himself confronted at table by the traces of a vanished eater without a passing sense of injury in connection with the idea of his own meal.

Some such impression as this found its way into the mind of Mr. Noel Vanstone when he entered the lonely breakfast-parlor at Baliol Cottage shortly after eleven o'clock. He looked at the table with a frown, and rang the bell with an expression of disgust.

"Clear away this mess!" he said, when the servant appeared. "Has your mistress gone?"

"Yes, sir—nearly an hour ago."

"Is Louisa down stairs?"

"Yes, Sir."

"When you have put the table right send Louisa up to me."

He walked away to the window. The momentary irritation passed from his face, but it left an expression there which remained under compression of pluming discontent. Personally, his marriage had altered him for the worse. His wizen little cheeks were beginning to shrink into hollows; his frail little figure had already contracted a slight stoop. The former delicacy of his complexion had gone—the sickly paleness of it was all that remained. His thin fiaxen moustaches were no longer pragmatically waxed and twisted into a curl: their weak feathery ends hung meekly pendent over the quivering corners of his mouth. If the ten or twelve weeks since his marriage had been counted by his looks, they might have recorded as ten or twelve years. He stood at the window mechanically picking leaves from a pot of basil placed in front of it, and dreamily humming the forlorn fragment of a tune.

The prospect from the window overlooked the course of the Nith, at the bend of the river a few miles from Dumfries. Here and there, through wintry gaps in the wooded bank, broad tracts of the level cultivated valley met the eye. Boats passed on the river and carts plodded along the high-road on their way to Dumfries. The sky was clear; the November sun shone as pleasantly as if the year had been younger by two good months; and the view, noted in Scotland for its bright and peaceful charms, was presented at the best which its wintry aspect could assume. If it had been hidden in mist or threatened with rain Mr. Noel Vanstone would, to all appearance, have found it as attractive as he found it now. He waited at the window until he heard Louisa's knock at the door—then turned back sullenly to the breakfast-table and told her to come in.

"Make you tea," he said, as if now nothing about it. I'm left here neglected. Nobody helps me."

The discreet Louisa silently and submissively obeyed.

"Did your mistress leave any message for me," he asked, "before she went away?"

"No message in particular, Sir. My mistress only said she should be out late if she visited Braygrave."

"Did she say nothing else?"

She told me, at the carriage-door, Sir, that she would most likely be back by the end of the week."

"Was she in good spirits at the carriage-door?"

"No, Sir. I thought my mistress seemed very anxious and uneasy. Is there any thing wrong, Sir?"

"I don't know. Wait a minute."

He proceeded discontentedly with his breakfast. Louisa waited resignedly at the door.

"I think your mistress has been in bad spirits lately," he resumed, with a sudden outbreak of petulance.

"My mistress has not been very cheerful, Sir."

"What do you mean by not very cheerful? Do you mean to prevaricate? Am I nobody in the house? Am I to be kept in the dark about every thing? Is your mistress to go away on her own affairs and leave me at home like a child, and am I not even to ask a question about her? Am I to be prevaricated with by a servant? I won't be prevaricated with! I repeat my question. What do you mean by not very cheerful?"

"I only meant that my mistress was not in good spirits, Sir."

"Why couldn't you say it then? Don't you know the value of words? The most dreadful consequences sometimes happen from not knowing the value of words. Did your mistress tell you she was going to London?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Did she tell you think when your mistress told you she was going to London? Did you think it odd she was going without me?"

"I did not presume to think it odd, Sir. Is there any thing more I can do for you, if you please, Sir?"

"What sort of a morning is it out? Is it warm? Is the sun on the garden?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Have you seen the sun yourself on the garden?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Get me my great-coat; I'll take a little turn. Where's the hair-brush? Ah, there it is—the nob brush it yourself? What do you mean by saying he has brushed it, when you didn't see him? Let me look at it. Humph! there's a speck of dust on the tails I'll turn the man off! Help me on with it."

Louisa helped him on with his coat, and gave him his hat. He went out irritably. The wind was a large one (it had belonged to his father); the hat was a large one (it was a misfit, purchased in a hurry by himself). The wind took the garden-walk. The path sloped gently from the back of the house to the river, which it followed, as was carried by a low wooden fence. After pacing backward and forward slowly for some little time, he stopped at the further extremity of the garden, and, leaning on the fence, looked down listlessly at the smooth flow of the river.

His thoughts still ran on the subject of his first painful experience in London. Even considering over the circumstances under which his wife had left the cottage that morning, and over the want of consideration toward himself implied in the manner of her departure. The longer he thought of his grievance the more he magnified the atrocity of the garden, and, leaning on the fence, looked down listlessly at the smooth flow of the river.

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Some such impression as this found its way into the mind of Mr. Noel Vanstone when he entered the lonely breakfast-parlor at Baliol Cottage shortly after eleven o'clock. He looked at the table with a frown, and rang the bell with an expression of disgust.

"Clear away this mess!" he said, when the servant appeared. "Has your mistress gone?"

"Yes, Sir—nearly an hour ago."

"Is Louisa down stairs?"

"Yes, Sir."

"When you have put the table right send Louisa up to me."

He walked away to the window. The momentary irritation passed from his face, but it left an expression there which remained under compression of pluming discontent. Personally, his marriage had altered him for the worse. His wizen little cheeks were beginning to shrink into hollows; his frail little figure had already contracted a slight stoop. The former delicacy of his complexion had gone—the sickly paleness of it was all that remained. His thin flaxen moustaches were no longer pragmatically waxed and twisted into a curl: their weak feathery ends hung meekly pendent over the quivering corners of his mouth. If the ten or twelve weeks since his marriage had been counted by his looks, they might have recorded as ten or twelve years. He stood at the window mechanically picking leaves from a pot of basil placed in front of it, and dreamily humming the forlorn fragment of a tune.

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The sigh was answered by a voice close at his side.

"You were happier with me, Sir," said the voice, in accents of tender reproach.

He looked up with a scream—literally with a scream—and confronted Mrs. Lecount.

Was it the specter of his wife, or the woman herself? Her hair was white; her face had fallen away; her eyes looked out large, bright, haggard over her hollow cheeks. She was withered and old. Her dress hung loose round her wasted figure; not a trace of its bygone sensual beauty remained. The quietly impenetrable resolution, the smoothly insinuating voice and manner were the only relics of the past which sickness and suffering had left in Mrs. Lecount.

"Compose yourself, Mr. Noel," she said, gently. "You have no cause to be alarmed at seeing me. Your servant, when I inquired, said you were in the garden, and I came here to find you. I have traced you out, Sir, with no resentment against yourself, with no other desire than to show you by so much as the shadow of a reproach, I came here on what has been, and is still, the business of my life—your service."

He recovered himself a little, but he was still incapable of speech. He held fast by the fence, and stared at her.

"Try to possess your mind, Sir, of what I say," proceeded Mrs. Lecount. "I have not come here as your enemy, but as your friend. I have been ill, and cruelly used by sickness; I have been cruelly used by distress. Nothing remains of me but my heart. My heart forgives you; my heart, in your sore need—Need which you have yet to feel—places me at your service. Take my arm, Mr. Noel. A little turn in the sun will help you to recover yourself."

She put his hand through her arm and marched him slowly up the garden-walk. Before she had been five minutes in his company she had resumed full possession of him in her own right.

"Now down again, Mr. Noel," she said "gently down again in this fine sunlight. I have much to say to you, Sir, which you never have much to say to me. Let me ask a little domestic question first. They told me at the house door Mrs. Noel Vanstone was gone away on a journey. Has she gone for long?"

Her master's hand trembled on her arm as she put that question. Instead of answering it he tried faintly to plead for himself. The first words that escaped him were prompted by his first returning sense—the sense that his housekeeper had taken him into custody. He tried to make his peace with Mrs. Lecount.

"I always meant to do something for you," he said, coaxingly. "You would have heard from me before long—upon my word and honor, Lecount, you would have heard from me before long!"

"I don't doubt it, Sir," replied Mrs. Lecount. "But for the present never mind about me. You and your interests first."

"How did you come here?" he asked, looking at her in astonishment. "How came you to find me out?"

"It is a long story, Sir; I will tell it on some other time. Let it be enough to say now that I have found you. Will Mrs. Noel be back again at the house to-day? A little louder, Sir; I can hardly hear you. So! so! Not back again till the end of the week! And where is she gone? To London, did you say? And what for? I am not inquisitive, Mr. Noel; I am asking serious questions under serious necessity. Why has your wife left you here, and gone to London by herself?"

They were down at the fence again as she made that last inquiry, and they waited, leaning against it, while Noel Vanstone quavered. Her reiterated assurances that she bore him no malice were producing their effect on him: he was beginning to recover himself. The old helpless habit of addressing all his complaints to his housekeeper was returning already with the repugnance of Mrs. Lecount—entertaining insidiously in company with that besetting anxiety to talk about his grievances which had got the better of him at the breakfast-table, and which had shown the wound inflicted on his vanity to his wife's mind.

"I can't answer for Mrs. Noel Vanstone," he said, spitefully. "Mrs. Noel Vanstone has not treated me with the consideration which is my due. She has taken my permission for granted, and she has only thought proper to tell me that the object of her journey is to see her friends in London. She went away this morning without bidding me good-by. She left me in a cool way, as if I was nobody; she treats me like a child. You may not believe it, Lecount; but I don't even know who her friends are. I am left quite in the dark; I am left to guess for myself what her friends in London are Sir, and aunt and aunt."

Mrs. Lecount privately considered the question by the help of her own knowledge obtained in London. She soon reached the obvious conclusion. After writing to her sister in the first instance, Magdalen had now in all probability followed the letter in person. There was little doubt that the friends she had gone to visit in London were her sister and Miss Garth.

"Not her uncle and aunt, Sir," resumed Mrs. Lecount, composedly. "A secret for your private ear! She has no uncle and aunt. Another little turn before I explain myself—another little turn to compose your spirits."

"IF YOU EVER LET HIM PAINT YOU LET HIM DIE."

She took him in custody once more, and marched him back toward the house.

"Mr. Noel!" she said, suddenly stopping in the middle of the walk—"do you know what was the worst mischief you ever did yourself in your life? I will tell you. That worse mischief was sending me to Zurich."

His hand began to tremble on her arm once more.

"I didn't do it!" he cried, piteously. "I was all Mr. Bygrave."

"You acknowledge, Sir, that Mr. Bygrave deceived me?" proceeded Mrs. Lecount. "I am glad to hear that. You will be all the readier to make the next discovery which is waiting for you—the discovery that Mr. Bygrave has deceived *you*. He is not here to slip through my fingers now, and I am not the dupe I was then, in this place that I was at Aldborough, thank God!"

She uttered that devout exclamation through her set teeth. All her hatred of Captain Wragge broke out of her lips in those few words.

"Oblige me, Sir, by holding one side of my traveling-bag," she resumed, "while I open it and take something out."

The interior of the bag disclosed a series of neatly-folded papers, all laid together in order, and numbered outside. Mrs. Lecount took out one of the papers, and shut up the bag again with a loud snap of the spring that closed it.

"At Aldborough, Mr. Noel, I had only my own opinion to support me," she remarked. "My own opinion was nothing against Miss Bygrave's youth and beauty, and Mr. Bygrave's ready wit. I could only hope to attack your infatuation with proofs, and at that time I had not got them. I have got them now! I am armed at all points with proofs; I bristle from head to foot with proofs: I break my forced silence, and speak with the eloquence of my proofs. Do you know this writing, Sir?"

He shrunk back from the paper which she offered to him.

"I don't understand this," he said, nervously. "I don't know what you want, or what you mean."

Mrs. Lecount forced the paper into his hand. "You shall know what I mean, Sir, if you will give me a moment's attention," she said. "On the day after you went away to St. Crux I obtained admission to Mr. Bygrave's house, and I had some talk in private with Mr. Bygrave's wife. Having already met with the means to convince you, which I had wanted to find for weeks and weeks past. I wrote you a letter to say so: I wrote to tell you that I would forfeit my place in your service, and my expectations from your generosity, if I did not prove to you when I came back from Switzerland that my own private suspicion of Miss Bygrave was the truth. I directed that letter to you at St. Crux, and forced it myself. Now, Mr. Noel, read the paper which I have forced into your hand. It is Anne Silvester's solemn affirmation that my letter came to St. Crux, and that he inclosed it to you, under cover to Mr. Bygrave, at your own request. Did Mr. Bygrave ever give you that letter? Don't agitate yourself, Sir! One word of reply will do—Yes? or No?"

He read the paper, and looked up at her with growing bewilderment and fear. She characteristically waited until he spoke. "No," he said, faintly; "I never got the letter."

"Proof print!" said Mrs. Lecount, taking the paper from him and putting it back in the bag. "One more, with your kind permission, before we come to things more serious still. I gave you a written description, Sir, at Aldborough, of a person not named, and I asked you to compare it with Miss Bygrave the next time you were in her company. After having first shown me the description Mr. Bygrave—it is useless to deny it now, Mr. Noel, your friend at North

Shingles is not here to help you!—after having free shown my nose to Mr. Bygrave, you made the comparison, and you found it fair in the the comparison, and you found it fair in the most important particular. There were two long ale noses placed close together on the left side of the neck, in my description of the unknown lady, and there were no little nodes at all when you looked at Miss Bygrave's neck. I am old enough to be your mother, Mr. Neot, if the question is not indelicate, may I ask what the present state of your knowledge is on the subject of your wife's neck?"

She looked at him with a merciless steadiness. He drew back a few steps, cowering under her eye.

"I can't say," he muttered; "I don't know. What do you mean by these questions? I never thought about the nodes or anything; I never looked. She wears her hair low—"

She has excellent reason to wear it low," remarked Mrs. Lecount, severely; "and she will hide her nodes as long as she can."

"Under these circumstances, Mr. Neot, you can not possibly suspect me of conspiring to deceive you, with the assist for my instrument. Go into the house, Sir, while I speak to this lady." The woman who dresses Mrs. Noel Vanstone's hair, moving and night, whether her mistress has a mark on the left side of the neck or not? Is that mark it?"

He walked a few steps toward the house without answering a word—then stopped, and looked back at Mrs. Lecount. His blinking eyes were ready, and his whole face had undergone a change composed. Mrs. Lecount advanced a little and joined him. She saw the change; but with all her experience of him she failed to interpret the true meaning of it.

"Are you in want of a pretense, Sir?" she asked. "Are you at a loss to account to your wife's maid for such a question as I wish you to put to her? Pretenses are trifles with me. I will do for persons in her station of life. Say I was cross-examining her in the legacy for Noel Vanstone, and that there is a question of her identity to settle before she can receive the money."

She pointed to the house. He paid no attention to the sign. His face grew paler and paler. Without another word, he began to walk and looked at her.

"Are you afraid?" asked Mrs. Lecount.

Those words roused him; those words lit a spark of the fire of manhood in him at last. He turned on her like a sheep at bay.

"I won't be questioned and cowered!" he broke out, trembling violently under the excitement of his own courage. "I won't be threatened and worried any longer! How did you find me out at this place? What do you mean by coming here with your hints and your nonsense? What have you got to say against my wife?"

Mrs. Lecount composedly opened the travelling-bag and took out her smelling-bottle, in case of emergency.

"You have spoken to me in plain words," she said. "In plain words, Sir, you shall have your answer. Are you too angry to listen?"

Her looks and tone, stamped with the mastery of herself, had their effect on him. He struggled desperately as he tried to steady it, his voice trembled when he answered her.

"Give me my answer," he said, "and give it at once."

"Your commands shall be obeyed, Sir, to the best," replied Mrs. Lecount. "I have come here with two objects. To open your eyes to your own situation; and to save your fortune, perhaps your life. Your situation is this: Miss Bygrave has married you, under a false character, to find a false name. Can you rouse your memory? Can you call to mind the words that a person who threatened you in Vauxhall Walk? That person—as certainly as I stand here—is now your wife."

He looked at her in breathless silence. His self-willing spirit; his eye to eye with the mystery. The suddenness of the disclosure had overwhelmed him at once and completely. It had stupefied him.

"My wife!" he repeated—almost into an imbecile laugh.

"Your wife!" reiterated Mrs. Lecount.

At the repetition of those two words the strain on his faculties relaxed. A thought dawned on him for the first time. He looked at her once more with a furtive alarm and he drew back hastily.

"Mad!" he said to himself, with a sudden remembrance of what his friend Mr. Bygrave had told him at Aldborough, sharpened by his own sense of haggard changes that he saw in her face.

He spoke in a whisper, but Mrs. Lecount heard him. She was not close at his side, but not at an instant. For the first time her self-possession failed her, and she caught him angrily by the arm.

"Will you put my madness to the proof, Sir?" she asked.

He shook off her hold; he began to gather courage again, in the unconscious security of his disbelief—courage to face the assertion which he resolved in forcing on him.

"Yes," he answered. "What must I do?"

"Do what I told you," said Mrs. Lecount. "Ask the maid that question about the nodes—now on the spot. And if she tells you the mark is there, do one thing more. Take me up into your wife's room, and there withdraw me in my presence with your own hands."

"What do you want with her wardrobe?" he asked.

"You shall know when you open it."

He left her. She had to himself, vacantly. "It's like a scene in a novel—it's like nothing in real life."

He went slowly into the house, and Mrs. Lecount waited for him in the garden.

After an hour's delay, the two ladies only he appeared again on the top of the flight of steps which led into the garden from the house. He held by the iron rail with one hand, while with the other he beckoned to Mrs. Lecount to join him on the steps.

"What does the maid say?" she asked, as she approached him. "Is the mark there?"

He nodded in silence. "Yes," he said; he had heard from the maid and produced a marked confirmation of the fact. The coming discovery had had its paralyzing hold on his mind. He moved mechanically; he looked and spoke like a man in a dream.

"Will you take my arm, Sir?"

He shook his head; and, preceding her along the passage, began to mount, led the way into his wife's room. When she joined him and closed the door, he stood passively waiting for his directions, without making any remark, without showing any external appearance of surprise. His face was almost as pale as Mrs. Lecount. Mrs. Lecount took them off for him. "Walk round to the other side of the bed," she said, in a cool, matter-of-fact tone. "It's like a scene in a novel—it's like nothing in real life."

She spoke to him as if he were a large dog, and the furniture was heavy and old-fashioned. But evidences of Magdalen's natural taste and refinement were scattered over the room in the artist embellishments that graced and enlivened the dreariest of lodgings. The perfume of flowers leaves hung fragrant on the cool air. Mrs. Lecount sniffed the perfume with a disparaging look, and threw the window up to the full height. "Pah!" she said, with a shudder of nervous disgust, "the smell of sweets is detestable!"

She seated herself near the window. The wardrobe stood against the wall opposite, and the bed was at the left hand of the door as you faced it. "Open the wardrobe, Mr. Noel," she said. "I don't go near it, I touch nothing in it myself. I keep my hands on my own hand, and put them on the bed. Take them away one by one, until I tell you to stop."

He obeyed her. "I'll do it as well as I can," he said. "My hands are cold, and my head feels half asleep."

The dresses to be removed were not many, for Magdalen had taken with her some of her best with her. After he had put two dresses on the bed he was obliged to search in the inner recesses of the wardrobe before he could find more. When he produced it, Mrs. Lecount made a sign to him to stop. The end was reached already—he felt sure of it—he could see it.

"Lay it out on the bed, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount, "and then look in the wardrobe again round the bottom of it. Lift up the outer flounce, and pass the inner one through your hands—search it all the way round. Search where there is a morsel of the stuff missing, step, and look at me."

He passed the flounce slowly through his fingers for a minute or more—then stopped and looked up. His face was sterile of color, his pocket book and opened it.

"Very well I have speak, Sir, is of serious consequence to you and to me," she said. "Distress with your closest attention. When the woman calling herself your wife came to you in the Vauxhall Walk, I knelt down behind the chair on which she was sitting and I cut a morsel of stuff from the back of her dress, without letting her me to know that dress if I ever saw it again. I have that morsel of stuff in my pocket-book, and absorbed in talking to you. The morsel of stuff has been kept in my pocket-book from that time to this. Look at the piece that is missing. Look at the gap in that dress which your own hands have just taken from your wife's wardrobe!"

She rose and handed him the fragment of stuff across the bed. He put it into the vacant space in the flounce, and said to Mrs. Lecount what she would let him.

"Does it fit, Sir?" asked Mrs. Lecount.

The dress dropped from his hands, and the deadly bluish pallor—which every doctor who attended him had noticed—began to threaten to dread—overspread his face slowly. Mrs. Lecount did not reckoned on such an answer to her question as he now saw in his cheeks. She hurried round to him, with the smelling-bottle in her hand. "Don't answer me!" she cried, and caught at her dress with the grasp of a drowning man. "Save me!" he gasped, in a hoarse, breathless voice. "Come away from this place—come nearer to the air." She raised him as she spoke, and led him across the room to the window. "Do you feel the chill pain again on your left side?" she asked, with the first signs of alarm that she had ever shown in her face. "Has any one else Cologne, any sal volatile in her pocket? Compose yourself by speaking—point to the place."

He pointed to a little triangular cupboard of old, worm-eaten walnut-wood, fixed high in a corner of the room. Mrs. Lecount tried the door—it was locked.

As she made that discovery she saw his head sink back gradually on the easy-chair in which he had placed him. "Speak—speak of the door in past years—" If you ever let him faint you let him die"—recurred to her memory as if it had been spoken the day before. She looked at the cupboard again. In a recess under it lay some old boots. She placed there apparently for purposes of packing. Without an instant's hesitation she snatched up a morsel of cord, tied one end fast round the knob of the cupboard-door, and seizing the other end in both hands, pulled it suddenly with the exertion of her whole strength. The rotten wood gave way, the cupboard-doors flew open, and a heap of little trifles poured out noisily on the floor. Without stopping to notice the broken china and glass at her feet, she looked into the dark recesses of the cupboard, and saw the gleam of two glass bottles. One was put away at the extreme back on the shelf; the other was a little in advance, almost hiding it. She snatched them both out at once, and took them, one in each hand, to the window, where she could read their labels in the clearer light.

She looked in her right hand was the first bottle she looked at. It was marked—*Sal volatile.* She instantly laid the other bottle aside on the table without looking at it. The other bottle lay there waiting its turn. It held a dark liquid, and it was labeled—Poison.

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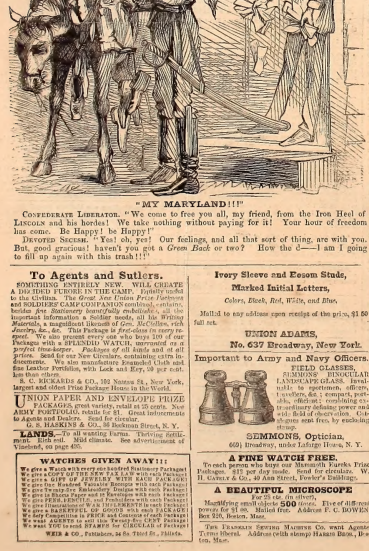
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for November, 1862.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VI.—No. 306.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3 00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE OHIO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

MAJOR-GENERAL ROSECRANS.

We devote the preceding page to a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM STARKE ROSECRANS, the new commander of the Army of the Ohio, and the hero of the Battle of Corinth.

General Rosecrans was born in Delaware County, Ohio, on 6th November, 1819. His family were of Dutch descent, though of the Roman Catholic faith. In the year 1837 he was appointed a cadet at West Point, and graduated among the highest in 1841. Entering the corps of engineers, he was successively employed in works of construction at Fortress Monroe; Wrayton, North Carolina; New Bedford, Massachusetts, etc., and served four years as Assistant Professor of Engineering at the Military Academy at West Point. In 1854 he left the army, and opened an office as civil engineer at Cincinnati. In 1855 he accepted the Presidency of the Coal Mining Company of Coal River, Kanawha Court House, Virginia; but a couple of years afterward resigned the position to commence, at Cincinnati, the manufacture of coal oil.

At the outbreak of the rebellion General Rosecrans was one of the first men whom General M'Clellan called to his aid. He accepted the post of aid to M'Clellan when the latter entered Western Virginia, and was soon afterward appointed Brigadier-General. In the short but brilliant campaign which cleared the rebels out of Western Virginia Rosecrans took a leading part, and when General M'Clellan was called to Washington he replace M'Dowell he was left in command. He prosecuted the campaign with masterly energy, falling, however, in his great object, which was to bag the "chief fiyer," through some mischance of General Beckham. For some time subsequently to this but little was heard of General Rosecrans. He turned up again at Corinth, and when the steamboat there was the first one attacked by the rebels under Van Dorn on 3d and 4th October, His victory has been thoroughly acknowledged by the rebels.

When the escape of Bragg rendered it incumbent on the President to replace General Buell by some more fortunate if not more energetic commander, General Rosecrans was the man selected by the command. The public have every hope that he will vindicate the wisdom of the choice.

We published a sketch of General Rosecrans a little more than a year ago. The writer remarked that among the papers which he examined in search of materials for his biography, he discovered a testimonial to "Mr. Rosecrans's high abilities, integrity, and energy," signed by Jefferson Davis, and dated 1854.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1862.

THE FIFTH ACT OF THE DRAMA.

THE events of this war repeat themselves with uniform regularity. We began the war with a pretty general contempt for our adversary, and a complacent self-assurance of an easy and easy triumph. That delusion was dispelled on 21st July on the field of Bull Run, and there the curtain fell on the first Act of the great Drama. From that ill-omened day till the close of the year 1861 the hand of fate was against us. We lost battles, and we lost territory, and we lost men. Our armies lay idle, seemingly through want of energy on the part of their leaders. People began to despond, and the great Spring flood which had been welded into an integral whole by the attack on Fort Sumter, began to exhibit symptoms of division into parties. The rebels began to boast of holding more territory than they had ever expected to inclose within their military energy. They had blockaded the Potomac, beleaguered Washington, menaced Cairo and Louisville. Our blockade of their ports had forced us by over three hundred miles. The prestige of victory was with them; and the official organ of Jeff Davis's Government at Richmond readers the last independence of the South had been actually achieved, and that henceforth the contest was merely for boundaries. Such was the condition of affairs at New Year 1862; and here we may say the second Act of the Drama ended.

The third Act began with the fulfillment of M'Clellan's famous promise that "when the storm does begin, it will ingulf them along the whole line." It began on the battle-field of Somerset in Kentucky, where, on 19th January, the first great victory won by the war was achieved. The news had scarcely been received in New York before the telegraph flashed the welcome intelligence of the reoccupation of Romney, two days after the fall of Fort Henry. Burnside wrested the island of Roanoke from the rebels, and then achieved the conquest of Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, and of the whole seaboard of North Carolina. On 10th, General Grant moved upon the enemy's works at Fort Donelson and captured that strong-hold with many thousands of prisoners. The fall of Forts Henry and Donelson compelled the rebels to evacuate their two strong-holds in the West, Columbus and Bowling Green. On 1st March the forces of war abandoned, and on 12th General Mitchell commenced his glorious career by entering the latter. Meanwhile, on 8th March, Curtis with Sigel had enrolled their names in the book of fame, by defeating the enemy under M'Intosh, Price, and Van Dorn at Pea Ridge, in Arkansas. On 11th, the Army of the Potomac moved: Banks occupied Winchester, and M'Clellan obliged the rebels to evacuate Manassas without firing a gun. The two last weeks of March witnessed the capture of Newbern and Beaufort, North Carolina, by Burnside; of Florence, Alabama, and Iuka, Mississippi, by Mitchell; and of the whole coast of Florida, by Commodore Dupont. April began on the 1st, by Pope, on Island No. 10 surrendered to General Pope; on 6th, Commodore Farragut and General Butler took New Orleans—the most important blow of the war. On the same day, General M'Clellan commenced his parallels against Yorktown. On the same day, by Burnside's, of Florence, Alabama, and Iuka, Mississippi, by Mitchell; and of the whole coast of Florida, by Commodore Dupont. April began on the 1st, by Pope, on Island No. 10 surrendered to General Pope; on 6th, Commodore Farragut and General Butler took New Orleans—the most important blow of the war. On the same day, General M'Clellan commenced his parallels against Yorktown. On the same day, by Burnside's capture of Roanoke, at Pittsburg Landing, by far the most bloody of the war, terminated in the victory of the North. The forces, and destroyed General Beauregard's army. On 11th, General Mitchell took, Huntsville, Alabama—thus securing the whole main of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad; and on the same day Fort Pulaski, Georgia, surrendered to General Gilmore.

The next event of importance was the evacuation of Yorktown, on May 4th; and the battle of Williamsburg, in which a portion of M'Clellan's army won a victory on 5th. Then followed in quick succession the battles of Hanover Court House, West Point, and Fair Oaks, and the victories for the North on the 30th May the evacuation of Corinth. This, together with the naval victory of Commodore Foote on 6th June, accomplished the surrender of Memphis on 7th. On 18th June, General Morgan occupied Cumberland Gap. This events appears to us to have closed the third Act of the Drama. For five months our successes had been uninterrupted and substantial. The rebels had concentrated into our old self-confidence, and falling into the errors which this feeling naturally engenders. Enlistments were stopped and the process of reorganizing our armies and regiments even proposed. Politicians were again beginning to discount the future, which they regarded as secured, and to quarrel over the distribution of the honors which seemed so securely won. There was a general relaxation of the energies which had enabled us to win victories. Add to this that the season precluded the operations of our gunboats on the rivers of the South, and we see that the succeeding events will seem less unintelligible than they would otherwise appear.

The fourth Act of the Drama commenced with the operations of Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley, which, though depressing to the Northern mind, were insignificant. The battles of the seven days before Richmond, ending July 1, were far more important. However highly we may prise the skill of the rebel leaders and the bravery of his troops, it can not be denied that the substantial fruits of victory on this occasion were with the rebels. Our army was driven in shattered condition to the banks of the James River, and the siege of Richmond was raised. The enemy raised the hopes of the rebels once more. Their conscript Act was enforced with rigor, and their armies throughout the Confederacy strengthened. An aggressive spirit was displayed. Bragg moved northward from Chattanooga, Lee from Richmond, Hindman from Little Rock, Arkansas, while Beauregard and Van Dorn undertook successfully to prevent the reopening of the Mississippi. We failed to take Vicksburg, and were forced to evacuate Baton Rouge. Pope, with a handful of men, strove bravely, but of course ineffectually, to resist the overwhelming advance of Lee upon Washington; the last week of August was almost as disastrous to us as the last week of June. Buell, choosing rather to circumvent Bragg than fight him, operated so as to protect Nashville and Louisville, and succeeded; but he could not prevent the fall of Richmond, Kentucky, the abandonment of Cumberland Gap, the capture of Frankfort and Lexington, and the occupation by the rebels of the whole State of Kentucky, except a few small corners of Tennessee; but rendered the navigation of the Mississippi as dangerous as it ever was. They forced Buell into Louisville, they were dispirited by defeat. Their papers reported, to use their own words, "a succession of triumphs and successes which have again raised the South to the North.

The fifth, and, we hope, the last Act of the Drama, commenced on September 14, when General M'Clellan defeated the rebels at South Mountain under Lee. On 17th he fought them again at Antietam, and drove them out of Maryland. On the same day Kirby Smith's army began to fall back from Florence, Kentucky, abandoning the enterprise against Cincinnati in despair. On 25th, Buell arrived at Louisville, and Bragg began to fall back. On 30th, the new General Rosecrans utterly defeated the rebels at Corinth, as acknowledged at Richmond, paralyzing the armies of Van Dorn and Breckinridge. • On the same day we took Galveston, Texas. On 8th, the battle of Perryville was fought, which, though perhaps not a Union victory, still compelled Bragg to fly rapidly toward the Cumberland mountains, losing the whole fruit of his expedition. On 22d, the rebel army in Arkansas was defeated and scattered at a second battle of Cane Hill. On 23d, General Mitchell attacked the Savannah and Charleston Railroad. On 26th, the Army of the Potomac crossed into Virginia to renew the campaign. On the same day the Army of the Ohio, under instructions from its new commander, General Rosecrans, marched southward toward Tennessee. Events indicate that the tide of fortune has turned once more, and that when the curtain falls on the fifth Act the fate of art will be fulfilled by the denouement of the drama. This hope is encouraged by the fact that our armies are far stronger than they ever were, and that they receiving fresh accessions of strength; that they are perfectly armed and equipped, and that their officers have at length learned how to handle them; and that in the course of a few days we shall have a fleet of *Monitors* afloat for the reduction of Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile. It is further confirmed by the fact that though during what we have termed the second and fourth Acts of the Drama, successes with the rebels, we lost no important strategic point which we had previously won. Though they seemed to win battle after battle, and were to bear of nothing but reverses, we continued to hold Nashville, Memphis, New Orleans, Corinth, Norfolk, Beaufort, Port Royal, Pensacola, St. Augustine, and to control the Mississippi River, with the exception of a few miles above and below Vicksburg. The difference between them and us appears to be that their triumphs are barren of practical results, while ours have almost invariably resulted in new substantial advantages in point of territory, strategic points, or influential towns.

We have been so often disappointed that it seems rash to risk any more predictions. But if we gain as much in this fifth Act as we did in the third, there will be very little left of the Confederacy by next spring.

THE LOUNGER.

A JOKER UPON THE WAR.

MR. JOHN V. DE BOW is an unseasonable jester. The airy way in which he acts = "Ho, for Fort Lafayette!" shows simply his consciousness of what the Government has done to conciliate him. The Government which he accuses of suppressing free speech does not punish him for uttering a single sentence of his treason. It only declines to imprison the rebel sympathizer, except as indicating the views and policy of others. There was a time when he was the most popular orator of the principles against which the insurrection of the South. There was a time when he was the leader of the party of the future. That future has arrived. That party, with men of all parties and of no party, to the fundamental principle of the Government, is valorously fighting for the existence of the nation, and its old champion stands by with folded arms, the leering and laughing, jesting cheerfully, amidst peals of applause which self-Democrats always excite that excellent but tedious joke, the bloody destruction of the Government of the United States by the mad rage of the people for the sake of the hereafter.

Mr. Seymour himself is too sagacious to unroll his programme. But his friend, the jester, is less wise. The whole story of the desperate effort of the Copperhead Democratic party to secure the control of its legs is told in a few sentences by Mr. Van Buren. "Let us take Missouri," he says to his audience, "and we ask our erring brethren what they want; if we can't agree, let us say," Way-ward sisters, depart in peace!"

"Here's richness!" cried Mr. Squeers, as he sipped the sky-blue skim-milk with which Mrs. Squeers was not all cry as we contemplate this patent Sherman's logorea warranted to cure every thing in one dose? But the joke is serious. If Mr. Van Buren had really enlisted for the war, we could understand that he burned to fight it, and could only wait until he had fretted his doughblade. But as he did not go, and the only war he wages is against the army of his fellow-citizens, why should he send thousands and thousands of citizens, quite as valuable to the country as he, to be slaughtered, mutilated, and maimed in battle? Indeed, when by his own statement it is all to be in vain? If the Government is to surrender to the rebellion, why not surrender before another life is lost? If Mr. Van Buren and the friends for whom he jests are so anxious to let "our erring brethren" do exactly what they choose when they constitutionally control the Government, why when they constitutionally lose control of it, then another is and the country, and all the rights of every man and woman, will be given up to the rebellion? What connection is there between all this and Habeas Corpus? The jester is a little too free. For if he is willing to let them have all they wish when Richmond is taken, he simply gives his consent to the murder of all his fellow-citizens who may be slain in taking it. He may have sons or brothers in the war for all we know; but if he has not there is scarce a true-hearted family in the land but has sent its brave and cherished youth and they may be pardoned if they prefer that, if the wayward sisters are to depart in peace, they may be allowed to depart in peace, without the mercy they have already caused.

Here are our streets and the whole country filled with wounded and maimed soldiers, heroic monuments of the national valor. Thousands sleep in the foul soil of Virginia, slain in battle or dying of slurp torture and lingering disease. But hobbling, pular skips in and capers upon their graves, and shaking his bells, cries = "Pooh, pooh! if a lady's wife wants to leave him, she can make him might comfortable, and he need never let him go!" Let her go? yes, and pack her trunk too."

This is the spy view of our treasonable struggle for the perpetuity of civil order to which Mr. Van Buren invites the fathers and brothers and friends of our soldiers to listen. The Democratic party vote for Horatio Seymour. To be sure a few thousands more, including widows, too, may be killed, but as soon as they are safely dead we'll vote for all up! If that is what you want, don't fail to vote for Seymour. If you think that the best thing to do at this the people of the State of New York should express a preference for Mr. Van Buren's friend who makes the war a joke, by all means vote for Seymour. But if you earnestly mean crushing the rebellion by the blessing of the Wadsworth, who means it just as earnestly as you.

"OUR OWN."

THE NEW YORK correspondent of the *London Times* is humbled without illness in a recent number of the London journal. On the 29th he writes these letters had declared, after the retreat of Pope: "Brag, bold, brazen, unblushing, unconquered and unabashed, the rebel army, as strives to keep up the spirits of the people... Be that as it may, in one word, it is not permitted to the newspapers of New York to promulgate the fact, but it is known in almost every circle, and it is not the wish of the rebels that we, the never since the disruption of the Union were the fortunes of the North at a lower ebb than at this moment."

The *Daily News* quotes from New York papers of a date later than that on which this letter, however, perfect appreciation of the position of affairs, will be published, to disguise its absurdity. But our readers think of a gentleman who is capable of sending home, to be read by tens of thousands of his countrymen, a letter which could in such situation to the facts as we see here? What but this? They get a letter home for the purpose of misleading them that of enlightening the mind of England. And it is of such material that public opinion is made.

"It is supposed to be for the advantage if the public that the accredited correspondent of a news paper should be known by name." This is what newspapers, however, lately contained a letter in which Dr. Charles Mackay, LL.D., describes, announced himself as the correspondent of our contemporary in that capital. Some of our readers who remember Dr. Mackay's poem of "The Good Iris Coming' may be surprised to find him working in the capacity of a slave-owning, slavery-at, by his own touching words, 'the great cause of Human Progress has required, at every period of the world, the sacrifice of the blood of martyrs." Could it have been the rise of the Slave Power to the making of when, sixteen years ago, he sang joyously,

> There's a flame about to stream,
> There's a light about to beam,
> There's a warmth about to glow,
> There's a flower about to blow.

"No, for the word was then,

> Onward while a wrong remains
> To be conquered by the Right;
> While an inch of land remains
> Or a serpent graves the heart,
> Or a slave pines for his freedom,
> Action is the wise man's part.

"Then, too, it would have seemed—as we gather from the context—still in the contemplation to use of seeds of hatred and strife between the nations, at the worst errors of that kind were things to be repented of.

> Once we thought it right to feel
> Love between our people's zeal;
> Right to hate another nation
> Formed from a single stock;
> Old opinions! ages and nations!
> Not now, not now, good sirs!

"Dr. Mackay has told us that in writing not poetry as this he was much encouraged by employing and appreciative audience. He is of the Antichrist. But sixteen years bring reflection and experience. These verses were the spontaneous utterance. Their author, then, Dr. Mackay has been to the land of slavery, and having studied the fact with the calm and philosophic temper of New Orleans men with faces as white as his own bought and sold as slaves—he has become convinced to the cause of the South."

RIGHTS AND GUARANTEES.

"IF it is not the duty of the Government," [if] slavery must be abolished to save this Union, for the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw peacefully from the Union, inasmuch as they not give them the protection guaranteed by the terms."

But if the protection of slavery is guaranteed by the terms of the Constitution, it is on the ground that slaves are property. Consequently if fugitives held to service under the laws of one State escape into another, the latter is bound, says Mr. Seymour nor any other American advocate of human slavery will contend that the property of a right claiming to own slaves in a State is merely presly guaranteed than the protection of the right of the same man to his life. If, then, his life of the Constitutional protection of the constitution when it conflicts with the supremacy of the Government, it clearly forfeits the other in the same case, unless his right to his slave be more sacred than that to his life.

The utter absurdity of Mr. Seymour's argument therefore, becomes at once evident, upon what

ing the one right for the other. His proposition would deny and thus: "If it is true that the west has taken to save this Union, then the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that Government which can not protect them in the protection guaranteed by its terms."

BRETHREN.

The meetings and speeches of the gentlemen whom Mr. Daniel S. Dickinson, a tolerable democratic authority, declares to have been "the leading men, office-seekers, and camp-followers of the old Democratic party—men who have managed it for years and for a time live in the subalurces of the party and attached to its commissariat—have been the source of no small satisfaction to the rebels that no human man can doubt that every vote for Mr. Seymour, the candidate of those meetings, will be hailed with true delight by the same "erring brethren."

Mr. John Van Buren, as we have elsewhere said, has been the speaker of chief importance, because he has spoken explicitly. Mr. Seymour has always been loud lasently to generalities, some safe, some not so safe, as he will find. Upon receipt of the speeches of the rebel journals burst into a chorus of delight. The letter of General Scott, which was read by Mr. Van Buren, and was aimed in the strain of intense opposition to the government and the war, in the opinion of the Richmond *Dispatch*, "exalts General Scott in the eyes of the abyss into which he has been dragged by Seymour." Mr. Van Buren meant to give the rebels the aid and comfort of knowing that a large and active section of the union party, wanted to let them go. He has succeeded. He has affected the enemy as much as this country. They break into vehement applause.

The *Dispatch* declares that it appreciates "the superior sincerity and magnanimity of Mr. Van Buren and his friends to the Black Republicans," and says that it agrees with him that the Southern people would not end the war, and therefore does not see why its friend Van Buren suggests talking it.

Meanwhile, will any candidate accept the disfranchise of sentiment between the following from the Richmond *Whig* and the speech of Mr. Van Buren, the spokesman of Horatio Seymour?

"Nor, after the sacrifices which the South has made at Northern bands," says the *Whig*, "will she ever, she ever consent, of her own free-will, to live under the same government with them."

Mr. John Van Buren, speaking for Mr. Seymour, says: "And if they won't consent, then I know but I am in favor of so amending the Constitution as to let them go, saying to them, in the language of the gallant Scott, 'Wayward sisters, depart in peace!'"

If there is any practical difference between Seymour and Van Buren accepted by the Richmond Secessionists, as set forth by the Richmond *Whig*, it can only be discerned by eyes sharp enough to see the decency of reading without authority a pirate letter to a public meeting.

THE FRUIT OF THE OLIVE.

WHEN Mr. Seymour says that the Union may also if it can not be saved without abolishing slavery, and when his followers echo, "Let it go, let the wayward sisters go!" is it because they are really willing the Union should be dissolved and the Government destroyed forever? Are they really insensible to the achievement of the Fast and the Rise of the States? Do they seriously suppose that a Government like this, a nation like this, with the vast complex system of society that depends upon it, and the enormous interests that are involved by its destruction, can be broken up by an easy vote of the South and a light response of the North? Do they something behind? Their war policy is pure. But what do they mean by peace?

Seymour and his party should plainly. Suppose there should be an armistice, a negotiation, and a separation. Then, what? Do they suppose that a political unit upon slavery; and, as an independent power, slavery would be its fundamental law. Mr. Stephens declared. But if the existence of slavery as union among these States is a vital and prime necessity, what would happen at the North? Does Seymour and his friends would insist upon that necessity. Having insisted upon dissolution for peace, by would continue for union for peace? Or, separation from the war would, under the supposition, have brought them into power. The politics of the North would be simply reconstructed upon the question of slavery. But reconstruction would be impossible by any movement to slavery in the Southern States. By the pressure of obvious considerations that movement might be obtained by a majority vote. Then the Union would be reduced to the very situation which would not refuse to admit the doctrine which Jefferson Davis declared that no secession should not admit—the doctrine of property in man.

Nothing but a practical despotism could keep the country quiet under such a Constitution. But the people have been ruled out, and after a brief confederate lull another rebellion would inevitably break out. The political predominance of the slave power would come into irresistible force with the full rights of free labor. Troubles, disaster, blood must follow. We should be entirely Mexicanized, and either heave in tumultuous revolution itself or sink into abject despotism.

Meanwhile, as Mr. Seymour says a white handkerchief to the enemies of his country begging them to be considered, and while this is a plain picture of the results of Seymourism or disheartable peace, it is refreshing to read the clear sentences of Mr. Seward's letter to the West New Jersey Deptist Association:

"You may further rest assured that the President is looking for a restoration of peace on no other basis than that of the unconditional acquiescence by the people of all the States in the Constitutional authority of the National Government.

"Whatever policy will lead to that result will be pursued; whatever interest shall stand in the way of it will be disregarded."

SECESSION SYMPATHY.

MR. SEYMOUR and his friends prefer not to be called sympathizers with the rebellion. They declare that it is a slander to call them so. Now that many persons do make vote for him who really do not wish the Union dissolved is very true. But it will be merely because they do not know the real position. Should any candid man, who expects to vote for Mr. Seymour because he can not see that he sympathizes with the purpose of the rebellion, happen to see this paragraph, let him reflect upon the following facts and then ask himself whether Mr. Seymour and those of the Richmond *Examiner*.

The *Examiner* says: "As the war originated, and is carried on under the false and fatal doctrine of the slaveholder in his property, *rights, and the perpetuation of his institutions*, it is inadmissible to suppose that he ought to to first and foremost in aiding and assisting, by every means in his power, the triumph and perpetuation of his foes."

Horatio Seymour says: "It is a fatal thing that every man who believes that the Union, then the *people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that Government* which can not give to them the protection guaranteed by its terms."

The war, says the *Examiner*, is made to save slavery. If we can not save it, we will vote for Mr. Seymour, without hurting slavery, we ought to give it up.

Every man who vote for Mr. Seymour you vote for this doctrine and all its consequences.

AN INSTRUCTIVE FACT.

IT is an instructive fact that all the newspapers in this City and State which were presented by the Grand Jury as public nuisances because of their sympathy—which were in danger of suppression by the authorities for aiding the rebellion—which were denounced by the indignant people by whose some outward sign of loyalty and obedience to the best Government on earth—are establishing the same press which have continued in every way to paralyze the hand of the authorities in striking the rebellion to its very heart, and are the most unqualified partisans of Mr. Seymour and the most malignant defamers of Abraham Lincoln. All these papers are for a vigorous submission of the Government to the rebels. Were their power equal to their will, they would throw down the weapons of the North at the feet of the rebellion, like a lump of dough, to be moulded into the form that best suits Davis, Wigfall, Toombs, and Shield.

A BLUNDER AND A TRICK.

IT is a favorite device of lawyers, when they see that they hold a hopelessly losing hand, to throw up the cards and cry out that there is cheating. Both are generally transparent tricks in the dodge of the political gamblers who are executing their desire in advance, and confessing that there is danger of violence at the polls.

Violence from whom, pleas? Violence for what, pray? That the people of New Hampshire in unprecedented majority simply because he represents the Union cause and the support of the Administration, and because he has been elected by votes from any party reason whatever. There is not a shade of sympathy with the rebellion in their vote: such men are good-natured. They will insist upon protection to themselves that the full glory of the victory may appear.

Who then is to show violence? Is it the meek and lowly Jew Democrat who is said to be oppressed? Is it the representatives of the Subterranean who have blown? Is it the Copperhead that dreads a fight? Is it the Coal Hole that trembles? When has there ever been any kind, or hint, or suspicion of serious violence at the polls except in fact and sprung from these very genius in whose interest it is now announced that there may be trouble at the polls?

The trick is pleasant but transparent. It is not violence which is feared at the polls, but intensity. It is not the sound of blows, but of bullets, which is to be fearful in anticipation. In a word, the destruction of parties in the country is a natural and complete that the political shysters who have held on as merely to the skirts of a speedy party platform, even when to do so was to give the most open comfort to the rebellion, are now in mortal terror lest those parties should be destroyed by not existing about for any excuse to avoid the annihilation which is their inevitable fate.

Old party issues are gone, and old party names will follow. The organization of such continues, and should continue, for it is a necessary machinery that can be transferred much more easily than reconstructed. While the party of the rebellion will be the only grounds upon which parties are possible. By inevitable laws they will be but two: the party of unconditional Union and the party of conditional, support of the Government. When the war is over there will be a popular reconstruction of parties upon grounds which may be surmised, but which are not yet reached. The nominations of the Democratic party are mere enormous political blunder ever committed in this State. It is to evade the proof of that enormity at on polls that the cry is raised of violence at the election.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

BANKER.—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other.

The young lady who promises one gentleman and marries another hasn't "the right ring" about her.

A queer old gentleman being asked what he wished for dinner, replied, "An appetite, good company, something to eat, and a napkin."

Jenny says he loves two charming girls—Jenny Reality and Ann Ticipation.

A good-natured man will do, but "never says do."

NOW AN UNCOMMON INCIDENT.—The lady and gentleman who lately fell in love have fallen out.

ADVICE TO THE UNCLEANLY.—Go to Bath.

A woman offering to sign a deed, the judge asked her whether her husband compelled her to sign? "*He* compel me? and the lady: "no, not very likely, him."

"My affairs tend downward," as the oyster said when about to be swallowed.

A lady well advanced in middlehood at her marriage responded that she was "single for convenience."

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

A gentleman from Boston chanced to find himself among a little party of ladies, away down East, this summer, in the enjoyment of some innocent social play. He carelessly placed his arm about the slender waist of as pretty a damsel as Maine can boast, when she started and exclaimed, "Bogens, Sir! don't insult me!" The gentleman instantly apologized for the unwitting rudeness, and assured the half-offended fair one that he did not mean to insult her. "Oh!" she replied, "if you didn't insult, you may do it again."

A soldier glared on his sign the following parody on Goldsmith's familiar lines. "When lovely woman stoops to folly"

"When lovely woman tilts her saucer,
And finds how true that tea will stain,
What ever needs she will not smear
With napkin, but will shirk again?
The only art she uses
To hide the spot from every—
And wear an unsoiled dress where best
Nobody sees it—is to lie."

A man with a nodding wife, when inquired if suspecting his occupation, said he kept a hot house.

Why is the letter A like a pig's tail? Because it is the end of pork.

If a clock were to speak to a parson, what would it say? Pull I tick.

It was said of a rich miser that he died of great weakness of the vital organs.

The friendship of some people is like our shadow, keeping close while we are walking in the sunshine, but disappearing when we are in the shade.

Why does an engraver suffer less in drowning than other people? Because he is used to dic-trating.

The difference between a carriage-wheel and a carriage-horse: One the goes best when it is tired, and the other doesn't.

We could count every day of stirring action with an evening of thought. It were nothing from our experience unless we mane upon it.

Rank and fashion may be all very fine in time of peace, but in time of war we have precedence of them in the line of war.

Authors do not always shine in conversation; although they possess in gold they frequently have not its small change.

SPOTTING WRITERS.—A pawnbroker's customers.

To terminate a lawsuit speedily is the next best thing to never having commenced it.

A wag has truly said, that if some men could come out of debt as easily as they can into insolvency on their conscience, they would think they had got into the wrong box.

A BO'SAN'S MATE.—His wife.

Cream may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel, and then putting the whole in an old bachelor's cold heart.

Can a person speak the truth when he *lies in bed*?

DEBUT FROM BEDLAM.—When he a man most like a bird?—When he's a raven.

WHEN is a tooth equal to four roods of land?—When it's a grave-stone.

STARTLING PARADOX.—However rich a man may be, by giving away a couple of half-pence, he becomes penny-less.

What is taken from you before you get it?—Your portrait.

What is that which works when it plays, and plays when it works?—A mill.

REMEDY FOR DEFECTIVE SIGHT.—Eyes in glass.

THE BEST WAY OF PRESERVING MEAT.—Invite none but vegetarians to dine with you.

"TOO much of a good thing," as the kitten said when she found herself in the milk-pail.

WHAT word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it?—Quick.

A good many men are in the best health when they are the least in body.

"I'll put that in my trunk," as the elephant observed to the orange.

A public writer thinks that much might be gained if every one would observe the editor's maxim—Always to shut the gate when the print is out.

WHAT is that which is ever before us, can never be seen, and yet is the object of every day? To-morrow.

Little girls believe in a man in the moon; young ladies in your beau, and you in nothing.

"WHAT is the best attitude for self-defence?" asked a pupil of a well-known pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the reply.

What is that which makes all women equally pretty? Putting the candle out.

The chastities of a good many rich people seem altogether unforgiveable.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADVANCE OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN moved his head-quarters on 27th to the Virginia side of the Potomac. At daylight on 28th General Pleasanton's cavalry crossed the river at Berlin and pushed on to Lovettsville, in the direction of Leesburg, which point he occupied by noon—occupied it immediately. General Burnside followed with his corps, and by the evening of the 28th was at Berlin. The army began to move across the river on Monday morning, and by Tuesday was quiet. General Pleasanton was said to be within a few hours' march of the rebel Longstreet's forces.

ANOTHER BATTLE AT PEA RIDGE.

The following dispatch has been published:

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, Oct. 16, 1862.

Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

Our arms can entirely successful again in Northwest Arkansas.

General Schofield, finding that the enemy had camped at Pea Ridge, sent General Blunt with the First Division and cavalry, and moved toward Huntsville with the rest of his command.

General Blunt, by making a hard night's march, reached and attacked the rebel force at Maysville, near the northwest corner of Arkansas, at daylight on the morning of the 22d inst.

The enemy were estimated at from five to seven thousand strong.

The engagement lasted about an hour, and resulted in the complete rout of the enemy, with the loss of all his artillery—a battery of 6-pounders—a large number of horses, with equipments, and the destruction of his entire wagon-train.

Our cavalry and light howitzers were still in pursuit of their scattered forces when the messenger left.

The loss is small.

General Schofield pursued General Hindman beyond Huntsville, driving him out upon the Arkansas River, ultimately the enemy crossed the Boston Mountains.

All the organized forces of the enemy have thus been driven back to the South of the Arkansas River and the Army of the Frontier has effectually and completely accomplished its mission.

S. R. CURTIS, Major-General Commanding.

THE RAILWAY IN KENTUCKY.

The Richmond papers admit the complete failure of Gen. and Bragg to accomplish any thing in Kentucky. The Bragg says that his army has been "compelled to subsist on the country," and the Enquirer notices the utter defeat of two of their generals—Van Dorn and Price—in Mississippi by Rosecrans—as unchecked.

BATTLE NEAR CHARLESTON.

The Richmond *Dispatch* has an official report from General Beauregard, announcing an attack upon the Union troops on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad at Coosawhatchie on Wednesday last. The rebels were repulsed after a brief contest. The enemy, he says, had come in thirteen transports, and left in five. Four hundred Federals are acknowledged as "skedaddlesome" left their dead and wounded on the field.

BATTLE AT WATERVILLY.

The Richmond *Enquirer* has a letter from Knoxville, in Tennessee, dated the 8th, which says that a rebel force 800 strong attacked a party of Federal cavalry at Watervilly, on the Cumberland Mountains, thirty miles southwest of Fort Donelson. After a severe fight of two hours, though greatly outnumbering the Federals, they made the enemy, killing twenty-four and capturing twenty-three prisoners.

GALVESTON TAKEN.

The city of Galveston, Texas, has been evacuated by the rebels, and was occupied by our troops on the 9th instant.

CONDITION OF THE REBEL ARMY.

General Longstreet, of North Carolina, has a pathetic appeal to the generosity of the people to assist in clothing the destitute soldiers of the army. He says that in addition there so already suffering from want of socks, shoes, and blankets, the approaching winter will add to the burning bides to supply the shoes, the matters of North Carolina have been called upon, and they have given their patriot corpses for blankets.

AN IMPORTANT SIGN.

Brigadier-General Edwin Price, son of Major-General Price, of the rebel service, has taken the oath of allegiance to the United States. He was captured near Memphis, and after a short visitor, and after he has been on parole. He was recently exchanged for General Prentiss, and is now living in the rebel army at Grenada, Mississippi, returned to St. Louis. He gives it as his opinion that the rebellion is nearly broken, and that the Confederacy can not last much more than a short time longer. He visited General Curtis's head-quarters at Keokuk immediately on his release, and expressed himself in the strongest terms of disapprobation of the Richmond government, and gave his consent to Gen. Curtis to publish his opinions through the papers. After subscribing to the oath of allegiance, he announced his determination to return to his home in rural quiet.

THE DRAFT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Some little difficulty occurred in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, in enrolling men (coal diggers, chiefly) in connection with the draft. An immense force of miners turned out, and threatened to make a terrible time of it for the enrolling officers and disturbance. At last accounts, however, the trouble was all over, and the insolent miners had become quiet.

AN ANTI-SLAVERY PAPER IN NEW ORLEANS.

A thoroughly Anti-Slavery paper, in the French language, has just been started in New Orleans. It is called *L'Union*, and addresses itself, in particular, to the French population of Louisiana. It is a paper of great ability, to judge by Union troops and all them in the establishment of "the Government of the United States, of a democratic Federal Union." The first number reproduces a letter addressed two years ago by Victor Hugo to a Haytien general.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MR. GLADSTONE IN FAVOR OF NEUTRALITY.

A foreign dispatch dated at Newcastle the 4th says that Chancellor of the Exchequer, said:

"I must confess, for myself, that I need not now explain, that I do not think that England has had any interest in the disruption of the American States; but even granting as that it was rather the interest of England that the Union should be preserved, I do not think that was a reason to say shrug; but at any rate, gentlemen, whatever view we may take of that, I think we all feel that the course which Her Majesty's Ministers have endeavored to pursue in this difficult matter, under the circumstances, under all circumstances, has been the wisest possible—but from a right source, and has been the expression of the general mind of the country.

BUT HIS IS SURE THE SOUTH WILL WIN.

"We may have our own opinions about Slavery—we have our own opinions, as we explained the last time we spoke, I do not, I think, about that—Jefferson Davis and the Confederate States have declared that slavery was the main making it, express a sorry—and they have made what it is the corner-stone of their Confederacy. Well, then, if that be so, I must say that, certainly the success of the Southern States, so far as regards efficiency, so far as regards the power of the Government, does seem to be established, and that event is as certain as any event yet future and contingent can be. But it is from that point of view that I regard it chiefly to arise, and that the North will have to suffer their severest punishment for their conduct in having waged war with the object of forcing the Southern States against their will into a connection with the North."

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON asserted, in Worcestershire, that the time had arrived when her Majesty's Government should step in and offer to the governments of other countries, might be able to reconcile the Northern and Southern States of America, on the basis of a separation of the contending sections of the republic, and with a clear understanding that the non-success of such an effort to stay the horrors of the civil war would be followed immediately by the recognition of the Southern Confederacy.

Equally strong views have been expressed by Mr. Locke King and Mr. Alcock, members for East Surrey.

MR. F. H. BRIGHT, member for Stockport, said: "No disinterested man could doubt that the Union will be broken up, and that the Southern States will be established. The event of Antietam will have established the fact beyond dispute. It is the most extensive, though it is neither the only nor perhaps the most powerful victory.



THE FOREIGN MEN-OF-WAR IN OUR HARBOR.—[See next Page.]

FOREIGN MEN-OF-WAR IN OUR HARBOR.

We publish on page 708 a picture containing portraits of several foreign men-of-war which lay in our harbor last week. Foremost in the group is the old *Minerva*, a French 90-gun ship, built to sail, but afterward improved by the addition of a screw. As our picture shows, she is a survivor of a species which is rapidly becoming extinct. The opinion of one of our new *Monitors* could ask no better mark to fire at than the huge bulk of such a monster. The *Empress de Andrea*, a Spanish frigate, carrying 54 guns, occupies a prominent place in the harbor, and likewise in our picture. She is a fine, handsome vessel, though ill-adapted for modern iron-clad warfare. Other French and English craft complete the picture. While the British have been driving our men-of-war to sea without coal and without repairs, this and every other harbor of the United States have been open to Englishmen, and their every want has been supplied. A day may come, perhaps, when they may regret that they did not trust our ships with equal hospitality.

The pictures we are publishing from time to time representing foreign fleets will by-and-by possess a historical and antiquarian interest. The time is fast approaching when no more wooden men-of-war will be built, and probably no more men-of-war with masts and in the old style of naval architecture. If the new *Monitors* fulfill their design, and prove entirely capable of standing hard knocks but of making across the ocean, a fleet of men-of-war in the next generation will resemble a crowd of "chimney-boxes on a raft." Perhaps, by that time, our taste may be educated to consider them as beautiful as we now deem our present models of naval architecture.

MRS. LINCOLN.

We publish herewith a portrait of Mrs. LINCOLN, wife of the President of the United States, from a photograph by Brady.

Mrs. Lincoln is a native of Kentucky. Her maiden name was TOD. She has a large number of brothers and sisters, who, like so many other families, have been divided in their allegiance by the war. Two of her brothers entered the rebel army, and one was lately killed at a battle in the Southwest. One of these two was for some time employed at Richmond as jailer of the Union prisoners. His brutality and cruelty were such, however, that Jefferson Davis finally removed him from the post, and sent him to join his regiment. Another brother is in the employ of the United States Government in one of the Northwestern Territories. Mrs. Lincoln's sisters are understood to sympathize rather with the rebels than with the Government. It is probably this division of sentiment which has given rise to the gossip and social misreporting the views of the lady who presides over the White House.

Mrs. Lincoln has lately been spending some time at Chicago, and has been serenaded and visited by many of our leading citizens.

THE LOVES OF OLD LADIES.

THE romance of old ladies' love affairs has yet to be written. They are not a very attractive subject; for no reader could elicit from the perusal of them any thing in the nature of a day-dream. And they would be inadequately described by the name of friendship. They are, of course, platonic, and do not necessarily involve a male object. But they are so extravagant and so foolish that the language used to describe them must be borrowed from the vocabulary of the tender passions. Using the word in their qualified sense, the love-making of old ladies may be divided into three classes, according to the objects of their passion. Under which class they range themselves depends very much upon the subjects to which their minds have been previously turned. The most respectable type of the species, the devout old lady, of course falls in love with her clergyman. Nothing could be better and more suitable in every way than such a choice, if only it were required. There is that analogy of tastes and modes of action and logical processes which guarantees the most perfect compatibility of temper. And the old lady who is in love with the clergyman, and has become—quite, of course, in a proper way—a kind of tame cat about the Rectory-house, is so extremely useful for a number of small parochial jobs. She presides over the Dorcas Association, and makes ladies' society at the dinner which follows the clerical meeting, gives tea and cake to the National School, and makes her fashionable daughters teach there. The only drawback to her position is that the clergyman too often does not reciprocate her attachment. The clergy, as a body, prefer lambs to ewes. Old ladies have no experience, or, at least, if they have, they do not like to tell them for fear of a feel a temptation to turn aside from the old lady, who is happily not exposed to it, in order to secure those who are in real jeopardy. But, whatever the explanation may be, the fact remains one of the special crosses of the class of old ladies who fall in love with their clergymen.

Far happier are those who select their doctors as the objects of the innocent *tendresse* of their declining years. The clergyman and the doctor stand in a different position to each other in this respect. The clergyman is moved to pay attention to those who are under his charge solely by a sense of duty; whereas the doctor is animated by a desire of fees. Now it is found in practice that the sense of duty invariably prefers the young ladies, while the desire of fees is attracted toward those whose age is likely to predispose to a lavish expenditure in that direction. The old lady, therefore, who values her peace of mind, and who does not wish to meet with any humiliating coldness, will, if she is prudent, set her affections upon the family doctor. It is his business to make himself agreeable, especially to people who are likely to be ill; he never refuses to come when he is sent for, and there is no fear that he will ever look upon invitations as importunate; and as a walking repertory of gossip the world can not show his rival. Moreover, it is the best thing she can do for her family. Old ladies ought on every account to be encouraged to be fond of their doctors; for if they are proof against that tender passion, they almost invariably do a little doctoring on their own account. Such an amusement is one of the most terrible affections that can befall a family. Few messengers of death are more unerring than the science of medicine after it has been subjected to the mysterious processes of the amiable mind. Even in the administration of medicine, a woman's intellect appears to be incapable of vigorous impartibility. As she contemplates her medicine-chest, she has her favorites and her antipathies, and will no more believe harm of the one and good of the other than if they lived and moved in virile form. She looks on all drugs as rival suitors for her favor; and she selects one, and clings to him, for better for worse, with true womanly loyalty. The cause of her preference is often obscure. She may have fallen in love with calomel at first sight, or antimony may have become endeared to her by a long series of well-remembered cures. But whatever its claim to her fidelity, no subsequent maltreatment or misbehavior on its part can alienate her affections from the drug of her choice. And she is not satisfied with her own adoration of it. She likes to be appreciated. She insists that every one within the range of her influence shall acknowledge its merits too. In past times this was not so easy as it is now. The lady of the house always had the pet remedy, which she delighted to administer to sons and daughters, men-servants and maid-servants, and—hardest case of all—to the strangers within her gates. But this was some traditional prescription of simple herbs, from which the most important ingredient had probably fallen out by accident. But the general use of powerful medicines has changed the state of the case. Wielding her blue-pill, or her morphia, the old lady-doctor has become a fearful engine of destruction. And she can only be restrained by raising her mind from the medicine-chest to the doctor, and inspiring her with an attachment to the compounder of blue-pill to which her fondness even for blue-pills itself shall give way. Whenever a lady, advanced in years, is detected in clandestine visits to her medicine-chest, her family should lose no time in getting a fascinating doctor into the neighborhood. It is their only chance of life.

Both these types of the loves of old ladies have their advantages, and, for the sake of avoiding worse, should be rather encouraged than checked. But there is one that has no redeeming point. Sometimes an old lady takes it into her head to conceive a passionate attachment for her servants. Generally it is one particular pet who is specially favored; for diffusive charity is foreign to the female breast, in the matter of domestics as well as drugs. If the favorite be a woman-servant the consequences are very serious. Being perfect, as all ladies' favorites are as a matter of course, she is assumed to possess the virtue of perfect discretion; and under that assumption receives a full account of all family and other secrets in strict confidence, and in strict confidence she imparts it to the other favorites at the other houses in the neighborhood. Old ladies of this type are very much addicted to a style of conversation with the favorite which they call "hearing what So-and-So has got to say," but which really consists in their pouring out their own hearts to So-and-So without reserve. By a confusion of the *Ego* and the *Non-Ego* for which a German philosopher might possibly account, the impression which half an hour's uninterrupted stream of their own garrulity leaves upon their memories is that they have been quite silent, and have been receiving a great deal of valuable information. When the favorite is a man-servant the case is less serious for the family, but worse for the object of her attachment. It does not show itself by any of the ordinary signs. She does not seek his conversation or ostracists his society—rather the reverse. It takes the form of an insane fear of separation from him. The sight of any one pulling the bell affects her, as if her own tooth was fastened to the wire. Incessantly she frames excuses for not going to bed, lest he should have to go out. She renounces society, and forces her unsympathizing family to renounce it too, lest he should be out late at night. She throws the males of her family into a state bordering on insanity by substituting heavy tea for dinners, that he may not have to wait. But the mark by which she may be known is the air of unspeakable discomfort which pervades her home on Sundays—a combination of the Turkish Ramadan with the Roman Catholic Good Friday. Dyspepsia is the result of her ingenious contrivances to enable him to have his Sunday to himself. And all the while she is doing her best to ruin him, body and soul.



MRS. LINCOLN, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



JOHN W. PACKHAM, THE YOUNGEST CORPORAL IN THE ARMY.

A YOUNG HERO.

ON this page we publish the portrait of a young hero, JOHN W. PACKHAM, THE YOUNGEST CORPORAL IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY. The following letter will explain why we give his likeness at this time:

"KANAWHA RIVER, *September* 30, 1862.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly*:

"Herewith I send you a likeness of the little hero of Company F, 34th Regiment Ohio First Zouaves, and youngest Corporal in the United States Army. He deserves honorable mention for his bravery in refusing to go over to the rebels when threatened with death if he did not comply.

"The incident was as follows: John W. Packham, aged thirteen, regimental marker, and son of Lieutenant Albany Packham, of the 34th Regiment Ohio First Zouaves, was sent on in the rear of the ambulances, from Fayetteville to Gauley River; but upon turning the hill, about five hundred yards from the camp, they came upon two thousand rebels in the woods. A number came to the opening, and one called to our little hero (he being the only one with the ambulances in a Zouave uniform) and said, 'You little red-top devil, come over here, or I'll kill you.' His answered, 'No, I can't come!' Again and again they called to him. One finally stepped forward a few paces, raised his rifle to his shoulder, and said, 'You little fool, come over; we won't hurt you; we want to talk to you.' The little hero still refusing, the rebel fired, the ball striking and shattering his right knee. The rebels then opened a murderous fire into our sick in the ambulances, killing and wounding thirty-two who were lying therein. That rebel volley brought down the Zouaves, and the battle of Fayetteville commenced. Your artist was near the breastworks, coolly sketching the combatants at that point.

"The little hero is now in the hospital at Gallipolis, doing well under the kind nursing of the ladies, who bring him all the delicacies of the season.

"Yours respectfully,

C——."

"UNION JACK,"

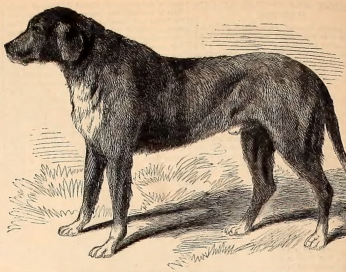
THE PET OF OUR RICHMOND PRISONERS.

THE poetic incidents of this war would fill many an interesting volume could they be collected by some able hand; and it would appear that it is not man alone who is being roused to deeds of heroism, but that even the brute creation are catching the contagion.

The distinguished individual who forms the subject of this brief memoir, and whose portrait graces our present number, is the already-famous "UNION JACK," or "JACK"—as he is more briefly and familiarly called among his friends. We are not aware of Jack's entertaining any ambitious desire of being promoted to the rank of a Brigadier-General, nor have we heard of any intention, on his part, to get up a grand bow-wowing demonstration in any of our crowded theatres; but this excessive modesty should not induce us to hide his merits. Although walking upon four legs, he has exhibited far more courage, devotion, trust-worthiness, and other noble human qualities—indeed done more actual good to our army—than many a shoulder-strapped and gold-bedizened animal now walking upon two legs.

The writer of this sketch first had the honor of becoming acquainted with Jack at Fortress Monroe, on the interesting occasion of the arrival there of our liberated prisoners from Richmond—some 160 officers—on the 19th of August last. He seemed to belong to nobody in particular, but followed those officers every where about the Rygeia Hotel, receiving such caresses and marks of deep affection from every officer that we were tempted to inquire into his history.

He is a young dog of the mastiff breed, of medium size and jetty blackness, except a white breast and a dash of white on each of his four paws. His manners are very gentle and even timid among his friends, but he is suspicious and fierce as a lion when among his enemies. Although born in Secessia, and breathing constantly the air of treason, he is intensely loyal to the Union, and betrays a hatred of any thing in the shape of a rebel, which many of our "conservative" and "neutral" loyalists in the North would do well to imitate.



UNION JACK, THE PET OF OUR RICHMOND PRISONERS.

Jack originally belonged to a rebel jailer in Front Royal, Virginia, when Company F and I of the First Maryland regiment were there on provost guard duty. When Jackson made an advance upon the place, these companies fell back to join their regiment in repelling him, and, after a severe action, were surrounded by Jackson, taken prisoners, and brought back to Front Royal. It was on this occasion that Jack's great military, loyal, and social qualities were first brought into conspicuous display.

When Companies F and I left Front Royal to take the field, Jack insisted upon accompanying them, in spite of all his master's efforts to detain him. He proceeded with them to the battle-field—keeping company with the officers as he went along—and his first exploit was trying hard to unearth a cannon-ball which he had seen bury itself near him. Presently the shells began to scream and burst in the air all around him. When Jack saw them coming, instead of running to hide himself—



RECEPTION OF THE NINTH INDIANA VOLUNTEERS AT DANVILLE, KENTUCKY, AFTER DRIVING OUT THE REBELS.—DRAWN BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 715.]

as it is said many a blustering bully does—he ran barking after the fragments and trying to catch them; thinking, no doubt, that it was some pyrotechnic display got up for his especial amusement.

This settled the question of Jack's bravery, and from this time forward he seemed to form an affection for our officers, and they for him, which nothing could alter, and he has accompanied them through all their vicissitudes and changes of prison to Richmond.

The stories told of this dog's sagacity and devotion would seem incredulous had they not come from the most varied and reliable sources. On the road, when our parched men were fainting from thirst, he would always run forward, and whenever he discovered a pool of water would rush back, barking loudly, to tell them of it. When they were supplied with only *five crackers to each man for five days*—with no meat—and our poor fellows were literally dying from starvation, this noble animal has been known to *go and catch chickens for them and to bring them in his mouth!* or he would waylay every rebel horse or wagon passing with food, and bark imploringly for them to bring relief. On one occasion, when a sick and exhausted Union soldier had been left behind, Jack staid with him for several hours until a wagon took him up.

But one of the most remarkable features in his character is his utter hatred of the rebels. His actions, in this respect, really seemed to go beyond brute instinct. No kindness, no attempt at caressing could get the "gray-coats" to win him over or even induce him to take food from them; but he growled and snapped at them upon all occasions, until many threatened to shoot him. When they got to the Richmond prison, another large dog was there being fondled by a secesh officer, and Jack stood looking at both, apparently with the greatest hatred and disgust. When the officer left, the secesh dog tried to scrape an acquaintance with Jack, but the latter did not covet any such friendship. He rushed upon the canine rebel, gave him a sound thrashing, and, although larger than himself, fairly tossed him over his head.

Jack is a great disciplinarian. When on duty, he knows the various roll-calls so well that he pays no attention to any of them but one—that of his officers. As soon as he heard this, he used to run about in the greatest excitement, as if to call his friends together, and then, placing himself alongside of the drummer, would put up his nose and commence a long howl—the boys used to say answering to his name. In traveling he seemed to take the whole responsibility upon himself. Whenever the cars stopped he was invariably the first to jump off, and the whistle no sooner sounded than he was the first to jump on again.

But no character is perfect, and we are sorry to say there is a serious blemish in Jack's. He is an *aristocrat* of the first water; one of the regular out-and-out F.F.V.'s. From first to last—except to help them when in distress—he never would associate with privates, but always stuck fast to where the shoulder-straps were assembled. But, after all, in this respect poor Jack is only following the example of many a human toady and tuft-hunter that can be called to mind; and before we blame this young puppy for cringing to the rich and great, let us remember that he is not the only puppy who does so.

Upon the whole, Jack is an immense favorite with all who know him, but especially the First Maryland regiment, who claim him as their own, and who were tickled at the idea of seeing him handed down to immortality in the pages of *Harper*. They expressed a determination of having, as soon as they got to Baltimore, a splendid collar made expressly for their favorite; and we shall be surprised if this lucky dog does not become a great lion in the monumental city.

LOIS.

LILY likeness! That is all the word in our cool dictionary that will tell you any thing of Lois Hall; though, to be business-like, I should commence with the cottage, standing on a little brownish rise, with a faint flower-garden, and an ineffectual vegetable patch, from which you are to infer that the soil was stubborn, and likely to prove too much for the little hired boy—sole scrap of masculinity about the premises of Mrs. Hall; and that the only neighbor was the sea, tumbling in disorderly fashion on the desolate beach below them.

Lois's room looked on it, out of one little white-curtained window; the other kept itself informed as to the state of the country, and the probabilities of visitors coming "across-lots." Between them stood a bureau, whose drawers had been rifled by Tory marauders, troubled with an eruption of brass knobs and handles, having a swinging oval mirror, and a small infinity of little drawers, where, doubtless, some belle of the Revolution bestowed her powder and patches, her buckles and ruffles. In a corner was the bed, modeled, as to proportions, after that of the unlucky Canaanitish king of old—one which made getting in peculiar and getting out problematical, and offered you your choice of locality, if you had any fancies about your head and particular points of the compass; grimly carved, and unrelenting, even over Lois, asleep there, her brown hair falling all over the pillow, and a little hand clutching painfully at the coverlet. Lazy child! waking, half an hour after the usual time, with a start and troubled eyes.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," murmured Lois, as she knelt down to pray. "Does the Father of Lies send such dreams?"

I have said that "lily likeness" was the only word for Lois, yet I wish that I could better define her peculiar charm. Other girls had hair as soft and abundant, brighter color, for Lois was pale, form as lithe; neither was there strength or lofty purpose in the lines of her face: yet she took you always by surprise; she was just what you had not expected to see. Then, too, lived a peculiar charm in Lois's touch; every thing that had been near her blabbed of its happiness: the little collar lying across the toilet cushion; the velvet bow that John Gifford had taken from her hair and kissed the night before he went to join his regiment.

She was thinking now of it and him. When he came back she was to marry him; she had loved—no, not that—she had liked him all her life, from the time that he fought her battles at school till now. He was the son of their nearest neighbor; was taller, stronger, better-looking, kinder, braver, than any one else. It was quite natural. She had been more proud than grieved when he went away, and always calmly certain that he would come back safe, only her dream troubled her. It had been of him, and all pain and confusion; and I doubt if she quite recovered serenity till, on her way down, she had looked out on the piazza, and breathed in the morning peace and freshness before entering the "sitting-room," as it is styled in New England nomenclature.

Her mother turned from the window with a face brighter than the sun pouring in between the muslin curtains, leaving for Lois's view a tall figure with a lieutenant's strap on his broad shoulders, and a face that, however browned and altered by the shading of a mustache and cutting short of curling hair, was still John Gifford's.

Lois stopped short in utter wonder. Her mother quietly stepped from the room, closing the door behind her.

"Well, Apple-blossom!" cried John, "I am not a ghost, you see!"

At sound of the voice Lois remembered herself, and went quickly to him, holding out both hands.

"So it is really you! I am not half awake yet; I thought you were part of my dream. How you have changed!"

"You have not!" said the admiring John. Then suddenly catching her close in his strong arms:

"Oh, Lois, Lois! how can you? Is this your girl's nonsense, or does your still heart really know nothing of what is going on in mine? Child, I have lived in the thought of you as we ought to live to God. Why, I have stopped when the battle was at the maddest to make sure that that bit of ribbon of yours was safe, warming my heart; and all the hateful time in the hospital I had but one prayer, 'O God, come what will, let me see my little Lois again!'—while you—you are so coldly sweet."

Lois looked puzzled and distressed.

"Why I am very glad to see you, dear John, only it is so sudden, and so strange. Did you come last night? I heard nothing of it."

"We made noise enough," holding her fast, and stroking her lovely brown hair.

"We? Who?"

"I have some one with me—Captain Dinwiddie; he is a splendid fellow, got a bad hit in that last affair of ours, and I brought him here for you and mother to nurse up. He hasn't a near relative in the world, and these hotels are so deuced hard on a poor fellow that is half sick and in a hurry to get well."

Lois clouded at once.

"You know I don't like strangers, John."

But, my darling, this is my friend. He saved my life. When we were ordered on our final rush across that confounded slaughter trap of a field, my leg met a ball, and in the thickest of the fight down I went like a baby. Allan—that's the Captain, you understand—saw me tumble, sung out to some of the men, and came on, our fellows say, like a tiger, pitched into half a dozen rebels so they thought the very devil was after them, picked me up (he is not a stout man, but he took nearly all my weight himself), fairly carried me off under the very nose of the battery blazing away at us like Vesuvius or some of those fellows. Is that a stranger! We've stuck together like David and Jonathan. I don't believe there has been a skirmish, or a ticklish reconnoissance, or a hard camping out, that we haven't shared together; and then, Lois," argues this impetuous John, calming a little, "if I took him home you know what the girls are. They couldn't nurse him or talk to him as you can, and your mother is willing. What do you suppose she said last night, bless her!—that she would take a regiment in if they were friends of mine;" and John burst into a somewhat forced laugh, by way of contradicting his eyes.

"This Captain must be a hero. I should like to see him," thought Lois; for John never could enter in her imagination even as candidate for that distinction. He was blundering about women's matters, and not always kind to the queen's English—things impossible to reconcile with heroship.

"Well, pussy?" asked John, a little anxiously.

Born to be hen-pecked was our John evidently, but then so was the Duke of Marlborough.

"I was wrong. I am glad you brought Captain Dinwiddie here," answered Lois, quietly.

The door opened. "He is coming!" whispered John, still trying to hold her fast, but she slipped away from him like snow, and stood expectant. The first look was a disappointment.

Captain Dinwiddie was thirty at least, probably thirty-five, and looked to Lois's inexperienced eyes slightly made. His features were irregular, his only beauty a pair of fine eyes, normally gray, but changing perpetually to blue and even intensest black, and almost feminine softness—owing doubtless to the remarkable length of the lashes, yet interpenetrated every tone and look, that "charm" as subtle and impossible to define when found in man as in woman—and Lois, who had recoiled at first, caught herself, before ten minutes were well over, liking him very much. Came simultaneously with this admission an oppressing sense of being ill at ease, of every thing looking its worst, of John's boorishness, of the mortifying plainness of their housekeeping. Engaged in this profitable thinking, she could hardly have told whether she had eaten breakfast or not. John, however, at the zenith of his happiness, read nothing of this in Lois's downcast face. He was busy with his plans for the day.

"He must make his peace at home," he said, laughingly, "and Lois he dared say would entertain Captain Dinwiddie;" at which Lois held her peace, but inwardly fell into consternation, for what had she in common with this fine Captain? So terrified was she at the thought, that she even came out of her shell of coolness, and eagerly whispered John to stay, holding his coat by one white finger and blushing very much. John wouldn't have given that timid touch for the diamonds of Sinbad; yet there was the fact of mother and sisters unvisited, stubborn as ever, leaving him nothing but to ride away after all.

Lois sat down by her little work-basket with a strip of muslin. Doubtless its hemming was of vital importance, for if it had been the bond of peace or the ties of affection she couldn't have given it more undivided attention. Allan drew up the lounge close by her.

"May I lie down? I have gotten used to self-petting since this troublesome wound."

Lois looked up at him. She had not thought how really pale and suffering he seemed. He "certainly" took a new inflection, for now that she knew what to do with him and could pity him he had lost at once all his terrors.

He lay a while quietly watching her—suddenly broke out,

"It was good in John to bring me here. After our stormy life, you and this little quiet home are veritable Paradise. I think myself there."

Certainly he looked his thought; the hard lines had gone from his face; he might have been ten years younger, but he could never long be quiet. He fidgeted, turned form side to side, drew presently a book from his pocket.

"Lois—I beg pardon, Miss Hall—I am so used to hear John speak of you by that pretty Puritan name of yours."

"Every one calls me so, you need not make the exception."

"Well then, Lois," dwelling lovingly on the word, "let me read to you;" and without waiting for assent, he began the story of Enid.

Lois listened pleased at first, but half way her lips began to curl.

"You don't like it?" he asked, curiously.

"The telling, but not the story."

"You wouldn't so have ridden with the man you loved?"

Lois's eyes rather than her lips flashed out "Never!"

"Then you have never—" He stopped short.

"Never what?"

"Nothing."

"What were you about to say?"

"I have thought better of it, I shall not tell you."

"Please."

"Positively no," and he went on reading.

John came back late and looking anxious.

"Small benefit would he get from his furlough! Mother was over head and ears in a lawsuit, and every one was in trouble, and he must spend at least three days in town, perhaps more, and try to straighten out the tangled skein."

Lois looked grave on hearing this, but then that was only natural.

John staid not three days but a week; wrote then, postponing his return indefinitely. "If he only had the lawyers in proper position before a certain battery that he wot of, he thought that he could bring them to terms; as it was, submission and patience were all that were left."

That morning Allan's wound had troubled him, and he had spent it on the sofa while Lois sat near with her sewing. When lunch time came she would not permit him to stir, but brought up the old-fashioned stand, that spent most of its time in being very much on one side in a corner, and looking like a target, laid thereon a fresh cloth that scented of rose leaves, a silver basket piled with roasted apples, and a pitcher of a quaint stumpiness and solidity filled with cream. Just then came John's letter. Allan watched her read, or rather hurry over it impatiently.

"He says it may be another week before he comes," was her comment, letting the letter slip through her careless fingers to the floor.

Allan picked it up.

"I have no pocket," said Lois, "and it is too much trouble to go up stairs."

"What shall I do with it?"

"What you like."

"You mean that?"

"Yes; why not?"

Allan's eyes were at their intensest, looking into hers with a glance that she could not bear an instant. He rose deliberately, walked to the fireplace, held it over the coals an instant, and dropped it in. At that Lois, who had been sitting like one petrified, exclaimed,

"Oh, Allan!"

"Well?"

His tone was so sharp that she shrank a little.

"Nothing—there is no harm—I have read it; but oh! John would never believe it!"

Allan groaned.

"I wish I were shriveled up, body and soul, like that!" pointing to the black film quivering on the coals.

"Oh no! not without me!" cried the girl who a week before smiled her scorn of Enid's tame constancy.

Allan turned and came hastily toward her—stopped half way—ground out a bitter exclamation, and left the room; and a little after Lois saw him galloping past the window on his way to town. He came back late and went at once to his room. The next day he frequented the kitchen, to Mrs. Hall's discomfiture, and stuck by that lady as though she were his salvation, all the time plainly avoiding Lois. He was fighting Apollyon manfully—fighting as a man will with remorse behind and dishonor in front.

Lois, poor child! understood nothing of this. She had sometimes a dim, painful sense of wrong and danger, but it was forgotten now in the new and overwhelming fear of having in some unimaginable way offended him; and she wearied out memory trying to recall the unhappy word or look that had done this mischief. For the hundredth time she was thinking this over as they were going down to the beach in utter, dreary silence, he with head bent down and lip compressed.

Suddenly the pain grew too intolerable.

"What have I done?" she exclaimed. "Are you angry with me? What is it? You make me so miserable, Allan!"

Captain Dinwiddie shuddered from head to foot, and looked desperately away; but there were the soft, clinging fingers on his arm, and the burning, pitiful face that he had seen with his first unguarded look, and the sudden tremble of the sweet voice, and, above all, the passionate love in his fierce heart; and suddenly honor, conscience, will, whatever chains had bound him, snapped short. Words came like lava:

"Angry, and at you, my darling! my own—" He stopped sharply. They were close on the beach. "Watch that wave," he said, hoarsely. "If it break against this rock it is fate. If not—well, we shall see."

Even as he spoke it was upon them, breaking over the fragment on which they stood, wetting Lois's dainty walking-boots.

"It is fate," he repeated.

"What?"

"I will tell you by-and-by. Let us go back."

The afternoon was a wild one; sun showing fitfully among hurrying clouds, and the wind moaning and shrieking after them as they went up toward the house. Already it was almost dark in the cozy sitting-room, and the fire gleamed and smouldered in twilight fashion. The house was deserted. Kitty had leave of absence; Mrs. Hall had gone to a neighbor's. No better time for Allan Dinwiddie than now. He caught Lois's hand and drew her down beside him.

"Lois," he said, "when, in place of the apple-cheeked, black-eyed girl I had imagined, I first saw you, I said to myself, this poor, blundering John has stumbled on the pearl that I have been uselessly looking for all my life. When you rebelled against Enid I knew that you had never loved. I had guessed it from the first; you had all the calm of a child. When I burned the letter I tried you; but your words called up John; I fancied him amazed, reproachful, incredulous of my villainy. I hated the thought of my perfidy. Child, what evil spirit was it that sent you to me then, with your pleading eyes—as if I could be angry with you? Then, when I felt what a straw I was in the vortex, I said, let chance decide: if the wave strike the rock I will struggle no more; if not, I will leave this place to-night. Yet, after all, Lois, it is you, not the wave, that must decide. Tell me, dear, what is my verdict? Do you love me?"

Lois hid her face, but Allan drew her hands away and held them; and then, her head drooping lower and lower,

"I thought that I loved John—I did, indeed," she said, pitifully. "I was so ignorant. I never once guessed, though I might have known, why I liked you so. Oh! I am a wicked, wicked girl! I hope John will kill me!"

"You should have known John better," cried some one coming out of the shadow, and showing them John himself.

Lois was too utterly appalled to speak; move she could not, for Allan held her fast.

"There were two men in one city," went on the solemn voice, "the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds. But the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought and nourished up—"

The steady tones faltered. Lois cried out,

"Let me go, Allan!—I will go! I tell you this will kill me!"

She writhed herself free, and going over to John tried to kneel before him, but he held her out at arms'-length.

"Kill me!" she said, faintly.

"For what?—to add crime to sorrow? Oh! Lois, it is bitter enough now! I prayed God that I might see you again, come what would, and He heard me; and rather than have had such seeing I would that my lips had stiffened in death while I was praying."

"It is not worth it," said Lois, half proudly. "I am only a silly girl. Some day you will wonder how you could have cared for me."

John took a little case from his pocket and tossed it open on the table.

"See, Lois, these were for you: you were always running in my head. I think your little finger was more precious in my sight than all the women I ever saw. Fool that I was! all the way home I pleased myself thinking how I should clasp them on your pretty wrists. I hid myself when I saw you coming, thinking to surprise you. I never dreamed that you didn't love me; yet I might have known that you were too young to look into your own heart, or to bind yourself by such a solemn promise. But you—oh Allan! my friend—my brother!"

Allan raised his head.

"If it will be any satisfaction to use me for a target."

"No, no!" cried Lois, hurrying between them, "the blame is mine—all mine."

John turned pale at that. To see her looking at Allan with such love in the eyes that had been so cold for him was more than he could bear.

"It is a sore temptation," he said, hurriedly. "I had better go. If I stay here longer I shall have as many devils as the man whose name was Legion."

He went away, avoiding Mrs. Hall, whom he saw coming at a distance. Lois sobbed hysterically, and Allan, who spite of remorse could not help feeling triumph also, set himself to comfort her—an easier matter that than to explain to Mrs. Hall who loved John almost as well as she did Lois. Still the thing was done—could not be undone. Scandal would not help it, so she sighed in secret, shielded and countenanced them outwardly, above all hastened their marriage as fast as possible.

In her happiness Lois has almost forgotten John's sad, stern face, and the solemn words uttered in the twilight; but will sin forget her?



NEGROES DRIVEN SOUTH BY TH



ESEL OFFICERS.—[See Page 716.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof Sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER II.

MRS. LECOUNT mixed the oil soluble with water, and administered it immediately. The stimulant had its effect. In a few minutes Noel Vanstone was able to raise himself in the chair without assistance: his color changed again for the better, and his breath came and went more freely.

"How do you feel now, Sir?" asked Mrs. Lecount. "Are you warm again on your left side?"

He paid no attention to that inquiry; his eyes, wandering about the room, turned by chance toward the table. Mrs. Lecount's appearance, instead of answering her he bent forward in his chair, and looked with staring eyes and pointing hand at the second bottle which she had taken from the cupboard, and which she had hastily laid aside, without paying attention to it. Seeing that some new alarm possessed him, she advanced to the table, and looked where he looked. The labeled side of the bottle was full in her view; and there, in the plain handwriting of the chemist at Aldborough, was the one name of the world, confronting them both, "Poison."

Even Mrs. Lecount's self-possession was shaken by that discovery. She was not prepared to see her own darkest forebodings—the unacknowledged offspring of her hatred for Magdalen—realized as she saw them realized now. The suicide-despair in which the poison had been procured, the suicide-purpose for which, in distrust of the future, the poison had been kept, had brought with them their own confirmation. There the bottle lay, in Magdalen's absence, a false witness of treason which had never entered her mind—treason against her husband's son.

With his hand still mechanically pointing at the table, Noel Vanstone raised his head and looked up at Mrs. Lecount.

"I took it from the cupboard," she said, answering the look. "I took both bottles out together, not knowing which might be the bottle I wanted. I am as much shocked, as much frightened, as you are."

"Poison!" he said to himself, slowly. "Poison locked up by my wife, in the cupboard in her own room." He stopped, and looked at Mrs. Lecount once more. "For me?" he asked, in a vacant, inquiring tone.

"We will not talk of it, Sir, until your mind is better at ease," said Mrs. Lecount. "Let us try to forget this dreadful discovery for the present—let us go down stairs at once. All that I have now to say to you can be said in another room."

She helped him to rise from the chair, and took his arm in her own. "It is well for him, it is well for me," she thought, as they went down stairs together, "that I came when I did."

On crossing the passage she stepped to the front door, which the carriage was waiting which had brought her from Dumfries, and instructed the coachman to put up his horses at the nearest inn, and to call again for her in two hours' time. This done she accompanied Noel Vanstone into the sitting-room, stirred up the fire, and placed him before it comfortably in an easy-chair. He sat for a few minutes, warming his hands fretfully like an old man, and staring straight into the flame. Then he spoke.

"When the woman came and threatened me in Vauxhall Walk," he began, still staring into the fire, "you came back to the parlor, after she was gone; and you told me—" He stopped, shivered a little, and lost the thread of his recollections at that point.

"I told you, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount, "that the woman was, in my opinion, Miss Vanstone herself. Don't start, Mr. Noel! I say this is so, to yourself, if you feel frightened. 'Lecount is here: Lecount will take care of me.' The truth must be told, Sir, however hard to us the truth may be. Miss Magdalen Vanstone was the woman who came to you in disguise; and the woman who came to you in disguise is the woman you have married. The conspiracy which she threatened you with in London is the conspiracy which has made her your wife. That is the plain truth. You have seen the dress-up stairs. If that dress had been no longer in existence, I should still have had my proofs to convince you. Thanks to my own resources, and to Providence, I have discovered the house your wife lodged at in London—it was opposite our house in Vauxhall Walk. I have laid my hand on one of the landlady's daughters, who watched your wife from room to room on her part; on the dress-maker who can speak to her identity, and to the identity of her companion, Mrs. Bygrave; and who has furnished me, at my own request, with a written statement of facts, which she is ready to affirm on oath, if any question arises on the subject. Shall I read the statement, Mr. Noel, if you like, when you are fitter to understand it? You shall also read a letter in the handwriting of Miss Garth—who will repeat to you personally, if you like, what she has written to me—a letter generally denying that she was ever in Vauxhall Walk, and formally asserting that those letters on your wife's neck are marks peculiar to Miss Magdalen Vanstone, whom she has known from childhood. I say it with a just pride—she will find no weak place anywhere in the evidence which I bring you. If Mr. Bygrave had not stolen off in the night, you would have had your warning before I was cruelly deceived into going to Zurich; and the proofs which I now bring you after your marriage I should then have offered to you before it. Don't hold me responsible, Sir, for the bad management of affairs in England. Blame your uncle's bastard daughter, and blame that villain with the brown eye and the green!"

She spoke low last venomous words as slowly and distinctly as she had spoken the first. Noel Vanstone made no answer—he still sat cowering over the fire. She looked round into his face. "Are you not ashamed, Mr. Noel, to so fond of her?" said the miserable little creature. "And I thought she was so fond of you!"

Mrs. Lecount turned back on him in disdainful silence. "Fond of her?" As she repeated those words to herself, the hatred that had become almost handsome again in the magnificent intensity of its contempt.

She walked to the window at the lower end of the room and began examining the volumes in the Bellevue library. Her own cagerness to see the way she was startled by the sound of his voice affrightedly calling her back. The tears were streaming down his face: it was in misery with terror when he now turned it toward her.

"Lecount!" he said, piteously, with both hands. "Can an egg be poisoned? I had an egg for breakfast this morning and a little toast."

"Make your mind easy, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. "The poison of your wife's deceit is the only poison you have taken yet. I shall have solved nothing on making sure by the price of your folly with your life, she would not be absent from the house at the time when I expect her. It dismiss the thought from your mind. It is in the middle of the day; you want refreshment. I have nothing to say to you, and nothing can your own safety—I have something for you to do, which needs all your self-command, all your strength and you will do it. I will set you the example of eating if you still distrust the food in your hands. Are you sufficiently recovered to give the servant her orders if I ring the bell? It is a question of time. If you are not sure for you, that nobody should think you ill in body, or troubled in mind. Try first with me before the servant comes in. And I will see how you can speak when you say, 'Bring up the lunch.'"

After twenty minutes Mrs. Lecount considered him fit to give the order without betraying himself.

The bell was answered by Louisa—Louisa looked hard at Mrs. Lecount. The luncheon was brought up by the housemaid—the housemaid looked hard at Mrs. Lecount. When luncheon was over, the table was cleared by the cook —the cook looked hard at Mrs. Lecount. All three servants were plainly suspicious that something extraordinary was going on in the house. It was hardly possible to doubt that the orders arranged to share among themselves the three opportunities which the service of the table afforded them of entering the room.

The curiosity of which she was object did not escape the penetration of Mrs. Lecount. "I did well," she thought, "to arm myself in good time with the means of recalling him to me. If I let the grass grow under my feet, one or other of those women might get in my way." Round this considerations she built her instructions to the boy from a corner, as soon as the last of the dishes was taken away. She had carefully calculated the quantity of wine which he had taken at lunch, and knew that it was not enough to fortify without confusing him—and she now examined his face critically, like an artist examining his picture, before she gave the boy's work. The result appeared to satisfy her; and she opened the serious business of the interview on the spot.

"Will you look at the written evidence I mentioned to you, Mr. Noel, before I say any more?" she inquired. "Or are you sufficiently persuaded of the truth to proceed at once to the suggestion which I have now to make to you?"

"Let me hear your suggestion," he said, sullenly turning his elbow on the table, and leaning his head on his hands.

Mrs. Lecount took from her traveling-bag the written evidence to which she had just alluded, and carefully placed the papers on one side of him, within easy reach if he wished to refer to them. Far from being daunted, she was visibly encouraged by the ungraciousness of his manner. Her experience of him informed her that the spy was a promising one. On more than one occasions when the little resolution that he possessed was roused in him, it invariably asserted itself—like the resolution of most other weak men—aggressively. At such times in proportion as he was essentially reckless and discourteous to those about him his resolution rose; and in proportion as he was considerate and polite it fell. The tone of the answer he had just given, and the attitude he assumed at the table, convinced Mrs. Lecount that Spanish wine and Scotch mutton had done their duty, and had rallied his sinking courage.

"I will put the question to you for form's sake, Sir, if you wish it," she proceeded. "But I am already certain, without any question at all, that you have made your will?"

He nodded his head without looking at her. "You have made it in your wife's favor?"

He nodded again.

"You have left her every thing you possess?"

"No."

Mrs. Lecount looked surprised.

"Have you made a provision for her, Mr. Noel, of your own accord?" she inquired, "or is it possible that your wife put her own limits to her interest in your will?"

He was uneasily silent—he was plainly ashamed to answer the question. Mrs. Lecount repeated it in a less direct form.

"How much have you left your widow, Mr. Noel, in the event of your death?"

"Eighty thousand pounds."

That reply answered the question. Eighty thousand pounds was exactly the fortune which Michael Vanstone had taken from his brother's orphan children at his brother's death—exactly the fortune of which Michael Vanstone's son had kept possession, in his turn, so pitilessly as his father before him. Noel Vanstone's silence was eloquent of the confession which he was ashamed to make. His cowering weakness had, beyond all doubt, placed his whole property at the feet of his wife. And this girl, whose vindictive daring had defied all restraints—this girl, who had not shrunk from her desperate determination even at the church door—and, in the very hour of her triumph, taken part only from the man who would willingly have given all—had rigorously exacted her father's fortune from him to the last farthing, and had then turned her back on the hand that was trembling her with tens of thousands more! For the moment Mrs. Lecount was fairly silenced by her own surprise; Magdalen had found an astonishment from her which is akin to admiration, the astonishment which her enemy would also have refused. She hated Magdalen with a tenfold hatred from that time.

"I have no doubt, Sir," she resumed, after a momentary silence, "that Mrs. Noel gave you excellent reasons why the provision for her at your death should be no more, and no less, than eighty thousand pounds. And, on the other hand, I am sure that you, in your own innocence of all suspicion, found those reasons conclusive at the time. That time has now gone by. Your eyes are opened, Sir; and you will not fail to remark (as I remark) that the Combe-Raven property happens to reach the same sum exactly as the legacy which your wife's own instructions directed you to leave her. If you are still in any doubt of the motive for which she married you, look in your own will, and there the motive is!"

He raised his head from his hands, and became closely attentive to what she was saying to him for the first time since they had faced each other at the table. The Combe-Raven property had never been classed by itself in his estimation. It had come to him merged in his father's other possessions at his father's death. The discovery which had now opened before him was one to which his ordinary habits of thought, as well as his innocence of suspicion, had hitherto closed his eyes. He said nothing, but he looked less sullenly at Mrs. Lecount. His manner was more ingratiating; the high tide of his courage was already on the ebb.

"Your position, Sir, must be made safe by this time as it is to me," said Mrs. Lecount. "There is only one obstacle now left between Miss Vanstone and the attainment of her ends. *That obstacle is your life.* After the discovery we have made up stairs, I leave you to consider for yourself what your life is worth."

At those terrible words the ebbing resolution in him ran out to the last drop. "I say, Lecount—tell me!" he pleaded; "I have been frightened enough already." He rose, and dragged his chair after him round the table to Mrs. Lecount's side. He sat down, and carelessly kissed her hand. "You good creature!" he said, in a sinking voice. "You excellent Lecount! Tell me what to do. I'm full of resolution—I'll do any thing to save my life!"

"Have you got writing materials in the room, Sir?" asked Mrs. Lecount. "Will you put pen, ink, and paper before me, if you please?"

While the writing materials were in process of collection Mrs. Lecount made a new demand on the resources of her traveling-bag. She took two papers from it, each indorsed in the same clear commercial handwriting. One was described as "Draft for proposed Will;" and the other as "Draft for proposed Letter." When she placed them before her on the table her hand shook a little; and she applied the smelling-salts, which she had brought with her in Noel Vanstone's interests, to her own nostrils.

"I had hoped, when I came here, Mr. Noel," she proceeded, "to have given you more time for consideration than it seems safe to give you now. When you first told me of your wife's absence in London I thought it probable that the object of her journey was to see her sister and Miss Garth. Since the horrible discovery we have made up stairs I am inclined to alter that opinion. Your wife's determination was to kill you who the friends are whom she has gone to see fills me with alarm. She may have accomplices in London—accomplices for any thing we know to the contrary, in this house. All three of your servants, Sir, have taken the opportunity in your of coming into the room and looking at me. I don't like their looks! Neither you nor I know what may happen from day to day, or even from hour to hour. If you take my advice you will get the start at once of all possible revelations, and arm the law against the attack you will leave this house with me."

"Yes, yes," he said, eagerly; "I'll leave the house with you. I wouldn't stop here by myself for any sum of money that could be offered me. What do you want the pen and ink for? Are you to write, or am I?"

"You are to write, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. "The means taken for promoting your own safety are to be means set in motion, from beginning to end, by yourself. I suggest, Mr. Noel —and you decide. Recognize your own position, Sir. What is your first and foremost necessity? It is plainly that. You must destroy your wife's interest in your death by making another will."

He vehemently nodded his approval; his color rose, and his blinking eyes brightened in audacious triumph. "She shan't have a farthing," he said to himself, in a whisper—"she shan't see me a farthing!"

"When your will is made, Sir," proceeded Mrs. Lecount, "you must place it in the hands of a trustworthy person—not my hands, Mr.

"MRS. LECOUNT MOVED WITH IMPENETRABLE DIGNITY FROM THE TABLE TO THE DOOR."

Noel! I am only your servant! Then, when the will is safe, and when you are safe, write to your wife at this house. Tell her her infamous imposture is discovered—tell her you have made a new will, which leaves her penniless at your death—tell her, in your righteous indignation, that she enters your doors no more. Place yourself in that strong position, and it is no longer you who are at your wife's mercy, but she at yours. Be firm with her. Assert your own power, Sir, with the law to help you, and crush this woman into submission to any terms for the future that you please to impose."

He eagerly took up the pen. "Yes," he said, with a vindictive self-importance, "any terms I please to impose." He suddenly checked himself, and laid the pen down again, and perplexed. "How can I do it now?" he asked, throwing down the pen as quickly as he had taken it up. "How can I do it?" he repeated Mrs. Lecount.

"How can I make my will, with Mr. Loscombe away in London and no lawyer here to help me?"

Mrs. Lecount gently tapped the papers before her on the table with her forefinger.

"All the help you need, Sir, is waiting for you here," she said. "I considered the matter carefully before I came to you, and I provided myself with the confidential assistance of a friend, to guide me through these difficulties which I could not penetrate for myself. The friend to whom I refer is a gentleman of Swiss extraction, but born and bred in England. He is not a lawyer by profession, but he has had his own sufficient experience of the law (as gentlemen have); and he has supplied me, not only with a model by which you may make your will, but with the written sketch of a letter which it is all important for us to have as the model of the will itself. There is another matter, Sir, which you, Mr. Noel, which I have not mentioned yet, but which is no less urgent, in its way, than the necessity of the will."

"What is it?" he asked, with roused curiosity.

"We will take it in its turn, Sir," answered Mrs. Lecount. "Its turn has not come yet. The will, if you please, Mr. Noel, will dictate from the model in my possession, and you will write. Unless I greatly mistake your present distress, the sketch will be completed, will be short enough and simple enough for a child to understand, in half an hour. Compose your own your mind, by all means compose those doubts by showing your will to a lawyer by profession. In the mean time, let me be the amanuensis. I can trust you, Sir, to read that you are all mortal, and that the best opportunity of making a will is the called. While your time is your own, Sir, and while your enemies are unsuspicious of you, make your will!"

She opened a sheet of note-paper and smoothed it out before him; she dipped the pen in ink and placed it in his hands. He took it from her without speaking; he was, to all appearance, suffering under some overwhelming agitation of mind. But the main point was gained. There he sat, with the paper before him and the pen in his hand, ready at last, in right earnest, to make his will.

"The first question for you to decide, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount, after a preliminary glance at her Draft, "is your choice of an executor. I have no doubt that you will appoint your lawyer; but I may, without impropriety, remind you that a wise choice, in other cases, often falls to those of an old and tried friend whom you know that you can trust.

"I mean the admiral, I suppose?" said Noel Vanstone.

Mrs. Lecount bowed.

"Very well," he continued. "The admiral let it be."

There was plainly some oppression still weighing on his mind. Even under the trying circumstances in which he was now placed it was not in his nature to take Mr. Clarkson's perfectly sensible and disinterested advice without a word of cavil, as he had taken it now.

"Are you ready, Sir?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Lecount dictated the first paragraph from the Draft as follows:

"This is the last Will and Testament of me, Noel Vanstone, now living at Beliol Cottage, near Dumfries. I revoke, absolutely and in every particular, my former will, executed on the fourth day of September, eighteen hundred and forty-seven; and I hereby appoint Rear-Admiral Arthur Everard Bartram, R.N., my Cross-the-Marsh, Essex, sole executor of this my will."

"Have you written those words, Sir?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Lecount laid down the Draft; Noel Vanstone laid down the pen. They neither of them looked at each other. There was a long silence.

"I am waiting, Mr. Noel," said Mrs. Lecount, at last, "to hear what your wishes are in respect to the disposal of your fortune. Your large fortune," she added, with merciless emphasis.

He took up the pen again, and began picking the feathers from the quill in dead silence.

"Perhaps your decision will not keep you to instruct me, Sir," pursued Mrs. Lecount. "May I inquire to whom you will add the surplus money after leaving the eighty thousand pounds to your wife?"

If he had answered that question plainly he must have said, "I have left the whole surplus to my cousin, George Bartram," and the implied acknowledgment that Mrs. Lecount's name was not mentioned in the will must then have followed in Mrs. Lecount's presence. A much bolder man, in his situation, might have shrunk from the torture of making that confession—to which he was feeling now. He picked the last morsel of feather from the quill, and, desperately leaping the pitfall under his feet, advanced to meet Mrs. Lecount's claims on him of his own accord.

"I would rather not talk of any will but the will I am making now," he said, uneasily. "The first thing, Lecount—"

He hesitated—put the last feather on the quill into his mouth—gnawed at it thoughtfully—and said no more.

"Yes, Sir?" prompted Mrs. Lecount.

"The first thing is—"

"Yes, Sir?"

"The first thing is, to—to make some provision for You?"

He spoke his last words in a tone of plaintive interrogation—as if all hope of being met by a magnanimous refusal had not deserted him even yet. Mrs. Lecount enlightened him in cruel on this point without a moment's lost of time.

"Thank you, Mr. Noel," she said, with the tone and manner of a woman who was not acknowledging a favor but receiving a right.

He took out his left arm and gulped. The perspiration began to appear on his face.

"The difficulty is," he remarked, "to say how much."

"Your benefactress, Sir," rejoined Mrs. Lecount, "is not that difficulty (if you remember at the time of his last illness?"

"I don't remember," said Noel Vanstone doggedly.

"You were on one side of his bed, Sir, and I was on the other, when I have put to you, deliberately, the question of his will. After telling us he would wait and make his will when he was well again—after telling us that we could send some kind and feeling words which my memorandum-book will help me to supply. Have you forgotten those words, Mr. Noel?"

"Yes," said Mr. Noel, without hesitation.

"In my memorandum-book, Sir," resumed Mrs. Lecount, "delicacy forbids me to improve your memory."

She looked at her watch and relapsed into silence. He clenched his hands and writhed from side to side in his chair. He got out of it, at last, to decision. Mrs. Lecount passively refused to take the slightest notice of him.

"What shall I say—?" he began, and suddenly stopped again.

"Yes, Sir?"

"What should you say to—a thousand pounds?"

Mrs. Lecount rose from her chair and looked him full in the face with the majestic indignation of an outraged woman.

"After the service I have rendered you today, Mr. Noel," she said, "I have at least earned a right to be spared insult. I have received nothing more. I will you good-morning."

"Two thousand," cried Noel Vanstone, with the courage of despair.

Mrs. Lecount folded up her papers and hung her trembling hands over her arm in contemptuous silence.

"Five thousand!"

Mrs. Lecount moved with impenetrable dignity from the table to the door.

"Four thousand!"

Mrs. Lecount gathered her shawl round her with a shudder and opened the door.

"Five thousand!"

He clasped his hands and wrung them at her in the frenzy of rage and suspense. "Five thousand!" was the death-cry of his pecuniary suicide.

Mrs. Lecount softly shut the door again and came back to him.

"Free of legacy duty, Sir?" she inquired.

"Oh!"

Mrs. Lecount turned on her heel and opened the door again.

"Yes!"

Mrs. Lecount came back and resumed her place at the table as if nothing had happened.

Five thousand pounds, free of legacy duty, was the sum, Sir, which your father's grateful regard pointed out to me that I ought to receive.

"If you choose to exert your memory, as you have not chosen to exert it yet, your memory will tell you that I was right. I accept your filial performance of your father's promise, Mr. Noel—and there it ends. It seems to take a mean advantage of my position toward you; I scorn to grasp my thing from your fears. I am above all by my respect for myself and for the illustrious Name I bear. You are welcome to all the help I have done and to all the care I have suffered in your service. The widow of Professor Lecompte, Sir, takes what is justly her own, and takes no more."

As she spoke there words the traces of sickness seemed to have begun to disappear from her face; her eyes shone with a steady inner light; all the woman warmed and brightened in the radiance of her own self-approval. Stretched, trebly won, of carrying her point, of vindicating her integrity, and of matching Magdalen's cruel triumph with a triumph of her own, she looked every inch a commanding woman.

"When you are yourself again, Sir, we will resume. Until then no more!"

She gave him time to compose himself; and then, after first looking at her Draft, dictated the second paragraph in these words:

"I give and bequeath to Madame Virginie Lecompte (widow of Professor Lecompte, late of Zurich), the sum of Five Thousand Pounds, free of Legacy Duty, in testimony of the high sense I wish to piece it on record that I am not only expressing my own sense of Madame Lecompte's attachment and fidelity in the capacity of my housekeeper, but that I also believe myself to be executing the intentions of my deceased father, who, but for the circumstance of his dying intestate, would have left Madame Lecompte, in his will, the same token of grateful regard for her services which I now leave her in mine."

"Have you written the last words, Sir?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Lecount leaned across the table and offered Noel Vanstone her hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Noel," she said. "The five thousand pounds is the acknowledgment on your father's side of what I have done for him. The words in the will are the acknowledgment on yours."

A faint smile flickered over his face for the first time. He comforted him, on reflection, to think that matters might have been worse. There was still room for a kindred spirit in paying the debt of gratitude by a sentence not negotiable at his banker's. Whatever his father might have said, he had got Lecount a bargain after all!

While more writing, Mr. Noel?" inquired Mrs. Lecount, "and your painful but necessary duty will be performed. The trifling matter of my legacy being settled, we shall come to the important question that is left. The future direction of a large fortune is now waiting your word of command. What is to be done with it?"

He began to writhe again in his chair. Even under the first powerful fascination of his wife the parting with his money on paper had not been accomplished without a pang. He had endured the pang; he had resigned himself to the sacrifice. And now here was the dreaded ordeal again awaiting him mercilessly for the second time!

"Perhaps it may assist your decision, Sir, if I repeat the suggestion which I have put to you already," observed Mrs. Lecount. "In the will which you are now making, the residuary legatee to whom did you leave the surplus money which remained at your own disposal?"

There was no help in answering the question now. He acknowledged that he had left the money to his cousin George.

"You cannot have done nothing better, Mr. Noel, and you can do nothing better now," said Mrs. Lecount. "Mr. George and his two sisters are your only relations left. One of those sisters is an incurable invalid, with more than money enough for all she wants while she lives; her affliction allows her to feel. The other is rich, and will be even richer than yourself. To leave the money to these sisters is to waste it. To leave the money to their brother George is to give your property exactly the assistance which he will want, when he one day inherits his uncle's fortune, to complete the ruin of that unfortunate estate. A will which names the admiral your executor, and Mr. George your heir, is the right will for you to make. It does honor to the claims of friendship, and it does justice to the claims of blood."

She spoke warmly, for she spoke with a grateful remembrance of all that she herself owed to the hospitality of Mr. Crux. Noel Vanstone took up another pen and began to strip the second quill of its feathers as he had stripped the first.

"Yes," he said, reluctantly: I suppose George must have it—I suppose George has the principles of a gentleman, and I can trust him." He looked at the door, he looked at the window, as if he longed to make his escape by one way or the other. "Will that do?" he cried, piteously. "it's such a large fortune! Let me wait a little before I leave it to my wife!"

To his surprise, Mrs. Lecount at once complied with this characteristic request.

"I shall do right to wait, Sir," she replied. "I have something important to say before you add another line to your will. Pray excuse me while I fold you there was a second necessity connected with your present situation, which had not occurred to me before, but which must be provided for when the time came. The time has come now. I am under a serious difficulty to meet and conquer before you can leave your fortune to your cousin George."

"What difficulty?" he asked.

Mrs. Lecount rose from her chair without answering, stole to the door, and suddenly threw it open. No one was listening outside: the passage was a solitude from one end to the other.

"Mr. Bygrave's clerk," she said, returning to her place—"your servants particularly. Sir closer, Mr. Noel. What I have now to say to you must be heard by no living creature but ourselves."

A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR MR. EDITER—Sarah Blue is a woman, and I bein' a person on the same socks, ya see it's natural we shouldn't always agree.

I call myself a thorough aiminstratrix—I go for law and administration, for the present one. None ov yure shan demockrays for me!

Sarah says the same; but, between you and me and the post, Sarah is a good administratrix just as long as affares go on ta suit her, but jest the eyedentical minit things go against the grain, she's off on the other side like a shot.

But I don't wunder at her ideas bein' unwhat fulled with politics, for her father was the first turn-out yve ever did see. He was brut up a methodis—then turned dissenyer, and was sent to prison for it—then turned infidle, and eny one said that he intered inter political life for the sake ov gittin' into office. Perhaps the only one ov the folks (as has also cold ewff then, in all kossheuce!), and putty soon arter that he got ournsiet and died like a dog. Sarah's father's only offense he was expelled from the methodists, on the charge of perviritin' the Scripture, which says, thee canot not make to thy hair white or black. Then he bort a small farm (he was a blacksmith before), and settled down near us, and has voted reggularly on the dissyplanetic ticket ever sense, but twice—once in Harrison's time, and again in Taylor's; and at sour State elecshun had come befour Pensulvany, so he'd a known old Ate was bounud to win, he'd have voted for him.

Sense the war broke avut ho's jined the Quakers, and every time he hears ov a draft bein' spoken of he quakes like a piece of crab-apple jelly when ya fust turn it ker long ways aut of the mold.

Nowr there's one thing where Sarah is as like her father as two peas. She is fond ev politics. She reeds the New York *Herald* reggerlarly, so's tu be on all sides to once; and don't hardly touch a navel, except the hysterical novels in the Sunday papers. She don't reed messy works of fickshun, because she constantly sees sich by the reliable correspondents of some of the newspapers. She never plays whist, because her father was a methodist. She never goes to a ball, for the same reason. Sarah, and sumtimes tells fokkes fortunes with the kards. But they don't many—for we have no fokkes. Once she told Sam Jennings that he would be choked to death sum day eating flap-jacks; and sure enuff, one day, jest after supper, when his mouth was full of cakes and molasses, he slipped down the sollar and nearly broke his neck. That's all the acknowsaw's jury on the body, and the verdick was he died from flap-jacks, as he had so mennny in his mouth that they removed the sollar entirely, and made him top-bewry, which caused him to fall down sumtimes.

Wa'al, as I was goin' in reware, the last conversashun I had with Sarah was almost pollytics. I was a-sittin' in the evenin'—we don't keep no kind ov cool, and I do the work mostly—when in rushed Sarah Blue, as red as a navel bug, and throwin' a shawl on my pile ov bankerchefs, that I'd put on the settle bench after ironing of 'em till they war as slick as a whistle.

"Charley! what do you think?" says she, at last as a pant.

"Why, for the land's sake, what's the matter?" says I.

"Matter enuff!" she anserred, looking the very picture of skorn. "Old Abe Lincon has made a new appointment!"

"Wa'al now," says I, "I'm glad on't!—is it good?"

Ha, ha! I didn't know exackly what it was—I didn't know but it was sum nu kind of cake he'd made. Ya know we live Washington Cake, and Lemon Cake, and why shouldn't we have Lincon Cake? Reserver, I didn't tell Sarah what I thort at the time, and I don't tell her now.

"Good! there ain't no good to it," she replyed; "don't ya think he's gone and told all the niggers to set their wives free from their master's reign, but spare, oh! spare them pockets! Skin 'em alive, but don't tetch their wives and kids!"

"Don't ya mind a navel sin says?" cried I, enthusiastikly. "She don't know what she's a-saying!

"Ez Farther Abraham, and I will be—"

"Grimes and liberty!" "Glory hallelujah!"

Don't ya think, Mister Editer, that's better gut? so now I'll stop and cook one of my own flat koss and knue at me like a wild-cat!

I immegine I see the look of the tenags, and we fit there in the kitchen till her face looked as if she'd had the smellopx, and mine was pulled up a bit when I let her shake, and all my klaws clene that I'd lend but to put inter the wash agin.

I larv'ed and sed ov the honner ov it.

But I had my revenge, for I sit a point—a narkastical point, ov course—about the delishus ov bigger apple sass, and Sarah Blue, she sed, sed she, and sed she, and sed she, and sed it Troath, so she'd know who rit it. She hasn't spoke tu me sins ov that. Here it is, deer reeder:

POEM.

Abram, spair the Sassiti!
Tetch not a single nigger!
They'll be dear to the Sassiti
If ye cut each a figger!

The Sassiti are a people
Ez ain't to be trifled with;
When they're with a pickaxiny
They're with a pick or tin!

Then, good ez gold the Sassiti
A fust-rate piece they'd win,
Ef they could git the nigger
Without the nigger skin.

But ef ye run it fer hell
Ye gits them critters in hull!

Who fired rite on your flagg—
Dragged freemen to their graves?
Who lov to bend the knee
Thet we shall bow them slaves?
Who sez the word, and
Thet's said and done with strength?
And ef ye kin defie both,
For pity's sake, do it!

Yes! By our martyred dead,
We'll follow Abram's star!
Ef he dare not set them free,
And hit we shave we kin!

SARAH BLUE.

[We shall be glad to hear from MRS. GRIMES again.—*Ed. Harper's Weekly.*]

THE NINTH INDIANA AT DANVILLE.

WE publish on page 710 a picture of the RECEPTION OF THE NINTH INDIANA REGIMENT AT DANVILLE, CAPTURED from a sketch by Mr. Mosler. Mr. M. writes:

DANVILLE, October 14, 1862.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I herewith send you a sketch of the reception of the Ninth Indiana Regiment at Danville, Kentucky, on the 8th inst., which nearly five miles, Col. John Morgan and his force, which was held by the Rebel guerrilla, commanded by of cavalry, and Gen. W. H. Hains. We captured, including the brave Colonel W. H. Hains. We captured, including the wounded in hospitals, about 500, who were all paroled. The Union feeling and exhilaration of joy when we entered was never equaled. This is also the residence of General Speed Smith, who has 3000 Rebel troops and 3000 Infantrymen. The Ninth Indiana was greatly complimented by the Commanding General, W. T. Sherman, in General Schultz's Division.

Yours respectfully,

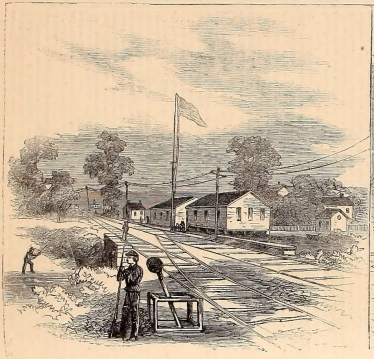
HENRY MOSLER.



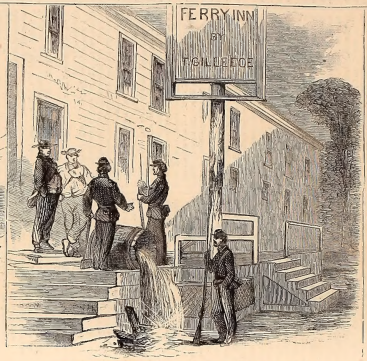
THE REBELS DESTROYING THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD, AS SEEN FROM FAIR VIEW.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 718.]



HANCOCK, MARYLAND, FROM THE CAMP OF BALLIER'S "BULLY DUTCHMEN"—NINETY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—(SEE PAGE 718.)



BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD STATION AT HANCOCK.



PENALTY OF SELLING LIQUOR TO SOLDIERS—HANCOCK.



PASSING UNDER THE CANAL TO THE FORD.

RUNNING NEGROES SOUTH.

On pages 712 and 713 we publish an illustration of an event of very frequent occurrence at the present time in Virginia: namely, the DRIVING OF NEGROES SOUTH in order to escape the approach of our army. The poor creatures are collected in gangs, handcuffed or chained together, and driven off under the lash or at the point of the bayonet. One authority says:

A refugee from the vicinity of Leesburg states that a rebel cavalry force appeared in that place on Monday last and ordered every negro within all the squads that previously been collected together there, and placed in two detachments, by order of General Lee.

The *Times* correspondent says:

While at Aldie, on Thursday last, two colts my master and Moore and Bell, were stolen from me and were detained as prisoners. The first named is a son of Mr. Gilpin's fine Morgan stallion, Gilpin, and of the old Goose Creek, and the latter is a large pleasure horse. Moore and Bell, who had been my fellow-slaves, and were neither bridled nor shod, were much surprised at being detained with us. Some days when to tear their homes, from which they had been absent some time. Upon being questioned closely, they admitted that they had just come from the James River, and finally owned up that they had been running off "niggers," having just taken a large gang, including two themselves and neighbors, estimated in value to avoid being them under the emancipation proclamation. I understand, from various sources, that the owners of this species of property, throughout the section of the State, are moving off toward Richmond as fast as it can be spared from the plantations, and the slaveholders boast that there will not be a negro left on this part of the State by the 1st of January next.

Another correspondent says:

The rebels in Secessia are busily engaged just now in running off the Richmond and Secessia Railroad rolling stock. A Union man, just from below Culpeper, says that in the course of a day's journey he saw no less than seven at different points—all strongly guarded. He does not recently know which control his pity most, the white or black men.

THE WAR IN UPPER MARYLAND.

WE publish on page 716 a view of the DESTRUCTION OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD by the rebels, as from Fair View Mountain; and on page 717 several pictures taken at HANCOCK. All are from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis. He writes:

FAIR VIEW.

The rebels are completing as fast as possible the destruction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad by burning the ties. This they do by placing fence rails upon them, and on firing them at both ends; for not only the ties, but completely ruins the iron. When I made my sketch from the signal-station on Fair View Mountain, the sight was magnificent. The burning road showed a snake-like trail of smoke for miles, the distance showing both hills and blue lakes, and the thousands of little tents gave a charming contrast to the changing forest. It is, we are told, the intention of the rebels to destroy the road as far as it is within their reach. They say that it is "unfortunate" the country through which it ran—meaning that it civilized it.

HANCOCK.

Hancock, an exceedingly picturesque town of 4000 inhabitants, situated on the bank of the Potomac, is now the theatre of considerable military activity, being occupied by a portion of the right wing of the Army of the Potomac. Lieutenant Eggleston, Provost Marshal of Conch's division, having ordered me hereto arrest the editor of the city, all the hotels and restaurants to cease from selling liquor while the troops remained, destroyed all he found upon the premises of those who disobeyed the order, and by doing so preserved order and discipline among the soldiers and citizens. Hancock is now the eastern terminus of the western portion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Each train is in front of it as it moves eastward, and in the rear, and the engineers and firemen are furnished with rifles and pistol-revolvers from the ranks of the guerrillas. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal is on this side of the river, and the sketch represents a regiment passing through a culvert under the canal on their way to the ford.

A LEAF FROM A SUMMER.

FATES ripen fast in these days, and all that was required and best for me is over and done. I have room to have passed since June, and yet I can count the months on the fingers of one hand. Life had always run in an even current with me. Small griefs no one could see; useless agonies, none the less keen because sometimes fantastic. At first the world looked awkwardly to me: I was long in harmonizing. But as I grew older and gained confidence and composure, a degree of harmony was mine. Perhaps if I had kept in my corner I might have crystalized into the placid maiden, unmixing, serene specimen of ladyhood I was fast becoming at twenty-one. But Time's whirligig soon placed me in the midst of the practical and the dramatic.

There was Morrison Deane, whom I had long known with the indifference of friendship, now to find him of kindred. He told me how long he had watched me, how he understood me and admired my powers. I felt that out of all he knew he confided only in me. His sympathy made me eloquent. Now natures sometimes kindle in a moment to steady flame; and if I had been slowly educating myself to the appreciation of this man, I was ready for him. I need to dwell on it, I loved him.

Do you know the mystery? The subtle, indefinite uplifting of the whole nature, the abandonment of the first rapture, the slow and hard control of a new being. I was changed out of my own understanding. For the first time I apprehended the unutterable beauty of that attribute of Divinity. Then I first truly worshiped God.

The future lay thus in mary, shifting colors; in no dangerous dell I sank to find it. Lovers, I think, are prone to deceive themselves, and fancy the friendship of their friend turning love-color; but I did not falter but once, it was so easy. Aunt Felix and I had lived on in our country home without a thought of change. We two were alone in the world, and were contented as two women ever can be. Suddenly the ancient maiden, a hundred times more youthful in her feelings than I, consented to enliven the solitude of a solemn, respectable widower, a man I should always have respected. Then my friends took counsel on my affairs and decided I should be tortured no longer, but take up my abode henceforth with my guardian and cousin James. So the house was dismantled, all my books and furniture packed, and I was to commence my new life with was packed in three great trunks before me. The night of the last night came to Mermont Deane was that afternoon, when he walked in swinging his straw-hat and looking so cool and contented as he entered a room. "I am," he said, in a few moments, "you are cross. Come, take a walk. I desire to go over the river, and you are to go over." Who knows how sure, like knight and maid, we may track these old ways again !"

The bustle of the day brought us out of ourselves. Morrison was true to himself. He was still a he sang the little ballad of Lovelace's, and as he ended—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

stooped forward, and clasped her hands. She did not understand, but half read some baleful fate in his passionate glance, say startled air.

"What is it, Morry?" chimed the silver voice.

"I am out and about Fredericksburg. I am severed, gravely, and changed to tender soothing; which must have proved successful, for I found Felix cold and unsympathetic with a kind of vanity I shared.

Morrison went, and the struggle of months brought him out unscathed. When I saw him fresh, brown, and writhe my courage rose.

The first hour in all this summer's pandemonium he bestowed on me. Moved out of all reserve, he acknowledged that I was dying a martyr to Margie? You are working too hard for the soldiers, and giving drop by drop your blood to these bandages."

"No," I told him. It was new life. I had found my vein. There is no rest but in work, easily and of Elsie. He had parted from her at Saratoga.

"His will watch over her for my sake, the one dear thing I own?"

I promised, and he shook hands warmly and waved away. I looked gravely after him. How knew the manichaean another month might hold? He caught my look, and came back, muttering it over good-by, and for the first time kissed me. When the door fairly closed the only tears I ever shed Elsie could not sympathize with a kind of vanity I shared.

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The wounded came pouring in. The gloomy little hall was thronged with them. I was there one when I read his name in the long, confused column; I only thought of what must be done. But what must be done? There was only one at home; I could not hurry to the battle-field. It was not my right to leave him even for Margie. But when Morrison wrote me he was in New Haven—that haven of good nursing and devoted care—and not a word nor heart from Elsie, I felt my responsibility and took my sober old Louisa and started for Connecticut. The thought of the pistol-shot haunted me.

"Pooh," said I—"the women are too busy to comment on me, and have I not some gray hairs?" It was a relief to have some plain reason for my certain. It was night before we reached our journey's end. That night was the hardest I ever passed.

As early in the morning as I dared we walked to the hospital. At the entrance stood some young girls smiling under their round hats. Their silver chatter ceased as we entered. A few remembered days and journeys, and I walked slowly down the room to his bedside.

"Ah me, Morrison Deane!"

He smiled, and said, "You are here, thank God!" I was speechless; but nothing could have prevented my coming. I am glad I came.

He seemed to fall rapidly, and the physicians looked dreadful sheets at each other—and then sorrowfully at me. They could not bear to lose so loyal, so obedient a soul.

I bore him nothing braver than the rock, gentle as a girl, yet fighting with a steadfast sternness, and urging me to rest. A resolution was taken which should be no failure. That is the soldier—that was he.

After a long consultation the surgeon told him by how uncertain a thread he held on life. The amputation of his arm might save him; but in his enfeebled state it was a great risk, and yet the only hope.

A letter from Elsie lay next his heart, as he answered cheerfully, "Let it be done. I shall not die of that. She loves me!" he whispered to me. "Let me remain here to her shadow."

So I fastened down a sheet of paper to the portable writing-desk, and gave him a pencil. He had fought himself to write with his left hand, but achieved the epistle with no little difficulty.

"Much as I am grieved for her," said he, while I folded it, "I am thankful she accepts my will as authority. Not for all the comfort she could bring would I have her exposed to these scenes for an hour. If I die," turning his eyes full on my face, "she will not know why she left me, without the added anguish of detail, for she has not your undaunted soul."

After the operation, contrary to all their fears, he began to rally; daily he grew better till my blood began to bound again. Hour after hour sat I sat and fanned him, trying to create a coolness in the heated air, his eyes met mine with unclouded courage.

"I can never fight again!" was the only despond, and thing he said.

"But then you can be a tax-gatherer," the doctor suggested.

A few mornings later and this watchful attendant said,

"This is unaccountable! Captain Deane was so well yesterday that I began to think of sending him home to-day in the weakest yet, his pulse is absolutely nothing."

"Is the arm painful?" walking to him.

"Not much," he answered. The doctor made his examinations and went away unsatisfied. I watched him in melancholy silence, while, only a quiet breath or weary movement showing him alive. There was no change for the better as the days passed he sunk under an invisible hand.

Then it came to pass that I said, as I leaned over him, "Shall I write for Elsie?"

He turned his face to the wall as he answered, "She will not marry a cripple, Margie; she has changed her mind."

That letter, like the anecdote's case and poison, was on his breast. I gave it to him, but could read her communication? I could not see. It dropped unheeded as I put my arms over him and touched his cheek with mine. I could not help it. His enemy had struck him unarmed and unaware.

He turned his face to me.

"Is it so, poor child?" said he, faintly. "Am I all wrong? Be faithful! Get well for Elsie!"

The hour came when they lowered him into the earth, and fixed their volleys over him.

I wished that I could have dug a grave for me, but I have to live.

WOLVES.

AFTER visiting the White Village, I had agreed to accompany Saunderson to a place called the Black Village, which belonged to a farmer of the name, who had obtained from the white villagers mercy for being somewhat merciful. Instead of this estate, including a large saw-mill, corn-mill, and sugar-mill, was under the control of the intelligent Saunderson who equivalent to a lord made at the hunt. The distance was about thirty miles, and, although we could not go at a very great rate and safe route, we decided on the forest track, as the nearest, and as affording the best chance of sport on the way. In the evening the preceding day the frost had sharpened, until the snow was crisp and hard, and covered in any direction through the wood a magnificent hard road, without a track on it. Instead of shunning the wolves, which abounded in the forest, we resolved to court their company, and for this purpose carried with us a decoy, in the shape of a young pig carefully tied up in a strong canvas sack. Our sledge, horses, ammunition, breadsacks, and sandwiches, having been put into our well-appointed sledge, we started in the early church, crossed the bridge, went up the hill a little, and then striking into the forest, were soon in its labyrinths. Our first object was the finding of a train of about five-and-thirty, who had established himself as herdsman on all my excursions. Two of Saunderson's well-hounds and the count's Newfoundland dog, by at our feet, perfectly alive to the prospect of sport.

Before we had quite left all evidences of traffic we heard the report of a gun, followed by laughing at some distance. Determined to see what was going on, we left the sledge, and taking our rifles, made toward the noise. Soon before us in a wood through clear cold air, and we had further to go than we expected before we found several men, one in fellow's trees had unearthed a bear. There he stood on his hind-legs, in front of what had been his hibernating den—a hole in the mountain-ash which had been just pulled down. He stood with his back against the trunk, and his fore-feet beating the air, and his jaws were amazingly expressive with his antics. As he seemed to want something to hug, they offered him a bundle of straw and bits of wood covered with mat between his arms. He closed them with a growl, and gave it a hug, and tore the bundle to pieces in a moment—to be in a moment—to see his colossus in turns, but without any fear for themselves. There was no cause for astonishment; poor brain had not yet come to his senses. He was quite blind, thinking the giant, his foe, was hanging on to the gun-present, and his for his fact that of a mangy dog in the beginning of the fight, and prepared his bite, and crept into it. There he had lain on one side, sucking one paw. There he had turned on at once, and, with a single foot-grasping, had seen that when his dwelling was broken open by an evil chance, and he was forced to get up and called his tormentor and chief assistant Saunderson, which right seemed slow to return. He had a dismal and hopeless aspect, as he stood on his hind-legs a little way from his support, and retreated to it growling and angry. To prevent the bears from reaching the great creature's back, we got a bullet into the right place, and left the men and the cart to finish the job. Saunderson has run a more cruel death; which is our only excuse for having shot that poor, blind, sleepy, bewildered bear.

Just then the driver said: "We shall soon get among the wolves. I shall look out for sport."

"Shall we try the pig, as a decoy?" I said to Saunderson.

By all means, let us have a shot at something that is not blind and helpless. I can not get the poor blind bear out of my mind's eye."

The pig was dragged from under the seat, where he had lain very quiet, and, by dint of pinching his tail, was set to squeal. He was not slow to do with variations, which resounded for miles through the stillness of the forest. Then a large piece of cheese we wolves, but at length we caught sight of two, skulking among the underwood, in a parallel line with our path, but at a respectful distance. Although we kept up the decoy music they were shy of approaching within shot. One end of a long white cotton rope was then attached to the mouth of the pig's bag, the other end to the back of the sledge, and as we slowly turned a bend in the track the bag was dropped behind. We slackened pace, and, as the rope ran out, the pig proceeded of his own accord. When the rope was all run out we stopped and got out of the sleigh to watch the

result, taking our station about two hundred yards from the pig, behind a tree, with our eyes on the place where we had last seen the two wolves. The pig, meantime, finding himself in a new position, put new zeal into his music. The wolves left the cover with springs and jumps, and soon approached the poor pig, who was in no greater danger than ourselves. As they were on the point of springing on the hog—in fact, one of them had made the jump —I gave round the driver to move on with his horses, thus pulling the prey out of their reach, and setting them to wonder what had become of it. The wonder did not last long, for the wolves distinctly had smelled pork, and meant to dine on it.

They again approached the hog, and the big again received, while the vest worshippers of the sounding whistle proceeded from the pig inside. The wolves made a furious run, and again the driver gave the signal to advance till he had brought the pig nearly on a line with the place where Saunderson and I were standing; the wolves followed us with fangues and glaring eyes. Both rifles went off at the same moment, and, strange to say, only one wolf rolled over. We had both fired into one. The other wolf sprang for cover, but was stopped and brought to bay by the three dogs, who very soon made an end of him, retiring in the struggle a few sharp lifes from his ugly teeth.

The next object of devering the wolves was some in that part of the country, and it is not unattended with danger, for, in case of a large pack being attracted, nothing but their horses are safe from the hunters. We had this pleasure among the riders and dogs, and were prepared for as many wolves as might show themselves.

"Do you hear that?" said Saunderson, as an unmistakable howling of the wolves came to us on the wind. "We have only killed the advance-guard; the pack is in full cry. Be quick, fetch in the pig, and let us drag these two behind the sleigh."

We tied the rope round the neck of each wolf, and dragged them as fast as possible, followed by the dogs in the sleigh, and jumped in ourselves. Then off we sped again, wolves by this time within an inch of us and behind us. We had determined we could sustain a pace of three feet to their two, and this cleared us of risk. All we had to do was to prevent their getting ahead of us.

Having reloaded our empty barrels and lighted our cigars, we kept watch on either side for a good shot; but it is not easy to get a good shot in a running sleigh, unless the object be stationary, large, and near.

"Mattvie, go slower, keep your eye on the horses, and pull up very gradually when I cry 'stop.'"

"I hear."

A detachment behind were now coming up in five wolves.

"Slower, Mattvie."

"I hear."

We got on our knees on the seat of the sleigh with our faces to the approaching wolves, about fifteen in number; we rested our rifles on the back, and as the wolves came up Saunderson cried—

"Now, take one on the left, and I'll take one on the right, and as soon as you see their teeth fire."

"Stop, Mattvie."

"I hear."

Gradually the sleigh came to a stand. The wolves were by this time within twenty yards of us, and we could see their grinning teeth, their grinders, their tongues lapping and the light in their fiery eyes.

"Are you ready? Fire! Two down. Again! The other barrel. Ready? Fire! Other two down. Drive on, Mattvie, slowly: it will take them some time to consider of that."

The wolves all stopped, and seemed to gather round their fallen friends. A turn in the wood hid them from view. Even our enemies on the right and left flanks passed at the unexpected report of the guns, and allowed us to proceed without molestation. We went another mile and a half, and length stopped altogether and waited; but no more wolves came up.

"I am afraid," said Saunderson, "our wolfhunting is over for to-day. Drive on, Mattvie, we can't help it."

"Listen, horses," said Mattvie. "We can trap them all. I'll be the pig."

"Trap them. How?"

"It is easily done. About three versts from this is Timofey Evenofige, the woodman's hut. You have only to make one turn to the right, and keep straight on, and you will reach it. He has a wolf-trap, for I saw it, and I will keep on the wolves. Never fear. Only you must give me the little horse; he is swift and sure; I have hunted all winter before with him."

After a slight hesitation about the man's safety, which he thought in no peril of any sort, his plan was adopted. The little horse was got out and given to Mattvie; Saunderson mounted the driving, and on we went alone. Our man, mounted like a pig, rode back to invite the wolves to follow him into the trap. Around Timofey's dwelling-house was a strong, high palisade; through this there was only one entrance, by a door opposing inward, and hung by a pulley and heavy balance-weight so that when a wolf pushed himself through this door it closed, and shut him into the space between the house and palisade. This space was again divided off by strong cross-partitions round the premises, to each of which was fixed a sliding panel in the roof of panel, that could be pulled up or let down from within the house. By these means the inmate could separate the wolves, and kill them with dogs, guns, or hatchets, at their leisure. I had heard of one man trapping in this manner as many as fifty wolves in a winter, besides other game, the skins of which were worth to him at least one hundred and fifty rubles.

As we approached the hut we found it of larger dimensions than we had expected, and that it appeared to take in a larger circumference than one hut required. We shouted, but no one answered; all was as still and quiet as if the place were uninhabited. On our entering the door through the palisade it closed with a bang, and we found ourselves in a small inclosure with a gateway opposite, leading to the back premises; but it was made fast. After thundering at it for a minute or two a small door in the gateway opened, and there emerged, cautiously, the figure of a man rubbing his eyes and starting through his hair. He reminded me of the blind bear. His hair, like a great mass of tangled tow, was matted over his face, and his beard was of the same. He was dressed coat over a gray cotton or sackin shirt and trowsers, and long felt boots completed his costume. He made many curious signs and uttered many times for keeping us waiting, but seemed to be in no hurry to open the door. He had had a pack of wolves might be expected, and that our horses and conveyances must be put in a place of safety. He understood nothing of the wolf-trap business, and he was off into the house with a spring, through a window inside the gateway. He followed, stopping all the time, and we in his house. It was a man-kennel, twenty or thirty feet square, a great stove in the centre, dogs of a variety lying on the floor, and men snoring on the top of the pack. The heat was suffocating, the stench was poisonous. Our host pushed the dogs right and left from them off their perch by the legs, pouring water on the heads of those who would not move, and the dogs. "Wolves! wolves! you pigs, and you all sleeping! Be quiet, dogs. No barking. Evan, take the horses' horses and pigs, and bring in the entrance to the sled. Quick! Andrea, stand by the big gate and open it after the pig has passed, and gets through. Put the dogs in the third division, and get out the guns! Ah, thank God and there is daylight for bringing it in!"

We had no intention of being cooped up in the hut while the wolves were in the neighborhood of station beside the man at the gateway, which now stood wide open for the admission of Mattvie and the pig, which, by the bye, was all on end, and every necessary preparation made. Then came the howling of wolves and the screaming as of a child, and Mattvie, with the pig, was discovered in the rush of many small feet. The outer door in the palisade was opened, and Mattvie, with the pig, bowed in half a minute by the whole pack, rushed in. That half-minute was just sufficient to enable the wolves to vanish through the bars of the trap. Then, as the last pressure on the door was removed, it closed with a loud sharp noise, and some five-and-twenty wolves were inured in a space not larger than twelve feet by twenty. We did not at first close the door entirely, but, mounting our pieces at the mass of wolves now huddling one above up in a corner, we fired into the brown in rapid succession, then closed the gate, and reloaded for another charge. The change from the late ferocious yelping during which they had displayed in pursuit of a single horseman, to abject fear and they found themselves caught in the narrow trap, was instantaneous. Not one wolf like sheep in a pen, crushing up in a corner, riding on the top of another, biting and tearing in their lies, crouching and shivering with fear. It is not necessary to describe the scene of mere slaughter. Two stays were dropped out of the gates so that we might get through. The drop panels were opened, and two of the wolves rushed out, one to the next division; there dogs were let in on them through the adjoining trap, or they were killed by men with great knives, axes, and at length, when only six or seven remained, three of the men went in. Some, dying with perfect safety dispatched them. They say that a worm will turn on the best that treads on it, but wolves caught in a trap like this are perfectly harmless. In escape, have less courage than a worm. They crouch, shiver, and die, at last without one effort at self-defence, or one snap of retaliation.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VI.—No. 307.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS PASSING THROUGH WASHINGTON TO JOIN THEIR REGIMENTS.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. ORRIEL.—[SEE PAGE 738.]

"WHAT DO I DREAM OF?"

BY VICTOR HUGO.

WHAT do I dream of? Far from the low roof
Whose new ye who, children, I dream of you;
Of you, young heads that are the hope and crown
Of my old manor, ripening to its fall.
Branches whose bodies grows along my wall.
Sweet souls nearer upon to the breath of age,
Still dazzled with the brightness of your dawn.
I dream of these two little ones at play,
Making the threshold vocal with their cries,
Half tears, half laughter, mingled sport and strife.
Like two flowers knocked together by the wind.
Or of the other two—mere actions thought
Standing already broader waves of life,
A conscious innocence and shy curious boy,
A pensive daughter and my curious boy.
This do I dream, while the light settles o'ing.
At evening's quiet beneath some steepy shore,
While the wave spending all their nutrity, breathe
A thousand sounds to the wonderful night,
And the whole air is full of wondrous sounds,
From sea to land, from land to sea, from rock—
Alcies and nut, thus do I dream of you.
Children, and home, and home, the ashes set,
The glowing hearth and all the pious care
Of tender mother, and of grandsire kind.
And while before me, overall with white sails,
The languid ocean mirrors all the stars,
And while the pilot, from the infinite sea,
Looks with calm eyes into the infinite heaven,
I, dreaming of you only, seek to sing
And fathom all my soul's deep love for you—
Love sweet, and powerful, and overflowing—
And find that the great ocean is small beside it.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1862.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

THE great argument of our enemies, at home and abroad, has been that the United States could not afford to pay the expenses of so great a war as we are waging, and that a day of compromise was approaching simply through the inevitable collapse of the financial system of the North. Let us test this question by figures, without noticing the blunders or the misrepresentation of the enemy.

On 1st October last the total debt of the United States, including some $75,000,000 inherited from the Buchanan Administration, amounted, in round numbers, to $620,000,000. Since then there is reason to believe that the aggregate expenditures of Government have not exceeded $1,200,000 a day. We are probably, therefore, not far wrong when we say that at the time this paper reaches its readers the public debt will fall short of $670,000,000, at an annual charge for interest of something under $28,000,000. As the great expenditures of the Government for arms and equipments have already been incurred, we take for granted, without much fear of being mistaken, that $1,200,000 a day, or $36,000,000 a month, or $432,000,000 a year will enable us to carry on this war for several years to come. Assuming, unjustly enjoined with finance, like Mr. Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, have talked loosely on the subject of the public expenditures, and encouraged many vague notions on the subject. The event will correct these idle estimates, and will vindicate the calculations of reason.

On 1st July, 1863, supposing the war to continue so long, and every dollar of our expenditures to be borrowed of the public, the aggregate national debt will fall considerably short of nine hundred millions of dollars.

To meet the interest on this sum the Government has the revenue from taxes and from customs duties. It was the intention of Congress, in passing the new tariff and internal revenue measures, to secure an aggregate revenue of $175,000,000—that is to say, enough to defray, 1st, the interest on the debt; 2dly, the civil expenditures of Government; and, 3dly, the annual charge for a sinking fund to extinguish the principal of our national debt within a given time. Contrary to the expectation of almost every financial authority, the revenue from taxes and customs proves larger than the most sanguine estimate of the Committee of Ways and Means. The tariff will probably yield $80,000,000 instead of $60,000,000, and while there be a fair prospect of an early termination of the war even more: the Internal Revenue Act will yield very much more than the $115,000,000, which it was calculated to produce, how much more it is now difficult to say. At the Treasury Department it is understood that $160,000,000 is becoming a favorite estimate with Mr. Commissioner Boutwell is said to expect to receive $250,000,000; and when those who look for a revenue of 35,000,000 a month or 500,000,000 a year. If the tax-law yields $200,000,000 a year, while the tariff yields $75,000,000, it is clear that after paying the civil expenses of Government and the interest on the debt, and a contribution of 5 per cent to the Sinking Fund, Mr. Chase will have nearly a hundred millions of dollars toward the current expenses of the war.

The distinctive feature of Mr. Chase's financial policy is the emission of irredeemable but convertible paper-money. That the issue of irredeemable paper, or, in other words, the attempt to make *that* money by law which is *not* money in fact, is bad, of course admits of no debate. But even the most bitter opponents of Mr. Chase now admit that, in the circumstances in which he was placed, he had no alternative. It would have been utterly impossible to have borrowed in the past year at any rate of interest whatsoever, or under any conditions whatsoever, either at home or abroad, five hundred millions of dollars, which is the sum we have expended. By the exercise of extraordinary, and through them the return of the bankers of this and other cities, a sum of $250,000,000 or thereabouts has been borrowed at a reasonable rate of interest. That sum has been obtained—be it also here it could have been obtained—by the issue of irredeemable paper. But this paper, like the old Continental money or the French assignats, to which it has been ignorantly compared, derives an intrinsic value from its convertibility into the bonds stock of the United States bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable at the end of twenty years and redeemable after five. The responsibility effectually prevents the new United States currency from declining to a nominal value as the coming worthless, as the paper money of old times so frequently did, unless, indeed, we are to assume that the bonds of this great Government, with interest payable in gold, are likewise to become worthless. Of this paper money Mr. Chase has now issued about $275,000,000. He has power to issue $150,000,000 more, besides postal currency, of which some $2,500,000 have been issued, and some $5,000,000 more will be issued before New Year.

The question is often asked, how much paper will Mr. Chase issue? Where will the limit be? The answer to these questions depends on financial but military events. If by the time Congress meets the work of suppressing the rebellion seems nearly complete, the Government will proceed so rapidly that, with the aid of the revenue from taxes and customs, and the use of certain sales of indebtedness, the necessity of issue may be defrayed without further issues of paper. If, on the contrary, the end of the war seems as distant in December as in January, Congress, Mr. Chase will probably apply to Congress for power to issue say $250,000,000 more legal tender money; confiding, perhaps, in the recommendation to Congress to provide for the gradual withdrawal from circulation of all existing bank-notes. We have little doubt that Congress, with the receipts from taxes and customs, would probably make Mr. Chase easy till December, 1863; for, as the paper currency was abundant, holders would at once convert it into stock, thus in effect taking a United States 6 per cent. bond at par. The power to issue paper-money of the legal tender paper constitutes a check against its being issued in excess. The moment there is more currency than the business of the country requires, United States stocks will advance, and holders will convert their currency into the "five-twenties." In fact, the financial crisis complaint has been not of a superabundance but of a scarcity of currency.

Thus far, the general working of Mr. Chase's convertible paper money system, and the success of the direct tax law, justify the belief that, if the rebellion ceases in the war might be carried on for four or five years more without any danger of "financial exhaustion."

THE LOUNGER.

CONSERVATISM.

TWO weeks since we spoke of the amusing ignorance of the meaning of words which is the most common use. Graves, respectable people consent to be hunted down by a bad voice, and because a certain policy is stigmatized as radical, believe that they are conservative when they oppose it. A conservative party is properly a party which aims to secure the guarantees of permanent social order upon which life and property depend. It is, of course, divided into two parts—the sensible and the foolish: the part which holds to the *state quo*, without regard to the value of that which it defends, which accommodates itself to the eternally changing circumstances of human affairs. The first condition of human society is change. The second hope is in the conduct of that movement forward, and not backward. As with a boat which one will walk, the point is that he shall walk forward without falling, instead of stepping backward and probably tumbling over.

Conservatism is not stagnation. It is not fear of what will be evil. It is not the clinging to what by upright. It does not insist that the growing man shall wear the child's clothes, not only because it is ridiculous but because they are, be cause he will surely split them by a growth which he can not control. Conservatism only takes care that the clothes shall neither be too large nor in the extreme of the fashion.

Thus a conservative of conduct is not conservative merely because it is the old way. "The ancient landmarks" are beacons that guide upon a journey; they are not tent-pegs to which we are to make the camp in to be pitched. The old way is good in the old time, but it is bad in the present time. In '76 conservatism was revolution, because there was no other way to secure the essential guarantees of civil society but by fighting for them. Our civil fighter is the chief conservative of our history. So in these days conservatism is again war, because by war only can the same guarantees, threatened by bloody parricidal hands, be maintained. And again at this day *our chief fighters are our chief* conservatives; and the men who are known as demagogues and radicals in the dangerous sense are they who are endeavoring to betray the fighters.

The country is convulsed by terrible war. It can end only in one of two ways: either by maintaining absolutely the authority of the Government, or by surrendering and limiting that authority. What is the true conservatism of the situation? Is it to have a momentary peace, at any price—even that of dismemberment, humiliation, and disgrace, with the endless wars and confusions sure to follow, in which there can be no security whatever for life and property—or is it to vindicate the supreme authority of the Government over every part of its citizens and every inch of its domain? Is Mexico a conservative nation? Is the principle that wins and holds a discontented party to take up arms to gain its ends and be sure to gain them a conservative principle? Is that the flag in these days—the flag of national unity, peace, splendor, and honor—does conservatism hasten and cry to the dishonored flag, and the dismembering gentlemen "! and tear the flag into two or twenty tatters, as the rebellion may dictate? No, no. In the moment of supreme national responsibility is the stoutest, staunchest, most heroic standard-bearer. It points with mighty hand and hands to the sky; hails it as consecrated by the Past and illuminated by the Future; and declares, with threefold earnestness, that whatever else whatever would degrade or rend it shall be utterly confounded and destroyed. It is Conservatism, for it is the conservative, and not Benedict Arnold.

Viewed by the light of a truth as evident, who were the conservatives in the country to-day? With whom will men who really wish the salvation of all the fundamental guarantees of life, liberty, and property take their stand? Will it be with those who declare openly for yielding to arms, or with those who say that they will support the Government can not maintain itself? that the effort to do so is despotic effort? that there can be but one end of the war, and that is the humiliation of the Government, and the ruin of the country in the dissolution of the Union? Is it conservatism to declare that you will not support the lawful authorities of the country, as Mr. Fernando Wood says now that he will not? Was Fernando Wood who endeavored to resist the lawful authorities of the State, and who brawled his inability to read Treason in the Georgia, that a conservative man. There are but two methods of conduct. You must either support the Government or oppose it. If you oppose it, is there any salvation for us? Do those who oppose it mean that there shall be any salvation for the national Government?

There is now, there always will be, a conservative party in the country. It is the party whose like this you can split hairs. You must either act with your whole soul one way or the other. To believe is to be ready to die for it. There is a conservative party. Who are its representatives? Let every man honestly answer. Are they the President and the constituted authorities? Are they such men as Daniel S. Dickinson, Dennis M'Carthy, Horatio S. Randall, Erastus Brooks, Joseph Holt, Andrew Johnson, Parson Brownlow, A. J. Hamilton, or are they such men as Fernando Wood, Vallandigham, Isaiah Rynders, Jefferson Davis, James Brooks, Robert Toombs, John Van Buren, and Mayor Gunther? All these men are either for the United States Government unconditionally against all rebellion, or they are not. If they are not, the shadowy differences of their opposition to it are of no importance. Whether they profess it by arms, or morally support armed resistance, their enmity is the same. They are the foes of the country, its government, its unity, and its life. And to deny that they are the great hope of civil liberty and equal rights for all mankind, these men are conservative of anarchy, of rebellion, and of treason.

Is *that* the conservative party to which any patriot belongs?

WHICH IS WHICH?

It is a favorite saying with those who are most anxious to save a slavery than the Union, that the war is waged for black men. The harlequin Train, one of the chief orators of the new party of slavery, stands on the Union, and cries, "Down with the nigger," says Mr. Cox, in substance. "We hate the nigger." Evidently, evidently, the entire party that sympathizes with the rebellion are rushes to white.

Now let this matter be plainly understood. Who are these who prefer black to whites? Who are those who consistently say that they are not at last fighting to maintain the place of the black race in the Union? Are they the Democrats with their party allies at the North, insisted that they would bring black men into the free States and carry them into the Territories to be protected by the Government. These black men, both in the free Territories, would be slaves, of course have been the direct rivals of the white laborers There saw the danger, and said at the polls: "No, we may have white men in our new free States, but you shall not bring these into ours, nor into the common territory." The leaders answered: "We will either to what we choose in this matter, and we choose to carry our black men every where, and to protect them by the Government as well as to destroy the Government. Why? Because the people, who are the Government, insist that we shall not bring the black men into all the States and Territories. Who, then, are to be justly called the fighters for the rivalry of black labor with white, if not those who, to secure and establish that rivalry, have taken up arms against us?

The people of this country, not moved by any profound moral conviction but by a perception of interest, were resolved to keep the Territories free from black slave labor. The rebels were resolved to take it into them, and the fighting became what were lawfully prevented. Which is fighting for the black labor against the white? There is no necessary conflict. But slavery creates an antagonism, because it disgraces labor and degrades it laborer. Which, then, is the party of the working man, that which tries to keep away the competition of slave labor, or that which tries to establish it? Let every working man answer.

BRITISH FAUTUTY.

It is instructive to observe from time to time the progress made by that apt scholar, John Bull, in sympathy with a rebellion that rises to slave the futility of a popular system and to establish the supremacy of a monarchy. Not long since Lord John Russell informed us that it was a very far-seeing man the part of the United States Government—a remark as sensible as to say when a man is hung in London for murder, after due conviction, that the Government of England is trying to show its authority. Mr. Gladstone lately intimated that Jefferson Davis created an army and navy, and has developed a nation. Now comes the compliment from an English minister.

Meanwhile Mr. Bernard, with his remarkable little book, "Thirteen Months in the Rebel Army," tells us that the rebels declare that they have invented a hundred thousand pound of arms from abroad, chiefly from England and France. *The latter arrived from England, via Nassau, exhibit the cruces-marks involved.* "I have seen Enfield rifles of the manufacture of 1861 and 1862 with the stamp of the Tower on the barrels." The fact that "England's neutrality" is a joke among the rebels is clear. But it is a joke they enjoy with the rest of the world.

The most amusing illustration of the realist policy of Lord John, and of the rebel quality is a late comment in some commercial paper upon the present attitude of the rebels. It is arguing the necessity of recognition, and the most convenient it would afford. Mr. A. H. Stephens, the rebel Vice-President, in the inaugural principles of the new Government, said, two years ago, that there might be no misunderstanding what the Union meant "The Federal Government is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth (of Slavery). But the paper is not appalled, and exclaims, with virtuous approbation, that the origin of the new nation is already known to exist, that so far they have earned it, *they already have the moral encouragement of the sympathy of every free people.*"

Not the least curious incident of the time is the open renunciation by every party in England's organs of opinion of the position of Great Britain as the traditional friend and defender of Liberty.

A NEW ORATOR.

THE popular lecture system, or Lyceum, is peculiar to us. It has become almost a feature in the great European Universities, and single library and scientific institutions of England and Scotland. Institutions and el-sewhere in England; but the regular winter series of popular lectures upon any subject of general interest is American invention. The tendency of the lecture with us is to the discussion of abstract social or moral or political principles; but whatever is human games is improbable, and the charm of such topics unstable. In fact, there are few popular lecture subjects the only proper ones for miscellaneous lectures, and they will be glad to hear of the revival of a great lecturer in the old time. The London papers say of him he tries, will make our men lecture orators legal, to their hearts.

Mr. T. Mexon Jones, late of Trinity College, Dublin, is by birth an Irishman, and—as all true Irishmen ought to be—is of Celtic blood of Gaelic and its Government, and not of the conspiracy to ruin both. He has delivered in London "orations upon various literary topics which are praised in the most lavish manner. His subjects are drawn from the Irish and native history, Celtic, Curran and the wits of the Irish bar; Denis Scott and his critics; Grattan and the Irish orators; Irish Parliament, Lawyers, Irish Wits, Irish Melodists; Daniel O'Connell and Irish agitation; Thomas Moore and Irish poets; Lord Macaulay; and the American Rebellion. Hen, surely, is a fascinating list. Of the orator's quiet fixation the London *Daily News* says: "He combines all the careful elaboration of a practiced reader with the ease and nature of a spontaneous speech. . . . He is a real orator." The *Daily News* says: "The great thing which will strike the hearers of Mr. Jones's lectures will be his manner. In Mr. Jones is the spontaneity and ease of his diction, which, marked as it is by an impassioned earnestness and fervor, is yet so thoroughly united with the conversational assurance of one most distinguished in society, that it is rapidly onward, unbroken by the slightest hesitation." All the papers unite to his remarkable oratorical gifts.

Mr. Jones comes to the country well recommended. He has here a fresh arena—but he will find it a hard one. The Lyceum Bureau, Irish Room and fair play, then, for the new-comer. It is a field in which a man can maintain himself on his own power and ability. We understand Mr. Jones to ask only the fair field, relying upon himself to win the fullest favor.

A LITTLE COMMON-SENSE.

"But at any rate the black man will come North when the free! I" is the cry of those who are stood by every administration who is driven from every other position. But why will they?

Suppose, friend, you live upon an island. Suppose that by the law of the island you must work hard all your life, and your children indentured after you, without pay, for the most wretched food and shelter, and all for the profit of a man who has no more right to make you work for him than you to make him work for you. Suppose that he lived in a house by the water, and that you owned a raft. Suppose a man to marry whom he chooses for you; sells your children to pay his own debts; and chases you

with blood-hounds when you try to escape. What are you all likely to do? Why, you will go from place to place and starve through hunger and thirst, by blood-hounds and hell-hounds, to escape. You will submit to being boxed up; to stills in the holds of ships; to endure every chance and all suffering to escape; to endure every thing you were born there; leave that island. Though you were born there; though the climate is sweet to you; though you love the land where you have been inhabited, you will still fly if you can, and every generous soul in the world will exclaim, God help you!

But suppose that upon that island you have plenty of well-paid work and ample room and verge for you; suppose that you are your own master and the father of a family, does it seem so strange that you are against your will; suppose that by industry and thrift you may, if you will, become a proprietor, or, if you are the civil equal of every other man; suppose that you love the island as your native soil—its climate is sweet to you; and there are no negroes on it there. Is *that* a place from which you are always plotting to escape or hopelessly pining in despair because you can not get away? Or is it a place to which all of your race and kindred instinctively turn as the final home and resting place? Do you need blood-hounds and whipping-posts, manacles and the stake, to keep you there and to repel your kind? No; you stay there, self-respecting; industrious, and content.

The Proclamation works that miracle. Why should the blacks run from here if the very moment that all reason for coming is removed? They come here to be free, but there is freedom in the North. Make them free at home, and they will think you with all their hearts and stay there. Keep them slaves, and of course they will take advantage of the war and run wherever they can.

IMPATIENCE.

WHILE there is a natural impatience at the delay of our final victory over the rebellion, and an eager urging forward of the army all along the line, let us not forget the splendid progress already ordered by that army. The details of plans and general movements are necessarily kept from the public of responsibility so unsettled, that no one ought to speak too decidedly of either. But the one paramount, unquestioned fact is, that the men, fresh from their pursuits of perfect peace, have fought most bravely, and driven the rebels from all but that they were handled by an intelligent general. Think of their last great movement. They fell back upon Mc'Clellan when the Rappahannock under Pope through Eastern Virginia. Nothing demoralizes an army so surely and rapidly as a general retreat. But through all that long movement the astounding march they fought as well as men under the circumstances could fight, that the men, thoroughly had the advantage on the Friday before Pope's final discomfiture.

Yet the retreat ended in wild confusion, almost dismay, before Washington. Military and political judgment has condemned the general movement nearly than the rebellion. The army itself was disheartened not because it was not successful, but because it could not understand why it was not so, or what it was about. But it moved promptly into Maryland. It overtook the foe. It fought the most glorious battle and won the most decisive victory of Antietam, and all this after six weeks of an experience that would have utterly destroyed it, both from moral and material causes.

It may justly say to us that our impatience may become unreasonable. It may justly say to us that we ought to remember that the rebels may venture much that we dare not to us. It may justly put us in mind us that Washington is defended at this moment in the Shenandoah Valley; and, miserable blood-shed as it is, it is still our second central point. An advance of the army, military success, is beyond all question a condition precedent to that cause. But if we go into winter-quarters along the whole line, it is not probable that we shall come out of them to be blockaded. And while the advance is necessary, it must be the pursuit of some policy of vigor. It must be in obedience to a plan which will make success such positive advantage that it must be of a character to show the country that all the means it is possessing to advance are well and wisely used. It must be an advance that will invigorate the Northern, in the same degree that it terrifies the Southern heart.

It is not the soldiers who flag. It is not they who are wearying. Let them be reinforced at every movement, in the whole scope and the least detail of policy, a great, energetic, concentrated purpose, and the army will push enough to the work for which they have taken up arms.

"I'LL TRY, SIR."

THAT slavery is the chief support of the rebellion every body knows. For in a population of eight or nine millions, if there are four millions who are not willing to work upon the plantations, five millions can send off all their fighting men to the field. That this is a practicable plan is obvious enough from general considerations. But the late editions from the South show the case in the clearest light. In Texas, and some parts of Louisiana, Virginia Valley, a conscription, or forced levy of slaves, is now in force wherever their labor is necessary for the army. And the Richmond *Examiner* broaches slaveholders to hire their slaves for army service, saying: "Good wages are offered, and patriotism and attention will be given every negro hired for the army, and the *slaveholder ought to remember that for every negro he has furnished he puts a soldier in the ranks.*"

Now a commander-in-chief of an army and navy who knows that fact and does not try to turn it to his own profit and the advantage of his cause is either a fool or a knave. To say that he can't do it, by telling the substitutes that if they will come he will keep them by force, and that if they refuse to "put a soldier in the ranks" he will protect them as fast as he can, is to beg the question. He can try. If he does not try, he is incompetent.

Our commander-in-chief has undertaken to try. If confidence has been misplaced, if Napoleon had said, "Pooh! I can't take an army and cannon over the Alps," and had folded his arms, there would have been no Marengo. If Captain Miller, ordered to take a battery, had said—"Dear me, Sir, I haven't the means"—he would have heard of his answer only to laugh at it. But when he replied, "I'll try, Sir," he spoke not only like a soldier, but a man. There are those who insist that the Proclamation, which is a mere military order, is futile or worse. Very well. Happily nothing turns on it. We can try, gentlemen, we will try.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"ALWAYS buy your chestnuts blind," said Mr. Snow to Alhambra, the other day, as they were going in that fifth broom commodity. "'Cause the raw ones want looking after, and the worm-eaten ones don't want looking after, and the blind ones don't make no difference—worms can't see when they're in 'em."

"You want a flogging; that's what you do," said a parent to his unruly son. "I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without it."

Who was Sickle's wife? Mississippi, of course.

"There's nothing like leather" is an old saying and a true one. It is the sole support of man.

It has been ascertained that the "man who held on to his hat" was a shoplifter.

A darkey's instructions for putting on a coat were, "Put de right arm, den de left, and den gib one general convulsion."

NORAH'S REMONSTRANCE.

Now, Terence, have done wid yer teasing,
Do let me alone, I intrate;
It's the skin from me fingers ye're squating;
Sure it's hard they're to hold or to sew!

I'm worried to death wid yer prating,
And frighten'd clane out of me life;
So pray now, like a dacent boy,
You'll ever catch me for a wife.

What's a pa-ny-no?—but I'm joking!
That ye won't budge an inch from me side?
Indade, now, ye're mighty provoking,
And I don't know which way to decide.

I'm just like a bird that the snake
Is trying to draw into his mouth;
Or, turning me head, I'll be aiqual
To shutting me lips, I declare!

Leave off, Sir! How dare ye to do it!
Ah! I ought—but I'll not—I'll not say!
I'd better (sich mind me, ye'd run it!)
Than ye should say I'm cruel to the boy.

Don't think it's for love I'm conceiving—
Ye've nothing at all to recommend you—
But only in hopes of preventing
Myself from becoming an old maid.

As two gentlemen were discussing the merits of a peppercaster, one of them remarked, "He always prefers his wife to a pepper-caster, because she is a relish."

"Where?" asked the other, looking around. "She had heard of him, and thought it highly complimentary to be told that she resembled a fish in any manner.

An eating-house keeper, who kept a "Rest-your-Aunt," as the French call a cook-shop, and who prided himself on his attention to his customers, was heard by a friend wishing to give the public the full benefit of his knowledge, to recommend a dish of "Fricassee Chicken—they can't be beat." In an evil hour, however, a visitor to the establishment found a feather in the identical letter of the last word. The announcement then was—"Try Shicken—they can't be beat."

Fourteen lived to be nearly a hundred years old. A lady, of nearly the same age, said to him one day in a company of friends, "Mr. Fourteen, I have to long that I have a notion Death has forgotten us." "Speak no for us you old fool," whispered Fourteen, in a manner heard by all.

"Why, Ann?" said a lady to her Hibernian assistant, "you have put hot water on the tea; it has not boiled yet." "Och, Sir, mum, it was boiled in the kettle before I put it on the table at breakfast, an' I saved the walker a purpose for the tay this afternoon."

Tom Moore is the author of the following gushing little epigram, which has been credited to a dozen others:

"They say thine eyes, my sweet Sylvia,
Have set many a heart on fire;
I see no sunshine in them, for
They never melt mine, they say."

"What do you propose to take for your colt?" said a lady to a starving gentleman. "Oh, I'll sell it very cheap; I only want the price at all."

An Irishman was brought up before a magistrate for the first offence in a charge of vagrancy, and was then questioned.

"What trade are you?"

"Sure, now, your Honor, I'm a sailor."

"Well, I'll give you a month. I question whether you have been ever to sea in your life."

"Faith, Sir, I've been at sea many a time, I came over from Ireland in a waggin'."

"Commit him to the House of Correction!"

A woman's tears are generally more effective than her words. In such cases, wind is a less powerful element than water.

That was a stentian woman, the widow of the storekeeper at Andersonch, whom his successor in office was obliged to marry, as she was too fat to be got out of the building either by door or window.

When may a man be said to be "dressed in borrowed plumes?"—When he has tarred and feathered.

"Can't charge a dollar bill, eh? Well, I'm glad of that. I've had thirty-six drinks on it in three days, and it is most good a deal of that sort for me!"

AN EXPLANATION.—A boarder was seen to pick something out of a dish before him, saying, "What is this?" asked a boarder, sitting opposite. "A little piece of bark, Sir, accidentally left on the pig." "Accident, it's my opinion you'd better not have any longer, or you might find a great pretty soon."

An advertising chandler at Liverpool modestly says, that, "without intending any disparagement to the sun, he may confidently assert that his tallow-candles are the best lights ever invented."

"I am surprised, my dear, that I have never seen you blush," said Mrs. Partington to Ann Eliza, after a long speech.

"A poor man once came to a miser and said, 'I have a favor to ask.'" "So have I," said the miser; "grant mine first." "Agreed," said the pauper, "what is it?" "Why, that you rule me for nothing."

"Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex hooked in her crinoline.

"Although you count yourself a brighter fellow than I am, yet I can come round you," as the earth said to the sun.

Praise is the handmaid of virtue, but the maid is much oftener wooed than the mistress.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OUR ARMY IN VIRGINIA.

THE Army of the Potomac continues to advance into Virginia. On the 6th a cavalry fight was had near Lovettsville. At 11 A.M. on that day General Hunsdon came up with the rebel rear-guard, which was posted at Lovettsville, and engaged them. The fight was conducted wholly by artillery, and lasted for three hours, when the rebels were driven from the town, a small force three miles beyond. Our loss in this affair was but one man killed and fourteen wounded. On the 7th our cavalry, under General Pleasonton, had his attack at Union, and being soon afterward reinforced by a brigade of infantry, drove the rebels the rebels again fall back, and our forces occupied Union. Another portion of our army crossed the Potomac at Berlin and Geo on the 8th.

THE ADVANCE TO SNICKER'S GAP.

Official dispatches from General Mayer recount the results of our advance upon Snicker's Gap. General Gregg's attack arrived at the Gap it was held by the enemy's cavalry, who were soon driven by the fire of our artillery to the top of the mountain. Our troops then occupied the mountain this strong position, but were soon after driven back by the fire of rebel artillery posted on the hills in the rear. Sumner, on Sd, General Sharpe says that General McClellan was in full possession of the Gap. The rebel forces of Generals Jackson and Hill are reported to be in the opposite valley.

Meantime General Pleasanton has been pushing his reconnoissances well with much effect. After the artillery firing cannot between him and Stuart in front of Philomont, on Monday last, the rebels came out into an open orchard and fired from behind the trees. They were finally driven from this cover, losing one killed and ten wounded. Immediately after the occupation of Philomont General Pleasanton sent a reconnoissance by the Pennsylvania cavalry, under Major Keenan, down the road leading to Upperville. When they approached the woods, about a mile distant, artillery opened upon them. The rebels were found in force, and Keenan fell back to the hill on which the town is situated. The position of Lieutenant Fanning—a battery was brought up on the hill near the town and returned the enemy's fire with effect. Our cavalry engaged their skirmishers, and after a fight of about an hour and a half drove them from their position. General M'Clellan and his staff got a splendid view of the fight from the steeple of the town.

SKIRMISHES AT WARRENTON.

A dispatch dated Catlett's, November 2, says: "General Sickles, with Patterson's Brigade, has driven the rebels from Warrenton, and is now in possession of the town, and will probably encamp there. Warrenton Junction is also in our possession, with a large force of infantry and supporting distance, and our cavalry also hold Bealeton and Rappahannock Station. The rebels are now behind the front of General Sigel's advance. Our troops now hold all the gaps in the mountains."

NEW ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

The reorganization of the Philadelphia *Press* writes from Harper's Ferry, under date of October 30: "The Army of the Potomac will be divided into three grand corps, each nine corps, thirty divisions, seventy brigades. The first grand army corps of the corps d'armée will be under General Reynolds (late Hooker), Fitz-John Porter, and Gen. B. Franklin. The second corps d'armée will be under Major-General Joseph Hooker. The second army will consist of the two corps d'armée of Major-General Sumner, O. O. Wilcox (late Burnside), Sturgis (late Porter), and Major-General Heintzelman. Major-General Ambrose Everett Burnside. The third grand army will consist of the corps d'armée of Major-General Sigel and two others now organized, and to whom permanent commanders have not been assigned by the President. This army will be commanded by senior Major-General Fitz-John Porter."

THE REBEL ARMY.

The rebel army of the Potomac is composed of two grand armies, under Lieutenant-Generals Jackson and Longstreet, each of four corps d'army. Each corps has brigade each, with artillery. The rebel cavalry are formed into a brigade, commanded by General Stuart, who makes any detail for, or executes any order from, General Lee, and is under the control of the Commander-in-General, this cavalry being an independent organization.

THE STATE ELECTIONS.

The State election was held in this State on Tuesday, the first time since the time for receipt of returns. The Hon. Horatio Seymour (Democrat) has carried the State by a majority of about 10,000. The Legislature is Democratic in both branches. In the city Seymour has a majority of about 25,000. Governor Sprague, the Republican, has, for one year, upon to 45,000 votes. The Democrats have elected all their candidates for Congress in the 8 counties. Among others, the following members have been elected:

District	Name.	Politics.
1	Henry C. Baldwin	Democrat.
2	Martin Kalbfleisch	Democrat.
3	Erastus Brooks	Democrat.
4	Benjamin Wood	Democrat.
5	Fernando Wood	Democrat.
6	Elijah Ward	Democrat.
7	John W. Chanler	Democrat.
8	Daniel E. Sickles	Democrat.
9	Aaron Harrick	Democrat.
10	Wm. Irving	Democrat.
11	Charles H. Winfield	Democrat.
12	Homer A. Nelson	Democrat.
13	John B. Steele	Democrat.
14	Lyndon Corbin	Democrat.
15	John A. Griswold	Democrat.
16	Calvin T. Hulburd	Republican.
17	Francis Kernan	Democrat.
18	Giles W. Hotchkiss	Republican.
19	Freeman Clark	Republican.

The returns from the State are very meagre and inconclusive. At the last hour from Syracuse, Onondaga County, we have 6,000, with a large number of Republican votes to come from the rural towns. The election passed off very quietly in the city and throughout the State.

OTHER STATE ELECTIONS.

We have not yet to return from Illinois. From Massachusetts we learn that Governor Andrew is reported elected by a large majority over Devens (Perger's Union). In Jersey it is estimated that the Democratic have swept the State, following the example of Ohio and Indiana.

GENERAL ROSECRANS'S COMMAND.

A new military department has been created, called the Department of the Cumberland, to which General Rosecrans has been assigned the chief command. It comprises the State of Tennessee, east of the Tennessee River, and such parts of Northern Alabama and Georgia as may be taken possession of by the forces under him. The command constitutes the Fourteenth Army corps, and that under General Buell the Twenty-first Army corps.

THE PIRATE "ALABAMA."

The pirate *Alabama* has been heard from once more on our coast. From intelligence received by the brig *Baron de Castine* at Boston, on 3d, it appears that she reported no less than seven vessels within a few weeks past, and destroyed them. Of these, the ship *Manchester States* released upon the masters giving bonds; one of them, the ship Tonawanda, a new eighty thousand dollar ship, the clipper ship *Baron de Castine*, in six thousand, payable to the President of the Confederate States after peace is established. The last appearance of the *Alabama* was in latitude 39° north, longitude 69° west, off the Capes of the Delaware, and directly in the track of the California steamers. The *Alabama* is now supposed to be cruising on the ocean in her own twenty-two vessels, nineteen of which she has destroyed in the last hundred and ten days.

AFTER THE "ALABAMA."

Orders have been issued to the Boundary Navy-yard to dispatch to sea at once three sum-of-war, of which the *Sacramento* is one. The others are the United States steamer *Dacotah*, one of the vessels of the regular navy, and the ship *Cayuga*, from the Brooklyn yard.

DEATH OF GENERAL MITCHELL.

General Ormsby M'Knight Mitchell, the great astronomer and military engineer, died on the 30th of October, on 50th October, of yellow fever. The disease is said to be of a malignant type.

ANGLO-REBEL CRAFT AT BERMUDA.

Notwithstanding the vigilance of our cruisers, we find that the British steamers *Gladiator*, *Minho*, and *Owlside*, all laden with cotton from the Confederate ports of, port at Bermuda for England. Fate signals were thrown out from the shore to the vessels to decoy the blockaders from the rebel ports that as the *Minho* sailed. They had the effect desired by the English expatriated and traitors with the rebels.

HOME PRIZES TAKEN.

We learn from Fort Royal that two Anglo-rebel steamers, the *Gladiator* and *Nottingham*, were taken by the Circassian, by our cruisers. The latter is valued at $500,000, and the former at $300,000. The *Gladiator* was from Liverpool and Nassau. The rebel steamer *Manitoba* was chased and driven ashore on the same line. She was destroyed by Charleston with stores for the rebels.

THE CAPTURE OF SABINE PASS.

In the New Orleans *Delta* of the 23d we find a brief account of the expedition which captured Sabine Pass, of which we have already received information from the rebels. The affair was a most brilliant one throughout, reflecting great credit upon the officers and men engaged in the affair. The rebels engaged were Lieutenant-Colonel *Scranton*, Acting-Master Crocker commanding; the gunboat *Clifton*, Acting-Master Amesbury; the bomb-schooner *Jesse*, Captain Pennington. The expedition, consisting of 1,000 men, captured one rebel steamer, and burned three buildings used as barracks and store-rooms, destroyed a large amount of commissary stores and property. It also captured four schooners, two sloops, and one steamer, besides eight or ten lighters which the rebels were burned.

WAR TO BE WAGED GUERRILLAS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Rear-Admiral D. D. Porter has issued orders that "any vessel that may be fired on by guerrillas, or other persons, will do all damage in her power to the village from which she was attacked, in order to repress the outrageous practice of guerrilla warfare."

IMMIGRATION TO VIRGINIA.

The rebel General Wise, of Richmond, says, is in prison at Little Rock, Arkansas, and is soon to be conveyed to Richmond. A letter to the editor of the Richmond *Enquirer* from Albert Pike, of ranking authority. It is charged that he has been guilty of "the high crime of inciting the Indians to the second authority of insurgency; that after getting possession of the public funds he appointed his subordinates military orders," among others that the wells should be poisoned through the country where the Union forces of General Curtis were expected to pass.

NEGROES ENLISTED IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

On the 25th, Governor Stanly, the Union Governor of North Carolina, by dispatch, dispatched a communication to the rebel Governor Vance, proposing an interview, without any exchange or military prisoners, and of slight or rank between himself and Governor Vance. In the same proposition he offers to submit to the Confederate sessions he appointed by Governor Vance for a conference with the people, and to abide by the greatest state of public affairs and the aspect of the war.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE PALMERSTON CABINET OR RECONSTITUTION.

The British Cabinet has undergone a partial reconstruction to Mr. Gladstone's Newcastle theory of Scotsism extension. Lord Granville C. Leveson Gower, Earl of Sutherland, has made a speech in which he denies the right of the Southern Confederacy to independence on the ground that they "have not yet accomplished their independence." Lord Palmerston has delivered a speech during a rural tour, on a variety of subjects, home and foreign, but did not allude to the American question.

THE LIVERPOOL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

At a meeting of the council of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce the question of the recognition of the Southern Confederacy was discussed. Mr. Cropper, M.P., one of the members, had given notice of a motion on the subject. Mr. Cropper made a special speech. The Chamber should have been called to consider the propriety of recognizing the Confederate States. Mr. Cropper replied. After some conversation Mr. M'Fie intimated that he wished to recall his declaration on the subject, which remark was received with general satisfaction, several members present observing that the policy maintained by the Government hitherto was the only correct policy to be pursued under the circumstances.

FRANCE.

A CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

M. Thouvenel, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has resigned his position in the Emperor's cabinet. M. Thouvenel was regarded as a friend of England, of the Union and the Government. M. Thouvenel has been succeeded by the French Ambassador to Rome, Bourgs de l'Dyes, a friend of the cause of the United States.

PRUSSIA.

A CIRCULAR FROM MR. BERNARD.

A Berlin correspondent, writing on the 15th of October, gives the points of a very important circular from Secretary Seward, on the subject of intervention, to our Minister at the European courts. This paper, which is published in the Frankfort Gazette, states that Mr. Bernard has set at rest the fears of the Government of any foreign intervention; but that if such were tendered it would gain with a resolution not to do so. The correspondent would say "evasively" the correct and pending the war.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—A SHARP-SHOOTER ON PICKET DUTY.—[FROM A PAINTING BY W. HOMER, ESQ.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—"LITTLE MAC" MAKING HIS RECORDS.

VRAI COURAGE.

I.

"No, it is not at all remarkable, my dear. A man of Alan's make is not easily contented to stand idly by and watch others striving for fame without his having a share in the race or in the spoils."

"Oh, do you think that his motive?"

"Not altogether, perhaps; he has fine traits, fine ability—Alan's well fitted to succeed. Pity he married so early, great pity: his wife was not of the right stamp. Hand me the grapes, dear. Where's Gracie?"

"In the library with Alan; he came to borrow a book for his mother. I like that devotion of his: he thinks no woman in the world her equal."

"What all sons ought to believe faithfully."

"I wish Grace would keep some of her high-flown ideas a little in check. I am sure she is talking war with all her might to Alan, and he has been excited enough ever since he came back. Have you noticed how moody and absorbed he is?"

"That is because his mind is not fully decided. Then, too, those three months unsettled his business arrangements."

"These grapes are very fine. Charles, do you think Alan has any idea of asking us for Gracie?"

There was a slight shrug, a half anxious smile on the paternal visage as Mr. Redwood responded,

"How can I tell, my love? Stranger things have happened."

"Fancy Grace a step-mother! I should not like it at all."

"Ah, it would come home to us!" said Mr. Redwood, smiling. "No, I have no wish either to be an antiquated grand-parent quite so suddenly. Besides, Gracie would grace a fortune which Alan could not give her."

"Oh, as for that, if they loved each other—"

"The woman will out," interrupted Mr. Redwood; "all for love, without a thought of the needful lucre."

"Yes; I have not improved since my youthful days," said the wife, demurely.

It was getting dusky in the luxurious parlor; "shadows from the fitful fire-light" were already dancing on the wall. With twilight comes that dreamy lingering over the past; joys and sorrows are seen through a mellow mist of indistinctness: and so sat Mr. Redwood and his wife, quite forgetful of the present, talking of old and happy days which the wife's light allusion had recalled; forgetful, too, of the two younger people who, not far off, were quite as pleasantly employed.

The golden autumnal sunset deepening to crimson was slanting in the library windows, which, open to the ground, gave glimpses of garden paths brownly matted with fallen leaves. The faint breath of asters, purple and pink, white and yellow, came in with the freshening air. Far off, the hills now darkening, at mid-day glowed like a bouquet.

At a door of the book-cases stood Grace, her slight, small stature looking slighter and smaller for the athelete beside her, whose brown face was intent upon a book as he listened to her rapid, forceful words. Her face was full of *verve*, life, activity; even her delicate fingers were busy, and the dark wool with its bright border was fast being fashioned into something wearable.

"Oh, Alan," she was saying, "it makes me impatient to hear people sighing over the times! I think this a grand age, a noble era, when Good and Evil have met, like knights of old, to test the prowess of their followers. Who can doubt the final triumph? Good must win: this we all believe."

Her companion assented silently, not caring to check her flow of thought; and she went on, her whole face lighting, her proudly curved lips enunciating every word with a clearness which was musical, like the swift fall of nuts on a still day in the woods.

"If our ancestors could have been gifted with prescience, I really think they would have been glad to know that this day was coming; not for the bitter strife, nor for the bloodshed, but for the grandeur of a people rising in their might to redeem their country from treachery and error. My ancestors, you know"—and the little pride of accent did not mar the sweet smile which rose—"were of the best blood; and as I look at Rufus, I often think my brother a fit representative of a noble race. But had he shirked his duty at this time, had he not been so nobly eager for the fray with so earnest a purpose, I could hardly have hidden my scorn."



MAP OF THE HARBOR OF GALVESTON, NOW IN OUR POSSESSION.

Alan glanced up quickly as if stung; unconsciously Grace netted on briskly, her eyes now on her work. There was a little tinge of sarcasm in Alan's tone as he replied,

"You then would be like the one, Grace, who, when

> "'Home they brought her warrior dead,
> She nor swooned, nor uttered cry.'"

A shadow crept over Grace's brow, which in animation had kept true time to her words.

"I don't know—it is a glorious death," she said, very gently and slowly, Alan's face changing its expression as she spoke. "I should not regret that he had chosen it; but, Alan, you remember that at last,

> "'Like summer tempest came her tears.'"

"And even now I see a glistening drop. Dear Grace, forgive me—I was cruel; but—I don't know whether you meant it or not; yet your words seem to reflect on my actions."

The glistening drop was swept instantly away.

"I know you better, Alan. I am sure you told me that you wanted to go—that you would go."

"But—"

"There must be no *but* in the way, Alan. Don't you know this is a recruiting station? I have induced a number of enlistments."

For all her playfulness her companion still looked serious; he began too to stride slowly up and down the room with the forgotten book in his hands. Grace looked admiringly at his strong manly frame; of all her *preux chevaliers* Alan was her chosen one for dauntless courage and resolve. She longed to see him still more her hero.

"You told me, Alan, that it would be no very difficult work for you to raise a regiment; and you know with what *élan* men would fight under the command of one so nobly fitted to lead them."

The praise was so gently offered, with such persuasiveness, that Alan could not resist it. He stopped in his walk, and faced the winning demoiselle.

"Grace, do you really think all duties subservient to this of fighting for one's country?"

"Certainly, Alan," answered the enthusiast.

"Can you imagine nothing which demands a man's life and honor quite as much?"

"Not at this time."

Alan again walked the floor, speaking as he did so.

"I am so nearly of your mind, Grace, that I can not conscientiously argue for the other side. Besides— Oh, I *must* go! I believe, as you say, that I can have some little influence; and certainly I owe my share of toil and hardship and danger. I long for it; God knows it is not a craven spirit which has made me hesitate."

He was roused from his moody quietude; but Grace did not quail at the fire she had evoked. More than ever she admired him. Suddenly he turned and said,

"My motherless children, Grace, who can I leave them with? My mother is too old to be burdened with the care of them, and if I die—"

Swiftly two hands grasped his in their firm but velvet touch, and an eager face looked up at him.

"Leave them with me, Alan."

"You, Grace, you?"

"Do you doubt my ability?"

"Are you willing to be a step-mother, Grace?"

"Oh, Alan!"—and the hands relaxed their hold but did not fall, for now Alan had them fast and close—"I did not mean *that*."

"Of course not, Gracie; but that is what it amounts to. Do not struggle so; your fingers have a way of restlessness that is not good for them—they will be hurt. Now you must listen. You have told me my duty, let me tell you yours. I want some one to bid me go forth and win fame as well as fight bravely. I want some one to be thinking of me, and praying for me while I am gone. Yes, I am just so selfish; and I want that person to be one whom I love better than any one in this world or any other."

"Hush, Alan! you forget you ever had a wife."

"Indeed not, Grace. I remember that four years I was bound to one who loved me not so much as the poodle she petted in her arms—one who, though dead, I dare to say was not a true woman. Never let her name again come between us, Grace. Silence only can heal such painful memories. Grace, are you too proud to be a poor man's wife?" Alan asked, softly, as she stood with eyes cast down and wrists still turning uneasily.

"No, Alan, nor—a step-mother, if in this way I can aid the good cause," she answered, with a half smile.

"But, Grace, is your love to be the guerdon for only my soldier career?"

"I shall be so proud, Alan, if it can be."

Only half satisfied, he drew her nearer, nearer. Nor did she shrink away timidly. The spirit of old romance and days of chivalry shone in the light of her clear eyes. His kisses fell softly on her brow, "royal with the truth," and, as in a dream, they stood silently watching the darkening garden paths, not heeding the growing chilliness of the air or the dead leaves which fluttered in at their feet.

II.

"Now, mother mine, you know all. How does it please you?" said Alan, drawing his chair close to the one where sat in rather stately uprightness an old lady, who for nobility of feature matched the one beside her. But the older voice trembled, the older eyes were dimmer, and looked farther back than forward.

"Alan, dear, you know that I love Grace, and that I long to see you happy with one so well fitted to render your home all that you wish; yet the compact does not please me."

"What compact, mother?"

"It is evident Grace wishes you to go to the war."

"Certainly; she spurs me on to what I most desire."

"Have you told her how you are situated?"

A darkening shade gathered over Alan's face as he replied, somewhat impetuously,

"Why should I? She thinks as I do—that nothing so much demands a man's life and honor as his country."

"Alan, 'they also serve who only stand and wait.'"

The storm had been brooding all the afternoon; now it broke angrily; the words came like dashing, driving rain.

"Not those of brawny muscle, and each nerve strung for action—not men born to do and dare, to lead and fight and conquer. Mother, why have you so long combated me? I have no right to refuse this second call. Had the women of the Revolution your spirit where would we have been now? Did they not urge on their sons and husbands? Look! I am a soldier, every inch of me. Military science has been my passion for years. I have influence. I can go into the ranks with twice the power of ordinary men. My example has some weight; and the cause could not be nobler. Why do you persist in opposing me?"

"Because, Alan"—and the fragile form grew more erect, the dim eye calmer, steadier than ever in its gaze upon her excited son—"because God's hand points to a different path for you. My son, listen patiently to me. Years ago you spurned my advice, and rushed on recklessly to sorrow—rushed on to that which now is hindering you at every step. Listen. Alan, my son, God blessed you with many gifts, with health, strength, and intellect. Life began for you very auspiciously, but you remember, dear, how rashly, from one imprudence to another, beginning with your loveless marriage, from one extravagance to another, you went blindly forward—not blindly either, but willfully—until you were so involved that there was but one course for you to pursue, if ever your errors were to be redeemed. Nobly you paused, and determined to begin anew; unselfishly you bowed to your burden; and, my son, you have so far retrieved the past as to convince all that your honor is above reproach. But, Alan, all is not yet accomplished; your debts are yet heavy; it will take years of hard work for you to redeem your obligations; and the penalty, though severe, is just. Willful rashness and folly led you to assume them; willful determination to do your duty must rid you of them. I know you will cry out at me, but believe me, it is *your* duty to stay at home and work. The principle is just as imperative as the country's need, though less heroic in the world's view."

"And what if all men and all mothers should think as you?" asked Alan, whose head was bowed between his hands.

"Each must decide for himself, Alan. The time may come, the peril be so great that I should say even to you, Go! but it has not yet; men and treasure are pouring forth. Then, Alan, your children, God gave them to you. My life is not worth much; do they not need you to guide them, to support and educate them?"

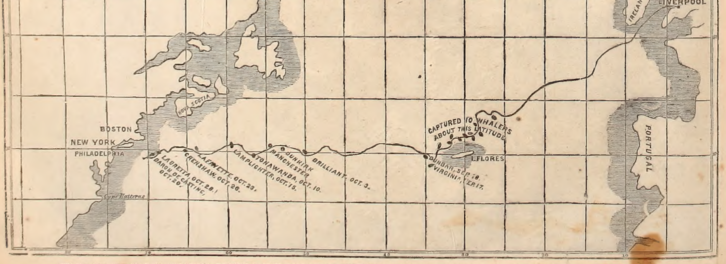


CHART OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC, SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE PIRATE "ALABAMA," AND HER STATION WHEN LAST HEARD FROM.

There was no answer, only a smothered groan. The mother's heart overflowed, tears streamed down her aged cheeks as she rose and drew Alan's head down on her shoulder.

"Alan, my boy, do not grieve; God's way is the best way always. I honor your patriotism. I share it, darling! You have forgotten that I sent your brother, who even now may be suffering or dead."

"Mother, I am a brute! I don't ask you to forgive me. I acknowledge that ambition has blinded me; my motive was not the purest patriotism."

"Hush, Alan! you do yourself injustice. I know your brave, proud spirit; but, darling, you see which way lies your path, do you not? Even today a letter from your uncle speaks of a position soon at your command, in which, with your youth and energy, you may sooner than you think be unfettered."

There was utter silence. The storm had quieted. Alan's face was stern and pale; but as he rose to leave the room he bent for a moment over the chair which his mother had again resumed. The look and gentle caress which accompanied it assured the victory.

III.

GRACE was skimming down stairs to the blithe tripping notes of "Maltreste s'en va t-en guerre" as Alan stalked in the hall the following morning; but she stopped suddenly with a vivid blush as she met his dark eyes and quiet salutation. She had involuntarily expected a little more ardor from her lover, but though there found the library unencumbered Alan still maintained his cool gravity, not so much as offering to kiss her dainty little hand, where gleamed his own seal ring, with its crest and motto of "*Ai-je vrai courage rien impossible.*" Alan broke silence, however, at once.

"Grace, I have come to release you from yesterday's promise, to ask your pardon for my rashness."

He seemed to think a quick plunge best better than any slower procedure. Grace looked steadily and silently up at him, unprepared and incredulous, waiting for a fuller meaning of his words. His task was not easy; the very presence of the little Joan d'Arc, as he had often called her, made it hard for him to quell the aim which for months had been tightening its power.

"Reasons which have restrained me this long fled while in your persuasive presence yesterday, Grace, and I told you that which I should not to have done—a share of the perils and glories of our time is not for me, nor the guerdon which you promised; since I can not fight I must not claim the reward."

Slowly, rather bitterly he spoke. Slowly, rather coldly she replied:

"*Ai-je vrai courage rien impossible,*" slipping off the ring as she quoted its motto. The hands fell with a tinkle on the hearth. Alan stooped to pick it up, his eyes flashing, the veins in his temples swelling. Did she mean to taunt him so? Was it not enough that he was enduring the sacrifice of his great desire without this added pain?

He was hurt, angry, and proud. Swiftly reviewing the past, as his mother had done, in few words to Grace he explained how all circumstances were with downcast eyes. Hurriedly he went on, not defending himself, not arguing his case, nor even telling her what he thought she had the right to know. Then he rose, and very gracefully, with manly earnestness and feeling, thanked Grace for her willingness to share his duties, relinquishing at the same time the cherished hope which for a few short hours had made him a happy man.

It was a dark, lowering day, and the wind was rising. The library seemed to grow darker, the air chillier. Grace shivered a little. In her eyes was an absent, dreary, disappointed expression. She was looking down still, and her hands were clasped restlessly before her. Again she murmured, "*Ai-je vrai courage rien impossible.*" Again Alan's eyes flashed, but his voice was calm and low. Though a conqueror, he was wounded, but nothing now could make him flinch from his determination.

"What is *vrai courage*, Grace?"

She looked up at him. "I was thinking, Alan."

Her voice was so sweet and sad that the thought of her taunting him seemed an ignoble suspicion. Eager words were rising to his lips, but he paused as he saw the absent, pained expression fading from her eyes and a clearer light dawning under the fringed lids. She was so beautiful, and he so loved her, that for one moment he longed to say, "Grace, honor, duty, life itself is at your disposal. Command what you will, I obey;" but the man in him was, too strong, too vital for that.

"No," he thought, "I can give her up too. I have done it; the struggle is over; cost what it may, duty shall win.

Grace stood still with clasped hands, but the little fingers were no longer listless; her proud little head was poised dauntlessly as she spoke—

"Yes, Alan, I was thinking over that motto; for once the man who bears it on his shield proves it in his life."

Alan started. Had he heard aright? Was he in his sane, sober senses?

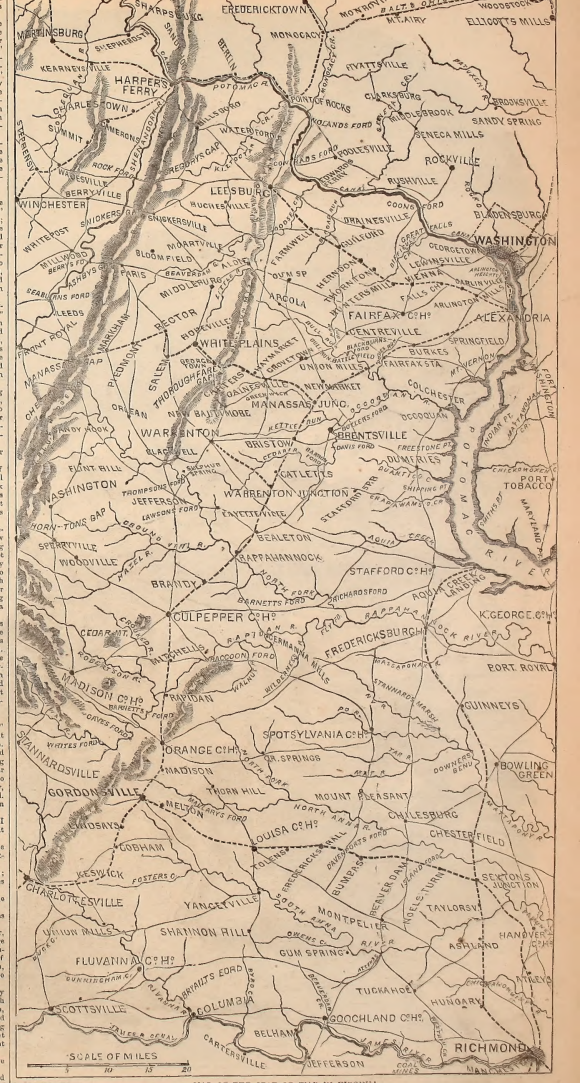
Still, with the same cross in face and speech as on the previous day, she went on—

"Courage to deny yourself fame and honor, courage to choose the humbler duty, and courage to give up what seemed to be dear to you"—blushing exquisitely and modestly as she spoke as of herself—"that is *vrai courage*. I honor you, Alan, for possessing it as much as I do the soldier who bleeds for our country."

Alan's voice for a moment could not find steady utterance; his stern resolve and self-denial, with the forlorn prospect of a loveless life before him, had so fixed themselves in his mind that he looked at Grace mentally as one does actually at strong sunshine after being in the dark; but her earnest admiration and glance of warm regard brought him quickly to her side.

"What, Grace, is it true? Can you, then, love me, though not your warrior hero?"

For all answer she let his arms encircle her and buried her face in his bosom.



MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA.



THE WAR FOR THE UNION—SURPRISE OF REBEL GU



ILLAS BY A SQUADRON OF UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

[The Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."]

CHAPTER III.

THERE was a pause of a few minutes, while Mrs. Lecount arranged the second of the two papers which lay before her on the table, and refreshed her memory by looking it rapidly through. This done, she once more addressed herself to Noel Vanstone, carefully lowering her voice, so as to render it inaudible to any one who might be listening in the passage outside.

"I must beg your permission, Sir," she began, "to return to the subject of your wife. I do so most unwillingly; and I promise you that what I have now to say about her shall be said for your sake and for mine, in the fewest words. What do we know of this woman, Mr. Noel—judging for her own confession when she came to us in the character of Miss Garth, and by her own acts afterward at Aldborough? We know that, if death had not snatched your father out of her reach, she was ready with her plot to rob him of the Combe-Raven money. We know that when you inherited the money in your turn, she was ready with her plot to rob you. We know how she operated, and how she failed. And we know that nothing but your death is wanted at this moment to reward her rapacity and her deception with success. We are sure of these things. We are sure that she is young, bold, and clever—that she has already become unrules, nor pity—and that she possesses the personal qualities which are in general (quite incomprehensibly to me?) are weak enough to admire. These are not fancies, Mr. Noel, but facts—to prove them as well as I know that."

He made a sign in the affirmative, and Mrs. Lecount went on:

"Keep in your mind what I have said of the past, Sir, and now look with me to the future. I hope and trust you have a long life still before you; but let us, for the moment only, suppose the case of the double-dyed villain having this will behind you, which gives your fortune to your cousin George. I am told there is an office in London in which copies of all wills are kept. Any curious stranger who chooses to pay a shilling for the privilege may enter that office, and may read any will in the list at his or her discretion. Do you see what I am coming to, Mr. Noel? Your disinherited widow pays the shilling, and reads your will. Your disinherited widow sees that the Combe-Raven money, which has gone from your father to you, goes next from you to Mr. George Bartram. What is the certain end of this discovery? The end is that you are leave to your cousin and your friend the legacy of this woman's vengeance and this woman's deceit—vengeance made more implacable, deceit made more devilish than ever by her exasperation at her own failure. What is your cousin George? He is a generous, unsuspicious man; incapable of deceit himself, and fearing no deception in others. Leave him at the mercy of your wife's unscrupulous fascinations and your wife's unfathomable cleverness! See the end as certainly as I see you sitting there! She will blind his eyes as she blinded yours; and, in spite of you, in spite of me, she will have the money!"

She stopped, and left her last words time to gain their hold on his mind. The circumstances had been stated so clearly, the conclusion from them had been so plainly drawn, that he seized her meaning without an effort, and seized it at once.

"I see!" he said, vindictively clenching his hands. "I understand, Lecount! She shan't have a farthing. Only tell me what to do—shall I leave it to the admiral?"

He considered a little. "No," he resumed; "there's the same danger in leaving it to the admiral that there is in leaving it to George."

"There is no danger, Mr. Noel, if you will take my advice."

"What is your advice?"

"Follow your own idea, Sir. Take the pen in hand again, and leave the money to Admiral Bartram."

He mechanically dipped the pen in the ink, and then hesitated.

"You shall know where I am leading you, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount, "before you sign your will. Be so kind as to give me time, to gain every inch of ground we can as we go on. I want the will to be all written out before we advance a single step beyond it. Begin your third paragraph, Mr. Noel, under the lines which leave me my legacy of five thousand pounds."

She dictated the last momentous sentence of the will (from the rough draft in her own possession), in the words—

"The whole residue of my estate, after payment of my burial expenses and my lawful debts, I give and bequeath to Rear-Admiral Arthur Everard Bartram, my executor aforesaid; to be by him applied to his own use as he may think fit."

"Signed, this third day of November, eighteen hundred and forty-seven."

"Is that all?" asked Noel Vanstone, in astonishment.

"That is enough, Sir, to bequeath your fortune to the admiral herself. Therefore, that is enough. Now let us go back to the case which we have supposed already. Your widow pays her shilling, and sees this will. There is the Combe-Raven money left to Admiral Bartram, with a declaration in the will itself that it is his, to use as he likes. When she sees this, what does she do? She sets her trap for the admiral. He is a bachelor, and he is an old man. Who is to protect him against the arts of this desperate woman? Protect him yourself, Sir, with a few more strokes of that pen which has done such wonders already. You have left him this legacy in your wife's private will, you see. Take the legacy away again in a letter—which is a dead secret between the admiral and you. Put your will and the letter under one cover, and place them in the admiral's possession, with your written directions to him to break the seal on the day of your death. Let the will say what it says now; and let the letter (which is your secret property) say the truth. Instead of leaving him your fortune, you leave it with the request that he will hand it over, after his death, to those you, and give it with the other to his nephew George. Tell him that your trust in this matter rests solely on your confidence in his honor, and on your belief in his affectionate remembrance of your father and yourself. You have known him for many years—you were born a boy. He has his little whims and oddities—but he is a gentleman from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot—and he is utterly incapable of proving false to a trust in his honor, reposed by his dead friend. Write that fairly boldly, Sir, and I will answer as this, and you save these two helpless men from your widow's power, by the surest of all means, if you letter, which privately puts the money into the hands of George."

The malicious dexterity of this combination was exactly the dexterity which Noel Vanstone was most fit to appreciate. He tried to express his approval and admiration in words. Mrs. Lecount held up her hand warningly, and closed his lips.

"Wait, Sir, before you express your opinion," she resumed, "that difficulty is all that we have conquered yet. Let us say, the admiral has made the use of your legacy which you have privately recommended him to make of it. Sooner or later, however well the secret may be kept, your widow will discover it. How is she to make that discovery? She lays siege to Mr. George. All you have done is to leave him the money by a roundabout way. Those he is, after an interval of time, as much at her mercy as if you had openly bequeathed him your will. What is the remedy for this? The remedy is to mislead her, if we can, for the second time—to set up an obstacle between her and the money, for the protection of your cousin George. Can you guess for yourself, Mr. Noel, what is the most promising obstacle we can put in her way?"

He shook his head. Mrs. Lecount smiled, and turned back into close attention by laying her hand on his arm.

"Put a Woman in her way, Sir!" she whispered, in her silliest tones. "We don't believe in that fascinating beauty of hers, whatever you may think. Our ignorant eyes can't discern such charms. Our arms don't long to be round that supple waist. We see through her smiles and her graces, and her stays and her padding—we can't fascinate us! Put a woman in her way, Mr. Noel! Not a woman in my helpless situation, who is only a servant, but a woman with the authority and the jealousy of a Wife. Make it a condition, in your letter to the admiral, that if Mr. George is a bachelor at the time of your death he shall marry within a certain time afterward, or he shall not have the legacy. Suppose he remains single, in spite of your suspicion, who is to have the money then? Put a woman in your wife's way, Sir, once more, and leave the fortune, in that case, to the married sister of your cousin George."

She paused. Noel Vanstone again attempted to express his opinion, and again Mrs. Lecount's hand extinguished him in silence.

"If you approve, Mr. Noel," she said, "I will take your approval for granted. If you object, I will meet your objection before it is out of your mouth once more. You may say—that this condition is sufficient to answer the purpose, why hide it in a private letter to the admiral? Why not openly write it down, with my cousin's name attached to it, in the will? Only for one reason, Sir. Only because the secret way is the sure way with such a woman as your wife. The more secret you can keep your intentions the more time you force her to waste in finding them out for herself. That time which she loses is time gained from her treachery by the admiral—time gained by Mr. George (if he is still a bachelor) for his undisturbed choice of a lady—time gained, by the same security, by the object of his choice, who might otherwise be the first object of your wife's suspicion and your wife's hostility. Remember how little we have discovered up stairs, and keep this desperate woman ignorant, and therefore harmless, as long as you can. There is my advice, Mr. Noel, in the fewest and plainest words. What do you say, Sir? Am I almost as clever, in my way, as your friend Mr. Bygrave? Can I, too, compire a little, when the object of my conspiracy is to assist your wishes and to assist your friends?"

Permitted the use of his tongue at last, Noel Vanstone's admiration of Mrs. Lecount expressed itself in terms precisely similar to those which he had used on a former occasion in paying his compliments to Captain Wragge. "What a head you have got!" were the grateful words he had once spoken to Mrs. Lecount's bitterest enemy. "What a head you have got!" were the grateful words which he now spoke again to the same person. So do extremes meet; and such is sometimes the all-embracing capacity of the approval of a fool!

"Allow my head, Sir, to deserve the compliment which you have paid to it," said Mrs. Lecount. "The letter to the admiral is not written yet. Your will there is a body without a soul—an Adam without an Eve—until the letter is completed and laid by its side. A little more dictation on my part, a little more writing on yours, and our work is done. Pardon me. The letter will be longer than the will; we must have larger paper than the note-paper this time."

The writing-case was searched, and some letter-paper was found in it of the size required. Mrs. Lecount resumed her dictation, and Noel Vanstone resumed his pen.

"BALSOM COTTAGE, DEWPERS, Nov. 3, 1847.

[PRIVATE.]

"DEAR ADMIRAL BARTRAM,—When you open my Will (in which you are named my sole executor) you will find that I have bequeathed the whole residue of my estate—after payment of one legacy of five thousand pounds—to yourself. It is the purpose of my letter to tell you privately what the object is for which I have left you the fortune which is now placed in your hands.

"I beg you to consider this large legacy as intended, under certain conditions, to be given by you to my cousin George. If your nephew is married at the time of my death, and if his wife is living, I request you to put him at once in possession of your legacy; accompanying it by the expression of my desire (which I am sure he will consider a sacred and binding obligation on him) that he will settle the money on his wife and on his children, if he has any. If, on the other hand, he is unmarried at the time of my death, or if he is a widower—in either of those cases, I make it a condition that you receive the legacy that he shall be married within the period of—

Mrs. Lecount laid down the Draft letter from which she had been dictating thus far, and informed Noel Vanstone by a sign that his pen might rest.

"We have come to the question of time, Sir," she observed. "How long will you give your cousin to marry, if he is single or a widower at the time of your death?"

"HE WAS DEAD!"

"Shall I give him a year?" inquired Noel Vanstone.

"If we had nothing to consider but the interests of Property," said Mrs. Lecount, "I should say a year too, Sir—especially if Mr. George should happen to be a widower. But we have your wife to consider as well as the interests of Propriety. A year of delay between your death and your cousin's marriage is a dangerously long time to leave the disposal of your fortune in suspense. Give a determined woman a year to plot and contrive in, and there is no saying what she may not do."

"Six months?" suggested Noel Vanstone.

"Six months, Sir," repeated Mrs. Lecount, "runs a little too far, I think, into the opposite extreme. Take off two or three months from the time that is too long, and add two or three months to the time that is too short. Stop! an idea comes to me. Your wife may discover that there is an interval allowed to Mr. George—but she may not also discover the time over which that interval extends. She may be obliged to guess at it. Puzzle her even there, Mr. Noel, if you possibly can! People easily guess a year—people easily guess six months. Suppose you say *Eight?* Eight months from the time of your death is a time not easily guessed—eight months is a strange, unlikely interval. It will baffle your wife's penetration if she is driven to guess-work: and it offers your cousin an interval to get married in which is a fair compromise between the time that is too short, and the time that is certainly too long. Take it for those two reasons—You look discomposed, Sir. What is the matter?"

"I wish you wouldn't talk so much about my death," he broke out, petulantly. "I don't like it! I hate the very sound of the word!"

Mrs. Lecount smiled resignedly and referred to her Draft.

"I see the word 'Decease' written here," she remarked. "Perhaps, Mr. Noel, you would prefer it?"

"Yes," he said; "I prefer 'Decease.' It doesn't sound so dreadful as 'Death.'"

"Let us go on with the letter, Sir."

She resumed her dictation as follows:

"——in either of those cases I make it a condition of his receiving the legacy that he shall be married within the period of Eight months from the day of my decease; that the woman he marries shall *not* be a widow; and that his marriage shall be a marriage by Banns, publicly celebrated in the parish church of Oxbury—where he has been known from his childhood, and where the family circumstances of his future wife are likely to be the subject of public interest and inquiry."

"This," said Mrs. Lecount, quietly looking up from the Draft, "is to protect Mr. George, Sir, in case the same trap is set for him which was successfully set for you. She will not find her false character and her false name tit quite so easily next time—no, not even with Mr. Bygrave to help her! Another dip of ink, Mr. Noel, and we write the next paragraph. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Lecount went on:

"If your nephew fails to comply with these conditions—that is to say, if, being either a bachelor or a widower at the time of my decease, he fails to marry in all respects as I have here instructed him to marry, within Eight calendar months from that time—it is my desire that he shall not receive the legacy or any part of it. I request you, in the case here supposed, to pass him over altogether, and to give the fortune left you in my will to his married sister, Mrs. Girdlestone."

"Having now put you in possession of my motives and intentions, I come to the next question which it is necessary to consider. If,

when you open this letter, your nephew is an unmarried man, it is clearly indispensable that he should know of the conditions here imposed on him as soon, if possible, as you know of them yourself. Are you, under these circumstances, ready to communicate to him what I have here written to you? Or are you to leave him under the impression that no such private expression of my wishes as this is in existence; and to put to state all the conditions relating to his marriage as if they emanated entirely from yourself?

"If you will adopt this latter alternative you will add one more to the many obligations under which your friendship has placed me.

"I have serious reason to believe that the possession of my money, and the discovery of my peculiar arrangements in regard to it, will be objects (after my decease) of the fraud and conspiracy of an unscrupulous person. I am therefore anxious that the secret, in the first place—that no suspicion of the existence of this letter should be communicated to the mind of the person to whom I allude. And I am equally desirous — for Mrs. Girdlestone's sake, in the second place—that the person in question should be entirely ignorant that the legacy will pass into Mrs. Girdlestone's possession if your nephew is not married in the given time.

I know George's easy, pliable disposition: I dread the impression that will be made upon him, and I feel sure that the prudent course will be to abstain from trusting him with secrets, the mere revelation of which might be followed by serious and even dangerous results.

"State the conditions, therefore, to your nephew as if they were your own. Let him think they have been suggested to your mind by the new complications implied on you in the event of property, by your position in my will, and by your consequent anxiety to provide for the preservation of the family name. If these reasons are not sufficient to satisfy him there can be no objection to your referring him to me for such explanations which he may desire, to his wedding-day.

"I have done. My last wishes are now confided to you, in implicit reliance on your honor, and on your friendship for the memory of your friend. Of the miserable circumstances which compel me to write as I have written here I say nothing. You will learn of them, if my life is spared, from my own lips, for you will be the first friend whom I shall confide in my difficulty and distress. Keep this letter strictly secret, and strictly in your own possession, until my request can be complied with. I am in human being but yourself knows where it is on any pretense whatever.

"Believe me, dear Admiral Bartram,

"Affectionately yours,

"NOEL VANSTONE."

"Have you signed, Sir?" asked Mrs. Lecount. "Let me see. Yes, I see. Now, my lord, if you please we seal it up.

She read the letter carefully. In Noel Vanstone's close, cramped handwriting it filled two pages of letter paper, and ended at the top of the third page. Instead of reading a single line, Mrs. Lecount folded it neatly and securely in the old-fashioned way. She let the taper in the inkstand, and imprinted the letter to the envelope.

"Seal it, Mr. Noel," she said, "with your own hand and your own seal. Put the envelope under the paper, and handed him the pen again. "Address the letter, Sir," she proceeded, "*to Admiral Bartram, Esq., Cross-in-the-Hands, Exeter.*" She held these words, and sign them, above the address: *To be kept in your own possession, and to be opened by yourself only, on the day of my death* — because, if you prefer it—*Noel Vanstone.* Have you done? Let me look at it again. Quite right, in every particular. Accept my congratulations, Sir. If your wife has not yet left her last glove for the Cross-Keyes yet, why it not yours fault, Mr. Noel—and not mine!"

Finding his self-control on the point of completion of the letter, Noel Vanstone reverted at once to purely personal considerations. "There is my packing up to be thought of now," he said, "and I can't go away without my warm things."

"Excuse me, Sir," suggested Mrs. Lecount, "there is the Will to be signed first; and there must be two persons found to witness your signature." She looked out of the front window, and saw the carriage waiting at the door. "The coachman will do for one of the witnesses," she said. "He is in respectable livery at Dunsdon, and he can be found if it happens to be wanted. Who must we have for the other witness, I suppose, for the other witness. They are all detestable women—but the cook is the least objectionable of the set. Send for the cook, my lord. I go out and call the coachman. When we have got our witnesses here you will please to speak to them in these words: 'I have a document here to sign, and I wish you to write your names on it as witnesses of the signature.' Nothing more, Mr. Noel. Say those few words in your usual manner; and when the signing is over I will see myself to your packing-up and your warm things."

She went to the front door and summoned the coachman to the parlor. On her return she found the cook already in the room. The cook looked mysteriously offended, and stared without intermission at Mrs. Lecount. In a minute more the two witnesses were in the room and in. He was preceded by a relishing odor of whisky—but his head was Scotch; and nothing but his odor betrayed him.

"I have a document here to sign," said Noel Vanstone, repeating his lesson; "and I wish you to write your names on it as witnesses of my signature."

The coachman looked at the will. The cook never removed her eyes from Mrs. Lecount.

"Yo'll no object, Sir," said the coachman with the national caution showing itself in every wrinkle on his face—"yo'll no object, Sir, to tell me first what the Document may be?"

Mrs. Lecount interposed before Noel Vanstone's indignation could express itself in words.

"There can be no objection, Sir, to your telling the man that this is your Will," she said.

"When he witnesses your signature to it, on as much for himself if he looks at the top of the page."

"Ay, ay," said the coachman, looking at the top of the page immediately. "His last Will and Testament, I see. Then I'll just say I saw the fronting of Death in a Document like you! Aifleish is gruss," continued the coachman, exhaling an odoriferous gust of whisky, and sitting up drivoutly at the ceiling. "Tak' thore words in remembrance from your other fronting. Many are ca'ed but few are chosen. Tak' that again in connection with Revelations, Chapter the First, verses One to Fourteen, and no whisky to hearty and what's your Waith then? Droos, Sirs! And you have my full permission to say I Cry for the potter! And your life? (Screepture once more.) The Breeth o' your Nostrils?"

The coachman sat down at the table at church; but she never removed her eyes from Mrs. Lecount.

"You had better sign, Sir. This is apparently some custom prevalent in Dumfries during the transaction of business," said Mrs. Lecount, resignedly. "The man means well, I dare say."

She added those last words in a soothing tone, for she saw that Noel Vanstone's imagination was fast merging into alarm. The coachman's manners of a gentleman, or to have inspired him with fear as well as disgust.

He dipped the pen in the ink and signed the Will without reading a word. The coachman (descending instantly from Theology to Business) wrote his signature under Noel Vanstone's pilous attention; and signed his own name as witness, with an implied commentary on the proceeding in the form of a hiccup of whisky, exhaled through the medium of a heavy sigh. The cook looked away from Mrs. Lecount with an effort—signed her name with a certain hurry, and looked back again with a start, as if she expected to find that lady transformed (in the interval) in the housekeeper's hands. "Thank you!" said Mrs. Lecount, in her friendliest manner. The cook put up her lips suspiciously—and looked at her master. "You may go!" said Noel Vanstone. The cook coughed contemptuously and went.

"We shan't keep you long," said Mrs. Lecount, cheerfully addressing the fair. "In half an hour, or less, we shall be ready for the journey back."

The coachman's austere countenance relaxed for the first time. He smiled mysteriously, and approached Mrs. Lecount on tip-toe.

"Yo'll no forget one thing, my leddy," he said, with the most ingratiating politeness. "Yo'll no forget the whusky when yo're at the table, and when ye pay me for my day's work!" He dropped this hint, and withdrew, diffusing in the atmosphere behind him, stalked out of the room.

"Lecount," said Noel Vanstone, as soon as the coachman and the cook were gone, "did I hear you tell that man we should be ready in half an hour?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Are you blind?"

Mrs. Lecount answered with an angry stamp of his foot. Mrs. Lecount looked at him in astonishment.

"Can't you see the brute is drunk? he went on, more and more irritably. "Is my life nothing? Am I to be left at the mercy of a drunken coachman? I won't trust that man to drive me for my consideration under heaven! I'm surprised at your proposing it, Lecount!"

"He has been drinking, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount, "it is easy to see that. But he is evidently used to drinking. If he is sober enough to walk quite straight, which he certainly does, he will be sober enough for excellent handwriting, which you may see for yourself on the Will, I venture to think he is sober enough to drive us to Exeter."

"Nothing of the sort! You're a foreigner. You're prejudiced in favor of foreign people. They drink whisky from morning to night. Whisky is the strongest spirit that's made. Whisky is notorious for it. Don't tell me, Lecount. I won't run the risk. I never was a drinker, and I never will be driven, by any body else, to run one!

"Must I go back to Dumfries by myself, Sir?" said Mrs. Lecount. "Is there no help to be got in this house after what has happened to-day? I know my wits may not come back to-night! I know I never may get back to a hot a blood to lead me? Have you no feeling, Lecount? Can you do I leave you in this house alone?"

He sank into a chair and burst out crying over his own idea before he had completed the expression of it. Mrs. Lecount felt, as he said, with his handkerchief over his face—"too bad!"

It was impossible not to pity him. He was spectral wa mistable, he was the man. He had broken down at last, under the conflict of violent emotions which had shaken him from the time of the morning. The effort to follow Mrs. Lecount through the business of the day—the overwhelming which she had steadily led the way had upheld him while that effort lasted; the moment it was at an end left him helpless. He had literally broken a result—of which the coachman was free from being the cause.

"I see surprise me, you distress me, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. "I entreat you to compose yourself. I will stay here, if you wish it, with pleasure—I will stay here to-night for your sake. You want rest and quiet after this dreadful day. The coachman shall be certainly sent away from Noel. I will give him a note to the landlord of the hotel, and the carriage shall come back for us to-morrow morning with another man to drive it."

The prospect which those words presented cheered him. He wiped his eyes, and kissed Mrs. Lecount's hand.

"Yes," he said, faintly; "send the coachman away—and you stop here. You good creature! You excellent Lecount! Send the drunken brute away and come back directly. We will be comfortable by the fire, Lecount—and have a hot little dinner—and try to make it like old times." His weak voice faltered; he returned to his handkerchief—burst into tears again under the pathetic influence of his own idea.

Mrs. Lecount left him for a minute to dismiss the coachman. When she returned to the parlor she found him with his hand on the bell.

"What do you want, Sir?" she asked.

"I want to tell the servants to get your room ready," he answered. "I wish to show you every attention, Lecount."

"You are all kindness, Mr. Noel; but wait one moment. Where he well to have these papers put out of the way before the servants come in again. If you will place the Will and the Sealed Letter together in one envelope—and if you will direct it to the admiral—I will take care that the inclosure so addressed is safely placed in his own hands. Will you come to the table, Mr. Noel, only for one moment more?"

No! he could not, and would not move from the fire; he was sick and tired of writing; he wished he had never been born, and he loathed the sight of pen and ink. All Mrs. Lecount's patience, and all Mrs. Lecount's persuasion, were required to induce him to write the address and address for the second time. She only succeeded by bringing the blank envelope to him upon the writing-desk, and putting it cunningly on his lap. He grumbled, he even swore, but he directed the envelope in the terms: "To Admiral Bartram, St. Cross-in-the-Marsh, Exeter." Mrs. Lecount. With that exception the last of compliance he coolly—and with a sigh of relief—threw in the fiercest terms, to seal the envelope.

There was no need to press this proceeding on him. He sealed it with a will on the table; and it mattered nothing whether he used it or whether a person in his confidence used it for him. Mrs. Lecount sealed the envelope with its two important inclosures placed safely inside.

The cook was preparing for the last time, and paused for a moment before she put the sealed packet away. looked at it with a triumph too deep for words. She smiled as she slipped it into the bag. Not the shadow of a suspicion that the Will might contain superfluous provisions and expressions which no practical lawyer would have used; not the vestige of a doubt whether the Letter was quite as complete a document as a practical lawyer might have made it, troubled her mind. In this instance—born of her devotion for Magdalen and her hunger for revenge—in blind reliance on her own abilities, and on her own luck, she had created the future implied in the promise of the morning's work.

She had ordered her evening-dip. Noel Vanstone rang the bell. On this occasion the summons was answered by Louisa.

"Is my room ready, my dear?" said her master; "this lady will sleep here to-night. And air my warm things; this lady and I are going away to-morrow morning."

The civil and submissive Louisa received her orders with attention, darted an angry look at her master's impenetrable guest, and left the room. The servants were evidently all attached to their mistress's interests, and were all of one opinion on the subject of Mrs. Lecount.

"Now, Lecount," said Noel Vanstone, with a sigh of infinite relief. "Come and sit down, Lecount. Let's be comfortable—let's gossip over old times."

Mrs. Lecount accepted the invitation, and drew an easy-chair to his side. He took her hand with a confidential tenderness, and held it in his, while the talk went on. A stranger looking in through the window would have taken them for mother and son, and would have thought to himself, "What a happy home!"

The cook brought Noel Vanstone, consisted, as usual, of an endless string of questions, and was devoted to the entire rejection of them and his future prospects. Where would Lecount take him to when they went away the next morning? To the Continent, if they should be lucky in London, while Lecount went on to St. Cross to give the sealed the Letter and the Will? Because his wife might follow him if he went to the admiral's? Well, there was something in that. Where was he ought to be safely concealed from her in some comfortable lodging near Mr. Lecount's? Why near Mr. Lecount's, yes, yes, yes, sure—to know when the law would do to help him. Would the law set him free from his wife, if he found her again? In How tiresome of Lecount not to know! Would the law say he had gone and married himself a second time, while he had been living with the Wretch like husband and wife in Scotland? Any thing! anybody assumed to be a marriage was a marriage (he had heard) in Scotland? How excessively tiresome of Lecount to be so ignorant! He knew nothing about it! Was he to stay long in London by himself, with nobody but Lecount to come to see him? Lecount came back to him as soon as she had put those important papers in the admiral's own hands? Lecount consider herself still at his service? The good Lecount! The excellent Lecount! Any thing for all the law business was over, what then? Why not leave this horrid England and go abroad again? Why not go to France, to some cheap place near Paris—say Versailles? say St. Germain? In a nice little French house—cheap? With a nice French cook—who wouldn't starve them, or be insolent in the grease-pot? With a nice little garden—where he could work himself, and get health, and save the expense of keeping a gardener? It would be a bad idea? And it seemed to promise well for the future—didn't it, Lecount?

So he ran on—the poor, weak creature! the object, miserable little man!

As the darkness gathered at the close of the short November day, he began to grow drowsy—his cosmetic repetitions came to an end at last—he fell asleep. The wind outside sang its mournful winter-song; the tramp of passing footsteps, and the rolling wheels on the road, ceased in dreary silence. He slept on quietly. The fire-light rose and fell, and threw little facts, and his nerveless, drooping hands. Mrs. Lecount had not pitied him yet. She began to pity him now. Her poor weak pigeon! Her sensitive bird with his wax secured; he had put his future life, of his own accord, under her fostering care—the fire was warm, and all the circumstances were favorable to the growth of Christian feeling. "Poor creature!" said Mrs. Lecount, looking at him with a grave compassion—"Poor wretch!"

The dinner hour roused him. He was cheerful and excited when he returned to the table of the cheap little house in France; he smirked and simpered; and talked through his dinner, while the housemaid and Louisa waited, turn and turn about, under protest. When dinner was over, he returned to his comfortable chair before the fire, and Mrs. Lecount followed him. He resumed the conversation—which meant, in his case, repeating his questions. But he was not so quick and ready with them as he had been earlier in the day. The more he forgetfulness, the longer and longer intervals—they ceased altogether. Toward nine o'clock he fell asleep again.

It was not a quiet sleep this time. He muttered, and groaned in restless, broken fits and from side to side of the chair. Mrs. Lecount purposely made noises enough to rouse him. He never woke. He never even opened his eyes. He walked about the room restlessly, with a new idea in his mind—the idea of writing a terrible letter; a letter of eternal farewell to his wife. How was it to be written? a what language should he express his feelings? The powers of Shakspeare himself would be unequal to the emergency! He would die the victim of an outrage entirely without parallel. A wretch had crept into his bosom! A viper had hidden herself in his flowers! He would write to the fiend to brand her with the infamy she deserved? He stepped with a suffocating sense in him of his own impotence to express the scorching his fist tumultuously in the empty air.

Mrs. Lecount interfered with an energy and a resolution inspired by serious alarm. After the heavy strain that had been laid on his weakness and his fears, an outbreak of passionate agitation as was now bursting from him might be the intervention of the last straw—the last of the strength to travel the next day. With infinite difficulty, with endless promises to return to the subject, and to consult him about it the morning, she prevailed on him at last to go up stairs and compose himself for the night. She gave him her arm to support him. On the way stairs his attention to her great relief, became suddenly absorbed by a new form of self-consciousness. A certain warm and comforting mixture of wine, egg, sugar, and spices, which she had often been accustomed to make for him in former times, and which he thought he should relish exceedingly before he went to bed. She actually helped him on with his dressing-gown, then went down stairs again to make his warm drink in the little parlor fire.

She rang the bell, and ordered the necessary ingredients for the mixture of the housemaid's name. The servants, with the small ingenious malice of their race, brought up the materials one by one, and slapped kept her waiting for them as long as possible. She had got the sauce-pan, and the spoon, and the tumbler, and the nutmeg-grater, and the sugar, and the lemon, and the paper, at the spices—when she heard him above walking backward and forward in his room. Her own exciting himself on the old subject again beyond all doubt.

She went up stairs once more; but he was too quick for her—he heard her outside the door, and when she opened it she found him in his chair, with his back cunningly turned toward her. Knowing him too well to attempt any remonstrance, she merely announced the speedy arrival of the warm drink, and turned to leave the room. As she did so, she noticed a desk lying in a corner, with an ink-and a paper-case on it, and tried, without attracting his attention, to take the opportunity of his back being turned to her, to close the desk and the paper-case quick for her again. She had barely succeeded in the table, for fear of offending him, and left the room.

In half an hour more the mixture was ready. She carried it up to him, foaming and fragrant, in a large tumbler. "He will sleep after this," she thought to herself—"he will sleep all night!"

He had changed his place. He was sitting at the table in the corner—still with his back to her writing. The desk and the paper-case had not moved him. This time she had caught him in the fact.

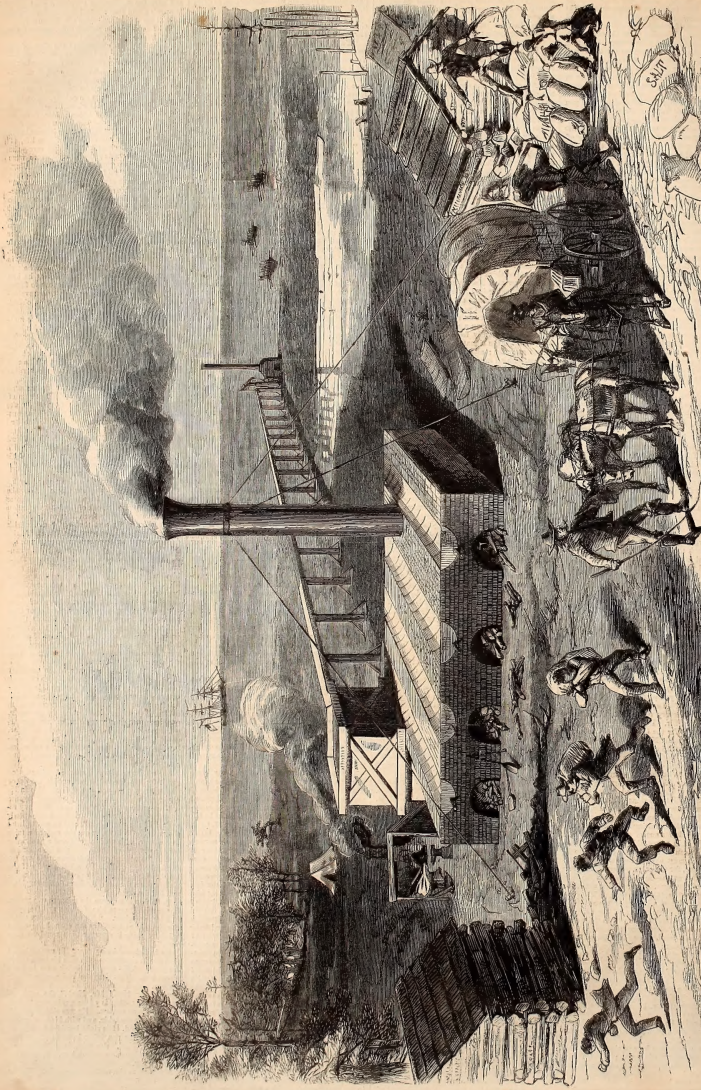
"Oh, Mr. Noel! Mr. Noel!" she said, reproachfully, "what is your promise worth?"

He made no answer. He was sitting with his left elbow on the table, and with his head resting on his left hand. His right hand lay back on the paper with the pen lying loose in it. "Your drink, Mr. Noel," she said, in a kinder tone, stooping upwilling to offend him. He took no notice of her.

She went to the table to see him. What was he doing?

He was dead!

THE END OF THE FIFTH CHAPTER.



DESTRUCTION OF A REBEL SALT FACTORY, ON THE COAST OF FLORIDA, BY THE CREW OF THE UNITED STATES BARK "KINGFISHER."—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER ENGAGED.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

SALT-WORKS IN FLORIDA.

We publish on page 732 a view of the DESTRUCTION OF A SALT MANUFACTORY ON THE COAST OF FLORIDA by the crew of the United States bark *Kingfisher*. The affair is described in the following letter from an officer engaged:

"U. S. BARK 'KINGFISHER,' ST. JOSEPH'S BAY, FLA., Sept. 15, 1862.

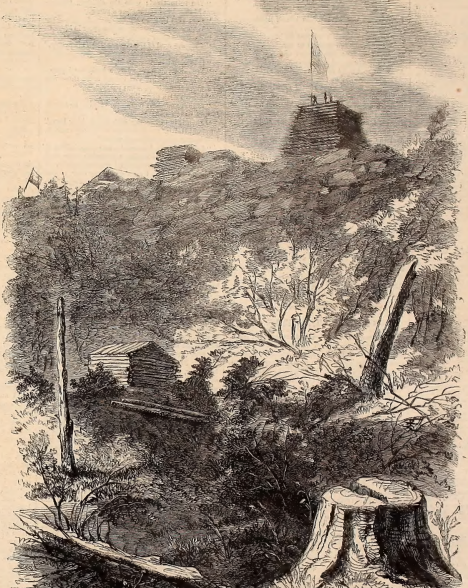
"I am glad to say that, after waiting all this time, I have had a chance to see active service. You can imagine with what pleasure we received the order to up anchor, as we knew our destination was the salt-works, at the head of the bay.

"About two weeks since we had a lot of contrabands come off, who informed us that there were extensive salt-works at the town of St. Joseph, making from 100 to 150 bushels a day, and not yet completed. We sent a flag of truce, and politely informed them that they must stop, or we should destroy them. They paid no attention to us, but continued their fire day and night.

"We got under way at daylight, sailed up the bay with a fair wind, and came to anchor about a quarter of a mile from the works. As we came in sight we could perceive an unusual excitement, and observed wagons driving inland at a furious pace. We gave them two hours to quit, and then fired a few shells into the works, which had the effect of bringing two contrabands to the beach with a salt-bag, which they waved most furiously. We sent a boat for them, and found out that they had removed about two hundred bags of salt and some provisions, but that every thing remained with this exception; and also the intelligence that there were about eighty guerrillas, mounted, three miles back in the country, and would probably be down to see what was going on. As soon as we obtained this information we manned all the boats, leaving enough men on board to man the battery. I had been ordered to take command of the picket-guard, and station them about a quarter of a mile inland, surrounding the works. You may imagine that was rather skittish work with twenty men to go into the woods out of sight of the ship; but we all drew up on the beach, the pickets in front (in all about fifty men), loaded muskets and fixed bayonets—the whole under command of Mr. Hallet, executive officer. We started, whistling Yankee Doodle. I advanced my men in a straight line to the other side of the works, when we entered the woods and extended our lines entirely around the place. The main body then began their work of destruction, and in less than two hours the whole place was in flames, and the machinery broken up.

"I send you a sketch. The whole coast of Florida is lined with these works of a smaller size. This one, when finished, would have been capable of making five hundred bushels a day, at $10 per bushel.

"When the new military colony is fairly under way these salt factories will probably become of some national importance.



SUMMIT STATION ON MARYLAND HEIGHTS.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We republish herewith a picture by Mr. Waud, representing

SUMMIT STATION ON MARYLAND HEIGHTS.

Maryland Heights is the highest point occupied by the army. The signal-station commands the whole country for many miles around, and is in constant communication with other stations, conveying messages to and from head-quarters. Maryland Heights is by nature nearly impregnable, and could easily be held by four regiments against 50,000 men. From it Harper's Ferry, and Bolivar, and Loudon Heights are entirely commanded, as well as Pleasant Valley, and the towns of Sandy Hook and Knoxville.

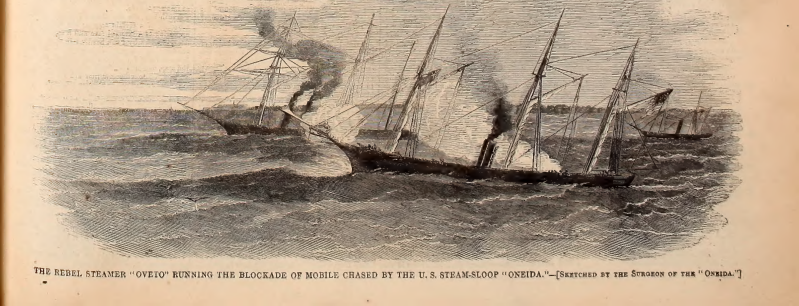
The view from the summit is a magnificent one. The Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, the Blue Ridge, the Bull Run Mountains, the Kittoctan Mountains, North and South Mountains, etc.—the towns of Winchester, Charlestown, Martinsburg, Hagerstown, Williamsport, Shepherdstown, and a number of others, are all overlooked by these heights, from which the lines of both armies are also visible. At night, through a powerful glass, the enemy's pickets are visible. But perhaps the most interesting scene is the view at sunrise, when the valleys are filled with joy — looking over the clouds tinged rose-red by the sun, it seems as if a violent sea had been frozen into stillness at an instant, the mountain rising like islands from the heavy masses of vapors.

CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS.

We publish on page 721 an illustration of CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS ON THEIR WAY TO JOIN THEIR REGIMENTS, from a sketch by Mr. J. A. Oertel. He writes:

"The subject struck me when I saw it as one of interest in the present period. Washington just now is very dry and dusty, as I have indicated in the sketch. The soldiers were under escort. This is military fashion. They were on their way to the railway station near the capital, and belonged to different regiments, representing nearly all the States, and were in every variety of garb. You will perceive they are not in Broadway fashion. The soldier who has seen service is a different looking object from the trim gent he was when he left home."

The thinned regiments of the Army of the Potomac which returned from the Peninsula in September last have been considerably recruited by the arrival of convalescent soldiers from hospital. At one time there were 20,000 soldiers sick and wounded in the great military hospitals at Newport News and Fortress Monroe—at least so said the newspaper correspondents. Now these hospitals are comparatively empty. Wounds have been healed, and the bracing air of October has dispelled the fevers engendered by the Chickahominy malaria.



THE REBEL STEAMER "OVETO" RUNNING THE BLOCKADE OF MOBILE CHASED BY THE U. S. STEAM-SLOOP "ONEIDA."—[SKETCHED BY THE SURGEON OF THE "ONEIDA."]

THE ESCAPE OF THE "OVETO."

WE publish herewith an illustration of the REBEL STEAMER "OVETO" RUNNING INTO MOBILE under the fire of the United States steam-sloop *Oneida* on 4th September ult. We mentioned the circumstance at the time. It turned out that the rebel had only thirteen men on board who were fit for duty at the time. Secretary Welles, deeming that Commander Preble, who was in command of our squadron off Mobile, had been remiss in the execution of his duty, dismissed him from the navy in consequence. From this appeal Commander Preble has appealed to the President in the following letter:

"UNITED STATES SLOOP 'ONEIDA,'
OFF MOBILE, *Oct.* 10, 1862.

"*To the President of the United States:*

"SIR,—I do not believe you would do intentional injustice to any one; yet you have done me the most cruel injustice, and dismissed me from a service in which I have passed twenty-seven years of my life, without trial, without a hearing, and on insufficient and incomplete evidence.

"You have assailed my *honor*, which is dearer to me than life, and you have caused to be proclaimed that I failed to do my utmost to take and capture a vessel of the enemy, and omitted to perform the most ordinary duty of an officer. This sentence and this opinion you have directed to be read to the assembled crews of every vessel in the navy and entered upon the ships' logs.

"I can prove by every officer and man on board this ship, or who was present on the occasion referred to, that I did do my utmost to overtake, capture, or destroy the *Oveto* at the time referred to, and that, omitting no duty, I performed my whole, entire duty energetically and faithfully, as I have ever done while in the service.

"I demand, therefore, a fair, and full, and instant investigation of all the circumstances before a Court of Inquiry, and, when acquitted, that my innocence shall be proclaimed in the same manner as the sentence of dismissal has been promulgated, and that the record of my disgrace shall, by official order, be expunged from the log-books of the navy.

"As Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, I ask of you this justice, which I am sure you will grant.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"GEORGE HENRY PREBLE,
Commander United States Navy."

Together with copy of this appeal, Commander Preble has sent us the following extracts from the evidence of his officers.

Lieutenant Commander Sicard, executive officer, says:

"The ship was prepared for action in season, and when the character of the chase became apparent you did your utmost to capture or destroy her. As far as my observation went you displayed zeal, energy, and anxiety in pursuit of the chase....I can not suggest any precaution you omitted."

Lieutenant Brown says:

...."The crew were at quarters and the ship cleared for action in ample season; and when the character of the chase was become apparent you did, in my opinion, do your utmost to overtake, capture, or destroy her. I know of no duty committed to a commanding officer that you omitted on that occasion. So far as I observed you did exhibit energy, zeal, and anxiety in the pursuit to overtake and capture the chase....I can not suggest any precautions that were omitted."

Chief Engineer Dade says:

"In my opinion you cleared your ship for action in the promptest manner, and exhibited the greatest energy, zeal, and anxiety in overtaking and capturing the chase."

Acting-Master F. M. Green says:

"The awnings were furled, decks cleared, and crew called to quarters in ample time for any emergency.... But for his superior speed, which enabled him to draw ahead of us, nothing could have saved him....Until the *Oveto* was close to us I felt sure she was one of the number of English steamers-of-war which I have seen inspecting the blockade."

Paymaster Hassler says:

"The energy and zeal with which you began the action, and, so far as my observation extended, continued it, will be always remembered by me....Of vigilance there certainly was no neglect....That the ship was cleared for action I have stated above; and that you did not fail to do your utmost to overtake, capture, or destroy the vessel we were pursuing was evident to myself from your repeated orders for quicker firing and cautions to greater accuracy of aim, as well as to the engineers....I have carefully read the Act approved July 17, 1862, articles 1 and 2, and paragraphs 9 and 10 of article 3, which relate to commanders of vessels, and I can not imagine any duty there enumerated which you failed to perform on that occasion. I do not think more than *four* shots were fired when, being in the ward-room, I heard you on deck give the order *several* times to go ahead *faster;* and, on going out into the steerage country, inquired what was the matter, when one of the engineers told me the engines were doing the best the steam would allow, owing to the recent repairs on the boilers."

Surgeon Taylor says:

"I cheerfully bear witness, Sir, that on this occasion, so far as my knowledge extends of such matters, you did your utmost to capture or destroy this vessel of the enemy from the moment you recognized her as such, and that the ship was cleared for action in due time—neither did you, in any manner whatever, manifest a want of energy or zeal in your official acts."

Acting-Master Thomas Edwards says:

"In my opinion your ship was prepared and cleared for action in the promptest manner, and, under the circumstances, you left nothing undone that could have been done, and I have every reason to believe you did your utmost to take, capture, or destroy the vessel you were in pursuit of. There is no duty that I could see at the time you omitted; and you showed the greatest energy, zeal, and anxiety to overtake and capture the chase."

Acting-Master Elijah Ross says:

"I consider you did all that could have been done to capture the steamer after discovering she was an enemy."

Captain's Clerk, J. T. Dalton, says:

"I was on the poop with you most of the time, being sent for by you to the engine-room several times to inquire if we could not increase our speed, each time receiving from the engineer on watch the answer—they could do no better....When we had rounded to and abandoned the chase you called to the First Lieutenant and asked if there was no way in which we could get in and 'get that fellow'—exhibiting the utmost anxiety to capture and destroy him."

Assistant-Engineers Morrison, M'Murtrie, Fitch, M'Ilvaine, and Brower unite in saying:

"Your energy as displayed on that occasion could certainly not have been questioned by those who were familiar with the circumstances. Every thing was done that could have been done to defeat her intentions, and no exertions were left untried to prevent his entering. The escape of the *Oveto* could not, in our opinion, have been justly attributed to any dereliction of duty on your part while existing circumstances were so favorable to her."

Boatswain Herold, who was aloft, says:

"While they were loosing sails we fired into her, and kept up a continuous fire until she got out of our range. *Several of our shot* struck her, though she did not slacken her speed for a moment....She continued to gain on us rapidly, and, as we were now very close to the ruined light-house on Sand Island, it being now dark, we wore round and returned to the anchorage."

Midshipman Wood says:

"Captain Preble gave orders to go ahead as fast as possible—heard answer returned from engine-room that 'we were doing our best.'....In fifteen minutes we had increased our elevation from 400 to 1000 yards."

A DREAM.

"Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

I DREAMED last night of an isle of light
Far off in a waveless sea,
And never in Fancy's wildest flight
Came there such dreams to me.
I sailed in a boat like a pearl afloat,
With never a sail nor oar—
A vision so bright ne'er crossed the sight
Of mortal man before.
And at times I thought that I faintly caught
The snatch of a murmured song,
And a strange deep sound encompassed me round
Like the tread of a mighty throng.
Then a land so bright broke on my sight
That my dazzled eyes grew dim;
And the sound of ten thousand harps I heard,
And the tones of a wondrous hymn.
And oh! among the countless throng
That moved on the shining shore
I saw the face of one whom I thought
Had vanished for evermore.
Then I called again that sacred name
That has not left my breath
Since I knelt by the side of an upturned face
In the frozen beauty of Death.
Then all was hushed, and my mad brain rushed
Back to this earth again,
And I woke with a lingering sound in my ears,
That pierced through the gloom of darkening years
And soothed my heart's wild pain.
But oh! when shall I see that waveless sea,
And stand on that shining shore,
And feel the touch of that vanished hand,
And look in those eyes once more?

HELEN CHRISTIAN.

SHE must have hurried to have avoided them, and the stubborn Scotch blood rebelled against that, so Helen Christian kept her leisurely pace and met them just by her own gate. Mary Joceleyn, a girl in mourning, with the look that is called high-bred, and a general air of being unattainable in the very droop of the black plume in her hat, and the sparkle of the jet clasp at her slender waist, passing with a quick, careless bend—her brother Paul, captain in the army, evidently by the interpretation of his shoulder straps, bowing low and glancing back over his shoulder, as they went down the steep road to the river. Nothing very special in such an encounter; yet as the young school-teacher went up the little graveled path, she found that she was trying hard to console something in her mental or moral economy had been hurt and was crying out vigorously. What was it? She stopped to think it over a little before going into the house.

A few rods further on the path stopped short, as any prudent and thinking path would be apt to do, when there was only a low, somewhat shaky paling to keep it from running off into the ravine, that between its steep hurry to reach the river, and the getting entangled in a mass of trees and vines, all pushing and shouldering their way out from the stones and dark and damp to the free air, in most disorderly fashion, looked not of the most inviting. Here was an arbor and a chair (which I suppose I may call rustic, as a barrel with the front half cut away and covered with canvas certainly doesn't smack of Roux's) in which Helen sat down.

There was the fair sweep of river, and the two wooded promontories holding a quiet, fairy bay in their little crescent, and so close on her left hand that she could almost have touched it—the hill, against which her little home leaned, already warming with purple and dusky shades as though nature were trying her hand at coloring and foreshadowing to herself the autumn mosaic that was to come—the hill that she loved, because it was lovingly alive with growing, twining, trailing, rustling, chirping, singing life, and amidst storm and mist, and out of morning flush and unutterable evening splendors looked peacefully down on the solemn convocations of woods, and the lower hills surging up toward it, and the bronzed fields, and the broad roads, like a faithful witness for a truth; but she could hear nothing of the tender hill voices now. She was too busy looking across the sudden slope of their own garden-patch, and the sunken road, the rise on the opposite side, and the clump of maples, to a building set on a hill so that it could not be hid, thrown out against the evening sky large and square and dark, that looked as if it could never have relentings over a little white birdsnest of a cottage cowering under a hill, and was in fact the characteristic residence of the aristocratic Joceleyns; looking with eyes that would not have differed very widely in expression had they been glaring at it from under a red cap and across a barricade of paving stones.

Just then came out, not from the hill-side or floating on a spear of thistle-down, but unprosaically from the kitchen door, a fairy of that gentle domestic sort that puts a little leaven of comfort in every body's baking, and fills up the chinks of every one's shortcomings, with as much bustle as the air makes about being breathed in; Alice, the sickly elder mother-sister of the orphan Helen.

She laid a thin hand on her dreaming sister's shoulder.

"Are you looking at the mountains, dear?"

"Doesn't it seem as if they were the very ramparts of the unseen world, and as if that quivering, burning mass of color was just the glory streaming out from the heavenly gates opened wide?"

"I suppose so—I was not thinking."

"Think now, then; it is so beautiful. I don't believe any painter would dare to give us brown and sienna gleams like those thick strewn in that blue water. See, Helen; it might be the sapphire pavement that the Jewish elders saw under his feet, and that color that lives and burns, and is transparent though massed together, 'the body of the heavens in his clearness.'"

Still Helen looked over at the stone pile that had beaten back the straying sunbeams and dying light, and taken unto itself the shadows, perhaps because of its kind.

"You seem tired; were the children troublesome?" asked her sister after a pause.

"Yes; that is, not very."

"Who was that passing as you came in?"

"Mary and Paul Joceleyn."

"They are fond of the river walk; it is pretty." Helen rose abruptly.

"It is very damp—come in."

"Yes, and you must hurry a little, for I promised Mrs. Simms that you should come there this evening. They have a lint party."

"I don't wish to go."

"Is that your best reason for staying at home? It seems such a shabby one."

"Then it is in keeping with every thing here," burst out Helen. "I am sure we are shabby enough. Just look at your dress and mine!"

"I do, my dear, frequently, and regard them as monuments of art, feminine triumphs over such trifles as time, and the general wear-out-ability of all things human. I assure you, my dear, as you walk about, that dress has quite a *distingué* air; and hath the merino a voice that it should cry aloud, I am of the piece-day and belonged to great Aunt Martha. My flounce is but a delusion and a snare and a vanity altogether for the better hiding of the piece on the bottom, and I am not a well-to-do and prosperous dress, and don't belong to a person in good circumstances."

Thus chattered our good Helen, all unconscious of the vision of drooping plume and sparkling clasp, dainty-broidered handkerchief and trim boot, and their meaning, that was haunting Helen, who in her turn despised herself for paltriness of feeling, and never dreamed that these were but the bubbles on the surface telling of an unsuspected love, and unacknowledged pride doing battle in the depths of her heart.

Sudden glamour had robbed home of its grace—that was all she knew, making every thing to her coarse and mean, even herself. And here came in the true reason of her disinclination for Mrs. Simms and her lint-party, lest she should meet Paul and his sister, and, by comparison, be humbled in her own eyes and his. But despite reluctance she went, for mild Alice was a very Ahasuerus when she thought duty involved, though the face that bent over her basket in the corner was as sober as it was fair. She knew when the Joceleyns came—she heard Paul's voice in the hall, and felt, even in the little room where she sat apart, the flutter in the parlor atmosphere, as Mary Joceleyn rose a full moon on the horizon of Mrs. Simms and company, and in the light of her approval dimpled and glanced the ripples of every one's talk, save the one little Jacobin in her lonely corner.

Amidst the buzzing and chattering Paul, however, was restless—he missed something, and at last slipped out to look for it, found it, as he had half expected, sitting in a quiet that was good to look at, after the parlor flouncing and giggling, with a face cool and veiled in expression indeed, but with wondrous possibilities of depths of light and sweetness that might shine out from under golden-brown lashes, or soften the curves of the mobile mouth; no dimples or bright look for him just then, however, only a somewhat ungracious sweep of the black skirt when she found that he would sit close by her, and a crisp "Good-evening."

"You are retired in your tastes."

"I can work better. The tongue always wins in a race with the fingers."

"Is that a hint to me? Well, I will be good and not talk, only give me something to do."

Helen coolly handed him a bit of linen and went on without a word. Paul bit his lip, looked at the square morsel, turned it round, glanced again at the smileless face near him, pulled out a thread spitefully and broke it, raged inwardly, finally burst out in speech.

"What have I done now?"

"Broken a great many threads apparently."

"Helen, you are— Well, what is it?"

The last half of the sentence being addressed to his sister, who stood coolly scanning them from the door with a look that emphatically denied any other recognition of Helen than as a lint-pulling machine, that was occupying valuable Joceleyn time.

"Paul" (with a slight tinge of impatience sounding sharply through the polite resignation of her tone), "won't you *please* come to the front-room? You are wanted there."

"I really—"

"But, Paul—" beckoning him into the shadow of the hall for a whispered conference. Scarcely was he there when Helen, who was weary, head, fingers, and heart, went at once for hood and shawl, and slipped out without opposition, for, as she said to herself in bitterness of heart, "No one missed her."

She walked fast along the blank, starless road, trying to think her triumph sweet, for just then it seemed to her a most Jephthah-like victory; but fast as she walked some one followed her at even quicker pace, came close behind her, and heard her crying softly to herself, and taking her arm slipped it under his, holding the hand fast in his own. Helen looked up at the tall figure beside her in the dim light, and began to tremble a little.

"Captain Joceleyn!"

"Even so, the military person from whom you ran away, and who pursues his enemies as professionally bound."

"I did not—"

"Hush, Helen! It is time for us to be in earnest. I have something to tell you, only I can not say it out here in the gloom and damp. May I come in when we reach your home?"

Helen's "Certainly" was very faint indeed, and then they walked on to the little door in utter silence. With true girlish inconsistency she had hoped that Alice might be up, and by her presence prevent her hearing what she most wished; but the fire-light was the only thing stirring in the pure, fragrant little room, that, half in shadow, looked all manner of sweet possibilities of fairy hauntings. Alice had left a sofa drawn up by the bright hearth, and there Paul seated himself by the side of Helen, watching her quietly as she threw off her hood and loosened her cloak, the deft white fingers trembling so that it was hard to undo the ribbon at her throat.

She had ventured but one look at his face, and had seen then how thoroughly he was in earnest; for he had her at last, this shy, changeful, elfish, teasing thing, alone and within his very grasp—so close that his breath stirred the knot of ribbon in her hair, and she was neither perverse nor defiant, but shrinking and mutely imploring, and his were no weak fingers through which opportunity might slip.

He commenced coolly enough.

"I don't know as I told you, Helen. I am going back to-morrow afternoon."

"Going back!"

"To the army. I am quite well, and, I think, am needed."

Helen sat mute, only (though it might have been the deceitful light) he fancied that he caught a sudden tremor of the downcast lashes. In vain she tried for an answer—voice and words would not come at her bidding—all the pain and anger of that evening and the desolation of the future were upon her; her eyes were filling fast with tears, her cheeks burned with sudden fever, sobs swelled in her throat. She tried to turn away, but he would not suffer it, but held her close, bending down to look into the very depths of her eyes.

"My darling child! I had begun to fear that you really did not love me. I am so rejoiced. I think now I shall be worth two in battle."

Helen struggled to free herself, not with girlish timidity, but with determination—pushed him quite away, looking toward, but not at him, as he sat, grieved and amazed, saying, in a voice not in the least like her own,

"I do love you, Paul, but this must be the end—this is all."

"All?"

"Yes. It is quite hopeless; so it will be best never to speak of it again."

"Why hopeless? You will wait for me, and, if God spares me, will be my little wife?"

"No."

"Helen!"

"I am quite in earnest. I think I love you well enough, Paul, to die for you; but I could never live for you as the poor girl raised by you against the opposition of your family, and owing rather a life-long debt than love to you. Spare your arguments" (as he was about eagerly to interrupt). "You have surprised my love into confession, but my self-respect is like a rock; you can not shake it."

"Self-respect! You mean pride, to which, in comparison, Moloch was merciful."

"Call it what you will; I am firm in it."

"But you shall not be; I swear it. What! I love you with truth and passion and honor, and for a lifetime, and you let me go on day by day and weave the love and the hope of you in with every pulse of my life, to tell me at the end that you have a love indeed, but so frost-bitten with pride that it shall profit neither you nor me!"

"The Christians are a stubborn race," answered Helen, pale and cool. "If it comes to a contest of wills—"

"Yours will be overborne. Not because I am a despot, but because I have truth and right with me, as sooner or later you shall acknowledge; for be it one year, or two, or three, you will one day fling your pride in the dust, where it should be, and listen only to your love, cold and calculating as you are now."

With which he left her.

"Cold and calculating!" that was his good-night; his adieu also, for he made no further effort to see her; but having thus firmly and finally vindicated dignity, and the much-vaunted "self-respect," it is to be presumed that Helen, notwithstanding, was quite happy, though it was a kind of happiness on which she grew thin and spiritless; and Alice sadly noted that her only interest now was at reading-paper-time, perhaps because therein were often chronicled the doings of a certain Captain Joceleyn, who was a veritable Sir Launcelot, and was continually volunteering for desperate services, anxious, apparently, to be rid of life as fast as possible.

Truth was, she was always dreaming about the sounding of a certain step on the walk, and the appearing of a bronzed face and a uniform in the door, though why I can hardly tell, as, by her own showing, such appearance must have been hopeless; and at last the dream was fulfilled. She heard the step, caught the gleam of an epaulet, heard a voice not altogether familiar ask for Miss Christian, and rushed out to meet—a stranger.

She shrank back dismayed.

"I think there is some mistake."

"Not if you are Miss Christian—Miss Helen Christian; that is the name on this package that I promised to bring you."

He was holding out to her a little parcel, tied, sealed, and addressed to herself. She knew the handwriting, she knew also when and why parcels like that were sent. There was a ring—she had seen it often enough before—a cornelian shield bearing the Joceleyn arms, and a note, clearly written and brief enough:

"Though in life you would have none of me, yet now perhaps you will wear my ring in remembrance; and when you look at it, believe that I loved you so well that, had I lived, you must have learned in time (hard as you are) to love me as well as you now love yourself."

She read it through once and again. Her face wore a strained, ghastly look, it is true; but then it was hard to breathe. She was not very sorry, after all—how could she be, when she could not even feel? So she simply said,

"He is dead, then?"

"I hope not—I think not; it was only a bullet through the cheek, gotten when we were charging over the bridge!" was the eager answer. "But he was down, and the rebels were close upon us; probably he is a prisoner, though Heaven knows what chance a wounded man has in their hands!"

So that was the end; for though others hoped (they said his proud mother and sister did), she knew better—she was sure that he was dead. And now the village talk began to run on Helen Christian and her altered looks.

One day, lying on the sofa—where she was always of late—she saw Alice smiling to herself and singing.

"You are very gay," she said, reproachfully.

"I am very glad!"

"Of what?"

Alice came and kneeled down by the sofa, smoothing away the soft hair and touching her lips to the wide forehead.

"Of what should I be glad, my darling? Could any thing make me glad in which my sister had not a share?"

"I—what is there for me, unless—but that is impossible."

Alice smiled.

Helen started up.

"Alice! do you want to kill me—what do you mean by smiling? Is he living? is he here? is he waiting?"

"You poor child, no! he is living, but they don't speak very hopefully of him. His wound was not so severe, but he was taken prisoner, half starved, and wholly neglected by the rebels. He has only been home two days."

"He *is* there, then."

"Yes; but what are you doing?" for Helen was up and tying on her bonnet.

"I am going to him, Alice, to show him how, for his sake, I can trample under foot the self that he said I loved better than him, and that were it listened to, would die before it would endure what I must."

"But Helen, think, they will not let you see him."

"Alice, I will see him."

And with that look not a doubt but she would. Stronger barriers than the wide doors of Joceleyn House, and stouter than their pride, have yielded again and again before such eyes and lips of determination. So now, when she was told that Captain Joceleyn could see no one, she only answered, "I must see him!" and stepped in. Mary Joceleyn came out into the hall with a darkening face as she recognized Helen.

"Miss Christian, my brother is very sick and can not receive visitors."

"I am not a visitor. I came to nurse him."

"We are more than obliged, but my mother and I have spoken for that office."

"Still I will see him!" cried Helen, with sudden passion, and her voice ringing out sharply caught the ear of Mrs. Joceleyn, who was passing through the hall. Mary, more than half cowed, turned and called to her.

"Mother, will you come here? This is *that* Helen Christian, and she insists on seeing Paul."

"Hush! Mary. Miss Christian, I am very sorry, but my son is quite unable to bear the excitement of seeing any one at present. It is really impossible."

The cool, polite scorn was sharper-edged than Mary's anger, and reddening Helen turned to go, then turned back again.

"I will not go. Don't you see I can not?" she exclaimed. "How dare you coolly measure out misery to others when you have not yet done with life yourself? How can you, who look so like Paul, be so hard to one whom he loves? Could I help it if he loved me? Could I help loving him back? Ask your own heart if my love is not true and real, when I, who rejected him from very pride, stand here now begging admittance of you as if it were an alms. If you have no pity for me, yet show some for your son, for, grant it ever so intolerable and humiliating a fact, yet he does love me, and I—oh! I will see him, do what you like."

Mother and daughter stood aghast. Serenity and conventionality were the decent Lares that presided over all Joceleyn arrangements, propriety the spell with which they conjured. They would know as well how to parley with an escaped tiger as with this pale, wild-eyed girl, so vulgarly in earnest, and reckless enough even for a scene—thing unheard of in the House of Joceleyn.

"It can do no harm," said Mrs. Joceleyn, at length, "and it may comfort him. Miss Christian, you can come with me."

Helen followed, trembling and totally unnerved now that her point was gained. With the air of one going to the stake Mrs. Joceleyn led the way to Paul's bedside.

"Paul, here is some one to see you!"

Paul turned a hopeless face that smote Helen with sharp self-reproach, looked with incredulous eyes, glowed suddenly with joy almost too great to be borne, caught both her hands and held them with something of the old strength.

"Oh, Helen, you have come at last! Now I shall live!"

She bent down and kissed him.

"I have come. I have flung my pride in the dust, as you said I would, Paul."

"And you will stay?"

"I will."

"Take off your hat, then. I want to be sure."

She threw it off at once.

"Think, Paul!" said his mother, unable longer to keep silent; "there is something more in life than a pretty face, of which you will sicken soon enough. An ancient and honorable name demands something of you. No Joceleyn before you has made a mésalliance!"

Paul only tightened his feeble grasp.

"You will not mind them?"

"No; not even words like that shall move me." Paul looked at his mother.

"You hear. You see how useless it would be to oppose. If I live she shall be my wife; living or dying I can love only her. Won't you be kind to her for my sake? It will be better for me than all your drugs."

Mrs. Joceleyn was only human; also here came in play reasoning peculiarly adapted to the grasp of the Joceleyn mind.

There was no doubting Paul's infatuation. That granted, arose the query, whether the patronizing and paternal attitude, or a useless, red-faced, scolding opposition were the most dignified, that is to say, the most Joceleyn-like.

The decision may be guessed, as I hear Paul (who is convalescent) is to be married next week to Helen from the old Joceleyn House, and that Mrs. Joceleyn has the trousseau in charge.

MY TREASURE.

I have a treasure. What is it, say,
  O lady fair, O lady fair?
Is it a mirror to shine all day,
  Or pearls to braid my brown, brown hair?

A diamond buckle to clasp my shoon;
  A satin robe—like the glistening crest
Of the lake that ripples under the moon
  Zoned with rubies beneath my breast?

Is it a castle, with broad fair lands;
  A magic purse of caged red gold,
Whose swelling meshes within my hands
  Exhaustless store of riches hold?

Is it some wondrous beauty-charm,
  To steep my lips in brilliant dyes,
To mantle my neck in tresses warm,
  And tint my cheek and light my eyes?

Is it a crown and a throne of state,
  And a wand to wave o'er subjects leal,
With mailèd guards at my palace-gate,
  And a royal will to say and seal?

I tell thee, no: it is none of these,
  O lady fair, O lady fair!
But a little babe upon my knees
  To toss and pull my brown, brown hair.

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HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR.

WE publish on the preceding page a portrait of Hon. HORATIO SEYMOUR, Governor-elect of New York. Governor Seymour is a man of some fifty-five years of age; he once filled the Gubernatorial office before, and discharged its duties with fidelity and success. He has now been elected by a majority of some 15,000 over General Wadsworth. Governor Seymour proclaimed his position in a speech delivered at Brooklyn during the canvass, and we make the following extract:

"Now, when the men of the South made the bayonet and the sword the arbiter (they elected, and not we); when they determined to settle it by blood (and not we)—the sword, so far as the present is concerned, must be the arbiter; and in our strong right arm it shall strike vigorous and true blows for the life of our country, for its institutions, and for its flag. Now let me say this to the higher law men of the North, and to the higher law men of the South, and to the whole world that looks on witnesses to the mighty events transpiring in this country, that this Union shall never be severed, no, never......Whatever other men may say, as for the conservative people of this country and as for myself as an individual—let other men say and think what they please—as for the division of this Union, and the breaking up of that great natural alliance which is made by nature and by nature's God, I never will consent to it, no, never, as long as I have a voice to raise or a hand to fight for this our glorious land."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1862.

THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

THE elections in the great Northern States have resulted uniformly in the defeat of the Administration candidates. New York and Pennsylvania, which supported Mr. Lincoln in 1861 and 1860 with majorities of 50,000 and 100,000, have gone decidedly in favor of the Democracy; the Democrats have carried the Republican States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; and the dominant Republican party has suffered severe losses in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa. It had previously lost ground in Connecticut and Maine. In the Congress which will assemble for the transaction of business a year hence the Democrats will have a decided majority.

Just two considerations are suggested by these startling evidences of a change in public opinion; first, what caused the change? next, what practical effect will it have on the prosecution of the war?

A number of plausible reasons have been assigned for the sudden increase of the Democratic and decline of the Republican vote throughout the North. Mr. Greeley thinks that the Republicans have gone to the war to fight, while the Democrats have staid at home to vote. But even the *Tribune* will not claim the men who enlisted from this city, as, for instance, Sickles's and Meagher's brigades as Republicans; and it was the large Democratic majority in this city which carried the State for Seymour. Again, every one who has correspondents in the army knows that the rank and file, at least in the army of the Potomac, sympathized with the Democracy, and cherished the ancient Democratic prejudice against the negro to the utmost extent. We are inclined to think that if the army had voted—as did the soldiers of Iowa, Missouri, and other States—the Democratic majority in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, would rather have been increased than diminished. Another set of politicians, who sympathize more or less with the rebels, construe the recent elections as a rebuke to the men whom they call "Abolitionists," and infer that the North is ready to meet the South on the basis of some such compromise as that to which Senator Crittenden, in an unguarded moment, lent his previously-respected name. These politicians are probably equally mistaken with regard to the temper of both sections. The South is unwilling to accept any compromise, and if the successful Democracy attempt to make one, they will fail as ignominiously as they did at Charleston. So far as the Northern Democracy are concerned, they are quite as far from being prepared to admit that the Union is dissolved as the most ardent supporters of the Administration. A member here and there, hailing from this city or the West, and in his heart a partner in the guilt of the rebels, may attempt to assist their schemes; but the great bulk of the Northern Democracy are as loyal to the Union as Mr. Lincoln himself. Whatever they meant by their October and November votes, no one who knows them will believe that they meant to acquiesce in the severance of the Union.

So far as we can judge, the soundest explanation of the recent Democratic victories ascribes them to a general dissatisfaction with the results of the war. In some men this dissatisfaction took the shape of a revolt against the radical influences which have controlled the Administration from time to time. Others were dissatisfied because the President retained Generals M'Clellan and Buell in command. Others, again, and these probably constituted the majority, looked at the subject from no partisan point of view, but merely desired to testify their sense of disgust at the small results which have been achieved by the enormous outlay of men, money, spirit, and energy placed at the service of the Government by the loyal citizens of the United States. No nation in the world—not even France in 1790—ever placed itself, its sons, its means, its liberties, and its life so wholly and unreservedly in the hands of its Government as we did a year ago. The people of the North asked each other—what has Mr. Lincoln done with what we gave him? and voted accordingly.

With regard to the effect of the recent elections we can not see that they are calculated to lead to any important changes. A few traitors elected here and there will try to serve the rebel cause. But they will clearly prove powerless against the overwhelming loyalty of the Northern masses. From necessity the Democratic victors will have to go for a more thorough prosecution of the war. The people of the North—by whatever political designation they are known—are unanimous and resolute against the division of the country. A few Democratic leaders may be so blind as to dream of a compromise, disgracefully ignominious to the North, and practically fatal to the South. But these schemers will soon find themselves disavowed by both sections. In time of war, when the people understand themselves, there is but one party, and that is the party who goes for putting down the enemy. Whatever the intentions of the successful Democrats may have been, when the responsibility comes to be laid upon their shoulders they will find themselves compelled to pursue the same policy as their opponents, and to rely for success with the people upon excelling the Republicans in energy and zeal for the cause.

THE REMOVAL OF GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

WE record in another column the removal of GENERAL M'CLELLAN from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and the appointment of GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE to the vacant post. The President appears to have determined upon the step in the last week of October; but for reasons which can readily be conceived it was not carried into effect till the 8th inst. A dispatch from General Halleck to the Secretary of War, bearing date October 28, explains the reasons which led the President to act. After the Battle of Antietam General Halleck first urged, then ordered General M'Clellan to move across the Potomac. He did not move for three weeks, and, in General Halleck's opinion, no good excuse existed for his disobedience and delay.

General M'Clellan's friends, who are legion, will urge in his defense that a General in command of an army of 200,000 men, and responsible not only for his own success but for their lives, is the best judge of when and how he should move, and can not be bound to obey the orders of persons at a distance from the scene of action, and without direct personal responsibility in the matter. It will doubtless further be urged that, however slow General M'Clellan may have been during the first three weeks of October, he was moving with remarkable celerity when the order for his removal was handed to him. Many other good arguments may be advanced in vindication of the displaced General, but they are not likely to be much heard of just now. Both the people and the army are too intent upon the great work of suppressing the rebellion to trouble themselves about side issues. After the war there will be time to inquire into and pass judgment upon them, and then, if injustice has been done to M'Clellan, he will probably be elected President.

Meanwhile it is a source of unmixed satisfaction to know that the Army of the Potomac is led by a man like Burnside, a soldier who to the greatest military skill unites dash, energy, and the prestige of success, and a man of the most exalted character and the noblest heart. The country unites in the cry, GOD SPEED BURNSIDE!

THE LOUNGER.

THE FACTS OF THE CASE.

REACTIONS may change events, but they can not alter principles. The Government of the United States and the Union, of which it is the supreme authority, are threatened by rebels in arms. That authority must be maintained entirely, or it is altogether overthrown. You may make never so small a hole in the side of your ship, but it will be large enough to admit the ocean, and your ship will inevitably go down. You may make the slightest concession of the threatened authority of the Government, but in making it you relinquish that authority utterly. If the city magistrates and police and militia, after endeavoring for many a day to disperse a riot, should at last say, "Very well, what is it you want?" and allow the rioters to destroy only one building or burn only one poor Irishman, that city is conquered. Is there any security for peace, for life any longer, except in the whim of the mob? It is precisely so with the war. Either the Government must be maintained in every particular of its authority, or it is dishonored entirely. To change it, to allow the rebels to go, to declare that such rebellions always end in compromise, is to renounce the Government altogether, and to proclaim the intention of surrender.

The Constitution of the United States clothes the Government with authority to do what, under any circumstances, it inevitably and instinctively would do; namely, defend its own existence by force. Whatever is necessary to this defense the Government may lawfully do; and it is, of course, itself the judge of the necessity. It may stop mouths and pens; it may seize property and liberate slaves; it may cut off supplies, and by famine and force and fear compel the refractory citizens to obedience.

All this the Government may do. Common-sense apprises us of it, even if it were not carefully provided by the Constitution that in case of rebellion and invasion the writ of *habeas corpus* may be suspended, and that the President, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, shall forcibly compel submission to the law. But the Government is the people. If they disapprove what is done, it will be undone or it will be fruitless. If they are not in earnest, they will not justify earnest war. If they are in earnest, they will not tolerate trifling and delay.

In our own case the truth remains true whatever happens. If for any reason the people shall tire of the war, or the forcible compulsion of rebels to obey the law: if they shall say that they are willing to put down the insurrection if they can do it with half a million of men and five hundred millions of dollars, but not if the work requires six hundred thousand men and a thousand million of dollars: if they shall say that they are willing to use field-pieces but not gun-boats: if they say that they do not object to cutting off a supply train, but do object to touching, or even trying to touch, the source of the supplies: if they shall say that they are willing to shoot rebels in the field, but that they prefer to guard the slaves of rebels upon the plantations: if they shall declare that every body may say and do just what he pleases during the war, short of actually taking up arms against the Government: if they shall say that the rebellion was really caused by the men who are now fighting against it, and not by the rebels themselves: and, finally, if they shall say that the game is not worth the candle, and that they will no longer "imbrue their hands in fratricidal blood," they will compel the authorities to make peace with the rebels upon the best possible terms, whether of separation or compromise.

Such a result is inevitable if the people are tired of the war. That such a peace could be but a truce breaking into worse wars may be true, but that would not help the result. That such a peace would be the total destruction of the Government, the ruin of the popular system, and the betrayal of the hope of civil liberty every where, is unquestionably true; but what then? If the people are willing to betray themselves, to be forever disgraced, and to become the scorn of history, it is in vain that the authorities protest.

What then is the duty of every truly loyal man? Simply to show as plainly as he can that the welfare of each one of us depends upon the unconditional maintenance of the Government; that no civil right is secure for a moment except in this Government; and, therefore, that to maintain it the most decisive and radical measures must be adopted by the authorities and supported by the people. There have always been, there will always be, but two issues out of the war. One is absolute victory: the other is entire submission. If we are truly in earnest as the rebels are, we shall win the victory cost what it may. If we are not in earnest, we shall be conquered and disgraced.

GENERAL MITCHELL.

BY the death of General Mitchell the country loses one of the fiery souls that compel victory. The purity and fervor of his patriotism were of the antique mould. From the first words he spoke at the great Union Square meeting after Sumter, through his gallant and brilliant service at the West to the commencement of his Southern campaign, his life was an act of utter self-renunciation and devotion.

Those who saw him just before he left for the Department of the South were fully aware of his convictions as to the state of the country and the prospects of the cause. He knew, as every body else did, that to send him to Hilton Head, with the handful of men there, was to send him into exile. But he made no complaint. He said that he believed he was a good soldier. "As for Generalship I do not judge," he said; "but I know that the whole duty of a soldier is to obey orders, and I believe that I can do that." He did it. He came from Alabama when he was summoned to Washington in the shortest possible time. He reported for orders. He was told to wait. He waited and waited week after week, and was finally sent to South Carolina, and went.

There were doubtless divided counsels about him at Washington. He was a fighting General; a dashing, ardent, popular leader. He believed that the war must be fought out by every means. He did not believe in waiting, nor in gently tapping the enemy, nor in tampering with treason and traitors; but in sweeping suddenly, and striking stunning blows with overwhelming power. General Mitchell's theory of the war was, that it is a mortal conflict between the spirit of despotism and that of lawful Liberty; that there could be in the nature of things no concession, no compromise; that either the nation would conquer and establish its government permanently as the defense and guarantee of Liberty, or be dismembered and ruined. Born in Kentucky, he knew the section with which we are fighting. By disposition conservative, he doubted whether the people were ready to rely upon the principle indicated by Mr. Lincoln's election, and therefore apprehended with misgiving the possible result of the war which that election was sure to provoke. But when the war came he sprang to the field with the battle-cry of America and Liberty upon his lips, and they had no other language until they were cold forever.

He had bitter enemies—but they were not among the soldiers he commanded. It was said that he covered a great deal of territory in the southwest, and that if such work made a commander he was a good one. It was sneered that his exploits resounded in the newspapers, but were of no actual importance or military significance. It was coldly said that he was a better orator than soldier. But if any General in this war has done what he was sent to do, it is General Mitchell. His western services, within his means, do not suffer by comparison with those of any other officer who has served in that department. His inauguration of the Southern campaign was but partly successful at Pocotaligo; but not from want of skill in devising or bravery in the men. The battle was a victory as far as it went. The enemy were successively driven from the three positions they chose. Then our force withdrew, not being adequate to pushing further. But the partial successes of Generals who had every means have been hitherto, in the war, hailed by us, and reported by them, as victories.

Like all men who feel profoundly, and who occupy conspicuous positions in a civil war, General Mitchell will receive no unqualified censure or praise. There is not a man of military eminence in this war, unless it be, at the present moment, General Burnside, who is not, and who will not be, the object of intense party-feeling. Frémont, M'Clellan, Sigel, Halleck, Hunter, Buell are all vehemently extolled and censured. It is not a fate at which Mitchell repined. He had counted the cost, and he held every thing light when weighed with the salvation of his country. A soul of fire, he would willingly have sought by speech to kindle his fellow-citizens to the glow of his own conviction if he had not felt that his duty was with the sword. That duty is done now, and done nobly. May God rest the brave soldier, and inspire us all to speak and strike for our country with the same purity of purpose and fervor of conviction!

SOME NEW BOOKS.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S "Orley Farm" is admitted to be the best, as it is the most elaborate, of his novels. He leaves his usual beat. He steps out of Church into Court. He turns his back upon cathedral closes, and the little quarrels and match-makings of clergymen and their wives, and paints a picture of crime and its course at law which an English authority says is much the finest picture of the legal profession in English Literature. Mr. Trollope's peculiar style, which has Thackeray's intimacy with his reader without his racy elegance, and which is often flippant rather than easy, is remarkably adapted to the story of familiar life he is so fond of telling; while Millais's illustrations are equally modern and characteristic. There is a cheerful, chirping, John Bullish good sense in all that Trollope writes—a comfortable and not disagreeable depth of insight and observation—which account for his great current popularity. The friends of "Doctor Thorne" and "Framley Parsonage" will find the same charm in "Orley Farm."

The Memoirs of Dr. Nicholas Murray, by S. Irenæus Prime, are a brief account of the incidents in the life of a "self-made" man, as a certain class of strong-willed, self-relying people are called. Dr. Murray was a poor Irish boy who came to this country, and who, after a little while, if this paper had then been published, would have helped set the type, for he was a workman in this office; who was converted from the Romish to the Protestant Church, became a noted clergyman, and at last made his name widely known by a series of controversial letters to Bishop Hughes, under the signature of "Kirwan." These letters are most trenchant popular theological weapons. They had a great sale, and were doubtless of great service to the cause they advocated. Dr. Murray was evidently a hearty, vigorous man—of a generous nature, and a clear, positive mind. Mr. Prime's Memoir judiciously leaves "Kirwan" to tell his own story as far as practicable.

Mrs. Oliphant's Memoir of Edward Irving is the story of a very different life and work from those of Kirwan. He, too, was a clergyman, but it could hardly be said that his mind was clear. He was a noble man, and his life, in a certain way, was most romantic. No one who is at all interested in the religious history or romance of our times but will read it with the greatest interest. To many, also, the words of Thomas Carlyle, in speaking of Irving, will awaken the strongest wish to know exactly what he was. "But for Irving," says Carlyle, "I had never known what the communion of man with man means. His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with. I call him, upon the whole, the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world or hope to find."

A novel, "Abel Drake's Wife," by John Saunders, is a story of a great deal of interest and power. General attention is so riveted by the great novelists that some word is essential to introduce the new aspirants. In this story there seems to us to be more real power than in such a tale as Bulwer's "Strange Story." Indeed, much of the finest talent in our literature is found in the less known novels—books like "The Collegians" or "A Lost Love."

Besides these works, there are the "Thirteen Months in the Rebel Army," an admirable interior view of the rebellion; and Mr. Beecher's "Eyes and Ears," a volume of delightful characteristic essays upon all kinds of subjects; and Mr. Marsh's "Origin and History of the English Language," a work of noble scholarship and great value.

If the war reduces the number of new books it does not injure their quality.

HOLDING UP THE HANDS.

THERE is a remarkable fact in our current history. The President is praised on all sides, yet nobody is satisfied with the conduct of the war. The "Radicals" cry, God bless him! The "Conservatives" talk of holding up his hands. Now somebody does not mean what he says. "If we all mean to stand by the President what are we quarrelling about? If we all mean to stand by the

President provided he will do exactly what we wish him to do—we mean only that we would stand by Jeff Davis upon the same terms.

What the President means he has said.

"Oh yes," says the Conservative; "but he has been latterly under Radical pres-sure. Let him return to his former position."

"Thank you for nothing!" retorts the Radical; "he was formerly under the border State pressure."

"Exactly my position," replies the Radical.

"But my interpretation of the Constitution is the right one," says the Conservative.

"Not at all—ours is the right one," answers the Radical. "I am for the Union at every cost."

"You are a disorganizer," asserts the Conservative.

"Can't see it," smiles the Radical.

"You're a—"

"You're mistaken."

Meanwhile the President has declared his policy. It is to maintain the Government and the Union at all hazards. And what do the people ask of him and will help to him? Merely that they may see a constant proofs of activity and earnestness in carrying out that policy. They know that they can suppress this insurrection, and that they can do it speedily. They will not quarrel with any measure of vigor or of rigor, whatever the politicians may say or do. Disgust at hesitation, languor, and absolute discontent with the course of military justice—fatigue with the pressure of a war which sometimes seems waged against their own generals as much as against the armies of the enemy, will often extort from them the sharpest censure. Generals, Cabinets, parties, are nothing. The country will. The former may and must be changed as swords decree. The latter must and shall be saved, whatever they may do.

To sustain the President, then, is to support his policy. If you like his policy you mean what you say in supporting him in his most earnest administration. If you dislike it, you are forsworn in declaring that you support him. He is the head of the constitutional power and duty. If his mistakes and abuses his power he can be impeached. But it is to be remembered that it is not simply those who threaten him that if he does not follow the advice of men who have always opposed him, his principles, and his measures, the war will be stopped by any and every means. That is not support—it is attempted coercion.

Meanwhile, again, the President is a man of convictions. He has certain profound persuasions and a very clear purpose. He knows whence he is sprung from, and upon what ground a permanent peace can be reared. He is cautious, conservative. But he knows that great revolutions do not go backward; while he is aware that when certain great steps in the direction are taken, every one of them will be loud outcries and apprehension. But the ninth wave touches the point of the tenth, for which the ninth will presently rise, although the next wave and the next should seem to slow falling water.

PORTRAIT OF A REBEL BY AN OLD MASTER.

ANOTHER, in the twelfth number of his *Freelander*, a paper which he published in 1715-16, during the attempt of the Pretender upon the throne of England, has one passage which might have been written among us to-day. Every word of it applies to the rebellion of which the leaders call their Government—a rebellion which airy jesters excuse with a joke, and complacent demagogues palliate with flattery:

"We may likewise consider rebellion as a greater complication of wickedness than any other crime we can commit. [Addison in the same paper justifies revolution by the very argument used by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence.] It is big with rapine, sacrilege, and murder. It is dreadful in its mildest attempts, as it improvidates the public; ruins particular families; begets and perpetrates hatred among fellow-subjects, friends, and relations; makes a country the seat of war and desolation, and exposes it to the attempts of its foreign enemies. In short, as it is impossible for it to take effect, or to make the smallest progress but through a continued course of violence and bloodshed, a robber or a murderer is like an innocent man when we compare him with a rebel."

A LITTLE SENSE.

IF a pirate were sailing in a dark night along a dangerous channel, and you wanted him to run on the rocks and be wrecked, you would not carry out treaties and show the rocks, and bulls, "Look out, here's a beacon! Don't run into it!" would you? If he escaped, and sailed and ravaged and ruined the country, you couldn't say, "I didn't help him," could you?

These are the questions that must inevitably occur to every man who sees the frankness with which information, that should be secret, is printed in the papers. Within a week we have had a careful statement of the condition and prospects, and probable time of evolution, of our ironclad ship; and an announcement of the intended sailing of transports with troops into the very course of the *Alabama*; and details of intended movements of the army in Virginia; and of the projects of General Banks. And we have always done this, knowing that every paper is read in Richmond within four days.

Of course we are told that it is not the papers which carry the news. Yes; and it may be the chart in his pocket that carries the pirate through. But your torch helps wonderfully, my good friend. And we are told that, if the Government allows it, it's all right. Yes; but your paper in the same issue accuses the Government of stupidity. And we are told that if Tom and Dick don't print it Harry will. Yes; but because Tom and Dick are foolish, or infidelious, is we wrote, are you so? Is may be that the ship is so leaky that she must sink. But shall we, therefore, not try to stop the leak?

It is the duty of every loyal editor to take care that nothing in his paper shall in any way give information to the enemy, whether other papers do or not, and whether the Government cares about it or not. Can not Patriotism do what Despotism certainly would? Let the rebels find out if they can. Don't let us assume that they will, and therefore tell every thing we know.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

PITH. STOP.—The organ in Dr. S——'s church did not play last Sunday, however, "to learn, of its having a new stop put to it. It was added, we believe, by the organist.

A single glass of liquor too much may separate lovers more widely than the ocean ever did.

He must be a person of very magnificent standing who is always standing upon his dignity.

ARABIAN DARTS.—The Arabs have an excellent portable dart, which projects from a sack a number of days in a very hot climate. It is called a dromedary.

"The man who, in talking to a lady, lays his hand upon her shoulder may be thought to be touching in his remarks.

A farmer likes cold weather at the proper season, but an early frost in autumn goes against his grain.

WHY is the letter L in the word millinery, like the nose? Because it stands between the eyes.

Is there any perceptible improvement in a caterpillar when he turns over a new leaf?

Philosophers tell us that Nature never errs. They certainly can not mean human nature.

WIDOWS.—A fellow hits off the following definition of widow: "One who knows what's what, and is desirous of further information on the subject."

AN OLD WRINKLE.—Why is the most industrious of all plowmen?—Time, for he turns the most furrows.

May our blonde beauties be looked on as forming a portion of the pale of society!

The old lady who believes every calamity that happens to herself a trial, and every one that happens to her friends a judgment, is not yet dead.

Can a man who has been fined by the magistrates again and again be considered a refined man?

THE MYSTERIES OF TANNING.—"Father," said a hopeful, looking up to his pestered relative, "why don't our schoolmaster send the editor of the newspaper an account of the tannage he gives the boys?" "I don't know," said the fond parent; "but why do you ask such a question?" "Why, that paper says that he has given more than a thousand hides at his establishment during the past year, and I know that old Furney has tanned our hides nearly twice as many times—the editor ought to know it."

RATHER.—The gentleman who did not trust to his memory wrote in his pocket-book, "I must be married when I get to town." The possibility is that he recollected whether he was married or not afterward.

A SAVORY REBUKE.—Some one defines ham as the poetry of bacon.

HOW TO MAKE MEN BRAVE.—Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, Viscount de Kenmare, had raised a regiment of purblind pennsylvania to the rister kingdom, which he called the "Ancient Irish." He and his corps were sent on foreign service. On his return he bessed frequently of their bravery, and, not to other troops, were forward to face the enemy. "No wonder," said Ned Lysaght; "thanks to your flogging, they were ashamed to show their backs."

"Papa, can't go to the zoological to see the camelsfight the tip-and-eared?" "Birth to-day, but don't get your trowsers torn. Strange, my dear, what a taste that boy has for natural history! Years ago that yesterday he had eight tom cats hanging by their tails to the clothes-line."

At a court-martial lately the following dialogue is said to have taken place between one of the witnesses and the court: "Are you a Catholic?" "No, Sir." "Are you a Protestant?" "No, Sir." "What are you then?" "Captain of the fencing."



SCENE AT THE EXHIBITION IN LONDON.
SARAH JANE.—"LAWKS! why it's hansect like our Hemmer!"

A TRUE ESTIMATE.—Here is a sharp and query subject on social servitude, reminding us of Shakspeare: "The evil that men do," &c.

Here lies a cardinal, who wrought
Good to the Church—still to his time:
The good he did was good for naught;
The ill—the evil—that was prime.

Which of the feathered tribe would be sagest? The heaviest weight?—The crane.

A provincial contemporary says there were hundreds of people at the funeral of Prince Albert. Dogs in front, we presume? We observe that these were built from a bridge across a certain river, and that one fell from the bridge, and on going for it, he barked out at the top of his voice, "Lord have mercy on me—and be quick too!"

The Chinese have no word which will compare with our English word, "Money" they say, instead, "Sin yuen ching sing"—The brass which eases actly."

Why is a patch of corn like a dance?—Because it's always liable to get in ear-pulled.

LIFE IN DEATH.—Tom Hood speaks of a bird building its nest upon a ladys over the door of a doctor's office, as an attempt to get a living by the very face of death.

The men who deserve, if they do not get, the greatest favor among women, are husband-men.

A contemporary boasts that he "can stand on his intellectual capital." We suppose he means that he can stand on his head.

A CLEAR TITLE.—A New England chief estimated that he had a clear title to his land, because he had eaten the former owner.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

REMOVAL OF GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

AN official order releasing General M'Clellan from the command of the army was received at head-quarters on the 7th inst., and delivered to Assistant Adjutant-General Buckingham in person. General M'Clellan immediately left Harrison's Landing, and, transferring the command to General Burnside, and taking with him several of the men who had fought and suffered by his side, proceeded through his late line of campaign. General M'Clellan is ordered to report at Trenton, New Jersey.

THE REASON WHY.

A letter from General Halleck, dated October 28, has been published, giving the reasons for M'Clellan's removal. He states:

Third—Soon after the battle of Antietam General M'Clellan was urgently asked the reenrollment of his demoralized command, in order that, if he moved between the enemy and Washington, reinforcements could be sent from the place. On the 14 of October, finding that he purposed to operate on the line of the Potomac, I felt it to be necessary to compel him to give battle to the enemy, or drive him out of the advantages of delaying till the reenrollment could be completed. The Potomac was forded the night of the 15th of October he was peremptorily ordered to "cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy, or drive him south." The army must move now while the roads are good." It will be remembered these words have elicited much criticism at the time.

Fourth—In my opinion there has been no such want of supplies in the army under General M'Clellan as to prevent his offensive movements in order to attack or operate the enemy. Had he moved to the south side of the Potomac he could have received his supplies almost as readily as by remaining inactive on the north.

Fifth—I am aware that General M'Clellan's reputation have been compiled with.

RESIGNS HIS COMMAND.

The following order was issued by General Burnside on taking command of the army:

In accordance with General Orders No. 163, issued by the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. Patriotism and the exercise of the highest courage in the direction of this army, and the full and hearty co-operation of the officers and men, will, I hope, under the blessing of God, insure its success.

Having been a sharer of the privations and a witness of the bravery of the old Army of the Potomac in the Harrison campaign, and fully identified with them in their feelings of regret and return for General M'Clellan, entertained through a long and most friendly association with him, I feel that I am in a measure I assume command.

To the Ninth Army Corps, so long and intimately associated with me, I need say nothing. Our histories are identical.

With confidence for myself, but with a great confidence in the unswerving loyalty and determination of the gallant army now intrusted to my care, I accept its control with the steadfast assurance that the same must prevail.

A. E. BURNSIDE,
Major-General Commanding

M'CLELLAN'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP PITCHER, NEAR TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 9, 1862.

Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

An order has been received relieving me from my command. Darnside the command of this army.

In parting from you I can not express the love and gratitude I bear to you. As an army you have grown up under my care. In you I have never found doubt or coldness. The battles you have fought under my command will ever be dear to my memory. Around the fires of bivouac, achieved, our tactical merits and fatigues, the graves of our comrades, we have been brought by dangers, and shared common fortunes. Sometimes clouds and sickness have disabled—the strongest associations which can exist between men have existed between us. You have been to me more than friends—you have been as children. I shall ever be remembered in supporting the Constitution of the United States and the inviolability of its powers.

GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN,
Major-General United States Army.

STAND BY BURNSIDE.

Major-General M'Clellan and his personal staff left Warrenton at eleven o'clock on 11th. On reaching Warrenton Junction a salute was fired. The General and staff then went up in line, afterward broke ranks, when the soldiers gave three hearty cheers and many expressed their regret at leaving Gen. M'Clellan in response, would on the platform of the railroad depot. The train then moved off, amid the cheers of those left behind by one, and all shouted "Stand by Burnside."

To this there was a responsive and considerate response.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

All the dispatches from Virginia agree in the statement that the mind of the army is with General M'Clellan, and at least so far as to avoid a battle in the Shenandoah Valley. Hero-Commander of the army were established at Warrenton on 7th, which gives the token possession of by our columns on the day previous. The command A. P. Hill's command was at Warrenton on 5th, his command and Stuart's Cavalry, with Longstreet's corps, at Culpeper. Dispatches from Warrenton, on 9th, bring the important information that General Pleasonton had a skirmish on 8th, near Little Washington, with Stuart's Cavalry, in which General Stuart was driven back, losing a gun. General Pleasonton, on the same day, occupied and now holds the railroad bridge over the Rappahannock. The structure being uninjured. The rebels retreat from Sperryville from had been destroyed by the rebels. The bridge is now in charge of a regiment of Sickles's brigade. The army is moving at once completely within our control, it can be put in position upon the line of the Rappahannock in three days.

It is said that Stonewall Jackson's whole column is at Front Royal, with a large force of cavalry, and has also six guns still remaining in the Shenandoah valley.

The rebels, it is said, have a large force of cavalry, and infantry, made an attack, on the 10th, upon General Pleasonton at Little Washington, commanded by General Wilcox's command were at once pushed forward to support Pleasonton, but had no infantry and were compelled to fall back, and having joined him, drove the rebels back. General Wilcox's command then returned upon the town of Jefferson and occupied it.

THE FIELD.

General Hooker takes command of General Fitz John Porter's corps. General Porter is relieved from the command to answer charges preferred against him by General Pope.

ASSENT OFFICERS TO JOIN THE ARMY.

Major-General Halleck has issued an order that all officers of volunteers, who have been absent from the Army of Potomac, shall proceed to join their respective commands within twenty days from the date hereof, or the disobedience of this order will be dismissed from service.

GENERAL SHERMAN AT NASHVILLE.

General Sherman and staff arrived at Nashville on 10th, leaving 5th Division under the command of Brigadier-Gen Mitchell-ville, making the remainder of the trip, forty miles, on horseback, without interruption or incident. The forces are blazing along the greater portion of the route, and many houses have been destroyed. The country looks gloriously desolate, inhabitants, forage, and stock being all gone.

THE HARPER'S FERRY SURRENDER.

The investigation of the Harper's Ferry surrender has been brought to a close, and the report of the Court has been acted upon. The results is the dismissal from the United States service of Colonel Dixon S. Miles, commanding Harper's Ferry, and Colonel Thomas H. Ford, Eighty-Second, and of Major Buell, of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York Volunteers. The Commissioners, Colonel Julius Wahle receives the approbation of the Commission.

THE REBEL ARMY.

Our new from Richmond is dated to up to the 8th inst. General Lee had arrived there two weeks ago, and is said to be still there, acting as Commander-in-Chief and military adviser to the War Department. The active command of the army is left in the hands of Generals Longstreet and Jackson, the latter having his quarters at Culpepper. The *Merrimac No. 2* is completed, and now lies below Fort Darling ready for mischief at the mouth of the James River.

ANOTHER SECRET EXPEDITION.

An expedition consisting of 12,000 men and several gunboats left Newbern, North Carolina, by land and water, on the 13th inst., under command of General Foster. Where it has gone to has not yet been made known.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MR. GLADSTONE EXPLAINS.

The following letter, signed by Mr. Gladstone's secretary, has been published:

Mr. Gladstone holds himself fully responsible for having declared his opinion at Leith nine months ago, to the effect that the Federal States have not succeeded, and cannot the struggle on the part of the Northern States was commenced with the view of establishing the fact of their having subjugated which has been formed under Mr. Jefferson Davis has shown itself to be sufficiently supplied with the common sense which makes a nation, and with the will and power to defend its independent existence. He can not, however, be responsible for the inferences, from your letter, you appear to have drawn from his statements—the more so, as they might, he thinks, have been left without attention to other portions of his declarations concerning America on the same occasion, he refrained from to step that might, under considerable circumstances, be likely to be injurious to the interests of England, and desires me to remark that to form opinions upon questions of policy, in reference to other countries, and to state it to a party to taking any of the steps necessary for giving them effect, are two distinct things, though connected together, are by no means identical, which may be separated by lapse of time and longer or shorter, according to the particular circumstances of the time.

MORE REBEL VESSELS BUILDING.

A London correspondent of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* writes that it is well you are not completing a fleet of "Monitors." You are likely to need them before long. Workmen are employed night and day on Mersey-side, the Clyde, and elsewhere, in building some 30 iron-clads, for which are to be armed with the most powerful guns. They are intended to carry vessels into Southern ports. This I know to be a fact. My information is direct from those in connection with the premises.

GREECE.

ABDICATION OF THE KING.

KING Otho, of Greece, abdicated his throne on the 26th of October in favor of his brother. This step was forced on his Majesty by a revolution, which commenced in Western Greece and spread rapidly, the revolutionists organizing a provisional government at Patras, of which the statesman MAVROCORDATO is President.



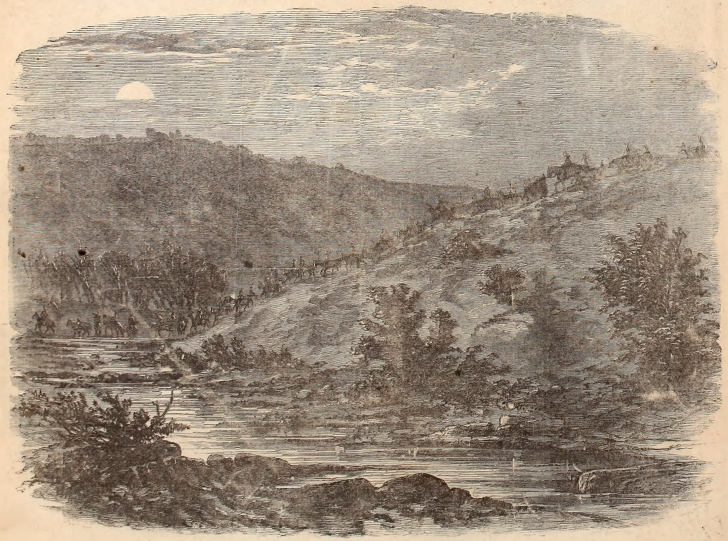
GENERAL MCCLELLAN SURRENDERING THE COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC TO GENERAL BURNSIDE.—DRAWN BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 743.]



VIEW FROM MARYLAND HEIGHTS AT SUNRISE.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL PLEASANTON'S CAVALRY DEPLOYED AS SKIRMISHERS. [SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SCOUTING IN LOUDON VALLEY.—[SKETCHED BY M[illegible]]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Mr. A. R. Waud sends us two sketches of the Advance of the Army of the Potomac into Virginia, which we reproduce on pages 740 and 741.

THE REMOVAL OF M'CLELLAN.

On 10th, after the receipt of the order removing Gen. M'Clellan, the General and his Staff, accompanied by General Burnside, bade farewell to the army, visiting in succession several army corps. As the General rode through the ranks, the torn and tattered banners of the veteran regiments were dipped to greet him, while the thousands of soldiers gave vent in continuous rounds of cheers and applause to their feelings.

At nine o'clock last evening all the officers belonging to head-quarters assembled at the General's tent to bid him farewell. The only toast given was by General M'Clellan:

"The Army of the Potomac!"

SKIRMISH IN THE VALLEY.

At daybreak on the 30th the cavalry, scouting up the valley, succeeded in capturing several of the enemy's men. It was foggy, and the advance of our men was undiscovered till they were right on the rebels, who skedaddled with a loss of six or seven men.

THE GALLOWS.

On Monday, October 20, Catharine Wilson met a doom as righteous as human law ever inflicted on a criminal whose deeds quite equal the atrocities of any malefactor on record. From the age of fourteen to that of forty-three her career was one of undeviating yet complex vice. It sometimes happens that great crimes are exhaustive and exclusive in their character, and that breaches of the seventh commandment are not compatible with sins against the sixth and eighth. Not so with Catharine Wilson. She was as foul in life as bloody in hand, and she seems not to have spared the poison draught even to the partners of her adultery and sensuality. Hers was an undeviating career of the foulest personal vices and the most cold-blooded and systematic murders, as well as deliberate and treacherous robberies. We speak without hesitation of her crimes as plural, because, adopting the language of Mr. Justice Byles with reference to the death of Mrs. Soames, we not only "never heard of a case in which it was more clearly proved that murder had been committed, and where the excruciating pain and agony of the victim were watched with so much deliberation by the murderer," but also because the same high judicial authority, having access to the depositions in another case, pronounced, in words of unexampled gravity and significance, "that he had no more doubt but that Mrs. Atkinson was also murdered by Catharine Wilson than if he had seen the crime committed with his own eyes." Nor did these two murders comprise the catalogue of her crimes. That she, who poisoned her paramour Mawer, again poisoned a second lover, one Dixon, robbed and poisoned Mrs. Jackson, attempted the life of a third paramour named Taylor, and administered sulphuric acid to a woman in whose house she was a lodger, only in the present year—of all this there seems to be no reasonable doubt, though these several cases have received no regular criminal inquiry. Seven murders known, if not judicially proved, do not after all, perhaps, complete Catharine Wilson's evil career. And if any thing were wanted to add to the magnitude of these crimes it would be found, not only in the artful and devilish facility with which she slid herself into the confidence of the widow and the unprotected—not only in the slow, gradual way in which she first sucked out the substance of her victims before she administered, with fiendish coolness, the successive cups of death under the sacred character of friend and nurse—but in the atrocious malignity by which she sought to destroy the character and reputation of the poor creatures, and to fix the ignominy of suicide on the objects of her own robbery and murder.

To do public opinion only simple justice, even the fanatics of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment scarcely raised a whisper or a murmur against this great criminal's execution. It was felt to be too ridiculous to urge any immunity from the gallows on the score of the criminal's sex. What has sex to do with the matter, except that in this particular case a man could not have committed the murders? It was only a woman, with a woman's arts, a woman's insinuating craft, a woman's admittance to sick rooms, and to the sacred confidences of her sisters, a woman's womanliness, that could have perpetrated this string of crimes. The unhappy precedent which was said to have been established in the case of Celestina Somner was, with general assent, on this occasion, reversed; and the Old Bailey, which for some fourteen years has not seen a woman hung (for Mrs. Manning was executed at Horsemonger Lane), once more witnessed a female execution. As to Catharine Wilson, she died as she lived. A canting letter, full of the usual perversions of Scripture language, has been published in her name, and it is a fair imitation of the morbid literature of the condemned cell; but while deficient in external proofs of genuineness, there is the strongest internal evidence against its authenticity. No other sign of feeling on her part is forthcoming. Bold, defiant, insolent, and hardened, she left the world with a lie in her mouth, and the load of a life of guilt which, according to all moral laws, had long since extinguished her conscience. Very properly, as it seems to us, she was not manipulated by the dextrous spiritual legerdemain of the charitable gentleman, Mr. Wright, "the prison-philanthropist," who has a mission to condemned convicts. The present Ordinary of Newgate seems to be a sensible person, and we have been spared the fictitious euthanasia and ecstatic experiences of a wholesale poisoner's morbid and unnatural penitence. She was not a penitent, she made no confession, and it was not to be expected that she should confess or profess the least sorrow for her crimes. The only thing recorded of her condemned cell is that, with a coarse and mendacious stupidity, she affected not to understand her sentence; and, without a friend or visitor, deserted alike by God and man, she died a felon's death, without even the sympathies of an Old Bailey mob.

In one quarter alone has an attempt been made to revive the vulgar platitudes against capital punishment. The newspapers generally described the scene of Monday morning, not always without the usual talk which is talked by penny-a-liners, but with a commendable sense of propriety. The *Times*, as in such matters it generally does, took the lead, in a report which was characterized by good sense and right feeling; and the regulation report, communicated generally to the other papers, only sinned in the grandiloquence of its style and the impenetrable obscurity and recondite difficulty of its allusions. Fine writing, however, is a venial sin when measured against indecent misrepresentation of facts and a studied insult to common sense. We can pardon the writer, paid by the number of his sentences and the minuteness of his report, who talked of female executions as resembling angels' visits, because they were few and far between, in consideration of the information—new, we own, to ourselves—that it was formerly the custom, not only to preach condemned sermons, but to place a halter in the felon's pew and a coffin in the aisle of Newgate Chapel, during the service of the Sunday preceding a hanging day. Nor are we much disposed to quarrel with the same ingenious scribe's vivid description of the crowd before the gallows, in which we are informed that "the few respectable people present were as waifs and spars on the strong tide that rolled and surged against the prison walls, the mere *flotsam* and *jetsam* of that vast sea of scoundrelism." Indeed, we rather admire his discrimination which identified all the boys present with those "miniature masses of rags, dirt, vice, and ignorant cunning, who, to the disgrace of our police, imperil their own poor lives by turning heels over head for the delectation of boobies who fling them half-pence from the tops of omnibuses;" and we appreciate that very fine sentence which describes the "roar of the crowd, and the shrill laughs and snatches of song which broke now and then on the hoarse diapason of blasphemous ribaldry." This is mere fine talk, written with an eye to the inch measure of the sub-editor. Nor are we much moved to criticise another fine writer's description of the war of the elements, which, throughout the night before the execution, seemed to be in horrid harmony with the approaching tragedy. The entrance of the gallows—of course "the fatal machine"—is rendered, as art-critics say, with a considerable subtlety, as, in the darkness and grimness of three o'clock on a stormy morning, the "hideous apparatus of death, well fitted to strike terror into the most savage heart, is brought out with a horrid rumbling sound." We accompany, with a dim sense of some sort of meaning, the same famous hand, when he describes "the death-bell and its low solemn cadences stealing over the crowd and the criminal herself;" and just as Macaulay describes the beacon-lights streaming from Eddystone to John of Groat's, so with tolerable patience we endure to be informed how "from Southwark and Lambeth thousands came trooping over Blackfriars Bridge, while Bermondsey sent its multitudes over London Bridge, and Saffron Hill and the Seven Dials sent their eager reinforcements, till, joining the stream from Whitechapel, an impetuous and seemingly endless torrent, through Barbican and Smithfield, was absorbed in the great lake by which the gallows was encircled." But when we come to the closer touches of the tragic artist we own that we are lost. Mrs. Wilson, we are told, was dressed "in a light morning gown." The scene is the press-room, from which, we believe, the reporters are very properly excluded. What, therefore, is left but an opportunity for meditation? "It was an awful thought, while looking at her, that all the minute circumstances which impressed the spectators in that sad chamber were, at the same time, fixing their objects on the tablet of her mind—so quickly to be shattered and cast into oblivion." The fact that circumstances were fixing their objects on a mental tablet is certainly an awful thought to a psychologist. But the reporter in the *Daily Telegraph*, to whom we are indebted for this meditation, has something "more to tell, which may require possibly an effort of moral courage." Here are his own words:

> It is, however, in all its grotesque horror that we would present this scene to our readers; nor can we think it prudent, or in any way desirable, that a single touch of its character should be softened down. Our words, we know, will cause a shudder through all England. Be it so. England has sometimes need to shudder and turn pale at truths within the ken of her current history. When Catharine Wilson stood pinioned in her long, loose gown on that ghastly stage—when the hangman fastened a cord or strap round the skirt of her dress, a little below the knee, so as to keep the folds together and to prevent her struggling in the last agony—when he drew a long white cap over her head, the mob at once saw, recognized, and *laughed at* an image exactly resembling a figure with which the walls and boardings of London are placarded. It was a low, stifled laugh, that ran through the brutal concourse; and in the tone of its deep cynicism there was, as we fancied, a rough, harsh kind of pity.

Œdipus help us! What does this mean? If it means that when Catharine Wilson was standing, strapped and pinioned, below the gallows, she looked like that queer figure which is called "the Cure," we can only say that to inform us of this odd likeness is a matter of very bad taste, and shows to what degradation sensation writers will stoop; but it is not a piece of information which will "cause a shudder throughout England." On the contrary, just as the fact of Mrs. Manning being hung in black satin sent satin out of fashion from that day to this, so let us hope that Mrs. Wilson's hanging may discredit the absurd "Cure" popularity.

But all this is venial enough when contrasted with an article, "Another Account," furnished to the *Morning Star*. This is written by a very deep thinker and philosopher indeed—no ordinary penny-a-liner—but a "real man," as they say, an "earnest man," who tries very hard to unite the manner of Carlyle with the matter of Dickens. He scoffs at the notion—whose notion is it?—that the hangman is a great moral teacher, and he classes among "the shams and unveracities" the view that capital punishment is a lesson to crime. In more ways than one this public instructor in the *Morning Star* is a curiosity. He is the only man in England who thinks—only he does not think, but merely affects to think—that "the grounds on which Catharine Wilson has been elevated to the position of a modern Brinvilliers are questionable;" and he goes so far as to say that her brazen impudence in the prison and on the scaffold "was the theme of general admiration." Further, he calls us to remember the case of Eliza Fenning, who certainly was executed an innocent woman, and he talks of "a poison panic." That is to say, there is one writer who has the insolence to say, or rather to hint, that Catharine Wilson was probably innocent, and has been sacrificed by an unjust judge and a terrified jury to a popular panic on the subject of secret poisoning. His argument is the old stale one of Mr. Charles Dickens. Capital punishments are wrong, because they do not appear profitably to affect the mob present at an execution; and by way of "The Moral," the *Morning Star* appends to this narrative of Catharine Wilson's execution the Police Report which announces that two persons were brought before Alderman Mechi, charged with picking pockets at the Old Bailey, at the very foot of the gallows. It is almost as absurd to refute this argument as to urge it. As though, wherever there was a crowd, there would not be pickpockets; and as though it would not be quite as reasonable to argue the duty of prohibiting Confirmations at Church, a coronation, or one of Mr. Bright's Manchester meetings, because they, too, were attended by pickpockets. But, further, the argument is, that people who witness an execution are not deterred from crime, because, while the drop is falling, they play all sorts of tricks, and indulge in loose and drunken demeanor. But where is the necessary connection between the two things? Who knows whether and when a coarse and brutal nature is or is not seriously affected? A costermonger may joke at the gallows; but it may affect him seriously, nevertheless. It does not follow that a man is not frightened, because he grins and plays the fool. An incipient murderer may, for aught Mr. Dickens knows, be warned off a coming crime, even though he cuts lewd jokes at Calcraft and his moral lesson. But all this is beside the real question. We do not say that capital punishment is only didactic. It may be, and it very often is, a deterring instrument; and we do not deny that the gallows is a warning and terror to evil-doers. We believe that hanging does produce a serious effect, even on the wretched crowds who witness it. But capital punishment is more than a moral lesson, and more than all this. It is an exhibition, on the largest and most awful scale, of that divine justice the administration of which is intrusted to law.

THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE ON M'CLELLAN.

In the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* there is an article on the campaign of the Army of the Potomac, which is generally attributed to the Prince de Joinville, and bears abundant internal signs of its origin. The Prince de Joinville writes with a clearness, a force, and a moderation which have scarcely ever been brought to bear on the description of American affairs. He writes of military affairs with a professional knowledge and power of criticism, but with a simplicity and a lucidity for which civilians may be thankful.

The Prince is decidedly favorable to M'Clellan. He tells us that M'Clellan at first intended to attack directly in front, and that he only waited for the spring to advance. He knew quite well that the wooden cannon, which he was so much laughed at for not taking, were only made of wood, but he considered it scarcely worth while to take even wooden cannon unless he could advance beyond, and the state of the roads would not permit him. Before, however, the time came when an advance was possible, he learned that the Confederates had so completely destroyed the means of communication that he would have had to spend weeks in the mere construction of the road that was to take him toward Richmond, and feed him on his way. He therefore determined to take his army round by sea, and ascend the James River. He was beginning his preparations with the utmost secrecy, when he was ordered to Washington to attend a general council of war. The other generals present made various proposals, all, of course, based on the supposition that the army was to move by land southward. This forced M'Clellan to reveal that he did not propose to go that way at all, but to take his army round by sea. Immediately this was known, although only confided in this way to a few men of the highest position, a mysterious feminine influence conveyed it to the Confederates, and they had time to make those preparations at Yorktown and at various parts of the peninsula which threw so much difficulty subsequently in the way of the Federals. The Prince describes, with much beauty of language and liveliness of feeling, the incidents of the march, from the landing to the final position on the Chickahominy. M'Clellan's plan was, he thinks, quite right, and, according to all probability, the Federals ought to have won and taken Richmond; but several circumstances combined to baffle M'Clellan. We have, perhaps, heard of them all before, but still they have a certain novelty when presented for the first time by a competent and trust-worthy observer.

In the first place, there was the scandalous treachery in the Federal council-room, which revealed to the Confederates exactly what M'Clellan was going to do; and the consequence was that the Federal army had to force its way through a series of works and military lines, which although soon taken, yet cost, on the whole, a lamentable waste of the precious spring weather. In the next place, the summer was wet beyond all experience of Virginian summers. The army lived in a perpetual down-pour, and had to march through a vast flood. It was with the utmost difficulty that artillery could be moved on at all, and this made the approach all the more slow, the facility of concentrating an opposing Confederate force all the greater, and the sickness all the more terrible. Thirdly, the *Merrimac*, although kept from destroying the fleet or interfering with the landing of the troops by the presence of the *Monitor*, yet paralyzed the Federal gun-boats, and forced the army to march by land without the assistance it expected by water. Lastly, M'Clellan was not supported. He was left to himself, and denied reinforcements in a way which reflects the greatest disgrace on the Washington authorities. When he took up his station at the junction of the Chickahominy and the road to West Point, he could with the greatest ease have co-operated with M'Dowell, whose assistance would have been invaluable to him, and who was doing nothing where he was stationed, about thirty miles to the north of Richmond. But M'Dowell received express orders by telegraph from Washington not to help M'Clellan. The Prince thinks that the cause of this was a ridiculous fear that Washington was not quite safe, and a feeling that there was no knowing where the Confederates might turn up. The consequence was, that in the series of battles which followed M'Clellan was beaten by the superiority of the numbers of the Confederates, who gave up every thing in order to beat him. They succeeded; and he made his way to Harrison's Landing—the victim, according to the Prince, of bad weather, and of the miserable, incompetent, selfish, treacherous set who had got hold of the reins of power at Washington.

The Prince was, in some respects, highly pleased with the American army. Here, of course, he can not be over frank. He can not indulge in any very plain criticisms on the officers with whom he has lately been living, and who received him with kindness and respect. But he makes some general remarks. That the men fought on both sides with the greatest pluck has long ago been made known to the world by the frightful carnage which is the one result even of battles that have no other. The Prince was also greatly struck with the cheerfulness, and ease, and skill, with which the men set themselves to work at natural difficulties, the celerity with which they made clearings, the adroitness with which they constructed temporary roads, and moved heavy guns. But he was also much struck with a certain slowness and languor which they displayed when acting in large bodies. This even extended to the generals; and the Prince, though scarcely saying so in plain terms, evidently thinks that even M'Clellan was not quick enough, and lost opportunities which a commander who could have moved his troops more quickly might have seized. This the Prince attributes to the general habits of the people. They are accustomed to act for themselves, but not to act with each other; and the energy they show in pushing forward on their own account disappears when they come to pushing forward in a body. Perhaps we may gather that he does not consider the American army, as a whole, equal to that of a great Continental power. He was also much impressed with the odd coolness of the people in many respects. He mentions the embalmers, who freely comforted the army with the assurance that, for a very moderate price, a dead man might be sent home pickled, so that death lost half its sting. He also tells us that during the whole of one of the hottest battles of the Chickahominy newspaper-sellers went up and down the lines crying out the latest news from New York, and found purchasers for the journals they had to sell.

The Prince thinks that M'Clellan's expedition was the turning-point of the war. The Washington Government had it in their power to make the expedition, according to all human probability, completely successful. But they threw away their chance, and now the South stands on an equality with the North.

BLUE LIGHTNING.

O, the days when first I knew
The lightning blue
  Of that bright eye!
It smote me, yet it did not kill,
But with a loftier life did fill
  A life that *could* not die—
As *then* I thought: O, rapture rare,
When I was fond, and she was fair!

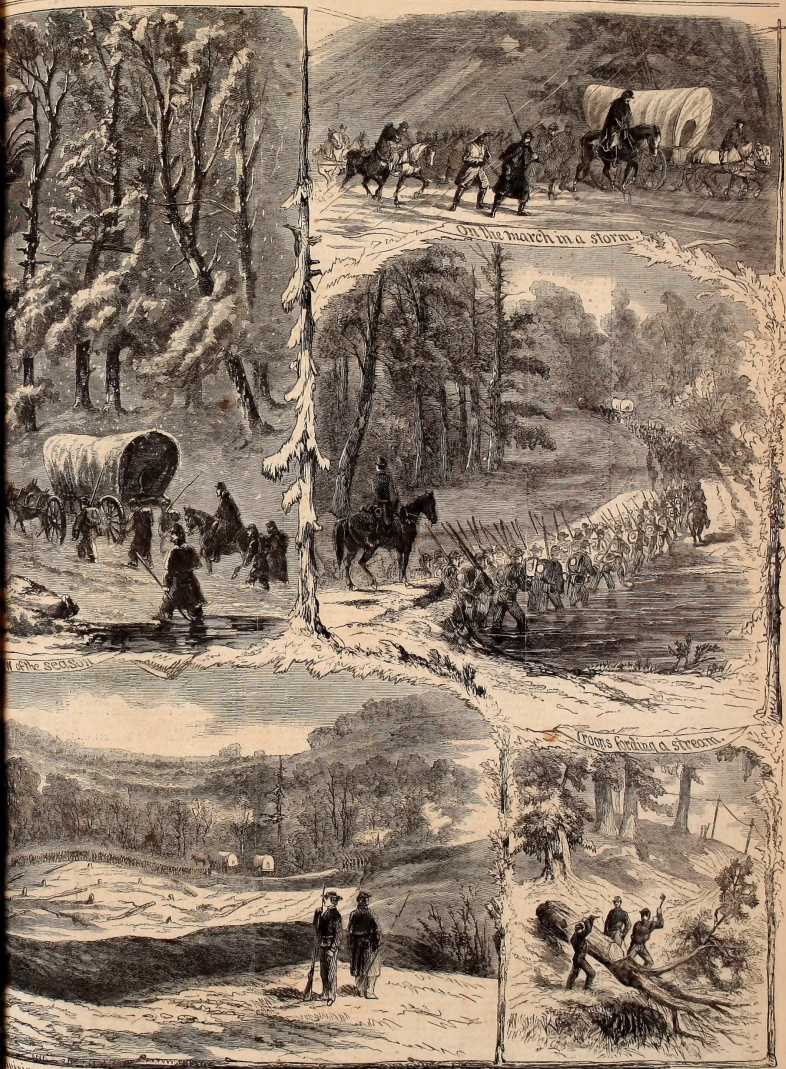
O, the days when oft I knew
The honey dew
  Of that bright lip!
My bee-like kisses deeply sought
The rosy petals—nectar-fraught—
  Enchantment in each sip!
O, rapture wild! O, rapture rare!
When she was faithful, fond, and fair.

O, the fatal hour I knew
The lightning blue
  Was fraught with death—
The ice-bolt clove my heart in twain—
I think I ne'er can die again:
  For though I still have breath,
My life is naught since that cold gleam
Smote the warm fount and froze the stream.

O, the fatal hour I knew
The pallid hue
  Of lips once bright!
Love-laden lips of days gone by
Bore poison now to bid me die,
  As, with a tremor slight,
They dropp'd the deadly words!—I knew
That I was wrong'd and she untrue.



THE ARMY OF THE OHIO ON THE M



...ussion at Wild Cat.

Clearing the Road.

SKETCHED BY ME. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 746.]

THE ARMY OF THE OHIO.

We devote pages 744 and 745 to illustrations of the ARMY OF THE OHIO ON THE MARCH, from sketches by Mr. Henry Mosler. Of the centre picture Mr. M. writes:

"On 26th October we started from Mount Vernon toward Somerset on our way to Bowling Green. It had snowed all the day before, and the mountain road had become quite a mass of mud, in some places knee-deep. The scene, however, was very inspiring. The foliage was still green; autumn had not yet tinged the leaves with its gaudy colors, and it contrasted finely with the white sheet of snow which covered the ground. The trees and branches, heavily snow-laded, dropped gracefully toward the earth, and every now and then some great bough, too heavily freighted fell with a resounding crash. After a weary march of fifteen miles the troops encamped for the night about sundown, quite tired. You may fancy how they enjoyed the cold night, in their chilled, wet condition, sleeping in the open air.

"WILD CAT is a place where a battle was fought on the 21st October, 1861. In the foreground a regiment part of the earth-works thrown up at that time. The hills on the right, which are very high, command all the surrounding country. The scene is very picturesque, and in a military point of view I think the height is important.

"Another picture represents a MARCH IN THE RAIN. This scene is well impressed on my memory, as I got a good ducking, my clothes nearly being of no use whatever.

"THE CAMP OF THE ROAD OF THREE TREES was a daily operation on our march. The rear of Bragg's retreating army felled every tree which stood near enough the road to fall across it, and our advance column had to clear away the obstructions. We were often two days in a small distance, on account of the felling trees.

"The other pictures explain themselves."

AN ARM FOR A HEART.

ONE OF MR. MERCIER'S "evenings" was two thirds over. The lights now grew pale before the moon. Eyes sparkled, jewels flashed, silken trained glistened, flimsy laces shook either out upon the air. The dance seemed to languish; for it was only the February of '61, and people said to dance then —before there had been time turned into cash—classically, soldiers and mourners. Ethel Darricott was tired. She had been on the floor all the evening. She was glad to rest on her partner's arm, and stop for a moment to rest upon a sofa, in the recess formed by a bay window. The lights were screened just then, as it chanced, and it looked quiet and inviting—a little withdrawn from the confusion, and yet in sight all the big, gay, bright glitter and movement.

Miss Darricott had danced more than half the evening with this same partner—Edward Revere. He was a handsome, haughty, indolent man; young, still, scarcely twenty-six, indeed; quiet in his air of command, careless yet absolute, that made you think him a man who, in many things, must have lost yourself in a mist of speculation. He was tall and vigorous, with muscles that would have set the "strong man" envy with envy; and yet a lazy, nonchalant air, as if he would like some one to save him the trouble of lifting his own hand.

Miss Darricott was happy sitting there by his side, tired as she then almost was, with bright grasses and fair faces rushing madly in front of her. And, the dance music so merry that it was sad with its own sadness, and very soothing for the listener. They looked on for a while without speaking—then Miss Darricott said, musingly:

"A great many pretty faces, aren't there?"

"I suppose so. I was just wondering why none of them looked particularly pretty to me. I, however is it always so, Ethel—that when a man truly loves one he sees none defect in all others because they are not just like her?"

He had never called her Ethel before. It quickened her pulse, and set her head to ache, and not answer him because she did not know what to say. He did not notice, at least he went on speaking, slowly, but invulnerably as it was, through what would be said.

"I don't know why I tell you now, Ethel. I surely did not mean to when I made you sit down here; but I love you. I want you to be mine, my wife, by my side forever—if I can win her. And there is in my life. What does your heart say? Can you answer me?"

Miss Darricott did not speak for a little while. She was asking herself his question over again—as was only natural—what her heart answered she could share his destiny, be his wife. She grew pale a little before she answered, but her reply when it came, was firmly spoken—

"No."

Howard Revere turned and looked at her a moment—looked into her eyes and at her face, whose lineaments grew firm as her tone had done. He did not expostulate with her or entreat her. It would not have been like him. He only bowed.

"Will you favor me," he said, after a moment after, as a new set was forming. She put a cold hard hand in his, and they were again partners.

Miss Darricott had a cousin—a year older, a little less beautiful, but with a keen insight into men and things. She was an orphan, living with the family of her Uncle Darricott almost as a daughter. That night she two lingered over the fire in the little dressing-room between their two rooms and talked together as girls do after balls. Only Ethel was more silent than usual, and her cousin Grace watched her anxiously but furtively.

"Have you not lost something?" Grace inquired at length, with a covert meaning in her tone.

"No, I believe not," glancing at rings and bracelets.

"Lost was not a good word, perhaps. I mean have you not thrown away something to-night which you will want, and seek for vainly as the years go on?"

Ethel's eyes fell beneath the keen yet kindly glance which searched her face. Her cheeks colored. Her answer was a question scarcely to the point.

"How do you know every thing, Grace? How did you guess this?"

"I saw it all in pantomime. Words could not have been said that you did not hear at his. I was sorry, for I love you—love him."

"I fear I do. But that ask me then he is he only asked if I could. his wife."

"And you told his. I am sorry, for I do not think he will ever gain. If you love him why not marry him?"

"Because I feared I might top loving him some day. Now that he finds his love me. I could not do is bad enough. If offend him by my taste and my life is in this world, where so many harvest are waiting."

Grace looked at her cousin with changed expression.

"I thought I understood you, Ethel, and yet I should never have given you credit for such a reason. That you say is certainly right and true in the main, only I do not think it applies to Mr. Revere. There is a difference between an idle, aimless life, and one of waiting till one's right work comes."

"What makes you reckon Mr. Revere among the waiters?"

"Because it is not in his nature to like idleness or inaction. I can see that he is restive under it. But he is not fond of vain labor, of wasting strength. He has been waiting for some work that never came. Howard Revere's time will come, and his life will be one not to be compared by women like you and me. But it's useless talking now. It would not be like him ever to say over again what he said to-night."

Ethel Darricott waited to be questioned, but she was alone; but it was a miserable failure, and she gave up at last to the fact that her cousin knew her cousin's words disquieted her strangely. Had she indeed thrown away the one pure pearl Fate was ever likely to offer her in this world, and one glory never again gladden heart and eyes, though she should seek a place of repentance even with tears?

So it went on till the surrender of Sumter, and the call which summoned the whole North to arms. Among the first to volunteer his services was the man she had thought so fond of ease and self, so fearful of fatigue, so loyal to his own life. His name was enrolled as a private at first, but his company chose him unanimously for captain, and so Captain Revere led them on to the defence of Washington.

Before he left he called to bid Ethel good-by but other guests were in the drawing-room, and he did not see her alone. Only as he was leaving she stepped to the door with him, and he held her hand for a moment. Perhaps that touch conjured up the words to his lips. At any rate he said what he had not meant to say.

"You are sorry to see that I once hoped you would be, Ethel; but you are my friend, are you not? You will think of me sometimes, and be sorry for me a little if I fall?"

"You will not fall," Ethel said, resolutely, forcing back the tears that threatened to choke her. "I shall think of you sometimes, and pray for you. I shall welcome you, and be proud of my friend."

"If I do not return," he said, holding her hand as he turned away, "God bless you. I have not changed in my estimation of you because your heart would not answer to mine. Remember that."

He went away with those words, and then Ethel knew how she loved him.

The next day came—the soldiers were gone, and Ethel Darricott tried to take up cheerfully the tenant of life which was left to her. She had her books and the dearest she felt, was gone with him; but much remained, and she was not to be pitied. She was not more exacting of others than she was of herself. To have yielded idly to her grief would have been to fade as her lilies did. She was her father saw no change in her.

So the months went on—of no more than a year, even to the terrible six days of fighting before Richmond. In all this time Captain Revere had never been actually wounded, and he never had thought of duty. Other men took furlough—some on slight pretexts—went to their home; he never. Perhaps he felt that he had no true home, and so hope to lure him Northward, and so grew reckless of life. Miss Darricott read his name in the list the papers anxiously. She saw his name often where it was there should be, briefly value praised; and still he was unharmed. He was in the battle and in the ball was not yet cast which should work him ill. He was promoted, but he would not go to the rear, a sweet, scarcely recognized hope began to flutter its wings trustingly in her heart. Grace watched her with a kind of fear. He might come back yet, and say over again the words for which she had answered "no" so thoughtlessly.

But at last Fate and the Rebels were too strong for him. In the battle of Centreville he lost an arm, and was severely wounded besides in the head. The hospitals were full; and as soon as he could travel he was brought home. It was two months before he could walk at all, and then he was still weak. The air would help to recruit his exhausted energies, and so Grace and Ethel resigned him to it. Perhaps he went the more willingly because he knew that Miss Darricott had a summer cottage there, and in his secret heart he was conscious of a longing to see Ethel again. And yet Grace had been right when she divined that he would never ask a second time the question he had asked on that September night. The pride which prompted him to the same woman would have been to him a mortal impossibility. He hardly knew himself why he wanted to see her always. He only knew that he did.

He had been in Newport a week before he called on her. He had treated to meeting her first by some accident. But she was evidently very related. He concluded that fortune was not on his side; and as he really wanted to see her very much gave over waiting for lucky chances, and went there.

She was alone when his card was brought to her. She knew of his wound—knew what changes to expect in seeing him. She staid in her own room long enough to fortify herself, and make sure that she would betray no uncalled-for emotion. With face and manner schooled to mere friendliness she descended. Her self-command would have failed her as he came to meet her with halting step, and she saw the empty coat-sleeve hanging at his side. It was so pitiful to note the decay of that fine, vigorous, manly strength—to think of the good right arm which would never now be his.

"I am home for good now," he said, with an evident effort to bear himself cheerfully. "I am a helpless cripple-almost. I had no hope to be able to help on the good cause till it reached the triumphant end, and I am here."

"Then you have no doubts of the final result?" Ethel asked, forcing herself to speak, and knowing that she could not hurt her voice on any subject less general.

"Not a doubt! The great cause of human liberty is not to receive its death-blow in this land or this day. The world has been tending for centuries toward this culminating point. The battle is not between North and South merely, but between shoddy government, home and hell, honor, right and wrong. Our country is only the great battle-ground for the conflict of all the ages. We shall conquer. We must. God will not let us fail!"

Ethel's face kindled in response to his eager glance. Then she looked at his arm, and sighed as she said, softly,

"How much it costs!"

"We set small value, you know, on that which we do not buy dear," he answered, with that grand, free way that was his. "I think no price could be too great to pay. I would have given life at cheerfully as I did that limb; but then God saw fit so much to say for a man who has no ties to make life precious."

"Would you have staid at home if I had answered you differently that night?"

Ethel never could tell how she came to ask this question. The words seemed to utter themselves without her volition. She could have bitten her tongue off for uttering them a moment after.

He looked at her, a little surprised perhaps, yet not displeased, for the kindness of his smile did not change, as he answered, in almost tender tone to her replied,

"No, I should not have staid at home even in that case. Duty is duty just as much when a man has every thing to make it hard to do it, as when any great disappointment makes all sacrifices easy."

And yet I might not have been so fearless in the field, so ready to risk my life, if there was one at home whose heart and life were linked to indissolubly to mine—who knows?

Ethel, with her own heart words mutingly, as if more to himself than her. Embarrassed beyond expression she made no reply to his question. She did not know how to take up the conversation. Just then her cousin Grace came in, and made her task easy. Never was interruption more welcome.

After that they met often; but the old subject was not again hinted at between them. Now, however, something like intimacy seemed likely to be springing up between Captain Revere and her cousin Grace. It was not love on his part, or a bitter pang, but she conquered it bravely—conquered it so entirely that she was able to love Grace in return, and to be tenderly sight and unconscious, as she had done ever since she was a little child. They were not such a woman, with a proud weak, defenseless heart, and sometimes it ached with a keen, sharp pain when she saw Grace drive with Captain Revere's wife, in the low, open carriage, going carriage in which he passed hours of every day upon the beach.

In one of these drives Captain Revere surprised his companion by saying, with a quiver of pain in his voice,

"Grace, if I were not the miserable cripple that I am, I should ask you to love me; but I should not do it without telling you how dear I once held your cousin Ethel."

Grace answered fairly tremblel. She had never dreamed of this. She had grown so intimate with him that only for Ethel's sake, in order that a time might come when he could honorably and delicately let him know the state of her cousin's heart. Miss Darricott was the dearest friend she possessed. And yet—poor human nature—she was tempted for just one sorrowful moment. Howard Revere was a prize for the embodiment of almost every desirable conception of manhood. A thrill of trouble flew at his words, and left her easy it would be to love him. For a moment her heart panted after this bliss beyond her hopes, adorned with all the graces of a life that had been so long denied her during years. Then resolutely she put from her the cup he had no right to taste, and saved the sweet draught for another. Her voice, when she spoke, was as calm as if she had passed through no perilous ordeal of temptation.

"You know women very slightly, Captain Revere, if you think it possible that one who loved you would love you all the better, esteem it all the more an honor to be your wife, because of what the world would recognize as a sacrifice on your part. But, pardon me, I think you ought not to use the past tense in speaking of Ethel. You must believe that it is dead, any more than is her love for you."

"Ethel! Her love for me! You do not mean that she ever loved me?"

He spoke with a changed manner, a wild, glad eagerness, which would have angered poorly for Grace's hopes of happiness with him had she been a woman of that sort. But she was easy now, and now, in kindling glance and earnest tone, when he loved—whom he would always love. Grace smiled—most women can when a heartache lies underneath.

"Yes, I am sure. She would not like it, perhaps at present she would not forgive it, if she dreamed that I had let you know; but I can not think two lives ought to be sacrificed to the delicate scruples of maidenly pride. Ethel does love you. She loved you all the time."

"And yet," he said with a puzzled tone, as if it all seemed a mystery beyond his solving, "she certainly refused me."

That was because of some Quixotic notions of hers. She thought then that you were an idler in the vineyard, with little or no earnest purpose, and she hesitated to ally her life with yours lest both might be a failure. It was only that she did not quite understand you then as she knew you to the war she began to see you in a new light. If you had asked her the same question that day she would have said no."

Captain Revere turned a face over which the years of a new day had not broken to his companion.

"I can not thank you fitly," he said. "You knew me better than I knew myself when you told me that day for Ethel was not dead. And yet I thought I had conquered it. I took her so fully at her word that night. If she had cared for me then, I thought she never would—I have never cherished any shadow of hope since."

It was at quiet sunset when they reached home. Ethel was in the yard, just returned from a walk.

"Come with me at this sunset, will you not?" Captain Revere asked in a tone which seemed to take her compliance for granted. She was tempted to say "No," but the sheer cowardice of it she reflected that she should be punishing herself as well as him. Her style clouds were turning to flame; the sea was crimson, like air balm. Why should she not enjoy it all with him—her friend—as he had said?

She stepped into the low carriage by his side and they rolled away. Soon he gave her the rein as he was tired of driving, he said, leaning back, as if enjoying the luxurious ease of his position, with a swift motion of his head. Ethel obeyed. He was silent for a time. After a while he began talking to her—told her as he had never talked before of his plans for the use of his future life, of the ambition that he loved her cousin—forget pride and woman-ly scruples—forget herself, and thought only of comforting him.

"Would the heart you once asked for be say dependent on the enlightened, let one so low that he could scarcely hear them.

His face kindled.

"Ethel, will you speak? It could make life rich beyond asking or hoping. I would pay me with all the love of my heart."

"Then I will tell you, Howard; I loved you then and ever since."

Was ever sunset like that sunset? Did ever waves break upon the strand with such a summer song, such passion of melody and joy? Let what words could remember they could not feel the memory. They had lived because they had loved.

When they reached home Ethel found her cousin waiting for her in her own rooms. She did not know then—she never will know—the agency that cousin had had in inspiring about the change of her life. She told her secret in a tone of gentle pride:

"Grace, I am engaged to Captain Revere."

"Indeed! Then I suppose you set me down as a false prophet. I thought he would never ask you again."

Ethel blushed a little.

"I believe he did. I am glad it was I who asked him."

The kiss of congratulation which Grace pressed upon the blushing cheek raised to hers was not the less warm and true because of some silent tears she had wept that night, as she sat looking outward to the sea and the sunset—tears which only God saw.

MIZPAH.

MRS. DAYTA locked up from the alabaster shell that she was filling with fuschias.

"I think," she said, in her soft, deliberate way, "that Mr. Mainwaring is quite right. If I had a daughter who refused the position for which I had been educating her, my shrewd penetration, and love of fancying the man who offered it, I should most decidedly disinherit her. I should not have left her a full liberty to act out her romantic notions unhindered by me!" at which Douglas Enfield-Jones, who was lounging in the window, sighed, as one sighing with an ominous sparkle under his downcast lashes.

Matters were thus:

Four years ago Mrs. Dayta brought home Mar-Jones, Esq., a widower. Mrs. Dayta, impressively styled it a widow, for Widow, be it known, is a certain attribute which, when once affixed modestly to the lap of parvenus, but Widow is a thing of birth and breeding. Society allows it only to those who have the right to claim it. Mrs. Dayta had been a Peyton, was connected with the Masters and Pendletons, John Randolph with a handful of respectability, she could afford to keep a widow and parade it. The care had been thrown from the track and she stranded at a country inn; heard there of a forgotten fossil cousin; saw at her house her daughter, Margaret Peyton Jones, and said to herself, "Here is atrocious, your hair and your manner worse; but you are a very handsome girl, and if you will come with me I will make you Peyton Jones!" Ambition and hesitation, each for all in triumph.

Mr. Dayta was recently dead. Grief was due to

Margaret must commence the developing process; or Mrs. Dayta took her to Rome, spent four years at Mrs. Dayta took her to Rome, spent four years between there and Venice—for she was to be nurse, the considered haste the sign-manual of weakness, "his mark. During those years Margaret's mother died and her father took a second wife—a Virginia gal, shrewish woman; from that time Bagdad would have been as eligible an abiding place in her thoughts as the happy farm-house in Virginia; and Sweet Air, Mrs. Dayta's country seat, where they quietly settled on their return, became as much her home as pleasant a one that she rarely thought of the cloud, no larger than a man's hand, on her horizon—her other dependence and isolation.

There had been two days of pitiless fog and drizzle, borrowed of November, with no hope of clearing till late in the afternoon, when a cold plum should appear in the hills, followed by a flash and sparkle of sunshine, a sudden blaze of the sun low down in the west, and a rosy sunset that all clouds, burning fiercely at their ragged edges, refl, broken through by long quivering gleams of brightness, darter than scarlet, deeper than gold; in its turn caught, subsumed, swept away in the purple rout toward the sea, or tossed high beyond, and heaven, bursting out in rosy flushes through the tangle and the flattering of the trees; and Margaret, wrapped in a cloak and hood, watching it all from the crumbling bank overlooking the river.

She was not too pleased to hear some one coming down the road, as sounded like Rosecoe Baring's step; if so, it must be Locius Marvin, familiarly known as "Lucy." Had he not been, he would have asked the most! It proved, however, to be Douglas Erfot. What next him there? She had thought him a fixture near Mrs. Dayta.

He came and stood beside her silently and reverently till the glory was quite passed away.

"Thank you," said Margaret, turning around. "I know no one else who would have had so much sense. Only the world would have hindered you from breaking in on the divine service that has been going on."

Douglas smiled at her, not with his lips but out of the depths of a remarkable pair of blue eyes—an assured quiet irrelevancy.

"You must come in. This what is to cool for you."

"On the contrary I am thawing out. When I came out I was a petrifaction of disgust. The waters of solitude have been dripping on me for the past two days, and every good and pleasant feeling is nearly turned into stone."

"I'm sorry for that."

"You know nothing at all about it. You are all day with your books, and your boys, and your fun. The quiet that is stagnation to me is rest to you. The tree that has been running its thorns into me all day shoots out its blushes. Mrs. Dayta, I see you are tired, you can play billiards, smoke your cigar, and forget all about it in your delectable stupor, though I protest I had rather bear it than the nonsense about Ada Pentelow and her diamonds, and Miss Maud Wilkins's hair, Dewdall's horsekeeping, her rouge, and her d'Abonçon shawl. I was interested in neither thousand-dollar Parisian dresses nor better Selina's aunt was Miss Eustman or Miss Peetman. I like none of these things."

"You need not let them injure you."

"*Que faire?* It is all our life. Dressing, driving, gossiping, with such dreary variations as Lucy's. I say now, Miss Margaret, am I to come in for Rosco Baring's 'A person of your fine mind can not but appreciate, etc.'"

Margaret mimicked tone and manner with precision. Douglas looked astonished.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Margaret. I have always thought you were trying to decide which of those two gentlemen is the most bearable."

Margaret's cheeks flamed even in the darkness, but she answered, half-defiantly,

"Well, could I do better?"

"Yes, if you dare."

They were silent upon the hearing of time then to ask his meaning even if she had wished. In the drawing-room the people were all gathered about the fire, and their entrance was hailed with a shout.

Douglas sat down by Margaret in the shadow.

"Dare you?" he asked, as if in continuation of their conversation.

Dare I what?"

Douglas leaned one sup in their faces. Mrs. Dayta had quietly lighted a lamp swinging near them and stood examining them.

"Did you ever have a pleasant walk?" he asked.

"We had no walk at all. I found Miss Margaret shivering on the bank, and brought her in."

"Most grandmotherly of you! But seriously, Margaret, you look as if you were thoroughly chilled, or as over by the day, my love."

Margaret went over to the hearth, and stood there holding up a little white hand to the rising blaze, and looking into it with dreaming eyes, listening perhaps to the wind beating up against the broad front of the house, and gathering in the chimney.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Rosco Baring, who had been watching her. "You look miserable, what the Scotch call 'raised.' Did you see a spirit in your travels?"

"I don't know—perhaps."

"Your destiny, of course."

Margaret started. Groping in the dark Rosco had struck full at what in her mind was a most unmanageable idea.

"A destiny!" she answered, with spirit. "I doubt if it will be mine. I don't like it."

"Ah!"

It was Mrs. Dayta exclaiming as she came out of the room. In walking about the billiard-table she had struck her little jeweled back-comb against a bracket, or caught her braid in it, or, at any rate, there it was, all down around her, her pretty, hair, longer even than Margaret's, of that lovely brown that here and there takes on a rich reddish gold, and what with gossamer sleeves falling away from her handsome arms as she put it back, and the white gleaming of little bands in the soft-clinging mass, and the sparkle of diamonds catching the light, making a very pretty picture for all whom it might concern.—Mr. Erfot, for instance. Perhaps Margaret did; that's likely. At any rate she turned her back, brought out from a blue silk nest a thimble, which, if thimbles can feel, must have been not a little astonished at its unusual perch on her finger, and sewed savagely all the evening, not even stopping for coffee; but after a while a well-shaped masculine hand, on which sparkled a superb diamond ring, set down a tiny cup before her, and Douglas Erfot sat down at her ear.

"Miss Margaret, listen to this apropos of our conversation: '' Suffering and sacrifice is the price of truth and good.' Roads stone easily downward, and climb painfully upward. Think of all come to a ditch awaits you; the other winds into the very rose and sunlight of happiness.' "

"Whose writing is that?" asked Margaret, looking up in surprise, but dropping her eyes the instant after under the sarcastic, mocking, and crimsoning to the temples at her own simplicity!

While Mrs. Dayta, watching them with jealous, wrathful eyes over her coffee-cup, cried out, like Athalaih, "treason" in her heart.

It was at this moment that she had favored them with the declaration with which we commence a confidential conversation, and communicated to the fate chosen for her by Mrs. Dayta in the person of Locius, or Rosco Baring, just awakened to the possibility of something half alluring from the struggle, wholly uncertain of the strength, and like stone they left Sweet Air for their usual winter's stay in town.

Douglas came daily, so did Rosco and Locius; and the latter, as a matter of course, would have Mrs. Erfot, and that Margaret was coquetting, omitting the gentle shout "two steals," etc., and nearing the truth as closely as usual.

Came that memorable 13th of April, the rising of the North, the first half-dull, half-startling phenomenon among them, enlisting as a private, and Douglas Erfot, Douglas Erfot. When they heard of it, Margaret and Mrs. Dayta both grew white, looked at each other stealthily, saw only a blank, and resigned themselves to wait as only women can.

It was the evening before Douglas's going, March, and the two ladies were sitting out in the drawing-room, airy flutterings, whisperings, and half-stirrings every now and then, showing the turning hearts of brazen flowers, or streaming moonlike from alabaster globes, pale honey-suckles hanging from graceful vases, and myrtle wreaths, yellow fuschias, purple and golden leaved passies interwoven in their hair, swinging in baskets of cool moss from the walls, Mrs. Dayta in a dark watchful, Margaret starting at every new arrival, and looking up with a flush that died out in pain, his found them. He was nervous too in his way, but could not be hindered by the crowd, he would not be detained by Mrs. Dayta, he had come through it all like Saladin's sword, and as if by instinct found Margaret's hand, and held it for the instant. She tried hard for composure, but her cheeks would burn, her voice would tremble.

"How long will you be away?" Mrs. Dayta was not coming at all."

"You could never have believed that—besides I am not the latest. I see Rosco and Lucy are not here."

"I don't think they will hence us."

Something in Margaret's tone made him start, look earnestly at her cheeks, then smile.

"You have done it, then."

"Done what? How malicious you look! I have told you nothing."

Douglas put such trifling on one side with a wave of his hand:

"I am serious now. What will Mrs. Dayta say?"

"How can I tell? You heard her the other morning. She declared to rally, that I have cowed the cost. I have the instincts of my race—I love all that is looking about her) with passion even. The bright colors, the sun, the air, the luxury, even the winding of the stairs are to me hourly pleasure; I feel as one just let out of a cage, and that my squalid life better than disgust and death in life, with Rosco Baring or Lucy. Once I thought it might be otherwise."

She stopped short, arrested by the triumph of Douglas's face, which in its rally, showed all over pale face, stammered, fell into hopeless confusion, and bending low her proud head began to pull a bright coloring leaf from a vine. Douglas caught the little destroying hands and held them fast in his own.

"How is it with me, Margaret?" he asked, softly.

"Let me hear my sentence too. Would life with me be death to you?"

Margaret was silent, but she offered no resistance when he drew her close to his heart.

"Margaret, do you love me?"

"Oh, hush!—you know."

"No, I am not content as Thomas. I can't take in so much happiness. Set it to music. Say Douglas I love you."

"I—"

"Well—"

"Oh, I can't; you know that I do."

Douglas took off his ring—a shield of ivory, bearing the word Morpah in Hebrew lettering, each grand character cut in a different diamond.

"You will wear this, and remember its meaning," he said. He kissed it, put it on her arm and then, when we are absent one from another. My darling, you will think of me often."

"What else shall I have to do?"

"I hope nothing more distasteful; yet I wish I was not so inexorably flattered away to Saratoga. I feel like leaving you to the tender mercies of Mrs. Dayta."

"Hush!" whispered Margaret; voices and steps were in perilous neighborhood, people coming to look for Douglas Erfot. Douglas found time for only one word more, as they were standing in the door-way.

"You will write me often?"

"Of course."

The words were spoken half in a whisper, Douglas held her hand but an instant, but Mrs. Dayta caught both words and look, and the shadow that had haunted her face for the last few weeks deepened and darkened as she went back into the bright deserted rooms. Margaret had not yet gone up stairs but seated herself on the first sofa that fell in her way, unconscious of any thing but her own thought, not smiling, but reflecting in face and attitude inward glory. This radiance completed Mrs. Dayta's wretchedness. The sullen woman, who smouldered so long flamed up in fierce invective. Margaret had not said the purpose and the ambition of years as a very little thing, but stolen from her the only love she had ever valued. She had studied till studying was at an end. She had ragged all the more furiously, because of her long self-control. Margaret listened, at first bewildered and half-terrified, then indignant, and answered at last coolly contemptuous. Between these two traces could not exist again. No refuge was left Margaret now but her father's house, and the welcome, if the clammy fingers and the cool, unfriendly scrutiny of her stepmother could be called by so warm a name. Up the hill Difficulty lay Margaret's road from this time; her father had never loved her overmuch, had ceased to think of her at all; her step-mother said openly.

That Mrs. Dayta should provide for her family to stay with them, she would have more spirit than to come back to the bread cut of their mouths when her fine friends shoved her off."

Unjust as well as cruel, since Margaret worked, and lashed out words and stroke, but with chilled fingers and sewing, night and day.

Douglas Erfot remained with her. She must hear from Douglas soon. She had written to him a week ago, but the days went on into weeks, and she had Margaret to herself with a sullen triumph. "It is a month." Two months, and hope began to fade away, and still Douglas was silent; utterly alone in life. People don't thrive on convictions of that sort; and Margaret drooped so fast that at last even her father saw, and pulling the work from her hands made roughly told her to let it alone, and stay out in the air till she could look a little less like a ghost. She obeyed, but always in the same listless, hopeless way, in which no one could give her news of their solemn peace and assurance, and when she sought it from above, she only groped for it in the dark, and cried, "A God for all, and was not answered.

She stood one evening as she had stood a year before, watching the day go out. Heavy clouds rushed to bar out the sinking sun, and the dying light had time to set it in blood-red revolt, ended the dark man, buried down on it such flakes of flame as might have been the last throes of a world over it in long avenged glories, filled all the west with awful living splendor. The hills below her were already purple in the shadow, the mountain gloom above, its still fields dark to the very top, but lighting the snow on its crest into the very heart of the intolerable glory; and the valley between buried darkly in the clear light, and about the feet of the hills, trees and cedars curved into perfect vines, and showing, through trembling boughs of larch, yellows and crimson blended in a wild mosaic.

"Fears like us of de Lord was jes dar," said old Julia, once Margaret's nurse, drawing near, "when some such burnin' as de Holy ob Holies. I clar I'se most feared to look, *I feels him so close.*"

"Not to the Julies. It only means wrathful and burning. I can't find the Lord."

"Kase you been too far, honey chile. Tell ye'le's close by; he's got hole on your hand jes now, poor lamb! He's been callin' you dis long time; he's been waitin' for you to come!"

"He has taken away every thing from me," Margaret answered, recklessly. "He has left me nothing. I am desolate—bereaved."

"De don't say dat, Miss Margret. De Lord's been very near to you. Talk how he led Moses day to de back ob de desert, and what he showed Paulk in de wonderful Revelations. He's in de grape, and how our blessed Jesus preached in de wild places 'cause de prince ob de world stopped at de eyes and walls ob de cities, jis as he come still you; and of you feels cast down, tink ob dat poor Lord Jesus when he was a little baby younger'n you. Spec his heart went down like lead sometimes when he was in dat yer prison, clean down, jis as you are all de time, and yet he come out de end—monster dat, Miss Margret."

"I can't endure it, Julia!" sobbed out Margaret, but a driving me mad already. I am going to Saratoga."

"I am alone, deserted altogether."

"No, you ain't, you precious chile. Tell you Christ jes here; not far off, way up 'mong de stars, as you tink. Try and believe, poor chile; only put out your hand and say, Lord help, I will come. Needn't be afraid to step, Miss Margret, he'll ketch you in his arms. He'll be so glad to see you, he'll drown; only try and see!" exclaimed Julist, tears streaming fast down her face.

A blank in Margaret's life. Of that abiding of Christ with flesh and blood those only can know who have laid their promises fully to heart. Words are not sufficient for the things of the spirit. Enough that Margaret found that peace that passeth all understanding.

The times grew stormier. War made itself heard and felt in every quarter, and of scenes belonging to either side grew to be no infrequent visitors. Margaret viewed them with utter indifference. What were they to her and sightings to her? But one night she caught the tones of a voice that made her heart leap up with a sickening throb, and burning short she met the incredulous look of a pair of blue eyes that certainly in the old time belonged to Douglas Erfot.

"Margaret!"

"Douglas!"

And then hesitation and reproach on either side.

"How cruel you have been to hide yourself here without a word!"

"You have forgotten me."

"Forgotten! I have looked for you every where. Why didn't you write?"

"I did."

"I have never received a line. I have been trying to find you for the last six months. I had commenced to despair."

And then Margaret told him all the story of the sorrowful year, ending with a glance at the ring.

"So you see, Douglas, the Lord did watch between us." And so she found rest, for be sure he did not leave her long in that dreary house, but took her into his life and to his heart forever.

THE "VANDERBILT."

We publish on page 748 a picture of the United States steamship VANDERBILT, in search of the pirate-ship in chase of the pirate *Alabama*. This magnificent vessel, the largest and most powerful ever yet built, at a cost of nearly one million of dollars, for Commodore Vanderbilt by Mr. Jeremiah Simonson some five years ago, and was last year presented to the Government *as a free gift* by her owner. She is 270 feet long, 50 feet beam, 53 feet depth of hold, and 3,360 tons. She is propelled by two engines of 1,800 horse power, and is notoriously the fastest vessel afloat, as well as one of the strongest. To prepare her for fighting, all her upper works on the main-deck have been cut away, leaving her deck flush from bow to stern. She carries twelve nine-inch Dahlgren guns, six on a side, and two 100-pound Parrotts, one forward and one aft, the other. Her power as a ram has often been described. It is said for this that she will be the best she could run down any vessel in the world. She is commanded by Commander Baldwin. We hope he may meet the *Alabama*.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL STANLEY.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DAVID S. STANLEY, whose portrait we give on page 749, is a native of Ohio. He graduated at the Military Academy in 1841, and graduated ninth in a class of forty-one of 1852. His first service, after the usual routine of duty at the cavalry school of practice at Carlisle, was with the Surveying Expedition to the Pacific under Lieutenant Williamson. On the return of the expedition he was assigned to duty with the dragoons, on the Western frontier, where, in several conflicts with the Indians, he displayed much skill and energy and courage. Lieutenant-General Scott, in his annual report of events connected with the campaigns of 1858, says: "The gallant and gifted officer First Lieutenant David S. Stanley, First Cavalry from Fort Arbuckle, with Company D of his regiment, pursued into the Wichita Mountains a party of Comanches thirty minutes after receiving his orders. After an exciting chase of several hours' miles over rocks, the detachment killed and left dead on the ground eighteen Indians."

On the breaking out of the rebellion General Stanley was a captain of the First (*now* the Fourth) Cavalry, and with his company was distinguished in several engagements with the rebels in Missouri. In the affair at Wilson's Creek his horse killed under him. He acted a most conspicuous part at New Madrid and Island No. 10, and took, next, part in the battle of Corinth, in command of a division, where he gallantly led the brilliant charge of the Fifth Missouri and Thirty-Seventh Ohio, which was the crowning act in that glorious victory.

CHIEF QUARTER-MASTER INGALLS.

On page 749 we give a portrait of COLONEL RUFUS INGALLS, Chief Quarter-Master of Army of the Potomac, and one of our best soldiers. The following sketch will explain who he is and what he has done:

Rufus Ingalls, United States Army, Chief Quarter-master of the Army of the Potomac, entered West Point as a cadet from Maine, on the 1st July, 1839. He was born in Denmark, Maine, August 23, 1810; was first sent to duty on the Northern frontier, and served in Florida during the Seminole War. He was then in Kentucky, and served during the first Mexican War. Captain Ingalls was a Brigadier-General of Volunteers in 1847.

In the year 1852 he was promoted to a Lieutenancy in the Regular Army, and was ordered to California, where he served in May of that year. At the breaking out of the Civil War he was Adjutant of Fort Hamilton, and was one of the three under General Kearney, who assisted in the organization of Volunteers in New York. Subsequently he received a brevet into New Mexico as a General Staff officer, and was employed in various parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia in 1861, when he was ordered and appointed Chief Quarter-Master of the Army of the Potomac, during the insurrection in the early part of 1862. He was promoted to the rank of Colonel in the Regular Army, 1862, he was by his side, and assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, "to the satisfaction of the country and good conduct" on that occasion.

Colonel Ingalls has been, since, actively in the Quarter-masters' Department, and in April following called for Fredericksburg, on the 11th of May, 1863, his services were sent in that connection.

The Chief Quarter-Master of service on the Pacific he returned to the Atlantic States. Before the attack on Fort Sumter he was with the command of General Brown, as Chief Quarter-master, to reinforce Fort Pickens, when he served with the Army of the Potomac, and was present at the attack Yorktown, and the White House, on the Pamunkey, around to Harrison's Landing, on the James River, with numerous other engagements in the vicinity.

On the 13th of January, 1863, he was made a Major in the Quarter-master's Department, and has been since, for fourteen years' faithful service in that department, and in the command of the Army of the Potomac, Ingalls was announced as Chief Quarter-master of the Army of the Potomac



THE UNITED STATES WAR STEAMSHIP "VANDERBILT."—[See Page 747.]



ACTING REAR-ADMIRAL D. D. PORTER.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS, OF THE ARMY OF THE OHIO.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER.

ACTING REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER, the Commander of the Mississippi Flotilla, is the son of the famous Commodore David Porter of the *Essex*, and was born about the year 1814. In 1829 he entered the navy as midshipman on board the *Constellation*, and served six years on that ship and the *United States*. In 1835 he passed his examination, and served six years as passed midshipman on the Coast Survey. In 1841 he was commissioned a lieutenant, and served with that rank on board the *Congress* for four years. After a brief period of service at the Observatory at Washington, he was placed on active duty under Commodore Tattnall in the Gulf of Mexico, and took a leading part in the naval operations of the Mexican war. In 1849 he was allowed to take command of one of the Pacific Mail Company's steamers, and remained several years in the service of that Company. While he commanded one of the California steamships—the *Oriental City*—he performed an exploit which attracted no little attention at the time. In consequence of the *Black Warrior* affair the Spanish Government had refused to permit any United States vessel to enter the port of Havana. Running under the shotted guns of Moro Castle, he was ordered to halt. He promptly replied that he carried the United States flag and the United States mails, and, by the Eternal, he would go in; and he did, the Havanese fuming to fire upon him. He said afterward that he intended firing his six-pounder at them once, in defiance, after which he would haul down his flag.

At the beginning of the year 1861 he was under orders to join the Coast Survey on the Pacific, but, fortunately, had not left when the rebellion broke out. His name at this time stood number six on the list of lieutenants. The resignation of several naval traitors left room for his advancement, and the "Naval Register" for August 31, 1861, places him number seventy-seven on the list of commanders. He was placed in command of the steam sloop of war *Powhatan*, a vessel of about twenty-five hundred tons, and armed with eleven guns. After doing blockading duty for some time, he left that ship to take special charge of the mortar expedition. The active part he took in the reduction of the forts below New Orleans will make his name ever memorable in connection with the mortar fleet, or "bummers," as the sailors term them. After the capture of New Orleans he, with his fleet, went up the Mississippi River, and was engaged in several affairs on that river, including that of Vicksburg. From that place he was ordered to the James River, and returned in the *Octorara*. When off Charleston, on his way to Fortress Monroe, he fell in with and captured the Anglo-rebel steamer *Tubal Cain*. He has now been appointed to the supreme control of all the naval forces on the Mississippi River, with the rank of Acting Rear-Admiral. The forces under his orders, in vessels, guns, and men, will be larger than ever before under the command of any United States naval officer. His squadron will be distinct in every way from that of Admiral Farragut, who will still command the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

Admiral Porter is a man of wiry, muscular frame, handsome features, of medium height, and, a few years ago, universally admitted to be the strongest man in the navy. He is about forty-five years old, and exhibits but few marks of age. He is married to a sister of Captain C. P. Patterson, formerly of San Francisco, by whom he has several children. He is most truly "a worthy son of a worthy sire."

He belongs to a family of naval patriots: for, besides the subject of this sketch, there are in the navy H. B. Porter, acting midshipman, appointed from New York, November 29, 1859; T. K. Porter, master, appointed from Tennessee, May 20, 1862; William C. D. S. Porter, lieutenant, appointed from the District of Columbia, March 3d, 1847; and Wm. D. Porter, commodore, appointed from Massachusetts, January 1, 1823. The last-named commanded the *Essex* gun-boat on the Tennessee River, and fought the rebel ram *Arkansas* on the Mississippi River. Major-General Fitz John Porter is a cousin of the subject of our sketch, adding another hero to the family.

GENERAL THOMAS.

WE present above the portrait of Gen. GEORGE H. THOMAS, of Buell's army, who must not be confounded with General Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant-General of the Army.

General George H. Thomas was born in Virginia about the year 1812. He was appointed from that State to West Point in 1836, and graduated in the



BRIGADIER-GENERAL STANLEY, OF THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 747.]



COLONEL INGALLS, CHIEF QUARTER-MASTER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—[SEE PAGE 747.]

Third Artillery on 1st July, 1840. In the following year he was assigned himself to be sent against the Florida Indians, and was brevetted First Lieutenant for his gallantry. He accompanied General Taylor to Mexico, and at Monterey won the brevet rank of Captain. At Buena Vista, again, he distinguished himself nobly, and was brevetted Major. On the close of the war he returned home, and in 1850 assumed the responsible post of Instructor of Artillery and Cavalry at West Point. At the outbreak of the war Major Thomas was one of the few Virginians who honor enough to be true to him to rebel against his country's flag, and in May, 1861, he was appointed Colonel of the 3d Cavalry. In August of the same year he received the appointment of Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He has since served throughout the campaign in the West.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

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BETWEEN THE SCENES.

I.

FROM MRS. NOEL VANSTONE TO MR. LOSCOMBE.

"Park Terrace, St. Swithin's Wood, *November 5.*

"DEAR SIR,—I came to Hampstein yesterday for the purpose of seeing a relative, leaving Mr. Vanstone at Relol Cottage, and proposing to return to him in the course of a week. I reached London late last night, and drove to these lodgings, having written to secure accommodation beforehand.

"This morning's post has brought me a letter from my poor child, whom I left at Relol Cottage, with instructions to write to me if any thing extraordinary took place in my absence. You will find a letter inclosed in this. I have had some experience of her, and I believe she is to be strictly depended on for the truth.

"I purposely abstain from troubling you by any useless allusions to myself. When you have read my child's letter, you will understand the shock which the news contained in it has caused me. I can only repeat that I place implicit belief in her statement. I am firmly persuaded that my husband's brother contemplates foul play with out, has practiced on his weakness in my absence, and has persuaded him to make a new and false Will. From what I know of this woman I feel no doubt that she has used her influence over Mr. Vanstone to deprive me, by means of a false instrument in my husband's fortune.

"Under such circumstances as these, it is on the h i deepest conscientious—for other reasons than I need mention here—that I should see Mr. Vanstone, and come to an explanation with him at the earliest possible opportunity. You will find that my maid thoughtfully kept her letter-bag open on the last morning of my residence—without, however, having any later news to give me than Mrs. Lecount's visit to the cook at the cottage last night, and that she and Mr. Vanstone were to leave together this morning. But for that last piece of intelligence I should have been on my way back to Scotland before now. As it is, I can not decide for myself what it is right to do next. My going back to Dumfries, after Mr. Vanstone has left it, seems like taking a liberty for nothing—and a journey to London appears to be almost equally useless.

"Will you kindly advise me in this difficulty? I will come to you at Lincoln's Inn at any time this afternoon or to-morrow, which you may appoint. My next few hours are engaged, but as soon as this letter is dispatched I am going to Kensington, with the object of ascertaining whether my mother-in-law's dead address means any thing. I should be glad to know the meaning by which Mrs. Lecount may have accomplished her discovery on a spot founded on a lie. You will let me have your answer by return of post I will not fail to get back to St. John's Wood in time for the train.

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"MAGDALEN VANSTONE."

II.

FROM MR. LOSCOMBE TO MRS. NOEL VANSTONE.

"Lincoln's Inn, *Nov. 6.*

"DEAR MADAM,—Your letter and inclosure have caused me great concern and surprise. Pressure of business allows me no hope of being able to meet you to-day or to-morrow morning. But if three o'clock to-morrow afternoon will suit you, at that hour you will find me at your service.

"I can not pretend to offer a positive opinion until I know more of the matter. Your connected with this extraordinary business than I find communicated either in your letter or in your maid's. But with this reserve I venture to suggest that your remaining in London until tomorrow may possibly lead to results advantageous alike your consultation as my chambers. There is at least a chance that one of us may hear something further in this strange matter by the morning's post.

"I remain, dear Madam, faithfully yours,

"JOHN LOSCOMBE."

III.

FROM MRS. NOEL VANSTONE TO MISS GARTH.

"Park Terrace, *November 5, Five o'Clock.*

"I have just returned from Westmoreland House—after purposely leaving it in secret, and purposely avoiding you under your own roof. You shall hear why I came, and why I went away. It is due to my remembrance of old times not to treat you like a stranger, although I can never again treat you like a friend.

"I traveled yesterday from the North to London. My only object in taking this long journey was to see Norah once more. I had been suffering for many weeks past from a complaint for which only miserable women like me can feel. Perhaps the suffering weakened me, perhaps it created it. Both things, tenderness—God knows!—I can't explain it; I can only tell you that I began to think of Norah more and more as the days and nights, with I was almost heart-broken. I have no better reason than this to give for returning all at once to London, and resolving to London to see her. I don't wish to claim more for myself than I deserve. I don't wish to be set down as the reformed and repenting creature whom you might have approved. I had only one feeling in me that I know of—the longing to see my child round Norah's neck, and cry my heart out on Norah's bosom. Publish whatever I am now. Something might have come of it; nothing might have come of it—who knows?

"My mind is full of feeling Norah without your assistance. However you might disapprove of what I had done, I thought you would not be slow to help me to find my child. When I lay down last night in my strange bed I said to myself, 'I will write to Garth in the morning, I will take my mother's advice, and tell me.' You don't know what a comfort I felt in that thought. You don't know what a good woman you are. You found Norah's neck, and cry my heart out on Norah's bosom. Publish whatever I am now. Something might have come of it; nothing might have come of it—who knows?

"My mind is full of feeling Norah without your assistance. However you might disapprove of what I had done, I thought you would not be slow to help me to find my child. When I lay down last night in my strange bed I said to myself, 'I will write to Garth in the morning, I will take my mother's advice, and tell me.' You don't know what a comfort I felt in that thought. You don't know what a good woman you are. You found Norah's neck, and cry my heart out on Norah's bosom. Publish whatever I am now. Something might have come of it; nothing might have come of it—who knows?

"Well, I fell asleep happily that night—for the first time since my marriage. When the morning came I awoke equally full of hope and happy, only for one night. When the morning came a letter came with it, which told me that my husband was on earth (you have meddled sufficiently with my affairs to know what enemy I mean—because I felt positively certain at Aldborough that you and Mrs. Lecount had been in correspondence with each other. But I never suspected Norah. If I lay on my death-bed at this moment I could say it with a safe conscience that I suspected Norah.

"So I went the morning to Westmoreland House—not to you for my sister's address, and to acknowledge plainly that I suspected you of being in correspondence with Mrs. Lecount.

"When I inquired for you at the door they told me you had gone out, but that you were expected back in the course of the morning. I would see your sister, who was then in the school-room. I waited there. I gave no reason for the account be disturbed; my business was not with her but with you. I begged to be allowed to wait as a favor to myself and to my mother.

"They showed me into the double room on the ground-floor, divided by curtains—as it was when I first entered the house. There was a fire in the outer division of the room but none in the inner division, and the curtains which hid it from view were drawn. The servant was very civil and attentive to me. I have learned to be thankful for small mercies, and I thanked her for her kind manner as cheerfully as I could. I said to her, 'I shall see Miss Garth's sister to-day, and you will be glad to hear that I can beckon her in through the long window.' The servant said I could do so, if you were not there, and that you had gone out several times with your own key by the back garden-door. I said I would wait, and the servant left me to let you know of my visit. I mention these trifles to show you that there was no premeditated deceit in my mind when I entered the house.

"I waited a weary time, and you never came. I had no knowledge at that moment—I don't even think so, or whether the large fire burning made the room really as hot as I felt it to be—I only know that, after what you have suffered, the curtains into the inner room to try the cooler atmosphere.

"I walked to the long window which leads into the back-garden, to look out; and almost at the same moment I heard the servant open the door of the room I had just left—and your voice and the voice of some other woman, a stranger to me, talking. The stranger said, 'Here are the parlor-boarders, I dare say.' I gathered from the first words that you had brought with you the bad met in the passage—she on her way down stairs, and you on your way in from the backgarden. After more conversation than I can now inform me that this person was a friend of my sister's, who felt a strong interest in her, and who knew that you had just returned from a visit to Norah. So far I only hesitated to show myself because I shrank, in my painful position from facing a stranger. But when I heard my own name immediately afterward on your lips and on hers, then I drew back from the nearer to the curtain between us and purposely listened.

"A moment more and I can say I was glad you did so. What better can you expect from such a woman as I am?

"You were always famous for your memory. There is no necessity for my repeating the words you spoke to your friend, and the words your friend spoke to you hardly an hour since. When you read them lines you will know, as well as I know, what those words told me. I ask for no particulars; I will take all your reasons and all your excuses for granted. It is enough for me to know that you and Mr. Pendril have been searching for me again, and that Norah is in the conspiracy this time, to reclaim me in spite of myself. It is enough for me to know that my child is to be taken from me before I have time to catch me, and that Mrs. Lecount's revenge has accomplished its object by means of information extracted from Norah's lips.

"Shall I tell you what I suffered when I heard these things? I will tell you nothing—I will only say that I left you. Whatever I suffer, I deserve it—don't I?

"I waited in that inner room—knowing my own violent temper, and not trusting myself to see you, after what I had heard—I waited in that inner room until the servant let me out. I should tell you of my visit before I should have left the house. You will know that I left it without misfortune happened. The servant, no doubt, heard the voices up stairs, and supposed that we had met each other in the passage. I don't know how long or how short a time it was before you left the room to see your friend off, your friend went with you. I raised the long window softly and stepped into the back-garden. The way by which you returned to the house was the way by which I left it. No blame attaches to the servant. As usual, when I am concerned, nobody is to blame but me.

"Time enough has passed now to quiet my mind a little. You know how strong I am? You remember how I used to fight against all my miseries when I was a child? Now I am a woman, I fight against my miseries in the same way. Don't pity me, Miss Garth! Don't pity me!

"I have no harsh feeling against Norah. The hope I had of seeing her to-day, and of taking her to me; the consolation I had in writing to her is a consolation denied me for the future. I am not to see her again. I have no angry feeling toward my sister. She means well, poor soul—I have not the means with. It would distress her if she knew what has happened. Don't tell her. Conceal my visit and burn my letter.

"A last word for myself, and I have done.

"If I rightly understand my present situation, your spies are still watching me, and I am to make no move as they searched at York. Dismiss them—you are wasting your money to no purpose. If you suspected me to-morrow, what could you do? My position has altered. I am no longer the poor outcast girl, the vagabond people performed for you once hunted after. I have done what I told you I would do—I have made the poorest sacrifice of property to accomplish this time. Do you know who I am? I am a respectable married woman, accountable for my actions to nobody under Heaven but my husband. I have got a place in the world, and a name to keep in it. Even the house in which is the friend of all you respectable people, has recognized my existence, and has become my friend too. Mrs. Lecount and her confederacy gave me his license to be married, and the rector of Aldborough performed the service. If I should put you on watching me in the street, and if I chose to claim protection from them, the law would almost support my claim. You forget what wonders my wickedness has done for me. It has made Nobody's Child Somebody's Wife.

"If you can give those considerations their due weight; if you will exert your excellent common-sense, I have no fear of being obliged to appeal to my newly-found friend and protector—the law. You will feel by this time what you have meddled with at last to some purpose. I am estranged from Norah—I am separated from my husband—I am defeated in Mrs. Lecount, and in Norah's fortune into Norah's hand.

"Those are my last words. Remember them the next time you feel tempted to meddle with me again. MAGDALEN VANSTONE."

IV.

FROM MR. LOSCOMBE TO MRS. NOEL VANSTONE.

"Lincoln's Inn, *Nov. 6.*

"DEAR MADAM,—This morning's post has doubtless brought you the same shocking news which it has brought to me. You and I, who have by this time, that a terrible affliction has befallen you—the affliction of your husband's sudden death.

"I am on the point of starting for the North, to make all needful inquiries, and to perform whatever duties I may with propriety undertake, as solicitor to the deceased gentleman. Let me earnestly recommend you not to hasten to Relol Cottage until I have had time to write to you again. Your presence there can be of no use, but, through ignorance of all the circumstances, pretend to offer now. You may rely on my writing after my arrival in Scotland by the first post. I remain, dear Madam, faithfully yours,

"JOHN LOSCOMBE."

V.

FROM MR. PENDRIL TO MISS GARTH.

"Stable Street, *Nov. 6.*

"DEAR MISS GARTH,—I return you Mrs. Noel Vanstone's letter. I can understand your mortification at the tone in which it is written, and your distress at the manner in which this unhappy woman has interpreted the conversation that she overheard at your house. I can not sympathize with you in your feelings of resentment. My opinion has never altered since the Combe-Raven time. I believe Mrs. Noel Vanstone to be one of the most reckless, desperate, and perverted women living; and any circumstance that strikes you as being more than usually strange in her conduct may be safely attributed to the influence of these characteristics.

"There can not be a moment's doubt on the course you ought to follow in this matter. Even Mrs. Noel Vanstone herself acknowledges the propriety of sparing her your additional and unnecessary distress. By all means keep Mrs Vanstone in ignorance of the visit to Kensington, and of the letter which it has called forth. It would be not only unwise, but absolutely cruel, to enlighten her. She is not in a condition to apply, or even any hope to offer, we might feel some hesitation in keeping our secret. But there is no remedy and no danger. Mrs. Noel Vanstone is perfectly justified in the view she takes of her own position. Neither you nor I can assert the smallest right to control her.

"I have already taken the necessary measures for putting an end to our careless inquiries. In a few days I will write to Miss Vanstone, and will do my best to transplike her mind on the subject of her sister-in-law. If I can find a sufficient excuse to satisfy her, it will be better she should think we have discovered nothing than that she should know the truth.

"Believe me, most truly yours,

"WILLIAM PENDRIL."

VI.

FROM MR. LOSCOMBE TO MRS. NOEL VANSTONE.

"Lincoln's Inn, *Nov. 16.*

[TRAVELER.]

"DEAR MADAM,—I am concerned to hear that the continuance of your indisposition prevents you from coming here. In compliance with your request, I now proceed to communicate to you, in writing, the information which I preferred communicating by word of mouth. Be pleased to consider this letter as strictly confidential between yourself and me.

"I inclose, at your desire, a copy of the Will executed by your late husband on the 20th of this month. There can be no question of the genuineness of the original document. I protested, in a matter of form, against admitting it to proof. solicitor assuming a position of authority at Relol Cottage. But he took the position without scruples, before the circumstances of the sole Executor under the second Will. I am bound to say that I should have done the same myself in his place.

"The serious question follows—What can be done for the child by your intervention? The Will executed under my professional superintendence, on the 20th of September last, has been destroyed, and ordered and revoked by the second and later Will, executed on the 3d of November. Can we disputo this document?

"I doubt the possibility of disputing the new Will on the face of it. If no doubt irregularities are committed, it is dated, signed, and witnessed as the law directs; and the perfectly simple and unobjectionable provisions which it contains are in no respect, that I can see, technically open to attack.

"This being the case, can we dispute the Will on the ground that it has been executed when the Testator was in a state of mind unfit to dispose of property, or when the Testator was subjected to undue and improper influence?

"In the face of these objections, the evidence would put an obstacle in our way. We can not assert that previous illness had weakened the Testator's mind, for the illness that he died suddenly, as the doctors had all along declared he would be, of disease of the heart. He was out walking in his garden as usual on the day of his death; he ate a hearty dinner; none of the persons in his service noticed any change in him; he was a little more irritable with them than usual, but that was all. It is impossible to attack the state of his faculties. There is no case to go into court with so far.

"Can we say that he acted under undue influence, or, in plainer terms, under the influence of Mrs. Lecount?

"There are many difficulties, again, in the way of taking this course. We can not assert, with any probability of success, that a woman in a place in the Will which she has no fair claim to occupy. She has cunningly limited her own interest, not only to a fair but to a low sum, but to what the late Mr. Michael Vanstone himself had the discretion of leaving her. If I were examined on the subject I should be compelled to acknowledge that I had heard him express his intention of leaving to Mrs. Lecount a sum to say that I have heard him express it more than once. There is no point of attack in Mrs. Lecount's behavior, if there is no point of attack in your late husband's choice of an executor. Mrs. Lecount has acted, under the most natural choice, of the oldest and trustiest friend he had in the world.

"Those considerations remains, the most important which I have yet approached, and which I have taken consideration which I have reserved to the last. On the thirtieth of September the Testator executes a will, leaving the bulk of his property with a legacy of eighty thousand pounds. On the third of November following he expressly revokes the will and leaves another in its stead, in which his widow is never once mentioned, and in which the whole residue of the property, after payment of some comparatively trifling legacy, is left to a friend.

"I cross entirely with you that the fact very valid reason can or can not be produced to explain such an extraordinary proceeding as this. If no reason can be assigned—and I know of none myself—I think we have a point here which deserves our careful consideration, for it may be a point which is open to attack. Pray understand that I am now appealing to you simply as a lawyer, and that I am obliged to look all possible eventualities in the face. I have no wish to intrude on your private affairs; I have

no wish to write a word which could be construed into any indirect reflection on yourself.

"If you tell me that, so far as you know, your husband capriciously struck you out of his will without assigning reason or motive for doing so, and without other obvious explanation of his conduct, than that he acted in this matter entirely under the influence of Mrs. Lecount, I will immediately take Counsel's opinion touching the property of disputing the Will on this ground. If, on the other hand, you tell me that there are reasons (known to yourself though unknown to me) for not taking the course I propose, I will accept that intimation without troubling you, unless you wish it, to explain yourself further. In this latter event I shall write to you again, for I shall then have something more to say which may greatly surprise you on the subject of the Will.

Faithfully yours,

"JOHN LOSCOMBE."

VII.

FROM MRS. NOEL VANSTONE TO MR. LOSCOMBE.

"DEAR SIR,—Accept my best thanks for the kindness and consideration with which you have treated me—and let illness of body and have plead my excuse, if I reply to your letter without composure, in the fewest possible words.

"I have my own reasons for not hesitating to answer your question in the negative. It is impossible for us to go to law, as you propose, on the subject of the Will.

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours gratefully,

"MAGDALEN VANSTONE."

VIII.

FROM MR. LOSCOMBE TO MRS. NOEL VANSTONE.

"LESCOMBE INN, November 17.

"DEAR MADAM,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter answering my proposal in the negative, and reasons of your own. Under these circumstances—on which I offer no comment—I beg to perform my promise of again communicating with you on the subject of your late husband's Will.

"Be so kind as to look at your copy of the document. You will find that the paper in which he devises the whole residue of your husband's estate to Admiral Bartram ends in these words: *To be by him applied to such uses as he may think fit.*

"Simple as they may seem to you these are very remarkable words. In the hands of a less practical lawyer would have used them in drawing your husband's Will. In the second place, they are utterly useless to serve any private straightforward purpose. The legacy is left unconditionally to the Admiral; and he is under no bonds to be told that he may do what he likes with it. The phrase quoted above is one of two conclusions. It has either dropped from the testator's pen in pure ignorance—or it has been carefully set where it appears to serve the purpose of a snare. I am firmly persuaded that the latter explanation is the right one. The words are expressly intended to mislead some person—yourself in all probability—and the cunning which has put a trap to that end in the second place, by constantly happens when uninstructed persons meddle with law) has overreached itself. My thirty years' experience readily suggests to me in a sense exactly opposite to the sense which they are intended to convey. I say that Admiral Bartram is *not* free to apply his property to purposes as he may think fit—I believe he is privately controlled by a supplementary document in the shape of a Secret Trust.

"I can easily explain to you what I mean by a Secret Trust. It is usually contained in the form of a letter from a Testator to his Executors, privately informing them of testamentary intentions on his part, which he has not thought proper openly to acknowledge in his will. I have you a hundred guineas, and I have a private letter enjoining you, on taking the legacy, not to devote it to your own purposes, but to give it to some third person, whose name I keep my own reasons for not mentioning in my will. That is a Secret Trust.

"If I am right in my own persuasion that such a document I have describe is at this moment in Admiral Bartram's possession—a persuasion based, in the first instance, on the extraordinary words that I have quoted at the end, in the second instance, on purely legal considerations with which it is needless to encumber my letter—if I am right in this opinion, this discovery of the Secret Trust would be, in all probability, a most important discovery for your interests. I will not trouble you with technical reasons, or with references to my experience in these matters, the only a professional man could understand. I will merely say that I don't give up my opinion lightly but with the strongest conviction now impressed on my own mind is proved to be wrong.

"I will add no more while this important question still remains involved in doubt; neither can I suggest any means of solving that doubt, if the existence of the Trust was proved, but that the nature of the stipulations contained in it was made known to me. I could then say whether or what the legal chances were of your being able to set up a Case on the strength of it; and I could also tell you whether I should or should not feel justified in personally undertaking that Case, under a private arrangement with yourself.

"As things are, I can make no arrangement and offer no advice. I can only put you confidentially in possession of my private opinion, leaving you entirely free to draw your own inferences from it, and regretting that I can not write more confidently and more definitely than I have written here. All that I could conscientiously say on this very difficult and very delicate subject I have said.

"Believe me, dear Madam, faithfully yours,

"JOHN LOSCOMBE."

IX.

FROM MRS. NOEL VANSTONE TO MR. LOSCOMBE.

"DEAR SIR,—I have read your letter more than once, with the deepest interest and attention—and the offence I read it the more firmly I believe that there is really such a Letter as you mention in Admiral Bartram's hands.

"It is my interest that the discovery should be made—and I at once acknowledge to you that I am determined to find the means of secretly and certainly making it. My resolution rests on other motives than those which you would naturally suppose would influence me. I will tell you this in case you feel inclined to remonstrate with me on the course I take. I say when I assure you that remonstrance will be useless.

"I ask for no assistance in this matter; I will trouble nobody for advice. You shall not be involved in any rash proceedings on my part. Whatever danger there may be I will risk it. Whatever delays may happen I will bear them patiently. I am lonely and friendless and ill, but I am strong enough to win my way through worse troubles than these. My spirits will rise again, and my time will come. If that Secret Trust is in Admiral Bartram's possession, when the time comes I will find it out and with it in my own hands. Yours gratefully,

"MAGDALEN VANSTONE."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Something New.
The Automaton Regiment
OR,
INFANTRY SOLDIERS' PRACTICAL INSTRUCTOR,
FOR ALL DEMONSTRATIONS NECESSARY IN THE FIELD. By G. DOUGLAS BREWERTON, late U. S. Army.

By a simple combination of blocks and counters, mounted upon a board, the Tactics can be learned and thoroughly mastered by a carefully considered contrast of movements, illustrating the orders of Commanding Officers, Generals, Colonels, Majors, Captains, Lieutenants, and Men with each Division, Brigade, Battalion, Company, and Skirmish Line, specifically marked to be their position in the Battalion, so that the Automaton Regiment will move through all the changes where his company should be placed, as she like own position. Neatly put up in a Box. Price $2.

☞ Sent free by mail on receipt of price.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher of Military and Naval Books, 192 Broadway, New York.

Chemicals, &c.

SODA ASH, of distinct tests, for Soap and Glass Makers.
CAUSTIC SODA, 74 package of 5 cent, of the best kind.
SAL SODA and Newcastle BI CARB SODA, 250 ton.
PALM OIL and SOAPSTONE, Ground Rock Salt.
CREAM TARTAR and TARTARIC ACID crystals and powdered.
THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.,
Importers, 70 and 72 Beekman St., New York.

Hasheen Candy.—THE ARABIAN "GEWGE" OR ENCHANTMENT confectioned.—A most pleasurable and harmless stimulant, and a delightful luxury. Exhilarating, not anxiety, &c. Inspires all classes with new life and energy. A complete mystery and secret. Pamphlets sent free for circular. Beware of imitations. 25 cents and $1 per box. Prepared by GUNJAH WALLAH CO., 257 Broadway, N. Y.

BOSWELL & WARNER'S
Colorific.

New and valuable article for changing the color of grey red, or white hair to a beautiful brown or black—without trouble, loss of time, or soiling the hands or clothing. It leaves the hair soft and glossy—invigorates and promotes the growth of the hair. Sold by druggists. Depot for the other WHOLESALE DEPOT, FUNSTON & SCOFIELD.

Sold by Boustead, cor. Broadway and Canal Street.
Wells, Broadway and Fulton Street, Brooklyn.
and Hair Dressing Establishments generally.

Camp Songs.—New Edition, Enlarged.

"CAMP AND FIRESIDE," containing Patriotic, Comic, Sentimental, and Social Songs, to many of which the music is adapted or arranged to correspond with the story of the soldier's life, and lighten the hours of the journey and weary march. The whole illustrated and bound in equal music, and no collection can excel Camp Songs in the number and variety of its pieces, or surpass it in its cheapness for every occasion. The "old heroes" are all there, and 100,000 copies of the new edition are supplied. THE PRICE OF CAMP SONGS IS ONLY TEN CENTS on receipt of remittance, or will be sent to any address. DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

G. E. M. I. V. B.

Metham & Co.'s Galvano Electro Metallic Basins and Vases, Jardinieres, &c., made on the Galvano Principle for the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and all nervous complaints of the blood. Call and examine, or send for circular. Also, Metham's Galvano Electro Metallic Belts, giving Nerve, Skin, Country, and Post-Office. Address 106, S. S. Fulton St., and 3 Broadway, New York.

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AGENTS!!! AGENTS!!! AGENTS!!! Agents if you want to make money, send a three cent stamp to A. RICHARDS & CO., New London, Conn., and get their Confidential Circular.

Portable Printing Offices,
For use in
The Army and Navy, Merchants, Druggists, and all Business Men,
WHO WISH TO PRINT THEIR OWN
Handbills, Circulars, Billheads, Labels, Cards, &c,
And at a Saving of 75 per cent.

THE COTTAGE PRINTING PRESS,
PATENTED March 19, 1861.
The Cottage Printing Press
Is remarkable for its durability, simplicity, and cheapness, and in connection with the small Printing Office established, should be in the possession of every business man. They are adapted to the printing of Handbills, Circulars, Labels, Billheads, Envelopes, Invoices,

Small Newspapers, &c.

They will be found especially adapted to the use of Druggists, who usually require a great many labels, and but few of a kind, and to Merchants who wish to advertise their goods cheaply yet extensively. From the case with which they can be set up and worked, they are peculiarly well be found exceedingly useful in the Army. Secretary Simon Forrigan and Goldsborough have them in constant use, and speak of them in the highest terms. Printed Instructions are furnished with each office for beginners to compose, setting the type, &c. That no difficulty will be experienced by any one in working it satisfactorily, is fully demonstrated by the specimens of work sent to us by those who, prior to the purchase of a press, had never seen a type set or a sheet printed.

Price List.

PRINTING OFFICE No. 1.—TWENTY DOLLARS.
Consists of:
Press prints 2x4 inches, six pound font of plain type, one font of fancy type, one font of border, composing stick, brass rule, leads, slide, furniture, and ink slab.

PRINTING OFFICE No. 2.—THIRTY DOLLARS.
Consists:
Press prints 3x5 inches, twelve pound font of Pica, one font of fancy type, one font of border, composing stick, brass rule, leads, slide, furniture, and ink slab.

PRINTING OFFICE No. 3.—FIFTY DOLLARS.
Consists:
Press prints 7½x11 inches; eighteen pound font of Pica, four fonts of fancy type, one font of combination border, ornamental type, cases, leads and rule, composing sticks, ink roller, brass rule, leads, slide, furniture, and ink slab.

PRINTING OFFICE No. 4.—SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.
Consists:
Press (prints 11x15 inches), twenty-five pound font of Pica, seven fonts of fancy type, one font of border, ornamental type cases, combination borders, leads and rules, composing sticks, ink roller, two chases, lock, ink stock, furniture, and gallery.

PRINTING OFFICE No. 5.—ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.
Consists:
Press prints 12x18 inches, twenty-five pound font of Pica, twenty-five pounds of Nonpareil, ten fonts of fancy type, two fonts of wood type, seven type cases, combination borders, two composing sticks, two ink rollers, two chases, lock, furniture, ink slab, leads and rules, and gallery.

There is no limit to the number of fonts which may be used to any part of the country without injury. The two last named, in addition to the above, No. 1, 500 pounds; No. 2, 1,000 pounds; No. 3, 1,500 pounds; No. 4, 2,000 pounds; No. 5, 3,000 pounds.

Specimen sheets of type, cuts, &c., sent on receipt of two 3-cent stamps.

TESTIMONIALS.

Head-quarters 99th Regt. N. Y. V., U. S. Barracks, Washington, D. C., October 31st, 1862.
MESSRS. ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, N. Y. City.
GENTLEMEN,—I am free to say that your Press is a combination and thanks for the admirable manner in which the Press Printing Office was fitted up. Several of the Regiment have but done the work of the entire Brigade, Orders, Circulars, Blanks, Envelopes, Receipts, &c., as well as the big of the entire city, public and private. In addition to the above, we have had the pleasure of printing the "New Era," a paper of which ten months has obtained a circulation of eight hundred copies. Your Press is admirably adapted for the field, and obtain a Washington Press, but still your little press and material are in constant use. I have paid for them in full, and do not hesitate to recommend it for regular; so simple that a boy can be the press-work. I have used over 100,000 envelopes, and furthermore in the service to procure one immediately; and, once in his possession, he will be sure to part with his *Quarter-of-a-Century* as its invaluable aid: in fact, it should form part of his knapsack.

I inclose you specimen copies of the "New Era," which was done on stock in the camps of liberty and the restoration of the Union as a great victory. Again reiterating that your Press is a success, and that I am happy to say I have rendered you my thanks, I have the honor to be very truly your invaluable inventor, I remain, Yours, &c.,
Lieut. and Adjt. 99th N. Y. V. RICHARD B. IRWIN.
Quartermaster 99th N. Y. V. M. GEO. W. BRADLEY.

ADAMS PRESS CO.,
GENTLEMEN,—We have used one of your Portable Printing Presses for the last two years, and have in no way better satisfied with it than we expected to be. We use it principally for printing druggists' labels, circulars, &c., and we learned very easily and readily the art of setting type, printing, &c. We can get up a job of any description of labels, in as large or small quantities as we desire, with very little trouble, and in a very short time. We could almost as commend to the business as the most valuable machine in the printing business. Wishing you success with your press, we remain, Yours, &c.,
C. DEXTER & CO., Druggists.
From the Professional Men.
Office of WILLIAM DEAN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Tarrytown, N. Y., Oct. 1st, 1862.
DEAR SIR,—I have had the "Cottage Printing Press" No. 3, which I bought of you about two years ago, in frequent use, and am entirely satisfied with it. I had no difficulty in setting type.
It is exceedingly useful for printing law papers, headings to note paper, business cards, etc. In fact, to lawyer or other business man should be without one. This press is every thing you have represented it to be.
Yours truly, WM. DEAN.
To JOSEPH WATSON, Esq., Agent of ADAMS PRESS Co., 31 Park Row, New York.
ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 31 Park Row, N. Y.

J. H. Winslow & Co.
100,000
Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewelry, Gold Pens, Bracelets, Lockets, Rings, Gent's Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c., &c.
Worth $500,000,
To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without reserve or value, and not to be paid until you know what you are to get. Send for Circular containing full particulars, and a Certificate.
Address J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
198 Broadway, New York.

Attention Masons and Soldiers.
I will send on application, on the receipt of $1, a handsome Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or Plated Vest chain, or a fine Gold Pencil, or a handsome Locket, or Jewelry, or Set of Buttons, or a beautiful set of Jewelry, together with my elegant Circular, by W. A. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, New York.

WEDDING CARDS
Then Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Stationery and Printing Warehouse, 377 Broadway, 2d floor, Established 1840. Gilt Edge Business Cards, 50 cents per hundred, two change.

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Putnam Patent Self-Adjusting CLOTHES-WRINGER. Address PUTNAM PATENT WRINGER CO., 343 Broadway, or C. COFFIN, Treasurer, No. 13 Platt St., New York, and Cincinnati, Ohio.
Agents wanted. Send for circular.

PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY, PRIZE MONEY, &c. procured by SOMES, BROWN, & HUTCHINSON, Attorneys, 7 Wall St., New York. N.B. Uniform stamp for sale.

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"THE CRAIG MICROSCOPE"
Magnifies small objects 1,000 times. Simple that a child may use it. A most suitable present for any person. Price by mail, $2. Address CRAIG MICROSCOPE CO., 24 Beekman Street, New York.

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Just Tribute to Merit.
AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON,
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Duryea's Maizena
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The food and luxury of the rich, is within almost a single fact. Everywhere receive the most emphatic Medal Puddings, Cakes Custards, Blanc Mange, Boiled Rice, Hominy, &c., &c., are made with eggs, at a cost astonishing the most economical. A slight addition of eggs, milk, and a little pastry will make delicious Puff Paste. It is excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meats, &c., &c. For Infants and Invalids nothing equal to Maizena. A little boiled in milk will produce rich Cream for coffee, chocolate, tea, &c. Sold by grocers, druggists, and confectioners. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by all leading druggists everywhere.
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AND
Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street.
WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

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Swords for Presentation, Sashes, Belts, and Epaulettes, Guns, Pistols, and Revolvers.
Every article in the Military Line Wholesale and Retail.
W. J. Syms & Bro.,
200 Broadway, New York.

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Men's Furnishing Goods
IN
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SECOND DOOR FROM BROADWAY, **NEW YORK**
Represented by N. R. MERSEREAU, 2 N. WILLIAM.

F. Derby & Company
Are receiving per steamers from Europe their Fall and Winter supply of
LONDON TRADE GOODS,
GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.
SELECTED BY ONE OF THE FIRM,
With special view to quality, style, and value, which will invite the inspection of gentlemen.
F. DERBY & CO., Importers and Tailors, 32 Walker Street, New York.

To all Wanting Farms.
Large and thriving settlement of Vineland. Rich soil. Good crops of Grain, Fruit, Vegetables, &c., to be seen.—40 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful climate.—30 acres lands of Choice Fruit. Excellent markets. Plenty of Wood. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, Landis Ville, Lancaster Co., Pa., for Circular. Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. for Tribune.
"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an old, most level, position, and suitable condition for planters of farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

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All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at full value, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS No. 74 Broadway. Soldiers charged low rates.



PROFESSOR GREELEY AT SYRACUSE.

"Now, Boys, rub out! Clean your Slates, and write down WADSWORTH AND A HUNDRED THOUSAND MAJORITY. I won't have DIX, and so it ain't no use talking about *him*. I know the State, and I tell you WADSWORTH's the man!"

[Certain events which transpired on the 4th, are said to have rather choken the boys' faith in PROFESSOR GREELY'S prophetic power.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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We give FREE, as a PRESENT to each person who buys 100 of our justly celebrated Packages, a SPLENDID WATCH, warranted as a perfect Time-Keeper. The GREAT NEW UNION PRIZE and STATIONERY PACKAGES, with SOLDIERS' CAMP COMPANION combined, is creating a WONDERFUL SENSATION among Soldiers. It is UNEQUALED in QUANTITY, or QUALITY by any other Package. It contains AUTHENTIC and RELIABLE INFORMATION, which EVERY SOLDIER SHOULD HAVE, with new Union Designs, splendid Steel-cuts of HEROES, rare Pastes, Pens, Pencil-holders, Lead Pencils, Rubbers, Designs, Fashion Plates, GAMES, Hints, Corps SOLDIERS' CAMP COMPANION, containing information as to PAY, RATIONS, CLOTHING, ALLOWANCES, BOUNTIES, PENSIONS, how to obtain them, what they are, &c., RICH GIFTS OF FINE JEWELRY, &c., altogether $1 00 worth of good and useful articles for ONLY 25 cents. Immense profits to Agents. $10 per day made easy. All other Packages are only poor imitations of ours, and are so poor as to be worthless. *Try them first* and you will then send for ours. We sell all our Packages unsorted, that the buyer may see the contents. Our imitators do not do this, as their goods are too poor for inspection. We have the largest Stock of Stationery, and largest variety of Imitation Jewelry, in the UNITED STATES. Sold Wholesale and Retail, New York. Largest and oldest PRIZE Package House in the World.

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12½ AT RETAIL. 12½
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The American Parlor Or Floor Skate, Hard Rubber Rollers, Anti-friction Axles.

Observe, each Skate is labeled with the trade mark.
Also, 10,000 gold "Ladies' and Gents' Ice Skates, comprising all the new and most improved patterns, made from rolled steel and iron hardened; Plain Straps and Leather Goods of every description; Fogg's improved Lever Skate Clamp. 50c. apart for Wholesale. Morse & Co.'s celebrated Skates.

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Suitable for the Holiday trade,
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A full Stock of
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Retailed at wholesale prices. Goods warranted. Send for a circular, giving list of prices and engravings of Pens. Pens repointed on the receipt of 38 cents in P. O. Stamps.
E. S. MORGAN, Manufactory and Office 28 Maiden Lane, New York City.

NOTICE TO AGENTS.—Send immediately for our New circular to these things. WEER & CO., 54 Fourth Third Street, Philadelphia.

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MILLIGAN'S ARMY MESS-KETTLES.
(PATENT APPLIED FOR.)



The most compact and complete arrangement for a mess ever before offered to the army. Weight fifteen pounds. Contains within the space of a cubic foot. Sold by all dealers in Military goods. Price $15. Liberal discount to the trade. Wholesale depot 294 Pearl St., N. Y. Send for circular.
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Pantoscopic Spectacles.



The Patent Pantoscopic Spectacles are recommended by the majority of the public, including the most extraordinary testimonials, as the most perfect assistance to vision by experience. Sold by all respectable dealers throughout the country. Pamphlets containing these testimonials, stating age, can be supplied, price 2d. Sent free. Catalogues sent free by enclosing stamp.
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Counterfeiters Detected!—An Infallible System of detecting "*Counterfeit Currency and Photographic Imitations of Genuine Notes*," recommended by leading Bankers of the U. S. Sent free for 25 cts.
KRUG & CO., N. Y., Perpetrators.

CHINA AND GLASS!

We have now in store a very large stock, and invite an inspection. Prices are low, most of the stock having been imported before the new duty. We have not removed, and have NO BRANCH STORE, but continue our business at 470 Broadway, between Broome and Grand Sts.
DAVIS COLLAMORE & Co.

Dealers save 50 per cent. on our STATIONERY PACKAGES. Send for circular. OPPOSITION PRIZE PACKAGE CO., 128 Nassau Street, New York.

Sleeve & Bosom Studs,

Made from fine ivory, colors white, black, red, purple, and blue, marked any initial in Old English, and mailed free to any address upon receipt of the price, $1 50 full set. Monograms made to order.

UNION ADAMS,
No. 637 Broadway, New York.

BEADS! BEADS!! BEADS!!!
AND FANCY GOODS.
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14 Chambers Street, New York.

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UNION PAPER and ENVELOPES, latest designs. "PRIZE PACKAGES," stationery, jewelry, best and cheapest in the market. Send for NEW Circular.
C. G. HASKINS & CO., 62 Beekman St., New York.

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FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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GENERAL BURNSIDE.

THE portrait of General Burnside, which accompanies these lines, will introduce the reader to the face and figure of one of the most gallant of our soldiers—the Commander of the Army of the Potomac. It is from a photograph by Brady.

Major-General Ambrose Everitt Burnside was born of Scotch parents, at Liberty, Union county, Indiana, on 23d May, 1824, and is consequently in his thirty-ninth year. He entered West Point in 1843, graduated in 1847, eighteenth in a class of 56, and was appointed to the artillery. He accompanied Bragg's Battery throughout the Mexican war, and with it entered the city of Mexico. At the close of the Mexican war Lieutenant Burnside was detailed for duty against the Apaches in New Mexico, and served some two years in frontier warfare. In 1852 he was appointed to the command of Fort Adams, Newport, Rhode Island, and while there he married Miss Bishop of Providence. In 1853 he resigned his rank in the army, and devoted his time and energy to the manufacture of the famous rifle which bears his name. When Buchanan was elected to the Presidency, his Secretary of War, Floyd, agreed with Burnside to arm a large portion of the army with his rifle, and induced him to establish extensive factories for its manufacture. The works were no sooner complete than another gun-maker offered Floyd pecuniary inducements to break his contract with Burnside, who was ruined in consequence. Assigning all his property to his creditors, Burnside came to this city without a dollar, sold his sword and uniform in Chatham Street, and went West in search of employment. He found it in the office of the Illinois Central, where, as soon as his energies and capacity became known, he received a salary of $2000 a year. Of this sum he paid one half regularly to his creditors, until by the help of a timely legacy he was enabled to liquidate his debts in full.

The outbreak of the rebellion found him at work in the office of the Illinois Central at New York. His opinions on the state and prospects of the country had been frankly expressed not only to his friends here, but to the leading citizens of New Orleans, which city he visited in February, 1861. He told the Southerners that they were going to plunge the country into a terrible war, in which they would be crushed; and, like Banks, he constantly strove to impress upon the minds of all Northern friends his belief that the war was no such child's play as Mr. Seward and others wished us to believe. When the call for troops was issued on 15th April, he tendered his services to the Governor of his adopted State—Rhode Island—and was appointed Colonel of the 1st Rhode Island Regiment. At the head of this and other regiments, with the rank of Brigadier-General, he fought, and fought well, at Bull Run. He went later tears that night at the result, which, in his opinion, might have been avoided by better management. On the appointment of General M'Clellan to the Supreme Command, Burnside was appointed Brigadier-General, and was charged with the duty of brigading the new levies as they arrived at Washington. He and M'Clellan were old friends, had served side by side in the office of the Illinois Central, and loved and trusted each other. In November, 1861, General Burnside set sail with his expedition for North Carolina. His brilliant triumphs at Roanoke, Newbern, and Fort Macon are matters of history; they proved him to be not only an able and skilful but a lucky General. His administration of affairs in North Carolina was characterized by judgment and capacity.

After the six days' battles before Richmond, Burnside was summoned to the aid of the Army of the Potomac, and arrived at Newport News with the bulk of his army. He was soon after dispatched to Fredericksburg, and, subsequently to the defeats at Centreville and Bull Run, was given the command of a corps in the Army of the Potomac. He led the advance in the march of that army through Maryland, and at the battle of Antietam commanded at the post of danger—the Bridge. The final charge which carried the Bridge was led by the General in person.

When it was decided to remove General M'Clellan, General Burnside's appointment to the vacant post followed as a matter of course. That he accepted it with reluctance can well be imagined; indeed it is known that he declined it twice. His esteem for General M'Clellan was unbounded. It will always be remembered to his honor that in the dark days of last winter, when every one was complaining of M'Clellan's inactivity, Burnside almost turned the tide by writing a letter in which he generously conceded the credit of his own victories to M'Clellan's plans.

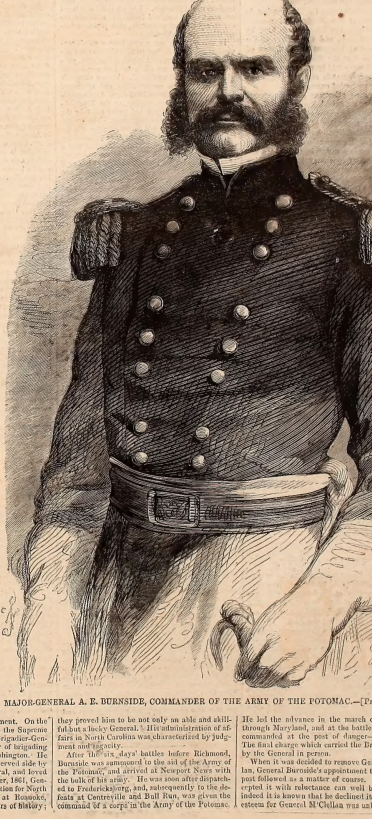
General Burnside, as his portrait shows, is a very handsome man. Tall and stout, with a fine eye and a generous voice, he looks the very *beau-ideal* of a soldier.

It is pleasant to know that Burnside enjoys the utmost confidence and affection of the General whom he replaces. M'Clellan spoke hopefully of him when he heard of his appointment. "Burnside," he said, "is the best and honestest of men. He is no Mr. Pope. He will do a great deal better than you expect." On 8th they were all day closeted together. When he had given him his plans, M'Clellan signified his intention of leaving the field immediately to repost at Trenton, in compliance with the order. Burnside, reluctant to part with him so soon, urged him to remain a little longer—the interest of the country demanded that he should. "Well," said M'Clellan, to some officers around him, "I'll remain just as long as Burn wants me." "No you won't," replied Burnside, "for if you do you will remain with us altogether."

The *Times* correspondent says: "For an hour previous to M'Clellan's departure officers poured into the car in a stream to bid him farewell. Burnside and his aid on the seat together in earnest, confidential intercourse. At length all had gone, and Burnside rose to leave. It was an interesting moment. M'Clellan held out his hand, and Burnside seized it warmly in *both* his. M'Clellan then placed his hand on the shoulder of his brother General, and with a look full of unutterable things spoke a brief parting sentence to him, which is *his* legacy, and not the public's."

Another correspondent says: "Congratulated on his elevation by an acquaintance, Burnside thinly replied, 'That, Sir, is the best thing on which I wish to be congratulated.' When, on Friday, at midnight, the order assigning him to the command was brought from Washington in his deeply inswed, and going over immediately to General M'Clellan's headquarters, they sat up together in consultation during the whole night. This morning early I saw him walking up and down the balcony of the hotel which he makes his head-quarters in an abstracted, distraught condition, seemingly overwhelmed by the weight of responsibility resting upon him."

General Burnside is in command of the largest and finest army ever raised in America. We believe it to be an estimate of the numbers, but we may say that there are very few battle-fields in the world on which so large an army could be drawn up in line of battle. Perhaps Napoleon fought the battle of Solferino with fewer men. This great army has recently been subdivided into three grand divisions, namely: *Right Grand Division*, commanded by Gen. Edwin V. Sumner, consisting of the second and ninth corps, previously commanded by Generals Sumner and Burnside; *Left Grand Division*, commanded by General William B. Franklin, consisting of the first and sixth corps, previously commanded by Generals Hooker and Franklin; *the Centre Grand Division*, commanded by Major-General Joseph Hooker, consisting of the third and fifth corps, also commanded by Generals Heintzelman and Fitz John



MAJOR-GENERAL A. E. BURNSIDE, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Porter. The eleventh corps, with such other troops as may be hereafter attached to it, is to constitute the reserve under General Sigel. This disposes of all the twelve corps of the Army of the Potomac. Dix, in Virginia, commands the seventh corps; Schenck commands the eighth corps in Maryland; Brannan, vice Mitchell, deceased, commands the tenth, in South Carolina; and the twelfth, we presume, will be left at Washington for the defense of the Capital. There is a rumor that Heintzelman with this corps may be detached on an independent service. But of this the public will know nothing until the work is done.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

☞ THE SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS OF MRS. WILKIE COLLINS'S new story now in course of publication in HARPER'S WEEKLY, are the most elaborate and beautiful ever made in connection with any American novel. The first movement toward Richmond, under M'Dowell, was by way of Bull Run. The second, under M'Clellan, was by way of the Peninsula. The third, under Burnside, will be by way of Aquia Creek and Fredericksburg.

The advantages of this road are so obvious that non-military observers have not been able to explain why it has never been used. It was tempted by our generals. In the first place, a railroad runs all the way from Aquia Creek to Richmond, a distance of sixty miles; and though the rebels may, and, of course, will, tear up the iron and burn the ties, they can not destroy the ground, hard road-bed which, and this is what is wanted for the transportation of artillery and stores. Next, there are very few creeks of any consequence between the Rappahannock and the James on the line of this route, and only two rivers, the North and South Anna, which will put even serious obstacles in an army as well provided as ours. The country traversed by the Aquia Creek Railway has not been desolated by the war, and provisions can be obtained by the army, especially forage for the cattle. At this season of the year Spotsylvania, Caroline, and Hanover counties, in which the campaigning will probably be done, are healthy, possessing in this respect a remarkable advantage over the country south of the James.

When we advance on Richmond from Aquia Creek, Fredericksburg will of course be the chief depôt of supplies for our army. This town is some fifty-five miles from Richmond, and it is clear at a glance that, as the army nears and reaches the rebel capital, our supply-trains will be exposed to cavalry raids. It is impossible even for our army as large as Burnside's to protect a line fifty miles long, and preserve at the same time an adequate operating force in front. Stuart will undoubtedly be able to ride around the army of the Potomac again. But if Burnside moves as swiftly as Napoleon would have moved, these raids will be of no more importance than the burning of whalers by the *Alabama*. While Stuart is burning supply-trains, Burnside will be taking Richmond. If he has an army encamped and motionless which fears cavalry raids.

The indications are, moreover, that the main attack on Richmond from the North will be assisted by demonstrations from another quarter. We notice that the Richmond papers and *Harper's Weekly* by some means or other, and we are therefore unwilling to reveal any thing which may not be a secret. But if Stuart has thrown the whole of his army to the north of Richmond to oppose Burnside, he may find his capital stolen by a sudden coup de main from another quarter. Our enormous army is beginning to tell at last. Perhaps the auxiliary force which will be stationed with the object of keeping up a counter-attraction in the interest of Burnside may not be numerically inferior to the army which M'Clellan commanded at Harrison's Landing.

In the mean time General Sigel remains at the Blue Ridge watching Jackson. That officer can not withdraw himself by dashing movements and daring strategem, all who know the history of that brilliant soldier will expect. But he will find his match in the cool, wary, and active officer whom the President has set against him. We have all, or nearly, the gaps in the Blue Ridge; one or two perhaps may have been purposely left unguarded in order to tempt Jackson through; but the probability is that he will detect the trap, and will either try to cross the Potomac into Maryland, or will fall back by way of Staunton. In neither case is Sigel likely to allow him to do more than give fresh proofs of unavailing valor and dash.

Time presses. More than half of November is gone. In a month we shall again begin to have our ears drained with the sickening old cry of mud, mud, mud! Let us hope and pray that our gallant Burnside will realize the vital urgency of the case, and will not lose a day or an hour in pushing forward in any and all manner. Delays are now as fatal as defeats. If we do not take Richmond before Christmas the Army of the Potomac will lose more men from disease in their winter-quarters than have perished in the bloodiest battle of the war.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

IRRESPECTIVE broils are always accompanied by foreign complications. Nations, like corporations, are soulless and selfish; they generally take advantage of their rivals' troubles to assail them. A couple of years ago no European nation cared to join issue with this country. Now that we are in trouble France, Spain, and England are all quarreling with us.

France claims from us the liberation of one Charles Heidsieck, a Champagne maker by trade, who, after the genius of M. Thurlow Weed, secured to act as bar-keeper on board the steamer which was permitted by General Butler to run to Mobile, and in that capacity came to grief by spy and mail carrier; for which crime he was very properly sent to Fort Pickens by General Butler. The French further claim indemnity from the United States for punishment inflicted by General Butler upon other Frenchmen resident at New Orleans, Frenchmen and offensive sympathizers with the rebellion.

Spain claims indemnity for the burning in Spanish waters of the rebel privateer *Jefferson Davis*. In fact, the *Blanche* was fired by her Anglo-rebel *cruiser*, and the officers of the *Montgomery* are in innocence of the Queen of Spain's flag. But the Spanish Government relies upon the story told by rebel sympathizers in Havana, and demands heavy damages for this and other pretended outrages.

England has no grievance at the moment. But a number of the British Parliament—Lord by name—is building war-vessels for the rebels at Birkenhead; a member of the British Government—Mr. Gladstone—has been publicly made by Mr. Laird, congratulate Jeff Davis on his having "made a navy" as well as "a nation;" the leading organ of the Government has spoken over the destruction of American shipping by the British steamer *Alabama*; and the Governors of the British colonies of the Bahamas and Bermuda, regardless of their obligations, feign enemies of our country may contrive we can only, as the boys say, grin and bear it. We are a young nation, and we have a long life before us.

If, therefore, France insists on reparation for the eminently just and proper arrest of the spy Heidsieck, and for the other equally legitimate acts inflicted on other French rebel sympathizers at New Orleans, we must grant it. If Spain will not listen to reason, but persists in paying for and pay for the steamer which Anglo-rebels burned in Spanish waters on the coast of Havana, we must pay, although the burning of every American boils at the scoundrelly conduct of the Englishmen who are building pirate ships to prey upon our commerce, and of the Anglo-Canadians in high station who encourage and abet the pirates in their infamy, yet still we have no choice but to bear it all patiently. We can only fight for pope and the rebels together. We must square accounts with the latter first. Then we may have leisure to deal with foreigners.

THE PUBLIC CREDIT.

On 10th Mr. Chase asked the public to subscribe for $13,000,000 of 7.30 notes. On 17th the bids were opened at Washington; the total amount of bids was about $23,000,000 was called for, and the rate of premium offered by the successful bidders was over 3 per cent. We believe this premium to be the highest ever made by a nation plunged into a desperate war with "varying fortunes and seemingly unfortunate results." When the Secretary of State Cobb, in the last year of his employment as Secretary of the Treasury, called for a loan of ten millions he could not get it. Mr. Chase himself, when he first assumed the management of the Department, could not negotiate a loan without strenuous exertions by patriotic bankers. Now, when he asks for money, the public offer him twice as much as he wants, and agree to take his Treasury Notes at a premium. This it appears that, notwithstanding all that has been said about mismanagement and the depreciation of the public credit, people have some faith yet both in the nation's solvency and the Treasury Department.

Our foreign friends will say, of course, that the loan was taken eagerly simply because it was asked for in the "depreciated currency," which the public wanted to get rid of. The best answer to this is the simple fact that in the three cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, the bankers who advanced $12,000,000 on account of this loan could not scrape together that amount of the "depreciated currency," and that they had to send to almost every Northern city to procure the requisite number of notes. The currency may be depreciated, perhaps; but it is certainly very scarce.

THE LOUNGER.

NATURAL PARTIES.

MEN are instinctively partisans upon the right or the wrong side of every question. We may act instinctively, because all great parties are but imposing manifestations of private convictions and bent of nature. Thus a man is by nature, so to speak, Catholic or Protestant. It is not education and habit alone that make him so; but he naturally leans upon external positive authority, upon precedents, and the result of experience; or he is naturally independent of others, self-reliant, has faith in enough salt in men to save them, believes in the future, and eagerly seeks to meet it. If he is of the first kind he is a Catholic in Romish countries, and conservatively orthodox in Protestant. He is of the latter, always and everywhere Protestant. His hands and feet, even his mouth, may conform under pressure to the rule; but his heart and brain are stout dissenters, and hospitably entertain every thought, every movement, that promises better things for the future.

In this way you can reason from a man's convictions upon one subject to his opinions upon another. So you can reason upon question and, politic or private, but we all know how our friends will range themselves at will. We are naturally Whigs and Tories, conservatives and reformers. There is always a chance in change. Consequently the theory of Conservatism, or the Establishment, always is, that you had better not take the chance for fear of worse things. But the ground of Reform is, that you had better take the risk for hope of the result. It is not fair to judge either Conservatism or Reform. Lord Macaulay was a Conservative, and John Wilson was a Reformer. If you look on Reform as you will choose to rank with Macaulay. But then there was a Tory, and Lord Somers was a Whig. Will you be Whig or Tory? Is his our wish? Then you will go to Somers's Creed is a "Conservative," and Joseph Hall or "Radical." Which compunction do you select?

It is just like this with the merits of a cause from its supporters, because men may espouse the best causes, as they do the worst, without seeing the best reasons. But it is still true that men have a natural sympathy with one or the other side of every question. If Te Tarquin were living to-day there would be no doubt what opinion he would hold of this rebellion. Certainly he was neither a typical Whig nor Tory. He had no such perception and too much imagination not to feel the reasons and the charm of the established order. But he had too much faith and wisdom not to desire its constant modification. He blended his excellences with their dispositions. He leaned to Reform. Macaulay, on the other hand, was a much more refined Tarquin than Don Tarquinius. But he had less conviction, less intrinsic faith in men and justice, and he consequently leaned to conservatism. If these two men could express themselves upon our struggle, undoubtedly Macaulay would stand with Gladstone and Du Chesnevelle and Lord Robert Mill.

This truth of natural affinity is constantly illustrated in our own experience. Here is always one party in the country which is a kind of King and Lazzaroni party. We all know that the greatest mass of the ignorant and base, of the vicious and of the cynical and indifferent, of the skeptical and designing, will be found in it. There will always be many splendid exceptions. But, meeting a man of either of these classes, you may be very sure that he is a man who belongs to that party. There is always another party composed mainly of nether extremes, but made up of the great mass of the intelligent, honest, industrious, who have much faith, much enthusiasm, much independence, and even their fanaticism is generous, in the long run, be the minority party of the country. There will be plenty of corrupt men acting with it for various reasons, but the principles of the party will be just, elevating, and humane. And whatever be the name or history of the parties which at any time divide the country may be, when they all dissolve upon any emergency they range with with others in something according to this law. The men, the designing, the ignorant, the base, the cynical, the timid, the skeptical, will always range new names for the same old purpose, while the force of the moral character of the country will be drawn against them.

Whatever, therefore, may be the personal character of individuals of any party, it must and will be judged historically by its tendency, by its conduct, by the average character of those who support it, by the principles which it avows, by the arguments to which it appeals. In all history there have been really but two parties—that of equity, rights and liberty, and that of might—the people or a true democracy, and that of classes and races or a true aristocracy. There were and are no others in other countries; there have been and are no others here.

RICHARD COBDEN.

IT is curious and interesting to observe how the law of which we have just spoken operates in the distribution of the sympathy of representative foreigners in our rebellion. The latest illustration is that of Richard Cobden. He is a man who compels respect not only by his character and powers, but by his personal bearing. He is not hood-winked by any assumptions or sophistries. He puts people in mental terror by his face. He clubbed Lord Palmerston to open Parliament with the most tremendous statistics; and by actual figures and extracts from French reports, showed in a trenchant pamphlet, which charged in upon Lord Palmerston's loose talk like a rustled knight upon a flock of sheep, that he had for his own purposes scared England by the fear of a French invasion which was totally groundless, and which was known in England, at least, whom Lord Palmerston can not bully nor Lord Russell cozen.

Mr. Cobden has lately made two speeches. The first was a consideration of the present state of American affairs and of the imperial secretary to Great Britain of some change. But the very force and truth of his argument, based upon the dependence of that Power upon others, will embolden those others to accede to any radical change. In that speech he incidentally mentions the appalling poverty into which Lancashire has already fallen, and in which the poor population must sink still lower by Christmas, unless the Northern will be at liberty to let cotton purposes to be cared for, so that, in his opinion, Parliament will have to make special provision.

"Of course, then, said defendant out her lover at a wicked fratricidal war waged for power against a brave people, struggling for themselves and for the rights of man against an intolerable tyranny —a war which Mr. Commissioner Mason expressly says will not suppress the spirit of liberty or tyranny—will compel us to interfere!" shouts John Bull, impatiently.

By no means, returns Mr. Cobden. It would cost England more to interfere for six months than to feed her starving workmen for two years. And besides that, it would not bring forward cotton. Moreover, if you ask me, he says, what I think of this war, I tell you frankly that I pretend to see into a millstone, as Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone are always gravely doing. But see if I did, I should not see what they do. If the war should end soon, I don't believe it would result in separation. And why, pray, are you so eager for dictation in America while you there so lustily for union in Italy? If it is all right to make a Union in Italy against the established Government, why is it all wrong for an established Union to maintain itself in America?

Mr. Cobden fully understands the fact that with us Union is identical with nation. He has travelled in this country for years, and very open, and he knows the necessity of Union. He doubtless perceives that that necessity is overmastering and controlling consideration of the war. He knows, as most thoughtful men here acknowledge, that even slavery will go hence that Union; and that if there are many who hesitate about the President's Proclamation, it is because the honest fear that it may endanger the cause of Union generally. They think that the Union can be saved without it, and that the Union is more important than slavery; that slavery is not necessary to the Union, and when they see that, on the contrary, it is threatening its life and endangering the cause, Mr. Cobden cried when the full force of the Austrian and Papal power was in the scales against Italy. But, with precipers upon each side—"In the name of the Holy Trinity, cut all loose!"—and down came the swords and axes, and wicked priests and men to the enemy, utterly consuming them.

Mr. Cobden probably saw that, despite the educated hostility of the upper classes toward the rest of the country, the cardinal necessity of any great national movement here was Union. That is an insight gained by actual contact. The other English orators, Palmerston, Russell, Gladstone, and the rest, speculate abstractly. They can not see why it would not be just as well for us to cover the continent with a happy family of savers by the Mississippi, as boundless contiguity of San Marinese. Mr. Gladstone alone, apparently, believes that we are strangely and wickedly split, that the strongest instinct of the American people is for Union—stronger even than for Liberty.

AT NIBLO'S

THE curtain falls upon the mute and pathetic parting of Jeannette and Jeannot, the children with yellow hoops. The curtain hums quickly the plaintive melody of the finale and remember other days. The great audience rustles and murmurs, and the programme is consulted to know for which Niblo's is immemorially famous, is once more rolled together. Smoke is humming and scudding and rushing and scraping behind the drop. The huge curtain itself is bulged forward. There is a noise and sound of tension of preparation, and the complacent curiosity of the children becomes intense in the front of the orchestra-chairs.

At last the criminal delay of the orchestra is stooed for by the beginning of the music. The curtain rises on a brilliant scene of fairy splendor with wooden horses of various heights, which they begin to plant along the middle aisle of the parquet up to the stage. They do them carefully together, lay long their elastic floorings between them, and finally unroll enormous mattresses upon them covering them with dark woolen cloth; so that there is now a carpeted and mattressed platform from the stage to the orchestra, close to the rear of the stage. Then for the first time you observe a little fellow in the centre of the parquet of the second tier, upon which stands a stool; and to this a ladder is raised at the end of the long platform by a perfect attendant.

Every thing is ready. The music plays on. The murmur of the audience subsides. The bright little eyes are strained toward every point of the stage; and then suddenly from the side scene emerges the stout form of Gabriel Ravel—himself an institution of New York amusement—leading by the hand a very small, tiny child, the grandchild of the Ravels, John Haslen, called "Little America." The figure of the child is that of a young athlete, not Ganymede the cup-bearer, nor Oberon

the fairy king; but strong, round, muscularly firm, compact, and energetic as a young Ajax. He makes his entrance with four of sixteen-pounder rest to each side of the house, then touches Gabriel's shoulder and alights upon the platform. Advancing to the point over the edge of the stage he bows again; then steps rapidly along to the ladder, mounts it, and stands upon the stout in front of the balcony of the second tier.

Do you observe, then, the trapezes hanging from the high dim roof of the theatre, the ropes with which the cross-pieces; and can you, through your glass, see the marvelous breadth of the child's hands? There is a little bar-trapeze which you can just grasp at the height, and see the mattresses, suggestive of falling, and the look at the other trapeze, the flying boy. But here is Gabriel trying each trapeze to be sure that it hangs firm and true, and now he stands facing the boy and swinging from the first one, which the boy catches, and, grasping stoutly with both hands, begins to swing. Gabriel does second ready. He nods; he draws it back; it swings far forward. Once, and the boy sees the range. Twice, and hoisting his body upward he launches himself upon mid air, as smoothly, noiselessly, and perfectly as a swan launches itself upon the water, he shoots from shore. He catches the second, the third, and so with effortless grace swings from out to and of the vast space, leaving upon your mind the impression of a long reach of exquisitely swaying waves. From that moment the little aerial genius is at home. He turns from one to another, he hangs by his feet, he folds his body over the bar of the trapeze, and sits as unconcernedly in the air and alights upon the swinging bar; he vaults backward and descends upon the platform, hanging over the edge of it, and climbs to his place again, and once more sweeps forward into space and reverses and darts rapidly amidst the study of swaying of the ropes. You fear for him no more than for white doves tumbling and soaring in the air. The whole scene is one of smooth, and noiseless. It has the effect of exquisite music. It is the utmost triumph of skill.

This wonderful little Ajax is a boy of fourteen by birth, but from his tenderest years has been trained by Gabriel for his art. He is a pupil of well-mannered boy, whom you can not think of as devoted to this career without sympathy and compassion, but whom you can not see in training without admiration. For a performance so perfect that it destroys all sense of peril, while it inspires new wonder for the capacity of the human frame.

BURNSIDE REBUKING PARTY-SPIRIT.

We all know that General Burnside is in politics. We all believe that our own men are the best men, and our own way the best way. But this is a tendency which in its dangerous form is unlike the circumstances in which we are now placed. You may prefer the golden path of peace to the rough summit of Mont Blanc and I another. But we can not stop long to quarrel about them. We must do our best to get to the best, between the two, and help and push on. If you know the guide does not know the way, or is not strong enough to stand the work, you may give up Mont Blanc and choose. But to give it up and dismiss the guide you have, because you think of another and better to take the other, is never to reach the top of the mountain and to stay a great fool in the valley.

Vehement party-spirit is always a thing disheartening and dangerous. Have the people of this country taken up arms to exalt Seward, or Fremont or Blair, or M'Clellan, or are they in Virginia and the West to save their government and the civil liberty of which it is the guarantee? Is it the feeling for any General superseded devotion to the cause and the country? Would any man break his sword because Fremont was one great and noble and conspicuous character and service, but upon party-spirit.

The dignity and spirit of General Burnside in dealing with an individual case of this kind is recorded in his lasting honor. Upon the retreat of M'Clellan a young Rhode Island officer—and it is the first blot upon the story of that noble State in this war—said that "After this we may as well give up and acknowledge the rebels." General Burnside sent for him and charged him with the remark. The officer confessed it, and urged that he said more than he meant. "You have now an opportunity to retract it," said Burnside; "but if I were not personally acquainted with your antecedents and loyalty you would be instantly dismissed." Neither you nor any other officer, high or low, can utter such sentiments and remain in this army." The officer made a most ample apology. The General showed that he perfectly understands his position.

WITHIN THE REBEL LINES.

THE war has occasioned no more interesting work than the one to which the following article alluded—"Thirteen Months in the Rebel Army." It is a short and simple story of a New Yorker who was imprisoned into the rebel army, and who served with his eyes and mind open. If it could be read by every man in the loyal part of the country it would inspire such resolution in the defense of the Government that the world would see what it has not yet seen—that this nation means to save its own life by the annihilation of the conspiracy against it.

There is one thing which the author mentions, and of which we have often spoken. It is an evil which becomes every day, and which all faithful citizens should do their best to withstand. This evil is the furnishing information to the enemy under the guise of giving news. The papers of yesterday and to-day, for instance, are filled with important intelligence for the enemy. If the Government can not remedy the difficulty, why does not the loyalty of individual editors prevent it?

Hear what the author, who has been thirteen months within the rebel lines, says:

"I may here state that the Confederate authorities have complete control of the press, so that nothing is ever allowed to appear in print which can give information to the North or dishearten their own men. In this it appears to me that they have an unpardonable advantage over the North, with its numberless papers and hundreds of correspondents in the army alone. Under such a system it is an absolute impossibility to conceal the movements of the army. With what the correspondents tell and scatties, and what the Confederates find out through spies and informers of various kinds, they are able to see through many of the plans of the Union forces before they are put in execution. No more common remark did I hear than this, so often were reading the Northern papers: 'do what foolt these Yankees are! General A——— has left Acquia for Gordonsville. We will cut him off. The Northern Generals or the Secretary of War tolerate the freedom of news for an object. Unfortunately for my duty I learned since coming North has contained information either by direct statement or implication which the enemy can profit by.... Sure am I that if a Southern paper would publish information of their movements as do the Northern papers, the editor's head would not be safe an hour.

The destitutency of this work to the desperate hatred of the rebellious section toward the country is most valuable:

"The force of public opinion in Selma was such that no man else to fight could remain there. The unmarried ladies were so patriotic that every able-bodied young man was constrained to enlist. Some months previous to this gentleman's arrival there he engaged for an early marriage, and hence declined to volunteer. When his betrothed, a charming girl and a devoted lover, heard of his refusal, she sent him, by the hand of a slave, a petticoat, inclosing a note. The package contained a lady's skirt and crinoline, and the note these terse words: 'Wear these or volunteer.' He volunteered."

Contemptible as this spirit, which is universal and not exceptional, the author vehemently exclaims:

"When will the North wake up to a true and manly patriotism in the defense of their national flag, now threatened by the base group of their traitorous rebellion?.... The North is asleep, and it will become the step of death —national death—if a new spirit be not speedily awaked."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SCENE AT THE SESSIONS.

BROOKER (*to prisoner*). "How do you live?"

PRISONER. "Only partridges, as the owner said when they asked whether he'd be roasted or fried."

RECORDER. "We don't want to hear what the oyster said. What do you follow?"

PRISONER. "Principally that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when he ran over a man."

RECORDER. "That's nothing about the locomotive. What is your business?"

PRISONER. "Various, various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken."

RECORDER. "That comes nearer to the line, I suppose?"

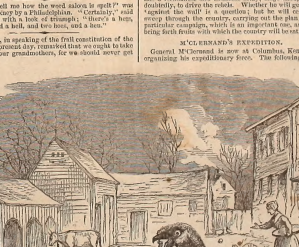
PRISONER. "A little near in my line, as the rope said when cleaning the bell."

RECORDER. "If I hear any more of your nonsense I'll give you twelve months."

PRISONER. "I'm done, as the beef-steak said to the cook."

"Can you tell me how the wood saloon is spelt?" was asked of a Cockney by a fellow-traveller. "Certainly," said the Londoner, with a look of triumph; "there's a hen, and a hay, and a hell, and two hesses, and a hess."

A physician, in speaking of the frail constitution of the women of the present day, remarked that we ought to take great care of our grandmothers, for we should never get any more.



MR. GOBBLER.—"Ain't you going to eat any thing?"
MRS. GOBBLER.—"No, I ain't going to fatten myself up for other people's benefit!"
MR. GOBBLER (*aside*).—"Good, you're only injuring yourself, you'll be sold for 12 cents a pound, that's all. But I see what will be the end of you—you'll be eaten in a boarding-house, that's what you'll come to."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

THE following General Order has been issued respecting the observance of the Sabbath day in the army and navy:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Nov. 14, 1862.

The President, commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath day by officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed day of rest; the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors; a becoming deference to the best sentiments of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, or the cause they defend be imperiled by the profanation of the day or the name of the Most High. At the time of the battle of Antietam, on the week of Washington's birth, "Men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country without violating the Sabbath by needless labor or secular business." The first General Order issued by the Father of his Country after the Declaration of Independence inculcates the religious duties of the camp or battle-field, and should ever be defended: "The General hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and privileges of his country."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE Army of the Potomac is moving from its encampments between Warrenton toward Fredericksburg, sixty miles from Richmond. The line of march—as taken up on Friday, 10th, Warrenton was occupied on 11th, and General Sumner's corps on the extreme right—is as follows:

The line of supplies will be to Aquia Creek, which is only a few miles from Fredericksburg, and connected with it by a railroad.

THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Our advices from the southwest indicate the likelihood that a battle with the Texan Gen. between the national forces under General Grant and the rebels lately at Holly Springs, is imminent, and perhaps will be fought by the time this reaches the public. A dispatch, dated the 14th, states that five regiments of cavalry were advanced on the previous evening from Lamplin's Mills to within two miles of Holly Springs, and that the whole force of Washburn and Hatchie, during which the rebels had cut their bridges and destroyed the railroad for miles. The rebels, under General Pemberton, are said to be but little inferior in number to those from Holly Springs whither a battle may be regarded as inevitable. The rebels are in danger of being hemmed in, doubtless, to drive the rebels. Whether he will get them together, the result is a question; but he will probably sweep through the country, carrying out the plan of this particular campaign, which is an important one, and profiting forth fruits with which the country will be satisfied.

M'CLELLAN'S EXPEDITION.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN is now at Columbus, Kentucky, organizing his expeditionary force. The following Indiana regiments have either arrived at or are on the ——— Ohio to join General M'Clernand's "Custer Oil Expedition" to Memphis: Eighty-fifth, Eighty-eighth, Eighty-ninth, Ninety-seventh, Ninety-ninth, and One Hundredth. The Eighty-fourth, Colonel Mansfield, and the Ninety-third, Colonel Williams, will leave in a day or two for Columbus, and the old star forts part of the same expeditionary force.

THE UNION ARMY.

THE Union forces, consisting now of over seven hundred thousand men, are distributed as follows: Under the command of General Banks, in the valley of the Potomac, assisted by Hunterdown and Sigel, is the corps of General Fremont, which is to be augmented by the troops of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad; General Peck and General Foster will look after the Southern Atlantic coast-line of Richmond. General Banks and General Hooker are to be the right wing of the army, and will be held by the rebels; General Rosecrans is moving through Central Tennessee; General Granger through Kentucky. General Grant into Mississippi; General Schofield defends Missouri, and General Curtis is in the valley of the Mississippi river; and General M'Connell will soon be on his way from the Mississippi River.

THE BATTLE OF LABADIEVILLE.

WE have full details of the expedition under command of General Weitzel, for the capture of Labadieville, which is considered important as a place of supplies. It was and defeated them after a brisk fight and a brilliant display of generalship on the part of General Weitzel. Two days of two hundred of the enemy were killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, and one piece of artillery was captured. The rebels were pursued in the direction of Derwick's Bay where Commander Morris was stationed to meet them.

THE TEXAN COAST IN OUR POSSESSION.

THE officers of the gun-boat *Connecticut* report that the entire coast of Texas is now in possession of the United States forces. The effect of the occupation is seen in the fact that the rebels are removing their cotton hastily to Port the Rebels' Cumberland trade, through Texas ports, is now effectually cut off.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF TEXAS.

HON. A. J. HAMILTON has been appointed Military Governor of Texas.

AFFAIRS AT RICHMOND.

THE General in Chief has received correspondence says that General Lee is about to go into winter-quarters between the Rapidan and Rappahannock, and that his policy is represented as frightful. We are told that "certain persons" have been endeavoring to get Mr. Benjamin dismissed, and all manner of villainy are on the increase most terrible. Gen. Lee is said to be very much disheartened by the situation of affairs, and it is said here, in spite of the largest mills in the world, and the most extensive gun-foundry in the world, that Richmond is worse than starving now. Gen Beauregard is now at Charleston, and it is said that Gen Bullitzer was often Winter Harris was the Widow of the Rev. Dr. Fry, of New York, and has been for a long time a resident of Richmond. The Richmond streets after nightfall without cost. A large and well-organized gang of ruffians has taken the town." They lie in wait at almost all hours, and with the most cruel and fiendish ingenuity, and all the other devilish implements of mischief, for the purpose of highwaymen to obtain the victims; and they attack every body that walks alone, often in the most populous and crowded streets.

GOVERNOR VANCE A REBEL.

THE correspondence between Governor Vance (Rebel) and Governor Stanly (Union), of North Carolina, relative to a flag of truce proposed by Governor Vance, has thrown an unfavorable termination. According to latest accounts Governor Vance declines any meeting with the loyal Governor Stanly. He also declines a conference of Commissioners with Governor Stanly, and says that the rebellion will fight to the last drop of blood, and refers Governor Stanly to the Richmond papers for information. It is true directly with the Confederate authorities at Richmond. Governor Vance is a rebel, and has no power to treat with a regiment with North Carolina, as far as Governor Vance's influence in that State reaches.

BRAGG DISGUSTED.

GENERAL Bragg, in his official report to the Confederate Government, says that the people of Tennessee joined him in large numbers in that State; that the people hesitated to take Confederate scrip when they had the gold-bearing Union prices for supplies.

A SPEECH FROM M'CLELLAN.

"To a crowd who waited upon him at Trenton, on 13th, General M'Clellan said:

"Mr Friends—for I feel that you are all my friends—and third friends, you see, not as a matter of fact, but as a politician, but as a soldier. I came among you to ask you to stand by me in the coming struggle for the principles received nothing but kindness. Although I appear before you as a soldier, I am not a soldier. I appear unaccustomed with your history. Your gallant soldiers were with me on many battle-fields on the day of victory and the battle of Antietam, and here I bear witness to their gallantry and devotion to the cause. I thank you for the opportunity that the General has given me [a few moments]. I also have to speak of the ever faithful, ever true Trenton. I thank you for the many proofs you have given their lives for the maintenance of our government, and I thank you boldly my own right. I have this piece of advice to give you: While the army is fighting, you as citizens of the State are required for the preservation of the Union and the Constitution, for your nationality and your rights at stake."

ARREST OF MEMBERS OF M'CLELLAN'S STAFF.

THE members of General M'Clellan's Staff—Lieutenant-Colonels Key and Colburn, and Lieutenant Colonel Lagrone Corps.—on 13th, sent to Washington, from Trenton, New Jersey, by Gen. Dix, under arrest, for the purpose of stating their knowledge of the conduct of the late campaign, and consequently had no right to leave their places in the army in accompany General M'Clellan to Trenton.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ENGLISHMEN IN THE PRIVATE RANKS.

THE London *Times* of November 6 denies that any blame can attach to the English Government relative to the fitting out of the rebel pirate-ship *Alabama*. It is England, the *Times* says, does not wish to be at war with us, but her shipyards are open to all," and she sells the "component parts" of vessels "to all customers."

A SPEECH FROM MR. COBDEN.

MR. Cobden, M.P., has addressed an important speech to his constituents at Rochdale. In it he strongly condemns the idea of English intervention in the American war. He said that such a movement on the part of the Cabinet would do injury instead of good, and would not help our cotton; a war with the North was certain to ensue, and this struggle would cost Great Britain more money in six months than the world had all the Southern Confederate operations for ten years.

CARNOTTUS FOR THE REBELS.

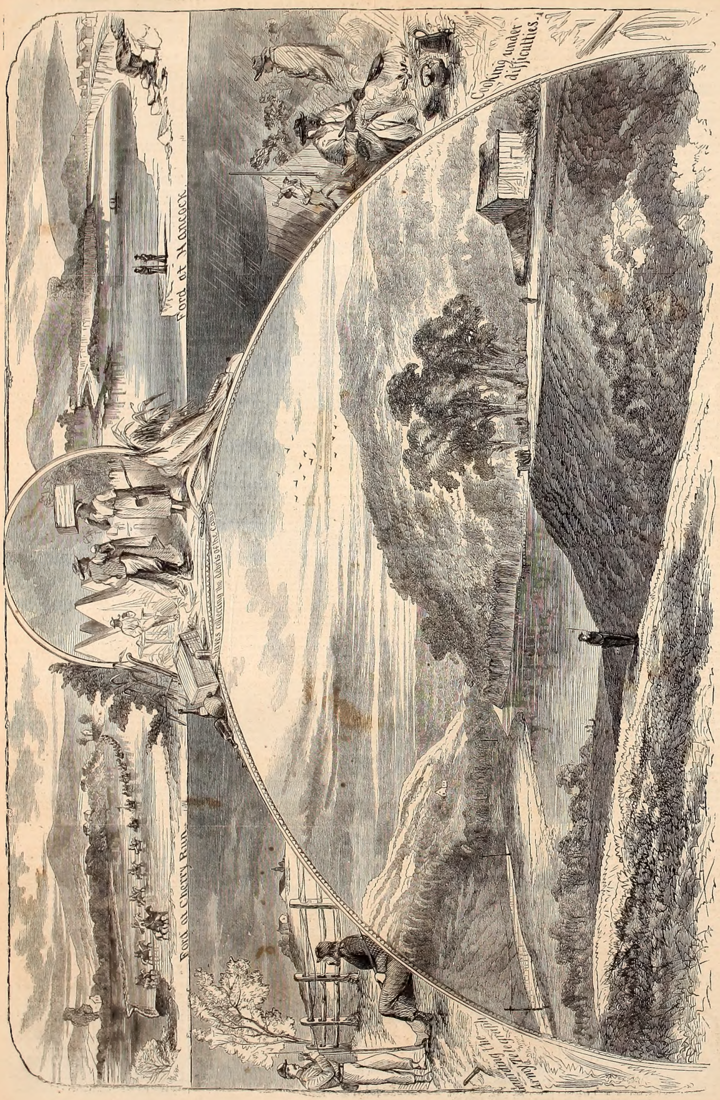
THE famous bathing club of Cambridge University (the Union debating society) has overrun with rebel sympathizers. The question was put thus: "That the Cause of the North in the War is Not a Righteous Progress." The proposition was negatived by a vote of one hundred and seventeen to thirty-three.—Lord Russell's silence on speaking with the majority against it.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI COMING HERE.

THE *Independance Belge* of the 10th October, writing concerning Garibaldi, says that he has full confidence in the successful results of his medical treatment. He has been ordered to Liverpool for a short time, and thence proceed direct to America.

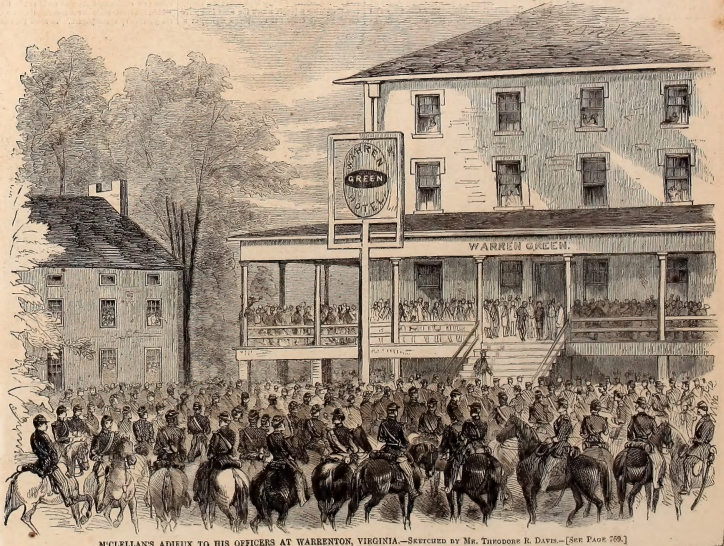
Several of his officers have already left for New York.



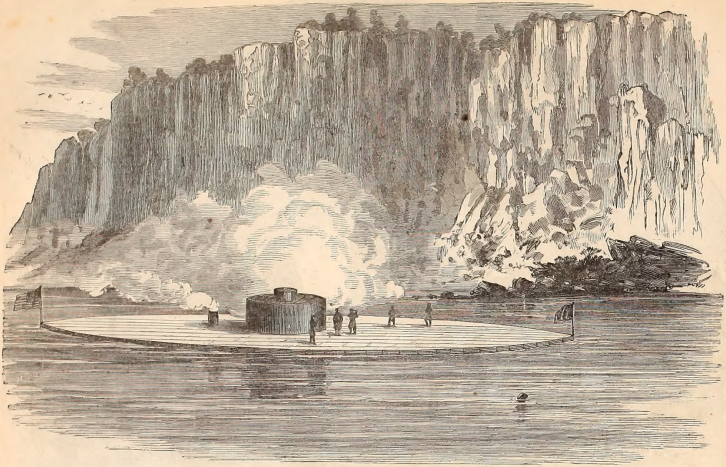
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THOROUGHFARE GAP.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 759.]



WARRENTON, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 760.]



M'CLELLAN'S ADIEUX TO HIS OFFICERS AT WARRENTON, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 760.]



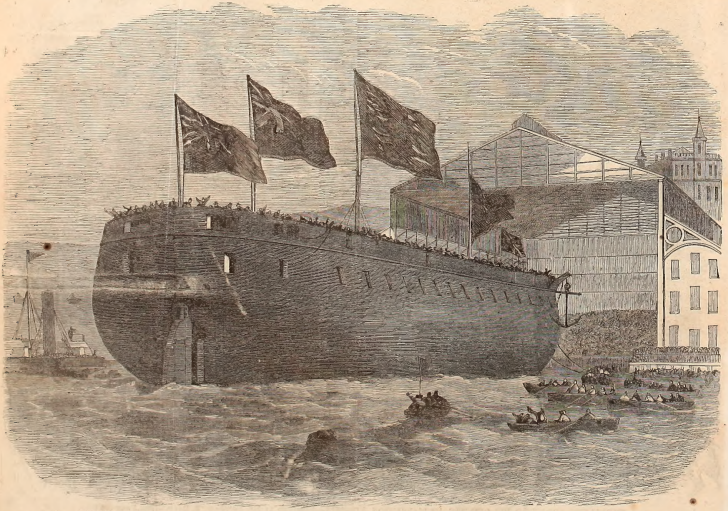
THE "PASSAIC" TRYING HER LARGE GUN AT THE PALISADES, NOVEMBER 15, 1862.

IRON-CLADS.

We publish herewith, by way of contrast, the launch of the British IRON-CLAD "CALEDONIA," which took place at Woolwich Dock-yard on 24th October last; and likewise a picture of the experiment made on Saturday, November 15, with the great gun of the "PASSAIC," in the Hudson River.

The *Caledonia* was commenced in the year 1850 as a 90-gun wooden ship. After the battle of the *Merrimac* and *Cumberland* the British Admiralty abandoned the construction of wooden vessels, and the *Caledonia* was altered to become an iron-clad 34-gun vessel. She is 275 feet long, 60 feet beam, 26 feet hold, and 4125 tons. She is to carry two 110-pound Armstrong guns on the upper deck; on the main deck eight 110-pound Armstrongs and twenty-four 68-pounders. Her masts and bowsprit are to be of iron; and the hull of the vessel above the water-line, and for a short distance below it, is to be plated with 4½ inch iron. It will be seen that the only deviation from the old system adopted thus far by the British Admiralty consists in the plating of their vessels. They are still huge monsters, soaring high above the water, and presenting a target which the most inexperienced gunner could not miss; and which, at a proper distance, a 400-pound ball would penetrate as easily as card-board.

The recent trial trip of the *Passaic* was made to ascertain whether the great 15-inch gun could be fired without having the muzzle protrude from the turret. The previous trip showed that without some new contrivance the gun could not be fired within the turret without endangering the lives of the gunners by the explosion. To allow the muz-



LAUNCH OF THE BRITISH IRON-CLAD SCREW FRIGATE "CALEDONIA," THIRTY-FOUR GUNS, AT WOOLWICH, OCTOBER 24, 1862.

zle to protrude was to expose the gun to injury, and would have required so large a port-hole that a shell might easily have been thrown in by an experienced gunner. To obviate these difficulties, Mr. Ericsson invented a machine, of which, for obvious reasons, we give no description. The following account of the experiment from the *Herald* will be read with interest:

On arriving at a point opposite Fort Washington the Passaic was headed to toward the western shore of the river, under the towering cliffs of the Palisades, when, reaching an unsatisfactory spot, it was determined to put the effect against the rocky bulwarks of the noble Hudson. The steamer was stopped, and the Dahlgren gun was loaded with twenty pounds of powder and a hollow shot. After the gun was run out to the side of the vessel and all was ready, it was fired, the ball ricochetting along the water a distance of about a mile and a half, striking the cliffs in its main flight, followed by a terrific echo, which, as the force resembled the explosion of a small magazine, made the noise outside of the turret seem terrific. The inside there was no concussion of any account, and the noise certainly did not exceed that which would have been occasioned by the firing of an ordinary pistol.

Every one was surprised and unwilling at the first trial to say much; all were anxious to see the effect of a full service charge of thirty-four pounds of powder. The capacity needed seventeen inches.

Second Firing.—The second time the gun was loaded with thirty-five pounds of powder and a hollow shot. It was fired, resulting from this in the same manner with a pleasant concussion, and, as before, there was scarcely any motion to the vessel. Several of the spectators were down in the turret at the first firing were outside this time to see the working of the shot, which had been pointed at a point who were outside at the time; but the noise outside was not greater than that which was heard within the turret at the time the gun was fired, and nevertheless the shot was discovered there through the remainder of the firing.

Third Experiment.—The third time the gun was discharged with thirty-five pounds of powder and a hollow shot. The result was only two feet more than before, the same results were obtained without trouble; in fact it was much pleasanter inside than outside of the turret. The motion was perceptible tending to discomfort either on the forth-deck or the engine-room.

Fourth Firing.—The fourth and last time the gun was fired it was charged with thirty-five pounds of powder, as we said, shot, the first one fired from a gun of this size with a full service charge. The result was precisely the same as the result being only two feet eight inches, and no motion of notice to the vessel.

Time ended the experiment with the gun, which in every respect was satisfactory. We refrain from giving the figures friends or the rebels the slightest clue as to how far the matter has been accomplished, but we will say in fact that it is the plan of Captain Ericsson, and that it has proved to be a perfect as it originally promised to be in all respects.

We will, however, give some of the general points in the working of the iron monitor, showing the value of the prominent features.

In the first place, their speed will be sufficient for the purposes for which they were designed. There is no doubt that they will go at the very least nine knots an hour, and, as no time will the guns of the vessel be liable to any damage from the projectiles of the enemy, as the vessels will not protrude outside of their shield. Thirdly, the number of men to each one of these monitors will be less than to work an ordinary 11-inch gun on a Merrity carriage. The monitor will run out the 15-inch Dahlgren, 40,000 pounds nearly twenty-one tons, as easily as nineteen men work an 11-inch piece. Also, the time taken to put a fourteen-ton gun in a cupola, but Mr Howard Douglass considered opposite to an hour, and we think that they would not require to get more than half that time. The time taken to run out a gun on the ordinary service can not be said to be less than from five to fifteen minutes, with perfect ease.

In these new Monitor batteries we give not only protection to the men, but to the guns, which, when the vessel has hit her, can be very readily brought inboard by the appliance to carry off the concussion and strike in single and independent, and the Government should look well to it to this secret get out, so as to be used by other Powers. It is a secret only second in the importance of the original *Monitor*.

The *Passaic* will be ready for sea within a week, and five or six of the other iron-clad *Monitors* about the same time. It may be taken for granted that the Department will lose no time in giving to the public the merits to the test. Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile will probably bear of them before Christmas.

McCLELLAN'S PARTING FROM HIS ARMY.

On pages 769 and 761 we publish a large picture of McCLELLAN'S PARTING FROM HIS ARMY. The following, from the *Herald* correspondence, will explain the scene:

This morning it was arranged that he should visit the troops in line, and proceed to Washington to-morrow night in the evening. When just about to go he said, "I can hardly bear to see you, my soldiers again." Accompanied by his officers and escort, a magnificent cavalcade, he rode off to take a farewell look of his troops. The line of cavalry attached to his head-quarters were tastefully disposed on an adjacent hill. The regimental bands played, by appearance. McClellan rode along the lines, and as he passed each regiment cheers spontaneously broke from the ranks. The soldiers could not restrain their overflowing admiration for their General. After he had ridden along the lines, and was returning toward the hill, General Patrick, commanding the Provost guard at Alexandria, rode up to the front, and, with cap in hand, in the name of the soldiers, presented a magnificent charger for General McClellan. The charger bears the name of Burnside, and from the time of his first campaign in Western Virginia, gave an extraordinary short sight of his capacity to carry his rider unwound, and gave one long, but lingering look, while he gave way to his old comrades in arms, and disappeared.

He then passed through the ranks of the reserve artillery. The batteries were all arranged in convenient positions, the commissaries standing by with their stores. The presumed palace, while the route mingled with their cheers as he passed. The magnificent artillery service of the army of the Potomac, which McClellan had created with so much care, he seemed reluctant to leave to the rule of Burnside. The troops of General Fitz John Porter's corps were marshalled in a magnificent array on the plain in front of the tents of General Couch's corps on the left. Butterfield's, Sykes's, and Humphrey's divisions of infantry were also disposed in order, the banners of each command superbly displayed. On the right of Couch's corps, Sumner's, and Franklin's divisions, in Couch's corps, were arranged in a somewhat similar manner, with the addition of both commands mustered on prominent positions, and the bands of each regiment stationed in front. He moved slowly from the position he was to leave for the last time, and his bands played him farewell. As he rode along the fortifications, the bands had ceased to play, and were followed by the glittering array of officers, fifty thousand of his devoted soldiers, with hearts overflowing with fast sadness, and all with one accord, burst forth into the most unanimous cheering I have ever witnessed. Above the continued acclamations of the fifty thousand, while from the distance we would occasionally catch, as though it were an echo, the sound from the troops we had left behind, and who were cheering yet, like after the General had gone away from the immediate vicinity of his headquarters. The banners before by the various regiments were held near the road as either side, and their tattered fragments were fully exposed to view between the General and party passed through the lines of troops. Some of the men were weeping like children, and others cheering and the ellers fringes left. A greater portion of the troops that had been shot away in battle under the gallant leadership of General McClellan. Those tattered banners, bearing inscribed upon them the names of the battles in which the troops had been engaged, and their fallen fellow-fields, were more yet most eloquent memorials of the mighty struggles which the Army of the Potomac had passed through. While he rode along the batteries fired salutes, the bands played, and the soldiers cheered with all the energy the soldiery fronted in among the perforated banners, and the acclamations of the troops, mingled with the inspiring music of the bands and guns. I am not recall from my experience any occasion on which I have witnessed anything to these soldiers has been surpassed.

Among the last to leave was Gen. Couch's lines, General Wilcox and party proceeded four or five miles further, to the rear of Franklin's corps. Here, on the crest of a hill, the very earliest fortifications of the winter, we said, near Franklin's corps. His arrival was the signal for calling the troops, and the commanders of corps. And then and there in General Couch's corps on the left. Butterfield's, Sykes's, and Humphrey's divisions of infantry were disposed in order, the banners of each command superbly displayed. On the right of Couch's corps, Sumner's, and Franklin's divisions, in Couch's corps, were arranged in a somewhat similar manner, with the addition of both commands mustered on prominent positions, and the bands of each regiment stationed in front. He moved slowly from the position he was to leave for the last time, and his bands played him farewell. As he rode along the fortifications, the bands had ceased to play, and were followed by the glittering array of officers, fifty thousand of his devoted soldiers, with hearts overflowing with fast sadness, and all with one accord, burst forth into the most unanimous cheering I have ever witnessed. Above the continued acclamations of the fifty thousand, while from the distance we would occasionally catch, as though

On the other hand, there are persons whose nervous system is tremulously alive to the aspect of pain; they will give you sigh for sigh, and groan for groan; they sympathize with you sincerely for the moment: as soon as you are out of sight they forget that you exist. Put yourself in their way, and rely upon their sympathy; when out of their way never count upon their aid. Benevolence is not always beneficence. To wish you may be benefited is one thing; to benefit you is another. A man who is benefient without sympathy, though he may not be a pleasant acquaintance, must be a good friend, and he who is sympathizing with without beneficence may be a very bad man. For there is a fascination of sympathy which comes from the impressionability of the physical system—a vibration of the nerves reacting on no chord of duty, and a tenderness so nervous as to commence ipapley of the heart. And a man may not be the less possessed of this weakness because he possesses an excitable nervous temperament.

Alexander Pierceau, the most ruthless of tyrants, to entered into the reverses enacted on the stage, that a tragedy moved him to tears. It is to him the very alkaloids in his Prologue to Addison's "Cato":

"Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wondered why they wept."

Unfortunately Alexander Pierceau, in spite of his weeping, kept his "nature," which was probably more ferocious than that of "tyrants." A man of temperament readily impressionable, if accompanied, as it generally is, with a lively fancy, brings home to the mind's eye the scene or the danger which are represented to his senses, and for the moment realized by his fancy, thus it may be from fear for himself that a tyrant may weep at the representation of sufferings which, on the stage, depicted by the actor, he never can realize as a reality and the scripted hand. Now the same nervous temperament which is effeminately susceptible to pain, equally with sympathy may be made the subject to fear; and fear is akin to cruelty. For fear is the instinct of self-love, and cruelty may be who feels it compared with the power from which he apprehends an injury; and no saying is more true than that "cowards are cruel." "*Les poltrons sont les vaincueurs forts en*"—All cruelty springs from fear. Hence it is that the most cruel and sanguinary of these propositions in Nero, when his character is metaphysically analyzed. His was the excitable, the nervous temperament, subjugated entirely to fear to the effects of music, poetry, the drama, spectacle—insensibility to pain or sense was necessary to appeased for the moment to his senses. Thus, in early youth, a cultivator of the softest arts, and no cause of more terror yet manifested himself a restless imagination, he was doubtless sincere when, the sentence on a criminal being brought to him to sign, he exclaimed piously: "I wish I could not write!"—Would to Heaven that I had not learned to write!" But, as he grew older, and under the stimulate influences which, when fresh from the contemplation of scenes and harmless images, made him a fiend, he became subjugated entirely to the sensual pleasures, rendered monstrous in proportion as his sensibility to bleeding sores and pain became itself diseased: and, when the whole character was unmanned by the predominance of the sensual and the loss of even the intellectual and moral elements in man, all that was noblest in manhood, in exciting the internal consciousness of his own inferiority or weakness, excited his fear; for in silently rebuking, they seemed silently to threaten him—and fear made him almost tiger when scared into the relentless butcher. Yet, impressionable to immediate circumstance at the last as at the first, and by compassionate scenes he had at once known for the sentenced criminal, whose doom he had driven from appealing, returns to smite on himself. When the doom which had shocked his nerves to contemplate for another stands before him as his own, he weeps over his own fate, and trembles to inflict it. Just as in his youth sympathy being subject to the same influences under which he could bring home to his fancy the pain to be inflicted on another) made him forget the crime that was to be punished, so pity for the criminal that was to be slain, so now he wholly lost sight of his own crimes in the anguish of contemplating his own doom. And when, in forgetfulness of empire showed and remembrance of art cultivated, he was asked, "What an artist dies in me about to perish!"* he explained the enigma of his own nature. Besides the tastes which his hostile historians ascribe to him in painting and architecture, and a talent for poetry, which Suetonius is at some pains to deny, there was in him a real sensibility, eighteen hundred laurel crowns had Athens bestowed on him as a musician! If his career had been a musician's, and not an emperor's, he would indeed have been a voluptuary: a musician not unlike—(who could be unsupported, with a discriminative of that period, we had him warmly contrasted Robespierre as a young patriot, ready to

* "*Quelle artiste*," &c. "*Artiste* means something more than musician, by which word it is rendered in our current translations, and even something more than artist, by which it is rendered in the text. *Artiste* is a word of artifice, a courtesy; and I suspect that, in using the word, Nero had in his mind the Greek compound *technites*, once which had occupied his mind amidst all the terrors of his position, and destroyed him—a compound which really seems to have been a very ingenious application of means to an end, which may not have lost if Nero had been only an artificer, and not an emperor.

sacrifice on the altar of his country as many hecatombs of fellow-countrymen as the Goddess of Reason might require. When I saw this ex-officio of the tribunal of blood, which was in London drawing-room, where his manners and address not generally known, he was a very polite, gray-haired gentleman of the old school of manners, addicted, like Cardinal Richelieu and Warren Hastings, to the composition of harmless verses. I have seldom met with any one who more instantaneously charmed a social circle by his rapid and instinctive sympathy with the humors of all around him by what he said, by any, rather than by action, easy with the young, caressingly respectful to the old. Fascinated by the charms of his address, as I was subsequently informed, by the same hand which, in the old regicide Frenchman of which we have heard so much and seen so little. Nothing changes like the spirit of the old régime."

Marvellous is the contrast between the actions for which this amiable gentleman had been commended to Robespierre and the manners by which he might have secured the Furies. I could not refrain, in the frankness of my temper at that earlier period of my life, from insinuating the question in what a bad school he had learned to be a happy a turn for innocent persons in the style of "Gentle Shepherd," and how he could have been led away by a participation of what I mildly termed "the excesses of the Revolution."

Such was this velvet-pawed tiger, "*cut your ties-sour*"—I always obey my heart! Sympathize with me, and I will pass on with you. Be it to-day with people who cry '*A bas les aristocrates!*' *ça ne monte le fait; je vocleverai le sang!* And to-morrow with people who cry '*A bas la guillotine!*'—*eh bien! ça ne monte le fait; je vocleverai le sang!*' And so on, and '*A bas la guillotine!*' Sympathy is the law of my nature. Ah, if you had known Monsieur Robespierre!

"Here?" and I: "that is an honor I should not have coveted if I had lived for a year." I have hitherto supposed that Monsieur Robespierre was somewhat unsocial, reserved, frigid; was he, nevertheless, a man whose very soul was laid bare to the impulse to the liveliness of his sympathies?"

"Yes, indeed," was the reply that you would say, I have asked that question if you had studied the causes of his ascendency, or read with due attention his private letters. Robespierre, whose nature was not eloquent, as compared with his contemporaries, could have mastered his audience except by sympathizing with them. He was, in short, subject to fear; and fear is akin to cruelty. For fear is the instinct of self-love, and cruelty may be who feels it compared with the power from which he apprehends an injury; and no saying is more true than that "cowards are cruel." "*Les poltrons sont les vaincueurs forts en*"—All cruelty springs from fear. Hence it is that the most cruel and sanguinary of these propositions in Nero, when his character is metaphysically analyzed. His was the excitable, the nervous temperament, subjugated entirely to fear to the effects of music, poetry, the drama, spectacle—insensibility to pain or sense was necessary to appeased for the moment to his senses. Thus, in early youth, a cultivator of the softest arts, and no cause of more terror yet manifested himself a restless imagination, he was doubtless sincere when, the sentence on a criminal being brought to him to sign, he exclaimed piously: "I wish I could not write!"—Would to Heaven that I had not learned to write!" But, as he grew older, and under the stimulate influences which, when fresh from the contemplation of scenes and harmless images, made him a fiend, he became subjugated entirely to the sensual pleasures, rendered monstrous in proportion as his sensibility to bleeding sores and pain became itself diseased: and, when the whole character was unmanned by the predominance of the sensual and the loss of even the intellectual and moral elements in man, all that was noblest in manhood, in exciting the internal consciousness of his own inferiority or weakness, excited his fear; for in silently rebuking, they seemed silently to threaten him—and fear made him almost tiger when scared into the relentless butcher. Yet, impressionable to immediate circumstance at the last as at the first, and by compassionate scenes he had at once known for the sentenced criminal, whose doom he had driven from appealing, returns to smite on himself. When the doom which had shocked his nerves to contemplate for another stands before him as his own, he weeps over his own fate, and trembles to inflict it. Just as in his youth sympathy being subject to the same influences under which he could bring home to his fancy the pain to be inflicted on another) made him forget the crime that was to be punished, so pity for the criminal that was to be slain, so now he wholly lost sight of his own crimes in the anguish of contemplating his own doom. And when, in forgetfulness of empire showed and remembrance of art cultivated, he was asked, "What an artist dies in me about to perish!"* he explained the enigma of his own nature. Besides the tastes which his hostile historians ascribe to him in painting and architecture, and a talent for poetry, which Suetonius is at some pains to deny, there was in him a real sensibility, eighteen hundred laurel crowns had Athens bestowed on him as a musician! If his career had been a musician's, and not an emperor's, he would indeed have been a voluptuary: a musician not unlike—(who could be unsupported, with a discriminative of that period, we had him warmly contrasted Robespierre as a young patriot, ready to

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GENERAL McCLELLAN TAKING LEAVE OF



ARMY, NOVEMBER 10, 1862.—[See Page 759.]

PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE.

THE moon look'd down, and what did it see?
A deep vow breathed betwixt you and me:
One, a girl in her fair spring-time;
One, a man in his earnest prime.
A vow of friendship, and faith, and truth,
That should keep through years the pledge of youth.

The moon looks down, and what does it see?
A broken vow between you and me.
Careless words and a whispering tongue
A veil of doubt o'er the heart have flung;
Weakness in you, and pride in me;
Two several paths where one should be.

The moon will look down, and what will it see?
Two graves, two stones, for you and me.
Sad that immortal souls can play
With love, as a toy to be cast away!
Hard to get, and harder to keep!
This is the sight that makes angels weep.

TAKEN BY STRATEGY.

A THANKSGIVING LOVE STORY.

THANKSGIVING DAY! with a chill, gray sky, and sudden flurries of snow eddying through the air like flights of white birds! Who would give a fig for a sunshiny Thanksgiving Day? Why, one might as well have Thanksgiving Day without a turkey, as without its keen wind and fluttering drifts of scarlet leaves making their moan among the dimpled hollows of the lonely woods!

Deacon Jacob Marble fully appreciated the possession of both these necessary adjuncts to the day of national gratitude; and therefore it was that his brown, wrinkled face wore such an aspect of contentment as he stood before the looking-glass tying his checked silk neckerchief.

"We ain't rich people, Huldy," he slowly enunciated; "but I don't see but what we've as much to keep Thanksgivin' for as most folks. The harvests have been middlin' good, and things has gone pretty prosperous, considerin'—"

The Deacon's little wife interrupted this leisurely tirade in wifelike fashion, by standing on tiptoe to jerk out the clumsy knot that her husband's knobby brown fingers had constructed, and tying it trimly anew.

"There!" she said, complacently eying her work; "*that's* something like! *You* always take hold of a cravat as though it were the handle of a plow, Jacob!"

The Deacon looked down upon the bright eyes and plump cheeks of his helpmate with a broad smile that was not unlike a sudden gleam of autumn sunshine on one of his own sere harvest fields, as she stood there in the "go-to-meeting" costume of sober New England—a drab satin bonnet, with dark-blue bows inside, and a gray shawl wrapped cozily around her shoulders.

"Maybe your right, Huldy," said the Deacon; "but come—we shall be late to meetin'."

"Well, *I'm* ready," responded Mrs. Marble, briskly. "Bessy, be sure you watch the turkey, and keep it well basted—and put in the pumpkin pies when the brick oven is hot—and, Bessy, the pudding—and the stewed apples, Bessy—"

"There, there!" interrupted the Deacon, tucking his wife under his arm, and walking her off, yet in the full tide of her directions, "Bess will do well enough; she wouldn't be *your* daughter if she wasn't smarter nor a steel trap."

"How you do talk, Deacon!" ejaculated Mrs. Marble, looking uneasily over her shoulder. "I didn't remember to tell her about the chicken pies, arter all. Shut the gate, Deacon, or Joe Grimes's cows'll be in eatin' the tops off every chrysanthemum I've got. I wonder if the minister 'll preach any thing about the war; Deacon, don't you?"

And thus, divided between thoughts temporal and spiritual, the worthy matron went on her way under the wing of the Deacon's butternut-colored coat, toward the gray old church that nestled afar off among the desolate hills, its spire already obscured with a dizzy mist of snow-flakes.

Bessy Marble, thus left general-in-chief over the well-marshaled forces of the larder, stood quietly before the fire, tapping one dainty foot on the polished red-brick hearth, and thoughtfully playing with the string of coral that encircled her round, white throat. She was a dimpled, rosy little body, with lips like the scarlet geranium in the window, and dark-blue eyes full of roguish sparkles—a damsel, in short, whom you would have fancied created for the special purpose of being kissed and made much of. She knew it, too, the demure fairy, for there was coquetry in every fold of the crimson delaine dress she wore, and *espièglerie* indescribable in the fluttering bows of ribbon that fastened it! Right over the mantle, an old looking-glass—Deacon Marble would have stared if you had called it a *mirror*—reflected every dimple and rose-tint on the peachy cheek, yet Bessy never glanced at its flattering transcript. No—she looked gravely into the blazing heart of the fire with an unwonted dew before the blue eyes, and a pensive shadow on her brow.

"I say, Bessy!"

She had not heard the door open, yet she did not start when in the looking-glass she saw imaged another form besides her own—that of a tall, stalwart young man, in blue uniform, outlined with curves of vivid scarlet. He was a handsome fellow too, dark-eyed and sun-embrowned, with brown hair thrown carelessly back from his open forehead.

"Charles, *you* here?" she asked, half-reproachfully.

"Now don't scold, Bessy; there's a darling! I tried to keep away, upon my word I did, but you might as well expect a hungry bee to keep away from a bunch of honey-suckles—I couldn't stand it, and so here I am!"

And he passed his arm about her waist, and looked, with a species of laughing defiance, down into the blue deeps of her eyes.

"*Don't*, Charles!" she said, possibly alluding to a kiss, which terminated his words in a manner most satisfactory to himself. "When you *know* that my father has forbidden you the house!"

"Know it? of course I know it, and that's the reason I waited in the hazel copse until I saw the good Deacon well on his way to church before I walked in! But, Bessy," he added, in a graver tone, "you must own yourself that it is unjust for your father to dislike me simply for being poor. He was a poor boy himself when he married your mother; I've heard him say so a dozen times! And as for Mark Vernon—"

"Hush, Charles!" coaxed Bessy, placing her little hand over the young soldier's mouth. "You know that I never would marry Mark Vernon were he richer than Crœsus himself!"

"Heaven bless you for those words, love!" said the young man, earnestly; "and yet I sometimes fear—"

"Hush!" exclaimed Bessy, lifting her finger; "I thought I heard the gate shut."

"Only your fancy, darling. And, as I was saying—"

Rat-tat-tat! rat-tat-tat-tat!! thundered a pair of vigorous knuckles on the door—click, click! sounded the irresponsive latch, which Bessy had secured after the departure of her parents.

"It is my father—I know his knock!" gasped Bessy, in breathless trepidation. "If he should find you here, Charles! What can bring him back? Conceal yourself somewhere—the pantry, quick!"

"I can't! it's full of preserves and apple-barrels," said the fugitive, hurriedly surveying the premises.

"The kitchen then. Oh, *do* make haste!"

"Hang it, I won't hide like a burglar!" exclaimed the young soldier, half-laughing, half-defiant. "What have I done to be ashamed of?"

"For *my* sake, Charles!" pleaded the girl, as a fresh shower of knocks descended on the stout oaken panels of the door, and the Deacon's voice was heard clamoring for admittance. "Quick—he is going round to the window!"

Charles Mellen looked around, in a sort of desperation; the clock-case was too small to get into—the wood-box too narrow—the tea-kettle decidedly impracticable—and, spurred by dire emergency, the valiant son of Mars dropped on his knees, and scrambled nimbly under the old-fashioned chintz-covered lounge, or settee, that occupied the vacant space between the windows. There he lay, shaking with suppressed laughter, behind the ample valance of blue-and-white chintz, a sort of extempore "masked battery," while Bessy hasted to unbar the door.

"Thought you was asleep!" growled the Deacon. "I was just agoin' to try the winders! What on airth made you so long a comin'?"

"I thought—I did not know—" stammered Bessy, turning white and red alternately.

"Oh, you s'posed I was a robber!" said the Deacon, breaking into a genial laugh. "Gals does get the queerest notions into their heads sometimes. I've come back arter my spectacles, for I don't rightly feel as if I *sensed* what the parson said without I could look him full in the face, and besides, I like to foller the psalm-singin'. Where do you s'pose I could ha' left 'em? Last I remember havin' 'em I was settin' on that lounge, readin' the paper."

"No, no, they are not there," faltered Bessy, turning scarlet, as the Deacon peered about the chintz draperies. "Perhaps you left them on the clock shelf."

"Well, p'raps I did," said the old man, abandoning his first idea, greatly to Bessy's relief. "No I didn't, nuther. Good land! here they be, in my gray waistcoat pocket. Well, I *am* glad. I'll have to step spry though, if I calculate to overtake your mother before she gets to the meetin'-house. Bessy," he added, as his foot was on the threshold, "if you're really feared o' burglars, I'll give up the Thanksgivin' sermon and stay 'long with you."

"Oh no, father, indeed it is not necessary," said Bessy, earnestly; "I am not at all afraid."

And she closed the door on the Deacon's broad shoulders just as Charles Mellen emerged from the sheltering folds of his retreat, with a face of comic dismay.

"I was very nearly unearthed that time!" he exclaimed, with a peal of merry laughter. "Suppose he had taken it into his head to prosecute that search, and hauled out a young man instead of a pair of spectacles! *Don't* look so solemn, Bessy."

"Leave me, Charles," pleaded the girl—"leave me, you have no right here; and it would be far wiser, far better for us both, were you to go."

"But I haven't any idea of going," persisted the young soldier—"at least not just yet. Listen to me, Bessy darling—my own promised wife."

"I *am* listening," she said, half turning away her head, yet making no effort to withdraw the hand which he had taken.

"Bessy, I have not yet told you why I am here to-day. The fact is, that I have been away from my regiment quite long enough. The trifling wounds I received a few weeks since are entirely healed, and I am going to try my luck once more as a soldier of fortune. Bessy, my summons has come, and I must march to-night."

"To-night?"

The fair head drooped upon his breast with a low, bitter cry; the tears rained fast upon his soothing hand.

"To-night!" he repeated. "I may never return, Bessy, and I would fain have the right to call you *wife* before I go. Dearest, it would be such a strength, such a comfort to me! Will you deny me this, the last request I may ever make?"

Still she sobbed on, her head pillowed on his heart.

"I have loved you long and tenderly," he resumed, "and I should fight the better for knowing that my precious wife at home was praying for the absent husband. Bessy, may I go to the battle-field with this buckler of strength about my heart?"

And when she lifted her tear-drenched eyes to his he knew that the prize was *won!*

"But, Charles, when—"

"*Now*, dearest. Get your bonnet, and we'll place it beyond the power of earthly hands to break the bond between our two hearts. My own love, if a life's devotion can reward you for this hour it shall not be wanting!"

The fitful snow-flurries of the morning had settled down into a good old-fashioned storm—drifting, drifting, in white blinding clouds around the farm-house on the hill, folding the old stone fence in ermine wreaths, and ridging the roof-trees with alabaster. But within the pine-logs blazed cheerily on the hearth; and the Deacon, sitting in their genial glow, listened complacently to the hollow moan of the wind among the forests. In the shadow beyond Bessy was musing, her cheeks softly flushed and her eyes full of dreamy light.

"Bessy," quoth the Deacon, stooping to replace a log which had just fallen apart in a shower of bright sparks, "I've something to tell you, daughter. Mark Vernon had a talk with me this mornin', arter meetin'."

"Well?" she said, quietly, a shade of pallor creeping over her face.

"And he wants you to be his wife, Bessy—the mistress of his store-house and broad lands. What do you say, my child?"

"I can not be his wife, father. I am married already."

"Married!" repeated the Deacon, vaguely.

"To one, father, whom I have already given up to his country. I became Charles Mellen's wife while you were absent this morning; and he has left his bride to do a *man's* behest—to die, if need be, for the old flag, which he loves better than wife, or home, or life itself! Father, say that you forgive me; for I have only you and my mother left to comfort me now!"

Poor little Bessy! her short-lived courage gave way to a burst of tears; and when she lifted her wet eyes from the old man's knee she knew that she had not pleaded in vain.

"Bessy," said the Deacon, after a few moments' pause, "you've done a rash thing; yet I can't, somehow, find it in my heart to blame you, as perhaps I ought to do. I've always maintained that the men who go forth to defend the Union deserve to be rewarded with the richest treasures of our hearts and homes, and it's too late now to go back from my word. Cheer up, my girl! When Charles Mellen returns I shall not refuse to bestow my brightest jewel upon him!"

And thus it was that the soldier wooed and won his bride.

IN THE MOONLIGHT LONG AGO.

You love me well, I know, wife,
In spite of frown and toss;
In the moonlight long ago, wife,
You didn't look so cross;
In your little scarlet cloak, dear,
You tripp'd along the moss,
And all at once I spoke, dear,
Though sadly at a loss.

You hung your pretty head, then,
And answer'd very low;
I scarce heard what you said, then,
But I knew it wasn't "No."
My joy I couldn't speak, love,
But, a hundred times or so,
I kiss'd a velvet cheek, love,
In the moonlight long ago.

THE TENANT OF THE LUMBER-ROOM.

I HAD made up my mind to take an old house at Brocklehurst, if it suited me on inspection, and I hired a boy to pilot me thither.

"There," he said, as we came out of a thick fir plantation, and stood on the edge of a dreary broken bit of common covered with gorse and heath, "do you see the red brick house yonder by the gravel-pit?" I looked the way his finger pointed, and through the gathering twilight just discerned a long low building. "I'll tell you what, Sir," he said, in a low tone, and coming closer to my side, "there's not a lad in all the village would venture round there after nightfall, for there was murder done at that house not two years ago."

"Murder!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and the cruelest murder it was too. An old gentleman used to live there—not so very old either, not much past sixty, I've heard say; but however that might be, he lived there quite alone, except for one young servant-woman, who kept his house. A pleasant-spoken lass Ann Forrest was, and many's the kind word she's said to me when she's been to mother's shop. She always seemed to take great care of her old master, and no wonder, for he was the best old man that ever lived, and a good master to her; but he had money laid by, and that must have tempted her, for one morning some laborers going past found the front-door open, the house deserted, and the poor old gentleman lying covered with blood, and quite dead, at the bottom of the garden. They say he used to go down there to smoke his pipe at night, and she chose that time, when she knew he could lay hold of nothing to defend himself with. An old iron box, in which the old man kept his money, and which only she knew where to find, was lying, turned bottom uppermost and empty, in the passage; and there were clothes and many other things scattered about the floor of her room, and in one of her drawers they found a long knife that she had hidden there. But they never found her; and from that day to this no one has heard of her."

It was a horrible story to listen to, with the black darkness closing round us, and the lonely house close by. We hastened on in silence across the common, down a dark steep road, and through some meadows, until we reached the house.

The clang of the bell echoed through the stillness within; then silence settled down once more. I waited long, then rang again, and at length there was a sound of steps and voices; at first, far away, then nearer. A key grated in the rusty lock, and the door was partly opened by an old man, whose short thick-set figure at once filled up the way, as though to prevent a hasty entrance. Behind him stood a woman, somewhat bent by age, and holding in her hand a lantern. Both stared at me in silent wonderment, as, addressing myself to the old man, I told my errand.

I said that I had meant to arrive sooner, but need give little trouble, as some bread and cheese and a bed for the night were all I should require. The man stood doubtful, as though half inclined to shut to the door in my face; then his mind changed, and without a word he took the lantern from his wife's hand, and, signing to me to follow, led the way across a bare and lofty hall, and along two stone passages, to a large kitchen, where a fire was blazing. Setting down the lantern on the table he turned round and said: "You'll maybe see that this is the kitchen. If you're too proud to sit here there are other rooms in plenty, but you'll find no fires or candles;" and without waiting for a reply he walked away. I turned to the woman, who had followed us, and now stood by the fire, and asked some question carelessly; but she answered me briefly, with a hurried glance at her husband; and, weary of attempting to conciliate, I said abruptly, that as my time was short I would see the house at once.

"There's very little you'll be able to see at this time of night," old Pearce said, gruffly, from the window where he stood.

"At least," I answered, "I can go through the rooms and get some notion of their size;" and I made a move.

For a moment it seemed as though they meant to let me go alone; then Pearce stepped suddenly forward, and harshly calling to his wife to bring the keys, caught up the light. Preceded by my unwilling guides I traversed long passages, our footsteps sounding hollow on the stone floors, mounted staircases, and crossed landings. We stopped from time to time while the woman unlocked the doors of empty and unshuttered rooms, where dust lay thick, and the feeble glimmer of the lantern only served to make the gloom and desolation more apparent. We went on in silence until we reached the foot of a narrow winding staircase. My conductors had begun to mount it, when I touched a door upon my right, and said: "Surely we have not been in here?" The man, half-way up, stopped and looked down at me. "No," he said; "it is only a lumber-room; the key has been lost this long while: if you wish to get in, you must have a fresh key made before you come again;" and he went on. It was a large rambling house, where you came suddenly upon cupboards and corners, and bits of winding stairs, or a step up here and down there, and passages with such queer turns and twists that one wondered whither they would lead; still there was something quaint about it that took my fancy greatly. When at last we got back to the kitchen a man sat by the fire unlacing his boots, and with his back toward the door. He turned as I entered, and displayed a muscular form and heavy face, like enough to old Pearce's to mark him as his son. He returned my greeting with a silent stare, resumed his seat, and pulling at his father's sleeve, muttered angrily: "And who on earth may yon be?" I did not catch the answer, but the gruff snort that followed was sufficiently expressive.

The woman set about preparing supper, and presently a repast of bacon, eggs, and beer was put before me; and while I was engaged upon it, she and her husband went away together. The son sat on watching me in silence for a while, then followed them, leaving me alone for the first time since I had come into the house. He and his father soon came back, but a change had come upon them; their sullenness was gone, and they seemed most eager to hear my intentions about the place. It was evident how much they feared that I might take it, and so deprive them of their home; and in this fear they caught at every doubt of mine, and tried to foster it. From their account, the place was hot in summer, cold in winter; it was even tumbling to pieces; and it almost touched me, when, turning to the son, I said: "And yet you seem to like to live in it!" to hear his curt answer: "I've been bred up here, and that makes a deal of difference." When the woman at last returned I saw that she had been crying very bitterly, and with a half-remorseful feeling I took a candle from her trembling hand and followed her up stairs. They had chosen for me one of the old state-bedrooms, on the first floor, and a long way from the kitchen and the hall, at the end of a wide gallery. She paused at the door to say that she hoped I might find all I wanted, but that if not, there was a bell, and giving me no time to answer, hurried off. I sat long, noting down in my pocket-book all I had observed, and pondering on various things, until the dull tones of the far-off stable-clock striking twelve aroused me, and I began to prepare for bed. Before lying down I went instinctively across the room to secure the door, and found, to my surprise, that I was without the means of doing so, for there was no bolt, and the key was not in the lock. For a moment I was startled; then I remembered that the keys of all the rooms had been on one large bunch, and no doubt the woman had forgotten to take this one off. Should I ring for it? I paused undecided; but the hour was late, the people must long since have been in bed, and I was strangely unwilling to encounter those surly looks again to-night. After all, it mattered little. Traveling as I did without luggage or money, and in simple, almost shabby dress, I had nothing to lose, and with health and strength in my favor, none would choose lightly to encounter me; and so, without disquietude, I blew out my light and lay down in bed. Still I was not in darkness, for the moon shone full into the room, only obscured from time to time as a heavy cloud swept across, and passing, seemed to leave it more clear and

beautiful than ever. Gradually my thoughts turned into dreamy fancies, my fancies faded, and I slept soundly—for how long, whether for minutes or hours, I can not tell, but I woke in an instant, and with a sudden start and thrill. All was quiet—a cloud had veiled the moon, and the room was dark and still as death. No, not so still; what was that which, as I held my breath, came faintly on my ear? A rustling—so slight that I could scarcely catch it, yet surely a rustling in the far corner of the room. I was a man of strong nerves. In my youth I had been in perils both by sea and land, and I had ever kept my courage and composure. I did not lose them now. These men below might, despite the risk, be purposing to rob me; they might even, in their anger and revenge at my mission here, meditate worse things; but if the absence of the key had been no accident, and they were now in my room, they should find harder work than they had looked for. I had no fire-arms; but a loaded stick, which went with me in all my journeyings, was by my bed's head now. Slowly and cautiously my hand stole out in the darkness and grasped it tight. Then I waited. For a while there was perfect silence; then the sound began afresh, and there—there by the door, I could just see a moving form! On it came, then stopped, as though listening, and hearing nothing but my steady breathing, came on again, nearer and nearer, until, as it reached the foot of my bed, I sprang up. My stick was raised, was ready to descend, when the moon shone out again, and my hand dropped to my side, for a woman stood before me—not the old woman I had seen, but one many years younger, clad in dark garments, with pale, haggard face and wild eyes. What was it? a spirit, an escaped mad woman, or some plot to frighten me? As that last thought came into my mind I summoned breath to ask: "Who, in Heaven's name, are you?"

"O hush, hush!" moaned out a voice feeble and piteous as a crying child's. "Don't speak, don't let them hear!"

"They! Who are *they*, and who are you?"

"I will tell—I came to tell;" and with sudden vehemence the figure seized my arm in a convulsive grasp. "I am a poor creature, whom, for eighteen months, those wretches have kept imprisoned in this house, away from all who might have given me help. You are the first living soul who has been here; and I vowed to myself that if I died for it I would come to pray you to protect me; and oh, dear Sir, kind Sir, have pity on me!"

As she gasped out those words with passionate earnestness, yet in faint faltering tones, something seemed to tell me that this was no insane delusion, and no concerted scheme.

"My poor woman," I said soothingly, in a whisper low as her own, "I will help you if I can, but you must show me how. What is your name, and why are you here?"

"They brought me—I had seen them do it—no one else, and they dared not leave me behind to tell; so, when they had murdered him, they brought me here and shut me into the dreadful room up stairs. I am Ann Forrest."

The boy's tale, the Pearces's reluctance to let the house be seen, the closed lumber-room—those few words threw light upon it all, and in my horror I could not speak at first, I could hardly even think. At last I asked how she had freed herself.

"There were three rusty broken keys—I found them one day under some rubbish in an old chest up there, and I tried them all, and one fitted; but I dared not use it while they were always down stairs, and so I hid it again. They would have killed me long ago, but she—the woman—is kinder than the others, and would never let them, and to-night she talked and cried about your being here, and her husband's anger, little dreaming how I heeded her, for they think me almost silly now. But I did heed; and I thought that you would help me perhaps; and so, when I knew that they must all be in bed, I brought out my key and it unlocked the door; and then I listened outside every room until I found you by your breathing." She stopped at that last word, and looked at me with a wistful, searching glance. "I found you," she repeated; "and now, oh Sir, you will not forsake me."

"I will not," I answered; but when I paused to think a sense of our danger rushed upon me. Alone in this house, more than a mile from any human aid, how could I defend her or myself from men desperate, as these would be, if they only guessed that I knew their terrible secret? I, with a wife and children looking to me, had no right uselessly to peril my life. I must be cautious; and if it came to the worst, then I could but try what one strong arm in a good cause could do against two villains. So I spoke gently to the woman, holding her hand as she stood beside me, and trying to quiet her agony of terror and despair, while I said that I *would* save her, but to do it at this moment would not be possible. "Only wait till morning. Go back now to your prison, and trust to me." She started and shuddered.

"The key stuck in the lock; it would not come out," she said. "They may find it there, and then they will murder me, as they have threatened."

"Listen!" I whispered. "There is no sign that they have heard us yet. Go back and try—try with all your strength to loosen the key, and lock yourself in again; then you need fear nothing, for they can not guess. I will watch: if you need me, cry out, and I will come—if not, wait and hope for the morning that shall bring you safety and release; only go now, before they find us together."

She seemed to understand, and moved toward the door submissively, then stopped: "You would not deceive me?" she said. The look and tone were so imploring, so inexpressibly mournful, that my heart smote me for letting her go, for remembering any thing but her misery. She gazed into my face. "I know you would not," she said, in quite another voice, and again turned away, I following her. Her fingers softly turned the handle; she crept into the passage, and I watched the tall dark form flitting along the gallery, her bare feet moving noiselessly upon the boards. I listened breathlessly, but there was neither sound nor movement in the house. The old couple slept at the foot of the back staircase and near the kitchen, the son in a small room close to the hall, never dreaming that the prisoner they had kept securely all those months would find means to force her prison on this very night—only the woman even knowing that she had heard of my presence in the house. If any chance noise awoke those sleepers, if any chance suspicion had turned them into watchers, then it might be a struggle of life and death. No; all was still as yet. The moonlight flooded the room, as, closing the door, I softly crossed to the window-seat, and sat down there to listen and to think. Think—think of what? A horrible crime, a secret prison-house not twenty miles from London, the work that must be done to-morrow: all these things seemed crowded together wildly in my brain. By degrees I grew calmer. I must release her, but how? Many ways flashed across me, and were cast aside again; so I sat motionless, gazing into the sky, my ear strained for any cry, until the first faint streak of dawn came into the east. No sound had broken the dead silence of the house, and now at last my plan was made, and might be tried. I dressed quietly, then waited for a while, and as the red rim of the rising sun showed through the trees, tramped noisily down stairs. I meant that they should hear and see me, but no one appeared; so crossing to the kitchen, I looked in. The old man was there cutting up wood; he did not hear my step till I was close upon him, then turned sharply round. "You rise early," he said, in the old surly tone.

With all the blood in my veins curdling in sight of that wicked, murderous face I forced my lips to speak naturally. "Why, yes," I said: "I want to see something of the grounds before I breakfast. Can you tell me the best way to take?"

"I know naught about it," he answered: "there's nothing worth seeing any where about here."

"Where does the garden lie?" I asked. The instant I had spoken I felt that my question, meant to divert suspicion, had been a rash one. He looked up, a new expression in his eyes—was it fear or doubt?

"There is no garden now," he said, hastily; "it's a wilderness; and breakfast will be ready directly, if only that old idiot"—and he shouted his wife's name—"was here, as she should be."

The precious minutes were slipping fast away, and yet I dared not seem in haste. The old man had returned to his chopping, and the monotonous thud of the hatchet alone sounded through the room. Presently I said, carelessly: "Well, I'm just going for a turn in the wood now, and presently I shall get you to go round with me." I had not done speaking when the old woman's door opened, and I heard her foot beginning slowly to ascend the stairs. Was she going *there?* All might, perchance, be safe; but if that broken key *should* still be in the lock the secret was betrayed. In desperation I racked my brains for some device to bring her back. "Stay!" I exclaimed to the old man; "isn't that your wife? I want her to get me, if she can, some eggs and vegetables to take to town; I will pay well."

His eyes brightened, and absorbed in that promise, he never saw the agitation of my manner; he stepped to the door. "Meg," he called, "the gentleman wants ye. Come down, will ye?"

A pause; then she said from above: "I sha'n't be long."

I breathed hard.

"Come now," he called again; "the gentleman's waiting;" and then the foot came slowly down. A few minutes later, I saw her, with relief no words can tell, go off with a basket on her arm to the hen-house and garden. Now was my time, and there was not a moment to lose. Followed by old Pearce, I crossed the hall. As I stood waiting while he unfastened the door, the lad's words about the son came to my mind. He might be away; if so—if there were but this one man to face I would battle it out alone, and not leave her for an hour in their hands.

"I don't know," I said, carelessly, "whether your son's at home; if so, would he direct me, by-and-by, to Leekford, and carry my bag and basket?"

"Yes, he can go," was the reply.

That course, then, was hopeless, and I must try the other way. Slowly I sauntered along the wood-path, pausing from time to time to look with seeming interest at the trees and shrubs around me and back at the old house, and still that man stood in the door-way looking after me. At last I turned my head, and he was gone; but while within sight of those windows I dare not quicken my pace. A few steps more, and I was close to the old gate; I leaned upon it for a minute, then unlatched it, and passed through. All was still and quiet in the early morning light, save a rabbit bounding across the path and the rooks cawing overhead. I went on a little way, then stopped, and once again looked back. The old house was hidden now, and no human figure was in sight. Another glance, and then away like the wind through fields and woods, and over the common where a low red house stood in its solitude. On I went, into the fir plantation, through more fields, and then clambering a fence, made for a white house upon the brow of a hill near. That house, my boy guide had said, belonged to a Mr. Archer; and he had said, too, that he was a magistrate. Little as I had noticed his words at the time, all—the name, the place—had come fresh to my mind in my night-watch, and I was going there to ask his aid. On, on; and now my laboring breath was failing, and my feet seemed fastened to the ground; but still I struggled forward, and at last, thank Heaven for it! I had gained the door. Mr. Archer looked surprised; then led the way in-doors to a small study. In a few hurried words I told him all; but as I went on I saw the wonder in his face turning to disbelief, and the kind, thoughtful eyes involuntarily glancing now at my disordered dress, now at my flushed and agitated face. He thought me mad. With a great effort I composed myself, steadied my voice, and said: "You think this a wild story, but I swear solemnly that every word is true, and I call on you as a magistrate to give me help."

He was silent for a moment; then replied: "As a magistrate and as a man I should be bound to help if this were so; but pardon me, it *does* seem a wild story; and I should hardly like, without strong proof, to enter a man's house with such a charge."

I laid my hand upon his arm. "Listen," I said; "I can give you this proof only, that on the truth of what I say hangs my own character. If you go with me and find it false *you* have only been deluded by a madman or a rogue; if you refuse to go after my words, her blood and mine may be upon your head, for I, at any rate, shall instantly return there."

He hesitated, then said: "You speak strongly; and at least, as you say my going can do little harm, I am ready."

I stopped him again. "Not alone. Let some of your servants go with us. Not for my own sake," I added, as a half-smile curled his lip; "I only ask one man's aid; but I would not draw you into danger; and they are both strong men, and may have to be secured."

"And if not?" he said.

"If not, you have been deluded," I repeated.

"Very well, so be it," he answered.

Half an hour later Mr. Archer and myself, with two servants, stood before the door of Brocklehurst Grange. All seemed as undisturbed and quiet as when I had left it, hardly more than an hour ago. Was it as peaceful within? Were they still going about their daily work, expecting my return, while the solitary prisoner up stairs waited and watched for me in suspense that would be ended now? I rang, but no one came at first in answer to the summons. A terror seized me. Could they have murdered her and fled, leaving the house deserted? There had surely not been time for that. No; there were steps sounding on the floor, and the rattle of the door-chain as it fell. A moment more and I should know. The key turned, and the door was opened wide this time by old Pearce alone, quietly regarding us with the old sullen look and no more. They had guessed nothing yet, and now it mattered little that the three men by my side must show him all.

"You have had a long walk, Sir," he said; "and what may this gentleman want?" as Mr. Archer stepped forward.

I looked him full in the face. "He has come to take Ann Forrest from this house."

At that name I thought to see him turn pale or spring upon me, but no feature altered—no change came over the dogged face. Then all at once my heart misgave me. Mr. Archer looked embarrassed.

"I would not willingly," he said, "intrude upon you, or suspect you of the horrible crime with which this gentleman charges you; but he is so positive, that, if you can, you ought, for your own sake, to clear yourself."

Pearce looked at him unmoved. "You are Mr. Archer, of Holme Green, I think. Why you are here, and what this man means, perhaps you can tell, for I can not."

"This is what I mean," I said. "Ann Forrest, whose master you murdered two years ago, is now secretly detained in this house lest she should accuse you as the murderers. She is in the room which you call a lumber-room, and I am going there now."

"You are welcome to go there or any where, all of you, though I know no right you have to search this house. It signifies little to me what you do, and this is all of a piece with your conduct this morning;" and turning on his heel, he went back to the kitchen.

My companions exchanged looks, and I saw that the old villain's cunning words had strengthened their suspicions of me. That strange, that horrible composure, what could it mean? With a sick heart I led the way up stairs to the locked door where I had stood the night before; it was locked now, and above it hung the key. Could I have mistaken the place? No, there was the narrow passage just before me, the winding staircase above me and below. I snatched down the key, unlocked the door, and entered a desolate room half filled with boxes and old furniture; beyond it was another room quite empty, with no sign in either of human habitation. This, then, was what the old man's calmness meant; yet I searched, searched despairingly on every side, in every nook and corner, Mr. Archer looking on silently the while. All in vain! She was gone, and not a trace of her was left. I went into the other rooms; I left no spot unvisited; I groaned aloud in my bitter remorse for having left her to her fate. What had that fate been? That was the thought that lay heavy at my heart as we went at last to the kitchen. As we were about to enter it, Mr. Archer drew me aside.

"You remember," he said, "your own words when you brought me here. I have been patient; I have given you every chance; now comes your turn. For my sake and your own, as well as the men you have wronged, you must confess openly either to a cruel slander, or—"

"An insane fancy," I said, finishing the sentence. "Not yet. There are gardens and out-houses; I must search them. They may even have carried her off."

"How could they in broad daylight? You here till an hour ago and no cart or horse about the place—that at least is impossible. Besides, the man is here."

I said nothing in reply. What could I say? The old man was still alone and sitting by the fire as we passed through the kitchen to the back-door. He raised his head, and, pointing to a basket on the table, said: "My wife got those ready before she went to market. I don't ask if you have found any thing up stairs, because there was nothing to find; but I hope you are satisfied."

I was silent; but Mr. Archer paused to say a few words before following me out upon my fruitless quest. Every where, in lofts and sheds, summer-houses and stables, round the gardens and yards—on all sides I hunted, and hunted in vain. The fowls in the chicken-yard, the old dog in his kennel were the only living beings that met my eyes; and turning to Mr. Archer, I said, at last: "I give it up."

"And withdraw your accusations?" he asked.

"It is useless pressing them," I answered, bitterly; "but how can I disbelieve my own senses?"

"Even our senses may deceive us," he said, quietly.

I knew what he meant very well. His first step, when we returned again to the kitchen, was to go up to old Pearce and apologize gravely and formally for the disturbance he had caused. His next was to turn to me, saying: "There can be no further reason for my remaining; I will wish you good-morning, hoping that your painful impressions may wear off."

His words came in strangely with the thought in my own mind. Was it, after all, a dream, a delusion of my own, created by the lad's story and the desolate house? Had that midnight visit existed in my own fancy alone? Was Mr. Archer right, and was I going mad? With that horrible idea now first striking me, I stood silent until Mr. Archer again repeated his farewell. Then I roused myself. "Good-by," I said. "After all, you may be right, and I wrong. Stop!" And my voice in a new tone echoed through the room. I was standing by the window, and close to my right hand was a common kitchen cupboard, and at that very instant I had heard a moan come from it. I never could have heard it had I not been so near; I could hardly hear it now; but I turned and laid my hand upon the key, and as I did so the old man with an oath sprang up and rushed upon me. There was a confused struggle, a loud outcry, and he was on the ground, and I was wrenching open the door. It yielded to my strength, and there, on the floor of that narrow closet, bound hand and foot, and gagged, lay the poor woman for whom I had been seeking, powerless to move or cry out, though with help so near, and only able, by her desperate efforts, to utter that one faint moan which had just reached my ears. We lifted her up and unbound her, but she spoke no word, only her wild eyes roamed incessantly about, and she clung to me with a grasp that seemed as though it never would unloose. I and Mr. Archer led her away, leaving the two men to bring old Pearce afterward, for he made no resistance and only glared savagely round upon us all.

It was many hours before Ann Forrest could speak of what had happened to her; but that afternoon, in Mr. Archer's study, her hand still clasping mine, she told her dreadful tale—how in old times she had known the Pearces well, and once had even helped to nurse the woman; how they had asked her carelessly one day about her master's money-box and she had told them, not thinking any harm, and had never dreamed of any until the cruel deed was done. That evening she had been busy in the house till after nightfall, and then went down the garden to call her master in to supper; but as she neared the spot where he was wont to sit, she saw two figures bending over something on the ground, and as she stood to watch, saw, too, that it was her master who lay there, and running forward with a cry in sudden horror, had fallen the next moment stunned by a blow upon the head. She knew no more until she woke to find herself in the lonely room at Brocklehurst, and learned that they had brought her there to ward suspicion from themselves; that her life had for the time been spared, because the woman, bearing grateful memory of that old kind nursing, had vowed to tell all if they harmed her, and might have kept her vow; and so for all those terrible months one weak woman alone had stood between her and a frightful death. Of the end of that suspense, of the morning when the old man, coming up alone, had found the key, despite the frantic efforts she had made, still in the lock, and guessing the secret from that and from her terror, had bound and hidden her from her approaching deliverers, and arranging all things in her prison, had sent his wife and son away and staid himself on guard—of all this she could not even now speak without convulsive shudders, and we did not press her.

My story is well-nigh told. The father and son suffered for their crimes, the woman was mercifully dealt with. We did not take Brocklehurst Grange, for we could not bear that our innocent children should live in scenes darkened by such deeds; but we did go elsewhere. Years afterward there might be seen moving about our house a pale, tall woman, darkly dressed, gentle in manner, and very, very quiet. To her my wife turned for sympathy in every trouble; in her arms the children loved to lie when sick or sorrowful. From her I had the most faithful and devoted service; and she died at last, holding my hand, and thanking me with her eyes, even when her voice was silenced forever. Her name was Ann Forrest.

ONLY.

ONLY a woman's face,
In the dark night and cold,
But, oh! the ghost of a vanish'd grace,
And the pitiful tale it told!

Wrapt in a ragged shawl
(Why was it not her shroud?)
It look'd as white as the moon at night,
Through a rift in a driving cloud.

Only a few poor pence,
And a few kind words addressing;
And all they brought was a kindly thought
And a poor lost woman's blessing.



THANKSGIVING IN CAMP.



THE ADVANCE-GUARD OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC ATTACKING THE REBELS NEAR SUCKERSVILLE.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 770.]

REGINALD MARSDEN'S ATONEMENT.

ALICE GRAFTON, the gentle heroine of this brief record of real life, had been committed to her aunt's charge when her father, Captain Grafton, and his beloved wife sailed for India, where, after three years' residence, Mrs. Grafton fell a victim to anxiety and an unhealthy climate. At the termination of the Scinde war Major Grafton returned to England sick and wounded. His native air, the tender assiduities of his maiden sister, Laura Grafton, and his young daughter Alice, and the peace and tranquillity of an English home, partially restored his health. To the unspeakable joy of Alice he rallied for a time, and traveled with her and his sister for three years in Switzerland and Germany; but an old wound having opened afresh, from over-exertion, he returned to England in a precarious state. Feeling that probably he might not recover, he summoned to Atwood his old school-fellow and most intimate friend, Mr. Marsden, under whose guardianship, conjointly with that of Miss Grafton, he desired to place Alice. Mr. Marsden was accompanied by his eldest son, Reginald. It was during this visit that an incident occurred which had a powerful influence upon the after-life of the three persons concerned in the occurrence. Reginald Marsden, at that time eighteen years of age, had rescued Alice from drowning, and had also saved the life of little Jessie Moore, a motherless child, whom Alice, pitying her neglected state, had made her little attendant and companion.

This Jessie Moore was one of those bright little beings whose faces sometimes beam upon us from beneath the shadows of a rustic porch, or from out of a frame of foliage clustering round a cottage window. She had a fervent and enthusiastic nature, an intense love of the beautiful, and, alas! perhaps an innate distaste for the rough realities of poverty. Two years after the handsome, dark-eyed lady had saved her life, poor Jessie was taken away from her gentle young mistress to accompany a drunken, brutal father to London, where she was apprenticed to a West-end milliner. Before the first twelvemonth of this apprenticeship had elapsed Jessie disappeared, leaving no trace by which she could be followed. Alice Grafton had been cruelly distressed at hearing this bad news of her favorite. Too pure to impute evil, she attributed Jessie's disappearance to some ill-treatment or unkindness from her mistress or her father. Miss Grafton caused an advertisement to be inserted in the *Times* imploring the wanderer to return, and she consulted Reginald Marsden as to the propriety of searching further for the missing girl. But he had answered her letter coldly, telling her that all that could be done had been done, and that further interference in the business would be useless.

Shortly after this Major Grafton died, and nearly five years elapsed before Alice and Reginald again met. During the interval Mr. Marsden had died, and on Reginald now devolved the guardianship of Alice. Previous to her coming of age, a few law matters requiring arrangement, Mr. Reginald Marsden had paid a visit of some weeks at Atwood.

Alice and he had met with mutual pleasure. Neither had forgotten the beloved playmate of childhood. The delight they felt in each other's society was soon perceptible to Miss Grafton, who neither promoted nor discouraged the growing attachment, but allowed—how often the wisest plan!—things to take their own course.

The evening before he was to leave Atwood, Reginald asked Alice to take a favorite walk and view the sunset from a neighboring hill. Both felt that it was their last walk for a long time together, and both were sad and silent. As they were gazing on a splendid autumn sunset, "Alice," said Reginald abruptly, "as yonder sun sets below the horizon, so will sink the sun of my happiness when I leave Atwood. I am unworthy to claim even a friend's place in your pure thoughts, yet I must tell you what your influence over me has effected. Do you remember, even in our childhood, how your sweet pleading eyes could calm my wildest passions? and through the years during which we have been parted, never have I done wrong but their mournful gaze was upon me. And now I feel that henceforth you are my guardian angel. If ever I shall achieve any thing great or good it will be your work." Alice answered not, but her hand trembled on his arm. "Alice," continued Reginald, after a pause, "if in future years I become less unworthy of you may I—dare I—hope? Or if you withhold your love, will you at least think of me as a friend?" Alice held out her hand. "I will be ever your friend, Reginald," she said; "more I dare not say. It was my dear father's last wish, that before I promised more, a paper, which he left in your father's care, should be consulted." "That paper is in my hands now," said Reginald. "May I give it you to-night? But, Alice, supposing your father sanctioned our—our union, what would your heart answer?" Alice placed both her hands in his. Reginald covered them with kisses.

The paper that Reginald opened that evening contained a wish that Alice's choice might rest on one of the sons of his valued friend, Charles James Marsden. Alice lay down to rest that night doubly blessed in the thought that her father had sanctioned her love.

The engagement between Alice and Reginald rendered a visit to London absolutely necessary, and Miss Grafton wrote to her family physician and intimate friend, Dr. King, requesting him to engage apartments in the neighborhood of Russell Square, where he himself lived. Alice felt a childish pleasure in this visit, and she determined to seize the opportunity of endeavoring to gain tidings of her lost *protegée*, Jessie Moore.

A happy month had passed away, almost like a dream, so swiftly had the days flown by in quiet visits to the picture-galleries, museum, and concerts; Alice always happy with Reginald by her side to direct her judgment and improve her taste. In the bright days of early summer they made frequent excursions to favorite spots within easy access of the metropolis. Charles Marsden now paid a visit to his brother; and by his cheerful manners and well-stored mind made a pleasant addition to the party. Though less accomplished and fascinating than his brother, Miss Grafton preferred Charles to Reginald, and wished that her niece's choice had fallen on the younger brother.

But Alice loved Reginald with the unquestioning devotion of her earnest, enthusiastic nature, with the perfect trust of an innocent heart. The very essence of this trustful first-love is its faith in the worthiness of the beloved. Shatter that quiet confidence, that perfect reliance, and you strike a blow to the very root of love. Pity, regret, sympathy, affection, may remain; but the love that has faith has perished.

Alice and her aunt sat one evening in their pleasant drawing-room, overlooking the Foundling Gardens, expecting Mr. Marsden, who came every evening, from his chambers in the Temple, to drink tea with Miss Grafton and her niece. Alice was silent, but it was the silence of content. She had spent the previous day with her aunt, Reginald, and Charles at Windsor. The splendid old palace and the noble park had claimed their admiration. They had rambled round the lovely Virginia waters, and lost themselves in the spreading forest, with its bright oases of flowers. A bright June sun had wrapped the young foliage in radiance, and with sunshine in their hearts and around them, they had all agreed that it had indeed been a most happy day. Many years passed before one of them could remember that day without a pang.

Alice sat at the window listening for Reginald's step, when a poorly clad, but respectable-looking woman caught her attention. A double knock sounded on the door below, but was not the familiar rat-tat, every stroke of which was music to Alice's ears. Mr. Charles Marsden was announced, the servant adding that a poor woman was waiting below, who begged to see Miss Alice. Charles brought his brother's excuses, whom earnest business detained at his chambers. Alice, with a sigh, went to the woman. In less than ten minutes she returned to the drawing-room. "Aunt, dear," she said, "I want Charles to go with me a little way; I think we may, perhaps, hear something of poor Jessie. Charles, will you come?" Mr. Marsden gladly assented.

"Charles," said Alice, as they left the house, "I did not wish to alarm my aunt, but I fear something terrible has happened to poor Jessie. Look here!" She handed him a slip of paper, blotted with tears, containing these words:

"Dear Miss Alice, I am so very, very miserable that, weak and guilty as I have been, I know you will pity me. Last week I saw your sweet face as you got out of a carriage, but I dared not speak to you—you so good and pure, and I so fallen and wretched. Oh, why did you not let me die six long years ago? When I saw you I resolved to write and entreat your pity for my poor baby, but it is useless now." The poor scrawl broke off abruptly, and the last words were almost illegible, so blotted were they with the tears that had fallen upon them.

It was a mean, narrow street to which the woman had directed Alice. She was watching for them at the door of a poor-looking house, and conducted them up a narrow, close staircase into a small room, which was scantily furnished, but neat and clean. In a cot lay a pretty child, about twelve months old. A smile rested on the little thin face, but the eyes were closed in death. Alice's tears fell fast as she looked at it, and listened to the woman's sad story of its mother.

"She was quite a young thing, Miss, though so pale and wan. She came here just before baby was born, nigh a twelvemonth back. How she did dote on it, to be sure! She was so sad, and never would speak to any one but me; and I think she took to me because I noticed baby. It was a nice little thing, with beautiful dark eyes; but it never throve. It had been ill some days, and its cries distracted its poor mother. Yesterday she said to me, 'Baby must have a doctor. I want you to go to such a house' (your house, Miss), 'and see Miss Alice, and tell her that little Jessie Moore, that she was so kind to years ago, entreats her to send a doctor to her little boy.' Then she told me, Miss, how you tried once to save her from drowning, and how she wished you had let her die then, that she might have been spared so much misery and sin. This morning, quite early like, she knocked at my door; never shall I forget her look as she said, 'Baby is dead! I am going out.' She was quite calm, and didn't shed a tear, but her eyes looked wild like. I went up—I soon went up to her room, and there lay the poor little thing dead. I washed and dressed it, and laid it in its little cot; all day I watched and waited for its poor mother to come back, but she never came. So I thought, Miss, I would make bold and come to you, as mayhap you might have seen her. I found the bit of paper with name on it, and there is another letter or something on that table, if you would please to look at it."

Almost mechanically Alice moved to the table, followed by Charles. The letter of which the woman had spoken lay there open, as the wretched girl had left it when she rushed from the house. At the same moment their eyes rested on these words: "Abandoned by you, I had still my child to cling to: it is dead; I can bear life no longer! May God have mercy on us!—JESSIE."

"I think this is the address, Miss," said the woman; "I took a letter for her there once, soon after baby was born. How she did long for an answer, poor thing! but it never came." The woman held toward Alice a torn, crumpled envelope; the name upon it was Reginald Marsden, Esq.

Alice took the crumpled paper from the woman's hand, and gazed at it with a strange, half vacant stare. Presently, rousing herself as from a trance, she whispered, "What can we do? think for me, Charles, for I can not."

Charles Marsden's first thought was to hurry Alice away. As they left the house they met Dr. King. "Dear Miss Alice," said he, hurriedly, "I have just left your aunt; I called to tell you that I think I have found your Jessie. It is a sad tale, though. A poor young woman, picked up out of the river, was brought to the hospital just as I was leaving to-day. The house-surgeon asked me to see her. It was a long time before they could get life into her again, so I tried a remedy which I once found succeed when other means had failed. Gradually she came to, and was able to speak before I left. As the nurses were chafing her hands a ring fell off. I took it up, and inside were engraved the words, Jessie M. Moore, I think you told me was the name. This poor thing does not look more than eighteen, so it is very likely your Jessie. But if you do not mind coming with me to-morrow, you can judge for yourself." The doctor soon left them.

"Charles," said Alice, "I can not go in just now, let us walk round the square."

They walked up and down the smooth gravel path for some time in silence. Charles Marsden looked, from time to time, at his companion's sweet face. It was as white as death, but as calm as the face of an angel. No tears quivered upon the soft dark lashes that drooped over the tender blue eyes; the delicate mouth was now and then disturbed by a faint, tremulous motion, painfully expressive of the speechless grief which had fallen so heavily on the untried heart. At last she murmured, rather to herself than Charles, "Oh, how dreadful the thought that he should have been guilty of such cruelty—such dishonor! Jessie—the girl whose life he saved, whom he knew in our happy home!"

Charles attempted not to console her; he felt too keenly that he could give no comfort here. No mortal voice, no mortal pity, could console her in such a grief as this. How mournfully they paced those pleasant leafy inclosures which Alice had looked upon so lately from her open window, listening to the merry voices of the children, and taking a pleased interest in their games! And now, in the bitterness of unutterable sorrow, she looked back at her past life, and wondered at its happiness. After a long silence she stopped at the gate of the inclosure and gave Charles her hand. "No one must know this but him," she said; "I will take care of Jessie. Charles, I trust to you."

When Alice re-entered the house she found her aunt occupied with some friends, and, leaving them together, she retired to her room—retired, not to sleep, not to think, but to pray. A dreadful blank had blotted out the bright picture of her life, yet she thought not of that, she thought only of Reginald and Jessie; with her whole heart and strength she pleaded for the guilty and the unhappy. She thanked God, oh how fervently! that life had been spared. A holy calm at length succeeded the agitation of her spirits; she rose from a sleepless couch and opened her window. The cool air of early morning fanned her heated cheek; the first bright streak of dawn shone through the trees, and shed a ray of hope on her heart. It seemed like a bright messenger from heaven sent to bid her not despair. She lay down and slept.

With a calm demeanor but a beating heart Alice accompanied Dr. King to the hospital. In a small room off the accident-ward lay Jessie, a blank image of despair. She raised her hot, heavy eyelids as the doctor entered, but when she saw Alice a burning flush suffused her features, and she covered her face with her hands. Alice bent over her in silence. At length a tear fell on the bowed head, and a tender voice murmured, "My poor Jessie!" The doctor left them together.

Tears now trickled through the thin fingers that were clasped before Jessie's face. "Dear Miss Alice," sobbed the wretched girl, "if you knew all, you too would shun me; you would shrink from me like the rest, and—"

"Hush, Jessie, not now," murmured Alice, in a soothing tone; "when you are better you shall tell me all. God has been very merciful in saving your life, and in bringing us together. In our greatest trials He will not forsake us if we trust in Him."

"Yes, you who are so good, but I—" A gentle hand covered her mouth.

"I have not had your temptations, my poor girl, but I too have suffered." The anguish of the tone went to Jessie's heart. The hand was pressed fervently to her lips. "Listen to me, dear Jessie," Alice continued more calmly. "You are very weak now, quiet alone can restore you. Leave every thing to me. I have seen your little boy."

Another flood of tears came to Jessie's relief, and Alice wept with her. With the quick perception of affection Miss Grafton soon perceived that Alice suffered from a deeper rooted grief than she could naturally feel from poor sinning Jessie's misfortunes. She missed from her niece's finger the ring that Reginald had given her, but she forbore to solicit a confidence that was not freely given, and with the tact of true sympathy avoided all allusion to Mr. Marsden. Poor Alice felt that hers was a grief too sacred even for affection to share.

In the evening Charles Marsden called, and he also shunned all reference to his brother, except while Alice was out of the room, when he apologized to Miss Grafton for Reginald's absence. When he left, Alice followed him into the hall, and gave him a small packet for his brother. It contained the ring.

That evening Jessie Moore was seized with the wild delirium of a brain fever. It was an anxious time for Alice and her aunt, who both spent many hours by the sufferer's side; and when reason at last returned tried every means in their power to soothe and cheer her. When all danger was over, Miss Grafton proposed to Alice that they should leave London, and go for a few weeks to the sea-side, and at Alice's request took a lodging near them for Jessie Moore, whose unaffected penitence had secured for her the pitying tenderness of the kind old lady. Once Miss Grafton spoke to her niece of Reginald Marsden: "I take it for granted, dear Alice, that all is over between you and Mr. Marsden. I seek not, darling, to know your secret, and I have such confidence in your strong sense and noble heart that I am sure that it is no girlish pique, no foolish misunderstanding, that has separated you." "It is not, indeed, my dear aunt." "And Mr. Marsden submits to your decision?" asked Miss Grafton. "He does; because he feels that I am right. The secret is of so painful a nature, dearest aunt, that if you would make me happy, pray never speak of it again."

Settled quietly at Eastbourne, it was a balm to Alice's heart to watch the bloom of health gradually return to poor Jessie's wasted cheek. The sea-breezes invigorated her drooping frame, and the sweet companionship of Alice elevated and strengthened her mind. Like most English women, Alice was undemonstrative; her mind, like her beauty, was less suited to dazzle the imagination than to win the heart. She had loved deeply, devotedly, yet she could judge justly for herself and others. The calm strength of her character, her firm trust in Divine love, gave her an unconscious influence over all who loved her.

Jessie, warm-hearted and impetuous, with more vehemence of character, and a far less regulated mind, clung to her with childlike devotion. Alice also rejoiced in the love she had inspired, and strove, like a ministering angel, to pour balm into the wounded heart, to awaken Jessie's mind to a just sense of the duties and responsibilities of life, and inspire her with that faith in the Divine love which shed so bright a light over Alice's own path.

Jessie's story was listened to with gentle pity, but never referred to afterward. Before she left London Alice received one communication from Reginald. He wrote thus: "Teach me what atonement I can make to you and to her. I can not love her, but I will marry her if you think it right."

When Jessie opened her heart, Alice had said, "Jessie, if he offered to marry you, not loving you, but from a sense of duty, would you marry him?" Jessie murmured, in a broken voice, "If his child had lived I might have answered Yes; but it is so different now. Do not think me proud, dear Miss Alice, but I can not accept his pity." Alice conveyed Jessie's answer to Reginald, and only added these words: "Jessie is my charge now."

Alice and her aunt now consulted seriously on Jessie's future. They thought it best that she should make a living for herself. She had a fine soprano voice, which, if cultivated, might give her independence. Alice's former singing-master was willing to receive the penitent girl into his family, and give her instruction in singing for three years, at the end of which time she might be able to gain her own living. Jessie parted with her noble young protectress with tears of gratitude, and resolutely and industriously began her new career. Mr. Leslie was so well satisfied with the beauty and flexibility of her voice, and pleased with her aptitude and gentleness, that he begged that, if he succeeded, as he hoped, in preparing her for a first-rate concert-singer, she would come out under his name.

Alice and her aunt went home to resume their old life at Atwood. Years passed on. Miss Grafton and Alice often saw Mr. Reginald Marsden's name in the newspapers as leading counsel in the Northern Circuit. He had early gained some standing in his profession. His ambition was gratified, Alice thought, but was he happy? Charles occasionally paid them a visit. He had for some years left college and entered on the duties of a country clergyman. An old friend of his father had given him a small living in a pretty Somersetshire village. He confided to Alice his own plans and prospects, but he dared not venture to speak of his brother's.

A half-yearly visit to Atwood and a regular and intimate correspondence only increased Jessie's devotion to Alice, who was her guide, her counselor, and friend. And when in her profession her great beauty and brilliant voice laid her open to flattery and temptation, the memory of the one blot on her early life, and the love of the gentle being who had rescued her from ruin, preserved her from danger. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, who had no children of their own, were as proud and almost as fond of her as if she had been their daughter, and she still resided with them. Six years had passed when Alice received a letter, written in a hand whose well-known characters she could not even now trace without emotion. It contained these words:

"Forgive me if I dare to break the long silence between us. For the pain which you suffered six long years since I ask not forgiveness. I can not forgive myself. In the calm sufficiency of your own pure life you can not realize the desolateness of mine. The bright hopes that I once cherished blasted through my own crimes, I shunned society and wrapped myself in my profession. I gained repute which brought no satisfaction, for I was alone. An angel once blessed my path; and though my own guilty madness had forfeited the blessing, still the memory of that pure love rendered all mercenary and unholy ties odious.

"You are, and have been for years, the loadstar of a far nobler heart than mine. I would not have it otherwise. Still there is one who once loved me whose tenderness I feel I could repay with devotion if she would only let me make reparation for the dreadful past."

This letter caused Alice much anxiety. There could be so little sympathy now between the misanthropic barrister and the beautiful songstress, whose short career in public had been one ovation of applause. True, Jessie still wore the ring he gave her, and Alice thought that, at all events, they had better meet. She therefore begged her aunt to invite the two brothers to meet them at Christmas, which festive season Jessie was to spend at Atwood. Miss Grafton, not a little surprised at the request, acceded to it, and sent an invitation to both the brothers.

One evening Reginald Marsden sauntered into Exeter Hall. It was unusual for him to visit any place of amusement, as he shunned any chance of meeting with his former friends. He was late, and seated himself under the orchestra. A lady was singing one of the beautiful airs of the *Messiah*. The earnest tones of the pure, clear voice seemed like a breath of the past, wafted over his hard, joy-

less life, summoning him to a higher existence. His heart was softened; he longed to live a different life. Experience with them therefore, left the hall without even casting a glance at the singer.

It was a snowy afternoon when Charles and Reginald Marsden arrived at Exeter, and proceeded on the branch line to Atwood. The train, impeded by the snow, which had only been partially cleared from the line, moved slowly on. It had nearly reached the Atwood station when the danger, which sometimes, and a red light gleamed in the distance. There was a sudden jerk—a crash. The engine was off the line. Shrill screams arose, and now arose on all sides. Lights and help were quickly on the spot. The two carriages next to the engine were shattered; several persons were seriously injured. Charles Marsden was not hurt. Reginald was slightly wounded.

An invitation to Atwood had been Alice's only answer to Reginald Marsden's letter, but he understood her sufficiently well to felt that she knew of his wishes, and that he should meet Jessie Moore at Atwood. It was with strange, conflicting emotions that he had looked forward to meeting her and Jessie, and began the journey which had ended so unhappily.

Alice and her aunt were momentarily expecting the brothers. Their pretty drawing-room, gay with winter foliage—for Miss Grafton loved old Christmas customs—was lit up by a crackling log fire, which gilded even the snow-covered shrubs round the bay-window. A noise was heard entered hurriedly, and said, "James has just come back, madam, and says there's been an accident on the railway, and one of the Mr. Marsdens is hurt."

Send James instantly with the carriage for Dr. Wimbush."

In half an hour the carriage returned, and Alice, with a footstool under her, held Reginald's head still insensible, carried into the house. The doctor was with him, who said the internal injuries were not dangerous; the brain was not affected, slightly, he hoped. Great care and quiet were needed. An hour elapsed before consciousness returned.

For a month Reginald was confined to his room. Alice, with thoughtful kindness, had put off Jessie's visit, who happened to be with friends not in Edinburgh, and so did not hear even of the accident, and Alice had given her no intimation of whom she was likely to meet at Atwood.

Charles had been obliged to return to his parish duties. It was with a sad, yet strangely pleasant feeling, that Reginald had, through his illness, felt himself the object of unceasing care from Miss Grafton and Alice. It was pleasant to know himself dependent on them alone.

Miss Grafton paid him daily visits; brought him books of Alice's choosing—not the religious poetry that they had once read together, but Spenser, Longfellow, and those womanly writers who have strong plain truths in them. There was such a home-like feeling, too, at Miss Grafton's. Reginald thought with a regret of going out into the world again; his world of toil and money-getting, where men's wits are sharpened and their hearts turned to stone. He trusted there might one day be a link between Alice and himself; not the one he breakfast-table, but a link which should be like that which Charles being together, and had once or twice from his window watched them walking in the shrubbery.

With a languid step Reginald, for the first time, entered the drawing-room. Alice was at the very pale, and held out her hand. They looked into each other's face. "What a change in her!" His white lines of care and thought deeply graven on his features, bagged with recent illness; she with the traces of a deep sorrow on her sweet face. She wheeled a chair for him to the fire, and gently expressed her pleasure at his recovery. For some minutes he could not speak; at last, with a trembling voice, he muttered, "Alice, your forgiveness." She gave him her hand. His hot tears fell on it, as he bent over it and pressed it to his lips.

On the next evening Alice, her aunt, and Reginald were in the drawing-room. The drawing-room, in the dusky winter twilight, when Miss Leslie's arrival was announced. The young ornest-lamps, the elegant-looking women, greeted Alice and her aunt with the warmth of gratitude and affection; then, seeing a stranger there, Miss Grafton hurriedly introduced Reginald as a friend who had met with an accident on the railway. Mr. Marsden and Jessie looked surprised with the cold recognition of strangers. Alice drew her friend away—they evidently did not wish to see each other—she would tell her quietly next day. How daintily Alice arranged poor Jessie's collar and hair in the pretty little bedroom which had been prepared for the expected visitor! Jessie smiled at the trouble she herself took to look her best toilet. Certainly the beautiful face and graceful figure needed not the ornament of dress.

They entered to the drawing-room. The lamp had not yet been lighted. Reginald Marsden was seated in an easy-chair, between the fire-place and the piano, which had been moved into the cozy corner, close to the angle of the chimney-piece. The red blaze of the fire rose and fell, sometimes vividly illuminating the chamber with its cheerful light, sometimes leaving all in shadowy obscurity. Jessie and Alice seated themselves near the window and at a considerable distance from the invalid. Presently, however, in the course of an animated conversation about music, the young songstress alluded to a duet which she wanted Alice to learn.

"I have arranged your music on the piano, dear," Alice said. "Will you fetch this wonderful duet?"

Jessie glanced shyly at the fancied stranger; but rising from her pet, crossed the room toward the open piano.

Reginald watched the graceful figure with a listless glance; but as she approached him he listened suddenly upward, and for a moment all was as bright as day.

Reginald Marsden started from his half-reclining position as if he had seen a ghost.

"Jessie, Jessie!" he cried, "Jessie!" "Jessie, Jessie! my wronged, unhappy girl!"

His fall on his knees at her feet, lifting his pale face toward her own. He remembered nothing but her sorrows and her devotion.

"Alice," he cried, "Alice, proof of my life, this is your work!"

"It is, Reginald," sobbed Jessie; "but for that noble friend I should indeed have been utterly lost."

That you have been saved, Jessie, and it is not yet too late to atone. Alice has taught me my duty. My poor girl! to think that I should not have known you!"

Two months later there was a quiet wedding. Charles Marsden, Alice, and Miss Grafton alone were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Marsden went to pass some months in Italy. Reginald's constitution had sustained too severe a shock to permit him for'a long time to resume his profession, even if he should ever be able to do so. He had a little more than an annuity would be obliged to give him large changes; still he was rich with honest pride that she too could contribute to his support.

A few weeks after the wedding Alice received the following letter:

"DEAR ALICE,—Feelings of delicacy toward you, and of pity toward my brother, have made me look up in my heart for words to express my thanks for your kindness, which to have revealed would have been the happiness, the glory of both. But I am not a man of words, and I ask not for that angel's love you once felt for another. I am a lonely man, and would cheerfully have given my life to have saved you one page. From boyhood you have been the object of my life. Alice, I love you with the whole truth of my soul—with the whole strength of my being. Will you accept this love?

"CHARLES."

In a few months there was a second wedding, at single in the drawing-room at Atwood. Alice was immediately afterward Alice and her aunt left Atwood, and went to live at the parsonage-house of Charles Marsden's new parish.

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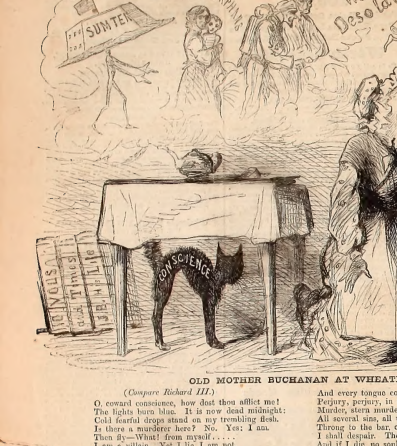
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The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight;
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Is there a murderer here? No. Yes; I am.
Then fly—What! from myself . . . .
I am a villain. Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well. Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree,
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all—guilty! guilty!
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me:
And if I die, no soul will pity me!

(*Vide* BUCHANAN'S *Reply to* GENERAL SCOTT.)



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MAJOR-GENERAL NATHANIEL P. BANKS, UNITED STATES ARMY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 787.]

FOLLOWING THE DRUM.

"Kiss me good-by, my dear!" he said;
"When I come back we will be wed."
Crying, she kissed him, "Good-by, Ned!"
And the soldier followed the drum,
The drum,
The echoing, echoing drum.

Rataplan! Rataplan! Rataplan!
Follow me, follow me, each true man;
Living or dying, strike who you can!
And the soldier follows the drum,
The drum,
The echoing, echoing drum.

Proudly and dimly marched off the men,
Who had a sweetheart thought of her then;
Tears were coming, but brave lips smiled when
The soldiers followed the drum,
The drum,
The echoing, echoing drum.

One, with a woman's curl next to his heart,
His full hair half smile pierce like a dart;
She thought "death in life" comes when we part
From soldiers following the drum,
The drum,
The echoing, echoing drum.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1862.

THE FRENCH PROPOSAL TO MEDIATE.

MONSIEUR DROUYN DE L'HUYS, the new French Minister of State, appears to have inaugurated his accession to power by a proposal addressed to the British and Russian Governments, to the effect that they should mediate in our war. We are not yet in possession of the precise terms of the proposal. But we gather from Earl Russell's reply that the French Government, anxious to avert further effusion of blood, and further sufferings by the workingclasses in Europe, proposed to the British and Russian Governments that they should jointly tender their good offices as mediators to the Government at Washington, and simultaneously to the insurgents at Richmond, with a view to ascertain whether some adjustment of the pending strife could not be discovered. It does not appear that the French offer went any further, for Earl Russell in his reply observes that "a refusal from Washington at the present time would probably not greatly remove the difficulties of the Government:" from which it may fairly be inferred that it was not proposed to follow up unsuccessful attempts to mediate by armed intervention.

This proposal Great Britain declined to entertain, as appears by a dispatch which Earl Russell dated November 13; for the reason that "there is no ground at the present moment to hope that the Federal Government would accept the proposal suggested. Russia would appear to have simultaneously declined to act upon the French suggestion, because she also seems to have promised to support any endeavor which may be made by England and France.

Upon these replies the *Moniteur*, the official organ of the French Government, remarks that they settle the question of mediation *for the present*.

We have thus, in any event, a further breathing spell, during which, if we are alive to the emergency, and true to ourselves, we may do enough toward the suppression of the rebellion to secure another and a final adjournment of the mediation scheme.

For our part we have never regarded the foreign intervention bugbear with much concern, nor do we now. Diplomatic efforts to mediate will possess no more practical importance than the speeches of Mr. John Van Buren to our "wayward sister." The only thing we have ever had to fear is actual armed intervention with armies and fleets; and that, at the present time, would be at least as injurious to the nations intervening as to ourselves. Our navy is rapidly assuming proportions; both in regard to the size and the number of the vessels composing it, which will enable us to cope with the combined navies of Europe. Before any combined European military and naval expedition could be got ready and sent across the Atlantic, there is reason to believe that we shall be in possession of every port where such could effect a landing with swivie to ulterior operations. We are in a very different position now from what we were when the *Trent* affair took place, although European intervention would of course protract the war, and render our task more severe than it is, it would do at least as much harm to the powers which intervened as to us. If they bombarded Portland, we might bombard Liverpool. If they captured our ships, we should capture theirs. They might try to send the *Warrior* to the broadside to the streets of New York and Hoboken," and she might get there, or not, as the affair turned out. But we know that Farragut could do in the Thames what he did in the Mississippi, and steam up to London Bridge with a fleet of impregnable iron-clads. So of the French. They might do us a vast deal of mischief, no doubt. But if the war began, we fancy that a good many French ports would be demolished before it ended; the tide hattized *La Gloire* and *La Normandie* would have gone to their last reckoning under the 15inch shot of our *Monitors*; and the brave little French army in Mexico would never see *la belle France* again. Would the game be worth the candle in either case? We think not, and therefore we have never believed in foreign armed intervention. Both England and France know too well what war costs to rush into it without a well-defined and substantial object.

It has been a great misfortune for this country that the Emperor of the French, who is a man and naturally well disposed toward the United States, should have been represented here ever since the war began by Monsieur Mercier—a man heartily hostile to us and to our institutions, and cordially friendly to the rebels and their institutions. So little discretion has this French man possessed that he has never made the least secret of his sympathy with the rebels. He has poured into every ear to which he had access his hatred of democracy, his belief in the rebellion, and his joy at the prospect. He has been the foremost of the rebel sympathizers at Washington in deriding our recent victories, our Government, sneering at our generals, and eulogizing our enemies. Not even the hoaxes who palm us off so much a column in the London *Times* have been more malevolent and more barely unjust than this French embassador. Equally regardful of the safety of his head in a country and of the respect he owed to ours, as a foreign minister resident here, he has made himself prominent for two years as an upholder of slavery, a foe to freedom, and an ally of the worst enemies the French ever had. We have reason to know—what can hardly be believed—that this man's dispatches to his Government have uniformly accorded with his conversation in society. If the Emperor has received from him for information about this country, he may honestly believe that all hopes of the restoration of the Union are ended; that we are on the eve of exhaustion; that our armies will not fight; that our generals do not know how to lead them; that the South is invincible; and that our theirs is the cause of justice and right, and ours the cause of wrong and oppression. Some of these representations that we have received from Mr. Dayton. But there must still have remained a sufficient number uncorrected to create a bias in the Emperor's mind. We do not believe that the Emperor will ever pursue any policy which may have the effect of introducing into the vitality of nations on the continent the corner-stone of human slavery." But we might have enjoyed more active sympathy from our old ally, France, had an honest representation been here, at this critical time, by a man equally devoid of political wisdom and moral convictions, but possessing neither the inclination nor the motive from making his embassy a head-quarters for rebel sympathizers, nor the self-respect to withdraw from a court which he is universally and intensely hated and despised.

For us, this mediation scheme should teach us one lesson, and one only—to hasten the work of putting down the rebellion. There is not an hour to be lost. Every day wasted by Burnside, Rosecrans, Grant, M'Clernand, Banks, Porter, Farragut, and Dupont increases the danger of foreign troubles. If the winter passes without very substantial gains by the Union arms, the suffering poor of Europe, the hostile aristocrats of England, and the rebel sympathizers in France will revive the mediation scheme in the spring, perhaps in a more energetic form than it has yet assumed. The present is ours: let us use it. The future is in the hands of Fate.

THE ARBITRARY ARREST BUSINESS.

THE Secretary of War has ordered the liberation of all political prisoners arrested by him on charges of discouraging enlistments and interfering with the draft. The order would have carried much weight if Mr. Stanton had not commenced his career by denouncing arbitrary arrests, and then proceeded to arrest ten persons for every one arrested by his predecessor. And as it is, however, it meets a very decided public wish. Nothing has been more clearly proved in the course of the arrests, than the existence, under the deep-seated aversion of the people of the North to the system of arbitrary arrests inaugurated and maintained by Secretary Stanton, and every kind of aid and comfort to rebels in arms, loyal people were so overwhelmed by the dread of an utter destruction of constitutional rights, they thought of nothing but the danger, and were ready to acquiesce in any measures, however arbitrary and illegal, that the imminence of the crisis might seem to require. As the experience has proved in this, as in all other cases, that it is unsafe to trust any man or set of men with the power to override the law. Of the arrests which have been made by order of the Government within the past eighteen months a few were probably wise and useful; but the great bulk were foolish and injurious. Most of them were well and loyally meant; but many were unjustifiable, and very few of them really did good to the cause which they were intended to serve. Obscure editors and noisy talkers have been locked up, and the wrongs they have endured have given an influence to their disloyalty which it could never have otherwise acquired. Spurious patriots have been enabled to enlist popular chivalry against the Government by feigned fear of Fort Lafayette. In some cases ignorance on the part of subordinate officers of Government, in others malice have inflicted unpardonable wrongs on innocent men. On the whole, Mr. Lincoln can hardly fail to feel that his arrests have been strange and few. If rebellion would have been no better off, if no one had ever been sent to Fort Lafayette but prisoners of war.

Difficulties, hardly defined as yet, are shadowed in the future in connection with this matter of arbitrary arrests. It is not easy to perceive what may be the upshot of Mrs. Brunsmade's case, of which the enemies of the Government are standing good set. But it is well understood that Mr. Seymour, on assuming office as Governor of New York, will hasten to join issue with the Administration on this subject, and an unpleasant collision of authority may ensue. Ex-Secretary Cameron has been once arrested, and held for trial on charges of illegal imprisonment brought against him by a person whom he had sent to Fort Lafayette when Secretary of War; more recently, on his return from Russia, he passed through the city with such circumstances of mystery that it is reported he was fearful of further molestation of a like character. In civil life likely to be tolerated by well informed, it is openly hoisted that Mr. Stanton dare not come to New York, and Mr. Seward himself has been similarly threatened.

We know not how much there may be in these innuendoes and threats, nor what may be precisely the legal responsibility of the members of the Cabinet for acts committed by them under orders of the President. But there is enough in the general aspect of the matter to create grave uneasiness in the minds of those who realize how much comfort discussions of ours would impart to the enemy, and how much weakness they would involve for ourselves. What is past can not now be mended, however, and we must make the best of it. But it may be hoped that we have seen the last of the exhibitions of fatal zeal which were developed in the arbitrary arrests of the past eighteen months.

THE LOUNGER.

OVER THE SEA.

THAT nothing may be wanting to complete the alienation of European sympathy from the cause of civil order and authority in this Government, the London *Times* has established a Richmond correspondence, and has recently printed the first of a series of letters designed to show the devotion and gallantry of the rebels, the baseness and cowardice of the loyal citizens of this country, and the utter futility and hopelessness of the war. Except for their gold-loads and cotton-speculation, the Yankees would long since have been "whipped out of their boots" by a population infinitely inferior in number, but overwhelming in earnestness of purpose and unity of action. The army of the rebels, he writes, is made up of the blue blood of the Southern element, that of the North is but a crowd of hired foreigners, who were hurled by the Government into battle "like a flock of half-fledged sheep" upon Washington. Meanwhile perfect security, perfect repose, perfect confidence reign in Richmond and throughout the South, while desolation and ruin follow the movements of the Northern barbarians, who regret their dead only because of the longer delay in restoring the vanished Union.

The letter is written with specious skill, and it is an illustration of the greater sagacity with which European sentiment has been manipulated by the rebels. For many months the foreign representatives of this country had been in political sympathy with the rebels. They were chiefly slaveholders themselves or the apologists of slavery, or they sealed their mouths. When the rebellion declared itself openly, these men hardly hoped for its success. John O'Sullivan, late minister to Portugal, has recently published a London book justifying the rebellion. James Williams, late Minister to Turkey, a man who glories in the fact that he was born a Kentuckian, and that he always voted the ticket that promised most for the cause of disunion, and who, now that the actual struggle has come, is the true "chivalric" Southron, gathers his goods and leaves the country forever, has also taken the same area, entitled "Secession Vindicated." Mr. Stiles, former Minister to Austria, is a Colonel or General in the rebel army. Mr. Ward, Minister to China, is an open rebel. Mr. Faulkner, late Minister to France, is a Virginian leader of rebellion. These men and many others had, of course, prepared the European mind for an utterly perverted and false view of the situation.

But besides this, the rebels have taken care to operate directly upon that mind since the rebellion took the field. They have established the foreign press. They have filled Europe with public and private emissaries. In the clubs, in the salons, they have placed accomplished agents, who have faithfully done their work; so that Mr. Mill is entirely correct in saying, in the last number of the Westminster *Review*, in an article upon the masterly work of Motley, that what one thinks of the son of the English hatred of the American cause is to be found in the total ignorance of the facts of the case.

What have we done to counteract this enormous influence? Mr. Motley, who resided in England when the war began, published his admirable pamphlet, and in the high society to which he had access, most manfully told the truth and maintained the cause of his country and justice. But even he could not delay for a day the issue of the British proclamation of equal belligerence. In Paris the American *salons* were in full sympathy with the rebellion, and the position of Mr. Slidell has unquestionably entirely overborne its influence that of Mr. Dayton. Mr. Adams, in London, has been most faithful, intrepid, and able; but he was for a long time embarrassed by a secretary who was entirely false to the country, while Cavour, the great Italian minister, who saw the whole scope of the struggle, died just as it commenced.

One of the eminent hopes of the rebellion was European sympathy. It was not necessary for it to combat it as to fight in the field. Whenever and however the enemy appeared and worked, it was only to provoke and overpower sympathy. We should have established the ablest and most incessant correspondence from America. We should have had able pamphlets. We should have filled Europe with able and loyal men, fitted for the natural task of effective opinion. In a word, we should have done, but more amply, exactly what the rebels have done.

Of course, the reason of our remissness is the old reason. We did not believe that there was to be a great war. We did not anticipate the necessity of foreign sentiment. We did not understand the desperate gravity and earnestness of our condition. A dissolution of the Union seemed to us little less than a renunciation of religion. It might be threatened, but it was impossible. The attempt, even if made, must be abortive. Why should we resist a shadowy danger, and by the very gravity of our preparations create a conviction of actual peril? The Secretary of State wrote masterly dispatches to our ministers, which they read to foreign Governments. They were necessarily powerless to affect public opinion, for they were not published until that opinion was already settling in the wrong direction.

Henceforth our duty is simple enough. Vigor and success are the field; a matter, not solely in the whole management of the war: these, and these only, will subdue the rebellion and frustrate the consequences of European hostility.

DISCIPLINE.

THE rebels claim, but without some show of reason, that they fight for liberty, and that the strictest military discipline in their army is an evidence of their superior earnestness. They argue that no people accustomed to the habits of liberty would submit to the necessary restraints and hardships of military life except from the most profound and vital conviction of the importance of their cause. This rebel deserters have been shot. Rebel stragglers from the ranks are disgraced and publicly branded. The rebels are willing, in making war, to make it according to the rules of war.

The want of discipline in our army is felt not only in the army, but in public sentiment. The national mind seems to be hardly persuaded of the cardinal truth that the way of peace is first subjugation and then reconstruction. There is no use in conducting military operations with pleasure. The great mass of the rebels have of late years always held the people whom they called "cadaver." The experience of every observing man is conclusive upon this point. They have not indeed insulted every Northern traveler. But they have been inspired and somewhat feared the mass of Northerners as peddlers and tinkers; and they have cordially hated the Northern gentleman as the very spirit of Northern civilization. This feeling, which may be denied, but which is known to perhaps the big hit multitude of thoughtful observers in the country, has been exasperated to the last degree by the war. The rebels, therefore, when there was opportunity upon our part, there will be no possibility of the restoration of any relations whatever. They would except after they are subdued by force of arms—that is to say, until they are coerced, conquered, subjugated.

If we are not willing to see that and to say it, then we are not willing to do our work. Our military discipline is the discipline of the national mind by and to that conviction. Let us once thoroughly understand that we are at war entirely with deserters because we do not fully appreciate the deadly earnestness of the war, and either the commander-in-chief or once general or we shall patiently submit to disgrace and ruin.

TO MY NEIGHBOR ACROSS THE PASSAGE.

MY DEAR NEIGHBOR,—You and I were in the same corridor at the hotel last night, and it is a very narrow corridor and very quiet. You came in late, just after twelve. You saw by the knots at the doors of the neighboring rooms, and by the dark windows over them, that the inmates had gone to sleep. Why did you bang your door until the house shook? Why did you slam your boots upon the floor as if you were trying to drive a hole through it? Why not learn how to shut a door with a soft and pleasant sound softly? Why should you wake up those to whom sleep may be peculiarly necessary by a perfectly unnecessary noise? Have you ever asked yourself how an ill-bred man would behave if he were going to bed at

such an hour and in such a place? Have you ever reflected that a man is honorably upon his good behavior always? Would it not suit you just as well to close your door instead of banging it, and to lay your boots quietly at your door instead of dashing them down?

It is at least worth thinking of. Believe me, it is much little conduct that kills smooth and easy. Have you ever observed that if a man does a purely generous and courteous action, and departs from that grand beauty of conduct, "Let not your eye fix himself and the de'il for the hindmost," he has often a half-ashamed air, as if he were "creest or had been taken in? What a pitiful comment it is upon our daily intercourse! You and I are strangers. I see you, you see me; nor shall we ever know that the other was his neighbor last night. But I am addressing the lodger in the opposite room. I think it was No. 8. If you are he, this letter is meant for you. If you are he, let us urge you not to make yourself a nuisance in every hotel neighborhood into which you may venture. It is easy to be courteous in manners if your soul is courteous. I shall believe that yours is so, but that you have unconsciously formed a bad habit. Conquer it. Respect your neighbors in the hotel. Don't scold and swear like a northeaster. Don't bang your door. Don't slam your boots. Don't steal the sheep for which your neighbors have paid, but be the gentleman you wish to be. Good-morning, neighbor.

Your faithful friend,

THE LOUNGER.

ENGLISH HATE.

THE young gentlemen at Cambridge University in England have been lately debating in their club the question whether the cause of the North or of is not the cause of Human Progress. One hundred and seventeen young gentlemen, including the present son of Lord Russell, voted against thirty-three that it was not.

If each young people of Scotland should secede from the union with England in order to open the slave-trade and extend the blessed benefit of slave labor, it would be the cause of human progress, and budding young British statesmen would decide by heavy votes in their Debating Club that the British Government was tyrannical and the foe of human welfare in resisting the effort. Or if not, why not?

Of course the Cambridge Debating Club has already declared that the cause of the South in fighting against Great Britain was that of human progress. Or if not, why not?

Naturally the legislators of Cambridge saw in the revolt of the Sepoys a vindication of the rights of human nature against tyranny. Or if not, why not?

When Mr. Ragin helps himself to his neighbor's handkerchief in the Strand and takes it home to his illustrates the great cause of human progress. And policeman X, who pursues him, is an overbearing bully trying to show his gentlemanly spirit by knocking over the gallant and chivalric Ragin. So votes the Cambridge conclave of young English gentlemen. Or if not, why not?

The enforcement of laws made by common consent is human progress, and wicked despotism.

The use of constitutional powers by the President makes him rather worse than Bombas of Naples:

Stealing forts and arms, robbing the treasury, and firing upon the flag of your country are not your fellow-citizens defending it, and all confessedly for no other purpose than to secure immunity in stealing other property, and making them work for low wages and raise children for somebody else to sell, are the acts of a heroic people, of a race of gentlemen, of natural lords of the soil.

These are some of the excellent doctrines affirmed by the Debating Society of young gentlemen at Cambridge, England. At Oxford they cheer for that great and good man, Jefferson Davis. The other benefactors and heroes, Jonathan Wild, William Kidd, Benedict Arnold, and Richard Turpin, are either in the gallery of English literature, the shades, or in Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, we forget which. Mr. and Mrs. Manning are also there.

Hatred of the United States is an epidemic that rages with frightful violence all over England. The nation is demented. It foams at the word Union. It laughs at Liberty. It cheers a man whose only distinction is that he tried to destroy the best of governments for the basest of purposes. It extols a rebellion which has no military excuse to urge for its atrocities. And the hatred is deep. It is utterly impotent. England—always excepting the truly generous and noble names that we all know by heart—glares at us in a rage it can not gratify, hoping that the ruin it can not inflict may overwhelm us. We feed its spindles and its people. If we absolutely stopped that supply the grain England would wail and die. She is livid with jealousy. The rot has struck even to her heart, and young Englishmen, babbling a lesson they have heard and do not understand, cheerfully vote that the cause of human slavery is the cause of human progress.

If a more ludicrous and pitiable spectacle was ever seen at Cambridge University it is not recorded. Oxford refused to make Mr. Edward Everett an LL.D., because he had been a Unitarian clergyman. But that was merely the dull, reputation bigotry of a British Institution. Hatred is disloyalty to man, and to the great cause whose defense is the sole glory of England hitherto—the cause of civil liberty under law.

A GREEK REVOLUTION.

THE King of Greece has retired from business, but not by his own choice. He and his Queen left Athens for a short tour in the country. Some of the provinces rose in revolt, not standing, but abominably protesting against his Government. The people of Athens immediately began to move. The peasants of Attica crowded into the city. The soldiers were put on guard at the palace, in which a poor old deanna, or royal housekeeper, Madame Palsky, had been left in charge. The people appeared before it, and the soldiers joined them. Poor old Madame Palsky was taken to the house of the British Minister. The King and Queen arrived in a steamer at the Piræus, the port of Athens, but did not land; and his royal Majesty, at that safe distance, heroically declared that he would not resign his crown—unless all the people wanted him to do so. All the people did want it, and King Otho, all civility, sailed away from his kingdom. The revolution was accomplished, and not a life was lost.

A Provisional Government was formed, supported by the army and the people, for in Greece, as elsewhere, they are usually separate powers. The formation of this Government was probably the act of a clique of leaders, although the fact does not appear. In such a movement the names of well-known citizens were doubtless suggested to the crowd as fit members of a Government, and readily ratified by the popular assent. The members immediately published an address, in which they say that they maintain the constitutional monarchical government—that Greece is eternally grateful to the three Great Powers of Europe—that they will enforce the laws and convoke the National Assembly. A more peaceful revolution was never wrought.

The next step is the agreement of the three dry-nurses of Greece upon a king. Otho was a son of King Louis of Bavaria, like Maximilian's Louis. There is some talk of offering the crown to an English Prince; but Russia would hardly care to see Greece erected into a British dependency. It is easy to begin a revolution, but not so easy to make it do exactly what you wish. You may guide the stream to your mill, but whether it will run smoothly in your race and turn the wheel for your grist, or sweep wheel and race and mill itself to destruction, is a profoundly interesting inquiry.

But what a commentary upon modern monarchical systems! What king seated by a revolution in our time feels secure in his seat? Enthroned by a popular tumult, he is always accountable to it. He may escape the reckoning either by governing well or by offering sagacious excuse by an army. But since the popular will is the real source of his power, the part of wisdom is to regulate the expression of that will by a fundamental law. A king by popular election is conceivable. But a monarchy—or chance hereditary succession of kings—by popular consent, is gradually becoming impossible.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE landlord of a hotel at Brighton entered in angry mood the chamber occupied by two gentlemen. "Now, Sir, I want you to pay your bill, and you must. I have asked you often enough, and I will be paid. Do you leave my house till you pay it?" "Good," said the lodger, "I'll stay with you as long as I live."

"Adelaide, you must spend your money more prudently hereafter, beautiful, when you are grown up, you will have need of it." "Perhaps I shall, but if I should die young, as a great many do, I should like the good of the money. I think I had much better spend it now, and make use of it."

WHAT THE WIDOW'S CLUB.—Charles Dunlester, the interlocutor punster, going into a coffee-room one stormy night, said, "I never saw such a wet night in my life." "Saw a wind!" says a friend. "I never heard of such a thing as saying a wind, you may what is it like?" "Like!" answered Charley, "like to have blown my head off."

Why is a dinner like spring?—Because a single swallow never makes it.

SIGNALLING PARODY.—Every one has admired Partheniu's definition of love in lingoese:

"What love is, if thou wouldst be taught,
Thy heart must teach alone—
Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Some prefer a rebus, having no fear of Cupid before his eyes, perpetrate the following villainous parody:

"Love is a nightmare with one foot;
Two children with one bun;
Two lovers with a single coat;
Two cabbage-heads as one."

A man of quality who had a very little nose jibed a settler whose nose was very large. "My boy!" said the soldier, "why are you so angry at my nose? Do you think I was made at the tail-end of yours?"

"Mr. Smith," said a little fellow, the other evening, to his sister's beau, "I wish you wouldn't praise our Ann Elizabeth, and say she's pretty. She's made me so proud that she won't speak to cousin Laura, nor help mother the least bit."

Mrs. Partington, hearing that a young man had set up for himself, "Poor fellow!" she said, "he has no friend that will set up on him, and he'll be ruined." And she sighed to be young again.

General Boerstler, right arm was shattered by a bill during the battle between the two amputated above the elbow. While lying in a hospital tent he met General Kearney, who had lost his left arm in Mexico. "I want to make a bargain with you, General," said Howard, "that hereafter we buy our gloves together."

It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight explaining the theory and principles of true politeness to his shoes.

"Man," says Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains." Never mind about him—do fog exchanges know with another."

Many persons seem to be of Franklin's opinion, "that time is money" they take so much of it to pay their debts.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On November 21 General Sumner, commanding the Right Grand Division of the Army of the Potomac, temporarily assumed the command of Fredericksburg. The city had was conveyed by General Particle to the Mayor and council of the city during a day of truce. General Sumner's communication complained that the troops under his command had been fired upon from the city, that the inhabitants and factories there are employed in the rebel service, and that the troops from the city were forwarding provisions to the rebel army. He declared that this must terminate, demanded the surrender of the city, and gave notice that unless fire ceased by 6 P.M. on Saturday—for women and children and the sick to be removed. The civic authorities, in their interview with General Patrick, offered to remedy the evil, as far as ruling upon our troops and forbidding supplies to the rebel army could remedy; but they refused to surrender the city, and complained of the short time allowed to remove the sick and the women and children.

During the interview with the civic authorities, General Sumner informed them that if they had any further communication to present, General Patrick would meet them again the next morning. On 25th, accordingly, the Mayor and Council came over, accompanied by Judge Taylor, Thos. Colvert, Bland, and Captain Kline, of Loyalty. The latter claimed that his rebel organization had broken up proposition, unless the oath was approved by them. Gen. Patrick refused to accept the oath. Some officers, subsequently, have informed Burnside assented to their request, and the parties returned. The civil authorities asked for an extension of the time allowed for the removal of the women and children, alleging that the trains had been destroyed by the rebel cavalry, and that it would be impossible for a train to leave before night. The city being absolutely destitute of other means of transportation their request was complied with, and the time extended until eleven o'clock A. M. on 26th (Sunday). No attack was made on Sunday or Monday.

M'CLERNAND'S EXPEDITION.

General M'Clernand's expedition down the Mississippi River is now being organized at Columbus, Kentucky. It is designed to open the white river, the New Orleans, and will consist of a force of 40,000. The gunboats are under the Commodore Porter will co-operate in the movement. The fleet consists of seven gun-boats, carrying 121 guns. The troops will be sent to the most important point of attack; but this work is done, and Admiral Farragut, with his fleet of gun-boats below that city to co-operate with

Porter and M'Clernand, the defenses at Vicksburg will not present any very formidable obstacles.

THE BANKS' EXPEDITION.

In the Banks' expedition New York will certainly have five regiments, Connecticut five regiments, Maine three regiments, and Massachusetts eight regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and three batteries of artillery.

SKIRMISH NEAR SUFFOLK.

Our pickets were driven in at Suffolk on 19th, but General York immediately sent out a force which drove all the rebels clear over the Blackwater River. The bridges across the river and the adjoining creek were being rapidly constructed by our troops. At latest accounts every thing was quiet in that District.

M'CLELLAN'S STAFF.

The two officers of General M'Clellan's staff who had been recently arrested and sent to Washington—Lieutenant-Colonel Key and Captain Duane—have been released from an arrest, which appears to have been merely technical, and are now on their way back to the army. The latter is General Brannan, in South Carolina, and the former, Colonel Clifford, will take charge of an important bureau in the Adjutant-General's office.

COST AND STATE OF OUR ARMY.

The estimate for the expense of our army for the coming year are set down at four hundred and twenty-eight millions of dollars. The appropriations for the Quarter's Department still unpaid amount to forty-eight millions. Besides the 75,000 men in the Adjutant-General's office, the number of soldiers on the sick list at this moment amounts to seventy-two thousand, and the number of men in the United States—namely, one hundred and six thousand men.

RELEASE OF POLITICAL PRISONERS.

An important order was issued by the War Department on 25th, which releases from custody all those now held as political prisoners, discontinuing arbitrary arresting this day, etc. This order will empty Fort Lafayette and Fort Warren, and many military prisons of many of their inmates.

CHANGE IN THE REBEL CABINET.

A change has taken place in the rebel Cabinet. General Randolph has been removed from, or has resigned, the office of Secretary of War, and James A. Seddon, of Virginia, appointed in his place.

SURVEY OF LANDS IN LOUISIANA.

A series of orders have recently been issued by General Butler, which provide for additional land that on which can arise in his Department which he is not able to grasp. The property of rebels confiscated by the operations of the forces under General Weitzel, to be known as the Lafourche District. The declared unpunishable by the laws of transfers if is not forbidden. The District comprises all the Territory of Louisiana lying west of the Mississippi, excepting the parishes of Plaquemine and Jefferson. A Commissioner is appointed to take charge of the district, and the sugar plantations are to be worked by them where they can be found. Any person of color, male and negro or white labor may be employed at discretion. All property belonging to persons in the rebel service, forfeited and sold for the benefit of the Government, under the provisions of the Confiscation Act, or by other competent authority, and other manufactories of sugar, molasses, or other products of the soil, and agricultural districts containing figures by any person in such place will be recommended to the President for dismissal from the service. Persons are recommended to be appointed known as the *National Advocate* for an improper publication. He will endeavor to publish the secrets of any one to the person arresting knows that such slave is owned by a citizen of the United States residing in the loyal portion of the State, has also issued two important orders. One directs a draft to be made on members of Company A of First and Second Congressional Districts of the State. The election is appointed for the 1st December, and that for the exercise in the Thirty-seventh Congress. The other exempts from military service all persons employed in the Mint.

A SOUTHERN PROTEST AGAINST INTERVENTION.

General Pemberton, the successor of General Van Dorn in the command of the rebel forces in Mississippi, has made a speech at meeting convened in Jackson, in which he says that if the United States intervene by Europe, we are no longer a nation, but a province guarded. (Great applause.) We must settle the question ourselves, or fail entirely. We must remain England knows, she will not be at a united people, and she will have to meet with the wonder of the North as well as that of the South. Any cries of "Yes, yes, yes!" from every quarter. "No intervention!" he said, "I will settle it between you." "I want to see you thus united on this question; and with a reliance on ourselves, and a firm trust in the God of battles, a few days your General will again fling your banners to the breeze of the South." Farewell to rebellion's vassal dancers we have suffered in this Department.

THE WAR ONWARD.

Cotton is now coming into Memphis freely, and in large quantities, from points along the river. Several boats have arrived from Helena, Arkansas, and Cortello. The steamer *Platte Valley* brought up a load of cotton, largest single load of cotton that has yet come, which is the largest single load. She was fired into by bushwhackers out of the rebel lines. She was shot all could carry at the present stage of water, and she was accompanied by a large amount on the Memphis levee, awaiting shipment. The impression prevails at Memphis that cotton will come in as fast as rapidly as steamers can be found to bring it away. Wait Thompson is now down from Helena from the number of the rebels and guerrilla bands. The last vestige of the latter are now said to be driven in confusion from the Yazoo country. Fort Henry, a few days ago, by General Hannon.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE PROPOSED MEDIATION SCHEME.

The London *Gazette* publishes the following official report, dated November 13:

It resulted from the circular of Drouyn de l'Huys proposing mediation. It recognizes the humane views and disinterested sentiments of the Emperor, and observes that the concurrence of Russia would be expressly desirable; but that up to the present time the Russian Government had not agreed to actively co-operate, although it may support the intervention of France. Under the circumstances consideration was, therefore, the end proposed of a similar step on the part of England.

Earl Russell then commends the letter of her Majesty's Government as follows:

After weighing all information received from American, the Government is led to conclude that there is no ground at the present moment to expect that the Federal Government would accept the proposal suggested, and a refusal from Washington at the present time would prevent any speedy renewal of the offer of the Government; therefore it thinks it better to watch carefully the course of events in America, and if—as there appears reason to hope—it may be found that circumstances are favorable to such a change, the Government may then avail themselves of such steps as may seem their friendly offices with a more prospect than now exists of its being accepted by the contending parties.

Her Majesty's Government will communicate to the French Government any intelligence they may receive from Washington or Richmond bearing on this important subject.

FRANCE.

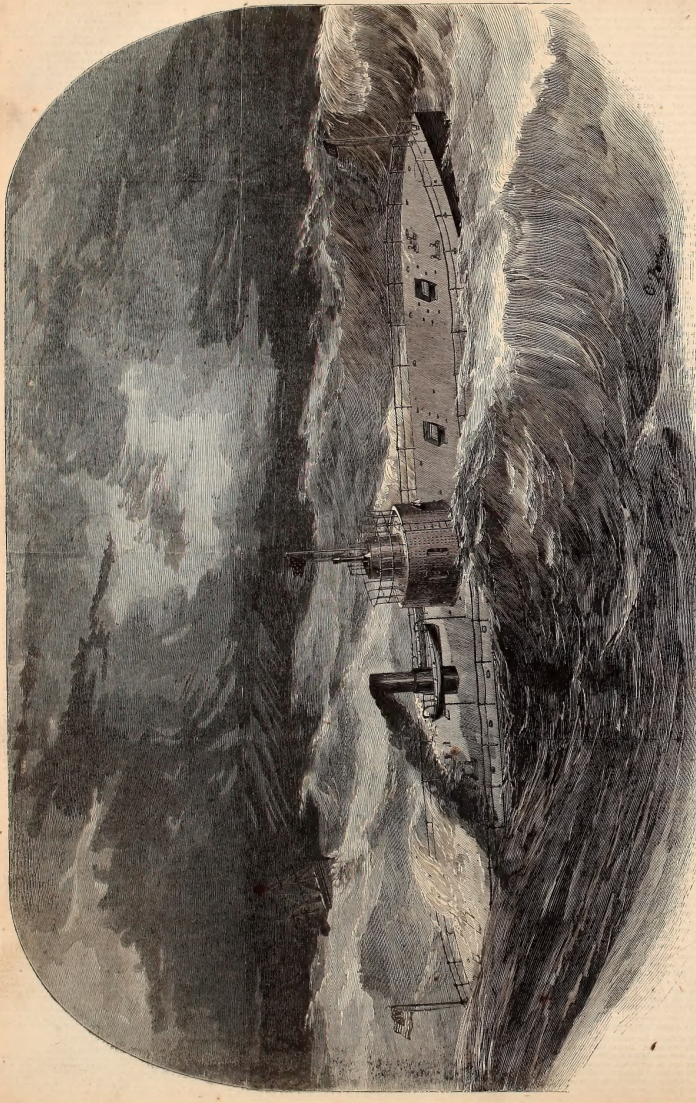
THE IMPERIAL POLICY.

M. DE PERSIGNY, in a circular to the French prefects, declares that M. THOUVENEL dismissed, not M. DROUYN DE L'HUYS' appointment to the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs, implies no change in Napoleon's foreign policy. The Emperor has always intended "neither to sacrifice the Pope to Italy, nor Italy to the Pope."

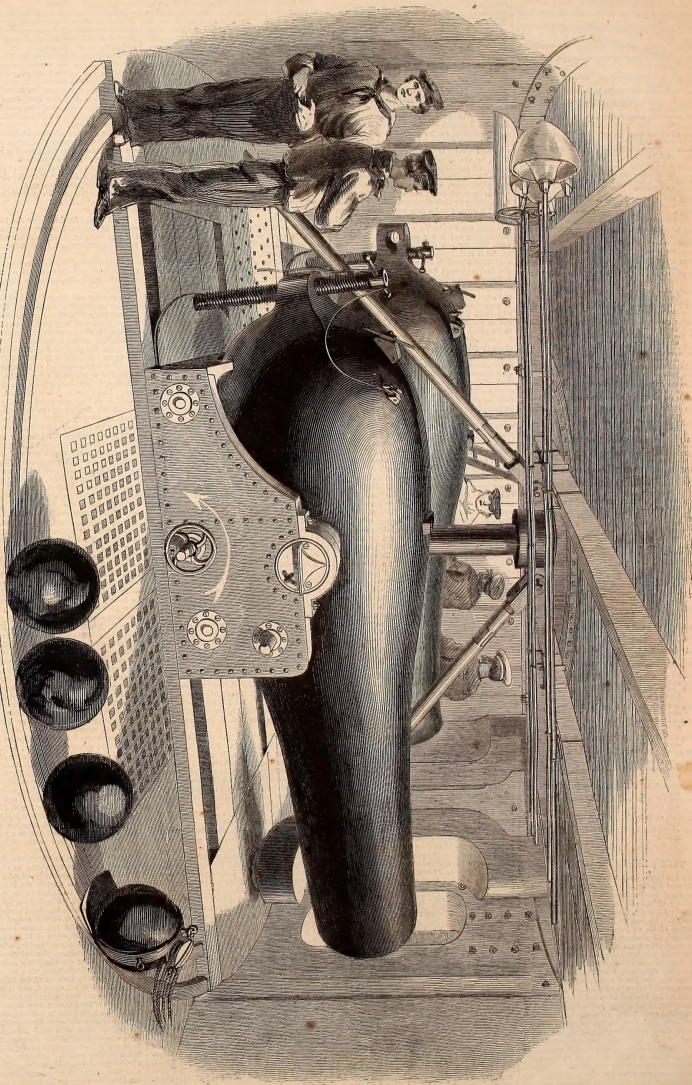
MORE OF MR. KENNEDY'S WORK.

FIRST CITIZEN.—"So they've been after suspending Habus Corpus, have they? An' what fir did they do that?"

SECOND CITIZEN.—"Oh just nothing, only he was a poor man had no friends, I suppose."



THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD "PASSAIC," AS SHE WILL APPEAR AT SEA.—[See Page 782.]



INTERIOR OF THE TURRET OF THE "PASSAIC."—[See Page 782.]

GRANDTHER BALDWIN.

A THANKSGIVING BALLAD.

UNDERNEATH protecting branches, from the highway just aloof,
Stands the house of Grandther Baldwin, with its goatly-singing roof.

Square of shape and solid-timbered, it was standing, I have heard,
In the days of Philip and Tory, under royal George the Third.

Many a time, I well remember, I have gazed with childish awe
At the knife-marks remaining in the sturdy oaken door,

Turning round half-apprehensive (reeking not how Time had fled)
Of the lurking savage foeman from whose musket it was sped.

Not far off the barn, forsooth! with the Autumn's hair-spoil ripe,
Holds the farmer's well-earned trophies—the increase of the fruitful year.

Filled the lofts with hay, sweet-scented, ravished from the meadow grass,
While beneath are stalled the cattle, with their quiet, gentle lowing.

Deep and spacious are the grain-bins, brimming o'er with Nature's gold;
Here are piles of yellow pumpkins on the barn floor loosely rolled.

Just below, in cosy recesses, safe from wintry frost and chill,
There are heaps of ruddy apples from the orchard on the hill.

Many a year has Grandther Baldwin in the old house dwelt in peace,
As his hair each year grew whiter he has seen his hearth-stone increase.

Sturdy sons and comely daughters growing up from childish years,
One by one have met life's duties, and gone forth their several spheres.

Hushed the voice of childish laughter, hushed is childish sport and sigh,
Curling wreaths of smoke mount upward to the grey November sky.

Softly lads and lasses dance, just let loose from school-dom's cares,
Patter, pitter, bare and clatter up and down the great hall stairs.

All the busy maid bid high revel, all the girls and boys have their way—
That's the lot of Grandther Baldwin's upon each Thanksgiving Day.

From the parlor's sacred precincts, hark! a maiden up the stairs
Rouses Charlie's playing stage-coach, and the stage-coach rouses Claire,

Jos, black-eyed and laughter-loving, Grandther's speed-wax how to throw,
Wrestle with a brother lively, who is gayly playing now,

Grandma's face is fairly radiant, Grandther knows and how to frown,
Though she's in the kitchen busy, and he's in the room upside down.

For he says he had high revel, and the girls must have their way;
That's the lot of Grandther Baldwin's upon each Thanksgiving Day.

But the dinner—ah! the dinner—words are feeble to portray
What a culinary triumph is achieved Thanksgiving Day.

Forty grouse the hand of cookery, with dainties, but the turkey rules the roast,
Aldermanic in the station—at the last a fearless ghost.

Then the richness of the pudding, and the flavor of the pies!
When you've dined at Grandma Baldwin's you will know as well as I.

When at length the feast was ended Grandther Baldwin bowed his head,
And amid the silence solemn he returned voice he said:

"Now unto God, the Gracious One, we thanks and hom. We sup joy,
Who grandeth us, and guideth us, and loveth us alway:

"He maketh bright the sunshine, He giveth us increase,
He crowns us with his kindnesses, and granteth us His peace.

"Join Himself our wandering feet we pray that He may direct,
And may we strive with faithful hearts to keep His holy law.

His simple words in silence died—a moment's hush and then
From all the listening hearts there rose a solemn-voiced Amen!

THE BLEEDING DIAMOND.

IT was in the early part of the eighteenth century that the Duchy of Schweinfelden-Sandbach, a territory situated to the northeastward of the territory of Weissenhorn, had for its Sovereign Ludwig Adolf the Seventy-fourth, surnamed the Terrible. He was an awful tyrant. The total number of his subjects amounted to about two thousand, all of whom, from the baby in arms to the alms-old woman of eighty, groaned under the alms-house door, hated him with intense cordiality. His family detested him with remarkable unanimity. His father-in-law, Prince Lulu of Lulu, was driven into banishment many years before. Opie Jones was invited as to whether his ex-wife due to his having knocked down his father-in-law on his mother, or to his papa having been detected in sprinkling some pretty white powder which glittered very much over the Spartan ration of sauerkraut, which formed the prince's daily and solitary meal. At all events, he had been comfortably tried for high treason in his absence, and executed in effigy; while, by a general vigilant all contingencies, the whipping-post in the market-place of Schweinhausen was garnished with a permanent announcement from the grand-ducal and paternal pen, offering a reward of one hundred florins to whomsoever should capture the condemned traitor, Ludwig von Porkstein (the hereditary name of the princes of Schweinhundhausen), dead or alive. Friedrich Adolf, the second son, and usually known as Arme Fritz, or poor Fred, had merely been turned out of doors at the age of sixteen, and was supposed to be serving as a sergeant in the armies of the Kaiser. Dorothea Adolfina, the eldest daughter, endured humanity by constantly quarreling, had run away with Count Putz von Putzenburg, the penniless younger son of a sovereign count, and had been forgiven on her return to the bosom of the house of Porkstein. Ludwig Adolf the Seventy-fourth had the fugitives and disobedient princess duly turned in the court chapel by Amschel-Jeroboam Dr. Bonastus, and, having added his paternal malison thereto, cut her picture out of the family pen-knife, and forbidden her name to be mentioned, under penalty of the pillory and the spinning-house, by any grand-ducal public functionary or table. Of his large family, then, there only remained to the Schweinfelden-Sandbachian court the young princesses, who were fed on sauer-kraut, kept in continual terror, and whipped every Monday morning by the governess, whether they had deserved it or not; and a very small young prince, named Carl Adolphus, whom, somehow, he cried less than anybody to ill-treat, for the boy was a fool (he's yes; and it was only a week before his last, that the grand-duchess (who acted as a duenna of little Carl) had looked with those same eyes (after a horrible scene in the dining-room of the Residenz) upon Ludwig the Seventy-fourth, and gasped out, "You are my gaoler!"

But Ludwig Adolf was a prince to be liked, and nearly every thing he had a liking to was bad. Whenever he put on his yellow stockings striped with red, it was a sign that he meant mischief; and he put them on at least three times a week. In his grand court-suit of yellow velvet, with the yellow stockings to match, he looked the personification of the Grand-Ducal Order—pray observe the color over the Inn and Whistle, and the corresponding periwig surmounting his swollen and violet-stained countenance, he indeed merited his sobriquet of the Terrible. He looked like a gigantic orange-peel with a Bengal tiger. He had an army of a hundred and fifty men, all clothed in fleming yellow striped with black. He beat them successfully, but was sometimes capriciously generous, and entrusted with them until awhile from the Imperial Marshal of the Residenz. He was very fond of gambling: but was to be the wretch who won money of this Sovereign. He was grim of countenance, but he had no mercy upon the soldier whose eyes were influenced, or whose gait was unsteady after supper. To the halberds, the picket, or the black hole with him at once! He had invented a cat with thirteen tails for the special torture of those soldiers in the case was his famous instrument of correction. He caned his hockeys; he caned his children (always excepting Carl Adolphus); he caned himself. He had his knee knocking together, presented his mid-day basket of fruit with a bow to him. In a word, he was, at the palace gate, who always had the palsy when he presented arms to Ludwig the Terrible. He would walk in the mornings in the park, with his caned aid-de-camp carrying horror and confusion in his train, and the bewildered citizens, as he struck his thick children under the bed when his saffron-colored requisitor was seen at the end of the street; the knock knocked themselves in their own rooms; the baker felt his own become icy; the blacksmith shivered at his forge. He would kick over the old women's spinning-wheels, and break the stalls at the street-corners. He would burst into the tavern, demolish the mensuration of beer, and cause all the beer to be flung into the gutter. He would invade the tribunals, thrust the Staats Procurator from his seat, bully the Assessor, and reverse the sentences, always on the side of severity. He would inspect guns, accompanied by the shaking of the heart into the shoes, and a quivering of the lip took place when he entered the schools and bade the Master point out to him the most idle and behaved boy. Then he would go home to the Residenz and dine in spiced and fiery meats, oftentimes flinging the plates and dishes at his head. His body servants, or kicking his secretary and chamberlain's shins under the table. He would then, after drank like a hippopotamus, bellowed like a bull, swore like a trooper, and then, until it was time to have a supper, lit out the smoking-room, and stirred like a pig. In short, Ludwig Adolf the Seventy-fourth was an absolute monarch, and there were a great many monarchs as trumpery and as tyrannical as he on these charming Rhine banks in the early part of the eighteenth century.

When the far-seeing British Parliament resolved upon calling in Illustrious Prince, and Hessian, and when, on the death of Queen Anne, the illustrious Elector of Hanover was proclaimed George the First of England, mighty dreams of ambition began to course through the heated brain of Grand-Duke Ludwig, who was in correspondence with the Elector King. He had drank deep, and had dreamed deeper still with him. Secretly he said all kinds of flattering things to him; why not, through that august influence, now powerful in Germany, obtain for himself a vote in the Diet as an electorate, for a kingdom; or rather, why should he not, aspiring to aggrandizement, blend the expense of his neighbors—Putzenburg, and Weissenhehne, and Rannnichtsgen?

"It would be a fine thing," said Adolf, twisting his red mustaches—I forgot to tell you that a pair of these were, out of red swabbish, and one of red mustaches, flamed beneath the white periwig—"I have said it; I must send my brother of England the Grand Cross of my order of the Pig and Whistle!"

"Indeed a sagacious, generous, and truly grandducal thought," murmured Mr. High Chamberlain Rappfoogel.

"Perhaps Adolf could swallow any amount of flattery, yet he frowned at this compliment from the chamberlain. "Grand-ducal, grand-ducal," he grumbled between his teeth; "why not kingly, warum nicht, ah Grand-Duke of Donkeys?"

Dr. Oker-Hof-Prediger Bonastus, who sat on the other side, and who really liked his pipe, was a better courtier. In a discreet under-tone he characterized his sovereign's ideas as "truly imperial." He would have been safe for a bishopric had there been any episcopate in Schweinhundhausen.

Ludwig Adolf was appeased. "Yes," he continued, "I shall send my master of the ceremonies and introducer of embassadors"—(no diplomatists were ever accredited to the grand-duchy, but that did not let the functionaries have "Von Schaffenhal" ben, to London, with the gift to my brother Königs George. But that you, oh chamberlain, are an incorrigible ass and dunderhead I would confide from the station to you."

Mr. High Chamberlain bowed. "Your Mansuetude," he ventured to remark, "will doubtless send the much-prized decoration in gold?"

"In gold!" cried Ludwig the Terrible. "Cow, idiot, blockhead! Thinkest thou I am a cobbler, a tinker? I shall send it in brilliants. The centre shall be composed of the great Schweinhundhausen diamond, the Reish Diamond. Let Abimelech Ben Azi, the Court Jew, be sent for; to present himself here the first thing on the morrow morning, or it will be the worse for him."

At the mention of the great Schweinfelsich diamond there was a buzz of amazement mingled with terror among the courtiers. The poor grandduchess, deceased, had brought this celebrated gem as part of her wedding-portion. She had been a princess of Schweinfelsich-Bonastus, hence the name of the jewel, which was supposed to be the largest diamond in Europe (save in Germany, but (as the Schweinhundhauseners fondly believed) in all Europe. The surprise, therefore, of the court when they heard that the Grand-Duke had been was to be sent as a present to a foreign sovereign may be easily imagined. Their terror may be accounted for when it is remembered that the great Schweinfelsich diamond had ever been held as a jewel of Crown, inseparable from the throne upon all who were in any way concerned with it.

Although Schweinhundhausen was a very small army, it had looked like a splendid European outfit at that epoch, its Jews' Street, or Judengasse. There dwelt the few Israelites who contrived to shuffle through existence without being shinned alive by the exactions of Ludwig Adolf; and in the smallest, dirtiest house in the whole Judengasse lived certainly, next to the grand-duke, the richest man in Schweinhundhausen, Abimelech Ben Azi. He was a dealer in watches, money, china, tea, and coffee, snuff-boxes—any thing you please; but he was also a most expert and accomplished goldsmith and jeweller, by virtue of the last-named qualifications had been promoted to the rank of Court Jew. Ludwig Adolf owed him the whole, very gracious to Abimelech Ben Azi, condescending to borrow a few thousand florins from him at certain intervals, but never to time—not because he wanted the money, but in order to let the Court Jew have the use of it, was, in his normal condition, a person to be squeezed.

On the morrow morning Abimelech, having been admitted to the presence of his grace, made his appearance, not without fear and trembling, at the residence; for if there be one thing more disgraceful than the favor shown by a sovereign to usurach, it is having to call upon him. He was received by Ludwig Adolf standing, as he was in the habit of borrowing his quarter's salary in advance—and Ludwig Adolf always kept his courtiers standing—and he was not made it high reasons to ask for cash—from the Court Jew, was probably cold in the fact, for the time he was ushered into the presence, and made the numerous and lowly obeisances required by Schweinhundhausen etiquette. As soon, however, pervaded the imperial marrow of Abimelech Ben Azi when he saw peeping from beneath the dressing-gown of His Mansuetude a pair of soiled taffeta embroidered with crimson) those direly renowned yellow stockings which, whenever donned, were assumed to mean mischief.

For a wonder, however, the terrible potentate seemed in a placable mood. The Court Jew's niece was playing at his feet, quite unmoved by the awful vibrations which went over and over Ludwig Adolf would bestow a grin of affection on his youngest born, which would have been positively frightful if it had not already reminded the spectator of a hyena over some especially toothsome morsel of a white-bone of lamb.

"Mr. Court Jew," said His Mansuetude, "what is the course of exchange?"

Abimelech Ben Azi began to falter out something about thalers, florins, and marks bance, making up his mind that he had been bidden to the presence for the purpose of being squeezed, when Ludwig Adolf stayed him with a gracious movement of his hand. "I say gracious, because this prince seldom lifted his hand save to throw something or to hit somebody.

"Mr. Court Jew," he continued, "I have a task for you to perform. That, if you fail in performing to my satisfaction, the skin will be removed from the nape of your neck to the sole of your foot, is, I flatter myself, a sufficient guarantee for your zeal and fidelity. You are to know, moreover, that not the great Schweinfelsich diamond forthwith as a centre to the Grand Cross of the Order of the Pig and Whistle."

To hear, in all matters of business with Ludwig the Terrible, was to obey. Abimelech Ben Azi took away the great diamond with him, not without some remonstrances from little Prince Carl, who wanted to play with it; and hiding the precious bauble beneath the lapel of his gaberdine, returned to his house in the Judengasse. He had been instructed to spare no expense as to the gold for setting, and some minor gems to encircle the great diamond, so as to make it truly resplendent gift. When he reached home it was dinner-time, and his wife and seven children forthwith abandoned their mess of millet and oil, and swarmed round him to gape upon the wondrous gleam of the great Schweinfelsich diamond. Jochabad Sara, his long journeyman, saw the diamond too, and grinned an evil grin.

Jochabad Spas had served his apprenticeship at Swedzabad, the capital of the principality of Mangel-Wurzelstein. Father or mother he had none. He had an unlovely manner, a cruel eye, and an evil grin; but he was a capital workman, and the right-hand man of Abimelech Ben Azi.

"What a pity that such a beautiful diamond should be cut to be leaf-eating Prussians!" said the long journeyman.

"Ah! 'tis a pity indeed," said the Court Jew.

"Not only a pity, but a cruel shame!" exclaimed Esther, his wife; an opinion re-echoed by the seven children, who had all loved diamonds from their youth upward.

"Ah! 'tis cruel," resumed Jochabad, "that even while here it should lie hidden in the treasury of a cruel old tyrant, instead of making the fortune of some honest merchant."

"Hush, hush!" cried Abimelech; "you are talking treason, main lieber." But still he lent a greedy ear to the long journeyman's words.

"The stone is worth two hundred thousand dollars," remarked Jochabad.

"So much?"

"And diamonds, the bigger the better, are so easy to smuggle in these times when the real secret has been revealed. Did I not learn it from old Father Schick before I came hither, three years since?"

"Ach! Himmel!" cried the Court Jew, "I forgot! You want to steal the great Schweinfelsich Spas?" But he listened to the tall tempter nevertheless.

He stood and listened until the two agreed together to commit a great crime. The secret of counterfeiting diamonds by means of a fine vitrification of the stone was, indeed, it is questionable whether ever artisan attained so great a profession as this sophisticator of gems. Jochabad Spas, the pupil of Father Schick. So well did Spas consummate his fraud that, when he showed the jewel, as ordered to his master, the Court Jew was himself for a moment deceived, and thought that Spas was going on the veritable gem. The Schweinfelsich diamond was placed in an iron casket and carefully concealed under the flooring of the workshop, the two rogues agreeing to wait until Ludwig Adolf Servitor died (as he was assassinated, or until they could slip away from his dominions and sell the jewel in some one of the great European capitals.

In due time the jewel was set in the Pig and Whistle, with a blazing imposture, glistening with all the colors of the rainbow in its centre, was completed, and taken to Abimelech Ben Azi, without certain inward misgivings, to the Residenz. But Ludwig Adolf suspected no foul play. It did not enter into his nervous organization that any mortal would dare to play any tricks with him. He was, on the contrary, delighted with the decoration, and was pleased to say that he never thought the great Schweinfelsich diamond could have been set so well. Thereupon he was the Court Jew in high favor, and was even given to understand by the Judengasse generally that for twenty thousand florins, an old tumble-down house in the Hard-Scrich-Platz, of which the grandduke happened to be proprietor.

On the twenty-fourth of August, 17—, Introduction of the embassador and master of the ceremonies Schaffundschaffen was dispatched on his mission. He was graciously permitted to pay his own travelling expenses, but was given the second class of the Pig and Whistle at his return. As this setting of the jewels has had a curious habit of not coming back when they once get near of the grand-ducal dominions, Ludwig Adolf took the precaution, by the accidental hands of Father Schick, Grandduke's estates under temporary sequestration, and furthermore to lock up his daughter Dorothea Adolfina in the community of Lutheran canonesses. However, impelled by loyalty and fidelity, conducted, perhaps, by that ineffaterial guarantees, the Introducer of embassadors made his bow again at the Residenz within four months of his departure. Such was the warmest and most grateful acknowledgments from Ludwig George the First of England, contained in a letter couched in very bad French, and transmitted by "Monsieur mon cousin," and was, besides, the bearer of two splendid Arabian horses. During a assortment of choice china monsters, a chest of tea, and a dozen of York hams, as a present from the Majesty of England to the Mansuetude of Schweinhundhausen.

It is necessary for a moment, that the scene of my story should be transferred to the cold and foggy, but highly respectable island I have just named. About that time, in the Strand, street of London, there was an Italian Opera House called the King's Theatre, which, during King George, contributed a thousand guineas every night in order to encourage his nobility toward the patronage of that splendid but exotic entertainment. During the winter season of 17— the principal Italian singer was not the King's Theatre was the famous Lusignines. Her real name was Genevieve, Bobbo; but she was justly entitled to her daughter of the Lusignines, for never was either the great or twist them round her little finger as she could. A fetest scandal, and it is therefore sufficient to say that La Lusignina had ever been in the eyes of King George, who, if you remember, had left his lawful wife in Hanover, and was growing to that unfortunate Königsmark affair, on the best of terms with her. Now, La Lusignina was exceedingly fond of money, likewise of monkeys, and of macaroni; but for diamonds she had a perfect passion. I believe that she had tried her best she would have flattered King George out of the crown jewels, although, constitutionally speaking, there were not to be give away; but she chose to take into her capricious head a violent

longing for that part of the Order of the Pig and Whistle which consisted of the Great Schweinsfleisch diamond. The king often wore it in private—although the gross Englanders laughed at it—for he loved every thing that reminded him of Germania. The Lusinghiera plainly told him that she would give him no more partridges and cabbage—of which dish he was immoderately fond—for supper, unless he made her a present of the much-coveted decoration. He expostulated at first, but the end of it was that the fatuous king satisfied her greed.

Partial as the Italian singing-woman was to diamonds for their natural beauty, she did not also disdain them for their intrinsic value. Her curiosity to know how much the great Schweinsfleisch diamond was worth in hard cash had speedily an opportunity of being gratified. It chanced that she wanted some ready money—say a couple of thousand guineas. As King George happened to be at Hampton Court, and she had been tugging somewhat violently at the royal purse-strings lately, La Lusinghiera condescended to seek temporary assistance from a financier who was always ready to grant it on the slight condition of some tangible security, worth at least three times the amount, being deposited with him. In fine, she stepped into her chariot, and was driven to Cranbourn Alley, to the shop of Mr. Tribulation Triball, pawnbroker. There, producing the Order of the Pig and Whistle from its grand morocco case, whereon were emblazoned the united arms of England and Schweinhundhausen ("like the fellow's impudence," King George had muttered, when he first opened his cousin's gift), she dwelt on the beauty of the great Schweinsfleisch diamond, and demanded the sum of which she stood in need.

Mr. Tribulation Triball was a discreet man, who asked very few questions in business. He would have lent money on the great seal of England, or on the Lord Mayor's mace, had either of those valuables been brought to him by ladies or gentlemen of his acquaintance. He examined the decoration very carefully; pronounced the setting to be very pretty; but, with a low bow, regretted his inability to advance more than fifty pounds on the entire ornament.

"Fifty pounds!" screamed the Lusinghiera in a rage. "What do you mean, fellow?"

"I mean, honored Madam," replied the pawnbroker, with another low bow, "that fifty pounds is very nearly the actual value of the gold and the small stones; and for fashion, as you are well aware, we allow nothing."

"Al Diavolo, your fashion!" exclaimed La Lusinghiera; "I have sacks full of gold brooches and small stones at home. 'Tis on the great diamond that I want two thousand guineas."

"Which sum I should be both proud and happy to lend," observed the pawnbroker, "but for the unfortunate circumstance that the great centre stone happens to be not worth sixpence. It is false, Madam—false as a Brummagem tester."

"False!" yelled La Lusinghiera.

"False," repeated Mr. Triball. "A marvelous good copy, I grant you, but it will not deceive such an old hand as I am. It must be one of the famous paste imitations of Father Schink. However, your ladyship must not go away empty-handed. Let us see whether we can not arrange a small loan on a note of hand."

I don't know what sum La Lusinghiera managed to borrow from Mr. Tribulation Triball; but it is certain that she did not leave the great Schweinsfleisch diamond with him in pledge. She went home in a rage, and as soon as his majesty came back from Hampton Court, she had with him what is termed in modern parlance an "explication."

Let us now return to Schweinhundhausen. It was on the twenty-fourth of August, 17—, precisely twelve months from the day when the introducer of embassadors, Von Schaffundkalben, had started on his mission, that an English courier arrived at the Residenz, and handed a packet to the high chamberlain, who in turn handed it to His Mansuetude. Ludwig Adolf received it with a smile, and ordered the courier to be sumptuously entertained in the buttery. He came from his cousin of England, and the grand-duke felt certain that he must be the bearer of at least the British Order of the Garter.

Ludwig the Terrible opened the packet, perused a letter which it contained, and was soon afterward seen to turn blue. Then he tore open the inner envelope of the packet and turned crimson. Then he cast something upon the ground and trampled it beneath his heel. Then he ordered his yellow stockings. Then he began to curse and to kick his pages. Eventually he turned to the high chamberlain, flung him the letter, and thundered forth, "Read that!"

The missive was not from the King of England, but from his majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who, in terms of contemptuous frigidity, "begged leave to return the spurious jewel sent to his Britannic Majesty, and had the honor to remain."

By this time Ludwig the Terrible was foaming at the mouth. "Spurious," he gasped, "spurious! I see it all. Rascal, robber. Quick, twelve halberdiers, and let Abimelech Ben Azi, and the dog who is his journeyman, be brought hither."

It was about twelve at noon that Jochabad Spass was smoking his after-dinner pipe—they dined at eleven in Schweinhundhausen—at the door of his master's shop in the Judengasse. He looked up the street and down the street, when suddenly round the corner which gave on to the Hof-Kirche-Platz, he saw two of the yellow and black halberdiers make their appearance. The Court Jew's house was just at the other extremity of the street, and as soon as Jochabad saw halberdiers one and two succeeded by halberdiers three and four, than Jochabad Spass, who, if he were indeed a dog, was a very sly one, slipped round the corner of the opposite extremity of the street.

"Good-by to Schweinhundhausen," he said, philosophically, running meanwhile as fast as his legs would carry him. "There is a storm brewing. It will be a bad day for the house-father. What a pity I had not time to secure the casket!"

The twelve halberdiers arrived at Abimelech Ben Azi's house, seized upon that unfortunate Israelite, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of his wife and children, bound his hands tightly behind his back, and playfully plodded him up the Judengasse, across the Hof-Kirche-Platz, and so through the avenue of linden-trees to the Residenz.

But he was not received in the Hall of Audience. No; the Hall of Justice was the destination of the wretched man. As a preliminary measure he was taken into the guard-room and loaded with heavy fetters, and then he was dragged down a couple of flight of slimy stairs into this so much dreaded Hall of Justice—a gloomy, underground apartment, supported by massive stone pillars, and illumined only by two grated windows on a level with the pavement of the court-yard.

At the upper end of the hall sat Ludwig the Terrible in a great crimson arm-chair. Facing him, a few paces distant, was another chair, empty, and behind it stood, mute and grim, a swarthy man in a blacksmith's apron, and with his sleeves rolled up to the elbows, whom the unfortunate Ben Azi knew well to be Hans Dummergeist, sworn scourger, headsman, and tormentor to the Grand Duke.

"Good-day, Mr. Court Jew," said Ludwig Adolf, with affected courtesy, as the prisoner was brought in tottering between two halberdiers. "What is the course of exchange, Mr. Court Jew?"

The miserable man's lips moved convulsively, but he could articulate nothing.

"What is the price of diamonds?" the Grand Duke continued, his voice rising to a yell of derision. "How stands the great Schweinsfleisch diamond quoted in the market?"

The Court Jew made a desperate effort: "The great Schweinsfleisch diamond," he faltered, "did not your highness intrust it to me to set, and did you not send it as centre-piece of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Pig and Whistle to his Majesty the King of England?"

"Oh, inconceivably mangy and thievish dog," roared Ludwig Adolf, now losing all command of himself, "behold and tremble!" And he thrust beneath the nose of the unhappy Court Jew an open leathern case, in which he saw lying in confused fragments the decoration he had made, and in its midst the spurious diamond.

"Court Jew," continued Ludwig Adolf, with a growl like that of a hungry bear, "you and I will pass the afternoon together. But first, egregious and impudent knave, where is the diamond—the real diamond—the great Schweinsfleisch diamond you have robbed me of?"

In vain did Abimelech Ben Azi protest that he knew nothing about it; that he had set the real stone as he had been ordered to do; that it must have been taken out, and a false one substituted for it in England; that he was as innocent as the babe unborn. He was, by the command of the Grand Duke, bound down in the great arm-chair facing that tyrant, and to extort confession the dreadful infliction known as the Osnaburg torture was applied to him. For a long time he held out; but after three applications of the torture—after the boots had been applied to his legs and the thumbscrews to his fingers, his fortitude gave way, and in scarce audible accents he confessed his guilt, and described the place beneath the flooring of his work-shop, where, in its iron casket, the great Schweinsfleisch diamond was to be found. The fury of Ludwig Adolf was still further heightened, when, commanding Jochabad Spass to be brought before him in order that he too, as with grim facetiousness he expressed it, might make "a journey to Osnaburg," he was informed that the long journeyman had escaped. How he managed it was never known, but from that day Jochabad Spass was never seen in Schweinhundhausen.

Another detachment of halberdiers, accompanied by the high chamberlain, was dispatched with chisels and sledge-hammers to the Judengasse, and during their absence restoratives were forced down the throat of Abimelech Ben Azi, who remained still bound to the arm-chair, Ludwig Adolf glaring upon him like a boa-constrictor upon a rabbit.

In half an hour's time the messengers returned with an iron casket, which with their united strength they had not been able to break open. The deplorable Court Jew, however, made signs that the key would be found hung round his neck. Search being made, this proved to be the case, and at length the long ravished gem was placed in the hands of Ludwig the Terrible.

I have heard that the tyrant kissed it, and fondled it, and called it by endearing names; then that taking the true diamond in one hand and the false one in the other, he thrust each alternately beneath the nose of his captive, crying, "Smell it, Mr. Court Jew, smell it!" I have heard that all the tortures the wretched creature had already undergone were repeated over and over again in sheer wantonness; that the false diamond was heated in a brazier, and, held between pincers, forced into the prisoner's naked flesh. His screams were appalling. Two of the halberdiers fainted. Even the sworn tormentor was heard to mutter "Es ist genug." On being called upon for an explanation, he replied that he did not consider the patient could endure any more without nature giving way.

"It *is* enough then," Luwig Adolf the Seventy-fourth acquiesced with a darkling scowl. "Mr. Sworn Headsman be good enough to fetch your sword this way."

At the mention of the word sword Abimelech Ben Azi, who had been in a semi-swoon, set up a horrifying yell. In the most piteous terms he besought forgiveness. He essayed to drag himself toward his persecutor, as though to embrace his knees, when, in his frantic efforts, he lost his balance, and the heavy chair fell over on the top of him as he, still bound to it, groveled at the feet of Ludwig the Terrible.

"Set him up again," thundered the merciless prince; "and, headsman, dispatch. I'll teach him to steal my diamonds!"

The last dreadful deed was soon done. The headsman brought his long sharp sword—a double-handed one with a hollow blade filled with quicksilver, which, as the point was depressed, ran downward from the hilt, giving increased momentum to the blow. The headsman was as expert as those generally are who serve absolute monarchs. Grasping the hilt of his weapon with both hands, and inclining his body backward and laterally he swept off with one semi-circular blow the head of Abimelech Ben Azi. Again the body with its chair fell forward at the feet of the tyrant—the head rolled many paces away, and a cascade of blood sprinkled the faces and dresses of the terrified beholders.

It is said that one blood-drop from this shower fell upon the great Schweinsfleisch diamond, which the grand-duke, as though loth to part with it, still held in his hand. With a horrid laugh he licked the gout from the surface of the stone, and spurning the body of the Court Jew with his foot, stalked up stairs to carouse with his ruffians. When he staggered into his bedchamber late that night, he put his hand in his pocket to take forth the diamond. It felt wet and clammy, and when he brought it to the light it was dabbled in blood.

On the twenty-fourth of August in every year, every year that has elapsed since that frightful scene in the Hall of Justice at Schweinhundhausen—from sunrise until sunset—a drop of blood stands on that fatal diamond. It has gone through strange vicissitudes, passed through many hands, been an heir-loom in many families; but that drop of gore has never failed to make its appearance on the great Schweinsfleisch diamond on the anniversary of the murder of Abimelech Ben Azi, the Court Jew, by Ludwig Adolf the Seventy-fourth, of Schweinhundhausen, surnamed the Terrible.

JESSIE UNDERHILL'S THANKSGIVING.

It was the evening before Thanksgiving.

The great maples in the door-yard that had blazed so long in russet and golden fire had showered the last withered leaves upon the path; the creeping vine on the piazza columns glowed scarlet in the misty autumn air, and the woods in the valley were stained with the bloody footsteps of many a midnight frost. And yet Hezekiah Underhill, standing pensively polishing his spectacles before the fire, was not satisfied with Nature's great kaleidoscope of color.

"It don't seem just right!" soliloquized Hezekiah, "not to have a genuine snow-storm afore Thanksgivin'!"

"Take things as you find 'em, father!" said Mrs. Hezekiah, a stirring body who never stood still long enough to give a wrinkle time to settle down on her face, and whose coffee-colored cap ribbons, owing to "perpetual motion," seemed exactly like brown birds continually on the wing. "Elder Jones says there's nothin' but what's for the best!"

"Well there's no harm in wishin', I s'pose," said Hezekiah, argumentatively.

"No," said Mrs. Underhill; "but if *I* was goin' to wish, 'twouldn't be for such a little thing as a fall o' snow. I know what *I'd* give a big apple for."

"What?" questioned Hezekiah, rather surprised at his contented helpmate's expressing any ungratified desire.

The little woman fluttered up close to him, and there was a liquid glimmer in the eyes she raised to his face.

"Think of the many, many empty seats there'll be around the Thanksgivin' firesides to-morrow, Hezekiah! Oh, if I could have *my* wish, I'd bring 'em all back from the graves upon the battle-field, and from the weary hospitals. Think of our Jared, keepin' guard along the Potomac; think of Hiram Steele's brave boy wounded under the very flag he fought for and dying in a strange land!"

"*Do* you think he will die, Aunt Mary?"

A slight figure was clinging to Hezekiah's arm, and a pale, pretty face, with bands of shining black hair and wild startled eyes, was turned upward in breathless suspense.

"There now, I do say for't, I never meant *she* should hear! I s'posed she was up stairs!" ejaculated the flurried old lady. "No, dear, I hope he'll get better; any way it's our duty to hope for the best. That's what Elder Jones said only last Sabbath day!"

"Uncle, tell me, *do* they think he will die?" repeated the girl, turning to the old man, as if she had neither heard nor heeded her aunt's words.

"Child, how should *I* know? You've asked me that self-same question forty times this last week if you've asked it once," said Hezekiah, good-humoredly. "S'posin' he *don't* get well, why should you fret about it? When he went away, six months ago, you was a-flirtin' with Harry Mossmore, and playin' with his feelins just exactly as our cat teases a mouse. Didn't I hear you with my own ears tellin' Frank Steele he was nothin' more'n a friend to you, and you wondered at his presumption in ever supposin' he could be any thing more?"

"I never meant it, uncle!" sobbed the girl, "never! It was that mad spirit of coquetry that possessed me, I scarce know how. The words had not passed my lips before I would have given worlds to recall them. But oh! the punishment is greater than I can bear. Tell me, uncle, do they believe he will die? Oh, if *I* could die, too!"

"He is in God's hands, my child," said the old man, solemnly, "and He who raised the widow's son at Nain, and brought Lazarus back to life, will not fail to do all things well. Trust in Him, Jessie, and pray to Him."

Jessie Underhill scarce heard the old man's words; she had resumed her seat by the window, and was gazing sadly out upon the gold and incarnadine of the sunset as it flamed above the western pine forests, likening it in her own mind to the flash of cannon and the dreadful stains of blood upon the battle-field. And with the throbbings of her heart rose and fell the treasured bit of paper cut from the list of "Wounded" in the daily journal, and containing but one line—"*Francis Steele, Private, Dangerously.*"

Hezekiah Underhill looked at his niece's drooping figure, while strange contortions passed over his weather-beaten features. Once or twice he opened his mouth and shut it again with a click like the spring of a steel trap; once or twice he made an involuntary step toward her, and then resumed his former posture as if by an effort.

"No, no!" he muttered between his teeth, fairly beating a retreat, and never pausing until he was out under the tossing boughs of the old maples. "She's daughter, and niece, and every thing else to me; but I can't do it! It would spoil all! Poor Jessie, poor little broken-hearted dove!"

Was Hezekiah Underhill demented that he should break out into that strange smothered chuckle, even while the tears were streaming down his cheeks? Certain it was that he conducted himself very strangely all that evening, reading the newspaper with its columns upside down, depositing the pitcher of cider in his wife's work-basket, and finally bringing down on his devoted head that lady's remonstrances by stirring the fire with his snuff-box, and trying to put the poker in his waistcoat pocket.

"Hezekiah, are you crazy?" ejaculated Mrs. Underhill.

"Well, no, not exactly," said Hezekiah, sheepishly; "but I *do* feel kind o' elevated. Come up to the fire, Jessie; don't sit 'way off in the cold. That's right, puss—nestle down in your old chimney-corner seat. That's the way you and Frank Steele used to sit together when you were children."

"Father!" exclaimed Mrs. Underhill, reproachfully, as Jessie burst out crying, with her face hidden on her aunt's knee.

"I didn't mean to," apologized Hezekiah; but even then his face was in a glow with something brighter than the genial shine of the fire-light.

It was evident that Hezekiah was glorying in the mystery of some wonderful secret. And never did any secret struggle so desperately for disclosure as Hezekiah's on that Thanksgiving eve. But he kept it. For the honor of mankind let it be recorded that Hezekiah Underhill *kept his secret.*

Of course it's no use trying. Soyer himself, even were he gifted with the descriptive powers of the wizard of Waverley, never could have given you any idea of Mrs. Underhill's Thanksgiving dinner. The brown, crackling turkey, unctuous with stuffing and oleaginous with rivulets of gravy; the pyramids of crimson quivering jellies; the green crisp pickles; the battalion of pumpkin-pies, nestling like amber lakelets in shores of russet crust; the pudding, a triumphant mystery of culinary art; the whole dictionary would fall short in expressing the plenteous glories of that feast of fatness.

Hezekiah disappeared soon after breakfast—whither he had gone nobody knew, for all the explanation he vouchsafed to his wife was that he "was goin' to bring company home to dinner." But punctual to the noon-mark on the kitchen-floor he returned, and not alone.

Jessie was in her own room, thinking sorrowfully and crying a little between whiles, when Mrs. Underhill came up with flushed cheek and a voice strangely tremulous.

"Darling, your uncle wants you to come down stairs!"

"Indeed, aunt, I had rather not;" and Jessie shrank involuntarily into her chair.

"But he has brought home a friend, dear, and would like—"

"Oh no, aunt! *Please* let me stay here—I have such a dread of strange faces just now."

"My dearest, but your uncle particularly wishes it! Come, there's a good girl!—let me smooth your hair and put on your pink-ribbon bows. *Now* you look sweetly!"

Mrs. Underhill's hand shook and her eyes overflowed while she fastened the simple brooch in Jessie's collar.

"Why, aunty, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Jessie—nothing. Come, are you ready?"

Hezekiah Underhill stood in the middle of the room as they entered; and beside him Jessie's bewildered vision took cognizance of yet another figure.

She stopped with dilated eyes and pallid cheek; her brain seemed in a whirl; but when the mist cleared from her sight she was clasped to Frank Steele's breast—the noble breast that had borne the brunt of battle's fiercest tide—the breast that should evermore be her shelter and her resting-place!

"Jessie, will you take me, pale, and scarred, and sickly? Will you be my wife?"

"I will love you all my life long!"

That was all they said—but it was enough.

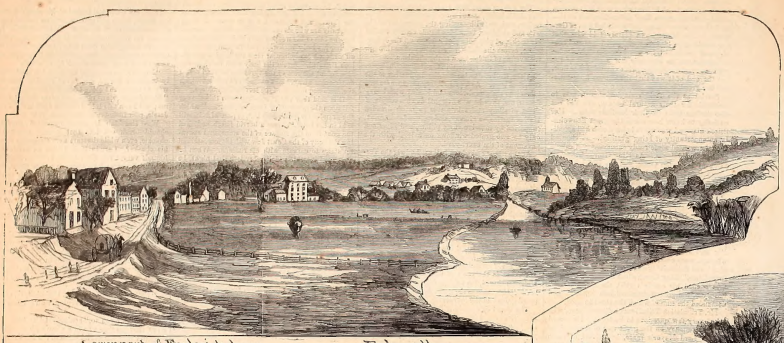
"But, Frank, tell me how it all happened!"

"It was your uncle's plot, love. I was lying in the hospital—sick, wounded, dying, as I thought—when his letter came, telling me of your remorse at what you fancied was your unkindness. It was written without your knowledge; but, Jessie, it was like a draught of immortality, an elixir of life to me. I grew better under the very eyes of the surgeon, who had told me I was a doomed man. And here I am, on sick leave, to hear my happiness again from your own lips."

The sweet lips confirmed his hope—but it was not in words!

"I declare," said Hezekiah, rubbing his hands gleefully, "it seems jest like a story in a printed book! But there was one time I thought I should have let the cat out of the bag—when you sat *cryin'* by the window last night, Jessie. But I'm glad I didn't tell. Frank wanted to surprise you, and I guess he's done it!"

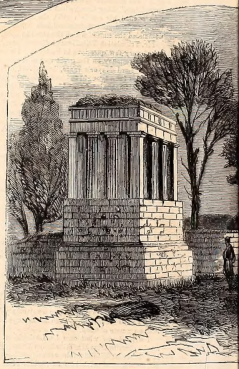
Frank Steele, sitting before the merry Thanksgiving blaze, with Jessie's hand in his, felt that the great reward for all those midnight watches and perilous battles had come at last. May every gallant soldier in the land reap the same sweet harvest!



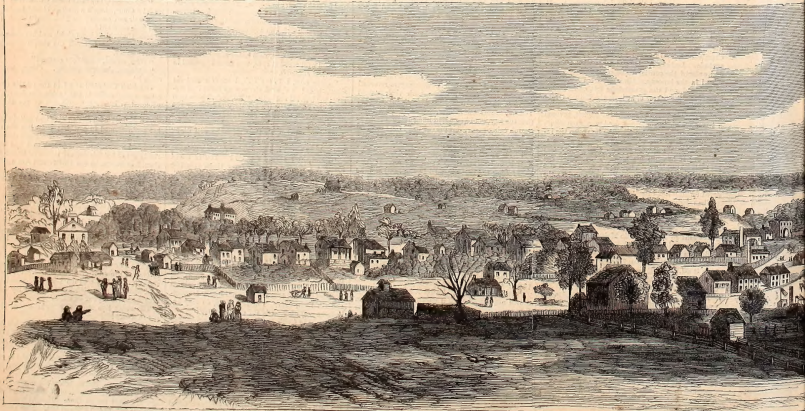
Lower part of Fredericksburg Falmouth.



Stockaded bridge and Blockhouse.



Tomb of Wash



The City of Fredericksburg and



Wrecks of Steamers burned by the Rebels.



ingrove's Mother



Ruins of the Rail Road bridge.



its Vicinity.—[See Page 782.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET" ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

THE SIXTH SCENE.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

CHAPTER I.

Ir wanted little more than a fortnight to Christmas; but the weather showed no signt yet of the frost and snow, conventionally associated with the season. The atmosphere was unnaturally warm; and the old year was dying feebly in sapping rain and enervating mist.

Toward the close of the December afternoon Magdalen sat alone in the lodging which she had occupied since her arrival in London. The fire burned sluggishly in the narrow little grate; the view of the wet house and soaking garden opposite was darkening fast; and the bell of the suburban muffin-boy tinkled in the distance drearily. Sitting close over the fire, with a little money lying loose in her lap, Magdalen absently shifted the coins to and fro on the smooth surface of her dress; incessantly altering their positions toward each other, as if they were pieces of a child's "puzzle" which she was trying to put together. The dim firelight flaming up on her faintly from time to time showed changes which must have taken place in her suddenly to friends of former days. Her dress had become loose through the waning of her figure; but she had not cared to alter it. The old restlessness in her movements, the old mobility in her expression, appeared no more. Her face passively maintained its haggard composure, its changeless, unnatural calm. Mr. Pendrell might have softened his hard sentence on her if he had seen her now; and Mrs. Leccount, in the plenitude of her triumph, might have declared her fallen enemy at last.

Hardly four months had passed since the wedding-day at Aldborough; and the penalty for that day was paid already—paid in unavailing remorse, in hopeless dejection, in premature bodily fear! Let this be said for her; let the truth which has been told of the fault be told of the expiation as well. Let it be recorded of her that she enjoyed no secret triumph on the day of her success. The power of herself with which her own act had inspired her had risen to its climax when the design of her marriage was achieved. She had never suffered in secret as she suffered when the Combe-Raven money was left to her in her husband's will. She had never felt the means taken to control her so fiercely and unrelentingly as goading to herself as she felt them on the day when the seal was reached. Those who thought had grown the remorse which had hurried her to seek pardon and consolation in her sister's love. Never since I first entered her house—never since she had first felt it sacred to her at her father's grave, had the Purpose to which her life vowed herself so nearly lost its hold on her as at this time. Never might Norah's influence have achieved such a sway as on the day when her influence was lost—the day when the fatal words were overheard at Miss Garth's—the day when the fatal letter from Scotland told of Mrs. Leccount's revenge.

The hour was done, the chance was gone. Time and Hope alike had both passed her by.

Faintly and more faintly the inner voices now pleaded with her to pursue the plan she had once set. Its discovery which had poisoned her heart with its first discovery of her sister; the shock which had followed it of her husband's death; the sting of Mrs. Leccount's triumph, felt through all, had done their work. The remorse which had made a bitterer bed marriage life was deadened now to a dull despair. It was too late to make any amendment of confession—too late to lay bare to the miserable husband the deeper secrets that had since lurked in the heart of the innocent wife. Innocent of all thought of the hideous treachery which Mrs. Leccount had imputed to her, she was guilty of knowing how his health was broken when she married him; guilty of knowing, when he left her to the fatal drive down Shooter's Hill, accident of a moment, harmless to other men, might place him at her disposal, and effect her release. His death had left her free, had laid her plainly what she had shrunk in his lifetime from openly avowing, from the bitter pain of the dull torment of that reproach; from the dreary wretchedness of doubting every body, even to Norah herself, from the bitter shame of her defeated schemes; from the blank solitude of her friendless life, and from perhaps more that no one refuge now. She turned to the relentless Purpose which was hurrying her to her ruin, and cried to it with the daring of her despair—Drive me on!

For days and days together she had bent her mind on the one object which occupied it since she had received the lawyer's letter. For days and days together she had toiled to meet the first necessity of her position—to find a means of discovering the Secret Trust. There was no hospitable time of assistance from Captain Wragge. Any proposition he had made to the gentleman an adept in the art of vanishing. The flow of the moral agriculturist left no furrows—not a trace of him was to be found. The Captain's combe was too cautious to commit himself to an active course of any kind; he passively maintained his opinion, and left the rest to his client —he desired to know nothing until the Trust was placed in his hands. Magdalen's interests were now in Magdalen's own sole care. Risk or no risk, what she did next she must do by herself.

The prospect had not daunted her. Alone she had calculated the chances that might be tried. Alone she was now determined to make the attempt.

"If time has come," she said to herself, as she sat over the fire. "I must sound Louisa first."

She collected the scattered coins in her lap, and placed them in a little heap on the table-then rose and rang the bell. The landlady answered it.

"Is my servant down stairs?" inquired Magdalen.

"Yes, ma'am. She is having her tea."

"When she has done, say I want her up here. Wait a moment. You will find your money on the table—the money I owe you for last week. Can you find it? or would you like to have a candle?"

"It's rather dark, ma'am."

Magdalen lit a candle. "What notice must I give you," she asked, as she put the candle on the table, "before I leave?"

"A week is the usual notice, ma'am. I hope you have no reason to complain of the lodgings?"

"None whatever. I only ask the question because I may be obliged to leave these lodgings rather sooner than I had expected. Is the money right?"

"Quite right, ma'am. Here is your receipt."

"Thank you. Don't forget to send Louisa to me as soon as she has done her tea."

The landlady left the room. As soon as she was alone again Magdalen extinguished the candle, and drew an empty chair close to her own near the fire. She done, she seemed her former place, and waited until Louisa appeared.

There was doubt in her face as she looked mechanically into the fire. "A poor chance," she thought to herself; "but, poor as it is, a chance I must try."

In ten minutes more Louisa's meek knock was softly audible on the door. She was surprised on entering the room to find no other light in it than the light of the fire.

"Will you have the candles, ma'am?" she inquired, respectfully.

"We will have the candles if you wish for them yourself," replied Magdalen; "not otherwise. I have something to say to you. When you have done, you shall decide whether we sit together in the dark or in the light."

Louisa waited near the door, and listened to those strange words with astonishment.

"Come here," said Magdalen, pointing to the empty chair; "and sit down by the fire."

Louisa advanced and timidly removed the chair from its position at her mistress's side. Magdalen pointedly moved it back. "No!" she said. "Come closer—come close by me." After a moment's nervous hesitation Louisa placed herself.

"I ask you to sit near me," pursued Magdalen, "because I want to speak to you on equal terms. Whatever distinctions there might once have been between us are now at an end. I am a lonely woman friendless and helpless in resources, without rank or place in the world. I may or may not have been the friend of my mistress and maid the connexion between us must come to an end."

"Oh, ma'am, don't, don't say that!" pleaded Louisa, faintly.

Magdalen sorrowfully and steadily went on.

"When you first came to me," she resumed, "I thought I should not like you. I have learned to like you. I have learned to be grateful to you. From first to last you have been faithful and good to me. The least I can do in return is to tell you that I have no other future prospects."

"You don't send me away, ma'am!" said Louisa, imploringly. "If you can only help me with a little money now and then, I'll wait for my wages—I will indeed."

Magdalen took her hand, and went on as sorrowfully and as steadily as before.

"My child, it is impossible, all uncertainly," she said. "The next step I take may lead me to my grave—it may lead me to any ruin. Can I ask you to share such a prospect as this? If your future was as uncertain as mine is—if you, too, were a friendless young woman in the world—my conscience might be easy in letting you choose. But you have friends. I might accept your attachment, for I might feel I was not wronging you. How can I feel this in your case? Look at me, and look at yourself. You are an excellent servant; you can get another place on your next place than mine. You can refer to me; and if the character I give is not considered sufficient, you can refer to the mistress you served before me."

At the instant when that reference to the girl's last mistress escaped Magdalen's lips Louisa snatched her hand away and started up to a height softly from her chair. There was a moment's silence. Both mistress and servant were overtaken by surprise. Magdalen was the first to recover herself.

"Is it getting too dark?" she asked, significantly. "Are you going to light the candles after all?"

Louisa drew back into the dimmest corner of the room.

"You suspect me, ma'am!" she answered out of the darkness in a breathless whisper. "Who has told you? How did you find out?" She stopped and burst into tears.

"I deserve your suspicion," she said, struggling to compose herself. "I don't deserve to go. You have treated me so kindly; you have made me so fond of you! Forgive me, Mrs. Vanstone—I am a wretch; I have deceived you."

"Come here, and sit down by me again," said Magdalen. "Come—or I will get up myself and bring you back."

Louisa timidly returned to her place. Dim as the firelight was, she seemed to fear it. She held her handkerchief over her face, and shrank from her mistress as she seated herself again in the chair.

"You are wrong in thinking that any one has betrayed you to me," said Magdalen. "All that I know of you is what your own looks and ways have told me. You have had some secret trouble weighing on your mind ever since you have been in my service. I confess I have spoken with the wish to find out more of you and your past life than I have found out yet—not because I am curious, but because I have my secret troubles too. Are you an unhappy woman, like me? If you are, I will not pry into my confidence. If you have nothing to tell me —if you choose to keep your secret—I don't blame you; I ask you to keep it. But I must ask how you have deceived me. I will only remember that you have been an honest, and faithful, and considerate servant while I have employed you—and I will say as much in your favor to any new mistress you like to send to me."

She waited for the reply. For a moment, and only for a moment, Louisa hesitated. The girl's nature was weak, but not depraved. She was honestly attached to her present mistress in spite of the wrong which Magdalen had not expected from her.

"If you are away, ma'am," she said, "I won't take my character from you till I have told you the truth; I won't return your kindness by deceiving you any time. Did my master ever tell you how he engaged me?"

"No. I never asked him, and he never told me."

"He engaged me, ma'am, with a written character—"

"Yes?"

"The character was a false one."

Magdalen drew back in amazement. The confession she heard was not the confession she had anticipated.

"Did your mistress refuse to give you a character?" she asked. "Why?"

Louisa dropped her knees and hid her face in her mistress's lap. "Don't ask me!" she said. "Oh, ma'am, I'm so ashamed to tell you! I'm not fit to be in the same room with you!"

Magdalen bent over her, and whispered a question in her ear. Louisa whispered back the one sad word of reply.

"Has he deserted you?" asked Magdalen, after waiting a moment, and thinking first.

"No."

"Do you love him?"

"Dearly."

The remembrance of her own loveless marriage stung Magdalen to the quick.

"For God's sake, don't kneel to *me*!" she cried, passionately. "If there is a degraded woman in this room I am the woman, and not you!"

She raised the girl by main force from her knees, and put her back in the chair. They both waited a little in silence. Keeping her hand on Louisa's shoulder, Magdalen seated herself again, and looked with an unutterable bitterness of contempt at the fire. "Oh, my God," she thought, "what happy women there are in the world! Wives who love their husbands! Mothers who are not ashamed to own their children! Are you quieter?" she asked, gently addressing Louisa once more. "Can you answer me, if I ask you a few more questions?" Where is the child?"

"The child is out at nurse."

"Does the father help to support it?"

"He does all he can, ma'am."

"What is the man in service?" Is he in trade?"

"His father is a master-carpenter—he works in his father's yard."

"If he has got work, why has he not married you?"

"It's his father's fault, ma'am—not his. His father has no pity on us. He would be turned out of house and home if he married me."

"Can he get no work elsewhere?"

"He has got good work in London, ma'am. There are so many in London—they take the bread out of each other's mouths. If he left his father, he might have to emigrate, he would have married me long since."

"Would he marry you if you had the money now?"

"I am sure he would, ma'am. He could get plenty of work to do at home, and double and treble the wages he gets here. He is trying hard, and I am trying hard, to save a little toward it—but it's a long figure from my child. But it is so little! If we live for years to come, there seems no hope for us. I know I have done wrong every way; I know I don't deserve to be happy. But how could I let my child suffer?—how could I let him and me be parted forever? My mistress was hard on me, and my health broke down in trying to keep my place. My mistress would have deceived my body by a false character if there had been another chance for me. I was alone with temptation, and I fell. Seventy ask you to forgive me."

"Ask better women than I am," said Magdalen, sadly. "I am only fit to feel for you; and I do feel for you with all my heart. In your place I should have gone into service with a false character too. Say no more of the past —you don't know how you hurt me in speaking of it. Look to the future. I think I can help you, and do you no harm. I think you can help me. Will you accept me as your friend in return. Wait and you shall hear what I mean. Suppose you were married, how much would it cost for you and your husband to emigrate?"

Louisa mentioned the cost of a steerage passage to Australia for a man and his wife. She spoke in low, hopeless tones. Moderate as the sum was, it looked like unattainable wealth in her eyes.

Magdalen started in her chair and took the girl's hand once more.

"Louisa!" she said, earnestly, "if I gave you the money what would you do for me in return?"

The proposal seemed to strike Louisa speechless. She trembled violently. She trembled violently, and said nothing. Magdalen repeated her words.

"Oh, ma'am, you mean it!" said the girl. "Do you really mean it?"

"Yes," replied Magdalen, "I really mean it. What would you do for me in return?"

"Do?" repeated Louisa. "Oh, what is there I would not do?" She tried to take her mistress's hand, but Magdalen would not permit it. She resolutely, almost roughly, drew her hand away.

"Remember, you owe me nothing yet," she said. "We are serving each other—that is all. Sit quiet and let me think."

For the next ten minutes there was silence in the room. At the end of that time Magdalen took out her watch and held it close to the grate. There was just firelight enough to show her the hour. It was close on six o'clock.

"Are you sufficiently recruited to go down stairs and deliver a message?" she asked, rising from her chair as she spoke to Louisa again. "It is a very simple message—it is only to tell the boy that I want a cab as soon as he can get me one. I must go out immediately. You shall know why later in the evening. I have much more to say to you, but there is no time to say it now. Tell the boy to come bring your work with you and wait for my return. I shall be back before bedtime."

Without another word of explanation she hurriedly lit a candle and withdrew into the bedroom to put on her bonnet and shawl.

CHAPTER II.

Between nine and ten o'clock the same evening Louisa was sitting anxiously at the long-expected knock at the house-door. She ran down stairs at once and let her mistress in.

Magdalen's face was flushed. She showed far more agitation on returning to the house than she had shown on leaving it. "Keep your place at the table," she said to Louisa, impatiently, "but lay aside your work. I want you to attend to what I am going to say."

Louisa obeyed. Magdalen seated herself at the opposite side of the table and placed the candles so as to obtain a clear and uninterrupted view of her servant's face.

"I have noticed a respectable elderly woman," she began abruptly, "who has been here once or twice in the last fortnight to pay me a visit."

"Yes, ma'am; I think I let her in the second time she came. An elderly person named Mrs. Attwood?"

"That is the person I mean. Mrs. Attwood is the housekeeper to a housekeeper; and housekeeper at his private residence, but the housekeeper at his offices in Lincoln's Inn. I promised to drink tea with her one evening this week, and I have been to-night. It is unnecessary to say it not, to me that familiar terms with a woman in Mrs. Attwood's situation?"

Louisa made no answer in words. Her face spoke for her: she could hardly avoid thinking it strange.

"I had a motive for making friends with Mrs. Attwood," Magdalen went on. "She is a widow with a little family of children. Her daughters are all in service. One of them is an under-housemaid, in the service of Admiral Bartram, at St. Crux-in-the-Marsh. I found that out from Mrs. Attwood's master; and as soon as I arrived at the discovery I made up my mind to make Mrs. Attwood's acquaintance. Stranger still, is it not?"

Louisa began to look a little uneasy. Her mistress's manner was at variance with her mistress's words—it was plainly suggestive of something serious in reserve.

"What attraction Mrs. Attwood finds in my society," Magdalen continued, "I am not prepared to say. I can only tell you she has seen better days; she is an educated person; and she may like me for that reason. At any rate she has readily met my advances toward her. What my intention I find in the good woman on my side is soon told. I have a great curiosity—an unaccountable curiosity you will think—about the present course of Admiral Bartram's affairs at St. Crux-in-the-Marsh. Mrs. Attwood's daughter is a good girl, and constantly writes to her mother. The mother is proud of the letters and proud of the girl, and is ready enough to talk about her daughter's and her daughter's place. That is Mrs. Attwood's attraction to me. You understand so far?"

"Yes—perfectly, ma'am—understood."

"Thanks to Mrs. Attwood and Mrs. Attwood's daughter," she said, "I know some curious particulars already of the household at St. Crux-in-the-Marsh. Several servants have come—as I need not tell you—are oftener occupied with their own affairs and successes than their mistress and mistresses suppose. The only mistress at St. Crux is the housekeeper. But there is a master—Admiral Bartram. He appears to be a strange old man, whose whims and fancies amuse his servants as well as his friends. One of his fancies, which no one would possibly perceive to notice) is, that he had men enough about him when he was living at sea, and that now he is living on shore he will be waited on by women-

servants alone. The one man in the house is an old sailor, who has been all his life with his master—he is a kind of pensioner at St. Crux, and has little or nothing to do with the housework. The other servants indoors are all women; and instead of a footman to wait on him at dinner the admiral has a parlor-maid. The parlor-maid now at St. Crux is engaged to be married, and as soon as her master can suit himself she is going away. These discoveries I made some days since. But when I saw Mrs. Attwood to-night she had received another letter from her daughter in the interval; and that letter has helped me to find out something more. The housekeeper is at her wit's end to find a new servant. Her master insists on youth and good looks—he leaves every thing else to his housekeeper—but he will have that. All the inquiries made in the neighborhood have failed to produce the sort of parlor-maid whom the admiral wants. If nothing can be done in the next fortnight or three weeks the housekeeper will advertise in the *Times*, and will come to London herself to see the applicants, and to make strict personal inquiry into their characters."

Louisa looked at her mistress more attentively than ever. The expression of perplexity left her face, and a shade of disappointment appeared there in its stead.

"Bear in mind what I have said," pursued Magdalen; "and wait a minute more while I ask you some questions. Don't think you understand me yet—I can assure you you don't understand me. Have you always lived in service as lady's-maid?"

"No, ma'am."

"Have you ever lived as parlor-maid?"

"Only in one place, ma'am—and not for long there."

"I suppose you lived long enough to learn your duties?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What were your duties, besides waiting at table?"

"I had to show visitors in."

"Yes—and what else?"

"I had the plate and the glass to look after, and the table-linen was all under my care. I had to answer all the bells except in the bedrooms. There were other little odds and ends sometimes to do—"

"But your regular duties were the duties you have just mentioned?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How long ago is it since you lived in service as parlor-maid?"

"A little better than two years, ma'am."

"I suppose you have not forgotten how to wait at table, and clean plate, and the rest of it, in that time?"

At this question Louisa's attention, which had been wandering more and more during the progress of her mistress's inquiries, wandered away altogether. Her gathering anxieties got the better of her discretion and even of her timidity. Instead of answering her mistress, she suddenly and confusedly ventured on a question of her own.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," she said. "Did you mean me to offer for the parlor-maid's place at St. Crux?"

"You?" replied Magdalen. "Certainly not! Have you forgotten what I said to you in this room before I went out? I mean you to be married, and to go to Australia with your husband and your child. You have not waited as I told you, to hear me explain myself. You have drawn your own conclusions; and you have drawn them wrong. I asked a question just now which you have not answered—I asked if you had forgotten your parlor-maid's duties?"

"Oh no, ma'am!" Louisa had replied rather unwillingly, thus far. She answered readily and confidently now.

"Could you teach the duties to another servant?" asked Magdalen.

"Yes, ma'am—easily, if she was quick and attentive."

"Could you teach the duties to Me?"

Louisa started and changed color. "You, ma'am!" she exclaimed, half in incredulity, half in alarm.

"Yes," said Magdalen. "Could you qualify *me* to take the parlor-maid's place at St. Crux?"

Plain as those words were, the bewilderment which they produced in Louisa's mind seemed to render her incapable of comprehending her mistress's proposal. "You, ma'am!" she repeated, vacantly.

"I shall perhaps help you to understand this extraordinary project of mine," said Magdalen, "if I tell you what the object of it is. Do you remember what I said to you about Mr. Vanstone's will, when you came here from Scotland to join me?"

"Yes, ma'am. You told me you had been left out of the will altogether. I'm sure my fellow-servant would never have been one of the witnesses if she had known—"

"Never mind that now. I don't blame your fellow-servant—I blame nobody but Mrs. Lecount. Let me go on with what I was saying. It is not at all certain that Mrs. Lecount can do me the mischief which Mrs. Lecount intended. There is a chance that my lawyer, Mr. Loscombe, may be able to gain me what is fairly my due, in spite of the will. The chance turns on my discovering a letter, which Mr. Loscombe believes, and which I believe, to be kept privately in Admiral Bartram's possession. I have not the least hope of getting at that letter if I make the attempt in my own person. Mrs. Lecount has poisoned the admiral's mind against me, and Mr. Vanstone has given him a secret to keep from me. If I wrote to him, he would not answer my letter. If I went to his house, the door would be closed in my face. I must find my way into St. Crux as a stranger—I must be in a position to look about the house unsuspected—I must be there with plenty of time on my hands. All the circumstances are in my favor if I am received into the house as a servant; and as a servant I mean to go."

"But you are a lady, ma'am," objected Louisa, in the greatest perplexity. "The servants at St. Crux would find you out."

"I am not at all afraid of their finding me out," said Magdalen. "I know how to disguise myself in other people's characters more cleverly than you suppose. Leave me to face the chances of discovery—that is my risk. Let us talk of nothing now but what concerns *you*. Don't decide yet whether you will, or will not, give me the help I want. Wait and hear first what the help is. You are quick and clever at your needle. Can you make me the sort of gown which it is proper for a servant to wear—and can you alter one of my best silk dresses, so as to make it fit yourself, in a week's time?"

"I think I could get them done in a week, ma'am. But why am I to wear— ?"

"Wait a little, and you will see. I shall give the landlady her week's notice to-morrow. In the interval, while you are making the dresses, I can be learning the parlor-maid's duties. When the house-servant here has brought up the dinner, and when you and I are alone in the room—instead of your waiting on me, as usual, I will wait on you. (I am quite serious; don't interrupt me!) Whatever I can learn besides, without hindering you, I will practice carefully at every opportunity. When the week is over, and the dresses are done, we will leave this place, and go into other lodgings—you as the mistress, and I as the maid."

"I should be found out, ma'am," interposed Louisa, trembling at the prospect before her. "I am not a lady."

"And I am," said Magdalen, bitterly. "Shall I tell you what a lady is? A lady is a woman who wears a silk gown, and has a sense of her own importance. I shall put the gown on your back, and the sense in your head. You speak good English—you are naturally quiet and self-restrained—if you can only conquer your timidity I have not the least fear of you. There will be time enough, in the new lodging, for you to practice your character, and for me to practice mine. There will be time enough to make some more dresses—another gown for me, and your wedding-dress (which I mean to give you) for yourself. I shall have the newspaper sent every day. When the advertisement appears I shall answer it—in any name I can take, on the spur of the moment; in your name if you like to lend it to me. When the housekeeper asks me for my character I shall refer her to you. She will see you in the position of mistress, and me in the position of maid—no suspicion can possibly enter her mind unless you put it there. If you only have the courage to follow my instructions, and to say what I tell you to say, the interview will be over in ten minutes."

"You frighten me, ma'am," said Louisa, still trembling. "You take my breath away with surprise. Courage! Where shall I find courage?"

"Where I keep it for you," said Magdalen—"in the passage-money to Australia. Look at the new prospect which gives you a husband and restores you to your child, and you will find your courage there."

Louisa's sad face brightened; Louisa's faint heart beat quick. A spark of her mistress's spirit flew up into her eyes as she thought of the golden future.

"If you accept my proposal," pursued Magdalen, "you can be asked in church at once, if you like. I promise you the money on the day when the advertisement appears in the newspaper. The risk of the housekeeper's rejecting me is my risk—not yours. My good looks are sadly gone off, I know. But I think I can still hold my place against the other servants—I think I can still *look* the parlor-maid whom Admiral Bartram wants. There is nothing for you to fear in this matter; I should not have mentioned it if there had been. The only danger is the danger of my being discovered at St. Crux, and that falls entirely on me. By the time I am in the admiral's house you will be married, and the ship will be taking you to your new life."

Louisa's face, now brightening with hope, now clouding again with fear, showed plain signs of the struggle which it cost her to decide. She tried to gain time; she attempted confusedly to speak a few words of gratitude; but her mistress silenced her.

"You owe me no thanks," said Magdalen. "I tell you again we are only helping each other. I have very little money, but it is enough for your purpose, and I give it you freely. I have led a wretched life; I have made others wretched about me. I can't even make *you* happy, except by tempting you to a new deceit. There! there! it's not your fault. Worse women than you are will help me if you refuse. Decide as you like, but don't be afraid of taking the money. If I succeed I shall not want it. If I fail—"

She stopped, rose abruptly from her chair, and hid her face from Louisa by walking away to the fire-place.

"If I fail," she resumed, warming her foot carelessly at the fender, "all the money in the world will be of no use to me. Never mind why—never mind Me—think of yourself. I won't take advantage of the confession you have made to me; I won't influence you against your will. Do as you yourself think best. But remember one thing—my mind is made up: nothing you can say or do will change it."

Her sudden removal from the table, the altered tones of her voice as she spoke the last words, appeared to renew Louisa's hesitation. She clasped her hands together in her lap, and wrung them hard. "This has come on me very suddenly, ma'am," said the girl. "I am sorely tempted to say Yes; and yet I'm almost afraid—"

"Take the night to consider it," interposed Magdalen, keeping her face persistently turned toward the fire, "and tell me what you have decided to do when you come into my room to-morrow morning. I shall want no help to-night; I can undress myself. You are not so strong as I am; you are tired, I dare say. Don't sit up on my account. Good-night, Louisa, and pleasant dreams!"

Her voice sank lower and lower as she spoke those kind words. She sighed heavily; and, leaning her arm on the mantle-piece, laid her head on it with a reckless weariness miserable to see. Louisa had not left the room, as she supposed; Louisa came softly to her side and kissed her hand. Magdalen started; but she made no attempt this time to draw her hand away. The sense of her own horrible isolation subdued her at the touch of the servant's lips. Her proud heart melted; her eyes filled with burning tears. "Don't distress me!" she said, faintly. "The time for kindness has gone by; it only overpowers me now. Good-night!"

The morning came; and the affirmative answer which Magdalen had anticipated was the answer given. On that day the landlady received her week's notice to quit, and Louisa's needle flew fast through the stitches of the parlor-maid's dress.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS INTENDED BRIDE.

WE publish on page 781 portraits of the PRINCE OF WALES and the Lady whom he is to marry, the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK. The Prince is just twenty-one years of age. It will be seen by our portrait that he looks rather older than when he danced here at the famous Prince's ball. He wears incipient whiskers; and the crafty engraver has contrived a shade over the upper lip which may perhaps pass for a mustache. He is understood to have been kept busy since he left here, in study and travel, and has no doubt a well-stored mind.

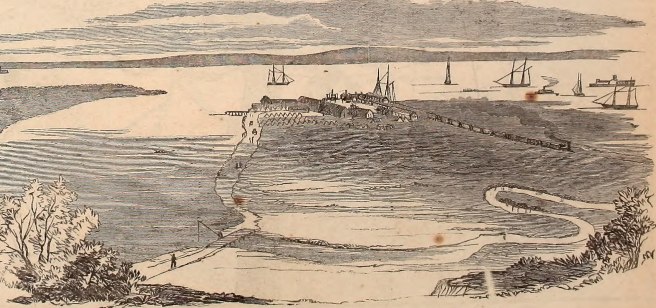
The following account of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, the future Queen of England, will doubtless be read with interest:

"Princess Alexandra, (who was born December 1, 1844, is the second child and eldest daughter of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, heir-expectant to the Danish throne, and of Princess Louisa of Hesse-Cassel. She is gifted, as will be seen by our portrait, with no inconsiderable share of beauty, and is described as being very accomplished, having received in her family, which is generally esteemed as a model of all domestic virtues, the most careful and complete education. Princess Alexandra is a Sous-Lieutenant in the Danish Army. Many journals in France and Belgium, in commenting upon the account given of the Royal family of Denmark, stated that the *Almanach de Gotha* had committed an amusing mistake in describing Princess Alexandra as a Sous-Lieutenant in the Danish Army. It appears, however, that there was no mistake at all in the matter; for, however extraordinary it may appear to us, the illustrious intended bride of the Prince of Wales does actually hold the commission described in the Danish Army."

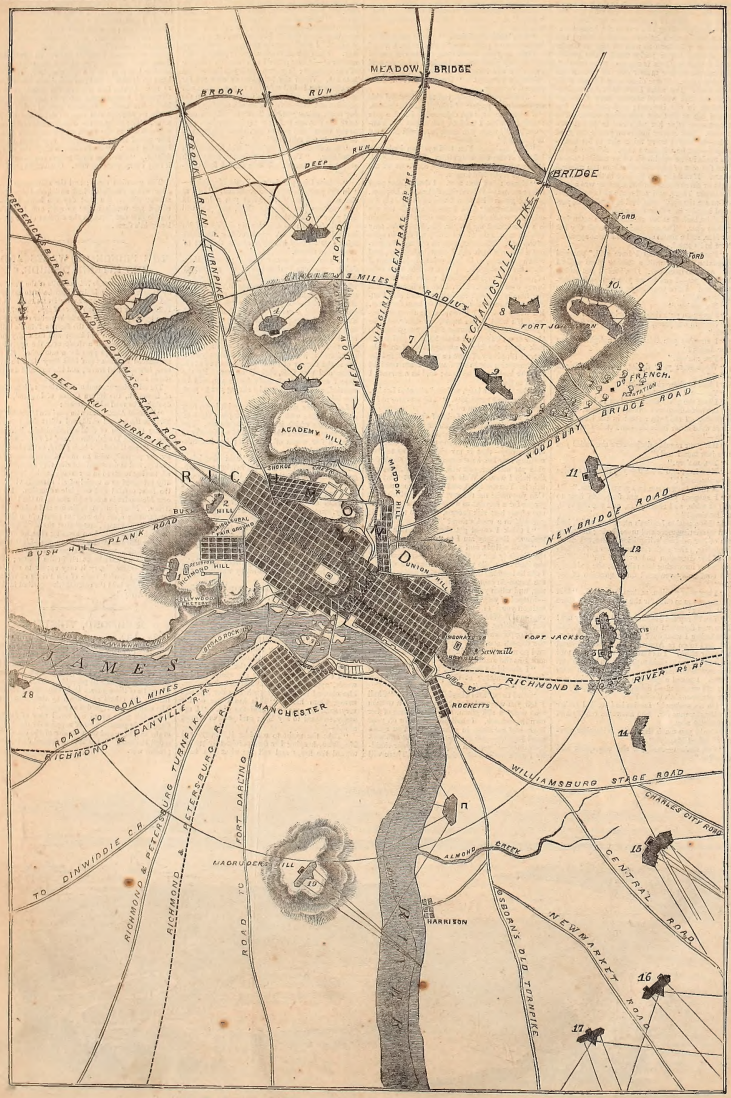
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

WE publish on page 780 a chart of THE CITY OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, AND ITS ENVIRONS, showing the fortifications which have been erected for its defense by the rebels. In the course of a day or two, Burnside, and perhaps some one else, from another side, will probably be thundering at the walls of these forts. Only two of the forts are named, the others are known by their numbers. The map may be regarded as accurate.

On this page we give a small view of AQUIA CREEK, the present base of supplies for the Army of the Potomac, and the terminus of the old Richmond Railroad. It has become famous during the present war.



AQUIA CREEK, ON THE POTOMAC, NEW BASE OF SUPPLIES OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.



MAP OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, AND ITS ENVIRONS, SHOWING THE REBEL FORTS, ETC.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS INTENDED BRIDE, THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK.—[See Page 779.]

THANKSGIVING.

"WHAT have soldiers in hospital, writhing in pain, or tossing in fever, to be thankful for? The day is a humbug. Keep it? No, I've not kept it."

A strong man shorn of his strength spoke, but it was no Delilah answering.

"Many a poor soldier weary with pain and agony has found cause for thankfulness; some trifling deed of pity or word of sympathy has stirred his heart to gratefulness. Suffering generally humbles men to recognize and accept what they disdain in the pride and glory of health."

"Yes, you women get us in your power and then crow."

"Victor, what malice!"

"It is true; then tell us to be thankful. For what? for maimed, crippled bodies, for useless arms, for paralytic legs?"

The pale face grew paler, and a scornful smile gleamed out of restless, eager eyes.

"Oh, Victor! Victor! the battle is but half fought, the glory only half won when you utter these thoughts."

Victor partially raised himself, leaning on one arm and speaking haughtily.

"If you think I implied regret at giving my mite to this war you are wholly mistaken, Margaret."

"No, no! I did not mean that, believe me; but it is right for all to be thankful, and I meant you had not gained one of the direct purposes of suffering."

"Pray what is that?"

Margaret's head drooped as she answered,

"Gratitude for having shared in even the least degree that which was endured for us all by our Master."

Victor's voice had lowered before he replied,

"I am no Carmelite, Margaret, nor one of those who believe that mere bodily pain can make us like the Divine One."

"But it can help—it can indeed."

She was so afraid to speak of these things that she dared not say all she was thinking. She wanted to assure him that a better appreciation of the great sacrifice lay in his power than in hers, rejoicing as she was in health and vigor; but different leaven had been working in his mind, for he suddenly resumed again in his cutting, ironical tone:

"Ah, it is easy to preach of thankfulness in purple and fine linen to the ragged, beggarly horde! You have heard the sermon to-day, you have given thanks devoutly, and now—stand a little farther off that I may look at you—you are going to the sumptuous dinner; but you do not care for the viands, your esthetic palate is to be cajoled. I wonder who will whisper the most tasteful, delicate flatteries; who will offer the most poetic draughts, spiced carefully for such dainty lips! Let me see. The sheen of your silk dazzles—I must shade my weak vision—it is very beautiful; and the lace at your throat, how soft and downy—you call it a ruche, I believe; the rose, too, in your hair is red, rosier than your fair face, red as the blood I have seen on battle-fields—"

"Madge! Madge! where are you? Come out of this dungeon. We are waiting for you. What are you two crooning over? Victor, you look as sour as green grapes. Look at me; am I not bewitching? See, I am *en militaire*."

The fairiest little being, robed in pink tarlatan, danced in and thrust her curly pate down on her brother's arm, chattering all the while.

"You have kept Madge ever so long; isn't she a darling?"

"What is that she wears on her necklace, Josey?"

"A cross, a pearl cross; Madge, let him see it!"

"Don't ask her, Josey. She is angry with me. Is that the way you women wear crosses made of pearls and hung on a golden chain? How heavy they must be!"

"Stop, Victor, stop, you are outrageous. Madge has gone, and I shall go too; but look at the buttons in my ears."

"Petite sauvage! why make holes in such little pink sea-shells of auriculas?"

"I don't know what you mean. I wear army button ear-rings to match this army button bracelet, and they are lovely. But, Vic, I wish you had your dear old leg again so we could have a redowa —and how splendidly you used to lead the German! Oh, it is too bad! I shall just cry."

"And make your eyes red. Oh no, Josey; come, dance off with yourself. Who's to be there?"

"Every body."

"Tell me who Margaret dances with."

"She won't dance in war times, she says. Isn't she old fogy? She came up to me the other night and said the music ought to be funeral marches instead of giddy waltzes."

"Was that after I came home?"

"No, before; and you know how magnificently she plays. Well, she would not touch the piano except to give us the adagio of one of Beethoven's symphonies, or something else so sad that we could hardly keep from tears; but I must go, Vic. Good-by; don't get blue here all alone. I suppose you would rather have a book than my delectable society?"

"Oh yes, chatter-box; adieu!"

The light steps danced down the hall; other steps and other voices echoed, died away; the carriage wheels rolled off, and silence reigned.

Victor took up his book: the print was too fine: so he was obliged to relinquish it, wishing he had some one to read aloud to him. Margaret had so often read to him that the words began to bear more clearness and power from her voice than any other, but he had provoked her now. It was not a pleasant reverie in which he was indulging; alone, crippled, feverish, restless; he who had prided himself on his independence and manly strength. But he did not regret having spoken as he did to Margaret; it rather satisfied him to resent kindness and patience with cool sarcasm; it was his masculine protest against forbearance and gentleness. "Thankful, grateful—I have no need, I wish to have no need for such words. Has she not left me all alone here to gnash my teeth at fate, to ponder over my uselessness and miserable good-for-nothingness, while she dances off to a dinner—a Thanksgiving dinner? And why should she not go? What does she owe me that she should deny herself any pleasure? Nothing. To be sure I once told her—I was fool enough then—that no other woman in the world had so great a sway over my actions; confound it! She has tightened the rein till the bit cuts at every pull; but I am revenging myself. I hurt her nicely to-night. She's a good little Christian, and does not like to be thought a Pharisee."

A little table stood near with convenient trifles. A book of larger type caught his eye, Mrs. Browning's "Last Poems." It opened of itself, as if it knew the hand accustomed to hold it (not Victor's), at the hundred and seventy-eighth page. Down the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth verses was scored lightly a pencil mark. For one vivid moment he knew what one woman had suffered in all the dreary time of his silent imprisonment in Richmond, and like an avenging weapon those verses cut in deeply. He tried to shake it off; he tried to think some other hand had opened these pages so often that the leaves fell apart at this one place. He knew better; and knowing it, self-reproach added to his dreariness. His bell rang so furiously that the servant feared some accident and rushed breathlessly in.

"Did the ladies say when they would return, Joanna?"

"No, Sir; but not until late I'm sure, Sir."

"Ask them when they come—no, you need not either. Bring me a glass of water."

"Yes, Sir."

He was very restless and feverish, and lay with closed eyes as quick steps indicated Joanna's return. But the step was lighter, and a cool hand laid softly on his brow made him start.

A quiet figure in gray merino, with only a blue bow knotted under the linen collar, stood near him —thick, drooping, wavy curls hid her eyes.

"I thought you had gone!" was the half-impatient exclamation.

"I changed my mind at the last moment."

"To heap coals of fire on my head, I suppose."

"Victor, drink this water; you have fever; don't talk."

"I must."

"Not now; let me read." She had opened a book, and crouched down on a low ottoman, her face shaded by her hand, began to read. The voice was like a chime of low, sweet bells, but they seemed to jangle in Victor's ears. He tossed and turned, and finally put out his hand and grasped the book.

"Pardon me, Margaret."

"Shall I go away, Victor?"

"Yes."

There was not a tinge of sentiment or sadness in her words, but they were very calm and low.

"I only came because I saw you were worse and needed recreation," rising as she spoke.

"Do you call this recreation?"

"No, it is very evident I have done harm."

"More than you can repair, Margaret."

He was not now speaking satirically, and she looked at him with amazement.

"You have made me break a resolution so strong that it was nearly a vow."

"I, Victor?"

"Yes, you, with your calmness and womanly gentleness, your terrible malignity."

She knew not what he meant; and though she had determined not to be weak, tears would come; just one passionate outburst, which she quelled proudly the moment they were shed. But he saw them, and drew her toward his couch.

"This is the way I have to sue for pardon, lying helpless, maimed for life. I had rather you had killed me, Margaret, than force me so to love you that I can not longer hide it. Oh, Margaret, Margaret, it was cruel! I, who shall never ask any woman to be my wife."

Margaret put out her hand very coolly.

"Good-night, Victor."

"Must you go? Then I am mistaken. I hoped you cared for me, Margaret, in spite of my detestable behavior."

"Yes, I must go, Victor."

"It has been very tiresome for you here, Margaret, listening to my folly."

"No, I did not care to go out."

Her perfect indifference at last enraged him, as she knew it would.

"You seem to be in no way moved at my misery. I did not know you were so cold and heartless."

"What would you have me say?"

"Drop some delicious grains of pity; sweeten the bitter pill with honeyed phrases."

"I am very sorry this has happened."

"But that is a cant expression. You are generally original."

She was silent again, and moved toward the door. He detained her, grasping her passive hand.

"Among all your thanks to-day can you spare a little forgiveness?"

"For what?"

"For my rudeness and harshness." His voice was gentle again.

"There is more to forgive than that."

"I dare say; but I am in earnest. Don't go yet. Do you forgive me?"

"No!"—firmly, softly, but emphatically.

"And why not? Is my sin so heinous?"

"The man is not a brave one who tells a woman he loves her but will not ask her to be his wife."

"Margaret!"

She went on as indifferently and coolly as if discussing some novel.

"It is not brave, nor is it honest, for he may have won her love in some strange way."

"But she should let him know," said Victor, half amazed and half amused.

"A true woman's self-respect is a barrier to that."

Victor bit his lip.

"A cripple, doomed to drag a footless stump after him all his life, has no right to ask a young and beautiful, no, nor an old and ugly, woman to be his wife."

"Who has laid down that law?"

"A true man's self-respect is the barrier."

Margaret glanced up, a very sunbeam of a smile playing over her features.

"It is a dead-lock, Victor."

"It shall not be, Margaret, if you will just stoop down here a moment."

"What for?"

"Now I have both your hands; tell me, do you, dare you love me?"

There was no answer, and her curls drooped over her face. He repeated the question, but she would not reply.

For a moment or two his pale face worked. It was hard for him to make the attempt he had almost sworn not to do—so hard, that for a moment he faltered.

But the temptation was irresistible, and he saw that nothing else would compel Margaret to answer, so he spoke:

"Margaret, will you be my wife?"

"Yes, Victor," came the answer, clearly spoken.

"The wife of a cripple?"

She crushed the words with a kiss.

For a long while there was stillness, Victor clasping tightly Margaret's hands as if afraid she would elude them, but in place of the pain and feverish irritability on his features was a look of very expressive content.

Margaret's tears were so nearly falling that it was some time before she could ask Victor what he was thinking of, so unusual was his silence.

"Keeping my Thanksgiving at last," was the reply.

A TRIBUTE.

How sleep the brave? Oh! not as cowards sleep,
Whose hands no labor bore;
Over *their* graves no loving one shall weep—
They shall be named no more.
No ringing voice above the tomb shall break,
Proclaiming truth more boldly for their sake.

Not so they sleep who for their country die—
On their name rests no blot;
Through the world's changes, as the years roll by,
They never are forgot.
Earth's greatest soul may know no greater pride
Than to be called to die as they have died.

When Freedom's sons assemble to relate
The deeds that they have done,
Each telling of some victory, made more great
Being so nobly won;
There RICHARDSON and MITCHELL shall be seen—
One bronzed and scarred, with a true soldier's mien;

The other, with his calm and steady eyes
Turned upward to the stars,
Seeking new inspiration from the skies,
'Neath the red planet Mars.
Upon the roll of fame their names are traced
In golden letters, ne'er to be effaced!

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

ON page 769 we give a portrait of NATHANIEL P. BANKS, Major-General in the Army of the United States, and commander of the Great Southern Expedition which is now on its way to its destination. Our likeness is from a photograph by Brady.

General Banks was born at Waltham, Massachusetts, on 30th January, 1816. His parents were poor operatives who worked in the mills; young Nathaniel went barefoot to the common school, and there obtained all the education he ever enjoyed as a lad. He was soon called upon to take his place in a factory to earn his living, and for several years he worked regularly with the other operatives. Simultaneously he assisted in the establishment of a debating society, and contributed to the columns of the local paper. He subsequently became editor of this paper, and in 1842 was brought forward as Democratic candidate for Assembly from Waltham. He was defeated. He ran again in 1843, and in each of the following four years, with equal non-success. At length, in 1848, just as he was thinking of seeking fortune in California, he was elected, and remained a member of the Massachusetts Legislature until he was sent to Congress, voting and acting with the Democratic party. In 1850 he was chosen Speaker of the House; and in 1852 was sent to Congress, and became Speaker of that body too, after one of the most memorable contests in our Congressional history. As Speaker of the House Mr. Banks won high fame by his Parliamentary skill, firmness, and fairness. It was well said of him, at the close of his term, by a political opponent, that he "stood so straight that he almost leaned over to the other side."

At the close of Mr. Banks's term in Congress he withdrew from public life, and after spending some time in retirement at Waltham, accepted the post of Superintendent of the Illinois Central Railway, which had just been vacated by General M'Clellan. He was discharging the duties of this post when the rebellion broke out. It found him neither unprepared nor astonished. He went to Washington in February, 1861; foretold the secession of Virginia and the outbreak of the civil war, and created quite a commotion in the ranks of those who pinned their faith to Mr. Seward's honeyed phrases and rose-color visions. When war actually broke out, and troops were called for, Mr. Banks was at once designated by the public voice for a military command, and he was accordingly appointed Major-General by the President. With his usual foresight he had been studying strategy for some time, and when he took the field was thoroughly competent to command. He was given a division of the Army of the Potomac, and set to watch the upper fords of the river. Many months were spent in training his army. At length, early in 1862, he crossed the river and advanced up the Shenandoah Valley. He was driving Jackson before him, and doing his work well and faithfully, when the War Department began to withdraw his troops. First a brigade, then a regiment, then a whole division were ordered to the defense of posts which were supposed to be in danger; so that at last General Banks was left with only about 4000 men, while Jackson lay opposite him with 15,000. The circumstance soon became known to the wily rebel, and the attack on Front Royal followed. Banks's retreat to the north side of the Potomac, without the loss of a gun and with a very small loss in men, is rightly accounted one of the most brilliant military operations of the war. Jackson's disappointment at the escape of the prey he already deemed secured was severe. It was on the occasion of this retreat that the incident of the little slave girl, whom Banks carried out of Virginia "on the national cannon," took place: nothing in his career has made him more popular than this.

When M'Clellan commenced his retreat from the Peninsula, Banks was ordered forward to the Rappahannock under Pope. He fought the battle of Cedar Mountain with very inferior forces to the enemy, and with Sigel's aid held him in check until M'Clellan had retreated safely to Yorktown. He did not take part in the battles of Centreville or Bull Run the second: wounded at the Rappahannock, he was doing duty at Washington as military commander.

General Banks has now been appointed to the command of a Great Southern Expedition, part of which has already sailed. That he will be heard from in a manner which will rejoice the Northern heart no one who knows his lucky star can doubt.

THE "PASSAIC" AND HER TURRET.

THE turret of the *Passaic* is unquestionably the greatest engineering achievement of the time. The successful operation of this structure with its monster guns marks an era in the history of naval warfare.

Our engraving on page 773 represents the turret cut in two, through the vertical plane, the nearest half supposed to be removed in order to afford a full view of the interior. The enormous guns, Dahlgren's 15-inch, each weighing 42,000 pounds, are seen in perspective resting on light elegant carriages made of wrought iron. By means of very simple mechanism within the carriages, the constructor enables three men of moderate strength to handle these ponderous pieces with great facility. To the left of the muzzle of the nearest gun will be seen the port stopper, a bent block of wrought iron supported by a pivot, on which it turns so readily that one man can bring its broad face before the port-hole in less than five seconds, thereby effectually shutting out the enemy's projectiles.

The enormous balls, of 425 pounds weight, will be seen conveniently arranged within curved guides round the base of the turret, a broad jointed ring for handling these terrific projectiles being also represented.

Our readers can form a good idea of the size of the guns, 4 feet diameter, by comparison with the gunners standing on the left. The turret, composed of plate iron, is 23 feet outside diameter, 9 feet high, 11 inches thick, the entire weight being 240 tons. It might be supposed that such a ponderous mass could only be turned round by being placed on friction rollers; yet this expedient has not been resorted to. The constructor, deeming such complication incompatible with the solidity necessary to withstand the shocks of modern projectiles, boldly places the turret with its smooth lower edge on a broad ring in the deck, and trusts to his powerful mechanism within to cause the stupendous mass to rotate on its base. The gunner, placed behind the breech when the gun is to be aimed, simply raises or depresses a light handle and the gun instantly moves in the direction he wishes. The exact point being attained, a retrograde half-movement of the handle at once arrests the rotation of the turret and leaves the gun directed to the desired object.

But the result of Captain Ericsson's bold conception does not stop here. A still greater triumph has attended his labors. Our readers will observe on the engraving that the port-hole of the turret is far less in width than the diameter of the muzzle of the gun, and that, consequently, the gun must be fired within the turret. The proposition to discharge the largest cannon afloat within the narrow space of this cylindrical iron chamber without putting the muzzle through—not even *into* the port-hole—is so startling that nothing short of positive practical demonstration could prove its soundness. It is a flattering comment on the judgment of Admiral Gregory, and the other naval officers superintending the construction of our iron-clads, that they did not oppose, but on the contrary warmly seconded, Captain Ericsson's plan. The result of two careful trials, the second and final one made on the 15th, has realized every expectation. The smoke is effectually kept out, and the noise from the discharge of the monster guns within the turret is less than that of an ordinary field-piece.

Captain Ericsson, to whose genius the country is indebted for this master-piece, has been so kind as to inspect our artist's picture, and writes us that it is very accurate.

The engraving on page 772 represents the *Passaic* as she will appear at sea, and needs no description.

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

WE devote pages 776 and 777 to illustrations of FREDERICKSBURG, which is at present the centre of interest in Virginia. Our pictures, with one exception, are from sketches by Mr. H. Didiot, of the Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers. The exception is the picture of the Broken Bridge, which is from a sketch by our old correspondent, Adjutant Cope.

The following description of the place was published in *Harper's Weekly* some time since:

Fredericksburg is the chief town of Spottsylvania County, in Virginia, and is situated on the right bank of the

Rappahannock River, at the head of tide-water. It is between fifty and sixty miles from Richmond by railroad, and sixty-five miles by the turnpike, in a northerly direction. Turnpike roads connect it with Falmouth and Newport—the former by a ferry across the Rappahannock—and another turnpike leads through a wilderness to Orange Court House, where a railroad connects it with Gordonsville. The town itself is pleasantly situated in a fertile valley, and has great advantages for commerce and manufactures. The railroad from Washington, the Aquia Creek, passed through it, and thereby a large traffic and travel was maintained. The Potomac River, at Aquia Landing, is easily reached by the railroad. Steamboats through in an hour on each trip, a not inconsiderable advantage was created thereby in the immediate vicinity of the town. It is distant from Aquia Creek by railroad about fifteen miles, from which point part of the Potomac River may be used to be carried to Fredericksburg. A good canal has also been constructed from the town to a point on the Rappahannock River, about forty miles above, by which large quantities of iron, grain, and lumber were received for exportation. The river afforded extensive water power, which, however, was not used, for the want, also in the neighborhood, varying in height from forty to one hundred feet, abound in fine granite and freestone. Some thirty years since the prospect of Fredericksburg being a rapidly rising town was great, but lack of enterprise, of public prosperity, and after, as it were, standing still for about twenty years. It gradually retrograded in its importance. In 1840 its population numbered nearly four thousand souls; and in 1850, ten years later, it had only increased eighty-eight persons—less than nine each year, and being now, in 1860, but a little over five thousand souls in existence. Before the rebellion it contained five churches, one orphan asylum, two academies, four common schools, and two banks.—ED.

Fredericksburg has changed hands more than once. While the Potomac blockade lasted it was a chief depôt for rebel supplies. When M'Clellan advanced to Yorktown it was evacuated, and was occupied by M'Dowell. After the battles of the seven days before Richmond M'Dowell fell back, and the rebels again seized it. Burnside coming up the Potomac to the aid of Pope, in August, occupied it for a few days; when he marched down to Warrenton it again fell back under the stars and bars. The reader will find an account of its more recent fortunes in the news column.

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From DANIEL HOLBROOK, Esq., *Superintendent of the Public Schools of Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1862.*

At the last meeting of our Board of Education, Committees were appointed to examine Wilson's and Watson's Readers to adopted as text-books in place of the Willard Readers. The Committee have to furnished a report to the pupils in the several schools," which resolution was laid on the table for one month. The pupils were instructed, no one here having heard a word of it, save the owner. The Report was made by the Committee on Readers, and we got up entirely by somebody in New York. I am decidedly in favor of Wilson's Readers, and the Board have seen as to say better than Watson's. Wilson's, but better than any others that I have seen. I have had a considerable time in this report I give them, and am in for the good of our schools.

From WILLIAM ARTHUR, *Chairman of the Committee on Text-books of the Public Schools of Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1862.*

I was not present when the resolution to displace Wilson's Readers was introduced, and under if I had been I should have opposed it; for I am satisfied, both from my own observation and that of the opinion of teachers, of the merits of Wilson's Readers. I have conversed with the Rev. Superintendent, Mr. Holbrook, and found him of the fully concur with me. I shall oppose any attempt to displace them. Yours truly,

From F. H. MARSHALL, Esq., *President of the Board of Education, Rochester, Oct. 31, 1862.*

I do not think the Board of Education will make any changes in Readers. The Principals of Schools are perfectly satisfied with Wilson's Series, now in use. I think there is an unanimous effort of some interested persons, but I do not think it will succeed. I am not in favor of changing books without some strong reason, unless there is a superior to those in use.

At the late November meeting of the Board the resolution above referred to was not called up for consideration, and the Board voted that pointed upon the list. Indeed members of the Board were opposed to any change of Readers.

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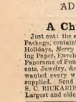
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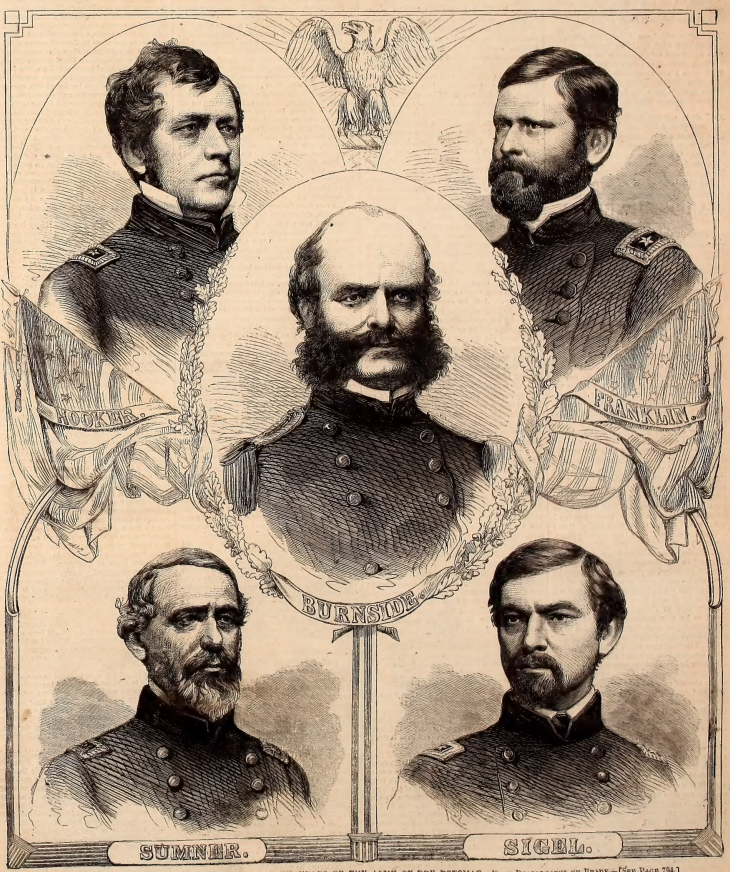
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VI.—No. 311.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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MAJOR-GENERAL BURNSIDE AND THE DIVISION COMMANDERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 794.]

THANKSGIVING.

I THINK of you all, dear Mother,
Ned, and Emma, and Moll,
Dark-eyed Harry, and little Lou,
Jim, and Bessie, and all!
How often we've met together
For many a bright year past,
Till it seemed to me as if every one
Was merrier than the last.

I greet you all, though so far away
That your faces I can not see;
I remember each, with a sacred joy—
Do you also remember me?
Looking up to the dear old flag
With loyal hearts and true,
Do you smile to think for freedom's sake
I am absent to-day from you?

Yes, I know who name me every day
When they kneel to God in prayer—
I know who watch every paper through
To see if my name be there.
And now in this good Thanksgiving time,
When the land hums rings with glee,
There will be one toast to "Our absent ones,"
And then you will think of me!

Yon always called me "wild," you know,
Wondered what would be my fate—
"So giddy and mischievous, what will he do
When he reaches man's estate?"
Well, here I am, twenty-one last month,
And my holiday life is through:
I face death calmly day by day—
How strange it must seem to you!

As I sit in my tent by this moonlight
I hear your voices fall,
Like distant music, upon my ear,
And your names I softly call.
How long before we shall meet again
In the homestead far away?
No matter, we yet live—and God is good,
And this is Thanksgiving day!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

THE MESSAGE.

THERE are just four points of interest in the Message. The allusion to the subject of reference to emancipation, the sketch of a financial policy, and the review of our foreign relations. Outside of these, all is mere routine.

1. *The War.*—Persons who take up the Message in the hope of finding in it some retrospect of the past operations of the war, and some estimation of what is to happen hereafter, will meet with disappointment. Were it not for the brief paragraph at the commencement of the Message, that document would contain no reference whatever to the one thing vital in the nation in which we live. And that one paragraph is characteristic. The President says: "While it is not pleased the Almighty to bless us with the return of peace, no one has any pretense to complain, but every one has reason to be grateful, guided by the best light He gives us, trusting that, in His own good time and wise way, all will be well." One can not help recalling the old Middle-Age story of the mailed crusader who, in a fit of the spleen, fell to beating his "people" with a stout quarter-staff. His wife, touched by the groans of the sufferers and the astonishing length of the punishment, called from her tower to ask her lord how long he intended to trounce those poor creatures? "*Ma mie!*" replied the devout Baron, "*tout cet à plaire a Dieu!*" (As long as God pleased, my dear.)

2. *Emancipating.*—This subject is very fully discussed in the Message. The President alludes to the principle previously enunciated by him, viz.: that slavery was the cause of the war, and that the extirpation of slavery ends it. But he departs from the policy which he recommended to Congress last session, inasmuch as he now proposes an amendment to the Constitution, tendering compensation to all States which shall abolish slavery *before the year* 1900. The resolution which he laid before Congress nearly a year ago, and which passed both Houses by large majorities, tendered aid to States abolishing slavery without specifying the time at which abolition should take place. It was the hope and expectation of the President and of his friends in Congress that four States, Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky, and Missouri, would accept this offer and proceed to the abolition of slavery at once. That hope has not been realized. It is doubtful whether the people of any of these four States are any nearer voluntary abolition than they were twelve months ago, though their property in slaves has been so vastly diminished by the war. The President, however, is not discouraged. He now proposes to embody the offer of compensation in the Constitution, in order to render it more solemn and binding, and to make it a standing offer for the next thirty-seven years. Whether this compromise measure, wise as it may prove eventually, will at present satisfy either the partisans of slavery at the South or its opponents at the North remains to be seen.

The President distinctly states that this scheme of compensated emancipation is not intended to supersede the proclamation of September 22d freeing the slaves in the rebel States. By that proclamation, every slave dwelling in a locality which has not elected members of Congress by a majority of legally constituted voters shall be free on 1st January next, and shall be entitled to claim that the United States shall protect him in the enjoyment of his freedom. If this proclamation stands unrecalled, the slaves now held in nineteen-fifths of Virginia, North Carolina, and Louisiana, two-thirds of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, and Arkansas, and three-fourths of Tennessee, will be freemen in lay of now in fact, in the course of a month from this time. So far as we can perceive no amendment to the Constitution will be required to secure their political status; and the operation of the proposed amendment will consequently be confined to the slaves in Maryland, Delaware, Missouri, Kentucky, and such parts of Louisiana, Tennessee, Virginia, and the other rebel States as are held by the armed forces of the United States.

The President renews his favorite recommendation to Congress that provision be made for the expatriation of emancipated slaves. With that candor which is his most amiable characteristic, however, he admits that the efforts which have been discovered in the way of the accomplishment of this project. In the first place, no State in America, or, indeed, no country populated slaves as citizens. Hayti, in San Domingo, and Liberia, in Africa, alone tender to them the right to citizenship. And the unfortunate about these places is that the negroes won't go there. Indeed, the President admits this, as a rule, the free negroes object to be exiled at all! He has endeavored, by argument and persuasion, to convince them that it is to their best interest to go to a land of their own that they may come to see the matter in this light by-and-by. Thus far, however, these persons will, probably, with no unreasonable fear, entertain a fondness for their native country, which bears a remarkable resemblance to a sentiment commonly entertained by persons with white skins, called by poets "patriotism."

3. *The Finances.*—On this very important subject the President gives us little information. He is anxious to see our finances placed on a specie basis. He doubts whether it be wise to issue as many legal tender notes as the country can absorb. He suggests a national bank system, as though they would necessarily be negotiated by-and-by. And he concludes that, on the whole, the best method of meeting the cost of the war is by the establishment of banks of issue, whose issue shall be uniform in appearance and shall secure the deposit in the Treasury Department of United States Bonds. He supplies us with no information as to the number of banks that will probably be established, or the amount of bonds which they will take, or the sum of money which they will yield to the Treasury. We must wait for Mr. Chase's report to obtain light on these important points.

4. *Our Foreign Relations.*—The President diplomatically observes that "in the unsettled state of the foreign world, though less gratifying than usual, are more satisfactory than might have been expected." Which statement is quite true. Foreign nations have taken advantage of our embarrassments to seek causes of quarrel with us, and have thus far successfully resisted the many reclamations and disputes. Claims against us have been made by Great Britain, France, Russia, and Spain; but these claims have been disposed to refer to a mixed Convention. The offer has not yet been accepted, but the President seems to expect that it will be, and that matters of things is obviously incidental to a state of war, and it would be unwise if it were just to complain of it.

The tone of the Message is manly and truthful. Perhaps it might have been more hopeful; but the people of the North have every encouragement in the task they have undertaken. They know the magnitude of the business; and, without wasting time in words, are resolved to go through with it to the bitter end.

THE LOUNGER.

A LETTER TO A HESITATING FRIEND.

MY DEAR JOHN.—You write that you are by nature a peaceful man, and cherish the hope that faith has latterly acquired among us a suspicious face, and that somehow "Conservatism" suddenly has become remarkably like Treason to Rebellion. Since you ask my opinion you shall have it frankly, and I will begin with the first point.

While our army lately hesitated (your old rebel card friend Hotspur says, backed and filled) before Fredericksburg, upon the subject of shelling down the women and children, Jefferson Davis's letter was published, proclaiming the hanging of ten Union officers who should be captured in battle, as a reprisal for the lawful military punishment of ten rebels at the West. This is another illustration of the superior barbarism and deeper earnestness of the rebels. They have long spies and deserters, and will now hang officers in reprisal. The latter step is infamous, and the Government will not regret, of course, such hanging in retaliation to save loyal lives. But the whole management of the war upon the rebel side has forced and thrust upon us a lesson which we have refused to learn; that, as a rebellion is the most deadly of all, it must be waged with the most resolute firmness or its consequences will be incalculably more terrible.

Our leniency has been our loss. Rebel women have crossed and recrossed our lines at will. In Washington they have openly insulted and defied the Government. While the army was upon the peninsula the wife of the rebel Lee was boarding here within our camp and then honorably guarded out of it back to her husband, and Stuart immediately rode around our army, and revealed the necessity of moving it from the Peninsula to the James. The same nibbling half-heartedness was equally apparent elsewhere. I received a letter in the early autumn from an officer of mark who was soon after killed at the battle of Iuka. It was written from Buell's camp, and stated latterly and despondingly that the rebels in that region were sure of better treatment at hands of the Union men. It was inevitable that such conduct should bear fruit, and it appeared in such speeches as John Van Buren's, which were received with applause every where in the South; while the elections are considered by foreign Governments, as appears in the correspondence, to indicate the growth of peace sentiment in the country.

No nation can hope to be in earnest which is not. And no nation can conquer a rebellion which is not in deadly earnest. The relation of slavery to the war is a mere question of this earnestness, and has always been so. Every hearty, thoughtful man at the North knows it well. Every rebel knew it. Every foreigner said it. If we really meant to save the country and the Union in the most rapid and effective manner, it was clear that slavery would no more be allowed to interfere with that purpose than a bridge over a river. If it was right to destroy it, it was either because we did not appreciate the immense work we had undertaken, or because we did not wish to do it. For even granting that slavery had a constitutional existence, which it has not, being a mere municipal condition, how can those claim rights under a constitution against which they were fighting? Or, upon the other hand, what right had we to destroy the property of citizens, upon the constitution the enjoyment of privileges under it (assuming that they were so) which truly strengthened their hands to overthrow it?

The case from the beginning has been as simple as possible, except to men most assiduously superblisted our minds. To say that it was not evident that emancipation would give us the strong the question; for it was not evident that our army and navy would save us. What was evident was that the chances must be tried, and tried with overwhelming unanimity. Had that been our course our Thanksgiving this year would have been for peace instead of a country regenerated.

It has been equally clear from the beginning that if the nation chose to save it nothing was easier. All had every resource, and needed only the resolution. To a philosophic observer the question, after the fall of Donelson, was merely, Is this nation so demoralized that it will yield to the insurrection of the despotic interest which has so long governed it, or will it vindicate its Constitution and its principles? There is no other question now. If the question which the Conservatives—and to which is only the Northern face of the rebellion—can prevail, we shall have lost more than a hundred thousand lives, and more than a hard upon a thousand million of dollars, for worse than nothing. The moral system of the country will be brought to burning shame, and the hope of humanity every where be betrayed. Why not? A "Conservative" Cabinet of Cass and Buchanan men his friends, and chief among the "Conservative" orators of congratulation is one who frankly expressed his satisfaction when Fremont was taken and the United States flag dishonored by the rebels. How do Val. Winthrop and John Van Buren seriously differ from Jeff Davis? The latter openly says that we had better go through a form or two, and then let the whole Southern Union go. Is that your "Conservatism?" And yet where else can you stand if you do not heartily support every war measure of the Government, including the enemy?

Do not think me despondent of the good old cause, as Algernon Sidney called it "Liberty." I am far from that. Because it is clear that the peace which would follow the triumph of the reaction would be but a brief deliberative truce, after which the great battle which is now engaged between the two radical principles of this contest would burst forth anew, and rage until either the stars and stripes or the stars and bars were the single flag of this continent. And which it would be I have no doubt.

Dear John, faithfully yours,
THE LOUNGER.

STICK TO THE TEXT.

THERE are many conventions meeting from time to time in different parts of the country, which energetically resolve that they are for the Constitution; and immediately some orator bounds upon the platform and denounces out the most humbling and inhuman rhapsody about colored men. And why this incessant slander and vituperation of that great mass of population which, as a class, is the most inoffensive in the land? Is there any relation between the maintenance of the Constitution and maintaining a prejudice against those whose sole offense is that we have injured them? The Constitution prohibits upon the rebels even citizens under the old Confederation shall be citizens of the Union. And as Judge Curtis showed, by simple reference to the facts of history which Judge Taney entirely disregarded, colored men were citizens in five of the thirteen original States, one of which was North Carolina. In that State they continued to be citizens until a few years since the law disfranchised them.

Now an orator may think that colored men, or Indians, or Irish immigrants, or Germans, are born off as slaves; he may think that Christianity requires that some people shall be used and sold like cattle, but that is a question which has nothing to do with the Constitution. The Constitution is as it is and as it was may be maintained in every letter and every dot and stop, and yet every colored man in the country be a citizen. Let us stick to the text. When the point is the maintenance of the Constitution, all the rubbish of old political distinctions and men who are fit for slaves is out of order. Besides, the audience may have their own opinions, as they listen to such stuff, as to who is or is not fit for slavery; and the opinion might not coincide with that of the orator, nor be in the least complimentary to him. Stick to the text. It is very clear. If some of the speeches made against them blankets colored people had been made to them, there might be those who were not at all sorry that the orators had to taste a little wholesome bitterness.

But if the conventions and orators consent to abide by the text, namely, the Constitution, the Constitution as it is, will they be kind enough to specify who is against it except the rebels? Do they think that the party which elected Lincoln and Administration is an unconstitutional party? Do they believe that any unconstitutional action upon its part produced this rebellion? Was the election unconstitutional? Was the supplying a United States garrison in a United States fort unconstitutional? Was the summoning of troops to retake national property, forcibly wrested and detained from the Government, unconstitutional? Was the attempt to put down by force of arms a rebellion aimed at the existence of the very Constitution itself? Not even Fernando Wood would dare to say so, because he dares to say nothing which he does not suppose powerful sympathy. Therefore, and there is no party which has been hardy enough to take this ground, except the rebels, and they have been taught a bloody reason to take the text.

If the conventions mean in good faith the maintenance of the Constitution, let them be prepared to support, with all their force, the authorities charged by the Constitution itself with its defense? Why do they not demand their withdrawal upon those who defy it and make bloody war upon it? Why do they stupidly vituperate an unfortunate class of persons who have never been the first to spread the least disloyalty to the Constitution?

Simply because they do not mean in good faith what they say. They do not mean the unconditional maintenance of the Constitution. They mean only the maintenance of a party. As the contractor Hook, whom Patrick Henry has cruelly dealt with during the session of the convention through the American camp in the darkest hour of the revolution, "Beef! beef! beef!" so they, in the present crisis of the country, cry, "Democrats with fury, "Party! party! party!" They judge men not by their devotion to the country, but to a party. Such men, it is clear, are not friends of the Union but of the resuscitation of a party.

Now every faithful citizen who means the national salvation must act either with these men or the unconditional Union men. There is no middle ground to stand upon. The rebels will be served by insisting upon the absolute surrender of the rebels, and using every known means of warfare to secure it. That is the text. It is very clear. The nation is the final tribunal of its own existence. Let every citizen stick to the text, and act accordingly.

HUMANITY IN WAR.

WHEN we appeared before Fredericksburg ought we not to have insisted upon an immediate surrender? Then we should certainly protect the rebels. If they could secure a little delay they could be at Fredericksburg exactly when they did at Richmond—bring up all their men and defend Richmond upon the Rappahannock. The cities are separated by only a few hours' run upon the railroad. If they could cajole us or hold us in any way, every moment was golden to them and disastrous to us. Of course it is very easy for those people to sit quietly at home and abuse military movements. But what should we have done at Fredericksburg? It does not follow because a man is not a soldier that therefore he has not common sense. And if there be common sense in any thing at all in military, he is capable of perceiving it. Nor does a man at a distance know all the facts in the case. But he does know them in substance. When, for instance, we summoned the city, we either had not force enough to reduce it, or we had not and a very foolish thing—or we really held it at our mercy—in which case we should have required an instant surrender.

But the women and children. Yes, but it was not we who put them there, Mr. Mayor. The General should have said, "I am here with my army, and I win this city. Within two hours you must give it to me, or take the consequences." If the mayor and the citizens wished to save the lives of their helpless population, it was perfectly in their power without the least dishonor to do so. They had only to say that they yielded to superior force, and that the rebels would never take the town. They might have been as rhetorical as their hats and they chose about the bloodthirsty barbarians who would not give them time to build forts and get reinforcements; but their military rhetoric is mere fanfaronade and bluster, while their military action is unquestionably skillful.

Besides, there are other women and children to be considered besides those in the city. By giving them time to prepare for defense while they sent away their women, we allowed the rebel marksmen shot the hearts of other women whose sons and husbands and lovers would be slain. The rebels knew perfectly well for forty-eight hours previously that our army was moving upon Fredericksburg. They knew that it would have the city even at the cost of a fight. They had plenty of time to remove the defenseless population. But they chose to stay, because they believed they could outwit us by an appeal to humanity, and meanwhile gain most valuable and essential time. Whether it was more humane to grant that time than to insist upon the surrender, the event will show.

A SOLDIER'S SONG BOOK.

THERE was some innocent lesting last year upon the proposals for a National Hymn. But the feeling which called for the songs seems to have been sufficiently satisfied with "John Brown's body," which is hummed, and whistled, and ground, and played all over the loyal land; while the national regimental bands have taught it to every dismayed echo in the Blue Ridge. But for singing in the camp, on the march, at the mess, there should be endless songs. The German element knows how important a part such songs play in the college and camp life of Germany, and that sense of our more familiar and chaster airs are well-defined love-tone songs. If we could have them fitted to timely English words how cheering they might be to the soldiers! There is no need that they should be great solemn national hymns. In fact, that is exactly what they ought not to be. Rich, homely, hearty strains, full of fire and love and humor and tenderness, so that every varying emotion should flow out in rhyme.

That is just what the songs in a little book just prepared in Cambridge are. It is a collection of original songs, "by various hands," set to easy and striking tunes, and printed with the music on the voice, in the style of the German song books. Many an old favorite of every circle of young men is here, with words which have the same significance for them that other words had for other youth in other lands and times. Indeed one chief interest of this little book is to show how hearty earnestness of patriotism which is implied in every line. The book is sold at the price of making, and the profits will vet be very small, we come. It can be very readily enlarged, and from time to time, doubtless, new editions will contain new songs.

One of the quaintest airs and rhymes is this, to the tune of "The Frankfort Apprentice's Song":

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE.

"Where, where, where, and where, and where are you bound, young man?
Where, where, where, and where, and where are you bound, young man?"
"I'm off to the war, with the good men and true,
And hadn't you better come along too?
I speak my mind quite freely,
Now rarely."

"Why, why, why, and why, and why to the war, young man?
Why, why, why, and why, and why to the war, young man?"
"Did a man ever fight for a holier cause
Than for Freedom and Right and the Flag of Stars Laws?
Just speak your mind quite freely,
Now rarely."

"Which, which, which, and which, and which is too long of the Free?
Which, which, which, and which, and which is the Flag of the Free?"
"Oh, Washington's Flag, with the stripes and the stars,
Which to-day is the symbol of Union with the bars!
I speak my mind quite freely,
Now rarely."

"Who, who, who, and who, and who goes with you to the war?
Who, who, who, and who, and who goes with you to the war?"
"Ten thousand brave lads, and if they should stay here
The girls would cry shame, and they'd volunteer!
They speak their mind quite freely,
Now rarely."

"When, when, when, and when, and when do you mean to come back?
When, when, when, and when, and when do you mean to come back?"
"When Rebellion is crushed, and the Union restored,
And Freedom is safe—you, then, please the Lord!
I speak my mind quite freely,
Now rarely."

"What, what, what, and what, and what will you gain by that?
What, what, what, and what, and what will you gain by that?"
"Oh I've gained enough, whatever the cost,
If a Free Land be the fruit of the world, but lost.
I speak my mind quite freely,
Now rarely."

EXPECTATION.

ALL eyes and minds are turned with intense anxiety to Virginia—to the army under General Burnside. If the army of Lee is defeated the most serious obstacle to our success will vanish. With the overthrow of that army; the descent of the Mississippi by Porter; the capture of Charleston, Mobile, and Savannah; and the advance of Grant and Rosecrans in the West, the rebels would begin the winter gloomily.

There is an old argument against the continuance of the rebellion which is now disused. It was and is good in itself, but its use was untimely. The general impression at the North was that the rebels could not feed themselves, and must at last be starved out. They have not been starved out yet, however. They have seemed to thrive upon privation. But the fact of privation, and that scarcity, can hardly be doubted. And the argument will become more and more pinching.

If Mr. Benly's estimate of the cotton crop for the last year be correct, there has not been an adequate preparation for food at the South. The former Stonewall Jackson says that he prefers to have his men a little starved when they go into battle. But no wise ruler wishes his people to be hungry.

The probability ought not, however, to be overstated. If we could count upon an indefinite time for the war, it might be that privation would become an effective ally. But as war is a single day, because it might be possible to starve them out hereafter, would be courting disaster. The rebellion is to be ended by military victory while rapidly struck. Disaster upon disaster must overwhelm the enemy. Their trained and determined soldiers must be outnumbered as well as outfought. The success of to-day must make that of to-morrow possible and easy. To fight for a day and then stand still for six weeks; to win, or seem to win, a victory and gain no advantage; to occupy with pomp ground from which the foe has retired; are not the ways in which desperate rebels are crushed. They are courses that deaden and destroy a nation.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MISS FANTALINGO says the first time she looked seria with a young man, she felt like Hope leaning on her anchor. Pretty young woman that.

About half a century ago there was a very popular preacher in Aberdeen named Kidd. On the arrival there of the news of the destruction of Napoleon's fleet, a shrewd woman said to her crony, "Eh, Tibby! d'ye hear this? they've shot the admiral's flagship." "Hoot sir!" exclaimed Tibby, "was they shot Dr. Kidd?"

Speed and Stow, the two most distinguished historians of the eighteenth century, were both tailors, which led Sir Henry Spelman to say, "We are beholden to Mr. Speed and Mr. Stow for stitching by to our English history."

"When I goes a shopping," said an old lady, "I allers asks for what I wants, and if they have it, and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to take it, and it's cheap, and it can be got at any place for less, I almost allers take it, without suffering about it all day, as most people do."

A trifling cort of a fellow in one of our neighboring counties, not long since, was the affections of the daughter of a bluff, honest Dutchman of some wealth. On asking the old man for her, he opened with a romantic speech about his being "a poor young man," etc. "Ya, ya," said the old man, "I knows all spout it; but you is a little too poor—you has neider money nor character."

A notorious tippler was one day walking along in his usual inebriated state, when he stepped upon a grating, which was inadvertently out of place by the cellar. Alarmed he and the grating disappeared into the cellar. After picking himself up, he looked around and found to take a survey of the place when he espied the grating, which he took hold of, with the remarks, "Well, I have made a gridiron by my performance may be!"

A lady who had a silk gown quilted in being received brought an action against the establishment, and commenced several of the workmen to give their sloping testimony.

An old sailor feeling a rotted bottle floating on the sea, opened it, with the expectation of finding "Rum," but instead, he jumps!" and then threw it back into the water.

A GOOD ENCOURAGEMENT.—" Och, sir! what's yer honor agoin' to give me, now, as I'll myself find me own boots, and bonor's noise from ourins? so aisey intirely?" "How so, my boy?" "Why, when it rowlad aisy, wasn't I the second one that hollered fire first?"

In British Columbia Captain Barret-Lennard presented himself lately with a pair of trousers. He returned them as "vain and foolish invention," but took care to cut off all the buttons.

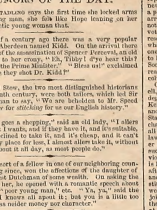
A new cat-tracker has just been patented; It is so constructed as to crack joke along with the cats. A very ingenious invention, and we should be allowed to extremely depressed persons ordering large quantities.

Zeno, the philosopher, believed in an inevitable destiny. His servant availed himself of this doctrine while being beaten for a theft by exclaiming, "Was I not destined to rob?" "Yes," replied Zeno, "and to be corrected also."

If you think there isn't an honest man living, you had better, for appearance's sake, put off saying it till you are dead yourself.

A dentist in this city advertises that he will "spare no pains" in extracting unruly teeth. Surprising candor!

The happiest man is the benevolent one, for he owns stock in the happiness of all mankind.



A FAIR ARRANGEMENT.

ALDERMAN (*just elected*).—"Now, Sonny, you go and do the fighting, and me and the Judge will look after the Government and the Contracts."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

BOTH Houses met on 1st December. In the Senate, after prayer by Mr. Pierpont, Sunderland, the usual message was sent to the House, to say that a quorum was present. The House was then called to order, and received and read.——In the House, after prayer by Chaplain Pockrow, Mr. Rogers, of New Jersey, introduced a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Naval Affairs to report the cheapest and most expeditious means of transporting the troops now stationed at Newport News to Carolina. A resolution, offered by Mr. Vallandigham, directing the Judiciary Committee to report by what authority Secretary Stanton ordered various newspapers from the mails, was adopted. Mr. Cox offered a resolution instructing the Committee relating to military arrests, condemning them, and directing that they shall not be hereafter made. They were laid on the table, by a vote of 89 to 46. Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, offered a resolution directing the Committee to inform the House what citizens of Illinois are now confined as political prisoners, and what are the charges against them. A motion to lay it on the table failed, and it was passed, 74 to 40. A resolution that Thanksgiving Sunday was received and read. The document is received in the leader in another column.

On Tuesday, December 2, in the Senate, Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered a resolution calling on the President for information in regard to arrests of citizens of Kentucky by the military authorities; also a preamble and resolution declaring that many citizens of the United States have been arrested and imprisoned without any charges being preferred against them whatever, and that all such arrests are unauthorized by the Constitution and laws of the United States, and are usurpation of the power delegated by the people to the President; and that all such arrests are a wide conception and defined palpable violation of the Constitution of the United States; and it is hereby demanded that all such persons shall soon be set free, and that all persons so arrested shall have a prompt and speedy trial," according to the provisions of the Constitution," or be immediately released. Then resolutions were laid over. Senator Harris, of Kentucky, offered a joint resolution declaring that it is hereby recommended to the State Governments of Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and Arkansas, that on the first Monday of April next, to take the sense of the people on the condition of the country and the proper means to be pursued for restoring the Union, and that the Legislatures of the different States take such action as they may deem fit for this purpose at the earliest possible date. This was also laid over, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill was passed providing for the payment in gold and silver of all judgments recovered by the United States. The Military Committee were instructed to inquire into the propriety of increasing the pay of soldiers to fifteen dollars per month, and making reductions in the pay of officers not actively engaged. The Committee of Ways and Means were instructed to inquire and report as to the propriety of admitting cotton brought from foreign countries free of duty. A bill was introduced for the relief of the sufferers by the Indian outbreak in Minnesota; also, the Government will receive bonds for the seamen and the Street Indians. A bill to reduce the tax on whisky was brought before the House, and made the order of the day for the next session.

THE REPORT OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

The Secretary of War in his Report states that the portion of the United States which is now, or has been during the last year the scene of military operations is confined to an area within seven degrees; that the armies operating in those departments, according to recent official returns, contain a force of seven hundred and seventy-three thousand three hundred and thirty-six officers and privates, well armed and equipped; that since the date of the returns this number has been increased to over eight hundred thousand, and when the quotas are filled it will number a million of men; and that the value of our loyal real estate is about seven thousand millions of dollars. The Report of Secretary Welles has been distinguished at Fort Warren, Fortress Fair Oaks, Gulnare's Mill, Malvern Hill, Cross Roads, Golding's Houston, Chenailla, and other places.

The Report is accompanied by a report and documents from General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief.

THE NAVY REPORT.

The Report of Secretary Welles is very long. When he assumed charge of the Navy Department in March, 1861, there were but seventy-six men in commission, and only a dozen afloat. There were only 7500 seamen then in the pay of the Government, and on the 30th of March only 1,000 all the ports and receiving-ships of the Atlantic coast. The men-of-war and protect the Navy-yards and arsenals, and aid in suppressing the rising insurrection. At the present time, by purchase and by construction, the Government has added, or is preparing to complete, a naval force of 427 vessels, mounting 2,557 guns, and manned by a force of 51,000 seamen. This armament is not equal in modern times. Of the 427 vessels in service 154 only are sailing vessels, 129 are steam vessels, and 132 of these latter have been added by construction. These new vessels of war are of no mean capacity and calibre, as the following description of them will show:

Description.	No.	Tons.	No. of Guns.
Second-class iron steam sloops of war	12	10,886	96
Screw gun-boats	23	5,160	46,033
Side-wheel gun-boats	17	10,000	17,000
Armored wooden vessels	12	65	59,893
Armored iron vessels	14	10,000	84,000
Total	139	56,111	139,339

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The rebels are actively engaged in erecting earth-works around Fredericksburg. General Burnside has not crossed the Rappahannock. He is now in full and good health. The railroad from Falmouth to Aquia Creek is now being relaid. A deck of the steamer Baltic, in this service was made across the Rappahannock on 28th ult. a short distance above the railroad bridge, and is nearly nearly two companies of the Third Pennsylvania cavalry, of General Averell's command, were captured.

BURNSIDE AT WASHINGTON.

General Burnside paid a hasty visit to Washington on Friday night, and had an interview of nine hours with the President.

THE MOVES OF THE WEST IN MOTION.

The army, according to a dispatch from Cairo, is all in motion. General Sherman, it is said, left Memphis on 30th, and General Grant commenced to move on 29th along the road to Holly Springs. The rebels, meantime, are falling back toward Grenada, tearing up the track as they go. They carry off the rails, burn the bridges, and destroy the ties as they retreat. It is reported that the rebels are removing the negroes from the line of Grant's advance.

DEPARTURE OF GENERAL BANKS.

A portion of General Banks's expedition left the port on 5d or 6th inst. This vessel consisted of the United States steamers *Mississippi*, *Monongahela*, *Sachem*, *Arthur Light*, *Sixth State*, *J. R. Graves*, *Rose*, *Sidney*, and others, with troops and provisions. The details will probably rendezvous at Fortress Monroe.

BIG SURGEONS IN THE FIELD.

An expedition of the federal regiments, South Carolina Volunteers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Beard, made quite a successful raid into the interior of the rebel country, and the negroes behaved very commendably. It is rumored that General Hunter has issued a proclamation declaring the freedom, and that the inhabitants are moving their property accordingly.

ATTACK ON NEWBERN.

A party of 4000 rebels, under General Martin, made an attack on Newbern, North Carolina, on 27th, but they were beaten off with loss. The rebels were led and commanded by Colonel Kurtz, of the Massachusetts Twenty-fifth.

THE PIRATE "ALABAMA."

The Navy Department has received news that the pirate *Alabama* was expected in the vicinity of the Azores early in October. Orders were to receive vessels from pursuit and summon from the steamer *Tuscarora*. The Turkish Minister Mahmoud Nedim Pasha has been received here for Captain Semmes. Several United States vessels are in that neighborhood. The *Vanderbilt* arrived on 29th, without having seen her.

RELEASE OF STATE PRISONERS.

The release of the State prisoners from the Forts Warren, Lafayette, and Mifflin, was announced, to appear by the following order:

"*Ordered*, That Major-Gen. *Fort Warren, Boston:*

"The Secretary of War directs that you release all the Maryland State prisoners under you, any other prisoners now in your custody, and report to this office.

"By D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant-General."

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

THE FRENCH OFFER TO MEDIATE.

We have the text of the dispatch of M. Drouyn de l'Huys respecting mediation. He says:

"Our relations with America have for us an armed force were not on the footing of peace. Our ships of war were not in a commercially kept up. After so much bloodshed, and so many ruins accumulated, and no question, nothing authorizing the presumption that more decisive battles by operations will shortly occur, according to the last news received in Europe. The two armies, on the contrary, were in a position that would not allow either party to hope within a brief delay for any decided advantage, and the two armies and accustomed to the contrary opposite. All these circumstances, taken together, point to the opportunity of an armistice, by which, supposing neither the present circumstances, no strategical objection can be made. The favorable dispositions of which the two parties are beginning to manifest themselves in the North as well as the South are, on the other hand, several steps that might be made to recommend the idea of truce. The Emperor, in the interest of humanity, in the interest of the commerce of the world, desiring to lend to the parties the good offices of the maritime Powers, and his Majesty has charged me to propose to the cabinet of London to concert to her Britannic Majesty, as well as to the Court of Russia, to the Court of Austria, and even that of Prussia and Italy, to unite, as well as with the Confederates, to obtain an armistice for six months, during which time the efforts of Protector or indirect, should providentially cease, on an as well as on land, and in which, if necessary, diplomatically proposed.

"The overture, I need not say, Sir, would not imply, on our part, any judgment on the origin or issue of the struggle, nor any engagement upon the question of principle, it is to be hoped, cease in favor of the conciliation. Our task would consist in only seeking down obstacles, and in interfering only in a measure determined upon by the two parties."

THE BRITISH REPLY.

Lord John Russell, in his reply, says: "After weighing all the information which has been received from American sources, her Majesty's Government feel to the conclusion that there is no ground at the present moment to hope that the French Government would accept the proposals suggested, and a refusal from Washington at the present time would prevent any speedy renewal of the offer. Her Majesty's Government, therefore, therefore, that it would not further to urge the proposal in question in America, and that the moment appears favorable for any such step. It does not undergone, or may undergo hereafter, any change, but the course might then with advantage be taken by other friendly counsel with a greater prospect than at present exists of its being accepted by the two contending parties."

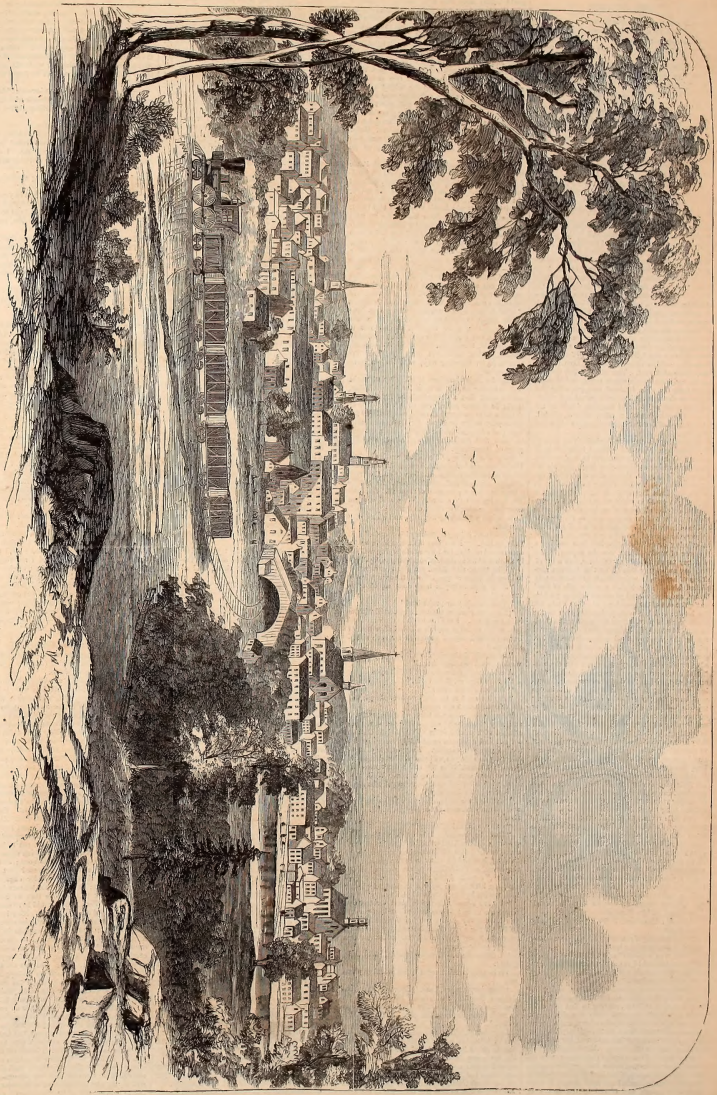
RUSSIA.

RUSSIA WILL NOT INTERFERE.

After recalling the constant efforts of Russia in favor of conciliation, Prince Gortschakoff says that it is repetitio, declares all thought of offering public opinion in favor of whatever may be the susceptibility of that nation. We believe that a combined measure of the three great Powers, however conciliatory, if presented in an official or offensive character, would be the cause of arousing at a month proposed to pacification. If, however, France should persist in her intention of intervening, and if England should coincide in her course, instructions shall be sent to Baron de Budberg, Russian Minister, to join in the step which there the French and English Ministers, if not official ally, at least moral support.



GENERAL BANKS'S EXPEDITION—ENCAMPMENT OF TROOPS ON THE UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 791.]



THE CITY OF PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.—[See Page 781.]

TREASURES.

A curl of dark brown hair,
Hid in a locket of gold;
A ring set round with pearls,
Of fashion quaint and old.

That locket nestles close
In my bosom, night and day;
That ring—since it left the finger
Of the dear one far away.

The ring I wear for hope,
The locket I wear for faith;
The heart that throbs beneath them
Will be true till my day of death.

Take them both to my lover,
When I am freed from strife:
There are many joined by death
Who might never be one in life.

OUTWITTED.

A lonely little parlor neighboring only long undulating sweeps of hill-side and shadowed valleys—a room with small regard for rules and precedents, independently persisting in being airy and cheerful spite of dark wood floor and wainscoting and heavy curtains; decidedly progresista in its chair and sofa principles, putting them where they were likely to be wanted, and evidently as incapable of buhl, biscotine, and all manner of étagère abominations, as a fair field of growing purple velvet violets; particular, also, about its pictures, of which it offered you but two.

Heads seen only in profile, and exactly similar in hard inflexibility of outline; yet on the downcast lids of one dwelt perpetual hush and silence. The rapt face was full of the mystery of sleep; the far-seeing, solemn eyes might have been looking into those of Azrael. The other rushed through space; by some subtle magic every curl blowing back from the wide forehead was quivering and instinct; the untried lips were parted and eager; all the fresh splendor of morning dwelt in the proud eyes; both without color, without symbol, yet no need of flame or star to interpret night and morning.

Below them, a monster flanked either side of the fire-place; perverted Chinese imaginings of vases, crowded with flowers, and in that way put down, something as Truth does High Art, by the inflexible little room, that coming round past the piano to the view, went off in a bow-window, in which sat Lute Howard. A little thing that a man might crush in his hand, mocking a cursory glance, defying all description, because her charm was in the look of the deep gray eyes, the peculiar *timbre* of her voice, the clinging touch of her little fingers, the spirit of her whole manner, rather than in coloring or outline. She had been making a pretense of work. There was the sewing basket in a gay tangle of silks and ribbons, and a bit of braiding and a tiny thimble on the timorous outskirts of her lap, in which Fidèle had comfortably settled himself; for Fidèle was the gift of Paul Ogère, and a privileged character—not to pet him was quite out of the question; and then Vivia left the lounge and her book, and going over to the piano began to play. Now Vivia played marvelously. It was as if it had been the story whispered among the pines on some solemn mountain top, telling, in soft, half-breathed chords, of the still glow quivering and quickening along the gray sky's edge, swelling into hurry and tumult with the tossing of clouds in the valleys below, dashed with scarlet and gold as the day grew stronger, hurrying, struggling to grasp and sound out in one wild burst the glory of color and of the morning rejoicing—fading, dying, leaving it all at last to one sweet voice, coming out of the land of mist and burning with the brook; this last imaged forth in trickling, dropping notes, going on with blare of fairy horns, and wild echoes tossed from mountain to mountain, muttering darkly of rocky clefts and awful gorges, growing, deepening, coming headlong down jagged descents with strong, reckless bounds, spreading out into tranquil lakes, cutting off little pine-shadowed islets, but above all the gurgling, and whispering, and thundering, and out of wailing and shuddering depths, in all and through all, sounding the one sweet morning voice.

The little room was flooded, drenched with the harmony. Lute listened, shivering and with eyes filled with tears; while from the opposite window Dale Hamilton watched her, thinking what superb eyes she had, and how her white thrilled face looked like a picture, and how odd it was that such a little snow-drop should nestle so warmly in his heart, and what a stunner Vivia was!—admired the music, too, in his way. Saw that the difficulties were prodigious, and that Vivia made light of them, and at the end was incautious enough to cry "Brava!" Lute turned on him like flame.

"Captain Hamilton, I think you would clap Mont Blanc."

"Undoubtedly, if you mean Miss Vivia, only she seems to me something more tropical."

"And why tropical?" asked Vivia, facing round with a sudden whirl of the piano stool.

Dale was at fault and shifted the responsibility.

"Ask your mirror."

Which Vivia answered by a shrug, and going over to Lute couched on the floor beside her, as she was fond of doing, offering to that fair child such a contrast as pearls and carbuncles, purple and snow, the opal light before dawn, and a stormy sunset. She was far above the ordinary height of woman, her chest was full and broad, her arm muscular as well as handsome. Her face defied you. An intensity of something (Dale never could determine what) burned in her look, sent the passionate blood surging up to her lips, glowing scarlet in the clear brown cheek, lined itself sharply in every irregular feature, and blazed in the dark eyes, though deeper wisdom than Captain Hamilton's could hardly have told what manner of spirit it was that looked out from their inscrutable depths. Her dress flamed out in a barbaric magnificence. Scarlet showed here and there against the soft blue of her robe; an orange-colored knot fastened the lace frill at her throat, tiny gold coins dangled from the net that scarcely held the heavy coils of hair; color and sparkle was in every thing, even to the gay border of her handkerchief, and the steel fringe on her slipper; altogether such a face and figure as might have been looked for behind a gilded screen in Vathek's palace, or leaning over a marble sill, to peer down into the dark and secret waters bearing black curtained gondolas up to the very carved door-way; any where but in that quiet little parlor. Decidedly there was a mystery. Under all the careless talk and jesting of the past two weeks reserve was on one side, suspicion on the other.

If ever the domestic barometer stood at Panic it was on the morning that Dale, leaving his handful of cavalry in the little village below, galloped up to see Lute, whom he had sworn should not resist him always. If ever there was an incomprehensible story it was Lute's account of this Vivia, a friend of whom Dale (who had grown up with her) had never heard. If ever there was unaccountable daring, it was that of this girl who had chosen to traverse a distracted country with no other protection than that of an infirm old uncle, at a time when Federalists and Confederates occupied M—— in such quick succession that often while one end of the street was clattering with retreating cavalry the other resounded with the quick advancing tramp and triumphal roll of drums. If ever there was an old man whose hand looked as if it might forget its trembling, whose eyes gave the lie direct to wrinkles and white hair, whose back seemed as if its manifest destiny was to straighten, and whose totter came often perilously near a stride, it was this uncle of Vivia's, this Mr. Borden, taking snuff and being deaf near the hearth, in an afflicting way, as if from a stern sense of duty.

Hard for Dale Hamilton, twirling his mustache and watching keenly from under his eyelashes, not to think that a decrepitude so lightly worn might be thrown aside, even though the days of miracles were past, and show him—who knew?—Lieutenant Ogère perhaps; for Dale, who must have had a league with the birds of the air, chanced to know that his old rival was absent from the camp on secret duty.

Dale was better soldier than musical critic. His keen senses had caught the something unusual in the moral atmosphere, and he was on the track with the persistence of a sleuth-hound. Meanwhile silence had taken possession of them all. Doubtful Mr. Borden was in a doze. Vivia still couched near Lute, resting her cheek on Lute's little hand. Lute herself sat flushing uneasily, and with downcast lids.

"The angel is long in making his rounds," said Dale, at last. "I am sure his wings have never once neared my lips, for I have been trying uselessly all this while to think of something to say."

"Why try at all? Have you given bonds never to keep the peace?" quoth Vivia, the sarcastic.

"It is plain that you have done so, oh mine enemy!"

"Well, was it your profession?"

"Civilized warfare, but not such guerrilla skirmishing as yours. I can't so much as show my head but, whiz! one of you sends a bullet after me. I begin to think myself no match for such sharpshooters."

"Samson in the hands of two Delilahs. Be sure we don't send you back shorn."

A cold, cruel gleam shone in Dale's eyes.

"I have done so, Miss Vivia."

"You have done what?"

"Pardon me, but we don't go over the plan of our campaign with our enemies."

"As you like; but you know what that eminent authority 'Somebody' says—that man never yet climbed with painful effort up any height that he did not find a woman comfortably seated on the top. I give you warning. Keep your keys carefully; for do what you will you will have reason to chant 'laudamus,' if in the end I don't turn the guns of your own citadel upon you. Well, Mrs. Hall, what is it?"—(to the housekeeper who stood hesitating in the door-way.)

"If Miss Lute will please come here a moment and tell me what rooms I am to give Captain Hamilton's men—"

"Captain Hamilton's men!"

"Don't be alarmed. It is not the whole Southern army, as Mrs. Hall would have you think, only seven or eight of my fellows, whom I ordered here, thinking it would be better to have a guard about the house, as Federal troops are reported in the vicinity," explained Dale, leaning back, and scanning the little group with a keen-edged glance, that, resting last on Lute, said plainly,

"I have done with waiting and forbearance. Know me at last as the man whose iron purpose you have never shaken one hair's-breadth"—and holding her in a sort of fascinated attention till the angry flush and sparkle had dimmed away into a ghastly pallor—then,

"I think there will be no trouble," said Dale, gently.

Vivia gave Lute's hand a quick warning pressure.

"I am very hungry, Lute. Do you propose that Captain Hamilton's men shall be served up for supper, or will you give Mrs. Hall a hint what to do with them, and get them out of the way of the coffee?"

Lute started, got up mechanically and went out, and Vivia seated herself beside Dale. Her wide flowing skirts half buried him, her sleeve touched his, her every breath set free some vague sweet scent like the spirit of perfume. An incautious movement had tangled the heavily-wrought fringe on her bracelet with the lace of her sleeve, and she held out to him an arm and wrist not of the most delicate mould, but glancing white as snow in the dim light. Separating them proved no easy task. The lace was d'Alençon—impossible that it should be torn! the twilight was hard upon them, and Dale must sit very close to see. He cared not a whit for this mighty beauty—in his heart he had christened her Nimrod—but the soft curls swept his forehead, and the bright cheek was perilously close to his, and so Captain Hamilton was in no hurry.

Meantime Mr. Borden roused from his doze and shuffled out unnoticed, and Lute somewhere thawed out her benumbed faculties and came back looking very much as usual. Mrs. Hall brought in candles, and shut out the discontented wind and the eager darkness, and Lute brewed nectar, known as Mocha, in an arrangement that looked irresistibly like a lecture on chemistry; and the three sat cozily about the fire together, and fortunately there was no revealer of secrets to write out the thoughts of their hearts in letters of flame, and send them recoiling to opposite corners of the room in consternation like Belshazzar's.

So the time slipped lazily along with them, till at last they came to bedtime, and Lute could take her great anxiety to her own room and have it to herself.

It was then half past ten. She laid her watch on the toilet cushion, replaced her rustling skirts and heeled boots by a merino wrapper and soundless slippers, and sat down as if waiting. The hands traveled slowly on. The house settled down into such silence that Lute was half afraid to trust the air with her breathing lest it should sound out too noisily. Eleven o'clock—half past—a quarter to twelve—then her numbed heart began to beat to suffocation—ten minutes—five—three—she opened wide her door, put out the candle, and stole down the broad stairs. The gloom was profound, the stillness could be felt; but Lute thought that all the air vibrated to her passing, and that dumb matter itself would ring in the ears of the sleepers above. There is something stirring. The library-door was just ajar, the shadow denser there if possible, and, a little lighter than the surrounding blackness, but motionless as if a part of it—something stood directly before her.

She stretched out a timid little hand.

"Is it Paul?"

By way of answer the waif was seized in a firm, warm clasp and covered with kisses; and a pale point of light, gleaming faintly through the open fretwork of a vase shot up in a clear flame, striking on a gilt shoulder-strap and a sword-hilt, and showing the earnest, sparkling face of a man of twenty-seven or eight.

"Tardy little thing! behind the hour as usual," he whispered. "I have been waiting here an age!"

"Oh, hush! you are too loud."

"Too loud! for what? The mice will never tell of us. Sit here. I want to look at you. Such a shy child as you have been all these tantalizing two weeks, always at my finger ends, and always eluding me! Believe me, I have kept a record of all you have made me suffer, and have sworn to exact a righteous revenge."

All the while he was eagerly trying to look into the downcast face, but could see only the dark lashes resting on the ashy cheek, and a little rounded bit of chin.

"What am I to understand?" he asked, at last. "Have I displeased you?"

"No."

"Are you afraid of me?"

"Oh no!"

"Don't you love me?"

"Oh, Paul, how can you ask? But you know, you must feel yourself, how strange, how dreadful it is to meet like this!"

"I have been risking my life for the last two weeks to see you," he answered, gravely. "I suppose that is dreadful too; though it is worse than all, to my thinking, that you have neither word nor look for me at what is perhaps our last meeting."

"I think my presence here should be proof that I love you; but you do not know what terrors are distracting me. You are in immediate, pressing danger. I am sure Dale suspects."

"Are you no further in your conclusions? Then I have news for you. I am sure that Captain Hamilton has read our riddle, and—not suspects, but knows. You heard him this afternoon: now come to the window, close. Do you hear that? Steps are they not? pacing up and down with a regular measured tramp, and a slight click just now? He is setting his musket down to rest."

"He! what! You do not mean there is a sentinel without?"

"Exactly: and if you should go to the further door, as I have done, you would hear one there; and if you should venture into the bow-window, you would find one there; and another on the side of the dining-room, and one guarding the kitchen-way. The house is surrounded. You see Captain Hamilton plays to win."

"And you—"

"I have: hark!"—for in the air was that vague thrill and stir, not the echo of a step, not the sounding of a breath, yet surely some one coming. The faint flame quivered, leaped up and died out into blackness. Paul held Lute a moment close against his heart, and was gone into the darkness. Cold damp bathed her from head to foot, her knees bent, deathlike faintness assailed her, her heart stopped almost as she went dizzily toward the door. But she had not time to reach it. Outstretched fingers met her groping hand and closed upon it. She slipped, spirit-like, from the firm grasp, but it followed her close, caught her by the shoulder, touched her hair, her cheek, her icy hands.

"Lute! I thought so," said a voice. It was Dale. Dragging her after him, he lighted the lamp swinging low over the reading-table. His first glance was at her deathlike face, his second about the room: it was vacant, and Lute could not suppress a sigh of relief.

Dale caught the sigh, guessed its meaning, and flushed darkly. Thrusting her into a chair, "Sit there till I come back," he said, half savagely.

Common enough in romance, such swift terror, such crushing anguish comes in reality hardly once to one lifetime out of fifty; and Lute sat stunned beneath it, not even capable of shaping into words her prayer for help. Looking scarce alive, Dale found her on his return; and as he stood looking down on her his dark face softened in spite of himself, she was such a fragile, nestling little creature, and looked so utterly woeful. And she was the woman he had loved all his life, and he longed beyond measure to gather her up in his arms and to his heart. For the moment he forgot that she loved Paul Ogère.

"Oh, Lute, if you would but love me!" he burst out on the sudden. But she shrank with only too palpable aversion from his kindling glance, his extended arms.

He grew white to the very lips.

"I will buy Lieutenant Ogère's charm of him for his life," he said, with smothered passion, "though I will not prove so exacting. I will not require midnight meetings. I will only ask civility."

The sneering tone, the stinging sarcasm, made Lute's torpor white heat.

"The life of Paul Ogère is not yet in your gift," she answered, with spirit, "and our midnight meeting rests on your assertion. But be it so. You have no right to taunt me. I love him, and I am his affianced wife."

"You love him! You dare tell me that!"

"Yes, a hundred times over, with whatever force there is in my nature—so well that every thing besides him is tame, mean, and joyless, so that I can think of nothing pleasant without him—with all my heart and soul!"

"It is well," Dale answered, bitterly. "We were old schoolmates. I am not anxious to see him shot."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this. I know perfectly that Paul Ogère is in this house. Long ago I penetrated his disguise. He wears old age too lightly to baffle Dale Hamilton. There is at this moment a guard before his door; there is one below his window; there are sentinels at every corner of the house. He is a Federal spy. My duty as a Confederate officer is clear enough, and should be paramount; but fortunately, perhaps, for him, I have in this case a love dearer than that of country—my love for you."

"Love!" echoed Lute, scornfully.

"Call it will, then, if you like—an intense desire—a firm intention—what you choose. I have seen scores of women prettier and wittier than you, but you please me; you are precisely what I should like and mean to find in my home. I like your deft touch, your soft voice, your clear look. Others may choose to wear such rainbow glories as that Vivia. I prefer the subtle flame burning in the lily vase. Never yet in my whole life have I wished uselessly; I shall not now."

Lute looked up with sudden flame in her eye, but Dale gave her no chance to speak.

"Hear me out. I have borne patiently your little slipper on my neck, because I waited for my hour. It is here now; and, believe me, I mean to use it. Know how determined I am when I tell you what I am about to sacrifice: my honor—the honor of a Hamilton! To use the advantage I have gained against one so helpless is base, and yet I mean to do it; to listen to any other prompting than that of duty deserves hanging, and I mean to do it. I am going to betray my country and myself; to sell you the life of the spy caught and imprisoned up stairs for your hand!"

Lute was silent.

"Your answer!" demanded Dale.

She was shivering, she was faint, trembling; but her will looked out at him, from the soft brown eyes, unshaken, indomitable.

"I will not commit a crime," she answered, slowly, "not to save Paul's life, were it in your power, as you say. A hundred times no!"

"I see. You do not believe," returned Dale, quietly. "Good. Perhaps to-morrow I shall find means to convince you. To-morrow evening I will hear your final answer. Now good-night!"

Lute made no answer, but went wearily up the stairs. Passing the door of Mr. Borden's room she saw the guard of which Dale had spoken pacing up and down before it, and smiled, meaningly.

Morning, that was not so far off when Lute and Captain Hamilton parted, came soon enough. Came also, though a little later than usual—as a consequence of the quiet little house's astonishment in finding itself a prisoner—breakfast. Dale made his appearance promptly. Lute came also, tolerably serene, though looking pale and heavy-eyed. But Mr. Borden, when called, responded not; and, on being searched for, was not to be found. Neither door nor window had been opened in his room; hiding-place there was none; and yet he was gone. Dale then remembered that he had not seen him since so blissfully engaged over Vivia's bracelet: but there was the meeting in the library. Dale was positive that he had heard voices there. How Borden could have escaped the sentinels passed comprehension. How he himself could have trusted so blindly to the mere fact of the guards he found hard to explain in the cool morning light. He had wished to spare Lute a scene; he had been so sure that he had Paul securely trapped. However, it helped very little to curse his folly now. Vivia also was *non est.* She had gone quietly to the stables perhaps a quarter of an hour before, possibly while the guard stationed at the kitchen-way was doing justice to the excellent coffee to which old Nanny had called his attention. Certainly so simple an occurrence needed not Dale's strained interpretation of the connivance of the cook in a plan of escape. "Nothing could well be more natural," as Lute coldly observed; the man was worn-out with his night's duty—the cook thoughtful. It was hard that mere acts of civility to Captain Hamilton's soldiers should be so harshly construed; and given this reprehensible sentinel busy over his coffee, it was still paying a poor compliment to Confederate valor not to suppose six of its champions a competent guard for an old man and a girl.

One man had seen Vivia dash past, he said, "like lightning, and had pointed his gun at her, but of course he didn't fire on a lady. He thought there could be no great mischief in a girl's having a scamper before breakfast, specially as out-and-enter like this one, that had been dashing over all the country ever since she had been there."

One faint gleam only showed on Dale's horizon as he arose inwardly over the stupidity of his subordinates. Vivia had taken what was familiarly known as the Old Road; while the more direct course for the country for Borden he could take a short cut leading down on the Old Road, and even fifteen minutes' start was not hopeless with a horse as fleet as Goliffe.

So he thought, dashing recklessly across the country, himself, barely for a flowing skirt and a cap and plume set daintily over short, crisp curls; saw them pursue, just before him, going at a steady, swinging pace.

"Vivia!" he called—"Vivia!"

She could hardly have heard him—it must have been instinct that made her turn—but she reined up in the first, waiting for him with the old bafflling, mocking smile.

"You ride early and fast, Captain Hamilton."

"I have need," said Dale, sternly, "your uncle (an emphasis on the noun) has escaped."

"Escaped what? the ills that flesh is heir to?" she asked, with perfect coolness.

"No; though he may have an excellent opportunity, if I can not catch him."

"Meantime you have not caught him."

"This is folly, Miss Vivia; you must ride back with me," returned Dale, with increasing irritation.

"Must! What is that? It is a word we never use with me. Will you speak English that a lady can understand?"

"I will supply you with a dictionary and a grammar on reaching home, and you may study them at leisure; but I can not alter the form of my speech. At this time, you are a mutinous person. You must return with me."

"Hands off!" exclaimed Vivia, with a dangerous sparkle of the eyes, as he attempted to take her reins. "If you have a 'must,' I have a will. I will ride where I choose, and I warn you not to cross me."

"Idle and unbecoming bravado," returned Dale, scarcefully drawing a breath.

"Once more I warn you."

"I insist—"

"You will have it, then;" and the butt end of a pistol came crashing down on his head with a force that felled him senseless. With a wild cheer she rode rapidly.

"Hard-headed Hamilton," that was his solitary set attack, and he has not altered," she muttered, springing from her saddle. "Let me see if —— is dead—this beggary!" as the stripped over her long skirt—"how do women ever get about in it?" And then the birds, if birds there were, must have a sense of astonishment at the sight of a pull, skirt, bauque, corset, and padding went to the winds; and cap, curls, and many coils of false hair followed, a second brood shortly bearing the stamp of a United States lieutenant, a closely shaved head, and an eagle-eyed, keen-faced artist, spite of paint and pencilling, looked sufficiently unfeminine—Paul Ogére, in short.

Meantime Dale was regaining his five little snowwhite teeth: "Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many or with them that have no power. Help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on thee!"

And Borden the venerable, otherwise Jack Borden, Paul's lieutenant, having prudently departed before the posting of the sentinels, had fallen in with a detachment of the Twelfth Illinois. And is not the rest written in the chronicle of the deliverance Vivia had possessed herself of the horse of one of the rebel troops, and mentioning the most daring reconnoissance of Lieutenant Ogére, and the capture of Captain Hamilton, entitled to the honorable present of all, one Dale, who, as she had promised long before, gladly locked prisoner, and not to rescue, and is at this present writing Mrs. Paul Ogére?

THE TRICK OF THE TRAPEZE.

WHEN I practised as a boy on the gymnastic "swinging-bar," nobody ever heard of a trapeze; but under that fine name the old-world trick of to-day now come into glory. Well it might, if there were truth in picture posters. Surely, methought, I have needs yet to learn. Never have I known the stiffen myself horizontally, with arms stretched to their utmost, fingers extended, and swing straight, with the other astounding that air of "kicking gracefulness" so much deprecated in painting, but so profoundly admired into woodcuts. Then, suddenly, to throw a somersault, as I in the habit of projecting my chin, forcing my arms forward as if about to take the first stroke in swimming. Yet, if artists really draw from life, as accessory to genius, I can suggest they did, these are the attitudes assumed by Leotard and his followers, and all my teachings are radically false. Of course I must try it myself, and had the satisfaction of finding that old-fashioned gymnastics were not to be despised at all, and that the strange attitudes of the performer are perhaps owing to the inability of the non-professional artiste to render their bodies answering movements of the trapezist. It is simply impossible for a man to grasp the trapeze-bar firmly by through the air as if he had been shot out of a catapult. If any one will take the trouble to watch a performer while passing along the series of trapezes, he will find that the position is almost entirely perpendicular, and that when he is sweeping through the air between the trapezes the body is as upright as when he stands on the dull earth. Neither is the strange gymnast foolish enough to put out his arms after the fashion of engravings. He keeps his arms bent, with hands close to the chest, ready to dart them out and grasp at the approaching trapeze. For it is always easier to fling the arm forward than to draw it back; and whereas too short a stroke will merely cause the performer to come to the ground, a casualty for which he is always prepared, an overshot stroke will assuredly break one arm if not both, and with the unfortunate gymnast on his head or flat on his back.

There is this remarkable feature in muscular, as indeed in literary and all other productions, that the inexperienced public invariably mistakes the important points. They appreciate the really difficult part of the performance, and reserve their real applause for the simplest and easiest, but the most showy, feature. To use a theatrical term, to speak feelingly: for I have often exhibited before select assemblies, and have invariably found that nobody fulfilled subscription, or even applauded, passed over, while easy but dashing feats, such as throwing a somersault, and catching the trapeze from a trapeze and catching by the feet, are rewarded with loud cheers. So it is with the performer of the many-trapeze act: he may have followed in the track of Leotard, the great master of his art. It is no very difficult matter to pass from one trapeze to another. It requires a certain dash and courage, but not more than a thorough course of gymnastics can strengthen any man to perform the difficulty being, of course, in exact proportion to the distance between the trapezes. The real trick lies in the first swing-off, and consists in the raising of the bar at the precise moment when the weight of the body is thrown on it, and in the proper direction, and in the perfect line in which the body is "delivered" between the ropes.

It is not enough to swing high on the bar. Any one can do that who dares. The first great point is to catch it so as to preserve the original impetus, and to be able to fall fresh from what is gained, as is always the case before the trapezist can come to the end of the bar. The great difficulty for such a power is evident from the fact that if a leaden mass of the same weight as the performer were fastened to the ropes and swung from the elevated perch, it would not return to the point whence it started, owing to the resistance of the air (which feels to the performer like being whirled along on the outside of an express train) and the friction of the machinery on which it was suspended. The performer must therefore have a perfect command over the instrument, and be able to give to the inert mass of his body a motion which will serve to compensate for the loss of power. A thorough resistance of force, and for those not personally experienced this resistance can form the least idea of its intensity, of the fierce rush of the air as of a tornado, and the difficulty even to breath which it occasions to the neophyte.

The first somersault ever done, I learned by my lessons the arrangements were so exactly balanced that the loss of a pound's weight of force or the slightest miscalculation in the swing would produce inevitable and ignominious failure. After we had practised on the trapeze for some time, and were tolerably proficient in the simple swing-off to the single rope, without a bar for the hands, we erected a perpendicular bar in the middle of the building, had the rope thrown to us, and were able to catch the extremity of the bar, which had been stretched to their utmost. The first was to launch ourselves from the lighter, swing to the opposite bar, and there remain in the act of taking hold again, and resume our perch on the ladder. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the difficulty of this trick. The reader will observe that owing to the length of the rope, and the very limited space which intervened between the performer and the ground, it was necessary to gather up the body by the mere force of the arms, exactly in the spot where the stroke was made, and to throw the body to elongate gradually as it passed the centre of the swing, to have it round in the air at the end of the sway, there to "put on" force enough to return, and lastly to pass back to the ladder the process of gathering up the momentum, and of having to be again gone through. The force of the strain depends upon the position of the performer. If he has come to either end of the bar, there is a moment when he is suspended motionless in air, the body hung balanced by the hands and ropes. It is just that moment which is chosen for shifting from one side of the trapeze to the other, for turning in that air, or performing any trick. Should the performer loosen his hold at that instant he would fall to the ground from the point of the bar's swings toward the centre, the strain is gradually increased until it reaches the climax, just under the spot where the bar is suspended, and appearing to a novice as if it would tear his arms out of their sockets. It may be imagined, therefore, what pain have been the difficulties with the first rope, with which there was never more than an inch to grasp, and where the swinging of the body in such was sure to produce disastrous results. I have seen aspiring novices, whose ambition has overleaped their prudence, hang by the rope before they had subjected the muscles of the arms and loins to sufficient training, and so make of themselves a most pitiable example as a warning to the thoughtless. It is a very pleasant thing to perform the feat, to swing from the centre of the trapeze through the air, and the inward satisfaction of difficulties overcome. But it is not pleasant to the very last to leave the centre of the swing, to be jerked ignominiously along the earth for several yards in a series of spasms which it is impossible to be checked, but causing an excruciating rap to the side, and grinding to bits that portion of the frame which happens to be lowest. Neither is the slow pedal walk bestowed agreeable, nor is it very pleasant to be dragged by the knees, and in all companies, the natural use of a chair, and to be forced to rest in strange and ungainly attitudes until the pain of the first painful bruises can be healed.

A second important element in the proper management of the trapeze is, that the weight shall be thrown precisely on the centre. If the hands should grasp the bar on one side, or if the weight of the body should be thrown to the right or left, even by a single inch, the result is to force the trapeze out of the due line, and to put an insurmountable stop to the performance. A idle weight on a trapeze is every whit as powerful as a siding on a billiard-ball, and it is quite possible for a master of the art to swing himself on obstacle placed directly in his path, or even to steer his way between two objects that are only just sufficiently apart to admit the body to pass between them.

The third element of success in the exact timing of the swing, so that the hands may be caught just as it pleases itself for the return. Of course, if the performer should be too late, he is forced either to wait for another swing, or to throw a somersault, pass to the ground, and start afresh. But should he be too lucky and meet the bar as it comes on the ward him, the two opposing forces neutralize each other, a sharp stunning jerk ensues, and the performer either loses his hold and falls to the ground, or finds himself clutched in mid-career, all out of time, by his own arms and legs if they had been subjected to severe treatment on the rack.

There is not the least difficulty in passing from the trapeze to the rope—indeed, the real difficulties in the passage from the second to the third, and from the third to the fourth, became in order to believe that it is needful that the timing should be accurate as that of a chronometer, and the weight thrown precisely in the proper direction. I know few dispositions which sting so sharply at the time as "missing the trip" at this exercise. I am one in full swing, throwing every thing go like clock-work, your trapezes are swinging to perfection, you are in the very act of the stroke, you catch your bar just a trifle on one side, and away you go out of the line in a horribly ignominious manner, jerking violently along, and can not by any dexterity be metamorphosed into a victory. You can not conceal your misfortune by throwing a somersault, and leaving it to be meant it, because you are swinging diagonally, and a diagonal somersault is apt to become very unpleasant sensation about the hips, besides the great probability of flinging the unhappy performer on his back. You can not mend matters at the next trapeze, because your little circuit has lost the time, and you would be too late. So there you are, poised between heaven and earth, a mystery to yourself, and an object of derision to the spectators. We have certainly seen loud cheers for the error, and force himself again into the line before reaching the next trapeze, but the skill and energy required to do so are of such a nature that no man in a commanding master of the art would dare to attempt so hazardous a feat. It would be one that the error only tends to perpetuate itself. Just as a rifle-ball that misses a target by a few inches at a distance of a hundred yards would be likely to miss every one of a thousand, so an error of a foot at the first trapeze would be a yard at the second.

The effect of the second mistake, naturally, an error in point of time, is equally disagreeable. You meet the second trapeze too soon, and the fault is instantly makes itself felt by the blow of the bar against the hands, and the succeeding jerk, which causes to elongate the joints in the shoulders. Your feet get in advance of your hands; you make a frantic effort to recover the lost force, and miss at the next bar; you reach the little perch from which you started, and you flutter yourself that you have got managed to return to the starting-point. Vain hope! No sooner have your feet touched the perch, than you find that the impetus brings you on, right, than you gently tip over forward, and away you go again on a palpably bootless errand. There is no help for it but to let your plan is there to accept the position like a man, come to the ground, remount the perch, and start afresh.

The third error startles this trapeze. There is nothing like it in gymnastics for fascination or unfairness. The trapezist seizes his vocation with zeal and enlists them forever in its service, from which no deserters are allowed, against which no appeal ever rises. A know of few sensations more soul-stirring than the exultant feeling of freedom which you have through the air on returning through the air and hears the wind rush by. Then, to hurl one's self through space, to feel perfectly safe whether supported by the hands or legs, whether swinging at full length or gathered up into an undistinguishable bundle of arms and legs, is the most delightful of all bodily feeling. Accomplished swimmers partake of a similar feeling of elation when leaving some high rock, and, after a long dive, rolling billows raise their recumbent bodies aloft or lower them gently into the watery valley; but the trapezist has the whole air to wander around and sky above, and yet enjoying the sense that they are in perfect safety, and that they are masters of their element.

I have tried almost every gymnastic apparatus, including the flying trapeze and ropes, now unfashionably called by French titles, and am of opinion that the trapeze is conducive to them all for the peculiar strength that can be obtained in no other manner. Let a man, of whatever height, have performed the single trapeze for the first time, and set off swinging, or even allowed to hang motionless, and he will be bring his feet over his head, he will find the apparently simple task as practically impossible as jumping over the moon. He will be as helpless about like a drowning man, will get very red in the face, and make himself an altogether ridiculous object: every plunge will only serve to exhaust his failing powers, and in a very short time he will be forced to loosen his hold.

Now there are continually cases where the simple ability to raise the feet to the level of the hands, and to hang by the hands only, may save a man's life, and possibly through him the lives of many others. In modern houses the staircases are mere flesh-traps, and are built with a view to the purpose of leading the flames through the house in the quickest way, and effectually debarring the inmates from their ordinary mode of escape. Most men, on finding their egress by the stairs cut off by a body of rushing flame, would either leap out of window and fracture their limbs, or perish miserably in the smoke. But a gymnast will instinctively put his head out of window, and with a glance take in the surrounding conditions. Should there be a ledge, he will quickly lower himself by a rope extempore from sheets and blankets; should there be a window-ledge against which reach, he will descend as easily as down a ladder; or should there be a parapet above, he will seize it with his hands, draw his feet over, and escape in safety. Above all, at all events to the side of the house which is yet free from the flames. Or he can pass along a ledge only an inch in depth, by placing his hands and so transfer himself to a friendly spout, or traverse the wall until he finds a suitable place and mode to drop. Falling even such slight advantages as these he can suspend himself by his hands for an almost unlimited period, for the art of grasp that enables him to cling to the swift-moving trapeze through its wide swing renders the opposition of the body a very simple feat; and if at the same time he can find a resting-place for a foot, his perchance will be quite easy, even though the foot should be higher than his head. A trapezist is perfectly indifferent as to the relative position of his feet and head, having been accustomed to use both legs, instep, or even by a single leg hitched over the bar. He can rest comfortably for hours, or, at a sudden reversal of attitude, and in happily ignorant of the inconvenience caused by the blood rushing to the head.

For instruction the trapeze is unrivaled, as it forces the pupil to apply his powers in the proper direction. If, for example, he is being taught to develop his chest by grasping the bar and lifting himself until his chin is above the bar, he can not effect the feat by a jerk or a swing, as on a fixed bar, but must do it by the steady and gradual power the trapeze swings away and balks the irregular attempt. If, again, the loins and abdominal muscles are to be developed, the pupil sets to work to line himself by vain plunges with his legs, for no sooner does he push his feet forward than he sets the trapeze in motion in a circular field of swing, and down come his feet to the ground.

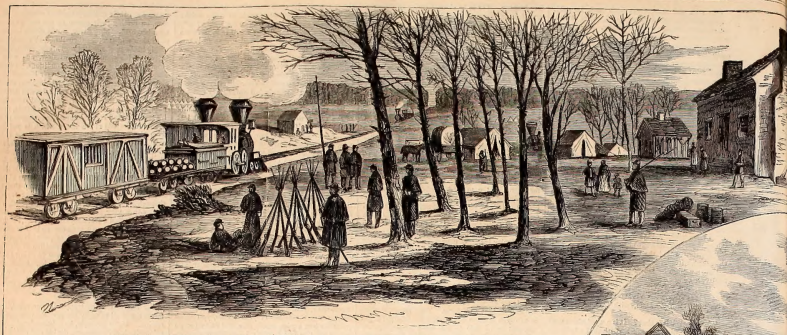
When once the course of instruction has been completed, and the gymnast feels himself fairly at home on his bar, he may be assured that he has attained the point at which he may be said fearful, and the branch of which he will never lose. Even when he has passed the best of the muscular powers brought on by increasing years and a sedentary life, the power remains, though its exercise is not so easy as in the days of youth, and the spirit of the bar produces unpleasant stiffness the next morning. I, who write, have learned this first from practical experience, for the space of many years after I was debarred from gymnastic exercises, and never even had the opportunity except at a distance, of returning into country life, I hung an extemporized trapeze on the branch of a tree, and was surprised to find that I could swing myself as far in the days of yore, though with a little more expenditure of muscle, and not swing quite so high with the perfect confidence, and fling myself to the ground by a backward somersault with ease and certainty. Of course I made no attempt to perform the feat, as sedentary pupils should be taught to perform the daring and difficult feats which are achieved by professional acrobats, whose whole lives are devoted to muscular development. But a good steady working trapeze is a luxury for the man of sedentary habit, and the intellect is not only more enduring, but is keener and brighter when the body is in thoroughly healthy order. Many a man of medium fills to the lot of those whose work is of the brain tonely sort would find in the hands the exercise that owes all his health to the course of gymnastics through which he passed.

GENERAL BANKS'S EXPEDITION.

On page 788 we give a fine illustration of the camp of General Banks, near Long Island, where a large portion of the forces which are to sail under the command of that officer have been assembling. Regiments have been or are still there; at one time there were something like 10,000 men in camp. The last accounts received were to the effect that of men were rather defective. Several regiments, from their unfortunate location, could not be compelled to camp out on the ground without shelter, tents, or protection of any kind against the wind and cold. But we have reason to hope that the exposure has produced any great increase of sickness among the troops. Indeed it is very seldom at one time after all. By the time these lines are read the camp on the Union Course may be vacated, and the troops on board the fleet in course of action. General Banks is working with untiring energy to complete his preparations and get into the field.

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

We publish on page 789 a view of the city of PETERSBURG, Virginia, which is interesting at present as the base of operations against Richmond. Petersburg is a city of some 17,000 people, situated on the Appomattox River, and connected with Richmond by railroad via the James. It is twenty-three miles from Richmond, and in the event of a southern attack on the latter capital would become in some degree the key to the movement. Vessels of 100 tons can run up as far as Petersburg, and carry off large quantities of flour and tobacco. Before the war Petersburg was quite a thriving place, contained several manufactories, and did a large business. Since the war the other cities of Virginia, it has been ruined by the atrocious folly of the rebellion. The population, at present indications be reliable, it may yet see a darker day than it has hi



Warrenton Junction Va.



Cedar Station Va.



Exchanging Salu

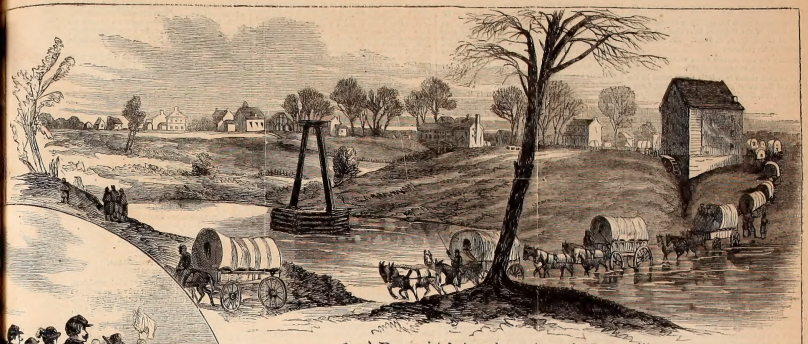


Railroad Bridge over Cedar Run.

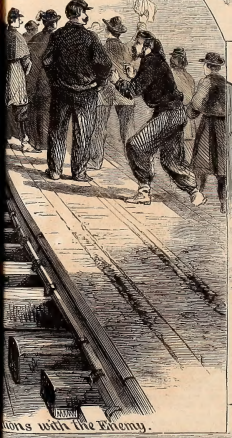


Fredericksbur

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—AT AND ON THE WAY TO F



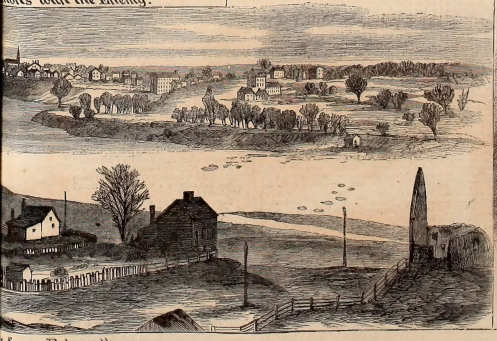
Gen! Burnside's headquarters at Weaverville.



ions with the Enemy.



Street in Warrenton Va.



from Falmouth.



Searching the Map for the right Road.

EDERICKSBURG.—From Sketches by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 794.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

WE devote pages 792 and 793 to illustrations of the Army of the Potomac, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud. Mr. Waud thus describes his pictures:

SCENES ON THE MARCH FROM WARRENTON TO FREDERICKSBURG.

The first sketch is a little street scene in the town of Warrenton, garnished with wagons, forage, soldiers, etc., the inhabitants remaining mostly out of sight.

From Warrenton the army moved toward Catlett's Station, near which place they encamped for the night. The iron wheels and other indestructible portions of railroad cars, as well as the charred remains of various things burned up by the rebels, show traces of Stuart's visitation while Pope was falling back upon Washington.

A short distance from Catlett's is Cedar Run, over which the railroad passes on a trestle bridge, which appears to temporarily occupy the place of a once better structure destroyed at a previous period. Not much farther on is the junction of the Warrenton branch with the main line of railroad. This was quite a busy spot while the army lay to the west of it, and when the sketch was made was occupied by the Eleventh Massachusetts and other regiments, part of General Sickles's division.

After leaving Catlett's and Weaverville, a short distance from the former place, the troops crossed Cedar Run, and marched on toward Aquia and Falmouth. Burnside's head-quarters were expected to proceed to a locality called the Spotted Tavern; whether they ever got there, which I believe they did not, or even if such a place is in existence—seriously doubted by many—is uncertain. One thing, however, is certain: about half the officers got lost (in spite of much careful study devoted to the maps of the period), bringing up at all sorts of places in search of quarters till returning day should enable them to renew the search for the lost camp of head-quarters.

It is rather comical to notice the rapidity with which neighboring rail-fences are demolished when a halt is ordered. The men directly organize a rail brigade—a kind of rail-ery not at all relished by the unfortunate natives whose fences make such desirable fuel, being cut and dried for the purpose.

From Falmouth we got the first view of Fredericksburg, which I presume has been often described before. It is a deserted-looking place; the church clock, however, sounds the hour regularly—a *strange, familiar* sound. The rebel pickets line one bank of the river, ours the other. In the streets of the city they can be seen lounging about, although they do not seem to have that curiosity about us which we manifest toward them. On one of the houses an English flag (the cross of St. George) is flying, and in the country beyond the smoke of the camps shows that a large force is there.

UNION AND REBEL SOLDIERS ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE BURNED RAILWAY BRIDGE.

This is a favorite spot for the soldiers of either army to meet within speaking distance and exchange remarks, frequently of an uncomplimentary character. Proposals for all sorts of exchanges (impossible of accomplishment) are made—such as offers to barter coffee or tea for whisky or tobacco, gray coats for blue ones—the rebels walking about in the clothes they have taken from Uncle Sam's men prompting the proposal. The seceshers show a laudable anxiety to get New York papers for Richmond publications; a number of them have asked after their Commissary and Quarter-master (meaning Pope and M'Dowell), and they generally express a belief that they "will whack the Union army now M'Clellan is gone." To their inquiry of our men, "How do you like Bull Run?" they receive for answer, "What do you think of South Mountain?" Some witty remarks are made on both sides, but it usually ends in a general blackguarding. One of them told a Zouave that they should shortly come over to look after us. "Yes," he answered; "so you will, under a guard."

GENERAL BURNSIDE AND HIS MARSHALS.

WE publish on page 785 a portrait of GENERAL BURNSIDE, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac, of the Commanders of the three Grand Divisions, GENERALS HOOKER, SUMNER, and FRANKLIN; and of the Chief of the Reserve, GENERAL SIGEL. All are from portraits by Brady.

Of Major-General Burnside we published a very full biographical sketch only two weeks ago. We need only append here the following anecdote which we find in the *Evening Post:*

THE SECRETARY AND THE SOLDIERS.

It is about twenty years since one of the members of the present Cabinet was a member of Congress from a distant Western State. He had the usual right of designating a single candidate for admission to the West Point Military Academy. The applications made to him for a vacancy which then existed were not many, but among them was a letter from a boy of sixteen or seventeen years of age, who, without any accompanying recommendations or references, asked the appointment for himself. The member dismissed the appeal from his mind, with perhaps a passing thought of the forwardness and impudence of the stripling who could aspire to such a place on no other grounds than his own desire to get a good education at the public expense.

But happening a short time afterward to be in the little village whence the letter was mailed, the incident was recalled to his memory, and he thought he would beguile the few hours of leisure that he had by looking up the ambitious youth. He made his way, by dint of much inquiry, to a small tailor's shop on the outskirts of the town, and when he was admitted at the door he found a lad sitting cross-legged upon the tailor's bench, mending a rent in an old pair of pantaloons. But this lad had another occupation besides his manual toil. Near by, on a small block of wood, rested a book of abstruse science, to which he turned his eyes whenever they could be transferred from the work in his hands. The member accosted him by the name given in the letter, and the lad replied "I am the person." "You wish, then, to be appointed a cadet at West Point?" "I do," he rejoined. "Why?" asked the Congressman. "Because," answered the tailor youth, "I feel that I was born for something better than mending old clothes." The member talked further with him, and was so pleased with his frankness, his spirit, and the rare intelligence he evinced that he procured him the appointment.

The member is now Secretary Smith, of Indiana, and the youth General Burnside, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac. We should not be surprised if that boy—an excellent specimen of our Northern mud-sills—were destined to hoist the American flag to its old place on the Capitol at Richmond.

The following sketches will introduce the other Generals to the reader:

GENERAL HOOKER.

Major-General Joseph Hooker was born in Massachusetts about the year 1817, and is consequently about forty-five years of age. He entered West Point in 1833, and graduated in 1837, standing No. 28 in a class which included Generals Benham, Williams, Sedgwick, etc., of the Union army, and Generals Bragg, Mackall, and Early of the rebel forces. At the outbreak of the war with Mexico he accompanied Brigadier-General Hamer as Aid-de-camp, and was brevetted Captain for gallant conduct in several conflicts at Monterey. In March, 1847, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain. At the National Bridge he distinguished himself, and was brevetted Major; and at Chapultepec he again attracted attention by his gallant and meritorious conduct, and was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel.

At the close of the war with Mexico he withdrew from the service, and soon afterward emigrated to California. The outbreak of the rebellion found him there, and he was one of the first of the old West Pointers who offered his services to the Government. He was one of the first batch of Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers appointed by President Lincoln on 17th May, 1861; and was, on his arrival, placed in command of a brigade of the army of the Potomac, and subsequently of a division. From July, 1861, to February, 1862, he was stationed in Southern Maryland, on the north shore of the Potomac, his duty being to prevent the rebels crossing the river, and to amuse them with their river blockade while M'Clellan was getting his army into trim. This difficult duty he performed admirably.

When the army of the Potomac moved to the Peninsula, Hooker accompanied them in charge of a division. In the contest at Williamsburg his division bravely stood the brunt of the battle, the men of the Excelsior Brigade actually being mowed down as they stood up in line. At Fair Oaks the men again showed their valor, and the General his fighting qualities. In the various minor contests Hooker took his part and bravely went through with his share of the seven days' fights. When M'Clellan's army was placed under the command of General Pope, we find the names of "Fighting Joe Hooker" and the late General Kearney mentioned together in the thickest of the struggle; and at South Mountain and Sharpsburg he seems to have been second to no one. At the latter fight he was shot through the foot and obliged to leave the field; but for this accident, he thinks he would have driven the rebels into the Potomac. On his recovery he was appointed to the command of the Centre Grand Division of the army of the Potomac, and he is now in that command.

GENERAL SUMNER.

General Edwin V. Sumner, commanding the Right Grand Division of the army of the Potomac, was born in Massachusetts, about the year 1797, and was appointed to West Point, from New York, in 1815. He served in the infantry for eighteen years; in 1833 he was appointed Captain of Dragoons, and Major in 1846. He served in the Mexican war, and was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant and meritorious conduct at Cerro Gordo; and Colonel for the same behavior at Molino del Rey. In 1848 he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Dragoons. When the troubles broke out in Kansas a force of cavalry was sent to preserve the peace, and Colonel Sumner was placed in command. He discharged the delicate duties of his office with skill and success. On the election of Mr. Lincoln he was one of the four officers (Generals Pope and Hunter being two of the remainder) who were appointed by the War Department to escort the President-elect to Washington. The famous night-journey through Baltimore, which was undertaken in order to frustrate a plot for the assassination of the President, was resolved upon, against his counsels and in spite of his entreaties. After the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln Colonel Sumner was appointed to supersede General Albert S. Johnson (who turned rebel) in command of our force on the Pacific. He speedily set matters straight in that section of the country, and returned home, signalizing his return by the arrest of the traitor Gwin, of California, on the way. The authorities of New Granada attempted to prevent the passage of Gwin as a prisoner through their territory; but Sumner took the responsibility, and marched him across the Isthmus with a battalion of United States troops. On his arrival at Washington General Sumner was appointed to the command, first of a division and next of a corps in General M'Clellan's army. His conduct at Williamsburg has been the subject of much criticism, but at Fair Oaks he certainly vindicated his reputation for good soldiership and gallantry.

He has lately been appointed to the command of the Right Grand Division of the army of the Potomac, and led the advance on the march toward Fredericksburg.

GENERAL FRANKLIN.

William Benjamin Franklin was born in Pennsylvania about the year 1821, and entered West Point in 1839. He graduated at the head of his class in 1843; being a classmate of Ulysses S. Grant, Reynolds, Augur, etc. On the 1st of July, 1843, he was appointed a Brevet Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers, and on the 21st of September, 1846, received his full commission. He served in Mexico, and was brevetted First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct at Buena Vista, dating from February 23, 1847. This brevet was awarded in May, 1848. From July 1848 to 1850 he was Acting Assistant Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy at the Military Academy at West Point. He was next placed on light-house duty, to which he was appointed in January, 1853. He received his full commission of First Lieutenant in March, 1853, and Captain on the 1st of July, 1857. In the Army Register for 1859 he was the junior captain but one in the corps, and in that of 1860 last but two. In the register for 1861 his name stands two degrees higher on the roll, there being four captains his junior. On the 14th of May, 1861, he was appointed to the colonelcy of the Twelfth United States Infantry, one of the new regular regiments organized at the commencement of the rebellion. With this rank he had charge of the first brigade of the third division of General M'Dowell's army at Bull Run.

He was appointed a Brigadier-General in July, and, on the reorganization of the army, was given the command of a division consisting of the brigades of Slocum, Kearney, and Newton, which afterward became the first division of the first army corps commanded by M'Dowell. When M'Dowell was directed to remain at Fredericksburg, Franklin was detached and sent to M'Clellan on the peninsula. No officer won higher distinction than he in the memorable contests on the march to Richmond, and as a reward for his gallantry he was appointed to the command of an army corps with the rank of Major-General of Volunteers. He won fresh laurels at the battles of South Mountain and Sharpsburg, and on the appointment of Burnside to the command of the army he was selected to command the Left Grand Division. He was considered by General M'Clellan one of his finest officers.

GENERAL SIGEL.

Major-General Franz Sigel was born at Baden, in Germany, in 1824, and is consequently thirty-eight years of age at the present time. He was educated at the military school at Carlsruhe, closed his course with honors, and obtained a high position in the army of his country. In the year 1847 he was esteemed by his brother officers the most scientific artillerist in Germany. When the rebellion broke out he took sides with the insurgents, lost his commission, and took service with the popular party. At one time he was in chief command of the popular army, and managed by a skillful retreat, in which he led away 30,000 men from a pursuing army of 80,000, and saved all his guns and trains, to elicit the warm eulogiums of the oldest soldiers in Europe. At the overthrow of the rebellion Sigel emigrated to this country.

Here he engaged in teaching, and fairly settled down to the dull life of a professor, and married the daughter of the principal of his academy. About the year 1858 he obtained a position in a college at St. Louis, and removed thither. When the rebellion broke out he tendered his services to the Government, and was given the command of the 2d Regiment of Union Volunteers, raised in St. Louis. He was soon appointed Brigadier-General, and accompanied General Lyon on his famous campaign against Price. At the battle of Springfield, where Lyon was killed, Sigel succeeded to the command, and withdrew our little army with skill and success. He subsequently commanded a corps throughout the bloodless campaign under Frémont; and when General Curtis was detached to operate in Arkansas, Sigel led one of his divisions. It is understood that he planned and won the great battle of Pea Ridge almost against the wishes of his superior, General Curtis. After the battle some difficulty about commands arose, and Sigel was called to Washington and given the command of Harper's Ferry. On the organization of the Army of Virginia a place was created for him by the resignation of General Fremont, and he accordingly took command of his army corps. In all the terrible battles which Pope fought in order to delay the advance of Lee against Washington Sigel took an active part. At the Rappahannock his cannon incessantly thundered; and though the enemy outnumbered him by at least five to one, he held them at bay until M'Clellan's army arrived at Washington. When the Army of Virginia was merged into the Army of the Potomac Sigel was given the command of the Twelfth Army Corps, which he retained until General Burnside was appointed to command the Army of the Potomac. He was then given charge of the Reserves, and specially intrusted with the duty of watching Jackson.

A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.

Tu the Edditer ov Harper's Weekly:

DEER MR. EDDITER,—Here I am, seeted in my roking-cheer by the winder, a gazin aout on the face ov natchur, which is a verry plesant okkerpashun ov mine. Tu speck es a poit,

> The sun is lookin red,
> With his brod beems overhed,
> A spreddin himself like a peekok's tale, fur skorn;
> And the branches ov the trees
> Air a sqwingin in the breese
> Like the flail ov Deekon Whipples when he's beatin aout his korn.

And the vue frum my winder is butiful—butiful!

But tho' I am a wooman I am no less an Administratrix, and it makes me mad tu heer peeple say wimmen don't know nawthin abaout pollytiks; but I tell yeou, Mr. Edditer, es a ginerul thing, thay air a plagey site smarter then the menfokes be, and ef we kood vote I gess sum pollytishuns that I kood menshun wood hev tu kum daown aout ov thare high-heeled boots mity qwick!

Bruther-in-law Stevens is wun ov 'em. He's marrid tu my sister Sophy (aour kat was named arter her), and the deer knows what she took him for! I'm shure it warn't fur his buty, fur he's es homely es a hedge-fense; nor was it his goodness, fur his temper is es kross and es krukid es an apple-tree bow.

He thinks thare aint nawthin like the Inglish. So du I, fur thet matter; fur thay're the meenest kritters under the sun, takin 'em es a nashun—but he thinks thay air perfeckshun.

It's Ingland here, and Ingland thare, till I wish tu goodness he was an Inglishmun and in his native kuntry!

What provokes me most is, Sophy awlways sides with her husband.

He was bostin the uther day abaout Ingland's "nutrality" in aour war, and haow the paper kalled *Punch* (a dretful intemperrit name fur a noospaper) sed a little while ago thet "Ingland was reely *romantick* in keepin nutral betwixt the Nawth and Saouth"—and sich like nonsensikal langwidge; and Sophy got so exsited abaout it that she up and cheered fur Qween Victory!

I sot rite daown tu my desk and rit the follerin effushun:

> Ingland sez her nutrallity
> Tu us Nawth is "*romantick;*"
> Yu'd think sich tawk es that anuff
> Tu drive a feller frantick!
> Yet ef "romantick" meens tu be
> Abuv awl komprehenshun,
> She acks the most romantickly
> Ov enny state yu'll menshun!

Steve was orful mad, and thretened tu draown my Sophy (the kat, ov kourse); jest think ov thet! But I told him planely thet ef he tutched my kat I'd give him jessie pritty middlin qwick!

He immejitly subsidid.

Thet puts me in mind when the Prince ov Wails was heer Steve and Sophy, bein strong dimmykrats, were krasy tu see him. Thay akkordingly started daown tu Bostin wun raney day, but thay didn't git a single site ov the Prince, bekawse he'd left taown the day before.

Well, Cousin Sam Bailey, whare thay was vistin, is reel cute, and unbeknown tu enny wun he kut orf a lock ov his own hare, and giv it tu Sophy, awl rapped up in sentid paper, which yu kood smell harf a mile orf, marked,

"A lock ov hare frum the Prince of Wails's hed."

She was so delitid she maid her husbund buy a big brass locket tu keep it in, and wore it fur a watch a yeer and a harf, till wun day Sam told her ov it when we was awl toogether, and it riled her so she haint spoke tu his fokes sense.

We hed a grate konsert the uther nite in aour taown fur the bennefit ov a yung man whu wants tu vollunteer fur a kommishun tu go tu the war. He kant go es a privit, bekawse he don't kno mutch abaout milliterry tacktjicks, and his fokes air afrade he wood shute sumbuddy he hadn't ort tu in thet kapassity.

So in awder tu git up lots ov simpathy fur him, tu petishun the Guvernur, thay got up this konsert, threu the influense ov sum ov the wimmen whu belong tu the solgers' Insanity Kommittee.

The proseeds is tu be deployed in hiring a reetired solger tu teech him haow tu put on his uniform and varius uther matters relatin tu the wur thet he aint mutch aqwainted with.

Fur a long time I stuck tu it I woodn't hev nawthin tu doo with it, but when I heered Sarah Blue sed the same, I was detarmined tu let her know she warnt the only wooman in Punkinsville, so I went rite the uther way.

Finully thay applied tu me tu rite a leetle poim fur the okkashun.

Arftur mutch urgin I konsentid, and rit wun tu the toon ov a well-known Sundy-skool mellody. It was sung by the yung man himself, amid the wildist applawse, and kreeatid qwite a sensashun.

The Edditer ov aour paper sed it brot daown the haouse, but thet aint trew, fur I was thare myself, and not a timber ov it fell! It is still standin in awl its buty.

Ef yu don't mind hevin so mutch poitry in yure letters I'll rite it daown here. I kalled it

THE SONG OV THE ASSPIREING MAN.

> I want tu be a kurnel,
> With orfissers tu stand;
> A kommishun in my poket,
> A sord within my hand.
> I'm tired ov staing raound hear,
> Ambishun fills my brest—
> O! I long fur a kommishun,
> And I'd be a kurnel best!
>
> My bussum's daly burnin
> With pattriottick zeel,
> No wurds my thorts kan utter,
> Nor tell harf what I feel!
> Wood I kood jine aour army,
> Tu meat the rebbel foe;
> O! I long tu be a kurnel—
> Deer Guvernur, let me go!
>
> I long tu be a kurnel,
> Tho' a kaptansy I'd take;
> I think I ort tu be wun,
> Fur my deer kuntry's sake.
> My eppylets air waitin,
> I si like awl possest—
> O! I must hev sum kommishun,
> But I'd be a kurnel best!

I haint heered wether he's got his kommishun, but I gess he'll hev it, fur aour Guvernur awlways makes it a reule tu inkurridge tallent ov awl diskripshun; and ef a yung man hes ambishun, why, fur pity's sake, help him ef yu kan!

Yours treuly, CHARITY GRIMES.

P.S.—Fur the land's sake, Mr. Edditer, don't kall me *Mrs.* Grimes agin! I haint got any husband, and I don't want none till this plagey war is over. We hev fitin' enuff goin on elsewhare jest naow, and I shood dye rite orf ef I hed tu hev it tu hum.

C. G.

ALICE BANKGROVE'S SOLDIER.

THE gnarled old veteran of an apple-tree that overhung Squire Bankgrove's red brick house was tossing its boughs of pink-streaked apples to and fro in the September sunset; the level beams looked straight into the deserted robin's nest in its mossy fork; and Alice Bankgrove stood in the door-way shading her eyes with a pretty, sun-embrowned hand, and looking the while, as the western light, sifting through a canopy of moving leaves, covered her with narrow lines and zigzags of tremulous gold, like a bird peeping through the gilded wires of its cage!

"Home already, boys!" she called out, as the garden gate swung on its creaking hinges, and the hazel eyes flashed a sunny welcome down the path.

Boys, indeed! The *boys* whom Miss Alice apostrophized so patronizingly, were two stalwart fellows, either of whom could have picked the young lady up with one hand—handsome, olive-cheeked young giants, with the strength and symmetry of Hercules in their thews and sinews, as might have testified the shining heaps of newly-threshed grain they had left piled on the floor of the echoing, fragrant old barn under the hill!

"But why do you look so serious?" she added, the next minute. Ah, what curve of the lip, what quiver of the brow ever escaped a woman's quick eye? She read the two faces as if they had been open books.

"We have been talking, Alice," said the younger, a dark, open-browed young man of about twenty, leaning up against the door-way. "I am going to ask your father to get another hand to finish off this fall's work."

Alice stood in astonishment.

"What for, Harry? Irad hasn't been teasing you again, has he?"

Harry Moore burst into a great, mellow laugh.

"As if Irad's nonsense ever seriously annoyed me! No, Alice—the truth of the matter is that I feel like a fool threshing wheat here, when I ought to be standing in the ranks with a musket on my shoulder, fighting for the Stars and Stripes as my grandfather fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill!"

And as he spoke his dark eyes sparkled with inward fire, and a flush came on his sun-burned cheek.

"Hear him talk!" said Irad Curtis, shrugging his shoulders. "All moonshine, say I. Time enough to fight for the old flag when the old flag hasn't men enough to do its work, and sends word for Hal Moore and Irad Curtis to come along and lend a hand. Meanwhile, let every man mind his own business—that's my maxim!"

"I shall not wait for any such message," returned Moore, quietly. "I mean to be off, straightway—that is, Alice, if *you* think I'm doing right."

"I would volunteer to-morrow, if I were a man!" said Alice, instinctively clasping her hands together, and drawing a deep breath. Moore's face lighted up.

"That's enough, Alice!" said he.

Irad Curtis, standing in the shadow of the old apple-tree, quietly watched the two faces beyond with half-closed, vigilant eyes and a disagreeable curve to his lip.

"Wonder what Squire Bankgrove will say to all this," was his internal comment. "If he really means to give his daughter to a farm-hand, I don't see why my chances—with a little management—are not as good as Harry Moore's. She don't exactly like me; but if Harry really is in earnest about this volunteering business, it's the most obliging thing he could do just now. Once give me a clear field, and—"

Irad Curtis set his lips closely together as he entered the wide, cool hall where Squire Bankgrove—a hale, portly personage of about fifty, with ruddy cheeks, and locks thickly sprinkled with silver—sat in his elbow-chair, dozing over the newspaper.

Harry Moore walked straight up to him and broached the subject without unnecessary circumlocution.

"Squire Bankgrove, could you make it convenient to dispense with my services on the farm?"

"Well, I don't know," said the Squire, who was a man of reflection, and seldom committed himself without first consulting his snuff-box and his red silk pocket-handkerchief. Are you thinking of leaving me? I've no fault to find with *you*, Harry Moore!"

"Thank you, Sir. But I have made up my mind now that every young man's place is in the ranks of his country's defenders. And so, Sir, I shall enlist to-morrow!"

Squire Bankgrove brought down his clenched fist on the window-seat with a force that made the blackbird start in its wicker cage.

"Well said, my boy! I wish I was ten years younger, and I'd go 'long with you myself!"

"I am glad you approve it, Sir."

"Approve it, Harry! I don't do nothin' else!" cried the Squire, entirely heedless of the memory of Lindley Murray in his enthusiasm. "And when you come back, Harry, after you've done a *man's* duty on the battle-field—for you *will* come back—"

"Don't, father!" interposed Mrs. Bankgrove, who was wiping her spectacles very hard; "don't go to temptin' Providence that way!"

"Wife," said the old man, solemnly, "he will come back! Shall not the LORD of Battles be with him? As I was sayin', Harry, when that day arrives—"

"Then, Sir," said Harry, "will you consent to give me your daughter?"

He had spoken from a sudden impulse the words he would never have dared to utter under ordinary circumstances. No recalling them now, however, and Alice blushed redder than the reddest hollyhock by the garden wall! Squire Bankgrove opened his eyes wide, and slowly rubbed his nose, looking the while from Alice to Harry and back again.

"Well, I'm free to confess I hadn't thought o' *that*," said the Squire. "But, Harry Moore, you're made o' the right mettle, and I've always found you true to the back-bone. Yes; if Alice hain't no objections, you shall have her when you come back again."

And thus it happened that when Harry Moore went away to the wars a lock of Alice Bankgrove's silky hair lay upon his manly heart, and stirred to the music of its strong beatings.

"Whew-w-w!" whistled Irad Curtis, as he worked all alone in the perfumed silence of the old red barn; "I didn't suppose the affair would turn out precisely as it has done; but no matter—things may happen just right after all!"

And Irad Curtis was not a whit disheartened at the cool politeness with which Alice Bankgrove put aside the innumerable little courtesies he strove to render toward her all that fall—not he! There was a good deal of dogged perseverance ingrain to the nature of Irad Curtis.

The year glided away in sun and shower—blossoming roses and dreary falls of snow—and once again the harvest-moon hung like a shield of ruddy silver over the quiet old homestead, with its red barn and its cluster of gnarled apple-trees. But in the west the sun had set with wild, ensanguined splendor, amidst clouds whose crimson dyes seemed like a sea of blood. And Alice Bankgrove, sitting at her window, thinking of the dreadful rumors of battle that floated dimly into the country solitudes, could not bear to look at the blazing horizon, so nervous had she grown.

Suddenly a clear bugle-sound rang out amidst the dewy hollows, dying away with pathetic cadences in the woods, where a score of whip-poor-wills were moaning their sad refrain.

"There! the stage has passed by, and the mail is in!" exclaimed Alice, springing to her feet. "Papa, may I go down to the post-office?—it is only a little way!"

"It's a mile, child, and more, and the dew is falling," said the practical Squire, looking up from a calculation he was making by the light of a tallow candle.

"Do let her go, father," said his wife, nudging his elbow; "don't you see how worried she feels? You was young yourself once!"

Alice scarcely waited for the permission ere she hurried away through the lonely woods, dew-dripping and full of faint, sweet fragrance.

"No letter for a week," she murmured to herself. "Perhaps it will come to-night—*perhaps!*"

"A letter for Alice Bankgrove? No, there is no such letter," said the gray-headed old postmaster, sorting over the pile of epistles in a leisurely way that was agony to poor, impatient Alice.

"No letter! are you *sure?*" repeated the young girl, leaning eagerly forward, with blanched cheek and throbbing heart.

"Sartin sure, Miss Alice—that is, as sure as a man can be of any thing in this onsartin world. Stay, though!" he added, as Alice was turning away with a thrill of sick despair; "here are some newspapers for Jeremiah Bankgrove, *Esquare*. That's your father, I guess."

Half an hour afterward Alice came into the sitting-room at home with slow, languid steps, and dew-drenched hair hanging carelessly about her shoulders. Irad Curtis sat by the table talking to her father. He rose and bowed.

"You have been to the post-office, Alice? Why didn't you let me go for you? I hope you have taken no cold."

"Did you get a letter, daughter?" said Mrs. Bankgrove, keenly scanning the girl's face.

"No letter," returned Alice, wearily. "Here are some newspapers for you, father."

She laid them on the table and went and sat on the broad door-stone, her cheek resting on one hand.

"No letter? that's strange!" said Irad, artfully. "Now if *I* was off to the wars, and had a sweet-heart, like somebody I know of, at home, I should write every day!"

"Pity you *wasn't* off to the wars, with a sweet-heart at home!" said the Squire, dryly; and Irad was silenced for the moment.

"Read us the news, Irad," said Mrs. Bankgrove. "The Squire's eyes ain't so young as they was, and he does make awful work readin' by candle-light."

"Yes, do, Irad," said the Squire, putting his spectacles back in their case with a sigh of relief; and Irad unfolded the teeming columns of the newspaper and began:

"Great Battle in Virginia!" he enunciated, reading very much as if the words had been printed in capitals. "List of the Killed and Wounded!"

"Read *that*, Irad!" said the Squire, leaning forward. Mrs. Bankgrove gave a quick glance toward the door, but Alice had vanished.

"It's pretty lengthy," said Irad, ruefully; "but here goes!"

Name after name he pronounced with slow, mechanical exactness, as if each were not shrined in some bleeding heart—wept over with everlasting tears!

"What!" shrieked the Squire, suddenly, as *one* well-known name knelled on his ear; "not in the list of *killed?*"

He started up, pale and trembling, with a cold dew on his forehead.

"Yes, it is," said Irad, himself rather dismayed. "Company E—that's his very Company; read for yourself, if you don't believe me!"

The Squire's dim eyes traced the fatal syllable in the doomed list, through a thick mist of blinding tears.

"Poor Alice! it will break her heart!" he said, in a husky tone. Mrs. Bankgrove gave a piercing cry, and sprang forward just in time to catch the sinking figure of Alice, who stood near the door, white and motionless as a spectre.

Dead! killed in battle! She could not believe it, though she repeated the words to herself mechanically a thousand times a day! Dead—in the bloom of his vigorous youth, and *she* living to mourn him! She scarce understood why people looked pityingly at her, and whispered one to another as she went by: she felt like one who walks in the mystery of a dreadful dream, and blindly trusts some day to waken from its awful shadow!

Dead! killed in battle!

The sad December blasts were moaning through the skeleton woods; the icicles tinkled, like tiny chimes of bells, at every rattle of the frozen boughs; the sunsets burned in orange flame along the west, and the nights, still and starry, were full of rimy frosts that cut almost like a knife in their biting keenness. And Alice Bankgrove, leaning sadly over the fire of crackling logs, wondered what dreary snows were folding their shroud over *his* unknown grave!

"Better go to bed, daughter, it is past ten," said the Squire, "and a stormy night. There's snow in the air, or *I'm* mistaken!"

"I will, by-and-by, father."

"Mrs. Bankgrove, wiser than her husband, quietly took up a candle, and beckoned him into the adjoining bedroom.

"Don't notice her, Jeremiah," said the mother, in a low voice. "She'll grieve it away in time if she's only let alone, poor child!"

"It's too consarned bad," said the Squire, the nearest approach, by-the-way, to profanity in which he ever indulged. "And to think of Irad Curtis comin' danglin' round to ask if I'd any objections to his comin' to see Alice Sunday nights. Objections! *I* let him know what I thought of his conduct. He won't come again in a hurry, I calculate!"

"There, there, father—hush!" said Mrs. Bankgrove, soothingly, "you'll disturb Alice."

And she closed the door as softly as if her daughter had been a sleeping infant whom she feared to arouse.

Alone, Alice sat there before the fire—alone with the ticking clock, and the bubbling drip of resin from the singing pine logs, and the wail of the tempest without, sadly pondering on the wintry blight that had come over her own young life. Almost before she knew it the old clock had chimed once and again, and the faint horn of the midnight stage, passing on its lonely way down in the hollow, floated indistinctly up to her ear—and still she mused on.

"Hallo there inside!" bawled Jonathan Starkey, the stage-driver, "who was it wanted to get out opposite Squire Bankgrove's house? This is the nearest we come to't. Just over the hill, Sir, and take the first road to your right—'tain't but a little way—and pitch-dark at that," he added, in an undertone, as he helped out a muffled figure; "sorry I can't drive you nearer, Sir—you seem to be lame."

Lame! If every bone in his body had been shattered the knowledge that he was within sight of Alice's home would have given him supernatural strength. How well he knew every turn of the road, even in the dense darkness of the stormy midnight—how familiarly the frozen ground answered to his footfalls!

Far out into the murky gloom streamed the ruddy brightness of that hearth-stone where she sat all alone. Could she but have known *who* was toiling to reach her through the night and tempest!

She never heard the faint, uncertain tap at the door, she never heard the click of the latch, but all of a sudden some mysterious influence bade her look up.

Great Heaven! it was her lover standing before her—pale, haggard, worn by pain and travel, but still her lover, and the next instant she lay sobbing on his breast.

"Oh, Harry, Harry Moore! They told me you were dead, but I knew it was false! I knew you would yet come back to me!"

And after he had told her of his well-nigh fatal wounds, his dreary captivity, and his final escape, she still sobbed through her tears,

"Oh, I knew, I *knew* you would come back!"

"Well, Harry, when are you going to take possession?" questioned the Squire, jocosely. "You know I promised you my daughter when you came back."

"As soon as possible, Sir," said Harry. "We have settled it all, Alice and I."

"Wife," said the Squire, "do you remember my saying under this very roof more than a year ago that I was sartin the Lord would bring Harry back to us; and haven't my words come true?"

He leaned forward and kissed away the tear that sparkled like a solitary diamond on his wife's withered cheek; for somehow the sight of the young people's happiness brought back his own honeymoon days.

And Irad Curtis remains a bachelor still!

THE GOVERNMENT HORSE.

I'M a Government hoss, your honor,
 With pedigree little to boast of;
But bought for the service, your honor,
 And hence to be reckoned the most of.

I claim not the lineage of Cruiser,
 Though I own to a family pride;
My "points" can be seen through and through, Sir,
 If you'll only examine my hide.

Though wretched I am, I have blushes
 For frauds that attend speculation—
Transactions whose villainy crushes
 The long-cherished hopes of the nation.

As I said, I'm a Government hoss,
 Though I wouldn't complain much of that, Sir;
"What's one man's gain is another's loss,"
 'Tis *that* which I wish to come at, Sir.

I was bought with a Treasury Note,
 At only five dollars and twenty;
And sold for a—('tis shameful to quote,
 'Twould seem as though money were plenty).

'Twas a wily contractor who did it,
 At a figure so low, do you see?
I'm sure it was much to his credit,
 Though all the loss credit to me.

Spavined and ringboned, glandered and blind,
 Wanting one really sound organ;
Some one was gouged—*his* pockets were lined,
 But *I* was a good enough MORGAN.

Ever compelled to stand to the rack—
 By my faith! I'm quite racked asunder;
For every sharp bone in my back
 Seems cracked with the weight of the plunder.

A cavalry charger they dubbed me—
 (A singular paradox, really!)—
'Tis the agent the *charger* that should be,
 I'm held as collateral merely.

Right few are the charges I've made, Sir,
 Upon the armed rebel bravado;
If ever I ambled that way, Sir,
 'Twas money that made the poor mare go.

And a sorry appearance I made
 In the genial land of Secesh!
But it taught them the tricks of the trade
 In our contracts for Northern horse-flesh.

Woe me! I'm a poor draught-horse at last!
 It's only my breath I can draw, Sir;
The life-current is ebbing quite fast,
 Like equity, justice, and law, Sir.

Yet I laugh when I think of the agents
 Selected to crush the rebellion—
To frighten the traitors with pageants
 Of grim Death astride a pale stallion;

And I watch the gaunt crows overhead,
 Each eagerly eying his ration,
Like hungry contractors fain to be fed—
 And muse on the fate of the nation.

Base contractors! army of leeches!
 I'd draft them to lead a forlorn hope;
Force them to march where equity reaches,
 And contracts are bound with a strong rope.

AN EGYPTIAN BALL.

I WAS asked to a fête at the villa of Count X——, an old resident of Alexandria, Egypt. The fête was especially interesting to me, as being composed almost exclusively of the foreign society of Alexandria, and notably of the Levantine element. Having paid our respects to the mistress of the house, we were placed on a sofa at the upper end of the chief reception room. As dancing had hardly commenced, we had time to look about us, and to note the guests who were still flocking in, and the ladies ranged in a circle round the room. These, to my disappointment, all wore ordinary European costume, which was neither fresh nor in good taste, nor gracefully worn; the only exception was in the instance of one little very old lady who sat in a bundle in the corner; in such a bundle that you could hardly tell in what fashion her dark silk dress was made, and could only distinguish that her head was covered with the silken skull-cap, bound round, turban-wise, with a small handkerchief, that forms the ordinary Levantine head-dress. But the younger women, when full dressed, dress their hair with elaborate complications, into which enter a quantity of natural flowers of every kind and hue.

I have been in many parts of the world. I have seen on their own ground all sorts of women, from the radiant daughters of "all the Howards" to the dusky North American squaws. But such fat women, and so many fat women, I never saw in any land as those Levantine ladies there assembled. Talk of Turkish women, fattened like crammed turkeys! The harems boast much flesh. You see in their narrow precincts many plump faces and redundant busts ill contained by the loose garment that covers them; many sturdy legs and pudsey hands. But what are all those beside the vast proportions of these "fat-fleshed" fair ones? While girls are yet in their teens the doom begins to fall on them. The commencement is far from objectionable. It is agreeable to see well-rounded arms and shoulders that you are "tempted to pat" at the so often lean ages of fifteen and sixteen. These are almost always accompanied by, item, a pair of long dark almond eyes, "put in with a dirty finger," as Lady Morgan writes; eyes that alternately flash and languish at the owner's command, and that are shaded by thick black straight brows, not unfrequently adopting the very doubtful

——charm of married brows,

item, dense heaps of black coarse wavy hair, that lies on the head and on the neck in the massive way you see depicted in old Egyptian paintings; and sometimes, though rarely, you see fine complexions.

So far so good; except that these damsels look like comely matrons, or "fine girls" who have flirted through some ten or twelve seasons, and having as yet not found any of the first-class matches sufficiently appreciative of their charms, are becoming condescending, nay, even encouraging, to the second-class. But now turn to the mothers. We have just been rather admiring a plump short-necked damsel with bright eyes and rosy cheeks and dimpling smiles, looking like a cherubim *prolonged*. There is her mother sitting opposite—look on this picture and on that—and see the full-blown rose whose bud we have just been contemplating.

She can hardly be forty, and her smooth face yet bears traces of considerable comeliness. But the bright dark eyes are embedded in fat, the nose is sunk and lost in fat, the smiling mouth is buried in fat. Of neck there is no symptom: the head rests behind on a *hump* of fat; before, on a protuberance like the crop of a pouter pigeon. Her arms! Poor soul! Yet she does not seem to mind it; there she sits, smiling benignly, the picture of serene contentment; and, except that the frequent exercise of her fan hints that the "too solid flesh" *does* manifest a disposition to "melt" even in the pleasant and by no means high temperature of the spacious, airy, and not overcrowded rooms, her condition seems in no wise distressful to her.

I walked about the rooms. There was no regular supper, but fruits, cakes, ices, and other refreshments, abundantly intermingled with flowers, were laid out in one of them. A few of the men wore Eastern costume, but they were quite the exception. Some of the young Greeks—who showed none of the tendency to obesity so strongly developed in their mothers and sisters, but were generally spare, oval-faced, and olive-complexioned, and had heads of compact black frizzy hair like the women—seemed to dance rather well and to bear themselves correctly. Not so many of the damsels. I saw some convert the sober monotony of the uninteresting quadrille into a very jolly game nearly approaching to a romp. How they skipped and giggled, and swung hands and beckoned and gamboled, until their at first by no means fresh toilets became mere chiffons, and the flowers tumbled out of their hair, it boots not now to tell. Suffice it to say, that the presence of Mr. Turveydrop, with a few hints from that accomplished reflection of the first gentleman in Europe on the subject of Deportment, would have been remarkably apropos.

Soon after twelve the rooms began to thin a little, and we left at about half past, much amused with the evening's entertainment.

DRURY'S BLUFF.

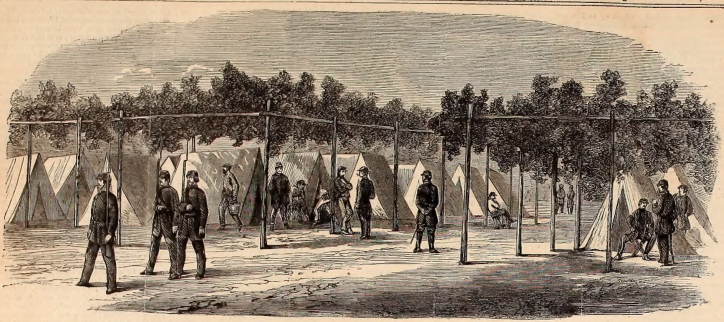
WE reproduce on page 796 two engravings from sketches by Mr. Vizetelly, the special artist of a London paper, who arrived in this country some months since, and contrived to find his way through our lines into the Confederate camps and thence to Richmond. How the sketches were sent to Europe does not appear. These sketches represent the Confederate fort and camp at Drury's Bluff, on the James River, eight miles from Richmond. At the North the fort is generally known as Fort Darling. It was this fort which was unsuccessfully attacked last summer by the *Galena*, *Monitor*, and part of the James River fleet. It is esteemed in Secessia a very strong position. Should we attack Richmond from the south or by the way of the river, we should have to carry it before we could approach the rebel capital. Rumor states that at least a part of the face of the work is iron plated.

SLIDELL'S HOUSE.

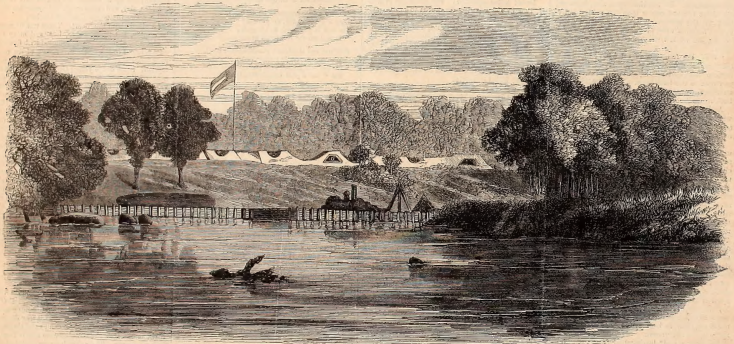
WE publish on page 796 a view of the rebel SLIDELL'S HOUSE, in Louisiana, from a sketch by Dr. Henry, of the United States Navy. The mansion and grounds are handsome, and display evidence of the wealth and taste of their proprietor. Just now, however, they are deserted; a few negroes, owing no allegiance to any one, roam through the grounds and shout their welcome to our gun-boats as they pass. This house, and that of the other chief conspirators against the nation, should be seized and occupied by our forces, and preserved as national property forever as a warning to traitors in after-time.

Of the fate of this and the other abandoned estates of the great planters the following extract from the *Times* correspondence furnishes the means of forming an opinion. Speaking of the Lafourche country, he says:

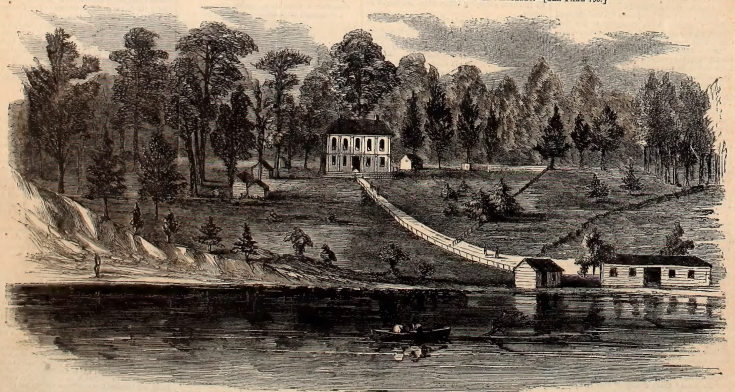
This district of country is one of the richest in agricultural wealth, not only in this State, but probably richest in some respects of any spot of the same size in the world. The wealth, however, consists almost entirely of sugar-plantations and negroes, but as time has rolled on the planters have, in long years of prosperity, by accretion, as it were, possessed themselves, in many instances, of a sort of barbaric splendor, illustrated by rich furniture and costly equipages. These things, with their large residences, in most instances, were precipitately abandoned the moment our forces defeated the enemy at Labadieville, and the consequence was that hundreds of negroes, besotted by the most severe system of slavery, were in a moment left to themselves; and in a delirium of excitement they first threw themselves, in an ecstasy of joy, on their knees, and "bressed God that Massa Linkum had come;" and then, as semi-civilized people would naturally do, they commenced indulging in all sorts of excesses, the first-fruits of their unrestricted liberty.



THE REBEL ENCAMPMENT AT DRURY'S BLUFF, JAMES RIVER.—SKETCHED BY MR. VIZETELLY.—[SEE PAGE 795.]



THE REBEL FORT DARLING, ON DRURY'S BLUFF, JAMES RIVER.—SKETCHED BY MR. VIZETELLY.—[SEE PAGE 796.]



SLIDELL'S HOUSE IN LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY A NAVAL OFFICER.—[SEE PAGE 792.]



REV. MORGAN L. DIX, RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEARD.]

THE NEW RECTOR OF TRINITY.

We publish herewith a portrait of REVEREND MORGAN L. DIX, the new Rector of Trinity Church, New York. Mr. Dix is a son of Major-General John A. Dix. He was born in New York about the year 1830, was educated at Columbia College, and entered the ministry on the completion of his studies. He was elected some years ago Assistant-Rector of Trinity, and was recommended by the late Dr. Berrian as the best man to succeed him. Mr. Dix is widely known as a faithful and laborious servant of Christ. He devotes his time and his means to the relief of the poor and afflicted, and among this class enjoys a popularity not surpassed by that of any other clergyman in the metropolis. His elevation to the rectorship of Trinity at his age foreshadows a great future for him in the Episcopal Church. Mr. DIX is an unmarried man.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MCLENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

BETWEEN THE SCENES.

I

FROM MISS GARTH TO MR. PENDRIL.

"WESTMOLAND HOUSE, JAN. 3, 1849.

DEAR MR. PENDRIL,—I write, as you kindly requested, to report how Norah is going on, and to tell you what changes I see for the better in the state of her mind on the subject of her sister.

"I can not say that she is becoming resigned to Magdalen's continued silence—I know her faithful nature too well to say it. I can only tell you that she is beginning to find relief from the heavy pressure of sorrow and suspense in new thoughts and new hopes. I doubt if she has yet realized this in her own mind; but I see the result, although she is not conscious of it herself. I see her heart opening to the consolation of another interest and another love. She has not said a word to me on the subject, nor have I said a word to her. But as certainly as I know that Mr. George Bartram's visits have lately grown more and more frequent to the family at Portland Place, so certainly I can assure you that Norah is finding a tried friend in her sorrow which is not of my bringing, and a hope in the future which I have not taught her to feel.

"It is needless for me to say that I tell you this in the strictest confidence. God knows whether the happy prospect which seems to me to be just dawning will grow brighter or not as time goes on. The oftener I see Mr. George Bartram—and he has called on me more than once—the stronger my liking for him grows. To my poor judgment he seems to be a gentleman, in the highest and truest sense of the word. If I could live to see Norah his wife, I should almost feel that I had lived long enough. But who can discern the future? We have suffered so much that I am afraid to hope.

"Have you heard any thing of Magdalen? I don't know why or how it is, but since I have known of her husband's death my old tenderness for her seems to cling to me more obstinately than ever.

"Always yours truly,

"HARRIET GARTH."

II.

FROM MR. PENDRIL TO MISS GARTH.

"SIZER ST., JAN. 4, 1849.

"MY DEAR MISS GARTH,—Of MRS. Noel Vanstone herself I have heard nothing. But I have learned since I saw you that the request of the physician in which she is left by the death of her husband may be depended on as the truth. She has given by any kind is bequeathed to her. Her name is not once mentioned in her husband's will.

"Knowing what we know, it is not to be concealed that this circumstance may threatens us with more embarrassment, and perhaps with more distress. MRS. Noel Vanstone is not the woman to submit without a desperate resistance to the total removal of all her schemes and all her hopes.

The mere fact that nothing whatever has been left to her since her husband's death is suggestive to my mind of serious mischief to come. In my present ignorance of her situation and with her unconcern where she is now the more inveterately I, for one, distrust her in the future. It is impossible to say to what violent measures her present extremity may not drive her. It is impossible to feel sure that she may not be the victim of some public scandal this time which may affect her innocent sister as well as herself.

"I know you will not misconstrue the motive which has led me to write these lines; I know you will not think that I am incumbering my letter to cause you unnecessary alarm. My sincere anxiety to see that happy prospect realized to which your letter alludes has caused me to feel far less reservedly than I might otherwise have written. I strongly urge you to use your influence, on every occasion when you can fairly exert it, to strengthen that growing attachment, and to place it beyond the reach of future family disasters, while you have the opportunity of doing so. When I tell you that the fortune of which MRS. Noel Vanstone has been deprived is entirely bequeathed to Admiral Bartram—and when I add that Mr. George Bartram is generally understood to be his uncle's heir—you will, I think, acknowledge that I am not warning you without a cause.

"Yours most truly,

"WILLIAM PENDRIL."

III.

FROM ADMIRAL BARTRAM TO MRS. DRAKE (HOUSEKEEPER AT ST. CRUX).

"ST. CRUX, *Jan.* 10, 1849.

"MRS. DRAKE,—I have received your letter from London, stating that you have found me a new parlor-maid at last, and that she will be ready to return with you to St. Crux, when your other errands in town allow you to come back.

"This arrangement must be altered immediately, for a reason which I am heartily sorry to have to write.

"The illness of my niece, MRS. Girdlestone—which appeared to be so slight as to alarm none of us, doctors included—has ended fatally. I received this morning the shocking news of her death. Her husband is said to be quite frantic with grief. Mr. George has gone down to his brother-in-law's to superintend the last melancholy duties, and I must follow him before the funeral takes place. We propose to take Mr. Girdlestone away afterward, and to try the effect on him of change of place and new scenes. Under these sad circumstances I may be absent from St. Crux a month or six weeks at least—the house will be shut up—and the new servant will not be wanted until my return.

"You will therefore tell the girl, on receiving this letter, that a death in the family has caused a temporary change in our arrangements. If she is willing to wait you may safely engage her to come here in six weeks' time—I shall be back by that time, I hope, at least. If she refuses, pay her what compensation is right, and so have done with her.

"Yours,

"ARTHUR BARTRAM."

IV.

FROM MRS. DRAKE TO ADMIRAL BARTRAM.

"JAN. 11.

"HONORED SIR,—I hope to get my errands done, and to return to St. Crux to-morrow, but write to ease you anxiety in case of delay.

"The young woman whom I have engaged (Louisa by name) is willing to wait your time; and her present mistress, taking an interest in her welfare, will provide for her during the interval. She understands that she is to enter on her new service in six weeks from the present date—namely, on the 25th of February next.

"Begging you will accept my respectful sympathy under the sad bereavement which has befallen the family,

"I remain, Honored Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"SOPHIA DRAKE."

THE SEVENTH SCENE.

ST. CRUX-IN-THE-MARSH.

CHAPTER I.

"THUS is where you are to sleep. Put yourself tidy, and then come down again to my room. The admiral has returned, and you will have to begin by waiting on him at dinner to-day."

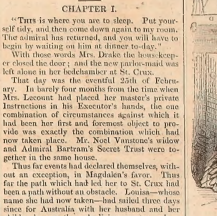
With these words MRS. Drake the house-keeper closed the door; and the new parlor-maid was left alone in her bedchamber at St. Crux.

That door was the eventful 25th of February. In barely four months from the time when MRS. Lecount had placed her master's private Instructions in his Executor's hands, the one combination of circumstances against which it had been her first and foremost object to provide was exactly the combination which had now taken place. MR. Noel Vanstone's widow and Admiral Bartram's Secret Trust were together in the same house.

Thus the events had declared themselves, without an exception, in Magdalen's favor. Thus far the path which had led her to St. Crux had been a path without an obstacle. Louisa—whose name she had now taken—had failed three days since for Monkhs with her husband and her child: she was the only living creature whom Magdalen had trusted with her secret, and she was at the extreme out of sight of the English land. The girl had been careful, reliable, and faithfully devoted to her mistress's interests to the last. She had passed the ordeal of her interview with the housekeeper, and had forgotten none of the instructions by which she had been prepared to meet it. She had herself proposed to turn the six weeks' delay, caused by the death in the admiral's family, to good account by continuing the all-important practice of those domestic lessons, on the perfect acquirement of which her mistress's daring stratagem depended for its success. Thanks to the time thus gained, the change of Louisa's name was over and the day of parting had come, Magdalen had learned and mastered, in the minute detail, every thing that her former servant could teach her. On the day when she passed the doors of St. Crux she entered on her desperate venture, strong in the ready presence of mind under emergencies which her later life had taught her—stronger still in the trained capacity that she possessed for the assumption of a character not her own—strongest of all in her two months' daily familiarity with the practical duties of the position which she had undertaken to fill.

As soon as MRS. Drake's departure had left her alone she unpacked her box and dressed herself for the evening.

She put on a lavender-colored stuff gown—had arranged her MRS. Girdlestone's ordered for all the servants under the admiral's instructions—a white muslin apron, and a neat white cap and collar with ribbon to match the gown. In this servant's costume—in the plain gown fastening high round her neck, in the neat little white cap at the back of her head—in this simple dress, to the eyes of all men, not linen-drapers, at once the most modest and the most alluring that a woman can wear, the sad changes which mental suffering had wrought in her beauty almost disappeared from view. In the evening costume of a lady, with her bosom uncovered, with her dark hair unveiled, rather than dressed, in unpliable silk—the admiral might have passed her by without notice in his own drawing-room.



BEECH AND CARRIER.

In the evening costume of a servant no admirer of beauty could have looked at her once and not have turned again to look at her for the second time.

Descending the stairs, on her way to the housekeeper's room, she passed by the entrances to two long stone corridors, with rows of doors opening on them; one corridor situated on the second and one on the first floor of the house. "Many rooms!" she thought, as she looked at the doors. "Weary work, searching here for what I have come to find!"

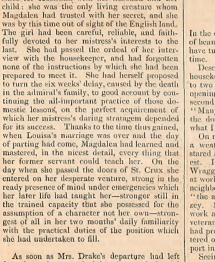
On reaching the ground-floor she was met by a weather-beaten old man, who stopped and stared at her with an appearance of great interest. He was the same old man whom Captain Wragge had seen in the back-yard at St. Crux at work on the model of a ship. All round the neighborhood he was known, far and wide, as "the admiral's coxswain." His name was Mazzey. Sixty years had written their story of hard work at sea and hard drinking on shore on the veteran's grim and wrinkled face. Sixty years had proved his fidelity, and had brought his battered old carcass, at the end of the voyage, into port in his master's house.

Seeing no one else of whom she could inquire, Magdalen requested the old man to show her the way that led to the housekeeper's room.

"I'll show you, my dear," said old Mazzey, speaking in the high and hollow voice peculiar to the deaf. "You're the new maid—eh? And a fine-grown girl, too! His honor the admiral likes a parlor-maid with a clean pair fore and aft. You'll do, my dear—you'll do."

"You must not mind what Mr. Mazzey says to you," remarked the housekeeper, opening her door, as the old sailor expressed his approval of Magdalen in these terms. "He is privileged to talk as he pleases; and he is very tiresome and shocking in his habits—but he means no harm."

With that apology for the veteran MRS. Drake led Magdalen first to the pantry, and next to the linen-room, installing her with all due formality in her own domestic dominions. This ceremony completed the new parlor-maid was taken up



"WEST AND BY NOATIE, YOUR HONOR."

stairs, and was shown the dining-room, which opened into a little corridor on the left hand. Here she was directed to lay the cloth, and to prepare the table for one person only, Mr. George Bartram not having returned with his uncle at St. Crux. Mrs. Drake's sharp eyes watched Magdalen attentively as she performed this introductory duty, and Mrs. Drake's private convictions, when the table was spread, forced her to acknowledge, so far, that the new servant thoroughly understood her work.

An hour later the soup-tureen was placed on the table, and Magdalen stood alone behind the admiral's empty chair, waiting her master's first suggestion of her when he entered the dining-room.

A large bell rang in the lower regions—quick, shambling footsteps pattered on the stone corridor outside—the door opened *suddenly*—and a tall, lean, gray-headed man, sharp as his eyes, shrewd as to his lips, fussily restless as to all his movements, entered the room, with two huge Labrador dogs at his heels, and took his seat at the table in a violent hurry. The dogs followed, and, placed themselves, with the utmost gravity and composure, one on each side of his chair. This was Admiral Bartram—and these were the companions of his solitary dinner.

"Ay! ay! ay! here's the new parlor-maid, to be sure!" he began, looking sharply, but not at all unkindly, at Magdalen. "What's your name, my good girl? Louisa, is it? I shall call you Lucy, if you don't mind. Take off the cover, my dear—I'm a minute or two late to-day. Don't be impatient to-morrow on that account; I am as regular as clock-work generally. Are you any the wiser for your journey? Did my spring-cart bump you about much in bringing you from Combo-Regis? Capital soup this—hot as fire—reminds me of the soup we used to have in the West Indies in the year Three. Here you are—your half-mourning on? Stand there and let me see. Ay, yes, very neat, and nice, and tidy. Mrs. Gridlestone's? Oh, my dear, dear, poor Mrs. Gridlestone! You're not afraid of dogs, are you, Lucy? Ah, I see you're not. Good dog! That's right! Always be kind to dumb animals. These two dogs dine with me every day, except when there's company. The dog on my left hand here is Bruiser, and the dog with the white nose is Cassius. Put you ever hear of the Roman Cassius were? Ancient Romans? That's right —good girl. Mind your book and your needle, and we'll get on like good husband and wife of these days. Take away the soup, my dear, take away the soup."

This was the man whose secret it was now the one interest of Magdalen's life to surprise! This was the man whose name had supplanted hers in Noel Vanstone's will!

The fish and the roast meat followed; and the admiral's table proceeded on—per the etiquette observed to the parlor-maid, and now dismissed to the dogs—as familiarly and as unceremoniously as ever. Magdalen observed, with some surprise, that the companions of the admiral's dinner had been received in a manner ranging from their master's plate. The two magnificent brutes sat squatted on their haunches, with their great heads over a chair, watching the progress of the meal with the profoundest attention, but apparently expecting no share in it. The roast meat was removed, the admiral's plate was changed, and Magdalen took the silver cover off the two small dishes on either side of the table. As she handed the first of the savory messes to her master the dogs suddenly exhibited a breathless personal interest in the proceedings. Bruiser gluttonously watered at the mouth; and the tongue of Cassius, disengaged in unutterable expectation, smoked again between his enormous jaws.

The admiral helped himself liberally from the dish, sent Magdalen to the side-table to get him some bread, and, when he thought he was well off him, furtively tumbled the whole contents of his plate into Bruiser's mouth. Cassius whined faintly as his fortunate companion received the savory mess at a gulp. "Hush! you fool," whispered the admiral. "Your turn next!"

Magdalen presented the second dish. Once more the old gentleman helped himself largely —once more he gave her away to the side-table —once more he tumbled the entire contents of the plate down the dog's throat, relieving Cassius this time. It became a confidential matter and an impartial man. When the next course followed—consisting of a plain pudding and an inchoherence "cream"—Magdalen's suspicion of the function of the dogs at the dinner-table was confirmed. While the master took the simple pudding the dogs swallowed the elaborate cream. The admiral was fairly tasked at offending his cook on the one hand, and offending his digestion on the other, and Bruiser and Cassius were the two trained companions who regularly helped him every day off the horns of his dilemma. "Very good? very good!" said the old gentleman, with the most transparent duplicity. "Tell the cook, my dear, a capital cream!"

Having placed the wine and dessert on the table, Magdalen was about to withdraw. Before she could leave the room her master called her back.

"Stop!" said the admiral. "You don't know the ways of the house yet, Lucy. Put another wine-glass here, at my right hand—the whisper was meant for my dear. I've got a third dog, who comes in at dessert—a drunken old fox-dog who has followed my fortunes afloat and ashore for fifty years and more. Yes, yes; that's the sort of glass we want. You're a good girl—you're a neat, handy girl. Steady, my dear! there's nothing to be frightened at!"

A sudden thump on the outside of the door, followed by low mingled barks from each of the dogs, had made Magdalen start. "Come in!" shouted the admiral. The door opened; the tails of Bruiser and Cassius cheerfully thumped the floor; and old Mr. Mazey marched straight up to the right-hand side of his master's chair. The veteran stood three inches over six feet high, and his balance carefully adjusted—as if the dining-room had been a cabin, and the house a ship, pitching in a sea-way.

The admiral filled the large glass with port, filled his own glass with claret, and raised it to his lips.

"God Bless the Queen, Mazey!" said the admiral.

"God bless the Queen, your honor," said old Mazey, swallowing his port, as the dogs swallowed the meat-dishes, at a gulp.

"How's the wind, Mazey?"

"West and by South, your honor."

"Any report to night, Mazey?"

"No report, your honor."

"Good-evening, Mazey."

"Good-evening, your honor."

The after-dinner ceremony was now completed, old Mazey marched back walked out of the room again. Bruiser and Cassius stretched themselves on the rug after their customary manner, and grunted in the lubricating heat of the fire. "For what we have received, the Lord make us truly thankful," said the admiral. "Go down stairs, my good girl, and get your supper. A light meal, Lucy, if you take my advice—a light meal or you will have the nightmare. Early to bed, my dear, and early to rise, makes a parlor-maid healthy and wealthy, and wise. That's the wisdom of your ancestors—you mustn't laugh at it. Good-night." In those words Magdalen was dismissed; and so her first day's experience of Admiral Bartram came to an end.

After breakfast, the next morning, the admiral's directions to the new parlor-maid included among their number the duty of waiting, in Magdalen's situation, it was especially her interest to receive. In case the old gentleman's nephew came home that day, on local business which took him to Ossory, she was directed to make herself responsible for showing the visitor into the study at the house, and to learn the position of the various rooms, so as to know where the bells called her when the bells rang. The day was to be charged with the duty of superintending the voyage of domestic discovery which Magdalen had, as yet, otherwise engaged—in which case any one of the inferior servants would be equally competent to act as Magdalen's deputy.

At noon the admiral left for Ossory, and Magdalen presented herself in Mrs. Drake's room to be shown over the house. Mrs. Drake appeared to be otherwise engaged, and referred her to the head housekeeper. The interview which happened on that particular morning to be in the same condition as Mrs. Drake, and referred her to the under-housekeeper. The under-housemaids declared that they were all behindhand, and had not a minute to spare—they suggested, not too civilly, that old Mazey was the only one on earth to do, and that he knew the house as well or better than the rats in it. Magdalen's temper took the hint with a secret indignation and contempt which it cost her a hard struggle to conceal. She had spoken to the old man once night, and she was certain now, that the women-servants all considered him as a privileged person among them, with the same sullen unanimity of distrust. Mrs. Drake, as she had seen for her self, was really engaged, and could not leave her accounts. But of all the servants under her who had made their excuses, not one had even attempted to be more civil than the rest. Further looks said plainly, "We don't like you, and we won't show you the house."

She found her way to old Mazey, not by the scanty directions given her, but by the sound of the veteran's loud and peculiar voice, singing, in some distant seclusion, a verse of the immortal sea-song of "Tom Bowling." It was also stopped among the rumbling stone passages on the basement story of the house, uncertain which way to turn next, by the same invisible old voice in the distance singing these lines:

"His form was of the manliest beau-ty-ute,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below Tom did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft,
But now he's go-o-one aloft!"

Magdalen followed in the direction of the quavering notes, and found Mazey in a little room looking out on the back-yard. There sat old Mazey, with his spectacles low on his nose, and his knotty old hands blundering over the rigging of his model ship. There were Brutus and Cassius, sitting on the floor, side by side, and snoring as if they thoroughly enjoyed it. There was Lord Nelson on one wall, in framing watercolors; and on the other wall, in a large portrait, of Admiral Bartram's last flag-ship in full sail on a sea of ink, with a salmon-colored sky to complete the illusion.

"What! they won't show you over the house, won't they?" said old Mazey, at first sight. Then that head housemaid's a sour one, my dear, if ever there was a sour one. You're too young and good-looking to please 'em—that's what you are. He rose, took off his spectacles, and feebly mended the fire. "Come, my dear, I'll show you the house," said old Mazey, considering Magdalen's figure in drowsy soliloquy. "I say she's as straight as a spunyar; and his honor the admiral dotes on her too! Come along, my dear," he proceeded, addressing himself to Magdalen again. "I'll show you your Pints of the Compass first. When you know your Fives, blow high, blow low, you'll find it plain sailing all over the house."

He led the way to the door, stopped, and suddenly bethinking himself of his miniature ship, went back to put his model away in an empty cupboard—led the way to the door again—and then once more went back to look at some of the rooms were chilly—and pottered about, swearing and grumbling, and looking for his hat. Magdalen sat down patiently to wait for him. She gratefully contrasted his treatment of her with the treatment she had received from the women. Resist it as firmly, despise it as proudly as we may, all studied unkindness—no matter how contemptible it may be—has a stinging power in it which reaches the elder Magdalen only knew how she had felt the small malice of the female servants in the office and in the rough kindness of the old sailor produced on her afterward. The dumb welcome of the dogs, whom the movements in the room had roused them from their sleep, touched her more acutely still. Brutus pushed his mighty muzzle compassionately into her hand, and Cassius laid his friendly fore-paw on her lap. Her heart yearned over the two creatures as she patted and caressed them. It seemed only yesterday since she and the dogs at Combo-Raven had roamed the sands together, and now they were the summer mornings luxuriously on the hearth-hem.

Old Mazey found his hat at last, and they started on their exploring expedition, with the dogs after them.

Leaving the basement story of the house, which was entirely devoted to the servants' offices, they ascended to the first floor, and entered the long corridor, with which Magdalen's first night's experience as she potted, had made her acquainted. "Put your back agin this wall," said old Mazey, pointing to the long wall—opposite to the one which was pierced with doors, and ran out over a court-yard and fish-pond—which formed the right-hand side of the corridor. Magdalen set her back against the wall. "Put your back here," said the veteran, "and look straight afore you. What do you see?" "The opposite wall of the passage," said Magdalen. "Ay? ay! what else?" "The doors leading into the rooms." "What else?" "I see nothing else." Old Mazey chuckled, winked, and shook his knotty fore-finger at Magdalen. "You've missed one of the Fints of the Compass, my dear. When you've got your back agin this wall, and look straight afore you, you've got the Nonthe. If you ever get lost hereaway, put your back agin the wall, look out straight afore you, and you'll find it. I look Nonthe." "I see, so that like a good girl, and you won't lose your bearings."

After administering this preliminary dose of instruction, old Mazey opened the first of the doors on the right-hand side of the passage. It led into the dining-room, with which Magdalen was already familiar. The second room was fitted up as a library, and the third as a morning-room. The fourth and fifth doors—both belonging to bedrooms—were next opened, and both locked—brought them to the end of the North wing of the house, and to the opening of the passage which, as we have placed at a right angle to the first. Here old Mazey, who had divided his time pretty equally, during the investigation of the rooms, between looking "afore or the admiral," and whistling to the dogs, reversed with all his previous expedition to the points of the compass, and gravely directed Magdalen to repeat the ceremony of putting her back against the wall. She proceeded to shorten the proceedings by declaring (quite correctly) that in her present position she had the East on her right hand. "Don't you talk about the East, my dear," said old Mazey, proceeding unmoved with his own system of instruction, "till you know the East first. Put your back agin this wall, and look straight afore you. What do you see?" The answer to the question proceeded as before. When the end was reached, Magdalen was commanded. He chuckled again, and winked at her once more. "Now you may talk about the East, my dear," said the veteran, "for you've got it right."

The East passage, after leading them on for a few yards only, terminated in a vestibule, with a high door in it, which closed them as they advanced. The door admitted them to a large and lofty apartment, separated like the rest from the apartments, with valuable cid-fashioned furniture. Leading the way across this room, Magdalen's companion opened the door at the further end, and disclosed the door of entrance. "Put your apron over your head," said old Mazey. "We're coming to the Bankering Hall now. The floor's mortal cold, and the damp sticks to the soles like cobbler's pitch to a cobler. His honor the admiral calls it the Arctic Passage. I've got my name for it too. I call it Freeze-your-Nose."

Magdalen passed through the door-way, and found herself in the ancient banqueting hall of St. Crux.

On her left hand she saw a row of lofty windows, with the corresponding doors, all concealing over a frontage of more than a hundred feet in length. On her right hand, ranged in one long row from end to end of the opposite wall, were a dismal collection of black begrimed old pictures, resting their backs against the ice-cold, naked wall, and presenting battle-scenes by sea and land. Below the pictures, midway down the length of the wall, were the remains of a fire-place, surmounted by a towering mantle-piece of black marble. The fire-place (which was of such enormous size that it might be called) visible far or near in the vast emptiness of the place, was a gaunt ancient tripod of rusty iron bars, which looked as lonely in the middle of the hall, and supporting a wide circular pan filled deep with ashes from an extinct charcoal fire. The high ceiling, once finely carved and gilt, was foul with dirt and cobwebs; the naked walls at either end of the room were stained with damp; and the cold of the marble floor struck through the narrow strip of matting laid down, parallel with the windows, as a footpath for passengers across the wilderness of the hall. The entire scene—from the dreary fire-place devised than the name which old Mazey had found. "Freeze - your - Bones" accurately described, in three words, the character of the room in St. Crux.

"Do you never light a fire in this dismal place?" asked Magdalen.

It all depends on which side of Freeze-your-Bones his honor the admiral lives," said old Mazey. "His honor likes to shift his quarters, sometimes to one side of the house, sometimes to the other. If he lives South of Freeze-your-Bones—which is where you've just come from—we don't waste our coals here. If he lives South of Freeze-your-Bones—which is where we are going to next—we light the fire in the grate and the dismals in the pan. Every night when we do that the damp gets the better of us; every morning we turn to again and get the better of the damp."

With this remarkable explanation old Mazey led the way to the lower end of the Hall, opened three doors, and showed Magdalen, through another suit of rooms, four in number, all of moderate size, and all furnished and kept in the same manner as the rooms in the northern wing. She looked out of the windows, and saw the neglected garden of St. Crux overgrown with brambles and weeds. Here and there, at no great distance in the grounds, the smoothly-growing line of one of the tidal streams belonging to the locality wound its way, gleaming in the sunlight, through gaps in the bramble-and-tree. The more distant view ranged over the flat eastward country beyond, speckled with its scattered little villages; crossed and bounded by its net-work of "back-waters;" and terminated abruptly by the long, gray, solitary line of sea which protects the defenceless coast of Essex from invasion by the sea.

"Have we any more rooms still to see?" asked Magdalen, turning from the view of the garden, and looking about her for another door.

"No more, my dear—we've turned here, and we may as well wear round and put back again," said old Mazey. "Unless you want to go to the house—due south of you as you stand now —which is all fumbling about our ears. You mustn't go out into the garden if you want to see it; it's built off from us by a brick bulk-head, further side of this wall here. The monks lived in that part of the way, my dear, hundreds afore his honor the admiral was born or thought of, and a fine time they had of it! Pray to God, They sang in the church all the morning, and drank grog in the orchard all the afternoon. They shot at the rabbits with the arch-bishop's bow; and they fattened on the neighborhood all the year round. Lucky beggars! lucky beggars!"

Apostrophizing the monks in these terms, and apparently thinking that he had said all he himself in those good old times, the veteran led the way back through the rooms. On the return passage across the Freeze-your-Bones Hall Magdalen preceded him. "She's as straight as a poplar," mumbled old Mazey to himself, lobbying along after his youthful companion, and seeing his venerable head in cordial approval. "I never was partial to a young lass before myself—but I always *did* like 'em straight and free-grown, and I always *shall* like 'em straight and free-grown to the day I die."

"Are there more rooms to see up stairs, or have we done?" asked Magdalen, when the old man had returned to the point from which they had started.

The naturally clear, distinct tones of her voice had hitherto reached the old sailor's imperfect sense of hearing easily enough. Rather to her surprise he made some stone-dead answer, to her last question.

"Are you aware of your Pints of the Compass?" he inquired. "If you're not sure, put your back agin the wall, and we'll go all over 'em again, my dear, hereaway with the dogs."

Magdalen assured him that she felt quite familiar by this time with all the points, the "Nonthe" included, and then repeated her question in louder tones. The veteran obstinately matched her, by becoming deafer than ever.

"Yes, my dear," he said; "you're right; it is chilly in these passages; and when I go back to my fire my flesh'll go out—won't it?" If you don't feel warm, you'll find it do the same when come in to me and I'll put you right again." He winked benevolently, whistled to the dogs, and hobbled off with them to his model ships—to pervert his own success in balking her curiosity on the subject of the second floor. "I know how to deal with 'em!" said old Mazey to himself, in high triumph. "Tall and short, native and foreign, sweet hearts and wives—I know how to deal with 'em!"

Left by herself, Magdalen exemplified the experience of the old sailor's wonderful memories. In her particular case, by ascending the stairs immediately, to make her own observations on the second floor. The result answered to her exactly similar—except that more doors opened in more bedchambers. The fear of being discovered opened the two nearest doors, one after another, at a venture, and discovered that both rooms were bedchambers. The fear of being discovered by one of the women-servants in a part of the house with which she had no concern warned her not to push her investigations on the bedroom floor too far at starting. She hurriedly walked down the corridor passage to see if order had been observed in the matter of the doors. Yes: they were all closed. Then she descended the stairs, and returned to the lower regions.

On her way back she noticed an object which had previously escaped her attention. It was a low trucle-bed, placed parallel with the wall, and close to one of the doors on the bedroom side. In spite of its strange and comfortless situation, the bed was evidently occupied at night by a sleeper: the sheets were on it, and the end of a thick red fisherman's cap peeped out from

under the pillow. She ventured on opening the door near which the bed was placed, and found herself, as she conjectured from certain signs and sounds, in the admiral's sleeping-chamber. A woman's observation of the room was all she dared risk, and softly closing the door again she returned to the kitchen regions.

The trucks-bed, and the strange position in which it was placed, dwelt on her mind all through the afternoon. Who could possibly sleep in it? The remembrance of the red fisherman's cap, and the knowledge she had already gained of Macey's dog-like fidelity to his master, helped her to guess that the old sailor might be the occupant of the truckle-bed. But why, with bedrooms enough and to spare, should he occupy that cold and comfortless situation at night? Why should he sleep on guard outside his master's door? Was there some nocturnal danger in the house of which the admiral was afraid? The question seemed absurd—and yet the position of the bed forced it irresistibly on her mind.

Situated by her own unpremeditated curiosity on this subject, Magdalen ventured to question the housekeeper. She learned nothing. Magdalen walked from end to end of the passage on the second floor, to see if it was as long as the passage on the first; and she ascertained having noticed with astonishment the position of the trucks-bed. Mrs. Drake showed not the slightest inquiry shortly and sharply. "I don't blame a young girl like you," said the old lady, "for being a little curious when she first comes into such a strange house as this. But remember, for the future, that your business does not lie in the bedroom story." Mr. Macey's room on the bed you noticed. It is his habit at night to sleep outside his master's door." With that meagre explanation Mrs. Drake's lips closed, and opened no more.

Later in the day Magdalen found an opportunity of applying to old Macey himself. She discovered the veteran in high good-humor, smoking his pipe and warming a tin mug of beer at his own snug fire.

"Mr. Macey," she asked boldly, "why do you put your bed in that cold passage?"

"What! you have been up stairs, you young jade, have you?" said old Macey, looking up from his mug with a leer.

Magdalen smiled and nodded. "Come! come! tell me," she said, coaxingly. "Why do you sleep outside the admiral's door?"

"Why do you part your hair in the middle, my dear?" asked old Macey, with another leer.

"I suppose because I am accustomed to do it," answered Magdalen.

"Ay? ay?" said the veteran. "That's why, is it? Well, my dear, the reason why I part my hair in the middle is the reason why I sleep outside the admiral's door. I knew how to deal with 'em!" chuckled old Macey, lapsing into soliloquy, and stirring up his ale in high triumph. "Tall and short, native and foreign, sweet-heart and wives—I knew how to deal with 'em!"

Magdalen's third and last attempt at solving the mystery of the truckle-bed was made while she was waiting on the admiral at dinner. The old gentleman's questions gave her an opportunity of referring to the subject without any appearance of presumption or curiosity. She proved to be quite as impenetrable, in his way, as old Macey and Mrs. Drake had been in theirs. "It doesn't concern you, my dear," said the admiral, bluntly. "Don't be curious. Look in your Old Testament when you go down stairs, and see what happened in the Garden of Eden through curiosity. Be a good girl, and don't imitate your mother Eve."

As Magdalen passed the end of the second-floor passage, late at night, proceeding alone on her way to her own room, she paused and listened. A screen was placed at the entrance of the corridor, so as to hide it from the view of persons passing up the stairs. The evening she heard on the other side of the screen encouraged her to think that it would be always a favorable time. Shading the light of her candle with her hand, she ventured close to the admiral's door, and saw to her surprise that the bed had been moved since she had seen it in the day time, so as to stand exactly across the door, and to bar the way entirely to any one who might attempt to enter the admiral's room. After this discovery, old Macey himself entering lustily, with the red fisherman's cap pulled down to his eyebrows, and the blankets drawn up to his nose, became the object of secondary importance only by comparison with his bed. That the veteran did actually sleep on guard before his master's door, and that he and the admiral and the housekeeper were in the secret of this unaccountable proceeding, was now beyond all doubt.

"A strange end"—thought Magdalen, pondering over her discovery as she stole up stairs to her own sleeping-room—"a strange end to a strange day!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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IDENTIFICATION OF INDIAN MURDERERS IN MINNESOTA BY A BOY SURVIVOR OF THE MASSACRE.—[SEE PAGE 807.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1862.

THE COST OF THE WAR.

THE Report of the Secretary of the Treasury at length places us in possession of the war bills which we have to pay. During the fiscal year ending on 30th June last, the war cost $437,042,976, or about $1,200,000 a day. During the fiscal year ending on 30th June next, it is estimated that the war will cost $829,537,333, or about 2¼ millions a day. During the fiscal year ending on 30th June, 1864, it is estimated that the war will cost $807,086,401—a trifle less than the cost during the previous year. But as the increased cost of the war during the current fiscal year includes the outfit of a million of armed men and the construction of a fleet of iron-clad vessels—expenses which it is to be hoped will not be repeated—there is reason to believe that the war bill in 1863–4—if the war lasts so long—will fall short of the Secretary's liberal estimate by a very large sum of money. Should we succeed in suppressing the rebellion by 1st July, 1863, the war will have cost the North in round figures $1,300,000,000, or about $60 per head of our total population. Should it last another year, the total cost may be increased to $100 a head. The debt of Great Britain amounts to about $154 per head of the British people: that of France to about $48 per head. We, in this country, are probably better able to pay $100 than the British $50 or the French $30.

To pay this war bill the nation has a revenue which Mr. Chase estimates at $223,000,000 for the year 1863–4; that is to say, as soon as the internal revenue Act goes fairly into operation. There are those who believe that the Secretary has underestimated the receipts from internal duties, and that they alone will amount to $225,000,000, swelling the aggregate income to $300,000,000. Assuming the official figures, however, to be accurate, they would give an annual tax of about $10\frac{50}{100}$ per head of our population—counting out the rebels and the slaves. The revenue of Great Britain ranges from $300,000,000 to $350,000,000, and will probably average $12\frac{25}{100}$ per head of the British people. The revenue of France may be set down at $350,000,000, and thus averages about $10 per head of the population. The revenue of Spain, which has a debt of less than $800,000,000, is about $60,000,000, say $4\frac{25}{100}$ of the population. It thus appears that in proportion to our debt our national revenue is larger than that of any of the other great nations, and consequently our credit and the price of our national securities should stand higher than theirs. It likewise appears that the burdens which will be laid upon our people by this war will be lighter than those which are borne by the people of England, who have no virgin soil and unoccupied land, and whose material prosperity has always been much less than ours.

On 1st December, 1862, the total debt of the United States—exclusive of bills unaudited and troops unpaid—amounted to $636,343,000, of which $222,932,000 consisted of legal tender notes, $79,789,000 of deposits on call, and $87,363,000 of certificates of indebtedness maturing in one year from date. The total amount of funded debt was only $143,750,000. It was Mr. Chase's hope, when he began to issue legal tender notes, that they would soon be funded into his 5.20 bonds. But the very convertibility of these bonds has checked their free circulation, and prevented their being funded. People have hoarded them, knowing that they could fund them at any time; and they have become scarce, just like the convertible treasury notes which were issued in the year 1814. It is evident that whatever amount of these convertible issues be floated people will not be in any hurry to fund them, and though the evils incident to such a policy—in the advance of prices and the disturbance of values—are inevitable, its benefits may never be realized.

The net deficit for the current year 1862–3 is set down in the Treasury Report at $200,000,000: the precise sum is $276,000,000, less $50,000,000 to be derived from bank issues, and $25,000,000 from temporary deposits. To raise this sum two plans are suggested. One, which emanates from Mr Chase, proposes the sale in open market of 7.30 notes, convertible into long bonds. The other, which is proposed by Mr. Stevens, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, contemplates the issue of $200,000,000 more treasury notes, coupled with the compulsory withdrawal from circulation of all bank-notes in excess of one half of the capital of the bank which issues them. When this issue of $200,000,000 is exhausted Mr. Stevens proposes to authorize Mr. Chase to sell long bonds bearing twenty years' interest, in the open market, at whatever he can get for them. It is not very likely that the project for "driving in" the redundant circulation of the banks will meet with much favor in Congress. Of all interests the bank interest is the most powerful, and it is pretty sure to command a party in Congress strong enough to defeat a measure which is aimed at its very existence. On the other hand, the speculative interest, which is likewise influential, and which has its adherents in Congress, is bent on obtaining further issues of paper at any cost to the nation at large. Between the two, the people at large, who are already suffering from the high prices caused by the issues of irredeemable paper, and whose interest is in favor of a return to legitimate financial methods, may not obtain a fair hearing. Mr. Chase may succeed in carrying his point against the speculators. But he will evidently have a close fight of it.

THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST.

WE have reason to believe that the highest military authorities at Washington are of opinion that within ninety days the valley of the Mississippi and the bulk of the cotton-growing regions of the South will be under the control of the forces of the United States. We know that General Hovey is at Grenada, and Generals Grant and Sherman not far behind him; that General M'Clernand with a very powerful military column, supported by a fleet of iron-clad gun-boats, is slowly descending the Mississippi to operate against Vicksburg, while the remainder of the loyal army of the Southwest is moving upon Jackson; and there is now no further use in concealing the probability that General Banks has gone to Mobile, where Farragut's fleet already awaits his arrival. These combined armies will constitute a force of fully 175,000 men, considerably more than can be opposed to them, and amply sufficient, in the opinion of competent military judges, to take and to hold the entire Mississippi Valley, including Mobile, Jackson, Little Rock, and both shores of the river from New Orleans to Cairo.

General Beauregard, in an intercepted dispatch which has been published in the papers, declared that the loss of the Mississippi Valley would be the ruin of the Confederacy. And he was right. The recovery of that tract of country, in the first place, bisects the Confederacy and cripples it as the ligature of the main artery would cripple an individual. It isolates Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas from the Atlantic States, deprives the former of arms and munitions of war, and the latter of beef and supplies. It gives us possession of cotton enough to revolutionize the manufacturing trade throughout the world, and stop the mouths of foreign enemies of the blockade. And, more important than all, it enables the Northwest to pour down the great river abundant supplies of food to the starving denizens of the lower Mississippi Valley, who are now kept in a state of unparalleled misery by the military despotism of Jeff Davis's lieutenants.

If our Generals succeed, by 1st March next, in reconquering the Mississippi Valley and holding it, the insurrection will then be confined to parts of Virginia and North Carolina, the uplands of South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, and the mountain districts of Tennessee. If Burnside and Rosecrans fulfill the expectations which people entertain respecting them, the rebels may not hold as much territory as this. But even if nothing substantial be achieved by the armies of the Potomac and the Ohio, the rebellion will still have shrunk, on 1st March, into such narrow proportions that it will baffle the ingenuity of even such pro-slavery partisans as Mr. Gladstone and Lord John Russell to find an excuse for its recognition.

What may be the condition of the slaves in the South on 1st March next no one can yet tell. Events are progressing very rapidly, and facts, incredible a year ago, are now undoubted. General Butler has a reliable brigade of black troops. General Brannan has several regiments of escaped slaves, who have fought valiantly in South Carolina. General Sherman—who commenced his career by offering to maintain slavery in South Carolina—now notifies his officers at Memphis that they must receive all fugitive slaves, feed, and set them to work on wages. General Butler compels the planters in the Lafourche district in Louisiana to pay their slaves regular wages. On New-Year's Day every slave in Secessia becomes entitled to claim that the United States protect him or her in the enjoyment of freedom. Whatever happens, it is pretty clear that the sun of the 1st March next will shine on a very different condition of society in the rebel States from that which existed on 1st March, 1862.

THE LOUNGER.

"WAYWARD" TALKING.

OUR wayward sisters, the rebels at the South, and their bottle-holders at the North, keep up a lively game. Here, for instance, is the wayward sister whose trump card is, "Let 'em go;" he has been kindly patting the Government upon the back, and saying, "There, you poor, miserable thing, you shall try to totter on a little longer, so you shall!" Sister Van Buren says: "So long as the Government goes on in strict conformity to the Constitution and the laws they will be allowed to linger out a sickly existence until the close of their official term; but the moment they overstep the Constitution, the moment they depart from well-ascertained principles of right, they resolve society into its original elements. They give notice to us, who have the physical force, not only that physical force resides with the governed, but that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God!" Loud cheers from Captain Rynders and Company.

This is "Conservative" speech-making, as at present practiced in the city of New York. This is the expression of a "sound public sentiment" and "returning reason." The Democratic party, it appears, as represented by Vallandigham, and not by Dickinson, Holt, Andy Johnson, and others somewhat known to fame, is the natural ruler of the country. But it has no national force whatever except as a bob to the tail of Slavery. Consequently, the Slave Interest is the natural supreme power of the land. By some absurd mistake it fell out of its place two years ago, but will not take it again by force unless the present holders of power violate the Constitution. That interest will determine what the Constitution is, and what is a violation of it: and when it happens to think that it is violated it will turn things upside down, and reorgenize them by physical force.

Conservatism of the wayward sister school as thus expounded is in its own terms this: The Democratic party, when Fernando Wood tells it that the Constitution is violated, is justified in rising against the Government.

Sister V. B. is so extremely wayward as to be generally thought a jester; but his words mean exactly that, if they mean any thing at all. Now he and all the rest of his school ought to understand that as that kind of "physical force," bluster and general plantation rhetoric, utterly broke down in Congress, and did not captivate the country, even when reinforced by the "physical force" of Brooks's bludgeon, so it breaks down contemptibly in the face of a civil war produced by its spirit. The "physical force" of the New York mob may be at the beck of Sister Wood or Sister Van Buren, or any other of the wayward family; but that of the country at large obeys the command of its Government.

The very core and pith of the war is the settlement of the question whether the Slave masters, with their obedient sisters at the North, *are* the natural supreme power of the country. We are fighting to determine whether our Government shall be administered to protect Slavery or to defend Liberty; whether Slavery may upset the Government by "physical force" to suit its own purpose, or whether it shall take its constitutional chances. All the vapors of all the wayward sisters in the land will not for a single moment confuse the national perception of this point.

Meanwhile let Sister V. B. continue in his own wayward manner to shake his valiant fist at the Government, and call upon the "physical force" to spurn and resist the blind and reckless despotism of the bloated old tyrant who dares to defile the house consecrated by the exalted memories of Buchanan. It is a pity, but the "physical force" does not hear. It is engaged in finishing another despot whose destruction will release a clever but wayward sister like Mr. Van Buren from the political necessity of talking such melancholy stuff as his recent speeches.

POLITICAL PREACHING.

WILL the Lounger, asks a friend, give us a short sermon upon Political Preaching? It seems that a worthy clergyman was urged to make some recognition of the fact that the country was rent with a fearful war for the most atrocious of objects, and he declined upon the ground that he would have no political preaching in his pulpit. There are a good many shallow-pates who, without the clergyman's real worth, will think that he made an exceedingly clever reply. Why, they ask, can't we have religion preached in church? The basest newspapers and the most dishonest politicians in the land clamor incessantly to have, as the eminent conservative Vallandigham says, Christ and not the nigger preached. The zeal of people who hold that Christianity is a vast religious justification of injustice, to have pure Christianity preached, is most edifying. The interest that Rynders and other conservative saints take in a pure gospel is touching and amazing. Let us see then what political preaching is.

A sermon is the application of the divine law to the condition and wants of a particular parish. The law is general; the object of preaching is to make it special. For instance, the law is to love our neighbor as ourselves. The preacher takes that text to apply to us, his congregation. How can he do it but by showing us who our neighbor is, what it is to love him, and how we can prove our love? To reiterate the text indefinitely is not to preach. To say that of course we ought to love our brethren, and that if we don't love them we are very naughty, and the bad place will get us in the end, is not preaching. But to say that as God made all men of one blood, and as Christ loved all equally, therefore every man of every country and race and condition is our brother, and is to be treated as we would be treated, that is evidently preaching. Or to repeat the law of love, and then to insist that love requires us to seize the weaker brother and shut him up and lash him freely and wear him out in seven years by making sugar, that also is preaching, for that is a practical application of the divine law.

But what is there political in all this? Because, in the first case, we have supposed a preacher advocates equal justice as the proof of neighborly love, and it happens that a political party is trying to do injustice by law, is it a political sermon? If a minister urged that the tariff on foreign books ought to be nine instead of ten per cent. upon their value, there would be some sense in complaining that he preached politics. But if he says that lying is a sin, and that we as a nation, and his hearers as part of it, have lied to the Indians and ought to be ashamed of themselves, and, if they don't repent and mend their ways, will be punished, he is doing exactly what he was ordained to do.

The friend who requested this sermon probably knows that the talk about political preaching proceeds from people whose party discipline requires the support of slavery, and who therefore insist that because politics have touched the subject it has ceased to be a moral question. Do they object to hear preaching against swearing, or lying, or thieving, or profaning the Sabbath day by reading novels? Oh no; that is legitimate preaching. But if old Rum Puncheon hears a clergyman denounce drunkenness and the makers of drunkards he rises, and thumps down the aisle, and bangs out at the door, and wishes that the parson wouldn't preach those d—d political sermons.

It is remarked that horses always spring if you touch them on the raw.

GENERAL BUTLER.

AMONG the men who have deserved well of the country during the last two years no one is more eminent than General Butler. One of the first citizens to march at the call of the Government, he was not rebuffed by delays, but carried his regiment to the nearest practicable point to Washington. While other generals and conflicting councils higgled and delayed about investing Baltimore, or reducing Baltimore, or parleying with Baltimore, General Butler quietly moved with two regiments and took Baltimore, so that we have held it fast ever since. Sent to Fort Monroe, he was, as chief in command, popularly held responsible for the disaster of Great Bethel; but that he was truly accountable for it has not yet clearly appeared. Later, in company with Stringham, he was heard of at Hatteras.

There followed a few months in which, under a kind of roving commission, he was engaged in collecting a great force. There were long and loud debates. The Governor of Massachusetts and the General differed. There were infinite delays. But at last his expedition sailed. It did not take with it unquestioning public confidence. The public was anxious to hear rather than sanguine. But when it did hear it heard the most striking and splendid news of the war—the capture of New Orleans by Farragut and Porter, and its occupation in concert by Butler.

From that moment he has held New Orleans like a nut in his hand. He has played no foolish and wicked game of olive branches and swords. He knew that he had his foot in the den of the most malignant enemies. There might be friends also; but his duty was by saving himself to save them. And he has ruled the city with a rod of iron. Any staff less stern would have snapped in his hand, and struck back fatally upon the country. He has been hated and abused by the enemy with a ferocity that showed how firm and faithful his hold upon them was. England and Europe have shrieked at his "inhumanity"—as old women squall when a policeman seizes a thief. He found an ordinance of the city which sent to the calaboose all loose women actively soliciting upon the street, and he put it in force against all women who could not contain their angry passions sufficiently to forbear from insulting and reviling loyal soldiers. Every other measure of his administration has shown the same comprehension, sagacity, and resolution. Neither consuls, nor foreigners, nor bankers, nor rich semi-traitors who wished to be "neutral," have for a moment confused his perception or delayed his action. His hand and his head have worked together promptly, vigorously, incisively. If every General who is equally loyal had been equally perceptive, rapid, and resolute, there would have been fewer dismal passages in our history. Had his system and spirit in managing New Orleans been those of the nation in dealing with the rebellion, its military importance would already have disappeared.

Theodore Winthrop was General Butler's aid and Military Secretary at Fort Monroe at the time he fell. Just before leaving upon the sad expedition to Great Bethel, he had been writing a paper upon the life there. In that he says: "When I arrived Fort Monroe and the neighborhood were occupied by two armies. 1st, General Butler's; 2d, About six thousand men here and at Newport News—making together more than twelve thousand men. Of the first army, consisting of the General, I will not speak. Let his past supreme services speak for him, as I doubt not the Future will."

The Future has spoken.

POPULAR AMUSEMENT.

How long the system of courses of miscellaneous Lyceum lectures would continue without change has always been a speculation among those who are interested in it. The number of additions to the corps of lecturers in the country is so slight, being usually made up of the last successful author, who is taken upon trial to determine if he sounds as well as he reads, that it was evident how strong was the tap-root of the system which fed upon much the same nourishment from year to year.

There are lately symptoms of some modification. The tendency is to combine the charm of dramatic with literary attraction, which is not essentially a new thing, but is newly developed here. Charles Matthews and Albert Smith were the extreme representatives of this style in London; and Edmond Yates and Harold Power, the latter the son of Tyrone Power, and the former, we believe, of the Edmund Yates who incensed Thackeray, are following Albert Smith with sketches of life in Australia. Mr. Glaisher, also, the aeronaut, is telling his story of balloon ascents "in a popular form." To the same general range, although of course, very different in itself, belongs Dickens's reading of his own works. This author takes his little book after dinner; puts it in his pocket; puts on his hat; walks a little way to the hall; emerges upon the platform before a most crowded and brilliant audience; reads to their rapturous delight for a couple of hours; rises and makes his bow; as he passes out is handed a little sum of seven or eight hundred, or a thousand dollars; walks home, takes

off his hat; puts on his slippers, and sits before his fire, his duty for that day and that evening happily accomplished.

In this country the earnestness of our feeling about the war does not affect this kind of entertainment. The lecture must be more than a lecture. The most popular of all our lecturers is Mr. Gough, whose discourses are dramatic monologues, but with the advantage of a special moral, which always pleases the American mind. The dramatic readings of Mr. Vandenhoff and of several ladies are received in lecture courses with the utmost favor; while Mr. De Cordova has established a series of winter evening entertainments which are really humorous lectures: "Mrs. Smith's Surprise Party," or "A Summer's Day at Long Branch," and with such success that his increasing audience has driven him from Clinton Hall to Niblo's Saloon.

In all these successes, however, two exceptional gifts are essential, dramatic power and popular humor. It seems easy enough for an author to read his own books aloud; but not to say that Mrs. Browning declares that true poets never read "their own verses to their worth," it is very clear that it is not the mere fact of Dickens the author reading Dickens the work which continues to attract and delight, but Dickens with incomparable dramatic power, giving body and color and wonderfully enhanced raciness to the printed outlines of his imaginative and humorous creations. Thackeray's stories read by Thackeray, unless from the manuscript, would be hardly better than our own private reading. Bulwer's would probably be a great deal worse: for to hear an ancient coxcomb sighing out slipslop sentimentality could not be very edifying.

Therefore all the writers of stories must not at once suppose that by putting on their hats and crossing the street with the little book under their arms they would necessarily find either the brilliant crowd in the hall or the pile of dollars at the door. It would be a good rule to remember, that when they can write like Dickens they can read like him. But every man who has the necessary gifts of dramatic humor and literary skill may be very sure that success awaits the proper application of his powers. The Lyceum is only another of the many avenues which are opened to ability of every kind. Like the Church, it is Catholic. It embraces cardinals in gold and beggars in rags. It welcomes actors and orators and readers, and why not singers? Why should not the Lyceum in every minor town (if there are any such in the country) make itself the *alma mater* of every thing that is excellent in this way?

A DEMOCRATIC COLONEL SPEAKING TO THE QUESTION.

THE Union Meeting in New Orleans is one of the most interesting events of the last few weeks, because, although it may be said that it is not difficult for a General to hold a meeting of any kind under the guns of his army, yet the remarks of the speakers have a peculiar significance coming from men who stand in a hostile region and with their lives in their hands. The orators in New Orleans were not in the least mealy-mouthed. They did not complain of the suppression of free speech because a man is not permitted to say that the war was caused by those upon whom war was made, and that the makers were in the right. They did not demand that every privilege shall be allowed in war which is a matter of course in peace. They did not say that they were willing to see the country ruined, and the government destroyed, and the hope of equal and progressive civil liberty smothered if the wayward sisters wanted it. On the contrary, the speakers were also soldiers who were there for the express purpose of preventing the wayward sisters from doing what they chose, and compelling them to submit to law.

What they did not say is the staple of all speeches at secession meetings in the North. But the secession orators at the North are not soldiers, except on condition that they may go as major-generals and leave when they wish—they are merely politicians struggling to revive a party by embarrassing the Government and helping rebellion. And as slavery is the strength of the insurrection, they are forever bawling that black men are inferior to white men—that the war is a conspiracy to bring black men to the North to take the bread out of white men's mouths; and they echo it, and re-echo it, for the purpose of securing slavery intact. "Would you like to marry your daughter to a negro?" demand these noble fellows. "Probably not," is doubtless the reply of the perceptive audience—"nor to you; nor to any mean, drunken, ignorant, degraded man of any nation or of any color. There is a choice in husbands."

But while this is the lofty and patriotic discourse of disunion orators here, the strain of Union orators in Dixie, who belonged lately to the same party organization, is significantly different. Colonel Deming, for instance, was late Democratic Mayor of Hartford in Connecticut. He is now the chief of a volunteer regiment from that State. He is noted as an orator, and he spoke at the New Orleans Union Meeting. Let us in the intervals of hearing the question whether we think black people as good as we are, and whether we are anxious for black sons-in-law, listen to what the Colonel is saying, in that brilliant house, to that enthusiastic crowd, and in the presence of General Butler, "Breckinridge democrat" of two years ago.

"The rebellion has not secured an augmented domain or everlasting prosperity to the institution of Slavery. On the contrary, as the only security for the existence of such a monstrous anomaly to the civilization of the age was in the compromises of the Constitution, so the only way in which the monster could be seriously imperiled was by their overthrow. *There is scarcely a prominent man in the New England division here but has spent the vigor of his manhood and sacrificed all his hopes of political advancement by vindicating the constitutional rights of the South upon this very Slavery question; but when you withdrew the thing we hated morally but defended politically, from beneath the wings of Constitutional compromise, and immediately placed it outside the Constitution, it absolved me and every other Northern Democrat from being any longer its apologist or defender.*"

Here are manliness, frankness, and common sense. And while the Administration may count upon such Democrats as Deming, Andy Johnson, Butler, and Holt, it will hardly be troubled by such as Vallandigham, Schnabel, and Saulsbury.

RETALIATION.

IN a letter to a hesitating friend last week we spoke of the execution of the ten rebels by M'Neil as if it were a justifiable severity. But the illustration was not well chosen, for the whole affair was between banditti. There are two bands, apparently like the Skinners and Cowboys in the Revolution, who are really lawless marauders in Missouri, and M'Neil is not a military officer of the United States. The rebel Porter, who is the head of the opposing band, but whether with a formal commission from the rebel chiefs at Richmond does not appear. Porter was believed to have caused the disappearance of Allsman, a Union man. Some of his banditti, who were concerned in the affair, fell into M'Neil's hands. He demanded Allsman of Porter, under the threat that if he were not presently given up ten of Porter's band should be shot. The man was not surrendered, and M'Neil kept his word.

For this proceeding Davis orders that the first ten officers who fall into the hands of the rebel commander in that region shall be put to death. It is a retaliation upon the Government for an unauthorized act of an irresponsible partisan leader. Should it be effected it will not make an easier reckoning for the rebels. That it will be effected, we have no right to doubt; for the rebels are certainly in earnest, and are not afraid of making war inhumanly.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SURE to HARROW UP THE SOLE.—Peg-ends inside one's boots.

To be called a fool is bad enough; but a stutterer makes the thing worse by calling you a foo-foo-fool.

Every rose has its thorn. We never helped to shawl the Rose of a ball-room without being convinced, by painful evidence, that she had a pin about her.

The poet whose soul was "wrapped in gloom" had the wrapper taken off lately. He is doing as well as could be expected.

A man has got so deep in debt that not one of his creditors has been able to see him for months.

What is the best kind of shooting in winter?—To have coals shot into your cellar.

A remarkable case of conscience was lately developed in a proceeding before a French court. A man was before the court on a charge of stealing some candles, and the prosecutor was examining witnesses who had bought from him. One of them said, "Though he suspected the candles had been stolen, he bought a sou's worth, but that, in order not to encourage robbery, he had paid for them with a bad sou."

Nearly every evil has its compensation. If a man has but one foot he never treads on his own toes.

The world doesn't know a fool's infirmities half so well as a wise man knows his own.

"One might have heard a pin fall," is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase, "You might have heard the unfolding of a lady's pocket handkerchief."

GROUND RENTS.—The chasms left by an earthquake.

When prosperity was well mounted she let go the bridle, and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.

It is a paradox that loose habits generally stick tighter to a man than any other kind.

A patient is undoubtedly in a bad way when his disease is acute and his doctor isn't.

It is easy to say grace, but not half so easy to possess it.

A CRYING EVIL.—The Sunday news-boy.

Why is a field of grass like a person older than yourself? —Because it is *past-ur-age*.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Wednesday, December 3, in the Senate, the standing committee were appointed. An inquiry was ordered into the expediency of indemnifying citizens of Minnesota for losses by the Indian outbreak. On motion of Senator Sumner, a call was made on the Secretary of War for information relative to the seizure and sale of free blacks by the rebels, and what steps have been taken in the matter. Senator Hale gave notice of a bill repealing the act passed in July last, establishing and equalizing the grades of naval officers. The Senate then went into executive session, and afterward adjourned.——In the House, a motion was adopted directing a pretty thorough overhauling of the accounts of the Agricultural Department.

On Thursday, th, in the Senate, Senator Clark offered a joint resolution, which was laid over, approving of the policy of the President's emancipation proclamation. A bill repealing the act establishing and equalizing the grade of naval officers was introduced and appropriately referred.——In the House, Mr. Stevens offered resolutions declaring that the Union must be and remain one and indivisible forever, and denouncing as guilty of high crime any executive or legislative department that shall propose or advise any acceptance of peace on any other basis than the integrity and entire unity of the United States as they existed at the time the rebellion commenced. The 16th was, on motion of Mr. Stevens, assigned for the consideration of this subject. Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, offered a resolution directing inquiry respecting the Military Governor of the District of Columbia—under what law he derives his power, his compensation, the expenses of his office, and whether he has obstructed the civil tribunals in the administration of justice. A motion to lay the subject on the table was adopted by a vote of eighty-five against forty-six. A resolution abolishing the West Point Military Academy and aiding in the establishment of military schools in the States was rejected by a decisive vote.

On Friday, 5th, in the Senate, the House bill requiring payments in gold and silver for all judgments recovered by the United States was referred to the Finance Committee. The resolution calling for all documents relating to the operations of the Army of the Potomac and the surrender of Harper's Ferry was adopted. Senator Powell's resolution respecting the illegal arrest of citizens of Kentucky was adopted. A bill repealing the provision of law limiting the number of major-generals was reported and referred, as was also a bill concerning appointments in the navy. A resolution calling on the President for all the information in his possession touching the Indian outbreak in Minnesota was agreed to. An executive session was held, and afterward the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Stevens introduced a bill indemnifying and protecting the President and other public officers from arrest, imprisonment, and other consequences growing out of the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus. Owing to a slight informality Mr. Stevens withdrew the bill for the present. Mr. Morrill offered a resolution declaring "that at no time since the existence of the rebellion have the forces and material in the hands of the Executive of the Government been so ample to and abundant for the speedy termination of the war as at the present moment; and that it is the duty of all loyal American citizens, regardless of minor differences of opinion, and especially is it the duty of every officer and soldier, and of those in every branch of the Government, including the legislative, cordially to strike the assassins at once who have conspired to destroy our existence, prosperity, and freedom, of which we are justly proud at home and abroad, and which we stand pledged to perpetuate forever." This was adopted, but one member voting in the negative. An inquiry into the causes of the Indian outbreak in the Northwest was ordered, and a call was made for all correspondence on the present condition of Mexican affairs. Mr. Allen, of Illinois, asked, but failed to obtain leave, to offer a resolution instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the alleged right of the Federal Government to set at defiance the Constitution, laws, and sentiments of the people of Illinois, in importing negroes into that State, and to consider what action is necessary to bring about the deportation of said negroes. Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, 8th, in the Senate, the Bankrupt bill was taken up and made the special order for Thursday, the 18th inst. The House bill requiring payment in gold and silver for satisfaction of judgments in certain suits brought by the United States was passed. A bill providing for the development of the mineral resources of the public domain was introduced by Senator Latham, and referred. Resolutions calling on the Secretary of War for the number of Major and Brigadier Generals in the service, and where and how they are employed, also the number and rank of aids-de-camp, were adopted. Senator Saulsbury called up the resolution relating to arrests in Delaware, but objection was made to its consideration, and after some conversation the subject was dropped. Senator Davis introduced a joint resolution proposing amendments to the Constitution in reference to the mode of electing the President and Vice-President.——In the House, the Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means introduced a new financial plan for the Government. It provides for the redemption and cancelation of the 5.20 and 7.30 bonds, the redemption of the temporary deposits, and an issue of $1,000,000,000 bonds and $500,000,000 legal tender notes. It also assesses a heavy tax on bank circulation. The Bankrupt bill was made the special order for the 18th inst. The Standing Committees were announced. Mr. Stevens introduced a bill to indemnify the President and other persons for suspending the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* and for all acts done in pursuance thereof, and after some manœuvring the previous question was ordered, and the bill passed by a vote of 90 against 45. Mr. Van Wyck introduced a bill to provide for the immediate payment of clothing lost in service by soldiers of the United States army; also a bill increasing the pay of privates, non-commissioned officers, and musicians. Both bills were referred to the Committee on Military Affairs. Mr. Wickliffe introduced a bill for the protection and relief of persons in loyal States whose property has been seized or stolen by United States officers. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee. On motion of Mr. M'Knight the Committee of Ways and Means was instructed to inquire into the expediency of modifying the Tax law so as to dispense with the tax on advertisements.

On Tuesday, 9th, in the Senate, a communication was received from the Secretary of War, in answer to a resolution calling for information in relation to the alleged sale of free negroes captured by the rebels, in which he states that the War Department has no information in regard to the subject in its possession. The resolutions calling for information relative to the arbitrary arrest of citizens of Delaware were taken up and discussed at considerable length; but the Senate adjourned without taking final action on the subject.——In the House, the morning hour was devoted to the consideration of the Senate bill for the admission of Western Virginia into the Union as a State. The special order, a bill authorizing collectors and assessors of taxes to administer oaths, was taken up and passed. The debate on the question of the admission of Western Virginia into the Union was then resumed, and continued until the adjournment.

WINCHESTER REOCCUPIED.

General Geary marched upon Winchester on the 3d inst. and demanded its surrender, which was complied with, the people exhibiting many signs of joy at his arrival. His command consisted of 3300 chosen infantry from all the regiments in his division, two sections of artillery from Knapp's battery, two from M'Gilery's battery, and two from Hampton's battery, making altogether twelve guns, and fifty cavalry of the First Maryland.

GENERAL GRANT AT ABBEVILLE.

General Grant telegraphs from Abbeville, Mississippi, to General Halleck that his troops are in possession of that place. The rebels abandoned their fortifications there on the 2d inst., destroying all the stores they could not carry. The streams were so high that only a portion of our cavalry could cross by swimming; but the enemy was pursued to Oxford, where, after a skirmish of two hours, sixty of their number were captured. General Grant says that the roads are too bad to get supplies for a long chase.

THE PURSUIT.

Dispatches from Cairo state that the main body of the rebel army passed through Oxford, Mississippi, forty thousand strong, going South, on 3d, under command of General Jackson (of the West). His rear-guard had a skirmish next morning with a portion of the Union forces near Oxford, the result of which is not stated. Another dispatch from Chicago says that intelligence was received from Oxford, dated the 7th, to the effect that a two hours' fight had taken place on 5th, near Coffeeville, between the Union cavalry under Colonel Dickey, and a rebel force of five thousand infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Our troops lost five killed, fifty wounded, and sixty missing. The rebels, it is said, lost three hundred killed and wounded.

GENERAL HOVEY AT HELENA.

General Hovey's expedition, twenty thousand strong, which left Helena, Arkansas, some days ago, landed at Friar's Point, fifteen or twenty miles below, marched to Grenada, Mississippi, and took possession of that place on 1st. A large number of the citizens fled on the approach of our troops. The proprietor of the *Appeal* had to make another skedaddle. He has now fled to Marietta, Georgia, with his paper.

DISASTER IN TENNESSEE.

At Hartsville, Tennessee, on December 6, the rebel guerrilla Morgan made an attack upon the brigade commanded by General Moore at that place, which consisted of the 104th Illinois, Colonel Moore commanding brigade; 106th Ohio, Colonel Lafel; 108th Ohio, Colonel Limberg; Nicklen's battery, and a small detachment of the 2d Indiana cavalry. After fighting an hour and a quarter our forces surrendered, and the enemy burned our camp, capturing nearly all the brigade, train, and teams, and burning what they could not carry away. Two guns of Nicklen's battery were also captured. Our loss was between 50 and 60 killed and wounded, who were left on the field. The rebel loss is not reported. Morgan's force consisted of three regiments of cavalry and two of infantry. It was said that Morgan made another attack upon General Fry's position at Gallatin the same afternoon, but met with a serious repulse. General Fry was speedily reinforced, and pursued the enemy. It would appear that in the attack at Hartsville some of our troops behaved badly, while others fought gallantly to the last.

DESPERATE BATTLE IN ARKANSAS.

A desperate fight and a brilliant victory for the Union forces occurred in Arkansas on 7th. While General Herron, with a force of about seven thousand men was hastening to reinforce General Blunt, at Cane Hill, the enemy, twenty-four thousand strong, in four divisions, under Generals Parsons, Marmaduke, Frost, and Rains, all commanded by General Hindman, having flanked General Blunt's position, made a desperate attack on General Herron, at Crawford's Prairie, to prevent his junction with Blunt. Herron fought them gallantly with his Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Indiana troops, from ten o'clock in the morning until dark, keeping them at bay and driving them from two strong positions with his artillery during the day. The 20th Wisconsin captured a rebel battery; but were forced, by the fire of the enemy, to abandon it. The 19th Iowa took the same battery, but were also obliged to surrender it. Affairs were going hard with our troops. At four o'clock in the afternoon, however, General Blunt arrived in the enemy's rear, with five thousand men, and fell upon them. The fight then became one of desperation. Though superior in numbers, and maintaining their ground throughout the day, the rebels, now between two hostile forces, made fierce efforts to capture the batteries which General Blunt brought to bear upon them, but without success. They could not extricate themselves from the difficulty, and were repulsed with great slaughter. At nine o'clock, when darkness fell upon the scene of battle, they were flying over the Boston mountains in confusion, and our victorious army held the whole field. Our loss was six hundred killed and wounded. The rebels admit the loss of fifteen hundred, including several field officers.

THE TREASURY REPORT.

The following are the estimates of the Secretary of the Treasury;

Year ending June 30, 1862.

RECEIPTS.

From Balance in Treasury		$2,257,065 80
From Customs, Lands, and Miscellaneous Sources		50,140,389 03
From Direct Tax		1,795,331 73
From Loans. (The entire amount of Loans of all kinds was $529,692,460 50; from this should be deducted $96,096-922 09, devoted to the repayment of temporary loans, and the redemption of Treasury Notes, etc.) This sum properly forming no part of Receipts or Expenditures, the total Receipts from Loans were		433,595,538 71
Total Receipts		$487,788,324 97

EXPENDITURES.

For Civil List, etc.....	$21,408,491 16	
For Pensions and Indians	3,102,985 50	
For Interest on Public Debt	13,190,324 45	
For War Department..	394,368,407 36	
For Navy Department.	42,674,569 69	
Total Expenditures		$474,744,778 16
Leaving Balance in Treasury July 1, 1862		$13,043,546 81

Year ending June 30, 1863, the Receipts for the last Three Quarters being Estimated.

RECEIPTS.

From Balance in Treasury	$13,043,546 81
From Customs, Lands, etc.	70,874,777 07
From Direct Tax	11,621,717 99
From Internal Duties	85,456,303 73
Total Receipts	$180,496,846 60

EXPENDITURES.

For Civil List, etc.	$32,811,543 23	
For Interior Department	5,982,906 43	
For War Department..	747,359,823 98	
For Navy Department.	82,177,510 77	
For Interest on Public Debt	25,014,532 07	
Total, besides Public Debt	$893,346,321 48	
Deduct sum estimated to be undrawn......	200,000,000 00	
Total expense for Government and the War	$693,346,321 48	
Add payments of Public Debt which will become due.........	95,212,456 14	
Total Expenditures for the year.		$788,558,777 62
Excess of Expenditures over direct Income..................		$608,063,432 02
From Loans have been received up to Nov. 30, and applied to the expenses of the Year.	$200,129,717 01	
The estimated additional Receipts from sources under existing laws are	131,021,197 85	
Total estimated Receipts from all sources		$331,150,914 36
Showing a total Deficiency of ..		$276,912,517 66

Year Ending June 30, 1864 (Estimated).

RECEIPTS.

From Customs	$70,000,000 00
From Lands	25,000 00
From Miscellaneous Sources	3,000,000 00
From Internal Duties	150,000,000 00
Aggregate	$223,025,000 00

EXPENDITURES.

Balance of former appropriations estimated to be unexpended July 1, 1863	$200,000,000 00
For Civil Service, etc................	25,091,510 03
For Interior Department	10,846,577 01
For the War Department	738,829,146 80
For the Navy Department............	68,257,255 01
For Interest on Public Debt	33,513,890 50
Principal on Public Debt..............	19,384,804 16
Total........................	$1,095,413,183 56
Of this amount of $1,095,413,183 56 it is estimated that there will remain undrawn on the 30th of June, 1864, the sum of	250,000,000 00
Aggregate for the year.........	$845,413,183 56
The estimated Receipts, as before stated, for that year are placed at..........	223,025,000 00
Leaving to be provided for by Loans the sum of..........................	$622,388,183 56

Mr. Chase recommends that the deficiency for the current year be raised by loans, and that no more legal tender notes be issued.

A COTTON CURRENCY.

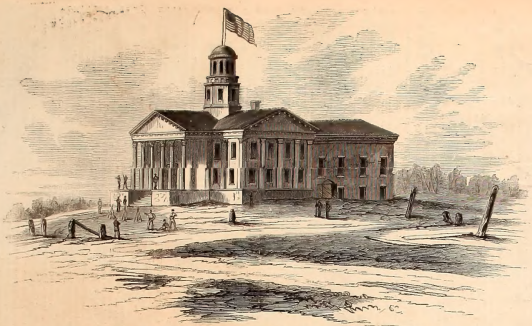
General W. T. Sherman, who is the military commander at Memphis, recommends that, instead of shinplasters—which the Common Council of that city proposes to issue —five, ten, twenty-five, and fifty cent packages of raw cotton be done up and passed as currency—the cotton to be of the standard value of half a dollar a pound.

NORFOLK TO ELECT A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

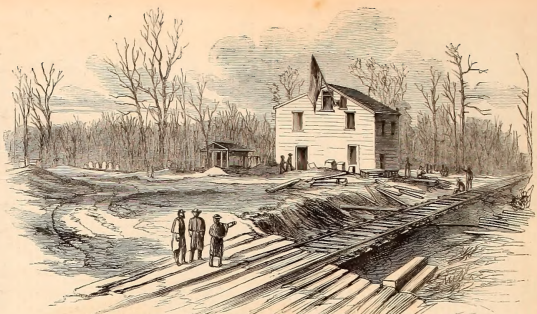
From Fortress Monroe we learn that General Viele has issued a proclamation as Military Governor of Norfolk and a writ of election for another member of Congress from Southeastern Virginia, comprising in the district the city of Norfolk, together with the counties of Princess Anne, Nansemond, Isle of Wight, and the city of Portsmouth. It is supposed that the people will eagerly accede to the proclamation, and elect a member, for the sake of preserving their slave property from the effects of the emancipation proclamation of the President, as the Hon. Mr. Segar, who was previously elected for another district, is believed to have secured his constituents from the operations of that proclamation.

ARREST OF A UNITED STATES MARSHAL.

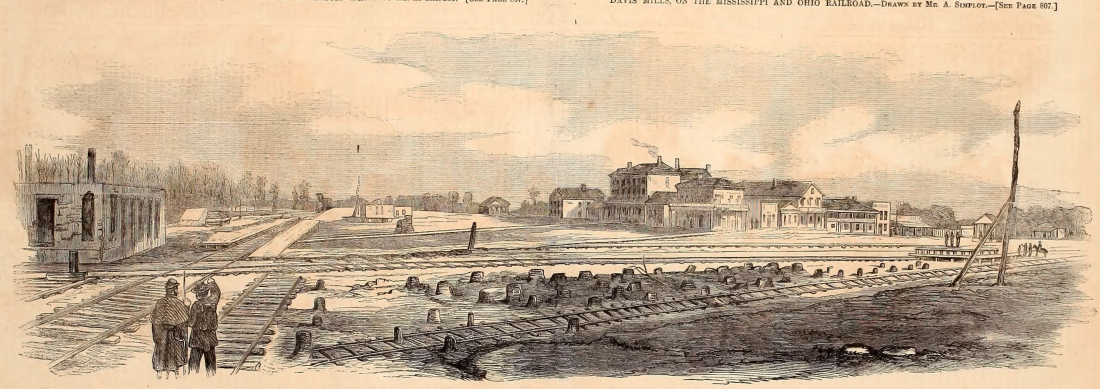
The Grand Jury of Hunterdon county, New Jersey, have indicted a Deputy United States Marshal and other parties, for the arrest, without process of law, of Messrs. Wright & Kugler on a charge of interfering with enlistments. The Marshal has accordingly been arrested. It is said that the United States District Attorney authorized the arrests of these gentlemen.



SEMINARY AT LA GRANGE, TENNESSEE, NOW USED AS A PRISON.—DRAWN BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 807.]



DAVIS MILLS, ON THE MISSISSIPPI AND OHIO RAILROAD.—DRAWN BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 807.]



GRAND JUNCTION (TENNESSEE) OF THE MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON AND MISSISSIPPI AND OHIO RAILROADS.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 807.]



BELLE PLAINS, ON THE POTOMAC—BURNSIDE'S PRINCIPAL COMMISSARY DEPOT.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 807.]

DECEMBER.

The snow, thick fallen in the silent night,
Hath taken every branch, and every leaf
Enrage with its dazzling weight. The fragile birch,
Its throaty branches thickened with its load,
Strangely contrasts with yonder cedars,
That bends beneath the agglomerated mass
Resting upon its leaves. The towering pines,
Its withered tassels hanging in the sky,
Surmounts the wondrous scene. Each shrub and tree
Stands out in strangest individuality
Beneath its snowy pall. While blackly limps
Beneath the snowy pall, while blackly limps
Mark the bared evergreens, slim throaty lines!
The bloom and color. Seasonably grotesque
Looks the giant cedar, a huge starry figure
Glittering on every horizontal bough.
Like a colossal Indian, cut in stone
By some bold master-hand. The glistening hem
Is scarcely marked by footprint of a bird.
The hidden garden path hath not a stain;
Each flower hath its covered of snow
And not a thing so vulgar or so mean
But does as emblem take. Tree, shrub, and flower
Stand in white livery out upon the eye,
Like some bright dream. The small and feather chime
A sameness of tone seems to fill; the scene
Seems subdued and collapsed, and nearer drawn
The cozy fire-side circle, than in days
As with a spell, a strangely silent world.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "BASIL," ETC. ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

Printed from the Manuscript and early Proofs purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER II.

The first week passed, the second week passed, and Magdalen was, to all appearance, no nearer to the discovery of the Secret Trust than on the day on which she first entered as her servant at St. Crux.

But the forlorn, uneventful thought it was, had not been a forthright lost. Experience had already satisfied her on one important point—experience had shown that she could not be trusted distrust of the other servants safely at defiance. Time had ascertained the women of the household in the house, without shaking the vague conviction, which possessed them all alike, that the mistress was not one of them. Gradually All that Magdalen could do in her own defense was to keep the instinctive female suspicion of her confined to those proper and common limits which it had occupied from the first, and this she scrupulously did. Day after day she closely watched her with the untiring vigilance of malice and distrust, and day after day not the vestige of a discovery rewarded them for their pains. Silently, intelligently, and industriously, with an unconscious appearance of being under no other place, the new parlor-maid did her work. Her only intervals of rest and relaxation were the intervals passed occasionally, in the early day, with old Mazey and the dogs, and the precious interval of the night, during which she was secure from observation in the solitude of her room. Gratitude to the superfluity of bedchambers at St. Crux, each one of the servants had the choice, if she pleased, of sleeping in a room of her own. Alone in the night, Magdalen might dare to be herself again—might throw off the part, and wake from the dream, encountering no curious eyes to notice that she was in tears—might ponder over the future, and be roused by no whispering in corners, which tainted her with the suspicion of having something on her mind.

Satisfied, thus far, of the perfect security of her position in the house, she spent next by a second scheme in her favor, which—before the fortnight was at an end—relieved her mind of all doubt on the formidable subject of Mrs. Lecount.

Early after the accidental gossip by the women at the table in the servants' hall—gathered from a marked paragraph in a Swiss newspaper which she had found one morning lying idle on the admiral's easy-chair—she gained the welcome assurance that no danger was to be dreaded this time from the housekeeper's knowledge of the scene. Mrs. Lecount had, as it appeared, passed a week at the Hague, on the first visit to her master's death, and had then left England to live on the interest of her legacy, in honorable and prosperous retirement in her native place. The paragraph in the Swiss newspaper described the fulfillment of this laudable project. Mrs. Lecount had not only established herself at Zurich, but (wisely mindful of the uncertainty of life) had also settled the disposal of her estates to which her fortune was to be applied after her death. One half of it was to go to the founding of a "Lecount Scholarship" for the students in the University of Geneva. The other half was to be employed by the municipal authorities of Zurich in the maintenance and education of a certain number of orphan girls, natives of the city, who were to be taught the domestic service in later life. The Swiss journalist adverted to these philanthropic bequests in terms of extravagant eulogy, and concluded by congratulating on the possession of a Paragon of public virtues a man, William Dell, on the ancient of benefactor to Switzerland, was compared disadvantageously with Mrs. Lecount.

The third week began, and Magdalen was now at liberty to take her first step forward on the way to the discovery of the Secret Trust.

She ascertained from old Mazey that it was

his master's custom, during the winter and spring months, to occupy the rooms in the west wing; and during the summer and autumn to cross the Arctic passage of "Freeze-your-Bones," and live in the eastward apartments which looked out on the garden. While the Banqueting Hall remained—owing to the admiral's tasteless penurious resources—in its damp and dismantled state, and while the interior of St. Crux was thus comfortably divided into two separate residences, no more convenient arrangement than this could well have been devised. Key and Bolt (as Magdalen understood from her informant) there were days both in winter and summer when the admiral became anxious about the condition of the rooms which he was not occupying at the time, and when he insisted on the presence of the fire and the furniture, the pictures, and the books with his own eyes. On these occasions—in summer as in winter—a blazing fire was kindled for some days previously in the large grate, and the charcoal was lit in the iron stoves in the Banqueting Hall as warm as circumstances would admit. As soon as the old gentleman's anxieties were set at rest the rooms were shut up again: and "Freeze-your-Bones" was once more abandoned for weeks and weeks together to the dogs, damp rats, and decay. The last of these temporary migrations had taken place only a few days since: the admiral had satisfied himself that the rooms in the east wing were none the worse for the absence of their master—and he might now be safely reckoned on as secure, for a long spring for weeks, and perhaps, if the season was cold, for months to come.

Trifling as they might be in themselves, these particulars were of serious importance to Magdalen, for they helped her to the limits of the field of search. Assuming that the admiral was likely to keep all his important documents within easy reach of his own eyes, Magdalen now feel certain that the Secret Trust was secured in one or other of the rooms in the north wing.

In which room? That question was not easy to answer.

Of the four inhabitable rooms which were all the admiral's disposal during the time of year—to say, of library, dining-room, the library, the morning-room, and the drawing-room opening out of the vestibule—the library was unquestionably the apartment in which, if he had a preference, he passed the greater part of his time. There was a table in that room with a drawer which locked; there was a magnificent Italian cabinet, with doors that locked, standing in a recess opposite under the book-cases, every one of which locked. There were receptacles similarly secured in the other rooms, in all or any of which papers might be kept. She had answered the bell, and had seen him locking and unlocking, now in one room, now in another—and he had always been alone. She had noticed occasionally that his expression was that of a man absorbed in what he looked round at her from an open cabinet or cupboard and gave his orders; and she inferred that something in the nature of his private and possession—it might or might not be the Secret Trust—implied some reference to the room where he had heard him, more than once, lock something up in one of the rooms—leave out and go into another. Not more than a few minutes—then return to the first room, with his key in his hand—and sharply turn the key, and use them again. Such trifling matters say about his keys and his cupboards might be the result of the old man's easy existence, and his constant habit of locking up and opening new to the experience of his later years. But there were other interpretations possible of his conduct as reasonably and as probably as the other. Which was the right interpretation of the two, it was, in the present state of her knowledge, idle to say.

The one certain discovery at which she arrived was made in her first day's observation of him. The admiral was a rigidly careful man in his habits.

All the smaller keys he kept on a ring in the breast-pocket of his coat. The larger he locked up together, generally, in a drawer, in one of the drawers of the library table. Sometimes he let them remain in the locks of doors; sometimes he took them up to the bedroom with him in a little basket. He had no regular times for leaving them or for taking them away with him: he had no discoverable reason for now securing them in the library and now in another, and now again locking them up in some other place. The unsteady willfulness and caprice of his proceedings in these particulars appeared to baffle all reduce them to a system, and baffled all attempts at calculating on them beforehand.

The hope of gaining possession of information to set on, by laying artful snares for him which he might fall into, was, therefore, one which was not, to be utterly futile. In Magdalen's situation all experiments of this sort would have been at the last degree perilous and dangerous in any man. With the admiral they were simply impossible. His tendency was to shout from one subject to another; his habit of keeping his tongue perpetually going, so long as there was any body, no matter whom, within reach of the sound of his voice; his comical want of all dignity and reserve with his servants promised, in appearance, much, and performed, in reality, nothing. No matter how diffidently or how especially Magdalen might presume on her master's example, and on her master's evident liking for her, the old man instantly discovered the advance she was making from her proper position, and instantly put her back in it again, with a quaint good-humor which inflicted no pain, but with a blunt straightforwardness of purpose which permitted no escape. Contradictory as it may sound, Admiral Bartram was too familiar to be approached; he kept the distance between himself and his servant more effectually than if he had been the proudest man in England. The systematic reserve of a superior toward an inferior may be occasionally overcome by the systematic familiarity, never.

Slowly the time dragged on. The fourth week came, and Magdalen had made no new discoveries. The prospect was now despairing in the last degree. Even in the apparently hopeless event of her devising a means of getting at the admiral's keys, she could not count on retaining possession of them unsuspected for more than a few hours—hours which might be utterly wasted through her not knowing in what direction to begin the search. The Secret might be locked up in one of some twenty receptacles for papers, situated in four different rooms: and which room was the likeliest to look in, which receptacle was the most promising to begin with, which position, among other heaps of papers, the most powerful might be expected to occupy, was more than she could say. Hemmed in by unfavorable uncertainties on every side—condemned, as it were, to wander blindfold on the very brink of success—she waited for the chance that never came. For the event that never happened, with a patience which was sinking already into the patience of despair.

Night after night she looked back over the vanished days, and not an event rose on her memory to dwell upon with interest on the other. The only interruptions to the weary uniformity of the life at St. Crux were caused by the characteristic delinquencies of old Mazey and the dogs.

At certain intervals the original ridiculous book-out in the nature of Brutus and Cassius. The modest comforts of home, the savory charms of female-thrift, the generous joy of digestion accomplished on hearth-rugs, lost all their attractions, and the dogs ungratefully left the house to seek distraction and adventure in the outer world. On these occasions the established afficer-dinner formula of question and answer between old Mazey and his master varied a little in one particular. "God bless the Queen, Mazey," said the admiral, "and the dogs!" were followed by a new inquiry: "Where are the dogs, Mazey?" "Out on the loose, your honor, and be hanged to 'em," was the wicked unvarying answer. The admiral always sighed and shook his head gravely at the news, as if Brutus and Cassius had been sent to the devil who treated him with a want of proper filial respect. In two days they had up in disgrace. On the day after they were scrubbed clean and were formally received into favor by the cook-room. There Civilization, acting through the medium of made-dishes, recovered its hold on them, and the admiral's two privileged sons wavered at the mouth as copiously as ever.

Old Mazey, in his way, proved to be just as distressingly addicted on certain occasions to his dogs. At intervals, the original wildness in Mazey's nature broke out, lost all relish for the comforts of home, and ungratefully left the house. He usually disappeared in the afternoon, and returned at night in a state in liquor could make him. He was by many degrees too seasoned a vessel to meet with any disasters on these occasions. Sometimes the dogs might take themselves about methods of progression, but they never failed him in the matter of finding their own beds, but they always showed him the way home. Try as hard as they might the servants could never extract from his personal fate that he was directly he always scorned the imputation. He even declined to allow them to drive privately into the yard until he had first tested his condition by a criticism of his own.

It was his habit in these cases of Bacchanalian emergency to stagger obstinately into his room on the ground-floor—to take the model ship out of the cupboard—and to try if he could succeed with the never-to-be-completed employment of setting up the rigging. On these occasions, when the tiny spars and snapped asunder the delicate ropes—then, and not till then, the veteran admitted that he was drunk, on the authority of practical evidence. "Ay! ay!" he used to say confidentially to himself, "The women call me Drunk again, Mazey—drunk again!" Having reached this discovery, it was his habit to wait unchanged in his inner regions until the morning was safe in his room, and then to ascend, in discreet list slippers, to his post. Too wary to trust himself with the treacherous bed—which would have been only inviting the catastrophe of a fall—he passed the night in a chair, and walked himself sober up and down the passage. More than once Magdalen had peeped round the corner of and had seen the old sailor steadily keeping his watch, and fancying himself once more at his post on board ship. "This is an uncommonly lively vessel in a sea-way," he used to mutter under his breath, when his legs took the liberty of getting adrift in a zigzag direction left him for the moment, studying the "Pirts of the Compass," on his own system, with his head against the wall. "A nasty night, mind you," he would meander on, taking another turn, "for the dogs." In the day-time, like the dogs again, he was reinstated in his privileges, and another change was introduced in the afternoon dinner formula. On entering the room the old sailor stopped short and made his excuses, with his back against the door. "Please your honor, I'm ashamed of myself." In that brief yet comprehensive form of words the apology began and ended. "This mustn't happen again, Mazey," the admiral used to answer. "It sha'n't happen again, your honor." "Very good. God bless the Queen, Mazey." The veteran tossed off his port, and the dialogue ended as usual.

So the days passed, with no incidents more important than these to relieve their monotony, until the end of the fourth week was at hand. On the last day an event happened, and the long-deferred promise of the future began to dawn. While Magdalen was spreading the cloth in the dining-room as usual, Mrs. Drake looked in and instructed her to do this occasion, for the first time, to lay the table for two persons. The admiral had written to his nephew, and had received an answer by mail that morning. Early that evening Mr. George Bartram was expected to return to St. Crux.

CHAPTER III.

After placing the second cover Magdalen awaited the ringing of the dinner-bell with an anxiety and impatience which, at any other time, it is easy task to conceal. The return of Mr. Bartram would, in all probability, produce a change in the life of the house, and from change of any kind, no matter how trifling, something might be learned by anyone who was keenly alive to influences which had failed to reach the uncle. In any case the two would talk of their affairs over their dinner, and through that talk—proceeding day after day in her presence—the way to discovery might be absolutely invisible, might, sooner or later, show itself.

At last the bell rang, the door opened, and the two gentlemen entered the room together.

Magdalen was struck, as her sister had been struck, by George Bartram's resemblance to her father—judging by the portrait at Combe-Raven, which presented the likeness of Andrew Vanstone in his younger days. The light hair and florid complexion, the bright blue eyes and handsome figure, familiar to her in the picture which hung in her memory, were the first points followed the uncle across the room and took his place at table. She was not prepared for the sudden revival of the lost associations of home. Her attention wandered as she tried to cover her face from her; and she stood in a state of waiting at table, for the first time since she had entered the house.

A hearty greeting from the admiral, half in jest, half in earnest, gave her time to recover herself. His nephew answered him in the same hearty and preoccupation of mind. He looked often at his plate than at his uncle; and at Magdalen more frequently than at either of a personal revelation took place. The conversation halted on irregularly, between public affairs on one side and private matters on the other—the fleet, the army, home and foreign, took their turn with the small household history of St. Crux—and the broken-hearted revolution which expelled Louis Philippe from the throne of France marched side by side with the dispute over the ownership of Mazey and the dogs. The dessert was put on the table; the old sailor came to—drank his loyal toast—paid his respects to "Master George"—and went out again. Magdalen followed him, on her way back to the servants' hall, with the first misgiving in the conversation of the slightest importance to the furtherance of her own design from the first week of it to the last. She struggled hard not to lose heart and hope on the first day. They could hardly talk again to-morrow, they could hardly talk through the next day or two. French Revolution and the dogs. Time might do wonders yet; and Time was all her own.

Left together over their wine, the uncle and nephew fell into easy-chairs on either side of the fire, filled their glasses, and, in Magdalen's absence, began the real conversation which it was Magdalen's interest to hear.

"Claret, George?" said the admiral, pushing the bottle across the table. "Help or look out of spirits."

"I am a little anxious, Sir," replied George, leaving his glass empty, and looking straight into the fire.

"I am glad to hear it," rejoined the admiral. "I am more than a little anxious myself, I can tell you. Here we are at the last days of March and nothing settled yet. I want you to see an end on the third of May, and there you sit as if you had years and years before you to succeed in."

George smiled, and resignedly helped himself to some wine.

"Am I really to understand, Sir," he asked, "that you are serious in what you said to me last November? Are you actually resolved to put me on the footing of your acknowledged heir?"

"I don't call it incomprehensible," said the admiral, irritably.

"Don't you, Sir? I am to inherit your estate, unconditionally, as you have generously settled it from the first. I am to succeed to a farthing of the fortune poor Noel left you unless I

am married within a certain time. The house and lands are to be mine under any circumstances. But the money with which I might improve them both is to be arbitrarily taken away from me if I am not a married man on the third of May. I am sadly wanting in intelligence I dare say, but a more incomprehensible proceeding I never heard of!"

"No snapping and snarling, George! Say your say out. We don't understand sneering in Her Majesty's Navy!"

"I mean no offense, Sir. But I think it's a little hard to astonish me by a change of proceeding on our part, entirely founded on my experience of your character, and then, when I naturally ask for an explanation, to receive it coolly and leave me in the dark. If you and Noel came to some private arrangement together before you made his will, why not say so? Why set up a mystery between us where no mystery need be?"

"I won't have it, George!" cried the admiral, angrily drumming on the table with the nutcrackers. "You are trying to drive me into a badger, but I won't be drawn! I'll make any conditions I please; and I'll be accountable to nobody for them unless I like. It's quite bad enough to have worries and responsibilities laid on my unlucky shoulders that I never bargained for—— Now what worries have I? It's not yours, they've mine—— without being questioned and cross-questioned as if I were a witness! By-the-by, you're a pretty fellow!" continued the admiral, apostrophizing his nephew in red-hot irritation, and affronting himself to the degree on the burning for want of a better audience. "Here's a pretty fellow! He is asked to help himself in two uncommonly comfortable things in their way —a fortune and a wife—he is allowed six months to get the wife in (we should have given him a year, by-the-by, bagging, in six days)—he has a round dozen of nice girls, to my certain knowledge, in court for him, and sweethearts to spare, all at his disposal to choose from—and what does he do? He sits mouth after mouth—and I've been here six years—and he leaves the girls to pine on the stem; and he bothers his uncle to know the reason why! I call that a most unfortunate women! Men were made of flesh and blood—and plenty of it too—in my time. They've no made of machinery now!"

"I can only repeat, Sir, I am sorry to have offended you," said George.

"Pooh! pooh! you needn't look at me in that languishing way if you are," retorted the admiral. "Stick to your wife, and I'll be civil to you. Your good health, George. I'm glad to see you again at St. Crux. Look at that plateful of apple-cakes! I'll have you to finish them up in honor of your return. We can't hurt her feelings, and we can't spoil our dinners. Ha! ha! ——The admiral tossed four sponge-cakes in quick succession down the accommodating throats of the dogs. "I'm sorry, George," his old gentleman gravely proceeded; "I'm really sorry you haven't got your eye on one of those nice girls. You don't know what a load you're taking on yourself—you don't know what trouble and mortification you're causing me—by this shilly-shally conduct of yours."

"If you would only allow me to explain myself, Sir, you would view my conduct in a totally different light. I am ready to marry to-morrow, if the lady will have me."

"The devil you are! So you have got a lady in your eye after all! Why in Heaven's name couldn't you tell me at once? Here's Noel and I'll forgive you every thing now I know you have laid your hand on a wife. Fill your glass again. Here's her health in a bumper! Who-by, who is she?"

"I'll tell you directly, admiral. When we began this conversation, I mentioned that I was a little anxious——"

"She's not one of my round dozen of nice girls—ahn, Master George, I see that in your face already! Why are you anxious?"

"I am afraid you will disapprove of my choice, Sir."

"Don't beat about the bush! How the deuce can I say whether I disapprove or not if you won't tell me who she is?"

"She is the eldest daughter of Andrew Vanstone of Combe-Raven."

"Who!!!"

"Miss Vanstone, Sir."

The admiral put down his glass of wine untasted.

"You're right, George," he said. "I do disapprove of your choice—strongly disapprove of it."

"It is the misfortune of her birth, Sir, that you object to?"

"God forbid! the misfortune of her birth is not her fault, poor thing. You know as well as I do, George, what I object to."

"You object to her sister?"

"Certainly! The most liberal man alive might object to her sister, I think."

"It's hard, Sir, to make Miss Vanstone suffer for her sister's faults."

"*Faults*, do you call them? You have a mighty convenient memory, George, where your own interests are concerned——"

"Call them crimes, if you like, Sir—I say again, it's hard on Miss Vanstone. She is a charming little bit of pale all-reproach. From first to last she has borne her hard lot with such patience, and sweetness, and courage as not one woman in a thousand would have shown in her place. Ask Miss Garth, who has known her from childhood. Ask Mrs. Tyrrel, who passes the day when she came into the house——"

"Ask a fiddlestick's end! I ask your pardon, George—but you are enough to try the patience of a saint. My good fellow, I don't deny Miss Vanstone's virtues: I'll admit she's, may be, the best woman that ever put on a petticoat. That is not the question——"

"Excuse me, admiral—it *is* the question, if she is to be my wife."

"Hear me out, George; look at it from my point of view as well as your own. What did your cousin Noel do? Your cousin Noel fell a victim, poor fellow, to one of the vilest conspiracies I ever heard of—and the prime mover of that conspiracy was Miss Vanstone's unnatural sister. She deceived him in the most infamous manner; and as soon as she was down for a hundred pounds by the job she had the impudence ready to take his life. That is the truth—we know it from Mrs. Lecount, who found the bullet locked up in her own room. If you marry Miss Vanstone, you make this wretch your sister-in-law. She becomes my sister-in-law, legally. All the disgrace of what she has done; all the disgrace of what she may do—and the Devil only can foresee how far she will go—when I may go to next—becomes our disgrace. Good Heavens, George, consider what a position that is! Consider what pitch you touch if you make this woman your sister-in-law."

"You put your side of the question, admiral," said George, resolutely; "now let me put mine. A certain impression is produced on me by a young lady, which I have had many very interesting circumstances. I don't act headlong on that impression, as I might have done if I had been some years younger—I wait and put it to the trial. Every time I see this young lady the impression strengthens. Every time I speak to me, her character grows on me; when I am away from her I am restless and unhappy; when I am with her I am at the happiest man alive. All I hear of her conduct from those who have known her more than confirms the favorable opinion I have formed of her. The one drawback I can discover is caused by a misfortune for which she is not responsible—the misfortune of having a sister who is utterly unworthy of her. Does this discovery—an unpleasant one, I own—justify me forever all those good qualities in Miss Vanstone for which I love and admire her? No—but of the sort—it only makes me feel more deeply all the more precious to me by contrast. If I am to have a drawback to contend with—and we experts are all liable to that in the world—I would infinitely rather have the drawback attached to my wife's character than to my wife's sister's. I am not essential to my happiness, but my wife is. In my opinion, Sir, Mrs. Noel Vanstone his divorced mistress!—would be essential to her her do more mischief by depriving me of a good wife. Right or wrong, that is my opinion, Sir. You must excuse me if I argue with my questions of sentiment. All I wish to say is, that I am old enough by years, and by my own mind—and that my mind is made up. If my marriage is essential to the execution of your generous intentions as my godfather, I ought to one woman in the world whom I can marry—and that woman is Miss Vanstone."

There was no answering this plain declaration. Admiral Bantram rose from his chair without speaking, and walked gravely up and down the room.

The situation was emphatically a serious one. Mrs. Girdlestone's death had already produced the failure of one of the two objects contemplated by the Secret Service. If the failure of the second, the second George a single man, the second (and last) of the objects would then have failed in its turn. In little more than a fortnight at the very latest the Bans must be published in Grosjoy church—or the time would fail for completing the arrangements necessary to secure admission to the Trust. Obstinate as the admiral was by nature, strongly as he felt his objection to the step attached to his nephew's contemplated alliance, he recollected, in spite of himself, as he paced the room, and saw the facts, on either side, unfavorably staring him in the face.

"Are you engaged to Miss Vanstone?" he asked, suddenly.

"No, Sir," replied George. "I thought it due to your uniform kindness to me to speak to you on the subject first."

"Much obliged, I'm sure——And you have put it off to the last moment, just as you put off every thing else. Do you think Miss Vanstone will say Yes when you ask her?"

George hesitated.

"The devil take your modesty!" shouted the admiral. "This is not a time for modesty—this is a time for speaking out. Will she or won't she?"

"I think she will, Sir."

The admiral laughed sardonically, and took another turn in the room. He suddenly stopped, put his hands in his pockets, and stood still in a corner deep in thought. After an interval of a few minutes his face cleared a little: it finally ended with the dawning of a new idea. He walked round briskly to George's side of the fire, and laid his hand kindly on his nephew's shoulder.

"You're wrong, George," he said; "but it is too late now to set you right. On the sixteenth of next month I'll be down at the priory in Ossory church, or you will lost the money. Have you told Miss Vanstone what you mean to stand in? Or have you put that off to the eleventh hour, like every thing else?"

"The position is so extraordinary, Sir, and it might lead to so much misapprehension of my motives, that I have felt unwilling to allude to it hardly know how I can tell her, after all——"

"Try the experiment of telling her frankly. Let them know it's a question of money, and they will overcome her scruples, if you can't. But that is not what I had to say to you. How long do your prospects stopping here this time?"

"I thought of staying a few days, and then——"

"And then of going back to Combe-Raven to-day or to-morrow, I suppose? Will a week give you time enough to pick your opportunity with Miss Vanstone—a week out of the fortnight you have to spare?"

"I will stay here a week, admiral, with pleasure, if you wish it."

"I don't wish it. I want you to pack up your traps and be off to-morrow."

George looked at his uncle in silent astonishment.

"You found some letters waiting for you when you got here," proceeded the admiral. "Was one of those letters from my old friend, Sir Franklin Brock?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Was it an invitation to you to go and stay at his Grange?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Do it at once?"

"At once, if I could manage it."

"Very good. I want you to manage it, and you to stay at the Grange to-morrow."

George looked back at the fire, and sighed impatiently.

"I understand you now, admiral," he said. "You are entirely mistaken in me. My attachment to Miss Vanstone is not to be shaken in *that* manner."

Admiral Bantram took his quarter-deck walk again up and down the room.

"One good turn deserves another, George," said the old gentleman. "If I am willing to make concessions on my side, the least you can do is to meet me half-way, and make concessions on yours."

"I don't deny it, Sir."

"Very well. Now listen to my proposal. Give me a little time, George—a fair hearing in every man's privilege. I will be perfectly just to begin with. I'll attempt to say things that you honestly believe Miss Vanstone is the only woman in the world who can make you happy. I don't question that. What I do question is, whether you really know your own mind in this matter quite as well as you think you know it yourself. You can't deny, George, that you have been in love with a good many women in your time? Answer me the rest of them, you have been in love with Miss Brock. No longer ago than this time last year there was a sneaking kindness between you and that young lady, to say the least of it. And quite right, too! Miss Brock is one of the finest women of darlings I mentioned over our first glass of wine."

"You are confusing an idle flirtation, Sir, with a serious attachment," said George. "You are altogether mistaken—you are indeed."

"Likely enough. I don't pretend to be infallible—I leave that to my juniors. But I happen to have known you, George, since you were the height of my old knee-cap, and I mean to have this serious attachment of yours put to the test. If you can satisfy me that your whole heart and soul are at present in Miss Vanstone as you suppose them to be, I must knock under to necessity, and keep my objections to myself. I'll waste no more useless breath. Go to the Grange to-morrow, and stay there a week in Miss Brock's house. You have every chance in the world of lighting up the old flame again if she can, and then come back to St. Crux, and let me hear the result. You will see, as in duty bound, that your attachment to Miss Vanstone still remains unshaken, and you will have heard the last of my objections from that moment. Whatever misgivings I may feel in my own mind, I will say nothing—and do nothing adverse to your wishes. There is my proposal. I dare say it looks like an old man's folly to you—you don't believe that I have any trouble you much longer, George—and it may be a pleasant reflection when you have got your own way, to remember that you humored him in his last days."

He came back to the fire-place as he said this words, and laid his hand once more on his nephew's shoulder. George took the hand and pressed it affectionately. In the tenderness and remorse of the word his uncle had been a father to him.

"I will do what you ask me, Sir," he replied, "if you really wish it. But it is only right to tell you that the experiment will be unwise. I shall only succeed in proving my passing the week at the Grange to my passing it here, to the Grange's thinking."

"Thank you, George," said the admiral, bluntly. "I expected as much from you, and you have not disappointed me. His Majesty don't get us out of this mess," thought the wily old gentleman as he left the room, "but I'll take the ship," my nephew's weathercock of a head has turned steadily with a vengeance! We'll consider the question settled for to-night, then," he continued, aloud, "and call another subject. These family anxieties don't improve the digestion, I expect. The bottle stands with you. What are they doing at the theatres in London? Is any thing worth mentioning going on in private in the Navy. We used to like a good tragedy to begin with, and a hornpipe to cheer us up at the end of the entertainment."

For the rest of the evening the talk flowed in the ordinary channels. Admiral Bantram only once touched on the forbidden subject when he and his nephew parted for the night.

"You won't forget to-morrow, George?"

"Certainly not, Sir. I'll take the dog-cart and drive myself over after breakfast."

Before noon the next day Mr. George Bantram had left the house, and the last chance in Magdalen's favor had left it with him.

THE INDIAN MURDERERS IN MINNESOTA.

We publish on page 801 a very striking picture of the Execution of an Indian Murderer. One of the leaders of the late Indian foray into Minnesota) by a boy survivor who witnessed the massacre. The picture was also made the sketch from which our picture is taken kindly sends us the following account:

"After fighting two severe battles, the troops under the command of Brigadier-General Sibley succeeded in capturing the greater portion of the bands who committed the recent murders. The victims amounted in number to over one thousand, and many no doubt are still lurking in the woods, where they fled for shelter and were struck down. There is no record of a massacre so thorough in detail in the history of our country, fruitful as it is of Indian outbreaks. A short time since I was at South Bend, on the Minnesota River, and saw the captives. They are confined in a large pasture, and closely guarded, not so much to prevent their escape as to secure them from the violence of their outraged settlers. They are the most hideous wretches that I have ever seen. I have been in the prisons of Europe where the Malay pirates are confined—the Dyacks, who are the most fierce man and bloody of the Asiatic tribes—the Kaffir and Hottentot in appearance compared to these Sioux warriors.

"Quite an incident occurred while I was there. A boy who had escaped after seeing the murder and outrage of his mother and sisters was brought in to look at the prisoners, and, if possible, identify them. One of the friendly Indians, who had distinguished himself by his bravery and humanity, accompanied the party to act as interpreter. When we entered the log-house that served for a prison the captives were mostly crouched like bears, but one of them arose and confronted us with a defiant scowl. Another, supporting himself by an arm, surveyed the party with a look like a tiger about to spring. The boy advanced boldly, and pointed him out with unerring instinct. Subsequent investigation showed that this wretch had murdered eleven persons. The boy's eyes flashed as he told the story, and the interpreter informed us that the spectators could scarce refrain from killing the wretch on the spot. He received the last sullen glare, and seemed perfectly indifferent when told of his identification by the interpreter.

"I have seen many enemies with slaughter, and there is scarce a family in the large district that was the scene of the outrage that has not lost a relative; and many are entirely cut off, and nothing left to indicate their late but their devastated homes and the chance inhabitants of the prairies.

"It will be long before the frontiers of Minnesota will recover from this tragedy, and many of the settlers who have returned to their farms after the war will range the vast plains next to the Missouri, where they have hunted every Indian into the mountains."

THE ARMY OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

OUR artist, Mr. Simplot, has sent us several sketches, which we reproduce on page 805. Grand Junction, Tennessee, has long been one of the most important stations in the Southwest, and has been held by our army ever since the rebel evacuation of Corinth. It is from thence that Grant moves forward to compel the surrender of Vicksburg. Davis Mills is a position on the left wing of our army under Grant, and was lately occupied by Hamilton's Division. Holly Springs is a well-known spot to the army of the South-West.

BELLE PLAINS.

We publish on page 805 a view of BELLE PLAINS, the principal depôt of supplies for the Army of the Potomac. It is near Aquia Creek, where landed the thousands of bales, boxes, barrels, and cases of supplies are being accumulated as fast as they can be hurried from transports and hauled through the mud by overworked mules. The scene is characteristic, and the picture explains itself. It is from a sketch by Mr. THEO. R. DAVIS.

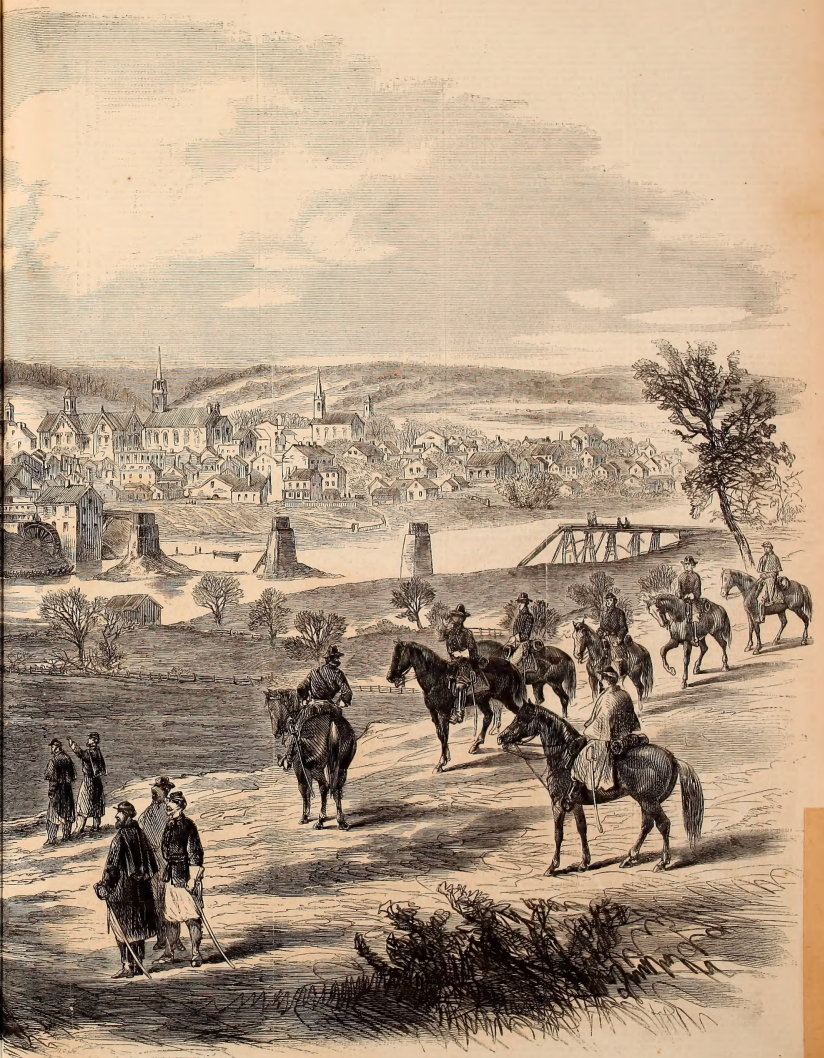
WINTER.

WHEN winter rains begin,
And trees are yellow and thin,
And every garden bed
Is a couch for the dying or dead;
When wood is sear and dank;
When the sodden river bank
Is gusty, and misty, and chill,
And birds are few and still;
Then may you chance to see
What has no right to be—
A primrose bracing its breath
In this time of sorrow and death,
A violet under a leaf
In this season of sickness and grief,
All alone, with the spring in the leaves and breath.

Or you may hear, perchance,
Across the brown wood's trance,
A sudden mid-May note,
Trilled out of a blackbird's throat;
As if he had got back
Which sweetened the lifeless air;
As if he had pleased his lady,
Which sweetened the loveless sky.
And see these relics which last
To tell of the bright days past!
Nay, but dear are these signs which are born
To hint of the coming morn.
Is it saddest or sweetest to feel
A breath from our childhood steal,
A gleam from the days of our youth,
Of tenderness, trust, and truth,
Of sweet emotions lost
Glide over our age's frost,
When the death-cold is near,
The dark hour which must be cross'd,
And beyond are the flowers of the vernal year



FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.



[From a Drawing by Mr. A. R. Waud.]

Dickens's New Christmas Story.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.

HIS LEAVING IT WILL CALLED FOR.

THE writer of these humble lines being a Waiter, and having come of a family of Waiters, and owning at the present time five brothers who are all Waiters, and likewise an only sister who is a Waitress, would wish to offer a few words respecting his Waiting; first hinting the pleasure of hereby in a friendly manner offering the Dedication of the same unto Jeremy, much-respected Head Waiter at the Slamjam Coffee-house, London, E. C., than to which a brillianter more eminently deserving of the name of man, or a more amenable honour to his own head and to the name thereof, could not be, in the light of a Waiter, or regarded as a human being, as not exist.

In case confusion should arise in the public mind (which it is open to confusion on many subjects) respecting what is meant or implied by the term Waiter, the present humble lines would wish to offer an explanation. It may not be generally known that the person as goes out to wait is not a Waiter. He may not be generally known as the hand as is called in actors, at the Freemasons Tavern, or the Albion, or elsewheres, as Professional; but he is not a Waiter. Such hands may be took on for Public Dinners by the landed and you may know them by their breathing with difficulty when in attendance, and taking away the victuals (or as it is half eat), but such are not Waiters. For you can not lay down the tailoring, or the dressing-gown, or the hooking, or the green-grocering, or the pictorial perficulating, or the second-hand wardrobe, or the small-beer businesses—you can not lay down those lines of life at your will and pleasure by the half day or permanent, as a Waiter can. Which I may suppose you can, but you can not; or you may get so far as to say you can, but you do not. Nor can you lay down the gentleman-waiterize when stimulated by perhaps circumstances, as the part of Cooks (and here it may be remarked that Cooking and Waiting is frequently spoke mixed and united), and take up Waitering. It has been ascertained that a Waiter is more than he may undertake at home he will not bear out of doors, at the Slamjam or any similar establishemens. Then, what is the reference to be drawn respecting real Waitering? You must not be bred to it. You must be born to it.

Would you know how born to it, Fair Reader—if of the adorable female kind? Then, I will begin the biographical experience of one that is a Waiter in the strictest sense of the term.

You were conveyed, we yet your dawning powers are were attentive thereunto, to the nursery, and eanoy in your inside—you were conveyed, by unerringless instinct, into a pantry containing the cat, mind Nelson, Civic and General Dining Rooms, there to receive by stealth that healthful sustenance which in the table and counsel of the British Female constitution. Your mother was married to your father himself a Waiter, and by the waiterly interest set secrecy; for a Waitress known to be married would only be a Waitress by sufferance in the eyes on the stage. Hence you being smuggled into the pantry, you were up all in a heap together, in an unwilling grandmother. Under the combined influence of the smells of roast and boiled meat, soup, and gas, and malt liquors, you partook of your earliest nourishment; you were conveyed, your mother sitting prepared to catch you when your mother was called and developed you; your grandmother's shawl ever ready to enfold you without complaining: your innocent mind surrounded by strong talk of steaks, fancy plates, chops-to-order, cold gravy; your mother calling down the pits for veals and porks, instead of lullabies to lull you to nursery rhymes. Under these untoward circumstances you were early weaned. Your mother and grandmother—ever growing more unwilling as your food assimilated less—had contracted habits of shaking you till your system curdled, and your flesh would not assimilate at all, all nourish for you was no longer spared, and could have been thankfully spared. Your mother's and your manners began to appear in succession, your mother believed, by the smart dressing (she had previously been a neat dresser), and her walk and delicate (which had previously been flowing), and loosened your father fare of nights, kept a bit hot for him through all weathers, up the shabby court which led to the back-door of the Royal Cock Tavern (said to have been so named by George the Fourth), where your father was Waiter. At the Duet-Bun was going down then, and your father took out Mrs.—according to the custom of the time—view. Your mother's object in those visits was of a humdrumming character, and was no more a relish your father out. Sometimes he came out, but generally not. Once or not once, however, all that part of his existence which was not connected with open Waitering was kept a close secret, and was known to your mother and yourself as a close secret, and you and your mother fitted about the room, there secrets left out, and you would scarcely have confessed under tortures that you knew your father, or that your mother knew your names that Dick (which wasn't his name, though he was always called so) or any other, for the life of him or his or chick or child. Perhaps the attraction of this was premature, perhaps the attraction having a damp compartment to himself, behind a heated with open Waitering was kept a close secret, and was known to your mother and yourself as a close secret compartment, with a sink in it, and a small, and a plate-rack, and a knife-board, and three windows that didn't match each other or any thing else, and the door-casual your young mind to feel convinced that you were born to the Waitering, but you did feel convinced of it, and so did all your brothers, down to your sister. Any one of you felt convinced that you was born to the Waitering. At this stage of your existence you were put to bed long one day when your father came home to your mother in more than usually high-spirits, and in a gladness on the part of a Waiter—and took to his bed (meaning your mother) rejoicing, and filled with the statement that his eyes were derided liddegrey. Everybody knew what it was, your eyes opened, after repeating at intervals for a day and a night, when years of reason and old business shifully illuminated his being. "Two and two is five. And three is sixpence." Interred in the parochial department of the neighbourhood, followed, and accompanied to the grave by as many Waiters of long standing as could be spared from long time from their soiled glasses (namely, one), your honoured father was laid in the churchyard, sandwiched, and you was took on from motives of benevolence at the Cock Tavern, principally for board and supper. Here, supporting nature on what you found in the plates (which was a Waiter's perquisite, but you often thoughtlessly immersed in mustard), and on what you found in the glasses (which naturally went beyond dribblets and lemon), by night you dropped asleep standing till you was cuffed awake and by day was set to polishing every individual article in the coffee-room. Your cheek being sawfust; your countenance being ashes of figure. Here, frequently hiding a heavy heart under the smart tie of your whitenecktanckher (or correctly speaking lower down and more to the left), you picked up the rudiments of knowledge from an extra, by the same means, from a Bill, from a toothpicker, and gradually elevating your mind with a bank on the Waiter's-more-honour system, which much time as you used the ink-stand when it was out of hand, attained to manhood and to to the full dignity of a Waiter.

I could with here to offer a few respectful words on behalf of the Waiter, as he is found in his own self and family, and the public interest in which is not too often very likely, but I do not understand, understood. No, we are not. Allowance enough is not made for, for, say that we are not, for the little drooping listlessness of spirits, or what might be termed indifference to money. Not to trouble you what would your own state of mind be if you was one of an enormous family every member of which except you was always greedy and in a hurry. Put it to yourself that you was regularly replete with animal food on the black beaver days of one in day and again at nine o'a., and that the repleter you was the more extensive were the calls upon your eats came in. Put it to yourself that it was your unfortunate lot to have a mother who was liable to personal interest and sympathy in a hundred gentlemen from one till five, and to have a wife (remount, only a hundred), whose imaginations was ever up to gentlemen in the City, and in the Strand, putter, and abandoned to questioning you about cuts of this, and dishes of that, and to pump you on them and you and the bill-of-fare was known in the world. Then look what you are expected to be as a Waiter. You are not to be greedy, which you regularly attend every where. Whats this, Christopher, Jeremy, Thomas, Richard, Robert, Jonathan Frim? How are they doing at the Italian Opera, Christopher? Christopher, you must be the real particulars of this business at the York-Minster Bath?" Remember, Christopher, you are liable to trouble that it gives the Queen. As to Lord Palmerston, the country is expecting something from which I have been brought with his lordship during the last few years is deserving of a pension, but I look at the Hyppotamus of the country in his lies (white, I hope) that are forced upon us? Why not a notorious character, that is to say, supposed to be a judge of horse-flesh, and to have a most extensive practice in the Veterinary line? Would it? Yet it would be half our little incomes out of our pockets, and that is the way to consult our private tastes. It is the same (inconceivables why?) with the Commissioners of Income Tax. It is not even to regular as the months of August, September, and October come round, and you are expected to put in my own private bosoms for the way in which I make believe to care whether or not the grouse is driven or the partridge is driven, and to have your stocks either signifies to me uncooked?), and whether or not partridges are driven to market by railway, and whether the pheasants is shy or bold, or any thing else not connected with Waiting. Is it nothing to me, or any other Waiter of my standing, boldened up by the Waiter's-more-honour system, a gentleman with his purse out and his bill before him, to be expected to care whether the Income Tax is collogued, for our credit's sake, to carry our heads as if we was all of us immensely rewarded for it, and as we was much more likely to go into a union. There is a Waiter's interest, in Income Tax, and Waiters are yet the present writer has quitted that establishment, and is now in his academy, commanding out of his own pocket, which screw carried the Waiter's interest, in Income Tax, to the extent of one threepence, and as often as not growling on the part of a penny which the Government, as a present writer as a large holder of Consols, a lender of money on mortgage, a Capitalist. He has been a Commissioner of Income Tax sometimes, in the position that the present writer put out thousands of pounds at interest, in Railway Shares, and Consols. "Well, Christopher," he would say (having grovelled to lowness of mind), "I could wish, considering." looking out for a House to open, eh? Can't find a House to be disposed of at a bargain for all your resources, bumph?" To such a dizzy pretence of ignorance of the Waiter's connection and wing that the well-known and highly-respected Mr. Christopher Bumph, Waiter, of the Cock Hotel, and by some considered the Father of Waiting, having found himself under the obligation to fall into the interest, in Railway Shares, of his own wife (for he had an unbeknown old lady in that line secretly attached to him), and to be in the way was the cosy quarrel? When he was borne to his grave, by Waiters, in a cab, and a coach-and-four, six more for a range, six more acting as pall-bearers, and all Waiters, the present writer was present, a dry eye visit, a and a concourse only inferior to Waiters, to pay the last respects, assembled to unchisel high as low for property and none was there. Hereby, in the Waiter's-more-honour, his last monthly col ection of walking-sticks, umbrellas, and parasols, and property which happened to have been not yet disposed of, though he had been through life unctuous in clearing off his collection of such, and by the Waiter's-more-honour interesting Such, however, in the force of this unanimous libel had been left to the Waiter's-more-honour present hour no inmates of the Almshouses of the Cork-Cutters' Company, Mr. Christopher Bumph identified sitting at the door of one of ten, in a coat cap and a flannel waistcoat (which Mr. Bumph), expects John's hoarded wealth to be found in a Stocking? Mr. John Bumph, Waiter, is a lively dart, and when his portrait was painted in 1815, life-size, by Abraham Cooper, R.A., Governor of the West Country to hang over the coffee-room fireplace of the Cock Hotel, there were those who contended that what is termed the accessories in such portrait ought to be the Bank of England out of window, and a strange-bone on the table. And but for better-regulated minds contending for a bottle and corn and the attitude of drawing—and carrying their point—it would have been so handed down to posterity.

I am now brought to the title of the present remarks. Having, I hope without offense to any Waiter, offered such observations as I felt it my duty to offer, in a free country which has ever dominated the same, on the general subject, I will now proceed to wait on the particular question.

At a moderate period of my life, when I was off, so far as concerned notice given, with a House that shall be nameless, I came to the question on which I took my departing stand was a fixed charge for Waiters, and no House as commits itself to that eminently Un-English act of more than foolishness and baseness shall be advertised by me—I repeat, at a moderate period when I was off with a House too mean for mention, and not yet with that to which I am now for since had the honor of being attached in the capacity of Head,* was casting about for a place. Then I was told that proposals were made to me on behalf of my present establishment. Such solications were necessary on my part, the solications were caused on both sides, and I entered on a new career.

We are a bed business, and a coffee-room business. We are a large general dining business, and so we wish it. In consequence, when diners drop in, we know what to give 'em as will keep 'em away another time. We are a Private Room or Family business, and that Coffee is not principal. Me and the Directory and the Writing Materials and cetter cetera are in a place to ourselves; a place fended off up a step or two at the end of the Coffee Room, in what I call a genteel old-fashioned style. The good old-fashioned style is, that whatever you do want, you don't want, you must be okay and solely dependent on the Head Waiter for. You must put yourself a new-born Child into his hands. There is no other way in which a business unringed with Coutinental Vice can be conducted. (It were useless to add that Coffee is always required to be jabbered and English is not good enough, both native-born gentlemen had better go somewheres else.)

When I began to settle down in this right-principled and well-conducted House I noticed under this bed (a, fig. 1), which it is up a single of the stair-case, and usually put off upon the lowlyminded) a heap of things in a corner. I asked my fellow-Waiters about it in the course of the day:

"What are these things in 24 B?"

To which the answer was a careless air:

"Somebody's Luggage."

Regarding which a eye not free from severity, I says:

"Whose Luggage?"

Evading my eye, she replied:

"I don't know, indeed I know I'm."

—Being, it may be right to mention, a female of some portness, though acquainted with her business.

A Head Waiter must be either Head or Tail. He has the main body extremely or the other of the social scale. He can not be at the waist of it, or any where else in responsibilities. It is for him to decide which of the extremities.

Which, on this occasion under consideration I give Mrs. Pratchett so distinctly to understand my decision that I have not yet heard a word upon it, then and there, and for good. Let not inconsistency be imputed to me because of my commending Mrs. Pratchett as "Mrs.," and having formerly remarked that a waitress must not be married. Mrs. Pratchett formerly requested to notice that Mrs. Pratchett was not a waitress, but a chamberlaid. Now a chamberlaid may be married: if Head, generally is married—or says so. It comes to the same thing. Mrs. Pratchett was a widow lady. (N.B. Mr. Pratchett is in Australia, and his name was Dick, as I have heard.)

Having took Mrs. Pratchett down as many pegs as I considered to be the advantages of all parties I requested her to explain herself.

"For instance, Mrs. Pratchett, to give her a little encouragement," who is Somebody's Luggage?"

"I give you my sacred honor, Mr. Christopher," answers Pratchett, "that I haven't the faintest notion."

But for the manner in which she settled her cappstrings I should have doubted this; but in respect to positiveness she was hardly to be discriminated from an affidavit.

"Then you never saw him?" I followed her up with.

"Nor yet," said Mrs. Pratchett, shutting her eyes and making as if she had just took a pill of unusual circumference, "which I am constitutionally force to her denial"—nor yet any servant in this house. All have been changed, Mr. Christopher, within five years, since which left the Luggage here before them."

Inquiry of Mrs. Martin yielded (in the language of the Bard of A 1) "confirmation strong." So it did really and truly appear, that Somebody's Maria in the young lady at the bar as makes out our bills; and though Maria, I could wish, considering her station, is perfectly well behaved.

Pratchett would not be led to the disclosure that there was a bill against this Luggage to the amount of five sixteen six. The Luggage had been lying under the bedstead for a few years six year. It bedstead is a four-poster, with a deal of old hanging and valances in the form of curtains, probably connected with more than 34 Bs—which I remember my honoured father used to call them at the time.

"I don't know why—when no to know why?—but the Luggage laid heavy on my mind. I felt a wondering about Somebody and what he had got and been up to. I couldn't justify my thoughts, but I could feel that so much Luggage agreed so small a bill. For I had the Luggage out within day or two and turned it over, and the following were the sum total of the inventorsness, a large bag, a desk, a dressing-case, a brown-paper parcel, a bedcase, and a carpet-bag, and a walking-stick. It was all very dusty and fluey. I had it opened up in the bar and set forth a tea and though he habitually wallows in dust—wines it from morning to night—he left off his tea and putting waistcoat with black calumnee sleeves for the purpose—put him rooster again, and the throat was that hot with it that it was obliged to put his cravat in front of Bessop's draft.

The Luggage so got the better of me that instead of handing it back when it was well dusted and washed with a wet cloth—previous to which it was so covered with feathers that you might have thought it had been the accessories to a fight, would by-and-by begin to Lay—I say, instead of making it part with its property, I went to all places down stairs. There from time to time I stared at it and stared at it till it seemed to grow big and grow little, and come forward at me and retreat again, and go through all manner of performances resembling intoxication. When this had lasted weeks—I may say months, no; not be far out—I one day thought of asking Miss Martin for the particulars of the Two sixteen six total. She was so obliging as to extract it from the books —if dating before her time—and here follows a true copy:

1856.		No. 4.	
February 24.	Pen and paper	£0	0 6
	Sweet Negus	0	1 6
	Pen and paper	0	0 6
	Pen and paper	0	0 6
	Tumbler beer	0	0 3
	Brandy	0	0 6
	Pen and paper	0	0 6
	Cookery book	0	2 6
	Pen and paper	0	0 6
	Brandy	0	0 6
February 25.	Pen and paper	0	0 6
	Breakfast	0	1 6
	" Broiled ham	0	2 6
	" Kidneys	0	1 6
	" Watercresses	0	1 0
	" Shrimps	0	1 0
	Pen and paper	0	0 6
	Dressing-case	0	5 0
	Messenger to Puttermore—fetch and take	0	3 6
	Again, when No Answer	0	1 6
	Sherry Wine, Devoted Pale chop	0	2 6
	Ice	0	1 0
	Pens and paper	0	0 6
	Messenger to Albemarle Street	0	1 0
	Again, when No Answer	0	1 0
	Sulkeller brown	0	1 6
	Large Liqueur glass Orange Curaçoa	0	1 6
	Dinner: Soup, Fish, Joint, and Sweet	0	7 6
	Bottle old East Indis Brown	0	8 0
	Pen and paper	0	0 6
		£4	16 6

MEM.: January 1, 1857. He went out after dinner, directing Luggage to be ready when called for. Not so called.

So far from throwing a light upon the subject, this bill appeared to me, if I may so express my doubts, to involve it in a yet more lurid haze. Speculating it over with the Mistress, she informed me that the luggage had been advertised in the Master's time, but not to be sold under a term and such a day to pay expenses, but no further steps had been taken. It may here remark that the Mistress is a widow in her fourth year. The Master was possessed of a most delicate nervous constitution in which Spirits turns to Water, and rises in the ill-starred Cordial.)

My speculating it over, not then only but repeatedly, occasioned me the Mistress unawares with one, sometimes with another, led up to the Mistress's saying to me—whether at first in jobs or seriously I can not take and half remember—not to not

"Christopher, I am going to make you a handsome offer.

If there should meet her eye—a lovely like—may she not take it ill my mentioning that if I had been left a single year younger, I would have done as much by her! That is, I would have made her an offer. If a single year older, I would have made a handsome one.)

"Christopher, I am going to make you a handsome offer."

"Put a name to it, ma'am."

"Then, Christopher—Run over the articles of Somebody's Luggage. You've got it all by heart, I dare say."

"A black portmantean, ma'am, a black bag, a desk, a dressing-case, a brown-paper parcel, a bedbox, and an umbrella strapped to a walking-stick."

"All just as they were left. Nothing opened, nothing tampered with."

"You see, ma'am. All locked but the brown-paper parcel, and that sealed."

The Mistress was leaning on Miss Martin's desk at the bar-window, and she taps the open book that lays upon the desk—she has a pretty-made hand, for I seen her make it, and pretty feet, and laughs.

"Come," says she, "Christopher. Pay me compliments, and you shall have Somebody's luggage."

I rather took to the idea from the first moment; but,

"It wasn't be worth the money," I objected, seeming to hold back.

"That is," says the Mistress, folding her arms upon the book—it ain't her hands alone that's pretty made—the observation extends right up to her elbows—"Would you venture to stand seven shillings and sixpence in the Lottery? Why there's no limit to the prizes," the Mistress laughs and jobbing her hand again, "you must win. If you don't win, you don't pay. All prizes in this Lottery. Draw a blank, and remember, Gentleman-Sportsman, you'll be entitled to a blank portmantean, a black bag, a desk, a dressing-case, a sheet of brown paper, a bed-box, and an umbrella strapped to a walking-stick!"

To make short of it, Miss Martin come round me, and Mrs. Pratchett come round me, and the Masters she was completely round me already, and all the rest of them. The house come round me, and if it had been Sixteen ten instead of Two sixteen, I should have undertook to overlook it all the same.

"My family-name is Bliss Beard. I'm going to open Somebody's Luggage all alone in the Secret Chamber, and not a female eye catches sight of the contents."

Whether I thought proper to have the firmness to keep to this don't signify, or whether my feelings run away with me, and the money, I'm innocent when the opening of the Luggage came off. Somebody's Luggage is the question at present. Somebody's eyes, my set nest.

What I did at my leisure moment, in connection with that Luggage, is the extraordinary quantity of writing-paper I got through all weeks—I am not paper neither—not the paper charged in the bill for "Sweet writing paper," but the paper as I used always at it. And he had crumpled up this writing of his every day, in every part and parcel of Luggage. There was writing in his dressing-case; writing in his bed-case, writing in his desk; writing in his bag, writing among his shavings; writing in his sponge-bag; writing in his pockets; writing down among the very whalebones of his umbrella. All this writing of his, I say, I got through.

His dressing-case was poor—not a particle of silver or copper—nothing particular with nothing in it. His empty little dog-kennels—and a most scorching description of Somebody's character it would be to call under a deluded mistake that all the chinks in the fittings was divisions in teeth. His clothes I parted

* Its name and address at length, with other full particulars, all editorially struck out.

with, well enough, to a second-hand dealer not far from St. Clement's Danes, in the Strand—him as the officers in the Army mostly dispose of their uniforms to, when hard pressed with debts of honor, if I may judge from their coats and epaulettes diversifying the window, with their backs toward the public. The same party bought in one lot the portmanteau, the bag, the desk, the dressing-case, the hat-box, the umbrella, strap, and walking-stick. On my remarking that I should have thought those articles not quite in his line, he said: "No more ith a man'th grandmother, Mithter Chrithtopher; but if any man will bring hith grandmother here, and offer her at a fair trifle below what the'll feth with good luck when the'th thcoured and turned —I'll buy her!"

These transactions brought me home, and, indeed, more than home, for they left a goodish profit on the original investment. And now there remained the writings; and the writings I particular wish to bring under the candid attention of the reader.

I wish to do so without postponement, for this reason. That is to say, namely, viz., i.e., as follows, thus: Before I proceed to recount the mental sufferings of which I became the prey in consequence of the writings, and before following up that harrowing tale with a statement of the wonderful and impressive catastrophe, as thrilling in its nature as unlooked for in any other capacity, which crowned the ole and filled the cup of unexpectedness to overflowing, the writings themselves ought to stand forth to view. Therefore it is that they now come next. One word to introduce them, and I lay down my pen (I hope, my unassuming pen), until I take it up to trace the gloomy sequel of a mind with something on it.

He was a smeary writer, and wrote a dreadful bad hand. Utterly regardless of ink, he lavished it on every undeserving object—on his clothes, his desk, his hat, the handle of his tooth-brush, his umbrella. Ink was found freely on the coffee-room carpet by No. 4 table, and two blots was on his restless couch. A reference to the document I have given entire, will show that on the morning of the third of February, eighteen 'fifty-six, he procured his no less than fifth pen and paper. To whatever deplorable act of ungovernable composition he immolated those materials obtained from the bar, there is no doubt that the fatal deed was committed in bed, and that it left its evidences but too plainly, long afterward, upon the pillow-case.

He had put no Heading to any of his writings. Alas! Was he likely to have a Heading without a Head, and where was *his* Head when he took such things into it! The writings are consequently called, here, by the names of the articles of Luggage to which they was found attached. In some cases, such as his Boots, he would appear to have hid the writings: thereby involving his style in greater obscurity. But his Boots was at least pairs—and no two of his writings can put in any claim to be so regarded.

With a low-spirited anticipation of the gloomy state of mind in which it will be my lot to describe myself as having drooped; when I next resume my artless narrative, I will now withdraw. If there should be any flaw in the writings, or any thing missing in the writings, it is Him as is responsible—not me. With that observation in justice to myself, I for the present conclude.

HIS BOOTS.

"Eh! well then, Monsieur Mutuel! What do I know, what can I say? I assure you that he calls himself Monsieur The Englishman."

"Pardon. But I think it is impossible," said Monsieur Mutuel.—A spectacled, snuffy, stooping old gentleman in carpet shoes and a cloth cap with a peaked shade, a loose blue frock-coat reaching to his heels, a large limp white shirt-frill, and cravat to correspond, that is to say, white was the natural color of his linen on Sundays, but it toned down with the week.

"It is," repeated Monsieur Mutuel: his amiable old walnut-shell countenance, very walnut-shelly indeed as he smiled and blinked in the bright morning sunlight—"it is, my cherished Madame Bouclet, I think, impossible."

"Hey!" (with a little vexed cry and a great many tosses of her head.) "But it is not impossible that you are a Pig!" retorted Madame Bouclet: a compact little woman of thirty-five or so. "See then—look there—read! 'On the second floor Monsieur L'Anglais.' Is it not so?"

"It is so," said Monsieur Mutuel.

"Good. Continue your morning walk. Get out!" Madame Bouclet dismissed him with a lively snap of her fingers.

The morning walk of Monsieur Mutuel was in the brightest patch that the sun made in the Grande Place of a dull old fortified French town. The manner of his morning walk was with his hands crossed behind him: an umbrella, in figure the express image of himself, always in one hand: a snuff-box in the other. Thus, with the shuffling gait of the Elephant (who really does deal with the very worst trowsers-maker employed by the Zoological world, and who appeared to have recommended him to Monsieur Mutuel), the old gentleman sunned himself daily when sun was to be had—of course, at the same time sunning a red ribbon at his button-hole; for was he not an ancient Frenchman?

Being told by one of the angelic sex to continue his morning walk and get out, Monsieur Mutuel laughed a walnut-shell laugh, pulled off his cap at arm's-length with the hand that contained his snuff-box, kept it off for a considerable period after he had parted from Madame Bouclet, and continued his morning walk and got out: like a man of gallantry as he was.

The documentary evidence to which Madame Bouclet had referred Monsieur Mutuel was the list of her lodgers, sweetly written forth by her own Nephew and Book-keeper, who held the pen of an Angel, and posted up at the side of her gateway for the information of the Police. "Au second, M. L'Anglais, Proprietaire." On the second floor, Mr. The Englishman, man of property. So it stood; nothing could be plainer.

Madame Bouclet now traced the line with her forefinger, as it were to confirm and settle herself in her parting snap at Monsieur Mutuel, and so, placing her right hand on her hip with a defiant air, as if nothing should ever tempt her to unsnap that snap, strolled out into the Place to glance up at the windows of Mr. The Englishman. That worthy happening to be looking out of window at the moment, Madame Bouclet gave him a graceful salutation with her head, looked to the right and looked to the left to account to him for her being there, considered for a moment like one who accounted to herself for somebody she had expected not being there, and re-entered her own gateway. Madame Bouclet let all her house giving on the Place in furnished flats or floors, and lived up the yard behind, in company with Monsieur Bouclet her husband (great at billiards), an inherited brewing business, several fowls, two carts, a nephew, a little dog in a big kennel, a grape-vine, a counting-house, four horses, a married sister (with a share in the brewing business), the husband and two children of the married sister, a parrot, a drum (performed on by the little boy of the married sister), two billeted soldiers, a quantity of pigeons, a fife (played by the nephew in a ravishing manner), several domestics and supernumeraries, a perpetual flavor of coffee and soup, a terrific range of artificial rocks and wooden precipices at least four feet high, a small fountain, and half a dozen large sunflowers.

Now, the Englishman in taking his Appartement—or, as one might say on our side of the Channel, his set of chambers—had given his name, correct to the letter, Langley. But as he had a British way of not opening his mouth very wide on foreign soil, except at meals, the Brewery had been able to make nothing of it but L'Anglais. So, Mr. The Englishman he had become and he remained.

"Never saw such a people!" muttered Mr. The Englishman, as he now looked out of window. "Never did, in my life!"

This was true enough, for he had never before been out of his own country—a right little island, a tight little island, a bright little island, a show-fight little island, and full of merit of all sorts; but not the whole round world.

"These chaps," said Mr. The Englishman to himself, as his eye rolled over the Place, sprinkled with military here and there, "are no more like soldiers—!" Nothing being sufficiently strong for the end of his sentence, he left it unended.

This again (from the point of view of his experience) was strictly correct; for, though there was a great agglomeration of soldiers in the town and neighboring country, you might have held a grand Review and Field Day of them every one, and looked in vain among them all for a soldier choking behind his foolish stock, or a soldier lamed by his ill-fitting shoes, or a soldier deprived of the use of his limbs by straps and buttons, or a soldier elaborately forced to be self-helpless in all the small affairs of life. A swarm of brisk bright active bustling handy odd skirmishing fellows, able to turn to cleverly at any thing, from a siege to soup, from great guns to needles and thread, from the broadsword exercise to slicing an onion, from making war to making omelets, was all you would have found.

What a swarm! From the Great Place under the eye of Mr. The Englishman, where a few awkward squads from the last conscription were doing the goose-step—some members of those squads still as to their bodies in the chrysalis peasant-state of Blouse, and only military butterflies as to their regimentally-clothed legs—from the Great Place, away outside the fortifications and away for miles along the dusty roads, soldiers swarmed. All day long, upon the grass-grown ramparts of the town, practicing soldiers trumpeted and bugled; all day long, down in angles of dry trenches, practicing soldiers drummed and drummed. Every forenoon, soldiers burst out of the great barracks into the sandy gymnasium-ground hard by, and flew over the wooden horse, and hung on to flying ropes, and dangled upside-down between parallel bars, and shot themselves off wooden platforms, splashes, sparks, coruscations, showers, of soldiers. At every corner of the town wall, every guard-house, every gateway, every sentry-box, every draw-bridge, every reedy ditch and rushy dyke, soldiers soldiers soldiers. And the town being pretty well all wall, guard-house, gateway, sentry-box, draw-bridge, reedy ditch and rushy dyke, the town was pretty well all soldiers.

What would the sleepy old town have been without the soldiers, seeing that even with them it had so overslept itself as to have slept its echoes hoarse, its defensive bars and locks and bolts and chains all rusty, and its ditches stagnant! From the days when Vauban engineered it to that perplexing extent that to look at it was like being knocked on the head with it: the stranger becoming stunned and stertorous under the shock of its incomprehensibility—from the days when Vauban made it the express incorporation of every substantive and adjective in the art of military engineering, and not only twisted you into it and twisted you out of it, to the right, to the left, opposite, under here, over there, in the dark, in the dirt, by gateway, archway, covered way, dry way, wet way, fosse, portcullis, draw-bridge, sluice, squat tower, pierced wall, and heavy battery, but likewise took a fortifying dive under the neighboring country, and came to the surface three or four miles off, blowing out incomprehensible mounds and batteries among the quiet crops of chicory and beet-root—from those days to these the town had been asleep, and dust and rust and must had settled on its drowsy Arsenals and Magazines, and grass had grown up in its silent streets.

On market-days alone its Great Place suddenly leaped out of bed. On market-days, some friendly enchanter struck his staff upon the stones of the Great Place, and instantly arose the liveliest booths and stalls and sittings and standings, and a pleasant hum of chaffering and huckstering from many hundreds of tongues, and a pleasant though peculiar blending of colors—white caps, blue blouses, and green vegetables—and at last the Knight destined for the adventure seemed to have come in earnest, and all the Vaubanois sprang up awake. And now, by long low-lying avenues of trees, jolting in white-hooded donkey-cart, and on donkey-back, and in tumbril and wagon and cart and cabriolet, and a-foot with barrow and burden—and along the dykes and ditches and canals, in little peak-prowed country boats—came peasant men and women in flocks and crowds, bringing articles for sale. And here you had boots and shoes and sweetmeats and stuffs to wear, and here (in the cool shade of the Town Hall) you had milk and cream and butter and cheese, and here you had fruits and onions and carrots and all things needful for your soup, and here you had poultry and flowers and protesting pigs, and here new shovels axes spades and bill-hooks for your farming work, and here huge mounds of bread, and here your unground grain in sacks, and here your children's dolls, and here the cake-seller announcing his wares by beat and roll of drum. And hark! fanfaronade of trumpets, and here into the Great Place, resplendent in an open carriage with four gorgeously-attired servitors up behind, playing horns drums and cymbals, rolled "the Daughter of a Physician" in massive golden chains and ear-rings, and blue-feathered hat, shaded from the admiring sun by two immense umbrellas of artificial roses, to dispense (from motives of philanthropy) that small and pleasant dose which had cured so many thousands! Toothache earache headache heartache stomachache debility nervousness fits faintings fever ague, all equally cured by the small and pleasant dose of the great Physician's great daughter! The process was this: she, the Daughter of a Physician, proprietress of the superb equipage you now admired, with its confirmatory blasts of trumpet drum and cymbal, told you so:—On the first day, after taking the small and pleasant dose, you would feel no particular influence beyond a most harmonious sensation of indescribable and irresistible joy; on the second day, you would be so astonishingly better that you would think yourself changed into somebody else; on the third day, you would be entirely free from your disorder, whatever its nature and however long you had had it, and would seek out the Physician's daughter, to throw yourself at her feet, kiss the hem of her garment, and buy as many more of the small and pleasant doses as by the sale of all your few effects you could obtain; but she would be inaccessible—gone for herbs to the Pyramids of Egypt—and you would be (though cured) reduced to despair! Thus would the Physician's daughter drive her trade (and briskly too), and thus would the buying and selling and mingling of tongues and colors continue until the changing sunlight, leaving the Physician's Daughter in the shadow of high roofs, admonished her to jolt out westward, with a departing effect of gleam and glitter on the splendid equipage and brazen blast. And now the enchanter struck his staff upon the stones of the Great Place once more, and down went the booths the sittings and standings, and vanished the merchandise, and with it the barrows donkeys donkey-carts and tumbrils and all other things on wheels and feet, except the slow scavengers with unwieldy carts and meagre horses, clearing up the rubbish, assisted by the sleek town pigeons, better plumped out than on non-market days. While there was yet an hour or two to wane before the autumn sunset the loiterer outside town-gate and draw-bridge and postern and double-ditch, would see the last white-hooded cart lessening in the avenue of lengthening shadows of trees, or the last country boat, paddled by the last market-woman on her way home, showing black upon the reddening long low narrow dyke between him and the mill; and as the paddle-parted scum and weed closed over the boat's track, he might be comfortably sure that its sluggish rest would be troubled no more until next market-day.

As it was not one of the Great Place's days for getting out of bed when Mr. The Englishman looked down at the young soldiers practicing the goose-step there, his mind was left at liberty to take a military turn.

"These fellows are billeted every where about," said he, "and to see them lighting the people's fires, boiling the people's pots, minding the people's babies, rocking the people's cradles, washing the people's greens, and making themselves generally useful, in every sort of unmilitary way, is most ridiculous!—Never saw such a set of fellows; never did in my life!"

All perfectly true again. Was there not Private Valentine, in that very house, acting as sole housemaid, valet, cook, steward, and nurse, in the family of his captain, Monsieur le Capitaine De la Cour—cleaning the floors, making the beds, doing the marketing, dressing the captain, dressing the dinners, dressing the salads, and dressing the baby, all with equal readiness? Or, to put him aside, he being in loyal attendance on his Chief, was there not Private Hyppolite, billeted at the Perfumer's two hundred yards off, who, when not on duty, volunteered to keep shop while the fair Perfumeress stepped out to speak to a neighbor or so, and laughingly sold soap with his war sword girded on him? Was there not Emile, billeted at the Clock-maker's, perpetually turning to of an evening with his coat off, winding up the stock? Was there not Eugène, billeted at the Tinman's, cultivating, pipe in mouth, a garden four feet square for the tinman, in the little court behind the shop, and extorting the fruits of the earth from the same, on his knees, with the sweat of his brow? Not to multiply examples, was there not Baptiste, billeted on the poor Water-Carrier, at that very instant sitting on the pavement in the sunlight, with his martial legs asunder, and one of the Water-Carrier's spare pails between them, which (to the delight and glory of the heart of the Water-Carrier coming across the Place from the fountain, yoked and burdened) he was painting bright green outside and bright red within? Or, to go no further than the Barber's at the very next door, was there not Corporal Théophile—

"No," said Mr. The Englishman, glancing down at the Barber's, "he is not there at present. There's the child though."

A mere mite of a girl stood on the steps of the Barber's shop, looking across the Place. A mere baby, one might call her, dressed in the close white linen cap which small French country-children wear (like the Children in Dutch pictures), and in a frock of homespun blue, that had no shape except where it was tied round her little fat throat. So that, being naturally short and round all over, she looked behind as if she had been cut off at her natural waist, and had had her head neatly fitted on it.

"There's the child though."

To judge from the way in which the dimpled hand was rubbing the eyes, the eyes had been closed in a nap and were newly opened. But they seemed to be looking so intently across the Place, that the Englishman looked in the same direction.

"Oh!" said he, presently, "I thought as much. The Corporal's there."

The Corporal, a smart figure of a man of thirty: perhaps a thought under the middle size, but very neatly made—a sun-burnt Corporal with a brown-peaked beard—faced about at the moment, addressing voluble words of instruction to the squad in hand. Nothing was amiss or awry about the Corporal. A lithe and nimble Corporal, quite complete, from the sparkling dark eyes under his knowing uniform cap, to his sparkling white gaiters. The very image and presentment of a Corporal of his country's army, in the line of his shoulders, the line of his waist, the broadest line of his Bloomer trowsers, and their narrowest line at the calf of his leg.

Mr. The Englishman looked on, and the child looked on, and the Corporal looked on (but the last-named at his men), until the drill ended a few minutes afterward and the military sprinkling dried up directly and was gone. Then said Mr. The Englishman to himself, "Look here! By George!" And the Corporal, dancing toward the Barber's with his arms wide open, caught up the child, held her over his head in a flying attitude, caught her down again, kissed her, and made off with her into the Barber's house.

Now, Mr. The Englishman had had a quarrel with his erring and disobedient and disowned daughter, and there was a child in that case too. Had not his daughter been a child, and had she not taken angel-flights above his head as this child had flown above the Corporal's?

"He's a"—National Participled—"fool!" said the Englishman. And shut his window.

But the windows of the house of Memory, and the windows of the house of Mercy, are not so easily closed as windows of glass and wood. They fly open unexpectedly; they rattle in the night; they must be nailed up. Mr. The Englishman had tried nailing them, but had not driven the nails quite home. So he passed but a disturbed evening and a worse night.

By nature a good-tempered man? No; very little gentleness, confounding the quality with weakness. Fierce and wrathful when crossed? Very, and stupendously unreasonable. Moody? Exceedingly so. Vindictive? Well, he *had* had scowling thoughts that he would formally curse his daughter, as he had seen it done on the stage. But remembering that the real Heaven is some paces removed from the mock one in the great chandelier of the Theatre, he had given that up.

And he had come abroad to be rid of his repudiated daughter for the rest of his life. And here he was.

At bottom, it was for this reason more than for any other that Mr. The Englishman took it extremely ill that Corporal Théophile should be so devoted to little Bebelle, the child at the Barber's shop. In an unlucky moment he had chanced to say to himself, "Why, confound the fellow, he is not her father!" There was a sharp sting in the speech which ran into him suddenly and put him in a worse mood. So he had National Participled the unconscious Corporal with most hearty emphasis, and had made up his mind to think no more about such a mountebank.

But it came to pass that the Corporal was not to be dismissed. If he had known the most delicate fibres of the Englishman's mind, instead of nothing knowing on earth about him, and if he had been the most obstinate Corporal in the Grand Army of France instead of being the most obliging, he could not have planted himself with more determined immovability plump in the midst of all the Englishman's thoughts. Not only so, but he seemed to be always in his view. Mr. The Englishman had but to look out of window to look upon the Corporal with Little Bebelle. He had but to go for a walk, and there was the Corporal walking with Bebelle. He had but to come home again disgusted, and the Corporal and Bebelle were at home before him. If he looked out at his back windows early in the morning, the Corporal was in the Barber's back-yard, washing and dressing and brushing Bebelle. If he took refuge at his front windows, the Corporal brought his breakfast out into the Place and shared it there with Bebelle. Always Corporal and always Bebelle. Never Corporal without Bebelle. Never Bebelle without Corporal.

Mr. The Englishman was not particularly strong in the French language as a means of oral communication, though he read it very well. It is with languages as with people—when you only know them by sight, you are apt to mistake them; you must be on speaking terms before you can be said to have established an acquaintance.

For this reason Mr. The Englishman had to gird up his loins considerably before he could bring himself to the point of exchanging ideas with Madame Bouclet on the subject of this Corporal and this Bebelle. But Madame Bouclet looking in apologetically one morning to remark, that O Heaven she was in a state of desolation because the lamp-maker had not sent home that lamp confided to him to repair, but that truly he was a lampmaker against whom the whole world shrieked out, Mr. The Englishman seized the occasion.

"Madame, that baby—"

"Pardon, monsieur. That lamp."

"No, no, that little girl."

"But pardon!" said Madame Bouclet, angling for a clew; "one can not light a little girl, or send her to be repaired?"

"The little girl—at the house of the barber."

"Ah-h-h!" cried Madame Bouclet, suddenly catching the idea with her delicate little line and rod. "Little Bebelle? Yes, yes, yes! And her friend the Corporal? Yes, yes, yes, yes! So genteel of him; is it not?"

"He is not—?"

"Not at all; not at all! He is not one of her relations. Not at all!"

"Why then, he—"

"Perfectly!" cried Madame Bouclet, "you are right, monsieur. It is so genteel of him. The less relation the more genteel. As you say."

"Is she—?"

"The child of the barber?" Madame Bouclet whisked up her skillful little line and rod again. "Not at all, not at all! She is the child of—; in a word, of no one."

"The wife of the barber then—?"

"Indubitably. As you say. The wife of the barber receives a small stipend to take care of her. So much by the month. Eh, then! It is without doubt very little, for we are all poor here."

"You are not poor, madame."

"As to my lodgers," replied Madame Bouclet, with a smiling and a gracious bend of her head, "no. As to all things else, so-so."

"You flatter me, madame."

"Monsieur, it is you who flatter me in living here."

Certain fishy gasps on Mr. The Englishman's part, denoting that he was about to resume his subject under difficulties, Madame Bouclet observed him closely, and whisked up her delicate line and rod again with triumphant success.

"Oh no, monsieur, certainly not. The wife of the barber is not cruel to the poor child, but she is careless. Her health is delicate, and she sits all day looking out at window. Consequently, when the Corporal first came, the poor little Bebelle was much neglected."

"It is a curious—" began Mr. The Englishman.

"Name? That Bebelle? Again you are right, monsieur. But it is a playful name for Gabrielle."

"And so the child is a mere fancy of the Corporal's?" said Mr. The Englishman, in a gruffly disparaging tone of voice.

"Eh well!" returned Madame Bouclet, with a pleading shrug: "one must love something. Human nature is weak."

("Devilish weak," muttered the Englishman in his own language.)

"And the Corporal," pursued Madame Bouclet, "being billeted at the barber's—where he will probably remain a long time, for he is attached to the General—and finding the poor unowned child in need of being loved, and finding himself in need of loving—why, there you have it all, you see!"

Mr. The Englishman accepted this interpretation of the matter with an indifferent grace, and observed to himself, in an injured manner, when he was again alone: "I shouldn't mind it so much if these people were not such a"—National Participled—"sentimental people!"

There was a Cemetery outside the town, and it happened ill for the reputation of the Vaubanois in this sentimental connection that he took a walk

there that same afternoon. To be sure there were some wonderful things in it (from the Englishman's point of view), and of a certainty in all Britain you would have found nothing like it. Not to mention the fanciful flourishes of hearts and crosses, in wood and iron, that were planted all over the place, making it look very like a Firework-ground where a most splendid pyrotechnic display might be expected after dark, there were so many wreaths upon the graves, embroidered, as it might be, "To my mother," "To my daughter," "To my father," "To my brother," "To my sister," "To my friend," and those many wreaths were in so many stages of elaboration and decay, from the wreath of yesterday all fresh color and bright beads, to the wreath of last year, a poor mouldering wisp of straw! There were so many little gardens and grottoes made upon graves, in so many tastes, with plants and shells and plaster figures and porcelain pitchers, and so many odds and ends! There were so many tributes of remembrance hanging up, not to be discriminated by the closest inspection from little round waiters, whereon were depicted in glowing hues either a lady or a gentleman with a white pocket-handkerchief out of all proportion, leaning, in a state of the most faultless mourning and most profound affliction, on the most architectural and gorgeous urn! There were so many surviving wives who had put their names on the tombs of their deceased husbands with a blank for the date of their own departure from this weary world; and there were so many surviving husbands who had rendered the same homage to their deceased wives; and out of the number there must have been so many who had long ago married again! In fine, there was so much in the place that would have seemed mere frippery to a stranger, save for the consideration that the lightest paper-flower that lay upon the poorest heap of earth was never touched by a rude hand, but perished there, a sacred thing.

"Nothing of the solemnity of Death here," Mr. The Englishman had been going to say; when this last consideration touched him with a mild appeal, and on the whole he walked out without saying it. "But these people are," he insisted, by way of compensation when he was well outside the gate, "they are so," Participled, "sentimental!"

His way back lay by the military gymnasium-ground. And there he passed the Corporal glibly instructing young soldiers how to swing themselves over rapid and deep water-courses on their way to Glory by means of a rope, and himself deftly plunging off a platform and flying a hundred feet or two as an encouragement to them to begin. And there he also passed, perched on a crowning eminence (probably by the Corporal's careful hands), the small Bebelle, with her round eyes wide open, surveying the proceeding like a wondering sort of blue and white bird.

"If that child was to die"—this was his reflection as he turned his back and went his way—"and it would almost serve the fellow right for making such a fool of himself—I suppose we should have *him* sticking up a wreath and a waiter in that fantastic burying-ground."

Nevertheless, after another early morning or two of looking out of window, he strolled down into the Place, when the Corporal and Bebelle were walking there, and touching his hat to the Corporal (an immense achievement) wished him Good-Day.

"Good-day, Monsieur."

"This is a rather pretty child you have here," said Mr. The Englishman, taking her chin in his hand, and looking down into her astonished blue eyes.

"Monsieur, she is a very pretty child," returned the Corporal, with a stress on his polite correction of the phrase.

"And good?" said The Englishman.

"And very good. Poor little thing!"

"Hah!" The Englishman stooped down and patted her cheek, not without awkwardness, as if he were going too far in his conciliation. "And what is this medal round your neck, my little one?"

Bebelle having no other reply on her lips than her chubby right fist, the Corporal offered his services as interpreter.

"Monsieur demands, what is this, Bebelle?"

"It is the Holy Virgin," said Bebelle.

"And who gave it you?" asked The Englishman.

"Théophile."

"And who is Théophile?"

Bebelle broke into a laugh, laughed merrily and heartily, clapped her chubby hands, and beat her little feet on the stone pavement of the Place.

"He doesn't know Théophile! Why he doesn't know any one! He doesn't know any thing!" Then, sensible of a small solecism in her manners, Bebelle twisted her right hand in a leg of the Corporal's Bloomer trowsers, and laying her cheek against the place, kissed it.

"Monsieur Théophile, I believe?" said The Englishman to the Corporal.

"It is I, Monsieur."

"Permit me." Mr. The Englishman shook him heartily by the hand and turned away. But he took it mighty ill that old Monsieur Mutuel, in his patch of sunlight, upon whom he came as he turned, should pull off his cap to him with a look of pleased approval. And he muttered, in his own tongue, as he returned the salutation, "Well, walnut-shell! And what business is it of *yours*?"

Mr. The Englishman went on for many weeks passing but disturbed evenings and worse nights, and constantly experiencing that those aforesaid windows in the houses of Memory and Mercy rattled after dark, and that he had very imperfectly nailed them up. Likewise, he went on for many weeks daily improving the acquaintance of the Corporal and Bebelle. That is to say, he took Bebelle by the chin and the Corporal by the hand, and offered Bebelle sous and the Corporal cigars, and even got the length of changing pipes with the Corporal and kissing Bebelle. But he did it all in a shamefaced way, and always took it extremely ill that Monsieur Mutuel in his patch of sunlight should note what he did. Whenever that seemed to be the case he always growled, in his own tongue, "There you are again, walnut-shell! What business is it of *yours*?"

In a word, it had become the occupation of Mr. The Englishman's life to look after the Corporal and little Bebelle, and to resent old Monsieur Mutuel's looking after *him*. An occupation only varied by a fire in the town one windy night, and much passing of water-buckets from hand to hand (in which the Englishman rendered good service), and much beating of drums, when all of a sudden the Corporal disappeared.

Next, all of a sudden, Bebelle disappeared.

She had been visible a few days later than the Corporal—sadly deteriorated as to washing and brushing—but she had not spoken when addressed by Mr. The Englishman, and had looked scared and had run away. And now it would seem that she had run away for good. And there lay the Great Place under the windows, bare and barren.

In his shamefaced and constrained way Mr. The Englishman asked no question of any one, but watched from his front windows, and watched from his back windows, and lingered about the Place, and peeped in at the Barber's shop, and did all this and much more with a whistling and tune-humming pretense of not missing any thing, until one afternoon, when Monsieur Mutuel's patch of sunlight was in shadow, and when, according to all rule and precedent, he had no right whatever to bring his red ribbon out of doors, behold here he was, advancing, with his cap already in his hand, twelve paces off!

Mr. The Englishman had got as far into his usual objurgation as "What bu—si—" when he checked himself.

"Ah, it is sad, it is sad! Helas, it is unhappy, it is sad!" Thus old Monsieur Mutuel, shaking his gray head.

"What busin—at least, I would say, what do you mean, Monsieur Mutuel?"

"Our Corporal. Helas, our dear Corporal!"

"What has happened to him?"

"You have not heard?"

"No."

"At the fire. But he was so brave, so ready. Ah, too brave, too ready!"

"May the devil carry you away!" the Englishman broke in, impatiently; "I beg your pardon—I mean me—I am not accustomed to speak French—go on, will you?"

"And a falling beam—"

"Good God!" exclaimed The Englishman. "It was a private soldier who was killed?"

"No. A Corporal, the same Corporal, our dear Corporal. Beloved by all his comrades. The funeral ceremony was touching—penetrating. Monsieur The Englishman, your eyes fill with tears."

"What bu—si—"

"Monsieur The Englishman, I honor those emotions. I salute you with profound respect. I will not obtrude myself upon your noble heart."

Monsieur Mutuel, a gentleman in every thread of his cloudy linen, under whose wrinkled hand every grain in the quarter of an ounce of poor snuff in his poor little tin box became a gentleman's property—Monsieur Mutuel passed on with his cap in his hand.

"I little thought," said The Englishman, after walking for several minutes, and more than once blowing his nose, "when I was looking round that Cemetery—I'll go there!"

Straight he went there; and when he came within the gate he paused, considering whether he should ask at the lodge for some direction to the grave. But he was less than ever in a mood for asking questions, and he thought, "I shall see something on it to know it by."

In search of the Corporal's grave, he went softly on, up this walk and down that, peering in among the crosses, and hearts, and columns, and obelisks, and tombstones for a recently disturbed spot. It troubled him now to think how many dead there were in the cemetery—he had not thought them a tenth part so numerous before—and after he had walked and sought for some time he said to himself, as he struck down a new vista of tombs, "I might suppose that every one was dead but I."

Not every one. A live child was lying on the ground asleep. Truly he had found something on the Corporal's grave to know it by, and the something was Bebelle.

With such a loving will had the dead soldier's comrades worked at his resting-place that it was already a neat garden. On the green turf of the garden Bebelle lay sleeping, with her cheek touching it. A plain unpainted little wooden Cross was planted in the turf, and her short arm embraced this little Cross, as it had many a time embraced the Corporal's neck. They had put a tiny flag (the flag of France) at his head, and a laurel garland.

Mr. The Englishman took off his hat, and stood for a while silent. Then covering his head again, he bent down on one knee, and softly roused the child.

"Bebelle! My little one!"

Opening her eyes, on which the tears were still wet, Bebelle was at first frightened; but seeing who it was, she suffered him to take her in his arms, looking steadfastly at him.

"You must not lie here, my little one. You must come with me."

"No, no. I can't leave Théophile. I want the good dear Théophile."

"We will go and seek him, Bebelle. We will go and look for him in England. We will go and look for him at my daughter's, Bebelle."

"Shall we find him there?"

"We shall find the best part of him there. Come with me, poor forlorn little one. Heaven is my witness," said the Englishman, in a low voice, as, before he rose, he touched the turf above the gentle Corporal's breast, "that I thankfully accept this trust!"

It was a long way for the child to have come unaided. She was soon asleep again, with her embrace transferred to the Englishman's neck. He looked at her worn shoes, and her galled feet, and her tired face, and believed that she had come there every day.

He was leaving the grave with the slumbering Bebelle in his arms, when he stopped, looked wistfully down at it, and looked wistfully at the other graves around. "It is the innocent custom of the people," said Mr. The Englishman, with hesitation; "I think I should like to do it. No one sees."

Careful not to wake Bebelle as he went, he repaired to the lodge where such little tokens of remembrance were sold, and bought two wreaths. One, blue and white and glistening silver, "To my friend;" one of a soberer red and black and yellow, "To my friend." With these he went back to the grave, and so down on one knee again. Touching the child's lips with the brighter wreath, he guided her hand to hang it on the Cross, then hung his own wreath there. After all, the wreaths were not far out of keeping with the little garden. To my friend. To my friend.

Mr. The Englishman took it very ill when he looked round a street-corner into the Great Place, carrying Bebelle in his arms, that old Mutuel should be there airing his red ribbon. He took a world of pains to dodge the worthy Mutuel, and devoted a surprising amount of time and trouble to skulking into his own lodging like a man pursued by Justice. Safely arrived there at last, he made Bebelle's toilet with as accurate a remembrance as he could bring to bear upon that work of the way in which he had often seen the poor Corporal make it, and, having given her to eat and drink, laid her down on his own bed. Then he slipped out into the Barber's shop, and after a brief interview with the barber's wife and a brief recourse to his purse and card-case, came back again, with the whole of Bebelle's personal property in such a very little bundle that it was quite lost under his arm.

As it was irreconcilable with his whole course and character that he should carry Bebelle off in state, or receive any compliments or congratulations on that feat, he devoted the next day to getting his two portmanteaus out of the house by artfulness and stealth, and to comporting himself in every particular as if he were going to run away—except, indeed, that he paid his few debts in the town, and prepared a letter to leave for Madame Bouclet, inclosing a sufficient sum of money in lieu of notice. A railway train would come through at midnight, and by that train he would take away Bebelle to look for Théophile in England and at his forgiven daughter's.

At midnight on a moonlight night, Mr. The Englishman came creeping forth like a harmless assassin, with Bebelle on his breast instead of a dagger. Quiet the Great Place, and quiet the never-stirring streets; closed the cafés; huddled together motionless their billiard-balls; drowsy the guard or sentinel on duty here and there; lulled for the time, by sleep, even the insatiate appetite of the Office of Town-dues.

Mr. The Englishman left the Place behind and left the streets behind, and left the civilian-inhabited town behind, and descended down among the military works of Vauban, hemming all in. As the shadow of the first heavy arch and postern fell upon him and was left behind, as the shadow of the second heavy arch and postern fell upon him and was left behind, as his hollow tramp over the first draw-bridge was succeeded by a gentler sound, as his hollow tramp over the second draw-bridge was succeeded by a gentler sound, as he overcame the stagnant ditches one by one, and passed out where the flowing waters were and where the moonlight, so the dark shades and the hollow sounds and the unwholesomely-locked currents of his soul, were vanquished and set free. See to it, Vaubans, of your own hearts, who gird them in with triple walls and ditches, and with bolt and chain and bar and lifted bridge—raze those fortifications and lay them level with the all-absorbing dust, before the night cometh when no hand can work!

All went prosperously, and he got into an empty carriage in the train, where he could lay Babelle on the seat over against him, as on a couch, and cover her from head to foot with his mantle. He had just drawn himself up from perfecting this arrangement, and had just leaned back in his own seat contemplating it with great satisfaction, when he became aware of a curious appearance at the open carriage-window—a ghostly little tin box floating up in the moonlight, and hovering there.

He leaned forward and put out his head. Down among the rails and wheels and ashes, Monsieur Mutuel, red ribbon and all!

"Excuse me, Monsieur The Englishman," said Monsieur Mutuel, holding up his box at arm's-length; the carriage being so high and he so low; "but I shall reverence the little box forever, if your so generous hand will take a pinch from it at parting."

Mr. The Englishman reached out of the window before complying, and—without asking the old fellow what business it was of his—shook hands and said, "Adieu! God bless you!"

"And, Mr. The Englishman, God bless *you!*" cried Madame Bouclet, who was also there among the rails and wheels and ashes. "And God will bless you in the happiness of the protected child now with you. And God will bless you in your own child at home. And God will bless you in your own remembrances. And this from me!"

He had barely time to catch a bouquet from her hand when the train was flying through the night. Round the paper that enfolded it was bravely written (doubtless by the nephew who held the pen of an Angel), "Homage to the friend of the friendless."

"Not bad people, Bebelle!" said Mr. The Englishman, softly drawing the mantle a little from her sleeping face, that he might kiss it, "though they are so—"

Too "sentimental" himself at the moment to be able to get out that word, he added nothing but a sob, and traveled for some miles, through the moonlight, with his hand before his eyes.

HIS UMBRELLA.

It was not in the spirit of officious gallantry that I put my best foot forward, in order to overtake the lady who was walking a few yards before me, across the large field which adjoins the pretty village of Ivyton. About the attractive qualities of her face and figure I did not care a straw, but she carried one potent charm about her which had for me a fascination wholly irresistible—she carried an umbrella. That the potency of this charm may be fully appreciated, I ought to state that the rain was falling in torrents, and that, although it was early in the year, I was not only without an umbrella, but was also destitute of an overcoat: having carelessly left one of those useful habiliments in the railway carriage. The shades of evening were just deepening into night, and I need not explain that the sensation of being drenched through by a rain which one can scarcely see, is infinitely more disagreeable than the attack of a shower in broad daylight. To the eye the appearance of rapidly falling rain is rather lively than otherwise, and to some extent counteracts the annoyance of a wetting. But in being made aware of the presence of moisture by the sense of feeling alone there is something incalculably dismal and desolate.

There was hope in that umbrella (a gingham umbrella). Surely, under the circumstances, I could solicit a share in it without being deemed extremely rude and impertinent. I slushed my way through the interminable field, and gained upon the figure. Its outline I could plainly distinguish. It was certainly a female, the dress was of a light color, and—most important particular—the wearer of the dress carried, as I have said, a very large umbrella—a gingham umbrella. More I could not ascertain, save that the object of my pursuit was endowed with a less amount of curiosity than is usually ascribed to the fair sex. As my feet often glided from the slippery path, and splashed into the small puddles by which in many places it was burdened, the noise I made must have been considerable; and most people are anxious to know what sort of a person is walking behind them, when they are in a field about nightfall. Such, however, was not the case with the lady before me. Armed with her umbrella against the inclemencies of the weather, she seemed regardless of every thing else.

As I have said, I gained upon the lady; but even when I was at her side, with my head under her umbrella (I believe I have already described it as a gingham umbrella), she made no effort to see me or to avoid me. Apparently looking straight before her, she went on as at first; and it is worthy of remark, that whereas I made a little splash at almost every step, she seemed to pick her way without difficulty. The few courteous words I uttered did not seem to reach her ear. Perhaps she was deaf? On this supposition, I gently took the gingham umbrella by the handle, politely intending to carry it in such a way as to confer upon her the largest share of its benefits. She made no resistance, but let it go at once, and, what was very strange, no sooner was it safely in my grasp than I found myself alone! Yes, no one was beside me; there I stood, whole and sole master of a gingham umbrella. Dressed as she was in light raiment, the lady, however rapidly she might have run away, ought to have been visible in some direction; but she was not visible in any direction.

How wrong it is to form hasty judgments. Five minutes before, I had settled in my own mind that the umbrella was the engrossing object of the lady's thoughts. Now, I could clearly see that she did not value it to the extent of a single clutch. If she had merely wanted to be freed from me, she might have gone with the umbrella in her hand, for I did not hold it so very tight. Perhaps the umbrella was more objectionable than myself, and she was glad to get rid of it? The rain that rattled on the silk seemed anxious to demonstrate the utter fallacy of this hypothesis.

I felt comfortable enough in the parlor of the Jolly Navigators, sipping my glass of hot brandy-and-water as a preventive against the ill effects of the wetting, smoking my cigar, and idly watching my—let me rather say *the*—umbrella, as it lay open before the fire. The inn was close to the station, and I by no means regretted that at least half an hour would elapse before the arrival of the train that was to convey me back to town. Literally doing nothing, I was ready to take an interest in any thing, and was not displeased when I could hear through the open door the few remarks made by the landlord and the customers at the bar.

"Well, this is leap-year," said a gruff voice.

"Yes, and more than that," said another voice, exceedingly shrill, and evidently belonging to an old woman, "this is the 29th of February. I wonder if *she* was in the field this evening?"

"Gammon," said the landlord,

"Oh yes, it's all very fine for you men," urged the shrill voice, "you'll believe nothing but what you can eat and drink and put into your pockets; but I tell you she's sure to be in the field about nightfall, on the 29th of February."

"Go along," said the gruff voice. "Why, I've been through Swampy Field over and over again, and I never seed nothing."

"Of course not," assented the landlord.

"Ay, ay," pursued the shrill voice; "but did you ever go through the field at nightfall, on the 29th of February? Were you there this evening?"

"Well, no; I can't say I was," replied the gruff voice.

"No; exactly," persisted the shrill old dame. "And are you quite sure you were there at nightfall this day four year—or the day four year before that?"

"Well, I don't want to say what ain't right and straight," replied the gruff voice, in a somewhat discomfited tone.

"And that's the wisest thing you've said yet," replied the shrill voice, reproachfully. "Better people than you or I have seen ghosts and been ghosts before this, to say nothing of poor Miss Crackenbridge."

Now my moral position, as I listened to the above conversation, with my eyes fixed on the umbrella, was far from elevated. I felt at once that the "she" of whom the old woman spoke could be no other than the mysterious female from whom I had received the gingham article that lay open before me, steaming away its moisture. I therefore knew that the sneers of the gruff gentleman and of the landlord were unjust, and yet I dared not openly enlist myself on the side of truth. My evidence was all that the old woman required to save her from derision, and I was base enough not to give it. The more I think of my conduct on that occasion the more does my self-respect diminish. If I had been in some primitive hamlet, where the existence of ghosts is admitted as a matter of course, there is no doubt I should have come out boldly with my narrative, and should have done my best to brow-beat any unlucky skeptic. My conduct, I am convinced, would have been analogous had I been at a party of fashionable spiritualists. But here I was in a village, too closely in connection with London to admit of a primitive credulity, save among the oldest inhabitants, while the social status of the speakers was not high enough to render them pervious to aristocratic spiritualism. For fear of incurring the sneer of a vulgar landlord and his more vulgar customer, I allowed truth to be assailed without uttering a word in its defense, though I could scarcely help fancying that the umbrella was conscious of my pusillanimity, and was observing me with silent contempt.

What a great man must a martyr be, who will undergo popular execration, death, and torture, rather than keep his lips close, when they can be opened for the assertion of a truth! What an immeasurable difference there must be between my constitution and that of—say St. Lawrence.

But while my moral courage was at the lowest ebb it was high-water with my curiosity. Such was my utter depravity, that the circumstances which depressed the nobler quality allowed the lower one to flourish with full vigor. I sneaked out of the parlor to the bar, endeavored to ingratiate myself by asking for something cheap which I did not want (a biscuit, I think it was), and then with the grossest affectation of vagueness, propounded the following question:

"Excuse the liberty, but did not I overhear—unintentionally, of course—something about some person who walked in some field in some remarkable manner?"

"That's right, master," replied a man in a shaggy great-coat.

"Oh yes, quite correct," said the landlord, "but for further particulars you had better address yourself to this good lady here. You know there's some sort of knowledge that thrives best in the heads of elderly ladies," he added, with a wink.

I am overwhelmed with shame and confusion when I write down the humiliating fact that I actually winked in return. If I were a member of parliament I wonder whether I should ever, by the remotest chance, find myself voting with the minority!

"Oh, the gentleman is quite welcome to hear the story if he likes," said the old lady: a most respectable, inoffensive-looking person. "*I* don't care for a laugh or two."

How unworthy was I to walk on the same soil with that heroic old woman!

I shall not repeat the words of her narrative, for it was somewhat prolix, and abounded in details that did not bear directly on the main subject. It will be sufficient to state that according to the excellent lady's belief, one Miss Catherine Crackenbridge had, on the 28th of February, many years before, gone out to meet a clandestine lover, and had been seen to cross Swamp Field. Since that time nothing had been heard of her. It was supposed that she was entrapped and murdered by a designing villain; some that she met with a fatal accident; and some that she committed suicide. This much was certain: that every 29th of February her figure might be seen—in fact, was destined to cross Swamp Field about nightfall by any person who happened to be on the spot.

After exchanging a look of bland superiority with the highest possible degree of scorn, I asked if the ghost were in the habit of carrying an umbrella.

"Ho-ho-ho!" roared the landlord. "Why, of course it is—what you want on a rainy night like this. Well, that's a good 'un. The gentleman has given it her there, and no mistake; hasn't he, Jo?"

The sun in the shaggy great-coat grunted his assent, with a low chuckle. And there was a wretch that I was—allowing myself to be applauded for inflicting a stupid sarcasm on a worthy old female, when I firmly believed every word of her statement, and was merely endeavoring to satisfy my curiosity with reference to my strangely-acquired knowledge. I was joined in the laugh, followed them all, the old woman included, to believe that I was completely abroad as a result of my witty and facetious person. The old woman mercifully observed that she knew nothing about umbrellas, and left the subject in a state of triviality that was not only justifiable, but highly laudable. As for me, I exchanged a look that spoke volumes in favor of a conjuncre by whom a worthy adversary has been valiantly vanquished.

My surprise was not small when I perceived that the umbrella had dropped into oblivion during the conversation at the bar. I had left it with the convivial side resting on a log, and consequently the handle in the opposite direction. Now the handle was resting on the bar, and the umbrella was in Longbaum toward the door. As no one had entered the room this movement was perfectly astounding, and did not appear to be explicable—that is, except on the umbrella, boldly tucked in under my arm, and stalked through the bar, bidding a good-night, well to the landlord, and making the untidy fireplace remark as I did not mind. I should meet it at the train. If all the ghosts of all the Hawkins had stood in a row before me, I should have rather have walked through them than have committed myself to a word, or gesture which would have compromised me in the eyes of the landlord and his great personal friend. As it was, the landlord's face C. C. carved on the handle confirmed my belief that the umbrella had been the property of the illustrated Catherine Crackenbridge.

The umbrella, I may observe, though of gigantic—one of no common order. The silk covering was extremely massive, and richly adorned with that elaborate kind of fringe which seems to indicate an Oriental origin. The initial letters to which I have referred had been scratched apparently with a first sharp instrument that came to hand, but had been elegantly executed.

Hence it was no wonder that when I called on my friend Jones, Esquire, to whom I was accustomed to proceed as soon as I quitted the train, he exclaimed, in his usual elegant style:

"Why, Bill, what's the stunning gingham you've got there! Well, that is an out-and-outer!"

"Yes, it is rather a good one," I answered, with considerable indifference; and I put it in the corner near the door and gave my hat and coat a conformity with an old habit of mine. Being of a careless disposition, I lose my umbrellas in the early youth. To prevent the recurrence of such accidents I gilt the ivory ferrule with my initials as a bat-peg whenever I make a visit. I can not easily forget my hat, my coat I hide it, but without handling my umbrella.

"Well, but you don't mean to tell me," pursued Jack, "that you mean that article with your own money? A purchase of that kind is not like my old friend Zachary Zachary."

"No; I did not purchase it—it came from India," I replied, with perfect honesty, but the little conscience that was left me, that I had not told an absolute falsehood; for, indeed, the umbrella did come from India in the first instance for any thing I knew to the contrary.

The intelligence I had to communicate was of a pleasant kind, and I proved it by ordering a cigar, a hot-and-strong for two, and a liberal effect by ordering every thing in the house in the supply of stout. When this supper, with the addition of a dozen of gog, had been disposed of, I rose to depart.

"Why, old boy," said the hospitable Jack, "where have you put your hat and your umbrella? Bless my eyes! they are! Why, I'll be hanged if I have sworn in any witness-box that you put the umbrella in the corner near the door, and then clapped your hat on the handle; and now—I do not behold—here is the hat on the floor, and there next the fire-place, and the umbrella, with the point inside the hat, and the handle against the wall!"

The little incident in the parlor of the Jolly Navigators had too well prepared me for such remarks on the part of my umbrella to startle me. It is just as I said: I put it, Jack," I said, with heedless effrontery. "You put a little too much brandy in your toddy, and it has gone into my directly after the stout—"

Jack was fairly under as I was, and as for the brandy-and-water, it had been offensively weak.

"I suppose you are right, old fellow," answered Jack, with a skeptical expression of countenance. "At the umbrella is a little dump, it was kind of you to save my carpet by using your hat as a basin."

Suspecting out some inanity about a friend's inventions being as dear to me as my own, I took no notice of the insult as well as I could. That I had not succeeded in obliterating from Jack's mind the unfortunate effect of the change of names after every words made evident enough. Though he never said the umbrella again, he never met me without some question as to its whereabout, or some reference to the old occurrence of *that* evening.

I had been so much occupied hitherto in wearing a mask before other persons, that I really had not had time enough to feel all the supernatural horror which the possession of the umbrella should have inspired. Here was an actual ghost in my hands, a supernatural female figure that had vanished like a ghost, and that figure exactly corresponding to the description of a ghost current in the immediate neighborhood! These circumstances began to impress themselves more forcibly on my mind when, on reaching home, I found myself alone in my bachelor sitting-room. The umbrella, which rested against my chair, appeared to me in the light of an unpleasant acquaintance, whom one can not conveniently turn out, as he is in no apparent press to stop. What should I do with the umbrella? I did not wish to sit up with it all night; still less was I inclined to take it into my bedroom. I looked suspiciously at the umbrella until I almost fancied it looked at me in return.

At last I betbought me of a little room on the first floor at the back, which I had once occasionally used for the deposit of lumber. Thither would I at once take the umbrella, and let it remain there in the sleeping apartment. How cautiously I carried it! I felt inclined to tread on the stair-carpet, who slept in the chamber adjoining the lumber room. I opened the door with a manner of voice that only a burglar ought to attain. I could almost fancy I was a burglar myself.

Lumber, insignificant by day, is ghastly at night. It often illustrates the proverb that misery loves a single spectator. The common household articles, once aside as unavailable for immediate use, and huddled together in a corner, have a fellowship with their original purpose, have a corpse-like appearance, and seem to shudder at the approach. ess. A cobweb floating about in their vicinity is as unconscious of supernatural power as a fly-spectator shrinks instinctively from any thing like contact with the ghostly appearance of a shadow, which seems to be compounded of feather, gossamer, and nothingness. I groped my way to the door.

I delicately placed the umbrella against a bonnet-rich covered with a profusion of dust, and withdrew to my bedroom; not without overhearing the shrill female voice of the servants, who had undeath remarked the unwonted sound of footsteps.

My dreams were disagreeable enough. The umbrella seemed to pursue me in the form of a many-armed but, the gingham forming the texture of the arms, which stretched out in every direction to the corners. Then the but would assume the shape of the human umbrella, and I would recognize the hideous Indian deity: with this difference, that the arms were not six in number, but a dozen, ranged around the neck, like the spokes of a horizontal wheel. And then the umbrella would suddenly be quitted its place, and stationed itself on the point, where it became the figure of a woman, and then it is unseemly mirth.

I was far from gratified next morning, when the servant, with considerable and toast, brought in the umbrella, with the words, "I think you left this in the passage, sir." I had not thought of it. I'm sure I felt that my answer gave no satisfaction. Though I did not look at the girl, I felt that she had taken an unfavorable view of my conduct.

"On the 29th of February, C. C. will call on Y. Z.," I said, with a sickly smile.

This was the advertisement on which my eye fell.

Now, it is not every one that can own a property in the 29th of Feb. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that I, Yorick Zachary Yorke, am their sole legitimate owner.

How great is the power of habit! Three years before, my mind had been so occupied with the existence of the 29th, that I had even tried to make a 29th of February of my own, by giving a figure to the 28th of March. Now, on the 29th of Feb., I was slow in recalling to mind the connection between the date and myself. I found it an assistion; and I believe a quarter of an hour elapsed before I recognized in C. C. the initials of the ill-starred Miss Catherine Crackenbridge.

The next day I received my new rent-roll forced back upon me. My agony reached its crisis, when, looking at the 29th in the paper, I detected the word "The 29th of February is to-day!" Practically I looked on that day as a holiday. I remained within its stand, and placed it on the table before me. My eyes were fixed upon it so firmly that every figure in the paper, and my own new rent-roll folded, but firmly pressed together, that I might be the bearer of the glad tidings of my own resolution.

How long I sat in this state I know not, but I am sure that I must have been sitting for hours, though I could not perceive a companion. And yet there was a strange consciousness in the presence of the room. The looking-glass was over the mantel-piece, the pictures were on the walls, furniture were in their places, but the carpet seemed to make of any person who was in the room invisible, affording a view of a fist country, in the last light of evening. I could not see the floor, but I could feel the of the drops. In defiance of all the laws of possibility, I was in two places at once—in my own bachelor apartment, in the Swamp Field. The weight rested on my arm, a cold breath was on my cheek, and close to my cheek was the face that bloved its lips, as if speaking with the greatest earnestness to the ear of the dead.

When the face had melted away, and the weight was removed from my arm, and the cold air was free from wet grass, and the walls had ceased to surround me, I found myself in a cab.

I am not aware whether any so called philosophical explanation of the above astonishing experience may be attempted. I believe I have related them with perfect truth. I was conscious of the fact that I had not slept, that I had not been in a trance, that I had not allowed my mind to be engrossed by any trifling detail, or if any deduction should be claimed by the determined skeptic, in the sense of mental strain, or of brandy-and-water which I have myself described as (I quote the exact words) "decidedly weak," or on the score of a rather confused memory, or a slight habit of absence of mind, or a constitutional disposition (inherited on the father's side) to doze after dinner, there will still remain this extraordinary circumstance to be accounted for by ordinary laws—that I found myself in a cab. I had been driven rapidly during the whole interval between Inkerstile and Longbaum, and unaccountably and unconsciously had lost the umbrella (till) on the 29th of February, the very day on which I had so carefully preserved, and brought with it the extraordinary man I have described.

HIS BLACK BAG

CREEVY was a dead bounce—a palace almost—in the west end of London, and I don't believe that even where in the north or the south, the east or the west, a pleasanter place could be found to stay at, or a pleasanter host and hostess than the Duke and Duchess of Greta. I had known the duchess long before her marriage, and as to her husband, we got on well from the very first day of my stay at Creevy. Soon I had the good fortune to land a salmon in a reyke the duke highly approved of, an achievement which I finished off by tying a fly which he himself killed first and last five large salmon, and five grilse, during the week. Indeed, I may say, I went to stay at Creevy, making one of a great society, the castle being big enough to hold a small world within its walls.

There was a busy arrival at Creevy on the occasion which I am writing. I found myself seated between old Lady Saltcliffe, who is very deaf, and an uncommonly stupid master of fox-hounds, whose voice nobody would ever care to hear unless when it was raised in a melodious tally-ho or stirring words of encouragement to a despondent hound. Exactly opposite to where I sat, but beautiful Miss Crawcour. Of this young lady I had heard a great deal, though I had never before had any personal affair to be company. She was placed next to the duke, and I knew from whom I knew, I was the last inking. This was Lord Saxcly, the best match, presumably, and the richest, in England, and every other way, that England had to show. At a time when I was not going on. Miss Crawcour was a near relation of the duchess, and the duchess was one of those inventive matchmakers that never lived. She was at this time about five or six-and-thirty, good looking, and possessed of an excess, but she had this quality of match-making developed in her nature to an extent that was almost inconceivable, and certainly premature.

But the duchess did not stand alone in keeping the matrimonial eye upon Miss Crawcour. Another friend, from whom I learned who the young lady was before I knew myself, was Mrs. Crawcour, and eye fixed upon Miss Crawcour. Lady Saltcliffe, deaf, I have said, and stupid as to conversation, watched her with might and main, and an, indeed, more or less, and most of the guests throughout found that great table. I ought, perhaps, to except the duke, who was himself engaged to all such matters, being a sportsman and nothing else in the world. But the curiosity of those in the company was excusable. One of the special beauties of the day, one of the most lovely women of the year, were there side by side, and of course every body wanted to know what would come of it.

The beauty of Mary Crawcour was an only one, and there was in it a wonderful sense of health and vitality. It was enough to make one look at her without feeling inclined to envy her the extraordinary amount of life and enjoyment future which an organism so complete seemed to promise. Mrs. What a mother she would be! Mrs. Saltcliffe—what a pity it would be if any thing should occur to her husband! Mrs. Lord Saxcly—I looked from her to her neighbor the thought immediately followed, "I wonder if any one ever could think by such an alliance as that?"

Plain, Mrs. Saxcly was not what some people would call bad-looking, though to me I must own that his appearance was most disagreeable. I suppose at the time I am speaking of he was two or three-and-forty, but he was one of those light-complexioned men who look less than they are. His features, too, were small and regular. What must have been his age I could not tell, but I remember to look at than this same Lord Saxcly, whom was then a most extraordinary anxiety to know about him. He was so much too soigné in his "get up," his hair was a shade too golden, and his teeth a trifle whiskers. He affected jewelry, and I have frequently seen him with rings outside his gloves. He always wore, too, such tightly-strapped trousers and such thick lacquered boots, that I felt as he had cut a thing as a shooting-jacket or a pair of highlows in his possession. When the other guests left the table, I found that, for a couple of days, he was to be found in the drawing-room, playing on the piano, or, still better, making himself to accompany him while he sang; for I must say for him that he had a very fine and sweet voice, and performed upon it in tune and with considerable skill.

I looked on then at this game, and I saw, or thought I saw, nothing? A scientific man who had never had any thing but a pippin for a heart—that small pippin, however, with a certain sour juice and softness in it, but now resembling those of a hardened crab. Lord Saxcly was a man without any, hard, and sadly contracted and pinched about the core. I saw that this man had settled within himself that the young lady before him was a personality and otherwise suitable to the position of duchess of Greta, and that with the exception of such a piece of humanity would be generally acceptable to the world, and that he would be fair discernment into the bargain. I saw, too, a young girl, at her very commencement of womanhood in a bright and glorious existence, about to sacrifice all her happiness for the mere selling for money and a coronet, and I thought I saw that this was not done without a pang at some point of time, but because she was forced into it.

Sitting there, and pretending to bring little to do in the way of conversation myself, I heard many scraps of dialogue between Miss Crawcour and her neighbor. Once, among high matters of state, Lord Saxcly said, certainly, but always with great politeness. The duchess was a little deaf.

A great dinner! What a wondrous jumble of thought, what a confusion of ideas, what a tangle of observations made aloud and observations made in secret. What scraps overheard! What nonsense. If sound and thought and action could be telegraphed by wires, what a confusion of shouts, and retained, what would be the result of the process? It is to be hoped with which we have to do something of this sort. Quick! The instrument must, the shifting of the scenes must be constant and prepared plate exposed.

LADY SALTCLIFFE (to me).—Do you like venison?

MYSELF (to Lady Saltcliffe).—Myself (bawling). No. They didn't come to town at all.—BUTLER (over right shoulder). Champagne, sir.—Sporting cock.—MYSELF (to myself). Feverish last night. —Butler (behind my chair). Champagne, sir.—Well, they couldn't have been a nicer house.—MYSELF (to Lady Saltcliffe). It's no use trying that right (to Lady S., bawling louder). No.—LORD SAXCLY (to Miss Crawcour). Have you ever been? Yes, to rough it or. I have an aversion to roughing it.—Miss CRAWCOUR (to Lord Saxcly). Do you like left shoulder). No, thanks.—MYSELF (to Miss Crawcour). Oh, not very dreadful. I have been accustomed to it from the person I am with who was at the other end of the world.—LORD SAXCLY (calmly). In that case it is no use to go. Myself (to myself). I should like at least half of my friends to be at the other end of the world.—

MYSELF (to myself). How she hates him; (to servant, protruding curry over left shoulder) No.—GENERAL ACCOMPANIMENT. Muffled clash, respectful clatter, buzzing, and subdued laughter.—MASTER OF FOXHOUNDS (to me). Shall you be in England for the hunting season?—MYSELF. Don't intend to hunt next season.—M. F. H. What's become of that chestnut of yours?—MYSELF. Sold her.—LADY SALTEITH (to me). Miss Crawcour is not so pretty as she was last year.—MYSELF (observing Miss Crawcour to be listening). I can't agree with you there, Lady Salteith; (to myself) I've never seen her before, by-the-by; (to servant, protruding mutton over left shoulder) Yes.—BUTLER (over right shoulder). Champagne or sparkling 'ock, Sir?—MYSELF. Neither.—LORD SNEYD (to Miss Crawcour). Did you hear Lady Salteith just now (his lordship was devouring curry when Lady Salteith spoke, and is only now ready to talk)?—MISS CRAWCOUR. Yes.—LORD SNEYD. Does *that* make you angry?—MISS CRAWCOUR. No. Lady Salteith is quite right.—GENERAL ACCOMPANIMENT. Muffled clash, respectful clatter, and subdued laughter.—M. F. H. I know a man who would have given you any thing for that chestnut.—MYSELF. Yes? Well, it's too late now. I sold him very well.—BUTLER (over right shoulder). Sherry, Sir?—MYSELF. Thanks.—LADY SALTEITH (to me). Not a good complexion has she?—MYSELF (shouting). I can't agree with you, Lady Salteith.—LADY SALTEITH. Yes, as you say, wants color.—MYSELF (to myself). It's no use; (to servant, protruding grouse over left shoulder) If you please.—LORD SNEYD (to Miss Crawcour). What are you going to do to-morrow morning, Miss Crawcour? Will you try that air from the Prophète with me again?—MISS CRAWCOUR. In the morning I am going out riding, Lord Sneyd.—LORD SNEYD. Dear me. You are always riding. I hate riding, it shakes one so. Well, in the afternoon, then, after luncheon?—MISS CRAWCOUR (icily). After luncheon I shall be quite ready.—MYSELF (to myself, being inclined for meditation). That girl speaks with the air of a martyr. If I had been Lord Sneyd—(to servant, protruding Charlotte-Russe over left shoulder) No—(to myself) I would have made an effort to accompany myself in that air from the Prophète, or have sought a more willing coadjutor; (to servant, protruding jelly over left shoulder) No, thank you.—GENERAL ACCOMPANIMENT. Muffled clash, respectful clatter, buzzing, and subdued laughter.—M. F. H. (to a neighbor). We've begun the cub-hunting now regularly. My huntsman tells me there are a good many foxes this year.—NEIGHBOR (another fox-hunter, indistinctly reported by the instrument). Glad—hear it—good f. country—plenty—cover.—LADY SALTEITH (to me). Do you ever see my nephew now?—MYSELF. What, Harry Rushout? Oh yes, sometimes.—LADY SALTEITH (to her neighbor on the other side). My nephew is the wildest young man about town. The other day he got brought up before the magistrate and— LORD SNEYD (to Miss Crawcour). Lady Salteith is not always so fortunate as she might be in the subjects she chooses for conversation.—MISS CRAWCOUR. Poor thing. She belongs to a different time. But she's very good, really.—LORD SNEYD. I wonder she comes out, so deaf as she is. She ought to stop at home.—MISS CRAWCOUR. I like Lady Salteith exceedingly, and am always glad to be staying in the house with her.—MYSELF. That's right.—GENERAL ACCOMPANIMENT. Clash—clatter.

Enough! Down goes the slide. The instrument is shut up. There is the result of the operation.

When that long "banquet scene" was at an end, and the ladies left the room, I found myself, by the retirement of old Lady Salteith, next my hearty straightforward manly friend Jack Fortescue, with whom I had already exchanged a nod behind the old lady's back. I was very glad to see him. We talked about all sorts of things; and presently got upon the subject which had been occupying me so much during dinner. I was rather anxious, I must own, to lead to it, having heard a rumor somewhere or other that my friend Jack himself was smitten with Miss Crawcour. I don't know when I had heard it, or where. Those things seem in some societies to circulate in the air.

To my surprise I found Fortescue very uncommunicative about this matter, and still more, to my wonder, I observed a tendency in him rather favorable to this match. He even sought to defend Lord Sneyd against my attacks.

"Oh, he's not such a bad fellow," he said, "when you come to know him. He's affected, you know, and pretends to be wonderfully refined, and to be a petit-maître, and all that, but he has his good points. We fellows who are always shooting, or fishing, or riding over stone dykes, are apt to undervalue a man of quieter tastes, and more sedentary pursuits. Sneyd goes in, you know, for being a sort of artist. By-the-by—talking of artists—did you see that portrait of the duchess in the Academy this year—wasn't it good?"

I saw that my friend wanted to get away from the subject, so of course I did not attempt to pursue it. I was not enlightened by any thing that occurred in the drawing-room after dinner. Miss Crawcour and Fortescue hardly exchanged a dozen words, and Lord Sneyd was in attendance upon the young lady throughout the evening. In the smoking-room afterward Lord Sneyd refused cigars, and smoked some infernal perfumed composition out of a Hookah. Heaven knows what it was. Opium, perhaps? Nothing wholesome I'll warrant.

II.

It was on the day succeeding that of my arrival at Creel that I sought the billiard-room, the usual refuge of the unemployed. I had remained at home that morning, having some letters to write and other things to do in my own room. These finished, I had still half an hour or more on my hands before luncheon, so I thought I would wend my way to the billiard-room. If I found any one to play with so much the better. If not, I would practice difficult cannons for half an hour or so, and in that way get through the time.

Two people were in the room. A gentleman and a lady. Jack Fortescue and Miss Crawcour. They were standing together at the further end of the table. Both had cues in their hands, and the balls were on the board, but at the moment of my entrance they were certainly not playing. Miss Crawcour's back was to the light, but a glance showed me beyond a shadow of doubt that she had been crying—was crying even when I entered the room.

What was I to do? Fortescue was my friend. The room was public to every body in the castle. If I retired it would be a marked act, showing that I felt I had interrupted some scene which did not require witnesses.

"Are you having a game, or only practicing?" I said to Fortescue, merely to break the awkward silence.

"Oh, it's a game," he answered, making a great effort, but not speaking then in his proper voice. "And it's my stroke. Look," he said to me, quickly, "is that cannon possible?" and he made it almost as he spoke. Two or three more followed. Then a hazard. At last a bad shot, and it was time for Miss Crawcour.

She came to her place at the table, and made a violent effort to collect herself. I did not look at her, but pretended to be absorbed in marking Fortescue's score. I heard her cue strike the ball in an uncertain way. There was no subsequent sound indicating the contact of her ball with one of the others. It was a miss. The moment she had made it she placed her cue against the wall, and saying something indistinctly about not being able to play, and about my finishing the game instead of her, left the billiard-room, closing the door after her.

As soon as she was gone Fortescue came up to where I stood.

"After what you've seen," he said, "it's no use my attempting to make a secret of what has been going on between Miss Crawcour and myself."

"My dear Fortescue, I have no wish to force myself on your confidence. What I have seen can be forever as if I had not seen it, if you wish it. You know that."

"No, no, I don't wish it," he answered, quickly. "But come outside with me for half a minute. We can't talk here."

Out in the open air, the rooks cawing about the tree-tops as their nests waved to and fro in the wind, he spoke again, as we lay on the grass.

"I dare say you have heard my name and Miss Crawcour's spoken of together? You have. I don't know what right any one has had to talk about either of us. However, that can't be helped."

He paused, and did not seem able to go on.

"I hate speaking of things of this sort," he continued, after a moment, and in an impatient tone; "one's words sound like words in a valentine or a trashy novel. Well, it can't be helped. I love this girl, Mary Crawcour. I would do any thing for her."

"And yet you could speak yesterday about her marrying that man Sneyd."

"You were not then in my confidence. To the world I must seem to favor that marriage. I am pledged to do so."

"Pledged! To whom?"

"To the duchess."

"My dear Fortescue, how, in Heaven's name, could you enter into so rash an engagement?"

"How? How could I do otherwise, you mean? You know my position. I have two hundred a year and my pay. Can I marry that girl, accustomed to the life she *is* accustomed to, on that? Have I a right to fetter her with a long engagement, on the remote possibility of my becoming possessed of property between which and myself there are half a dozen lives? Have I a right to stand in the way of such a marriage as that with Sneyd. What could I say when the duchess put these questions to me?"

"Do you believe that Miss Crawcour would be happy in such a marriage?"

"I don't know," answered Fortescue, almost desperately. "I have seen such misery come from poverty in married life."

"Depend on it," I answered, "it is not the worst evil by many, many degrees. Fortescue," I continued, after a moment's pause, "does Miss Crawcour love you?"

"I think so," he said, speaking in a low voice.

"Then depend on it you are doing wrong. You are acting as you think rightly, and with a great and noble self-denial. But you are mistaken, cruelly, terribly mistaken, if you have pledged yourself to favor this match with Sneyd, and to give up your own hold on that young lady's love."

"I am pledged," Fortescue answered.

"To what?"

"To do nothing that is calculated to hinder the marriage with Sneyd, and not to press my own suit by word or deed for a period of five years—by which time, of course, all chance will be over."

"And this was what you were telling Miss Crawcour just now?"

"Something of it. She followed me to the billiard-room. She seems desperate, reckless. She swears she will not have him. I entreated her to leave me—you saw the rest."

I said, after a moment's pause, "The conduct of the duchess surprises me in this thing, I own. She has such good points, I know. She is kind-hearted, hospitable—"

"Yes, she is all that," said Fortescue, interrupting me, "but she is touched by the world like every body else. Why, you don't know what the notions of these people are. The things that are necessaries of life to them—real necessaries of life—require a fortune to provide them. To a woman like the duchess the existence which such means as mine imply seems what the work-house or absolute starvation appears to you. When the duchess puts the case so to me, I tell you, I am speechless."

"Fortescue," I said, after a long silence, "these things being so, and this most rash and miserable pledge being given, what do you do here?"

"I go to-morrow."

"Have you told Miss Crawcour that?"

"No, I have told no one. I mean to tell no one. When the party goes out riding to-morrow morning I shall excuse myself, and—and leave this place, most likely forever. There is a row in India, I hear; perhaps I shall get rid of my life there. It's at any body's service."

Again there was a pause. I knew what that careless tone meant, and for a time I could not speak.

"Fortescue," I said at last, "I have one more thing to ask. Has Sneyd spoken yet?"

"No," answered my friend, rising to lead the way to the house; "but he is certain to do so today—or to-morrow."

III.

That afternoon a party, of which Fortescue and I formed two, went out cover-shooting in the neighborhood. I never saw my friend shoot so ill. Indeed the poor fellow seemed entirely bewildered, and unfit for any thing. I think he only joined the party to get away from the house.

Miss Crawcour did not appear at dinner. She was suffering from a headache, the duchess said, and preferred remaining in her room. Lord Sneyd professed as much interest as would comport with his languid manner. I could see in Fortescue's face, carefully as he had drilled it, how much he suffered additionally at not spending this, his last evening, in Miss Crawcour's society.

The next day came, and I was again prevented, by certain literary labors to which I was obliged to devote myself, from going out in the early part of the day. I spent the morning in my room, which was situated in one of the round towers which flanked the entrance of the castle, one on each side.

About half past eleven I heard the voices of some of the men who were staying in the castle, as they lounged about the door, gossiping and talking. Soon after I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs in the distance, and soon the same sound accompanied by the scattering of gravel, and the "Wo, mare!" and "Steady horse!" of the grooms.

I looked out from behind my curtains; I am always very easily diverted from my work. The riding party was all assembled. Three or four men—among them, for a wonder, Lord Sneyd. He had his own horse, a nasty long-tailed white brute, that cost, I dare say, a mint of money, and that no man worth two-pence would get across. The duchess and Miss Crawcour were the ladies of the party. The duke came to the door to see them off. He was not going with them, having all sorts of things to arrange with that important minister the gamekeeper.

"Where's Fortescue?" said some one.

"Oh, he's not going this morning," the duke answered. "He is writing letters." He was helping Miss Crawcour into the saddle as he spoke. It may have been the exertion of mounting, or it may not, but I could see that she blushed deeply.

I did not like the look of the animal on which Miss Crawcour was mounted. As far as beauty went, certainly there was nothing to complain of. A handsomer mare I never saw. But the movements of the ears were too incessant and violent, and there was more white to the eye shown than I like to see in connection with a riding-habit. The mare had been difficult to hold while Miss Crawcour was being lifted on, and now that the young lady was fairly on the brute's back it became exceedingly restive, almost unmanageable.

"Are you afraid of her at all, Mary?" the duke asked, as he stood at the door; "she seems unusually frisky this morning."

"No, not in the least. She's always like this at starting."

This was Miss Crawcour's answer, but I thought she looked pale. Perhaps it was the reaction after that blush I had noticed. The duke spoke again. This time to the head-groom.

"Has that mare been exercised this morning, Roberts?"

The man hesitated just half a moment, and looked at the mare.

"Yes, your grace," he said, touching his hat.

"You're sure, Mary," the duchess said, "that you're not afraid? Do let them take her back and bring you another mount."

"Yes, yes, much better," added the duke. "Roberts, send that mare back, and saddle Robin Hood for Miss Crawcour."

"Beg your pardon, your grace, but the horse is in physic: he's not been very well for a day or two."

"Well, then, the brown mare, or Bullfinch, or—"

"No, no, no, no!" Miss Crawcour called from the saddle. "I like this mare best of all. Let her go," she said to the groom who was holding the cursed brute's head. And off she cantered, the mare plunging and kicking.

"Really," said Lord Sneyd, with his foot in the stirrup, "Miss Crawcour ought not to be allowed to ride that ferocious animal. Can nobody stop her?"

"You ride after her, Sneyd," said the duke, smiling, "and try if you can't bring her back." Lord Sneyd was in the saddle by this time, and cantered off at a regular rocking-horse pace. His groom behind him on a thorough-bred.

That was the last I saw of the cavalcade. The duke retired immediately to the gun-room, and I went back to my writing-table, but I could not help feeling a certain sense of uneasiness, the look of that mare not being at all to my liking, and the manner of the groom having left an impression on my mind that the animal had not really been out before that morning.

All the events of that day are very fresh in my memory. The next room to mine was a boudoir. There was a piano in it, and some one of the ladies of the party was playing on it. I don't know what she was playing, though I should recognize the air now in a moment if I heard it. It was what is called a "piece," and had a wonderful plaintive beauty about it. As the performer played it many times over, I suppose she was learning it.

I went on writing, and what I wrote seemed in a sort of way to be mixed up with this tune. Presently I heard the sound of wheels, and some light vehicle drove up to the door. I went again to the window. It was a dog-cart, driven by one of the duke's grooms, and it drove up before the door. Some servants brought out a portmanteau, some gun-cases, and other luggage, and placed them in the vehicle. Almost at the same moment my door opened, and Fortescue entered the room. I never saw any thing more dreadful than the suppressed agony in his face.

"Good-by, old fellow," he said, with a miserable ghastly smile. "I'm off, you see. Will you take charge of this note for the duchess? I've explained to Greta that I find my letters this morning require my presence in London. Good-by! I've only just time to catch the train."

"Stay," I said; "where can I write to you?"

"London, to-morrow. After that, Chatham. Good-by again, dear old fellow, good-by!"

He was gone. In a minute more I saw the duke come with him to the door, and after shaking him warmly by the hand and pressing him to return whenever he possibly could, they parted, and the dog-cart disappeared rapidly, behind that angle of the castle round which I had seen Miss Crawcour pass so short a time before.

Poor fellow! what a departure. What an episode in the gay story of the life at Creel.

I went back to my desk. And still from the next room came that same plaintive air, and still it seemed to belong to what I wrote, and to be an inseparable part of the day and its events.

Once more I was disturbed, and by the clatter of hoofs. It was a single horse this time, and going evidently at a tremendous pace. I looked out and saw young Balham, who had been one of the party of equestrians, dashing along the road at full gallop. He turned off in the direction of the stables, and I saw no more of him. I remained where I was, but with a dim foreboding that something had gone wrong, and by-and-by a low open carriage, empty, was driven out of the stable-yard at a great pace. Lord Balham rode rapidly on in front of it, both he and the carriage going back by the way he had come.

I still kept where I was, and in a few moments the door of the house was opened, and some of the servants came out. They looked out in the direction by which the carriage had disappeared. One or two ladies'-maids stood on the steps, one of them the duchess's, and there was another who was crying, but quite quietly, the servants in such houses being drilled into the greatest undemonstrativeness. I heard one of the men-servants say to another, "Roberts is gone off to Inverkeed for Dr. MacIntyre, and James has gone into Creel for Mr. Cameron. They'll both be here quickly." "Is his grace in the house?" "No. He's up at the plantations. But he's been sent for."

The conversation among the men stopped suddenly. The carriage, driving now very slowly, had come in sight. It was followed by some horsemen. Presently I made out that two grooms behind were leading each a lady's horse; then I saw that the duchess was sitting in the carriage bending over and supporting *something*—somebody—lying at length on the cushions. A gentleman, one of those on horseback, detached himself from the group, and rode swiftly up to the door.

"Is Miss Crawcour's maid here?" he asked.

The girl came forward, sobbing. The duchess's woman, older, with more head, more self-controlled, and more useful now, came out too.

Not a word more was spoken. The carriage drew up to the door, and I saw at a glance that it was Miss Crawcour over whom the duchess was bending; that the poor girl's habit was all torn and dirty; and that a handkerchief, deeply stained, was laid over her face.

There was no word spoken still. The duchess, in tears, descended from the carriage and went into the house to see that all was ready, while the gentlemen of the party lifted the poor maimed form of Miss Crawcour from the cushions. I noticed that Lord Sneyd did not assist in this, but hovered about the group in a helpless way. Nobody seemed to want him, or to notice him.

I remained still where I was. I knew I could be of no use, should only be in the way below. I could not help looking. I wish I had not. As they lifted Miss Crawcour from the carriage, the handkerchief that was over her face became displaced, and I saw—

One whole side of her face seemed to have been crushed and beaten in. That beautiful face!

It was covered again, in a moment, but I had seen it—and so had some one else. When Lord Sneyd looked upon that mutilated face he turned even paler than he had been before, and went into the house.

The door closed over the sad group, with Mary Crawcour's helpless figure carried in the midst of it, the carriage drove away to the stables, and all was quiet again.

"And *he* did it, think of that," said Balham. "It was that disgusting white brute of his to whom this terrible mishap is owing."

"What do you mean?" I asked, as we were talking some time afterward about what has been partly described above. "How did the thing happen? You saw it all."

"It is told in two words," said Balham. "You know that mare that poor Miss Crawcour used to ride. Well, she was always an unsafe, ill-conditioned mare, in my opinion, but on this occasion she was particularly bad. All the time we were out she was fidgeting and starting at every thing, and more than one of us wanted Miss Crawcour to let the groom put her saddle on one of the other horses, and let some man with a stronger hand ride the mare. However, it was no use, and so at last—I never saw a worse thing—the mare took fright at some barrow, or something by the side of the hedge, and bolted straight across the road at a bound. Miss Crawcour was thrown, but fell clean, luckily without becoming entangled with the stirrup, and might have escaped serious mischief, when up comes that intolerable ass Sneyd, on his infernal ambling Astley's-looking beast, and rides clean over her, the brute of a horse—ssh—I can't bear to think of it—sending one of his hoofs straight into her face as he passed."

"And her arm is broken too, is it not?"

"Yes, I believe so. That may, however, have happened when she fell; but the other thing—that fearful mutilation of the poor young lady's face—was done by a kick from that horse of Sneyd's, and by nothing else in the world. I saw it with my own eyes."

THE REST OF THIS MANUSCRIPT HE HAD PUT IN TO

HIS WRITING-DESK.

SOME years after these things had happened I stood on the summit of one of those mighty mountains which form a boundary line, such as few countries can boast of, between Switzerland and Italy.

It was evening, and I was gazing with all my eyes into that strange receptacle for the dead which the monks of St. Bernard have placed at the door of their convent, and where the bodies of those unfortunates who have perished in the snow are preserved. They are embalmed by the highly rarefied air of that height, and do not decay. The Egyptian mummies are not more perfectly kept.

I was so absorbed in these strange figures that I scarcely noticed there was any one standing beside me, until I suddenly heard my own name pronounced by a voice familiar to me. I turned and found myself face to face with Jack Fortescue.

"Well," he said, almost before we had exchanged greetings, "this *is* the most extraordinary thing, the most marvelous combination of coincidences that ever took place since the creation of the world! Who do you think is in there?" pointing to the convent.

"Who?" I asked. "In Heaven's name, who?"

"In the strangers' parlor there, you will find, at this moment, your old acquaintance Lord Sneyd—and, what is more, a new acquaintance, if you choose to make it, in the shape of that nobleman's illustrious consort."

"What, the Irish-Italian singer, who, as I saw by *Galignani*, had managed to become Lady Sneyd?"

"The same."

"And your wife—where is she?"

"Mary is with me. Is it not extraordinary, incredible almost, that we should all be under the same roof again? Do you remember the last time?"

"Remember it? Shall I ever forget it?"

"Of course," Fortescue went on, "I can't let her come in contact with those people, so she keeps her room, or rather her cell. It is awfully cold, but any thing is better than such a meeting."

"But you will let me see her?"

"*You?* Why, of course," Fortescue answered. "How can you ask?"

"I will ask something else, then," I continued. "I will ask you to tell me some of the particulars of what took place after I left Creel and went abroad. My letters from England and the papers told me, to my great delight, of your marriage with Miss Crawcour, and also of Lord Sneyd's wonderful match. But I want to know more than these bare facts."

"There is really not much to tell," said Fortescue. "When I got your letter telling me of that terrible disaster at Creel I was at Chatham, and was, in fact, just negotiating for an exchange into a regiment that was going abroad at once. Your

letter altered all my plans. Do what I would the thought of that poor maimed figure haunted me; the love which I received when she was at the full pride and glory of her beauty became, now that pity was mixed up with it, more than this fearful trouble had come upon her, a thing that I could no longer hold out against. I felt that I *must* go back to Creed. And I went.

"When I got there I found that that infernal brute and scoundrel, Saycd, had left the place. Very soon after the accident—you know that he had never actually spoken to the duke about Mary, or said any thing definite to her—well, very soon after the accident he discovered that it was not only necessary that he should pay a visit to some estate of his in Ireland. He left Creed, and has come back there no more. He went first of all to Ireland, and then he was attacked by rheumatism in a considerable length of time. There was an end of him. At least he became entangled in the big snares of a regular designing adventuress, and out of those snares he has never escaped. That was his joy.

"Well, I staid on and on at Creed. It was a quiet, delightful time. After the accident every body left—but Greta—he and I, you know, were always great friends—the duke pressed me to say that he might have somebody to shoot with, and I staid on and on.

"At that time, too, I saw more of the duchess than I had ever seen before, and on one day we began talking about the accident and about Sayd's behavior, and we ventured to say that, though that it Mary had broken every bone in her skin she would still regard him as the most unworthy herself on being thereby delivered from a marriage with the wretched creature that he had chosen for himself to be. The duchess did not differ from me, and somehow from that day a strange kind of hope and happiness began to take possession of me—a curious indefinite delight such as I had never felt before.

"At length a day came when I was allowed to see her. And when I went into the room and the footpoint Fortescue's voice faltered a little—"when I saw her sitting on a sofa, with her back to the sweet face covered with bandages, I knelt down by the side of the sofa and, in short, I made love to her myself. The duchess was present, but she was fairly beat, sister. Well, very soon I was discussing ways and means with the duchess.

"There never was any thing like that man's kindness. Besides making Mary a most generous present indeed, which he declared he had always intended to do, he set himself to work to see that such an appointment as should make it possible for me to marry. Between him and the duchess (whose interest is not small) this has been effected, so I wished, I've got my company—and here Fortescue now, if you please—and then sold my commission, and with my own small means I took my place in the Shot and Shell Department, my marriage to get on in a very inexplicable but delightful way.

"And the privations which were to make your wife so wretched?" I asked, a.l, almost fiercely, by the band.

"Looked much worse at a distance than they do close," said my friend. "I do think, sincerely, be continued, "that an important marriage ought to be made every now and then, if it is only to bring out the immense amount of real goodness that there is in the world. I am perfectly sure that if two such good people, however poor they may be, will only put a good face on it, and not go about sinking down in gloomy despair on the one hand, nor sinking down on the other in a blaze of pride—the other—I am perfectly sure, I say, that there is so much real goodness in the world that they will never know that they are poorer than other people, or suffer any of those humiliations of which we hear which has kept many true and loving hearts asunder. But come," said Fortescue, "I'm getting poetical. Let us go inside, and see how Lord and Lady Sweet are getting on. He'll be in a condition of either of us, you'll see."

Fortescue left me for a time to go and see after his wife, and I went up into the strangers' room. There was a good large company assembled, waiting for the supper hour, English tourists, foreign residents, and some French officers—among them, sure enough, sitting next to a very showy and overdressed lady with jewelry all over her, with a very strong amount of paint upon her cheeks, and with a long curl brought over her left shoulder—there was Lord Sweet.

A changed man already. Feeble and effeminate he was still, but he had ceased to be the sickly languid pett-maitre and coxcomb he was when I had last seen him. His air was lowered in tone. He had evidently seemed to be exercising much attention on his better-half, off whom he never took his eyes.

"I hear," said Fortescue to me, as he took his place by my side (as he supposed), "that he is intensely jealous of her, and leads, in consequence, the most miserable life imaginable. Look how she is watching, now that that French officer is speaking to her. The man is only offering her civilities, but Sweet looks as if he would like—if he had courage enough—to put his knife into him."

It was true. A more pitiable and contemptible sight I never witnessed than this man afforded me. It extended itself to the French officers opposite, to the young English undergraduate who sat next to me, and, even to the good-natured, fussy old monk who—a perfect man of the world, and a very agreeable fellow—took the head of the table at dinner.

I must say that Lady Sweet's appearance was not calculated to soothe her lord and master's suspicion. A more liberal use of a pair of fine rolling black eyes I never saw made. Not content with per this worthy pair retired, not the slightest attempt at reserve, she kept them constantly at work being made on the part of this distinguished nobleman. Perhaps he was of opinion that such attentions would be dangerous with his amiable consort. Perhaps he felt a little ashamed of himself.

As soon as those two were gone, at a point after a reasonable interval, Fortescue addressed himself to the young gentleman who played the part of host, and remarked that he would go up stairs, and, if his wife were not too much exhausted to receive them, would persuade her to come down and get thoroughly refreshed at the tea before retiring to her room.

Our host, with that interest in other people's affairs which foreigners either feel to a much greater extent, or assume so admirably, expressed his earnest hope that "Madame would be able to descend," and Fortescue left the apartment.

I own that at this moment I felt somewhat nervous.

In a short time the door opened, and Fortescue appeared with his wife on his arm. She was pale, as to me at once, and we shook hands cordially, while I spoke such words of congratulation as I had ready, which were, in truth, not very many. At one glance I saw that at all events the *expression* of her face was safe. A great matter that, at any rate.

The injury which she had sustained being from a kick, and not from a fall or dragging along on the ground, was confined entirely to one portion (the left side) of her face. That that injury had been a terrible one it was impossible not to see at a glance. The brow immediately over the eye was scarred, and the eyebrow something interrupted in its even sweep; the cheek was scarred and indented, and there was a slight scar on the nostril, all on this same side. But, as I have mentioned in a manner what sunken recess, had escaped; the mouth was untouched, and, above all, there was left entirely the general look, of which the attractiveness had been so great, that the actual injury which I had looked down on from the turret-window at Creed had left her still a beautiful woman. Her eyes, even, were have hoped.

We talked, presently, all three together—the rest of the company having retired, and our host and Lord Sweet, I think, having gone to their cafés, of the places to which they were bound and from which I was returning, and of a hundred other things, until the hour arrived at which it was time to part for the night.

"Good-night my dear," said Sweet—my friend and his wife standing by together—I thought I had never seen a more charming picture of happiness. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike her. She touched her husband's arm, and looked up to him.

"Would you have known me?" she asked, rather nervously.

"No one can tell," said Fortescue, interrupting my ready answer, "how I shall treat precious sort—she leaned down and touched it with her lips. "But for that we might not be together now. But, my dearest, I am very happy, and have no fear of misery unutterable, and mine—if not sanctified by suffering—at least purified. I can never look blank as that of any one of those unknown men to who have entered into the room to-night."

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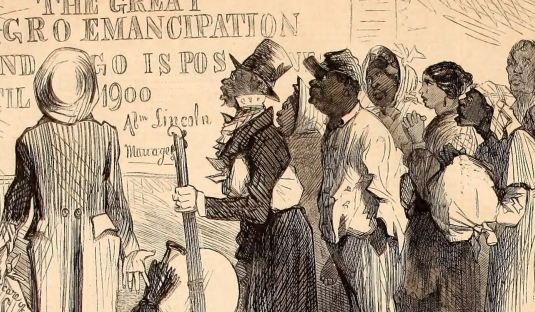
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE ATTACK ON FREDERICKSBURG—THE FORLORN HOPE SCALING THE HILL.—[SEE PAGE 830.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1862.

☞ The present Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY completes Volume VI. A *Title-Page and Table of Contents* are so had gratuitously from the principal News-Dealers.

THE REVERSE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

We have again to report a disastrous reverse to our arms. Defeated with great slaughter in the battle of 13th, General Burnside has now withdrawn the army of the Potomac to the south side of the Rappahannock, where the people congratulate themselves that it is at least in safety. And now, who is responsible for this terrible repulse?

General Burnside was appointed to the command of the army of the Potomac on 9th November, and began at once to prepare to advance before the end of March of his army toward Fredericksburg. In view of such a movement General McClellan had, before his removal, suggested the propriety of rebuilding and occupying the railroad from Aquia Creek to Falmouth; but, for some reason not apparent, the War Department had not acted upon the suggestion. About 12th November General Burnside notified the Department that he would arrive at Fredericksburg in about a week, and that pontoons must be there by that time, in order to enable him to cross and occupy the city on the south side of the river. On the 21st General Sumner arrived at Fredericksburg, and found that there was not a pontoon present, and the railroad between Aquia Creek and Falmouth being out of order, there was no means of getting, nay, not a sufficient supply of forage. It was absolutely impossible to cross the river, and the enemy were already arriving on the south side and occupying its earth-works.

General Burnside, on discovering this state of things, rejoiced instantly to Washington to ascertain why he was being sacrificed. No satisfaction he obtained nor deserved. But a general officer, one of the most distinguished in the service, not in the army of the Potomac, as early as 23d November, made to me known his opinion that the movement via Fredericksburg "was a *failure*," because Burnside had been unable to occupy the south bank of the Rappahannock in time.

In the course of two weeks pontoons were furnished to the army, the railroad was repaired, and supplies were forthcoming. But, on the other hand, Lee, with 150,000 men, was strongly intrenched on the opposite side of the river. The two ranges of hills which command the slope at the foot of which the Rappahannock runs and Fredericksburg lies. The question was, What was to be done? A council of war was held on the night of 11th. At that council it is understood that Generals Sumner, Franklin, Hooker, and all the corps commanders who had been invited were decidedly opposed to a movement across the river and up the slope. It is remored that Burnside then said that he was ordered to cross the river and attack the batteries in front, and that he would do it, so matter what the cost. This of course closed the discussion, and the Generals made their preparations accordingly. On 12th the army began to crossed without serious resistance. On 13th the rebel batteries were attacked in front by the bulk of Burnside's army, and our troops were engaged with a loss which is now variously estimated at from twelve to seventeen thousand men. The rebel loss is not known, but they must have lost many score of men. On the night of 15-16th, General Burnside withdrew his army to the north side of the river.

We are indulging in no hyperbole when we say that these events are rapidly filling the heart of the loyal North with sickness, disgust, and despair. Party lines are becoming effaced by such unequivocal evidences of administrative imbecility; it is the men who have given and trusted the most, who now feel most keenly that the Government is unfit for its office, and that the most gallant efforts ever made by a really tried people are being neutralized by the obstinacy and incapacity of their leaders. Where this will all end no one can say. But it must end soon. The people have shown a patience, during the past year, quite unexampled in history. They have borne, silently and grimly, imbecility, treachery, failure, privation, loss of friends and means, almost every suffering which can afflict a brave people. But they can not be expected to suffer that such massacres as this at Fredericksburg shall be repeated. Matters are rapidly ripening for a military dictatorship.

THE BRITISH PIRATES "ORETO" AND "ALABAMA."

The publication of the official correspondence between the State Department and our foreign ministers at length places us in possession of the facts regarding the construction and outfit of the famous pirates *Oreto* and *Alabama*. Public report long ago classed these pirates as British. But many persons, unwilling to believe that a friendly nation would wantonly take advantage of a civil war in this country to engage in the business of piracy, have regarded the designation as unjustified and injurious. The facts now leave no further room for doubt.

On February 18, 1862, Mr. Adams, United States Minister to England, laid the case of the *Oreto* before the British Government. She was then building at Liverpool, for the parties who had already dispatched the *Hornet* to the Southern States, and the whole tenor of these destination and her character was submitted to Earl Russell. The latter referred the case to the British Commissioners of Customs, at Liverpool, under date of February 22, that their collector had "every reason to believe she was for the Italian Government," and stated that while she was pierced for guns, she had none on board, and the opinion appeared to be that "she was not going to receive any in England." The answer was perfectly satisfactory to Earl Russell, who sent it to Mr. Adams; though every body in Liverpool knew perfectly well that she was a Confederate steamer.

On 22d March the *Oreto* moved out into the Mersey, and was handed over by her builders to Captain Bullock, "of the United States Navy," Lieutenants Maffitt, Young, etc., who had come from the South to command her in the steamer *Annie Childs*, which had run the blockade. On meeting on the river the *Annie Childs* dipped her colors (the "Stars and Bars") to the *Oreto*, and the officers of the former vessel were ordered at once to repair to the evening on board the *Oreto*. A flat-boat was simultaneously sent alongside the *Oreto* with her armament. These facts, which were quite notorious in Liverpool, were communicated by the United States Consul to Mr. Adams, and by him to Earl Russell. On 7th May, Mr. Adams referred to the Commissioners of Customs, who reported, on April 6, that the *Oreto* sailed on 22d March "under the Danish flag for Palermo, where she was forwarded to London; that there was no reason for supposing she was not going to Palermo, for which port she cleared with ballast and 178 tons of arms on board. As a vessel clearing for Palermo would not require 178 tons of arms, and as every body knew that she was going out to Sicily but to Nassau, one is surprised to find that the British Commissioners of Customs, who sent in this report, should not be fully aware of the arms likewise. The *Oreto* fairly at sea, Earl Russell gave "a polite expression of his regret" to Mr. Adams that the *Oreto* "left Liverpool before the British colony of Nassau, where the famous pirate, Captain Semmes, and the *Sumter*, are now at Cardenas, was waiting to take command of her. A force was performed there by the British officials, highly to the discredit of the character of the little place—Nassau: the *Oreto* was seized by the authorities, and formally released on 8th June. She forthwith completed her armament and coaled up; whereupon, our gun-boats being excluded from Nassau by the order of the Governor forbidding them to follow, and out of coal on board in that harbor, she sailed at the right time, and, through the negligence of Commander Preble, succeeded, under British flag, in getting fairly into the harbor of Mobile.

Here is one pirate, built in a British port, manned by British seamen, sent to sea under British colors, and finally under the flagrance of the clearest evidence of her character, received and protected in a British colonial port, even while British guns, on board the vessels, a rebel port under cover of the British flag. It it is unfair to call the *Oreto* a British pirate it would be difficult to describe a vessel which should deserve that designation.

Let us turn to the *Alabama*, or "290." She was built in the autumn of 1862, in the yard of the ship-yard of Messrs. Laird & Co., at Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, England. On 23d June last Mr. Adams requested the British Government with the facts. Earl Russell referred the matter to the Commissioners of Customs; and they, under date of July 23, reported that, though she was evidently built for a man-of-war in the service of "some foreign government," and was being prepared with guns, shot, shells, and warlike stores, there was "no good ground for detaining or interfering with" her. Every one in Liverpool, including the Commissioners and Earl Russell himself, knew perfectly well for what "government" she was being built. Yet the British Government, in accordance with the view that there was "no ground for interference," and asked for fresh evidence. This was furnished within a few days. But Russell objected to its "legal form," and it was sent back to the Consul to be properly authenticated. Meanwhile the "290" was hurried forward as rapidly as possible. On 16th July Mr. Adams, fearing fresh quibbles, took legal advice. Mr. Collyer, Queen's Counsel, one of the highest legal authorities in England, gave a written opinion that the vessel was being fitted out as a rebel privateer was not good; and the subject of the British Neutrality Act. On 23d July this opinion, together with depositions, showing the destination of the vessel, were laid before Earl Russell. On 23d Mr. Collyer, who was again consulted, replied: "It appears difficult to make out a case under the present Foreign Enlistment act, which, if not enforced on this occasion, is little better than a dead letter." This opinion was likewise forthwith transmitted to Earl Russell. Nothing, however, was done; the excuse which was afterward given by Earl Russell being, that the Queen's Advocate, Sir John D. Harding, was ill. Under the pressure of Mr. Adams's efforts, other counsel was taken, and their opinion was obtained on the morning of 29th July. It was forthwith sent into the Circumlocution Office to be copied, and orders, through the same channel, were dispatched to Liverpool to detain the vessel. We need hardly say that the tenor of these opinions and orders were known at Liverpool long before the official documents arrived, and that the "290," or *Alabama*, sailed to sea on the same day—29th July—receiving her armament off Point Lynas. She made for the Azores, where she met a "tender" with a second lading with coal, stores, and at once commenced the career of devastation which has made her infamous.

Here is a vessel built in a British dock-yard, by a member of the British Parliament—Mr. Laird; armed with British guns, manned with British seamen, fitted out under the auspices of British officials, in defiance alike of the remonstrances of our Minister and of the Foreign Enlistment Act, putting to sea under British protection, and commencing at once her career by the destruction of ten helpless and defenseless merchantmen. If this craft is not a British pirate, what would constitute one?

There are many things in this affair which we deeply regret. The Secretary is altogether too sanguine and too wordy. He is always indulging in predictions which remain unfulfilled, and writing a page when a sentence would answer the purpose better. But the criticism which he provokes soon gives way, on a perusal of these State-Papers, to a much stronger emotion, which is aroused by the uniform tenor of the dispatches of the British Government. There is not a single dispatch from Earl Russell which does not breathe covert hostility to the United States, and an obvious though unexpressed desire for their permanent division. The ruin of this country has evidently been the one object nearest the heart of the British Government. It was to secure that end that pirates were fitted out with impunity, in defiance of the laws of England, in British ports; that the legitimate exercise of undoubted war blockading operations was jealously denounced; that the highly proper restrictions laid upon contraband trade between a New York and Canada were made the subject of a formal remonstrance; that every possible opportunity of harassing and menacing us was eagerly grasped at. Mason's correspondence from Paris shows that the Emperor has all along been friendly to us, and would probably have recognized the Southern Confederacy long before, but for the fear that the Queen was generally popular, but the suspicions of the British press, supported as they are by the official and unofficial expressions of members of the British Government, gradually created a sentiment hostile to us and our cause. Had not England there would have been no rebel privateers, no rebel armies, merchant vessels would have been burned, and public sentiment throughout Europe would have remained—as it was at first—on the side of law, order, established government, and freedom.

England has been sowing, during this past year, a harvest which will some day be reaped at a frightful cost.

OBITUARY.

Ralph, before Fredericksburg, on December 15, Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph W. Vance, of the Fourth Rhode Island Volunteers. The Providence *Journal* thus recounts his death:

"He was the 2nd of six regiment, each brother leading it on. The fatal shot would have struck down no other than the promising young officer. Though he had attained to so conspicuous a position, and by regular promotion fairly earned his high and hallited rank, he was yet only twenty-six years of age. He was the son of the late George Curtis, Esq., formerly of the Continental Bank of New York, and formerly of this city, and was the grandson of Judge Curtis, of Providence, the first Judge of this city. He was educated at the Lawrence Scientific School, Cambridge, and was a graduate of that institution. When the war broke out he held a place in the Engineer Corps of the Croton Water Work. He promptly tendered his services to his country."

THE LOUNGER.

WHERE WE ARE.

In the constant criticism upon the delays and blunders of the war we ought, in justice to ourselves, to reflect that the management of every great European struggle, and that the comparison between ourselves and the methods of despotic governments is eminently unfair. In every great war hitherto, since the organization of standing armies, the army has been the controlling element; and it has been the body-guard of the existing government—instituted, indeed, for that purpose. The army has been the support, and the subservility of the officers of what small force we had were either traitorous or doubtful. And from this cause arose the chief difficulties of our situation.

Any other great government in the world which should be forced into a rebellion, as ours has, by illintrenched in the regular tradition of the country, in all the complexity of governmental offices and relations, and most strongly in a large, well-fectly-armed, and well-disciplined army. This force would at once show a front infinitely more formidable than that of the enemy. At the first intimation it would strike heavily and everywhere. It would believe the worst, and lose no moment in parleying or hesitating. We have but to see how Austria, the ablest and most brutal of civilized governments, repressed Italy, a distant and utterly foreign country, for more than thirty-five years, and we can calculate the value of this permanent organized military force constantly animated by suspicion.

Now, to go no further, our Government had no military force that we mentioned. Before the union was fully resolved and rapidly organizing. When the explosion came there was but one solitary sentinel to depend on, and that was patriotism. But when this emotion cordially responded, as it did in many men as were asked, and would have doubled the army in a week, there was not the beginning. There were men, but they were not soldiers. There were no arms, no means of transportation, or equipment. Every thing must be made from the beginning. Contracts were invited, and the conveyance multiplied. A tremendous gale had struck the ship with every inch of canvas spread. There were no sailors, and the passengers were summoned to shorten sail. They might sing out most lustily, "Ay, ay, Sir." They might spring and run the rigging, and do every thing in a moment. But the chaos was that the ship and company would be swamped before they could learn how to do what they were most anxious to effect.

Take the first necessity—the military preparation. Here were thousands of willing men—some, drilled militia, but the mass utterly raw. They had not been paid in months. What should do it? To whom did common sense instinctively turn? Of course to the existing military head. Grant that the chief of them was too old. Grant that his superior military genius had never been proved. Yet he was the man to whom all men looked to effect. There might be a greater soldier among the people. The village Hampden, the unknown Cromwell, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, might be only awaiting the summons. Shall we advertise for him? Shall we appoint a Board to find him, or a Marshal Turenne? Clearly we could only try what was at hand. As when there is a sudden necessity for a new pair of eyes the optician—we do the best we can.

We take this broad view only in illustration of all. It is easy enough now to say that the regular leader was too old; that he did not understand the war nor the country; that he was not what he was but, not only to frighten; that he was not in earnest; that he was slow, dim, incapable. Yet; but we can only say that we know it now, and we could learn it only by experience. We had to try and try and try in order to learn what the real course cost us most heavily. If, indeed, after proved incapacity, the incapable were retained, the offense was most inexcusable. But was not always the fact. But a thousand complications of otherwise perfectly simple courses will readily suggest themselves to any student of our political and military circumstances and character.

To say, then, that the rebellion might have been defeated in three months is to say that if the scope of the war had been appreciated; if the army had been fully organized; if the soldiers had been like Cæsar's; if the leaders had been eminent and skilful; and, consequently, the loyalty of the war had been an immediate, severe, and overwhelming invasion of the rebel section, and a war régime throughout the country, which the case manifestly would have sufficed. Yes; but why not begin by supposing that there had been no rebellion?

The question upon the first page of our last paper but one was itself a sign of the progress of events. Emancipation was not then in the knowledge. It was a portrait of Burnside surrounded by those of his Generals, Sumner, Hooker, Sigel, and Franklin. Twenty years have shown that these are earnest, hearty, able, fighting generals. The Message and the Proclamation are similar signs of another kind. The essential contest is expected. Emancipation is recommended in detail, and the immediate and unconditional emancipation of slaves in States still in rebellion is proclaimed for the 1st January.

There is no doubt that we have disbelieved, and delayed, and blundered. But much of all was inevitable, and the fact that the essential of the contest is in its nature radical. The war began with three parties in the country. It will end with two; that which holds a government must have power-ctone is Slavery, and that which builds on liberty.

TO MY COUSIN JOHN.

(CONTINUED.)

My dear John Bull,—You have one name, but there are really two persons under your hat. One is genuinely faithful, liberty-loving, and the other is a mean, exclusive, narrow, and jealous fellow, who has been trying for two decades to find England and England for him. It is this last whom you always allow to talk and act for you and other nations. He gives him place, money, titles, homage, and servility of every kind, and he permits you to have certain wages. The man whom he hates most heartily he allows you to take the part of all Englishmen against a few, and who is most cordially encouraged to exist by the consent of the mass of the governed.

It is this fellow, your *alter ego*, who hastened to declare that he holds in fact as his counterparts equal belligerents with the Government; who inspires most of your leading journals to write nonsense lies about us; who secretly sells arms and ammunition to the rebels; who fits out ships to run the blockade; who builds pirates to prey upon our commerce; who, with a hopeless ignorance of the facts and understanding of the principles involved in rebellion by our revolution, gravely asserting the right of secession, and lullily sneering at what he does not understand.

That the rebellion not only strikes at the very roots of all civil order and the possibility of permanent

cent government; that its avowed object is to open the slave-trade and extend the area and conditions of human slavery—an object which would disgrace Dahomey or a Polynesian Prince—an object, also, which is totally repugnant to the spirit and the history of your own country, is all of no avail, against—what? Why, my dear John, against an organic hatred of our system and principle. Fye, look at it. The vindication of this Government by the supporters of the rebellion will be the proof of the superior force of a popular to any form of aristocratic Government. It is the justification of John Bright against all Tyrrhen of the *News* against the *Times*: of John Stuart Mill and Cairnes against *Blackwood*: of the people of England against the aristocracy. It is against the governing class can think of such a result with patience?

But more than that, our success leaves us with a vast and powerful fleet built in the light of the most advanced science. We command from the sea not only a conventional but a naval nation, and with a navy of iron. How do you like that old Wooden-Walls likes that? Still again, we emerge with a national hatred of the governing influence of Great Britain, but with a vast army and navy and with the habit of war. Not that only; but this warlike nation, hating England, emerges with the knowledge that it holds in its one hand all of England's cotton, and the other by its grain. Do you suppose that is an inspiring thought for that very democrat, who walks under your hat and calls himself by your name?

But look here, John Bull. Do not for a moment suppose that I confound the generous part of you with the mean. By no means. The generous, the most cultivated, the richest, the most intelligent, has not hesitated at investing and uttering the most unfounded calumnies about you. The ignorant, the sordid, cowardly, stupid, mad, ferocious, grasping, unjust. It has declared that I was destroying all commerce, slavery, and trying to make myself rich, cheap, chivalric, and deserving brother. But it has consoled itself by the thought that I was a monster, starvation, and at last utter anarchy and riot, would compel me to yield to destruction. It has asserted that by waging an inhuman war I kept the cotton from your looms and the bread from your mouth. But you have been told that those lies were the sufferer. You know that a wanton effort to destroy me is nothing by the growers of cotton, who hope they never will be in a position even to help them. They have not persuaded you, but they have found the heart of your *alter ego* already theirs.

And now, John, I want you to understand that I know this and honor you. You cease to be John for we are both children of the people. I am, to be sure, engaged in a hard fight, but I was never more prosperous. My debts during the war have grown as when for the world. My stock-shops are active. My cities and towns were never more busy. But men, who are the friends of your enemies here, try to annoy me. I have been forced to learn how to fight and to fight, and the old habit of the seaman you to suffer sorely. But here are ships full of food for you, and here are hundreds of full of privation and friendship. Remember in all time to come that the cause of an aristocracy can never be the cause of the people. I have learned that. It is the aristocracy which is now seeking my life. If it kill me, your chances are dim. If I conquer, you may look at me to see your future.

Your Cousin,

JONATHAN.

THE CONVALESCENTS

THERE is one subject of very great moment which should certainly be corrected; and that is the mingling of convalescent and discharged soldiers and deserters in the same quarters. There is a large hospital, a part of military settlement at Alexandria, where this is done; and the treatment of the convalescents in particular is such as is much more charitable consideration than it has yet secured. The Sanitary Commission is an invaluable aid; but its special function is with the really sick and suffering; and a separate bureau or department might well be instituted for this purpose. We hear of one hospital that has sent within a few months two hundred cases of delirium tremens. Liquor, tobacco, balls, and games of every kind for the amusement of the soldiers who are getting well. Of course any one can imagine the stuff the hilarious fellows are of the most earnest and persuasive kind. But in sending them away, I forgot the quiet which the sick people must play. They can't read tracts all the time. When they have read they must have exercise; and the old comfortable story of the Jew with "the Dairyman's Daughter," nor kick "The Midnight Sky" as high as the ceiling.

And let it be remembered that the longer the war lasts the more stringent is the demand for every kind of supply for the sick and wounded, and the Commission. The most skeptical now see and confess its great service to the life and health of the army; and its agencies, although in conformity to the military departments, are yet exact on independent lines. Its principles are to supply at Anteiem forty-eight hours before those of the regular Government authorities; and to travelling hospital and pharmacy of the commissariat moves in the van of the army. Meanwhile its faithful and devoted agents are not without flinch. The Sanitary Commission is an illustration of the results attainable by the direct application of common sense to the necessities of life. It is, of course, exactly what the Sanitary Department of the army ought to be. But it was not the department which outdoors could equally well organize and conduct. If every department had been managed with a similar regard to the practical requirement of its intention, why then—why then, things would have been different.

For the convalescents, also, reading of a pleasant, not profanely pious, kind is also most desirable. Magazines, light books, newspapers, are always welcome. The current illustrated newspapers are especially interesting to them. A shower of such as ours falling into the camp every week would be most refreshing and fertilizing. The veterans like to see the faces of their heroes, and the places where they have fought. But whatever you may choose to send bear them in mind, that here are those who are recovering from wounds and sickness, fallen to them in serving us with their health and lives.

FEELING THE PUBLIC PULSE.

WEBSTER DR. Barney and Mr. J. Wesley Green are men of straw or not the object of the reports about them is clear enough. They are put forth as feelers of the public pulse. The men who mean that the Government shall be destroyed by surrender to the rebellion; who, by spreading the stories that propositions of peace have been offered by the rebels, to ascertain whether the nation is yet ready to end the war with any thing less than actual victory.

The object of the reaction do not hesitate to throw off the thin veil of loyalty, and to declare that the war can not end in one way only; that is, by a convention and negotiation. They do not expect at all or as much to be deal with facts. How they can there be a convention or negotiation except by the virtual admission of the Government that it can not maintain its full authority? For if the Government is to be maintained by force simply there is clearly no need of a convention. If it is to be changed, then it is not maintained. Certain citizens have risen in arms against the Government, not because they have been oppressed, but because they think that they can do it, and because they do not like a Government which they can not control. Let any intelligent person to from the first provided that on the back of the letter to franked the words "Soldier's letter," and that it be "free" to write."

A man at Newcastle, who served four days on a jury in his as in full of how that it is hard work for him to lay down anything.

A person speaking to a very deaf man, and getting angry at his not catching his meaning, said, "Why, it is as plain as the nose on your face." "Is that my face, Sir," replied the person; "but I am D E F."

"How will he plays for one so young," said Mr. Partridge, looking at his son's opponent. "Why, he's just come to the door; "and how much his little brother looks like him to be sure."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Wednesday, December 10, in the Senate, a resolution directing the Military Committee to inquire into the expediency of increasing the pay of officers in the regular service of the army was carried. During the last session of Congress, when upon sick leave, was adopted. The Senate took up the amendment of the House to the *Indian Bill*, and postponed until to-day. Senator Henderson, of Missouri, introduced a bill to amend an act passed in relation to the State of Missouri in affecting the emancipation of the slaves in that State, which, on the 1st of January, 1863, providing for the admission of the State of Western Virginia into the Union, on the 4th day of March following. The resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of War for information in relation to the number of persons who have been sent from their commands; the number of escapes and deaths; the number of persons who have been arrested by order of the Secretary of War, and the number of which commissions shall have been by dispensed with, etc. The Committee on Ways and Means were instructed to bring in a bill amending the eleventh section of the Excise and Tax law. Under the order upon adjournment the Senate met as directly that is possessed by the principal assessors.

On Thursday, December 11, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Finance to inquire into the expediency of allowing the pay of Major and Surgeon into the United States upon the payment of the same duties as are imposed upon like articles from beyond the Cape of Good Hope. The President sent in a Message recommending a vote of thanks to Major-General Grant, Major-General Lieutenant John L. Worden, the commanders respectively of the iron-clad steamers Monitor and Galena in Hampton Roads, a gallant conduct in the action with the rebel steamer Merrimac; rendered. The Secretary of the Navy was directed to furnish copies of certificates of the number of vessels taken up and employed in the aforesaid. —In the House, a resolution requesting the naval vessels to convey ships loaded with provisions for the starving operatives of England was introduced. The Senate bill to amend the Excise law was passed. The bill appropriating $2500 indemnity for damages occasioned by the Sioux Indians in Minnesota was passed by the United States steamer *San Jacinto* was passed. A resolution was adopted requesting the President to direct the Warden receive the thanks of Congress by resolution for the capture of the rebel steamer *Alcester* in command of the *Monticello*, such thanks being necessary under the law to be given by the President. In the House, on motion of the Navy, was referred to the Naval Committee. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Naval Affairs to inquire into the expediency of establishing a uniform system of banking. It was resolved that a day should be assigned for the consideration of the Emancipation Proclamation, but the President's exemption was not granted by the Constitution; that the Senate, in connection, as positioned in the proclamation, is not calculated to hasten the restoration of the Union, but on the contrary to prolong the war, as an assumption of power dangerous to the rights of citizens, and of the proclamation of the government. On motion of Mr. Lovejoy the resolutions were laid on the table by a vote of 78 yeas to 64 nays. On Friday, December 12, the Senate went into Committee of the Whole, and discussed the Pension bill, but took no action.

On Friday, 13th, in the Senate, a resolution was offered by Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, declaring that the policy of allowing to citizens of the United States the right to purchase cotton raised in a county of one hundred dollars before the proclamation of the 1st of 1863, be stricken out, and that as was allowed to enlisted men by that act; and that the Secretary of the Interior be requested to report and speedy payment of the troops in the field and hospitals. The bill providing for the appraisal and Mississippi and Tennessee was not in session.

On Monday, 15th, in the Senate, Senator Davis, of Kentucky, offered a resolution, which was laid on the table, declaring that the Senate disapproved the resolution that an executive Committee should be appointed to inquire into the expediency of prevailing by act of Congress that any loyal citizen of the United States, who has sustained damage from the troops of the States engaged in the present rebellion, may set off such damages against any claim or demand against him in any action at law by any such rebellious States, or the agents or trustees of such States, or in any case where such claim or demand is for the use or benefit of such States. A resolution instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire whether some method can not be devised to annihilate the sympathy which exists between the British Lancashire operatives and the rebels to be adopted. The resolution calling for information relative to arbitrary arrests was taken up, and after some discussion it was made a special order. It was argued that the President had no authority, under the Constitution, to suspend the writ of habeas corpus. —In the House, a resolution, declaring that in the judgment of the House there should be no extension changing the existing law in relation to the payment of interest on the public debt in coin, was adopted by a vote of 78 yeas to 64 nays. A joint resolution, on a resolution, that the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States be authorized to issue to the Secretary of State to pay in coin any portion of the bonded public debt maturing during the present year, pursuant to the first day of January, 1863, was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means. Mr. Wood introduced a bill to amend the act to raise for the public duty five dollars per ton per centum. It was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means. Mr. Scott, of Missouri, introduced a bill, which was referred, to procure the abolishment of slavery in Missouri, and to provide compensation to loyal owners. A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of levying a tax tariff, increasing the duty on foreign goods not of prime necessity, so that the importation of foreign goods shall not exceed the annual exports of domestic production and manufactures, exclusive of specie. A resolution declaring the President's emancipation proclamation was adopted by a vote of seventy-eight against fifty-one. Pensions and appropriation bill was reported and made the special order for Thursday. The first report of the Committee of Ways and Means, by Mr. Conkling, was offered a resolution in effect dissolving the Union, and declaring that the people of the Confederate States have the right to do so, and that they are forcing by their acts who voted in the negative. In the Senate, on Tuesday, December 16, Mr. Cox, of Ohio, delivered a speech on the letter of President's Message and the removal of General McClellan.

On Tuesday, 16th, in the Senate, the resolution announcing the thanks of Congress for his recent capturing the rebellion was laid on the table. The consideration of the resolution of the Senate was postponed until Saturday the next day. The death of Representative Luther Hamilton, of Worcester, Massachusetts, was announced, the customary resolutions of respect and condolence adopted, and the Senate adjourned. In the House, on motion of Mr. Colfax, of Ohio it was resolved that the Secretary of the Treasury be directed to inform the House of the amount of the bonds, and the amount of the bonds issued in 1861, and extended by act of July 17, 1862, and the rate of interest which each bears, and also the name of the parties who are registered as the owners thereof, and each information as the Government may possess as to the real ownership thereof; and that he communicate to this House any and all correspondence which may have been addressed to him or to the Treasury Department, pro-posing to purchase at a special medium any of these the owners or holders of said loan, and whether he proposes to pay the same in coin, or in Government notes. Mr. Stevens's resolution declaring that the Union must be and remain one and indivisible forever, and that it would be a high crime to advise or accept peace propositions on any other terms, was passed by the following vote: Yeas 78. Public Academy appropriation bill was passed. A bill for the admission of the State of Indiana, with the Pan Handle, was referred to the Committee of Mr. Stanford, of Washington, and the House adjourned.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We publish on page 830 an account of the bombardment of Fredericksburg, and the unsuccessful crossing of the river. On the following day, Saturday, 13th, the fight was renewed. The rebels report that 40,000 men of their army engaged against a large force of the rebels. Franklin, on the left, attacked Jackson's corps, and drove it back in the centre, attacked the first line of the rebel defense, but was driven back. The loss of his was very heavy. On Sunday, 14th, the battle was renewed. There was some hard fighting in the centre, but no general engagement.

THE RETREAT.

During the storm and darkness of Monday night General Burnside succeeded in making good his retreat across the pontoon bridges without exciting the vigilance of the enemy. The artillery was first moved over, the infantry following in order, and reaching the camp on the hills in a short time after daylight. The pontoon bridges were then removed, and the communication between the two shores was effectually cut off.

AFFAIRS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

From Cairo we learn that General Grant's expedition on the Mississippi has returned to Helena, Arkansas. The rebels in that region are now hemmed in on all sides. Many killed, wounded, and captured, and our loss thirty-four killed and one hundred wounded. The force under General Sherman has returned to Memphis. The rebel army of Tennessee is said to be at Grand Junction and Corinth. General Grant is still at Oxford with his forces.

AFFAIRS IN LOUISIANA.

Twelve regiments left Newbern on 6th, probably to reinforce the forces at Kinston and Fayetteville. Two gunboats and five gun-boats accosted the Chowan River. The rebels have fortified themselves at and in motion from Suffolk, indicating a movement on Weldon.

RUNS OF THE "ALABAMA."

According to the news brought by the steamer *Alice*, which arrived at this port last week from Point Petre, Guadaloupe, the Alabama was then in the Caribbean, after robbing and destroying by fire the ships *Lem Simmons*, *Parker Cook*, *Crown Point*, *Tonawanda*, and the United States steamer *Hatteras*, which she captured off Galveston. The *Hatteras* was sunk in pursuit, and four her officers and crew, among eight hundred and fifty men of the French authorities, she made her escape. She is said to have recently returned to Martinique: the *San Jacinto* is watching her.

WHY MCLELLAN DIDN'T TAKE RICHMOND.

The Richmond papers have contained lately a full trial of General McDowell, and his testimony was of intense interest. It appears that the plans of the campaign were on the peninsula. Among other things he said: "I have no doubt that if I had gone with my corps to Fredericksburg the Potomac would have taken Richmond had not the corps of General McClellan been moved to it. It is the opinion that had the command of General McDowell joined that of General McClellan at Fredericksburg, that Hanover Court House from Fredericksburg, we would have been in Richmond a week after the junction."

AFFAIRS IN WEST VIRGINIA.

General Jenkins, with his command, Kanawhaglad, and Joe Johnston now commands the rebel army at Hot Springs, Virginia. Jenkins and his scouts are now in the Kanawha valley, and Jeff Davis's conscript law. Large numbers of the Senate have left Richmond.

ELECTION OF MEMBERS OF CONGRESS FROM CALIFORNIA.

The election for Members of Congress for the First and Second Districts of California took place on Wednesday, December 3. The choice of two unconditional Union men, Messrs. Sanders and Michael Hahn. Mr. John Ferguson, whom the New Orleans *Delta* calls "the negro-worshipping abolitionist candidate," was defeated, at which the *Delta* explains.

ELECTION IN TENNESSEE.

Governor Johnson has issued a proclamation providing for an election of representatives for the Ninth and Tenth Congressional districts of Tennessee. The vote is believed that a large majority of the voters in those districts are in favor of supporting the Government and the Constitution and laws; but no delegal person is to be permitted to vote.



THE BOMBARDMENT OF FREDERICKSBURG BY THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—[SEE PAGE 820.]



A Topographical Map of EASTERN VIRGINIA from Fredericksburg to Richmond, taken from tracings (now in the possession of the Government) of the original Railroad Surveys of this portion of the State, comprising the Topography for Six Miles on each side of the track. This is the only reliable Map of this portion of the State ever made.

Charles Ellet Jr Topographical Engr

MY LITTLE PICTURE.

I have sent you a little picture
Of a face you used to know,
And I ask you to guard and keep it
For the sake of years ago.

As a token of Peace and Friendship,
I have sent it across the sea,
To ask if, as I have forgiven,
You too have forgiven me.

Not to call up the love that is gone,
Or to bring back the sad dead past;
Or the blossoms of hope that faded
In the biting wintry blast.

Not to recall the light grasp of hands
That told what lips could not speak;
Or the long last kiss that grew "Farewell,"
And branded it on the cheek.

Nor to tell of a weary, wasting pain,
The wish for a well-loved face,
The undue longing to fill once more
The heart's cold vacant place.

The sole o'er the love that passed away,
The cry of one's keen smart,
That echoed, unanswer'd and unheard,
Through the chambers of the heart.

But to tell of regrets forgotten,
Add bid thee pardon the past,
And take from the hand I offer
Peace and friendship at the last.

It will look at you gently and kindly,
And bid you be happy again,
And tell you to bury the wretched years
Of our passion and our pain.

It will tell that though life may be weary,
There are bright days for me still,
If we live with a true and honest heart,
And a firm and upright will.

And through the dim coming future,
As the good years roll along,
It will whisper some sweet words of comfort,
And sing you a cheering song.

It will ask you to look for reward,
To the land where spirits meet,
To the calm for the weary heartache,
And the rest for weary feet.

Then take care of my little picture,
And do not cast it away;
'Tis the first that you send to look at
And love in a by-gone day.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.]

NAMELESS.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the servants' dinner-bell at St. Crux rang as usual on the day of George Bartram's departure, it was remarked that the new parlor-maid's place at table remained empty. One of the luftier servants was sent to her room to make inquiries, and returned with the information that "Louisa" felt a little faint, and begged that her attendance at table might be excused for that day. Upon this the superior authority of the housekeeper was invoked, and Mrs. Drake went up stairs immediately to ascertain the truth for herself. Her first look of inquiry satisfied her that the parlor-maid's indisposition was by no means the cause of it might be, we certainly not assumed to serve any idle or sullen purpose of her own. She perfectly understood the taking away of the remedies which the housekeeper offered, and made no further opposition to try the efficacy of a walk in the fresh air.

"I have been accustomed to more exercise, ma'am, than I get here," she said. "Might I go into the garden and try what the air will do for me?"

"Certainly. Can you walk by yourself? or shall I send some one with you?"

"I will go by myself, if you please, ma'am."

"Very well. Put on your bonnet and shawl —and when you get out keep in the east garden. The shrubbery walks in the west are damp, and then, and might feel surprised at seeing you there. Keep in my room when you have had air and exercise enough, and let me see how you are."

In a few minutes more Magdalen was out in the east garden. The sky was clear and sunny, but the cold influence of the breeze rested on the garden walk and chilled the mid-day sun. She walked toward the ruins of the old monastery, situated on the eastern side of the more modern range of buildings. Here there were lonely open spaces to breathe in freely; here the pale March sunlight rode through the sky in its elevation and decay, and met her invitingly with the genial promise of spring.

She ascended three or four riven stone steps, and seated herself on some ruined fragments lately thrown, full in the sunshine. The place she had chosen had once been the entrance to the church. Its countenance long gone by the strain of human sin and human suffering had flowed, day after day, to the confessional over the place where she now sat. Of all the miserable women who had trodden those old stones in the by-gone time, no more miserable creature had touched them than the woman whose feet rested on them now.

Her hands trembled as she placed them on either side of her to support herself on the stone seat. She had them on her lap—they trembled there. She held them out, and looked at them wonderingly — they trembled as she looked. "Like an old woman!" she said, faintly, and let them drop again at her side.

For the first time that morning the cruel discovery had forced itself on her mind—the discovery that her identity was lost. For the first time when she had most confidently trusted to it, at the time when she wanted it most. She had felt the surprise of Mr. Bartram's unexpected departure as if it had been the shock of the severest calamity that could befall her. She had perfectly smoothed away by no less a person than the admiral himself. "To the surprise of everyone in the house," he announced at breakfast that he had arranged to start for London in an hour; that he should pass the night in town; and that he might be expected to return to St. Crux in time for dinner on the next day. He volunteered to carry the communication to the housekeeper or to any one else; but it was easy to see that his errand to London was of no ordinary importance in his own estimation. He swallowed his breakfast in a violent hurry; and he was impatiently ready for the carriage when it came to the door.

Experience had taught Magdalen to be cautious. She waited a little after Admiral Bartram's departure, and then ventured on trying her experiment with the keys. It was well she did so. Mrs. Drake took advantage of the admiral's absence to enter the condition of the apartments on the first floor. The results of the investigation left no room to be satisfied her: linens and dusters were set to work, and the house maids were in and out of the rooms perpetually for long as the daylight lasted.

The evening passed, and still the safe opportunity for which Magdalen was on the watch never presented itself. Bedtime came again, and found her placed between the two alternatives of leaving the door in doubtful chances of the next morning or of trying the keys boldly in the dead of night. In former times she would have made her choice without hesitation. She hesitated now; but the wreck of her old courage still sustained her, and she determined to make the venture at night.

They kept early hours at St. Crux. If she waited the household half past eleven she would wait long enough. At that time she stole out on to the staircase with the keys in her pocket and the candle in her hand.

On passing the entrance to the corridor on the bedroom floor she paused and listened. No sound of snoring, no shuffling of infirm footsteps, was to be heard on the other side of the screen. She looked round it attentively. The stone passage was a solitude, and the trackle-bed was empty. Her own eyes had shown her old Mercy in his lower lodgings—regions more than an hour since with a candle in his hand. Had he taken advantage of his master's absence to enjoy the unaccustomed luxury of sleeping in a room? As the thought occurred to her a sound from the farther end of the corridor just caught her ear. She softly advanced toward it, and heard through the door of the second bedroom of the spare bedchambers the veteran's busy snoring in the room inside. The discovery was startling in more senses than one. It deepened the impenetrable mystery of the trackle-bed, for it showed plainly that old Mercy had no barbarous preference of his own for passing his nights in the corridor—he occupied that strange and comfortless sleeping-place purely and entirely on his master's account.

It was no time for dwelling on the reflections which this unexpected discovery might suggest. Magdalen retraced her steps along the passage, and descended to the first floor. Passing the doors nearest to her she tried the library first. On the staircase and in the corridors she had felt her heart throbbing fast and strong; but now, entering the sense of security returned to her when she found herself within the four walls of the room, and when she had closed the door on the glimmering quiet outside.

The first lock she tried was the lock of the table-drawer. None of the keys fitted it. Her next experiment was made on the cabinet. Would the same attempt fail like the first? No! One of the keys fitted; one of the keys, with a little patient management, turned the lock. She opened it eagerly. There were open shelves above, and one long drawer under them. In the shelves were a few miscellaneous and various minerals, neatly labeled and arranged. The drawer was divided into compartments. Two of the compartments contained papers. The first she discovered nothing but a collection of receipted bills. The second was filled with letters of business-documents—but the writing, yellow with age, was enough of itself to warn her that the letters were old. She shut the drawer of the cabinet; and, after locking them again with some little difficulty, proceeded to try the keys in the book-case cupboards next, before she continued her investigations in the other rooms.

The keys in book-case cupboards multiple; the drawers and cupboards in all the other rooms were unassailable. One after another she tried them patiently in their succession. All were useless. The chance which the cabinet in the library had offered in her favor was the first chance and the last.

She went back to her room, seeing nothing but her own glaring shadow, hearing nothing but her own stealthy footfall in the midnight stillness of the house. After mechanically putting the keys away in their former hiding-place she locked toward her bed—and turned away from it shudderingly. The morning recollection of what she had suffered that morning in the garden was vividly present to her mind. Another chance tried," she thought to herself, "and another chance lost! I shall sneak down again if I think of it—and I shall think of it if I lie down in the dark." She had brought a workbox with her to St. Crux, as one of the many little things which in her character of a servant it was desirable to possess; and she now opened the box, and applied herself resolutely to work. Her want of decision with her needle availed the object she had in view: it obliged her to pay the closest attention to her employment; it forced her thoughts away from the remembrance of all others which she now dreaded most—herself and the future.

At the usual day, as he had arranged, the admiral returned. His visit to London had not improved his spirits. The shadow of some unfavorable doubt still clouded his face, and his restless tongue was strangely quiet while Magdalen waited on him at his solitary dinner-table. At night the snoring resounded once more on the inner side of the screen, and Mr. Mercy was back again in his comfortable trackle-bed.

Three more days passed—April came. On the second of the month—returning at an unexpected hour as he had departed a week before—Mr. George Bartram reappeared at St. Crux.

He came back early in the afternoon, and had an interview with his uncle in the library. The interview over he left the house again, and was driven to the railway by the groom, in time to catch the last train to London that night. The admiral remarked, on the road, that "Mr. George seemed to be rather pleased than otherwise at having to go." He also remarked, on his return, that the admiral never spoke to the over-driving the horses—an indication of ill-temper on the part of a master which he considered as being entirely without precedent in all his former experience. Magdalen, in her department of service, had also remarked in the master of the old man's irritable humor: he had been dissatisfied with everything she did in the dining-room—and he had found fault with all the dishes, one after another, from the mutton broth to the toast-and-cheese.

The next two days passed as usual. On the third day an event happened. In appearance, it was certainly more important than the ringing at the drawing-room bell. In reality, it was the forerunner of perpetual catastrophe—the formidable herald of the end.

It was Magdalen's business to answer the bell On reaching the drawing-room door she knocked as usual. There was no reply. After again knocking, and again receiving no answer, she ventured into the room, and was instantly met by a current of cold air flowing full on her face. The window looking door in the farthest wall was pushed back, and the Arctic atmosphere of Freeze-your-Bones was pouring unhindered into the drawing-room.

She waited near the door, doubtful what to do next; it was certainly the drawing-room bell that had rung, and no other. She waited, looking through the open door-way opposite, down the interminable vista of bedchambers.

A little consideration satisfied her that it would be best to go down stairs again, and wait there for the second summons from the bell. In turning to leave the room she happened to look back at the window, and exactly at that moment she saw the door open at the opposite extremity of the Banqueting Hall—the door leading into the first of the bedrooms in the east wing. A tall man came out, wearing his great-coat and his hat, and rapidly approached the drawing-room. He was walking from her while he took his hat off for his features to be seen. Before he was halfway across the Hall Magdalen had recognized—

Admiral Bartram.

The admiral looked, not irritated only, but enraged, as he came at finding his parlor-maid waiting for him in the drawing-room. He inquired, sharply and suspiciously, what she was doing there. Magdalen replied that she had come there to answer the bell. His face cleared a little when he heard the explanation. "Yes, yes; to be sure," he said. "I did ring, and then I forgot it." He pulled the sliding-door back into the wall as he spoke. "Come in," he resumed, impatiently, pointing to the empty scuttle. "I want coals for the fire."

Magdalen went back to the kitchen regions. After communicating the admiral's order to the housekeeper she returned duly to attend to the fires she returned to the pantry, and, gently closing the door, sat down alone to think.

She had known her impression in the drawing-room—and it was her impression still—that she had been strangely surprised, during the time on a visit to the east rooms, which, for some urgent reason of his own, he wished to keep a secret. Her surprise had not been the result of a momentary idea that now possessed her, she hoped all logical reasoning to the contrary, but of a more concerted the suspicion of a secret proceeding on the admiral's part with the hindered suspicion which connected it with the discovery of the Secret Trust. Up to this time it had been her settled belief that he kept all his important documents under lock and key. But she felt now that she had happened to be occupying for the time being—by the merest accident—the only room in this part of the conclusion which had hitherto satisfied her mind—why might he not lock some of the rooms in the other rooms as well? The remembrance of the keys still concealed in their hiding-place in the drawing-room gave her some of the reasonableness of this new view. With one unimportant exception, those keys had all failed when she tried them in the rooms on the north side of the house. Might they not succeed with the cabinets and cupboards in the east rooms, on which she had never tried or thought of trying them yet? If there was a chance, however small, of turning her industry to account than she had turned them thus far, it was a chance to be tried. If there was a possibility,

however remote, that the Trust might be hidden in any one of the locked repositories in the East wing, it was a possibility to be put to the test. When? Her own experience answered the question. At the time when no prying eyes were open, and no accidents were to be feared—when the house was quiet—in the dead of night.

She knew enough of her changed self to dread the enervating influence of delay. She determined to run the risk, headlong, that night.

More blunders escaped her when dinner-time came; the admiral's criticisms on her waiting at table were sharper than ever. His hardest words inflicted no pain on her; she scarcely heard him—her mind was dull to every sense but the sense of the coming trial. The evening, which had passed slowly to her on the night of her first experiment with the keys, passed quickly now. When bedtime came, bedtime took her by surprise.

She waited longer on this occasion than she had waited before. The admiral was at home; he might alter his mind and go down stairs again, after he had gone up to his room; he might have forgotten something in the library, and might return to fetch it. Midnight struck from the clock in the servants' hall before she ventured out of her room, with the keys again in her pocket, with the candle again in her hand.

At the first of the stairs on which she set her foot to descend, an all-mastering hesitation, an unintelligible shrinking from some peril unknown, seized her on a sudden. She waited and reasoned with herself. She had recoiled from no sacrifices, she had yielded to no fears, in carrying out the stratagem by which she had gained admission to St. Crux; and now, when the long array of difficulties at the outset had been patiently conquered—now, when by sheer force of resolution the starting-point was gained, she hesitated to advance. "I shrank from nothing to get here," she said to herself. "What madness possesses me that I shrink now?"

Every pulse in her quickened at the thought, with an animating shame that nerved her to go on. She descended the stairs, from the third floor to the second, from the second to the first, without trusting herself to pause again within easy reach of her own room. In another minute she had reached the end of the corridor, had crossed the vestibule, and had entered the drawing-room. It was only when her grasp was on the heavy brass handle of the sliding door—it was only at the moment before she pushed the door back—that she waited to take breath. The Banqueting Hall was close on the other side of the wooden partition against which she stood: her excited imagination felt the death-like chill of it flowing over her already.

She pushed back the sliding-door a few inches, and stopped in momentary alarm. When the admiral had closed it in her presence that day she had heard no noise. When old Mazey had opened it to show her the rooms in the East wing she had heard no noise. Now, in the night silence, she noticed for the first time that the door made a sound—a dull, rushing sound, like the wind.

She roused herself and pushed it further back—pushed it half way into the hollow chamber in the wall constructed to receive it. She advanced boldly into the gap, and met the night-view of the Banqueting Hall face to face.

The moon was rounding the southern side of the house. Her paling beams streamed through the nearer windows, and lay in long strips of slanting light on the marble pavement of the Hall. The black shadows of the pediments between each window, alternating with the strips of light, heightened the wan glare of the moonshine on the stone floor. Toward its lower end the Hall melted mysteriously into darkness; the ceiling was lost to view; the yawning fire-place, the overhanging mantle-piece, the long row of battle-pictures above, were all swallowed up in night. But one visible object was discernible besides the gleaming windows and the moon-striped floor. Midway in the last and farthest of the strips of light the tripod rose erect on its gaunt black legs, like a monster called to life by the moon—a monster rising through the light, and melting invisibly into the upper shadows of the Hall. Far and near all sound lay dead, drowned in the stagnant cold. The soothing hush of night was awful here. The deep abysses of darkness hid abysses of silence more immeasurable still.

She stood motionless in the door-way, with straining eyes, with straining ears. She looked for some moving thing, she listened for some rising sound—and looked and listened in vain. A quick ceaseless shivering ran through her from head to foot. The shivering of fear? or the shivering of cold? The bare doubt roused her resolute will. "Now," she thought, advancing a step through the door-way—"or never! I'll count the strips of moonlight three times over, and cross the Hall."

"One, two, three, four, five. One, two, three, four, five. One, two, three, four, five."

As the final number passed her lips, at the third time of counting, she crossed the Hall. Looking for nothing, listening for nothing—one hand holding the candle, the other mechanically grasping the folds of her dress—she sped ghost-like down the length of the ghostly place. She reached the door of the first of the eastern rooms, opened it, and ran in. The sudden relief of reaching a refuge, the sudden entrance into a new atmosphere, overpowered her for the moment. She had just time to put the candle safely on a table before she dropped giddy and breathless into the nearest chair.

Little by little, she felt the rest quieting her. In a few minutes she became conscious of the triumph of having won her way to the east rooms. In a few minutes she was strong enough to rise from the chair, to take the keys from her pocket, and to look round her.

A YEAR IN THE SERVICE.

I LOVE excitement. It was mainly to gratify this passion that I joined the army.

"The army! Just the place for a young man of spirit! What a field for adventure is the army! It is the straight road to glory and a woman's heart! Venus and Mars! Helen and Paris! Cleopatra and Antony! Love and war! Fame and patriotism!"

It was such ideas buzzing through my brain that prevented me from making out correctly a rather mixed-up account; and, in a mercurial freak, I dashed down the pen, seized my hat, and skedaddled from the counting-room. When I reached the side-walk it flashed across my brain that an old school chum was recruiting a company, and I at once struck a bee line for his rendezvous, and enrolled myself as one of the defenders of the Constitution and the Union.

When this became known I received sundry congratulations from sundry friends, all professedly strong Union men, to the effect—"You've ruined yourself"—"Thrown yourself away"—"Gone as a private"—"Too bad," etc., etc. But I "didn't see the point" on any Unionism in the remarks of these heroic lip-defenders of the nation—one of whom was self-sacrificing enough to hold an office under the Federal Government—and I returned their greeting as follows:

"Gone as a private! Yes. Am proud of it. Greater the sacrifice greater the patriotism. Go thou and do likewise!"

Then I wheeled to the right about and was off at double-quick, leaving them alone in their glory to speculate upon the rise of molasses, the fall of soap, or whether whisky was steady, and to manifest their patriotism by shouting at Union meetings for the purpose of encouraging enlistments. I was now a soldier of the nation, and did not care a straw about the opinion of the world, his wife, or any other man concerning the step I had taken. Softly—there was just *one* person whom I was somewhat interested to know how the news of my enlistment would be received.

Jennie Tracy was a handsome, spunky, coquettishly-inclined piece of humanity, and with whom I was deeply smitten; but I didn't intend that she should know it until I was well assured that Jennie was "willin'." With all the knowledge I had flattered myself that I possessed of the thousand-and-one meandering paths to a pretty woman's heart, I had been unable to hit upon the right one to reach hers. However, I resolved to let my love lie concealed in the bud until such time as it would have a fair chance to bloom without being nipped by a coquette's laugh.

It was on the eve of our regiment's departure that I called, in full regimentals, to say farewell to the Tracy family. Jennie received me in a manner altogether different than usual heretofore; her countenance wore a more sober cast, and I thought that I could read something of feeling in her full hazel eyes. At least I was conceited enough to believe that I was an object of interest to her; and this feeling was more fully confirmed as I detected something glisten in the corner of her eyes as I took her extended hand and said farewell, and especially as I perceived a sort of huskiness in her voice as she re-echoed the words.

I returned to camp with increased elasticity. I felt that I had at last made an impression on Jennie, and I was happy; my spirits were as buoyant as a newly-made life-boat. I was about to take the field, and I would carve out a niche in the temple of glory for her sake.

I was attached to the cavalry branch of the service, and being a prime horseman, and quick at picking up the drill, I soon attracted attention; and it was not long before I received a warrant in appreciation of my services.

For the first few months I considered that there was more reality than poetry in a soldier's life; but gradually I became used to it, and liked it better as I grew older and saw a fair chance for promotion. The sacred soil of Virginia was hospitable to us if the people were not, for it often took us in, both man and beast, to a considerable depth, and it was frequently the cause of at least one of the Ten Commandments being broken while we were endeavoring to break the back-bone of the rebellion.

It was not until I reached that region which has become famous for its *Stonewall*, the Shenandoah Valley, that I had my senses thoroughly awakened so that I could see the foundation upon which the superstructure of the rebellion has been raised in its true light, without the aid of a Congressional dissertation or a leader in the organ of the party.

A portion of our regiment had been detached for scouting purposes—a service just suited to my nature, full of excitement, hair-breadth escapes, *ad infinitum*; and while thus engaged I witnessed many scenes that caused the blood to tingle in my veins, and which entirely changed my views in regard to a question that has long disturbed the peace of my country.

It was toward sundown of a pleasant day that a detachment under my command halted at a farm-house to procure refreshments, if possible, for ourselves and horses. On entering the kitchen my attention was attracted toward two young girls, who appeared to shrink away in one corner as if in terror that somebody was about to tear them from each other. They were apparently about fifteen or sixteen years of age, neatly clad in dark dresses, and their countenance bore fresh evidence of grief, and I at once concluded that they were mourning the death of some near relative who had lost his life in this unholy rebellion. But when it was announced that we were Union soldiers I observed their features momentarily light up as if with joy, and I was at once impressed that *they*, at least, were not "Secesh." The striking resemblance between them, and the manner in which they seemed to cling to one another, reminded me so forcibly of the twins in "The Wandering Jew," that I instantly christened them, in my mind, as Rose and Blanche. An old negress, perceiving how intently I was watching them, approached, and with a countenance beaming with motherly love as she looked up into my face, in a low tone said:

"Dey am gwine to tuk 'em 'way down South for specumlashun, an' to keep de Linkeum sogers from stealin' em, massa; an' dey don't want to go, poor dear, bressed little souls. Poor tings! Dere ole massa only jest dead."

I started, clutched my hands, while a peculiar tremor crept through my veins as I heard these words; while the old negress, casting a mournful look toward the objects of her sympathy, shook her head as expressive of her sorrow, and I involuntarily ejaculated:

"Great God! is it possible! Are *they* slaves?"

The old negress, with a significant look, nodded her head in the affirmative, and then bustled away.

The fair beings before me slaves! Such things I had never dreamed of in my political philosophy. A slave had always been associated in my mind with a coarse creature with a black skin, an uncouth countenance, a woolly head, and a chain attached to the leg; and the beings before me were fair enough to be my sisters, with finely-shaped features, and a luxuriant head of hair that might cause the envy of any Caucasian belle, while a refined sensitiveness was evident in their every action; and it was some moments before I could bring my mind to realize the truth of what I had just heard.

When I had somewhat recovered from my astonishment I called the old negress one side, being anxious to learn more concerning the two beings in whom I now began to feel a deep interest. She informed me that they, until recently, were ignorant of the stain attached to their birth; that they had been educated and brought up "as white folks;" that their master, whose children "some folks reckoned dey whar," had lately died, and "dat he didn't leab no freedom papers for dem," and that they were seized upon as part of the estate, and were about being taken to Richmond for safety; that they were to leave that night, in company with some other slaves, under an escort from Ashby's rangers.

Here was a dilemma! What was I to do? Take the girls away with me? If so, I would be charged with negro-stealing, and denounced as false to the Constitution and the Union. Allow them to be taken to Richmond? If so, I would be false to my manhood. I thought of Jennie, and could not do it. No, they must not go to Richmond. They must escape from the life that there awaited them, even at the expense of my commission, which I had but a few days before received.

My companions in arms were men of intelligence, and I resolved to lay the matter before them. This I proceeded to do. When I had finished my story they to a man swore that it was my duty to prevent the girls from going to Richmond. If I did not do so I would be giving aid and comfort to the rebels. This was partly my own view of the case.

My plans were soon decided upon; and when our horses were refreshed we left the house without even communicating our intentions to the sisters, for fear they might be whispered to others and thereby reach the enemy. Taking a circuitous route so as to deceive those at the house, we came to a narrow part of the road, admirably suited for an ambush, and along which the rangers would pass, and there posting my little force as advantageously as possible, we quietly awaited their approach. The evening was clear, enabling us to see a considerable distance and pick off the rangers with our carbines without endangering those under their guard.

We awaited in this spot nearly three hours before the word was passed around that the foe were approaching. On they came, totally unconscious of their danger, and were taken completely by surprise. Several of their number were slain, three taken prisoners, and three or four succeeded in effecting their escape. The slaves, among whom were some intelligent men, were uninjured, and were rejoiced at their deliverance. But what to do with them was a question. We could not encumber our future movements with them, that was certain, and it would not do to leave them where they might fall an easy prey to the rebels. It was finally decided that all we could do was to point out the direction of our lines and bid them make their best speed toward freedom. This we did.

After this event I began to feel that I, as a member of the human family, had a greater interest in this war than I had hitherto supposed. My whole demeanor changed; my buoyant spirits gave way to a terrible earnestness of character as I began to realize the under-strata of this rebellion. I now fervently prayed God that in this upheaving of political bodies the whole social system of the South might be swept away and the Union reconstructed on a basis that would be perpetual—one that would never cause a blush to mantle the cheek of an American citizen. This change of character was noted not only by my company but by the regiment, and it was generally attributed to disappointment in love.

I had been nearly a year in the service, and during that time had not heard from Jennie. But though we did not correspond she was not absent from my thoughts. It was just on the eve of an important battle that I learned from an officer who had returned to the regiment after several weeks' absence, who I knew was somewhat acquainted with the Tracy family, that Jennie was to be married. This information I obtained in course of casual conversation. He gave it as a piece of gossip among his female friends. He further remarked that she had made particular inquiries of him concerning a Mr. —— (mentioning my real name—I had enlisted under my middle name only), and that he was unable to give her any satisfaction.

That night I dreamed of Jennie. I saw her the bride of another, and the torment I endured I can not describe. The next day found me in the midst of battle, careless of life, dashing on where danger seemed greatest and death more certain. Night found me on the battle-field severely wounded. Great God, what a night was that! The storm raged furiously; but far above its raging I could hear the moans, shrieks, and cries of wounded and dying comrades. As I lay there I thought that the hour for my departure from earth was fast approaching. My mind wandered back to my boyhood's days. Then my whole life seemed to pass panoramically before me. There was Jennie, Rose, and Blanche. I beheld Jennie as the wife of an ugly, vicious-looking man, and Rose and Blanche in a slave-pen. Then the picture passed on, and I beheld Jennie, Rose, and Blanche together in one group surrounded by smiling faces, and I made an effort to rise and join them; but the effort was too much for my strength, and I fell back exhausted and saw no more.

When I awoke to consciousness I found myself in a hospital. Here I passed three long and dreary weeks, at the end of which time I received a commission as Captain, with the intelligence of "promoted for gallantry on the field of battle." It bore date of just one year from the time of my entering the service. The surgeon assuring me that it would be some time before I would be able to resume active duty, I obtained a furlough, resolved to return and ascertain something definite about Jennie.

Just as I reached the city I met an old friend, who insisted so strenuously upon my making one of a party at his house that evening that I consented.

"Do not fail to come, for *they* will be there," he said, as we parted.

Who were *they*? He laid great stress upon the word. Could it be Jennie and her husband? Yes—it was them. But I would go: as well meet her there as at any other place. It would be better than calling at her residence, for it would appear as if it were accidental.

That evening found me true to my appointment. When I entered the room I saw a number of ladies and gentlemen grouped in a circle, apparently so intent upon listening to a conversation that my announcement was scarcely noticed. In a moment afterward I heard—

"And you never learned the officer's name?"

This was followed by a sudden shriek—a confusion—and the next instant Rose and Blanche were clinging to my well arm, and as I gazed about I beheld Jennie a short distance off looking the picture of amazement.

Explanations soon followed. Rose and Blanche had just finished a narrative of their escape as I entered. They, with the other slaves, had succeeded in reaching our lines, and attracting attention soon reached the city, and were under the patronage of the church to which my friend as well as the Tracy family belonged. Jennie had taken an especial interest in their welfare, and they were the objects of much attention—the lions of the hour.

That evening was a happy one to me—not only in seeing Rose and Blanche in safety and surrounded by friends, but in hearing that Jennie was still unmarried and that I occupied a warm place in her heart.

I am soon to rejoin my regiment, not as a single man but as the husband of Jennie, and write this to encourage young men who are in love that before they despair they should join the army. That is the true road to glory and a woman's heart. Do not wait for a commission; go as a private; for if you do your duty a year in the service will make a great change.

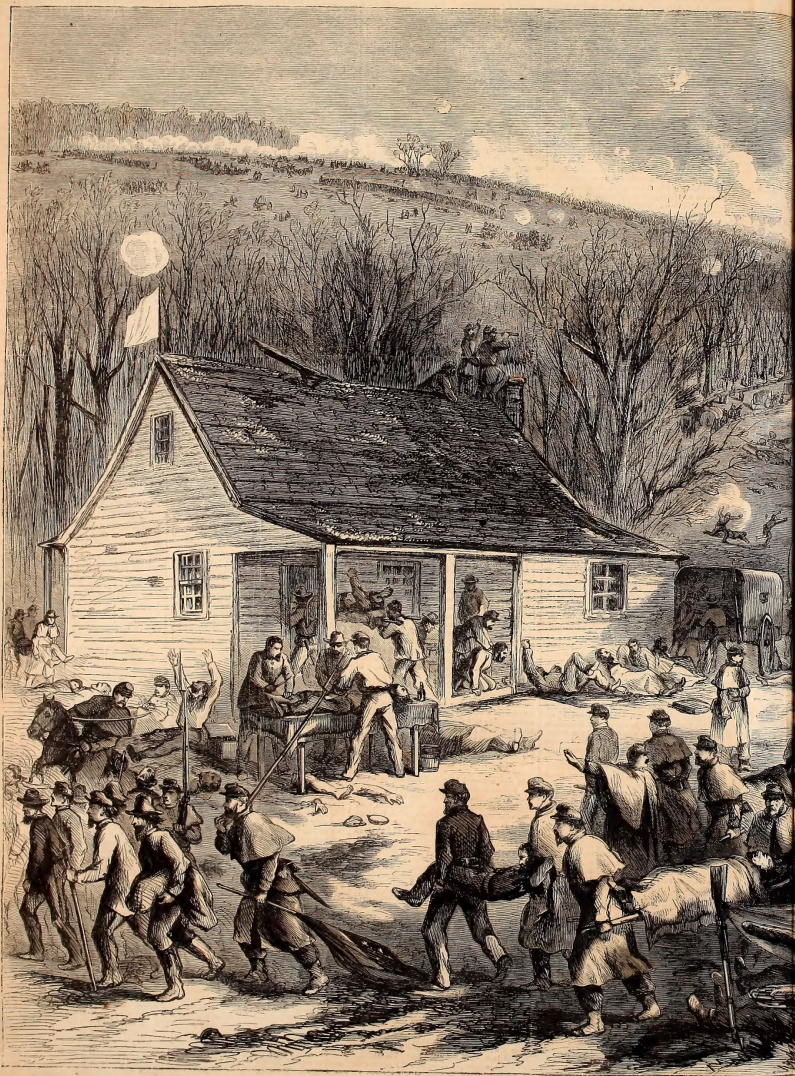
A BATTLE AS SEEN BY THE RESERVE.

WE publish on pages 824 and 825 a picture of a battle drawn from the station occupied by the reserve. As a general rule, battle pictures represent the shock of the actual conflict; the scenes in the back-ground are often quite as striking and worthy of being preserved. Our artist thus describes his picture:

"The drawing represents a general view of the battle-field as seen by the reserve, the line of battle off in the distance, next the artillery and second line of infantry. To the right there is a battery planted on a little hill. Across the road fresh troops are seen rapidly marching into the woods toward the front to reinforce our worn-out soldiers. Near the centre are generals, with their staffs, watching the fate of the day. The road is blocked up with cavalry, infantry, artillery, and ambulances, going to and fro, carrying their burden of wounded to the rear. On the house seen near the centre are stationed officers with signal flags. To the left is a house used as a hospital, and still further are a batch of prisoners taken off by a file of our men.

"All this and more is seen by the reserve, patiently waiting until their turn shall come to take part in the struggle of the day. The wounded are brought past them, carried so that their injuries are terribly apparent to those who are forced to stand still and coolly view their sufferings, not knowing how soon the same fate may be theirs. The air resounds with shrieks of agony, and the ground near the surgeon's table is strewed with amputated limbs. Such sights as these make some hearts sicken and sink despairingly; while in others it makes the desire to be avenged burn only the more fiercely, especially when ever and anon passes by the familiar form of a late comrade in arms, fearfully mutilated or crippled for life, or perhaps dying. One poor soldier is borne along, who, in spite of his pain, renders his last tribute of respect to his commander and cheers him as he passes.

"Out of the ambulance and supply-wagon, nearest the hospital, the wounded are lifted one after another, and laid side by side to wait wearily until the surgeon can attend to them. One loyal soldier, who has charge of the prisoners, has captured a rebel flag, and is significantly trailing it in the dust as he walks along."



A BATTLE AS SEEN BY T



HE RESERVE.—[See Page 823.]

Dickens's New Christmas Story.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST NUMBER.]

HIS DRESSING-CASE.

The passengers on board the good ship *Golden Dream*, homeward bound from Melbourne, were beginning to get rather weary and tired of their trip. We were only in the fourth week of the voyage; but the month was July, the days were short, gloomy, and stormy; and the sea was covered with those mountainous waves which are to be seen in perfection off Cape Horn. The stout ship went struggling along within six points of a fierce northeasterly gale, quivering like a living creature as the remorseless waves struck her blow after blow. On the log being hove we found that we were making barely two knots an hour; and, to add to our perplexity, a sudden chill in the air, and a peculiar white glare in the horizon, informed us that we were surrounded with icebergs. Before nightfall the violence of the gale had somewhat abated, and the passengers hurried on deck to look at the first iceberg, which was within half a mile of us. It was a sight worth seeing. We beheld an enormous mass of rock-like ice, with a perpendicular wall facing us fully three hundred feet high, against the steep sides of which the waves dashed incessantly. The color of the iceberg was a brilliant pellucid white, except in the deep fissures and interstices, where the hue was changed to cobalt, or on the summits of the precipices, which glowed in the rays of the setting sun with all the prismatic tints of the rainbow.

"Eh! man!" exclaimed an enthusiastic Scotchman. "'Tis joost Edinburgh Castle to the life!"

"What a fortune a fellow could make among the Melbourne confectioners if he could only tow it into Port Philip during the hot weather!" remarked a prosaic colonist.

"Well, it's a pretty sight," said an old lady, "a very pretty sight! But I wish they'd all sink to the bottom at night and come up again in the morning."

"It would be very convenient, indeed, ma'am," answered the third mate. "It would save our eyes to-night considerably, for we shall have to keep a bright look-out."

We passed a very gloomy evening. The wind had almost fallen to a calm, while the sea continued to run extremely high, causing the ship to roll terribly. Every thing that was not securely fixed was flying about the cabin; the destruction of crockery was appalling; and the steward passed the interval between supper and bedtime in a state of despair, chasing cups, saucers, and bottles. Even the four passengers who clung to whist every evening with a devotion befitting the renowned Sarah Battle, were forced to give up their game. Even chess, though played on a board provided with spring fastenings, was found impracticable. The chess-board sprang up bodily, pieces and all, made a somersault in the air, darted into the cabin of a married couple who were putting their baby to bed, extinguished their candle-lamp, and frightened their cockatoo into hysterics.

For myself, I went on deck, and there, sheltered by the pent-house which overhung the main-deck at the extremity of the poop, endeavored to solace myself with a pipe. I was very glad to hear a voice out of the pitchy darkness saying,

"Nasty thick night, Sir."

It was Tom White, an able seaman, and one of the greatest growlers on board.

"What do you think of the weather, Tom?" I asked him?

"'Bout as bad as it can be. If it had kept on to blow it might have took us through all this here ice; but now it's fallen calm the bergs will gather round the ship, just as the bits of stick in a pond get round a dead cat. Ah! Once let me set foot ashore, and you'll never catch me round the Horn again!"

Poor Tom! I dare say he had uttered this declaration five hundred times before, and had always forgotten it when signing articles at the shipping-office.

"I hope they're keeping a bright look-out forward, Tom?"

"A bright look-out! How can they? Why, the night's as thick as a tub of Dutch butter. Then it ain't these big lumps as I'm afeard of. If the look-outs ain't asleep, or yarning, they might chance to see *them*. What I funk is the nasty little sneaking bits of ground-ice, about the size of a ship's long-boat."

"Surely they would not injure a stout ship like this, Tom?"

"Stout ship? Ha, ha! Why, this is a soft-wood ship—a regular New Brunswicker. She'd have no more chance again the ice than a chaney cup again a soup-and-bully tin; and then, with all this here copper ore in her inside, down she'd go—and you along with her."

"And you too, Tom."

"Well, I don't know about that. Sailors ain't like passengers. There's the boats to cut adrift. Besides, I'm on deck, and you'd be below, smothered like a rat in his hole."

With a series of parting growls Tom White disappeared in the darkness, leaving me in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. I was half inclined at first to stay on deck all night, but eventually determined to go below, and seek oblivion from danger in sleep.

I envied my cabin companion, the fat German, Schlafenwohl. He lay in profound slumber, while his nose trumpeted defiance to the creaking of the timbers and the dashing of the waves. Taking advantage of a favorable lurch, I clambered up to my berth, which was over the German's head. I tried to think of every thing I could recall to my memory, unconnected with ship-life, but the horrible snoring of my companion and the lurches of the ship destroyed all prospect of repose. I repeated verses from the most soporific poets I could remember. I counted numbers, and got up as far as six hundred and fifty-four, when suddenly the ship rolled more frightfully than she had done yet. I felt that she was heeling completely over, and that the main-yard must be dipping in the waves. A fearful crashing of plates and dishes was succeeded by the still more terrible sound of rushing water. I opened my eyes, which I had until now kept obstinately closed. To my horror I discovered that the port-hole, instead of being at my side, was directly above my head. I unscrewed the port and thrust my head out. I was appalled by what I beheld. The ship was on her beam-ends, and her masts were disappearing beneath the angry sea. There was no time to be lost. Fortunately I had turned in in my day clothes, boots excepted, so I climbed through the port-hole, which barely permitted the passage of my body, and lay clinging to the wet, slippery side of the vessel. A thought struck me. Shall I waken Schlafenwohl? No; I might lose my own life in endeavoring to save his. His ample figure could never pass the narrow port-hole. It is astonishing how selfish men are apt to become at such times. I murmured, "Requiescat in pace," and gazed around me once more.

The vessel was sinking rapidly. Her masts were now entirely under water, and only a few feet of her weather yard-arm were visible. I heard a horrible grinding noise. Peering through the darkness I beheld an immense iceberg crashing against the ship's side. I summoned all my energies, took a tremendous leap, and fell into a small cavity filled with freshly-fallen snow. As soon as I recovered my feet I looked once more around. The *Golden Dream* had disappeared, and nothing was visible save a few dark objects floating on the surface of the water.

I determined to secure one of these objects. "Possibly," I thought, "the harness-casks on deck have broken adrift. They are filled with beef and pork, and the contents of one of them would support life for months." I descended cautiously through the thick darkness to a ledge which abutted directly on the water. The spray of the breakers was dashing in my face, and I trembled lest the frail piece of ice on which I stood should give way beneath my feet and precipitate me into the briny abyss. I stretched out my hand—it was instantly grasped by another hand! I drew back in horror, and the force of my retrograde movement was such that I pulled the person who had clutched my hand completely out of the water.

As soon as I had deposited the unknown individual in a place of comparative safety I demanded his name. The figure drew a long breath, and replied, "Julius Schlafenwohl."

I staggered back in astonishment, and exclaimed, "Why, good Heaven, how came you here?"

"Very easily, my friend. You see I am a good diver and schvimmer, and I took my time about it."

"Why, you've got a long rope tied round your body!"

"Pull hart upon it and see vat you will bring op."

I hauled as he bade me, and presently landed on the iceberg a large case.

"You see," continued the German, "I am never in a hurry. Ven do sheep turned over, I turned out of my bairt myself, and den I tink to myself, Julius, you vill vant etwas essen, so I filled dis box with prog and schvam qvietly up the cabin stairs."

"My dear Schlafenwohl!" I exclaimed, embracing him, "how delighted I am to have been the means of saving your life!"

"Vell, I don't know about dat," responded the stolid German, dryly; "I could have saved myself. You see, my friend, the prog is just enough for vun—no more."

"My noble fellow!" I replied, "do not harbor such selfish thoughts. Remember we are brothers in adversity, and should help each other."

"Vot can *you* help *me* to?" asked Schlafenwohl, with a touch of sarcasm.

I stammered, "I—I've nothing, but—yes! I have a pound of tobacco! I bought it of the steward today, and here it is safe in the pocket where I put it."

"Ju—vivallera!" shouted the German, enthusiastically, "dat is just vot I have not got. Yes, my friend, we will swear brothership, and share our goods together."

"Agreed," I replied.

Schlafenwohl laid himself down with a pillow of snow for his head, and was presently snoring as tranquilly as if in his own beloved fatherland, with a federbett of the finest down to cover him. The peril of my position prevented me from sleeping. I sat down on a corner of icy rock, and took the liberty of resting my semi-frozen feet on Schlafenwohl's expansive body. I soon began to feel more comfortable. I lighted a pipe (my matches were fortunately in a water-proof case), and anxiously awaited the coming of daylight.

As I sat thus, I began to reflect on my hardness of heart. I had not bestowed a thought on the rest of the passengers, or on the crew, and yet they had probably all perished. But they had met with a sudden and speedy death, whereas I was doomed to a slow and lingering torture. Even supposing that we had a sufficiency of provisions, what prospect of rescue would remain when the last fragment of the iceberg should crumble away under the ceaseless action of the waves? Another and far greater probability was still more appalling. The durability of the iceberg would probably far outlast our store of food. I strove to realize the dreadful situation. Two human beings floating at the caprice of the wind and waves on a frail deceptive mass of crystallized water, glaring at one another with famine-stricken eyes. At length it would become necessary to cast lots and decide which should slay the other. Horrible thought! I withdrew my feet hastily from the German's body and sat, with my head bowed upon my knees, brooding. Exhausted nature yielded, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was broad daylight. At first I gazed around me with astonishment, as one usually does after sleeping in a strange place, and then proceeded to examine the iceberg. We had been reposing in a small valley, surrounded on every side but the one from which I had entered by steep rocks of slippery ice from sixty to eighty feet in height. We were thus completely sheltered from the piercing wind, while even the dash of the breakers was barely distinguishable. I advanced a few paces along the path of ingress for the purpose of viewing the ocean, and there found Schlafenwohl ensconced in a corner industriously combing out his flaxen beard by the aid of a pocket-mirror stuck in a crevice of the icy rocks. He was singing Kennst du das Land, and saluted me with cheerful calmness.

We breakfasted on a couple of sardines and half a biscuit, slaking our thirst at one of the numerous rills which trickled down the slowly melting rocks. There was something alarming in the idea of thus making a beverage of the house we lived in. Every gallon of water that welled away represented some six cubic inches of our fragile habitation. If this liquefaction took place in those high southern latitudes, with the temperature scarcely over forty degrees, how rapidly would our floating ark dissolve as we approached the line! If, on the other hand, we drifted antarctically, we ran the risk of being hopelessly frozen up in regions far beyond the haunts of any human creature. These terrible reflections passed through my mind while I was manufacturing, with the assistance of a pocket-knife and the lid of a deal box, a pair of sandals to protect my feet from the chilling surface of the ice. This task completed, I proposed to Schlafenwohl that we should ascend the rocks for the purpose of further ascertaining the extent of the iceberg. He assented, and, after two hours' hard work, principally spent in cutting steps for our feet with our knives, we gained the summit.

The panorama was grand in the extreme. We were full three hundred feet above the surface of the sea, which extended in every direction around us, studded at intervals with icebergs of every imaginable shape and size. Our own island was about a mile in circumference, and presented a series of ridges and valleys at irregular distances. We stood, as it were, in the centre of a gigantic star-fish, whose seven rays were represented by seven rocky back-bones, between each of which lay a deep and sheltered valley. The wind blew with great violence at the exposed point where we stood, and, as I have not a remarkable steady head, I did not care to venture too near the edge of any one of the seven abysses below. But the German insisted on it.

"Mr. Monkhouse," said he, "I vish you vould look over into our valley."

"Why?"

"I tink somebody, in our absence, may be plondering our prog-box."

"Nonsense!" I answered. "You talk as if you were on the top of the Righi."

"Vell, my friend, you vill oblige me by doing it. I am too stout to venture."

I crawled on my hands and knees until my face hung immediately over a perpendicular descent of three hundred feet. To my astonishment I beheld two human figures actively engaged in examining the contents of our invaluable chest.

I reported progress to Schlafenwohl, who became frightfully agitated. He gave vent to sundry Teutonic imprecations, and descended the face of the cliff in the most reckless manner, reaching the bottom some seconds before myself.

When I arrived I heard voices engaged in loud altercation.

"Vy, you Tom Vite, you are no better dan a tief. Dat is my box."

"That ain't your private bread," replied Tom, holding up a biscuit. "That's ship's bread. Ain't it, Bill Atkins?"

"Ay," said Atkins. "Besides, you'd never go for to keep all this tucker to your own cheek. Why, there's a parcel of women and children in the next hollow to this as has had no breakfast yet."

"What! More people saved?" I exclaimed.

"Of course there is," said Tom; "when the iceberg drifted alongside, me and Bill here stood on the bulwarks as the ship heeled over, and passed the passengers in as nicely as if we was off Blackwall Pier. There may be a lot more for aught I know in the t'other walleys. I've been busy navigating the ship."

"Navigating de sheep!" cried Schlafenwohl, "vot do you mean?"

"Why, I've got a pocket-compass here, and I've been heaving the log," said Tom. "We're steering nor'-east-and-by-north, and going thirteen knots. If this breeze lasts four-and-twenty hours we shall go smack into the Falkland Islands."

"What has become of the skipper, Tom," I asked, "and of the other officers?"

"I don't know," answered Tom; "they may be aboard the berg, and they mayn't. Anyway, I'm the only able seaman in her that I know of, so I've took the command."

The adventures of the last few hours had altered Tom White considerably for the better. From a grumbling sulking discontented fellow, he had been transformed into a smart active energetic commander. I verily believe he looked upon the iceberg as an actual ship, and so—barring masts, sails, and rudder—she was.

"Now, Mr. Monkhouse," continued Tom, "you'll please take your orders from me. I can see you're a sharp chap by the way you've made them ice-shoes and cut them steps in the rock-face. Go up to the mast-head, and see what you can make of the other valleys. The next one to this I know all about; that's my head-quarters."

"Ay, ay, Sir," I replied, in true nautical style, and once more clambered the rocks. I invited Schlafenwohl to accompany me, but he declined. On reaching "the mast-head," as Tom styled it, I selected a valley to which the descent was sloping and easy, the sides being deeply covered with snow. Down the surface of this I glided quite comfortably, and in a few seconds reached the bottom.

At first no human being was visible, but on turning an angle of the cliff I beheld a singular sight. Mrs. Robinson, the old lady who on the previous evening had wished that the icebergs would all sink to the bottom in the night-time and only come up by daylight, was seated crouching on the ground in a state of the utmost terror, holding a large green umbrella over her head. Close beside her reposed an enormous walrus, at least twelve feet long, blinking sleepily at the frightened dame, and looking as little inclined for mischief as a domestic cat on a hearth-rug. Laying my finger on my lips to enjoin silence, I fastened a rope (which I had brought with me) round Mrs. Robinson's waist, and then proceeded to toil up the slope. I should never have reached the top with her dead weight behind me but for the umbrella, which I used as an alpenstock. On gaining the summit, Mrs. Robinson vowed that she could never go down "them slippery steps;" so, aided by Bill Atkins, to whom I made signals for assistance, we lowered her safely by a long cable into the women and children's valley.

"Mr. Monkhouse," said Bill, "we must have that walrus. Even if we can't eat his flesh, we can make a roaring bonfire of his blubber, and the poor women and children are perishing with cold."

"Ay, ay, Sir."

So up three or four of us climbed again, armed with knives and cask-staves. We reached the summit and descended into the valley safely. The walrus was seated as placidly as before. He seemed to be making a journey northward to visit some of his Falkland Island acquaintance, and to look upon the iceberg as an admirable species of public conveyance—cheap, swift, and comfortable. He was, however, apparently fonder of the society of ladies than of gentlemen. As soon as he saw us approach, flourishing our weapons, he turned over on his side, and quietly rolled into the sea. Our party, chagrined at the cool manner in which he had given us the slip, returned slowly and disconsolately, communicating the result of our proceedings to Tom White.

"Never mind the walrus, boys," said that energetic commander, who was in high spirits. "She's going fifteen knots, if she's going an inch. Mr. Monkhouse," he continued, in a whisper, "you ain't seen the skipper?"

"No, there are no signs of him."

"Well, if he was aboard I'd guarantee to bring him in safe. And he couldn't do better nor what I'm doing now."

What Tom White was doing to assist our progress it would be hard to say; though he himself firmly believed that every thing depended on his exertions.

Evening was coming on. "Mr. Monkhouse," said Tom, "you're the best hand I've got aboard the ship. How do you feel about the legs?"

"Rather stiff."

"Bill Atkins," said Tom, "serve out a tot of grog to Mr. Monkhouse. It's very precious liquor, for we've only one bottle aboard; but he deserves a drop."

I swallowed the proffered refreshment, when Tom said:

"Now I want you to go aloft again, to look out for land."

"Ay, ay, Sir," I replied, cheerfully, and clambered up like a chamois.

"Land ho!" I called. My distance from Tom was upward of three hundred feet; but ice must be an excellent conductor of sound, for I could hear Tom's answer quite distinctly above the whistling of the wind and the roaring of the waves.

"Where away?"

"On the weather bow, Sir."

"All right. Stop aloft, and say what it looks like as we get nearer."

A furious gale was now blowing from sou'-sou'-west, and I was obliged to crouch on my hands and knees to avoid being hurled into one of the chasms beneath. Our gallant iceberg churned through the dark water at railroad speed, leaving a long white track of foam miles astern. My fear now was that, at the rate we were going—which could be little short of twenty miles an hour—we should be dashed on the rocks. To my great joy, as we neared the land, I perceived an extensive opening in the cliffs. I described it as accurately as I could to the watchful commander below. He presently came aloft and stood at my side.

"Port Stephens!" he exclaimed, "by all that's merciful! It lies in the sou'-west corner of the main island. Now comes the ticklish time. If we touch the rocks on either side we shall be knocked to splinters."

The excitement on board the iceberg was intense. I will not attempt to describe it. Just as night fell we entered the harbor. Had our gallant craft been steered by the most skillful helmsman in the British Navy she could not have kept a better course. Tom White rubbed his hands with delight, and appropriated all the honor and glory to himself. As soon as we were fairly inside the harbor, and under the shelter of the cliffs, the force of the wind abated. Fortunately, too, there was a strong current setting out of the harbor, right in the teeth of the wind. We hove the log, and found she was going five knots; we hove it again, a few minutes later, and she was barely making two knots; in a quarter of an hour from that time a low grinding noise was heard, and we grounded on an extensive sand-bank in the centre of the harbor. We were obliged to remain there patiently during the night, as we had no means of communicating, by signal or otherwise, with the shore. We had matches, but the whole of our available fuel amounted to a deal board or two, and so small a fire would, probably, have attracted no observation. We passed a nervous, miserable night, and the poor women and children especially. As the iceberg grated backward and forward on the top of the bank we feared she was going to pieces; but her timbers (to speak metaphorically) were well put together, and she held out bravely until morning.

Never in my life did I feel so glad to see the day dawn. We were unspeakably delighted at about sunrise to observe several boats putting out from the settlement. The people in them had put off (it seemed when they came alongside) from motives of curiosity to visit the iceberg, but were perfectly astonished at finding her freighted with passengers.

The official in charge of the boats said, "We must observe some discipline in getting the people on board, or we shall have the boats swamped. Where is the captain?"

"I am the captain," quoth Tom White, boldly.

"Then, Sir, perhaps you will have the kindness to arrange your people in detachments."

Tom bustled about with great pomp, looking fully two inches taller after having been called "Sir," and having been addressed so politely by the government officer.

By this time more boats had arrived from shore, and the scanty population of the port were to be seen running to and fro like ants whose nest had been disturbed.

"Are these all your crew and passengers, captain?" asked the governor of the island, as he stepped aboard the iceberg.

"Hall, your worship," answered Tom, apparently with some indistinct impressions of veneration, derived from the Thames Police Court; "the others," he continued, solemnly, "has met a watery grave."

"Beg your pardon, Sir," said a boatman, touching his cap to Tom White, "but there's a lot more people t'other side the berg."

A rush of boats immediately gave way with a will to the spot indicated, and presently returned, bringing off the captain, chief mate, second mate, third mate, boatswain, doctor, steersman, and midshipmen. Being in the after-part of the ship when the catastrophe occurred they had all leaped on board the iceberg together. And it seemed that we had searched six valleys, but had omitted to examine the seventh.

Poor Tom White! I believe he was a kind-hearted fellow, and well-pleased to find that not a single life had been sacrificed on board the *Golden Dream;* and yet I am sure he was sorry to see the captain again. He spoke not a word on his way to the shore, but hung down his head and looked much depressed. In the evening, however, under the influence of a liberal libation of grog from His Excellency the Governor, he recovered his spirits, and described his manner of navigating the iceberg into port in terms which I think no Falkland Islander will ever forget. As for the iceberg, I understand that she remained for many months grounded on the sand-bank; at length, under the influence of numerous storms of rain, the ceaseless dashing of the waters, and the warmth of the chilly southern summer, she crumbled to pieces and disappeared.

We were all placed on board a Californian trader bound for New York. Here I parted from Schlafenwohl, who had determined to settle in the United States. There was some slight coolness between us. I had positively declined to share the same cabin with him on account of his snoring, and the worthy German was offended. Consequently I proceeded to Liverpool by the Cunard steamer from Boston alone. On reaching London I at once forwarded a written statement of our extraordinary escape to the Committee at Lloyd's. It was authenticated by Tom White's mark; as he, like many other great men, was unable to read or write. A few days afterward I received a requisition to attend before the Committee of Lloyd's, which I at once obeyed, when the following conversation ensued between myself and the Chairman:

"Pray, Mr. Monkhouse, is your family of German origin?"

"No, Sir; we have been settled for centuries in East Kent."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I thought the name of Monkhouse might have been a corruption of the name of a certain Baron whose extraordinary adventures have long been known to the public."

HIS BROWN-PAPER PARCEL.

My works are well known. I am a young man in the Art line. You have seen my works many a time, though it's fifty thousand to one if you have seen me. You say you don't want to see me? You say your interest is in my works, and not in me? Don't be too sure about that. Stop a bit.

Let us have it down in black and white at the first go off, so that there may be no unpleasantness or wrangling afterward. And this is looked over by a friend of mine, a ticket-writer, that is up to literature. I am a young man in the Art line—in the Fine Art line. You have seen my works over and over again, and you have been curious about me, and you think you have seen me. Now, as a safe rule, you never have seen me, and you never do see me, and you never will see me. I think that's plainly put—and it's what knocks me over.

If there's a blighted public character going, I am the party.

It has been remarked by a certain (or an uncertain) philosopher, that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. He might have put it plainer if he had thrown his eye in my direction. He might have put it, that while the world knows something of them that apparently go in and win, it knows nothing of them that really go in and don't win. There it is again in another form—and that's what knocks me over.

Not that it's only myself that suffers from injustice, but that I am more alive to my own injuries than to any other man's. Being, as I have mentioned, in the Fine Art line, and not the Philanthropic line, I openly admit it. As to company in injury, I have company enough. Who are you passing every day at your Competitive Excruciations? The fortunate candidates whose heads and livers you have turned upside-down for life? Not you. You are really passing the Crammers and Coaches. If your principle is right, why don't you turn out to-morrow morning with the keys of your cities on velvet cushions, your musicians playing and your flags flying, and read addresses to the Crammers and Coaches on your bended knees, beseeching them to come out and govern you? Then, again, as to your public business of all sorts, your Financial statements, and your Budgets; the Public knows much, truly, about the real doers of all that! Your Nobles and Right Honorables are first-rate men? Yes, and so is a goose a first-rate bird. But I'll tell you this about the goose—you'll find his natural flavor disappointing without stuffing.

Perhaps I am soured by not being popular? But suppose I AM popular. Suppose my works never fail to attract. Suppose that whether they are exhibited by natural light or by artificial, they invariably draw the public. Then no doubt they are preserved in some Collection? No they are not; they are not preserved in any Collection. Copyright? No, nor yet copyright. Any how they must be somewhere? Wrong again, for they are often nowhere.

Says you, "At all events you are in a moody state of mind, my friend." My answer is, I have described myself as a public character with a blight upon him—which fully accounts for the curdling of the milk in *that* cocoa-nut.

Those that are acquainted with London are aware of a locality on the Surrey side of the river Thames called the Obelisk, or more generally, the Obstacle. Those that are not acquainted with London will also be aware of it, now that I have named it. My lodging is not far from that locality. I am a young man of that easy disposition that I lie abed till it's absolutely necessary to get up and earn something, and then I lie abed again till I have spent it.

It was on an occasion when I had had to turn to with a view to victuals that I found myself walking along the Waterloo Road, one evening after dark, accompanied by an acquaintance and fellow-lodger in the gas-fitting way of life. He is very good company, having worked at the theatres, and indeed he has a theatrical turn himself and wishes to be brought out in the character of Othello; but whether on account of his regular work always blacking his face and hands more or less I can not say.

"Tom," he says, "what a mystery hangs over you!"

"Yes, Mr. Click"—the rest of the house generally give him his name, as being first, front, carpeted all over, his own furniture, and if not mahogany, an out-and-out imitation—"Yes, Mr. Click, a mystery does hang over me."

"Makes you low, you see, don't it?" says he, eying me sideways.

"Why yes, Mr. Click, there are circumstances connected with it that have," I yielded to a sigh, "a lowering effect."

"Gives you a touch of the misanthrope too, don't it?" says he. "Well, I'll tell you what. If I was you I'd shake it off."

"If I was you I would, Mr. Click; but if you was me you wouldn't."

"Ah!" says he, "there's something in that."

When we had walked a little further he took it up again by touching me on the chest.

"You see, Tom, it seems to me as if, in the words of the poet who wrote the domestic drama of the Stranger, who had a silent sorrow there."

"I have, Mr. Click."

"I hope, Tom," lowering his voice in a friendly way, "it isn't coining, or smashing?"

"No, Mr. Click. Don't be uneasy."

"Nor yet forg—" Mr. Click checked himself, and added, "counterfeiting any thing, for instance?"

"No, Mr. Click. I am lawfully in the Art line—Fine Art line—but I can say no more."

"Ah! Under a species of star? A kind of a malignant spell? A sort of a gloomy destiny? A canker-worm pegging away at your vitals in secret, as well as I make it out?" said Mr. Click, eying me with some admiration.

I told Mr. Click that was about it, if we came to particulars; and I thought he appeared rather proud of me.

Our conversation had brought us to a crowd of people, the greater part struggling for a front place from which to see something on the pavement, which proved to be various designs executed in colored chalks on the pavement-stones, lighted by two candles stuck in mud sconces. The subjects consisted of a fine fresh salmon's head and shoulders, supposed to have been recently sent home from the fishmonger's; a moonlight night at sea (in a circle); dead game; scroll-work; the head of a hoary hermit engaged in devout contemplation; the head of a pointer smoking a pipe; and a cherubim, his flesh creased as in infancy, going on a horizontal errand against the wind. All these subjects appeared to me to be exquisitely done.

On his knees on one side of this gallery, a shabby person of modest appearance who shivered dreadfully (though it wasn't at all cold), was engaged in blowing the chalk dust off the moon, toning the outline of the back of the hermit's head with a bit of leather, and fattening the down-stroke of a letter or two in the writing. I have forgotten to mention that writing formed a part of the composition, and that it also—as it appeared to me—was exquisitely done. It ran as follows, in fine round characters: "An honest man is the noblest work of God. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0. £. s. d. Employment in an office is humbly requested. Honor the Queen. Hunger is a 0 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 sharp thorn. Chip chop, cherry chop, fol de rol de ri do. Astronomy and mathematics. I do this to support my family."

Murmurs of admiration at the exceeding beauty of this performance went about among the crowd. The artist having finished his touching (and having spoiled those places), took his seat on the pavement with his knees crouched up very nigh his chin; and half-pence began to rattle in.

"A pity to see a man of that talent brought so low: ain't it?" said one of the crowd to me.

"What he might have done in the coach-painting, or house-decorating!" said another man, who took up the first speaker because I did not.

"Why he writes—alone—like the Lord Chancellor!" said another man.

"Better," said another. "I know *his* writing. *He* couldn't support his family this way."

Then a woman noticed the natural fluffiness of the hermit's hair, and another woman, her friend, mentioned of the salmon's gills that you could almost see him gasp. Then an elderly country gentleman stepped forward and asked the modest man how he executed his work? And the modest man took some scraps of brown paper with colors in 'em out of his pockets and showed them. Then a fair-complexioned donkey with sandy hair and spectacles, asked if the hermit was a portrait? To which the modest man, casting a sorrowful glance upon it, replied that it was, to a certain extent, a recollection of his father. This caused a boy to yelp out, "Is the Pinter a smoking the pipe your mother?" who was immediately shoved out of view by a sympathetic carpenter with his basket of tools at his back.

At every fresh question or remark the crowd leaned forward more eagerly, and dropped the half-pence more freely, and the modest man gathered them up more meekly. At last another elderly gentleman came to the front and gave the artist his card, to come to his office to-morrow and get some copying to do. The card was accompanied by sixpence, and the artist was profoundly grateful, and, before he put the card in his hat, read it several times by the light of his candles to fix the address well in his mind, in case he should lose it. The crowd was deeply interested by this last incident, and a man in the second row with a gruff voice growled to the artist, "You've got a chance in life now, ain't you?" The artist answered (sniffing in a very low-spirited way, however), "I'm thankful to hope so." Upon which there was a general chorus of "*You* are all right," and the half-pence slackened very decidedly.

I felt myself pulled away by the arm, and Mr. Click and I stood alone at the corner of the next crossing.

"Why, Tom," said Mr. Click, "what a horrid expression of face you've got!"

"Have I?" says I.

"Have you?" says Mr. Click. "Why you looked as if you would have his blood."

"Whose blood?"

"The artist's."

"The artist's!" I repeated. And I laughed frantically, wildly, gloomily, incoherently, disagreeably. I am sensible that I did. I know I did.

Mr. Click stared at me in a scared sort of a way, but said nothing until we had walked a street's length. He then stopped short, and said, with excitement on the part of his fore-finger:

"Thomas, I find it necessary to be plain with you. I don't like the envious man. I have identified the canker-worm that's pegging away at *your* vitals, and it's envy, Thomas."

"Is it?" says I.

"Yes, it is," says he. "Thomas, beware of envy. It is the green-eyed monster which never did and never will improve each shining hour, but quite the reverse. I dread the envious man, Thomas. I confess that I am afraid of the envious man, when he is so envious as you are. While you contemplated the works of a gifted rival, and while you heard that rival's praises, and especially while you met his humble glance as he put that card away, your countenance was so malevolent as to be terrific. Thomas, I have heard of the envy of them that follows the Fine Art line, but I never believed it could be what yours is. I wish you well, but I take my leave of you. And if you should ever get into trouble through knifeing—or say, garroting—a brother artist, as I believe you will, don't call me to character, Thomas, or I shall be forced to injure your case."

Mr. Click parted from me with those words, and we broke off our acquaintance.

I became enamored. Her name was Henerietta. Contending with my easy disposition, I frequently got up to go after her. She also dwelt in the neighborhood of the Obstacle, and I did fondly hope that no other would interpose in the way of our union.

To say that Henerietta was volatile, is but to say that she was woman. To say that she was in the bonnet-trimming, is feebly to express the taste which reigned predominant in her own.

She consented to walk with me. Let me do her the justice to say that she did so upon trial. "I am not," said Henerietta, "as yet prepared to regard you, Thomas, in any other light than as a friend; but as a friend I am willing to walk with you, on the understanding that softer sentiments may flow."

We walked.

Under the influence of Henerietta's beguilements I now got out of bed daily. I pursued my calling with an industry before unknown, and it can not fail to have been observed at that period, by those most familiar with the streets of London, that there was a larger supply— But hold! The time is not yet come!

One evening in October I was walking with Henerietta, enjoying the cool breezes wafted over Vauxhall Bridge. After several slow turns Henerietta gaped frequently (so inseparable from woman is the love of excitement), and said, "Let's go home by Grosvenor Place, Piccadilly, and Waterloo"—localities, I may state for the information of the stranger and the foreigner, well known in London, and the last a Bridge.

"No. Not by Piccadilly, Henerietta," said I.

"And why not Piccadilly, for goodness' sake?" said Henerietta.

Could I tell her? Could I confess to the gloomy presentiment that overshadowed me? Could I make myself intelligible to her? No.

"I don't like Piccadilly, Henerietta."

"But I do," said she. "It's dark now, and the long rows of lamps in Piccadilly after dark are beautiful. I *will* go to Piccadilly!"

Of course we went. It was a pleasant night, and there were numbers of people in the streets. It was a brisk night, but not too cold, and not damp. Let me darkly observe, it was the best of all nights—FOR THE PURPOSE.

As we passed the garden-wall of the Royal Palace, going up Grosvenor Place, Henerietta murmured,

"I wish I was a Queen!"

"Why so, Henerietta?"

"I would make *you* Something," said she, and crossed her two hands on my arm, and turned away her head.

Judging from this that the softer sentiments alluded to above had begun to flow, I adapted my conduct to that belief. Thus happily we passed on into the detested thoroughfare of Piccadilly. On the right of that thoroughfare is a row of trees, the railing of the Green Park, and a fine broad eligible piece of pavement.

"O my!" cried Henerietta, presently. "There's been an accident!"

I looked to the left, and said, "Where, Henerietta?"

"Not there, stupid," said she. "Over by the Park railings. Where the crowd is! O no, it's not an accident, it's something else to look at! What's them lights?"

She referred to two lights twinkling low among the legs of the assemblage: two candles on the pavement.

"O do come along!" cried Henerietta, skipping across the road with me; I hung back, but in vain. "Do let's look!"

Again, designs upon the pavement. Centre compartment, Mount Vesuvius going it (in a circle), supported by four oval compartments, severally representing a ship in heavy weather, a shoulder of mutton attended by two cucumbers, a golden harvest with distant cottage of proprietor, and a knife and fork after nature; above the centre compartment a bunch of grapes, and over the whole a rainbow. The whole, as it appeared to me, exquisitely done.

The person in attendance on these works of art was in all respects, shabbiness excepted, unlike the former person. His whole appearance and manner denoted briskness. Though threadbare, he expressed to the crowd that poverty had not subdued his spirit or tinged with any sense of shame this honest effort to turn his talents to some account. The writing which formed a part of his composition was conceived in a similarly cheerful tone. It breathed the following sentiments: "The writer is poor but not despondent. To a British 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 Public he £ s. d. appeals. Honor to our brave Army! And also 0 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 to our gallant Navy. BRITONS STRIKE the A B C D E F G writer in common chalks would be grateful for any suitable employment HOME! HURRAH!" The whole of this writing appeared to me to be exquisitely done.

But this man, in one respect like the last, though seemingly hard at it with a great show of brown paper and rubbers, was only really fattening the down-stroke of a letter here and there, or blowing the loose chalk off the rainbow, or toning the outside edge of the shoulder of mutton. Though he did this with the greatest confidence, he did it (as it struck me) in so ignorant a manner, and so spoiled every thing he touched, that when he began upon the purple smoke from the chimney of the distant cottage of the proprietor of the golden harvest (which smoke was beautifully soft) I found myself saying aloud, without considering of it:

"Let that alone, will you?"

"Halloa!" said the man next me in the crowd, jerking me roughly from him with his elbow, "why didn't you send a telegram? If we had known you was coming, we'd have provided something better for you. You understand the man's work better than he does himself, don't you? Have you made your will? You're too clever to live long."

"Don't be hard upon the gentleman, Sir," said the person in attendance on the works of art, with a twinkle in his eye as he looked at me, "he may chance to be an artist himself. If so, Sir, he will have a fellow-feeling with me, Sir, when I"—he adapted his action to his words as he went on, and gave a smart slap of his hands between each touch, working himself all the time about and about the composition—"when I lighten the bloom of my grapes—shade off the orange in my rainbow—dot the i of my Britons—throw a yellow light into my cow-cum-*ber*—insinuate another morsel of fat into my shoulder of mutton—dart another zigzag flash of lightning at my ship in distress!"

He seemed to do this so neatly, and was so nimble about it, that the half-pence came flying in.

"Thanks, generous public, thanks!" said the professor. "You will stimulate me to further exertions. My name will be found in the list of British Painters yet. I shall do better than this, with encouragement. I shall indeed."

"You never can do better than that bunch of grapes," said Henerietta. "O Thomas, them grapes!"

"Not better than *that*, lady? I hope for the time when I shall paint any thing but your own bright eyes and lips, equal to life."

"(Thomas, did you ever?) But it must take a long time, Sir," said Henerietta, blushing, "to paint equal to that."

"I was prenticed to it, Miss," said the young man, smartly touching up the composition, "prenticed to it in the caves of Spain and Portingale, ever so long and two year over."

There was a laugh from the crowd; and a new man who had worked himself in next me, said, "He's a smart chap, too; ain't he?"

"And what a eye!" exclaimed Henerietta, softly.

"Ah! He need have a eye," said the man.

"Ah! He just need," was murmured among the crowd.

"He couldn't come that 'ere burning mountain without a eye," said the man. He had got himself accepted as an authority somehow, and every body looked at his finger as it pointed out Vesuvius. "To come that effect in a general illumination would require a eye; but to come it with two dips—why it's enough to blind him!"

That impostor, pretending not to have heard what was said, now winked to any extent with both eyes at once, as if the strain upon his sight was too much, and threw back his long hair—it was very long—as if to cool his fevered brow. I was watching him doing it, when Henerietta suddenly whispered, "O Thomas, how horrid you look!" and pulled me out by the arm.

Remembering Mr. Click's words, I was confused when I retorted, "What do you mean by horrid?"

"Oh gracious! Why, you looked," said Henerietta, "as if you would have his blood."

I was going to answer, "So I would, for twopence—from his nose," when I checked myself and remained silent.

We returned home in silence. Every step of the way the softer sentiments that had flowed ebbed twenty mile an hour. Adapting my conduct to the ebbing as I had done to the flowing, I let my arm drop limp, so as she could scarcely keep hold of it, and I wished her such a cold good-night at parting that I keep within the bounds of truth when I characterize it as a Rasper.

In the course of the next day I received the following document:

> "Henerietta informs Thomas that my eyes are open to you. I must ever wish you well, but walking and us is separated by an unfarmable abyss. One so malignant to superiority—Oh that look at him!—can never, never conduct HENERIETTA.
>
> "P.S.—To the altar."

Yielding to the easiness of my disposition, I went to bed for a week after receiving this letter. During the whole of such time London was bereft of the usual fruits of my labor. When I resumed it I found that Henerietta was married to the artist of Piccadilly.

Did I say to the artist? What fell words were those, expressive of what a galling hollowness, of what a bitter mockery! I—I—I—am the artist. I was the real artist of Piccadilly, I was the real artist of the Waterloo-road, I am the only artist of all those pavement-subjects which daily and nightly arouse your admiration. I do 'em and I let 'em out. The man you behold with the papers of chalks and the rubbers, touching up the down-strokes of the writing and shading off the salmon, the man you give the credit to, the man you give the money to, hires—yes! and I live to tell it!—hires those works of art of me, and brings nothing to 'em but the candles.

Such is genius in a commercial country. I am not up to the shivering, I am not up to the liveliness, I am not up to the wanting-employment-in-an-office move; I am only up to originating and executing the work. In consequence of which you never see me: you think you see me when you see somebody else, and that somebody else is a mere Commercial character. The one seen by self and Mr. Click in the Waterloo Road can only write a single word, and that I taught him, and it's MULTIPLICATION—which you may see him execute upside down, because he can't do it the natural way. The one seen by self and Henerietta by the Green Park railings can just smear into existence the two ends of a rainbow with his cuff and a rubber—if very hard put upon making a show—but he could no more come the arch of the rainbow, to save his life, than he could come the moonlight, fish, volcano, shipwreck, mutton, hermit, or any of my most celebrated effects.

To conclude as I began: if there's a blighted public character going, I am the party. And often as you have seen, do see, and will see, my Works, it's fifty thousand to one if you'll ever see me, unless, when the candles are burned down and the Commercial character is gone, you should happen to notice a neglected young man perseveringly rubbing out the last traces of the pictures, so that nobody can renew the same. That's me.

HIS PORTMANTEAU.

I.

MR. BLORAGE walked up and down his dining-room on the 31st of December, 1851, with the air and step of a man at peace with the world and pleased with himself. As he turned to and fro there was a little swing of exultation in his gait, which no friend (had there been any friend present to witness it) would have recognized as a trait peculiar to Mr. Blorage. On the contrary, he passed among his neighbors and acquaintance as a man of a modest and sedate temperament, and of an extreme good nature: so that those same friends and neighbors, full of the impudence of the world, often laughed at the former, and let no opportunity slip of taking advantage of the latter. But he was accustomed to be imposed upon. In fact, it was his business, his vocation, to which he had been apprenticed from his earliest childhood.

It is recorded by his nurse and mother that so amiable, so complacent a baby never was born. A faint whimper was the only complaint he made, after lying for hours in his cradle wide awake, with nothing but a damaged tassel to amuse him, as it swung to and fro from the hood of the cradle in the draught—which draught reddened his baby nose, and brought the water into his little weak eyes. As he grew up it became an established fact that Master Dick was to be washed first or last, taken out or left behind, given sugar-plums or forgotten, as it happened to suit the peculiar fancy of every other person rather than Master Dick himself, because he was so sweet-tempered. Thus he weathered babyhood, encountered childhood, and rushed up into boyhood, in a pleasing and satisfactory manner to all parties, himself included. He never worried his mother by catching infectious diseases at wrong times; he went through the necessary ailments of childhood—such as measles, whooping-cough, and scarlatina—with the least possible degree of trouble to all parties concerned; and caused no anxiety by having relapses or taking colds. If he cut his finger to the bone, no one knew of it unless any one chanced to notice the scar. If he fell into the river, he scrambled out, and dried his own clothes by the convenient process of airing them on his own body. If he fell off a tree, down a well, over a wall, he picked himself up and bore his burden of bruises with silent composure. In addition to these accomplishments, he bore any amount of other people's work, and seemed rather to enjoy being "put upon." He was glad to be obliging, and "gave up" with quite as much zest as other natures about him delighted to "take all." Once, and once only, did a slight attack of ill-temper and discontent assail him. His father, without any previous notice, without the shadow of a consultation as to any faint bias on Dick's part, but just because "he was Dick, and would be sure to do it, whether he liked it or not," placed him, at the age of sixteen years, as the junior of all the junior clerks, in a Bank.

Now Dick was a country boy, born and brought up in truly rural fashion. His father having a small estate, farmed the greater part of it himself, and, being a practical man, did nothing by halves. His children participated in all that he did, as much for their own benefit as for his. The boys were active young farmers from the time they were breeched; and the girls reared chickens, and understood the immaculate cleanliness of a dairy before they could spell their own names. So Dick's habits, and what little idiosyncrasy he had of his own, belonged wholly to the country.

He was up with the lark, roaming over his fa

che's premises, and lighting upon all sorts of charitable things to do. A brood of young ducks, always ornate, obstinate, and greedy, had squeezed their mealiginous little bodies through nothing, and were out on the loose, their vigilant foster-mother, "in a fine frenzy," clucking within the shut-up poultry-house. It was Dick's business to open the door and give her last ones to her chirping wings; and all the acknowledgment he got was an unmistakable infliction on the part of the irritated mother that he alone had been the cause of the separation. He delighted to stagger under a load of fodder, taking so high as to be invaluable wages, the glad neigh of the expectant horse, or the genial grunt of the cow. He was even, from the mutatinal quarrel of the bantam-cock and the great bubbling-cock, he caused "to be set at variance the sky little jostlers and covertly threw handfuls of grain to the scattering parties. He dared not so much as look upon a crumb within sight of the great monarch of the barn-yard.

Having meddled and messed in every thing that was going on in the high delight of doing he did nothing else, Dick would return to the house, brush and clean himself with scrupulous exactness, and place himself ready to receive his master's morning kiss on his cheek, rosy, soap-fed, cherubic. After that he began the real business of the day. He nursed the baby, made the tea, cut the breadand-butter, shelled the eggs, fetched fuel and water, ran the messages, and took what breakfast he could between whiles. When he had a few minutes to spare he could roll his own be roamed about, saving young birds from murderous kidnappers, rescuing mice in pies and kittens from untimely fates, helping little maidens over high stiles, and actively and zealously to carry fagots of sticks, assuredly stolen from his father's hedge-row.

Dick possessed one harmless propensity—never to be on a hill without saying it had been necessary for running to the top of it in so many minutes, and spending down to the bottom again in so many minutes less. He considered it as the only point in society at large, to be able to say in how short a time another man could reach an appointed goal heaven.

For these reasons, and a thousand more such, Dick's dismay may be comprehended when he was suddenly required to exchange forever the sunny and flowery plains for the high stool, matching the higher desk, in a dusty closely confined counting-house. Book-office, in a close dull unsavory street.

Dick began a remonstrance. He said first time in his life there rose to his lips the murmur of a complaint. He was upon the point of—he was wounded sound fell was his younger brother called Milton to his godfathers and godmothers. Bill to Bess who had no particular regard for him, or he for them, and Billy by the fortunate possessors of what affection he had. Generally called for the first thing that did not concern himself, he was visibly startled by the unwonted noun, and Billy said under the shock of surprise:

"Come, come, old fellow! None of that."

"But I don't like the Bank, Billy. I can subsist, I think I may say, handsomely upon what I get at the place makes me sick; I get the cramp in my legs from sitting on that high stool; I am no nervous—

"Hold hard, Dick; I won't have you say anything of the sort. How dare you talk like that to me?"

"My dear Billy—"

"Don't dear Billy me. When you know as well as I do, that if you don't stay at the Bank I shall have to go myself—"

"Oh dear!" ejaculated Dick.

"Oh dear!" mimicked the fact younger brother. "I wonder you have the heart to hint an objection, Dick—speaking of myself, as you do, as living on the Bank. Endangering your own brother! And you getting up by taking a genteel situation, fellow!"

Dick said no more, but manfully bore up against manly cramps, nervous, and headaches, with the mental comfort of consolation, "How lucky poor dear Billy is saved all this!"

Time worked its own cure, and he experienced in his own person the truth of that well-known copy-book maxim." Habit becomes second nature." He experienced his promotion to stool by doing a great deal of other people's work besides his own; by cherishing office and fellow-clerks by constantly assisting them out of a persistent search into ink-bottles; and being generally kind-hearted to everybody and every body.

He was universally liked, though vastly imposed upon; still, upon his gradual elevation, in course of time, from one of the juniors to head of all, there was no voice but his own to proclaim the fact, and dwell on the favors of election. He was a little uncomfortable himself at last he could not be put on a place one of the others might have coveted or better deserved.

At last assured that his abilities and position warranted his marriage, Dick resigned himself to being entirely happy, and—a fall essential to a state of bliss—to Bess.

That his choice should light on one profoundly unlike himself was perfectly natural; for Bess was not of much beauty and many waste being exactly the thing to appeal to Dick's love of doing. She had been possessed of brains, or of sufficient capacity to use into the depths of Dick's most honest heart, she might have ruled there, queen and wife, with the honesty of a kingdom would have enrolled her in all eyes; but, like a playful kitten, she preferred to slily lurked in her prettiest ways. Her character may be inferred from the manner of her wooing. She wooed her husband.

"Indeed, Mr. Dick, you are very good! How you have surprised me!" And do you really think so well of me? I never thought you cared for me in a bit for me. I laughed and chatted with you because, as we said, Mr. Richard Burge was my fast-guaranteed."

Good-natured to you, Ellen! Oh Heaven! could you read nothing more in my devotion? But the despair, strongest, most conscious—

"You quite amaze me, Mr. Richard! Where have you kept these feelings so long?"

"Oh, Ellen! Do not trifle with me!"

"No! Not for worlds, Mr. Blorage! I am so flirt. I am a frank creature, and always tell all I have dared to speak—oh, Ellen—I would not have dared to speak then, my love my heart—before you, had you not encouraged—"

"Now, Mr. Richard, don't say that, for I'm sure I am above that. Besides, mamma wishes me to marry rather high. She wishes me to set my younger sisters a good example; and indeed I feel that as the elder than mine I ought to be well never suffer me to marry a banker's clerk."

"I am to be a partner in two years."

"Two years! I may be married long before then. Come, Mr. Richard, don't, I'm cast down. We can always be the best of friends."

"And my wife, Ellen?"

"Oh dear no! I really wonder you could ever think of such a thing—so good-natured, as you are. *Pray don't tease me any more.*"

Poor Dick's tender heart swelled and throbbed with many tender emotions; but he really was too good-natured to let any angry or bitter thoughts divide it. He rallied his flattering and bewildered senses, looked round for his hat (an article that always seems of great comfort in moments of difficulties), looked into it, and not finding a single word in it to help him out, went away speechless with a single bow. It was a bow worthy of Sir Charles Grandison or Lovelace, and was a better bow than Sir Charles Grandison ever made. It was a quiet dignity in it, expressive of so much pride and gentleness, that it was a bow that was fully substitute for a heart which had no mocked him with a single throb.

Time, that never-failing plaster which heals so many wounds, came to Dick's aid. He received a melancholy satisfaction from working twice as hard as he had ever done before. He was at that once odious office before the doors were opened, and not an hour departed without some new gardlies of cramp. From always being a compassionate and generous man, Dick became morbidly so: appearing to regard the whole of his acquaintance as victims to unrequited love, upon whom it was necessary to bestow a double vigilant care of the most forbearing and affectionate nature.

Not even then, although assisted full of pity, Jem, Bill, or Billy could make him think he was an object of pity.

"She's a flirt, and no mistake. *I* saw through her long ago, but I'll be hanged if I could tell you so."

"You wrong her, William—you deeply wrong her. She was right in her decision. She deserved not to be the wife of a banker's clerk."

"Pooh, pooh! Ha, ha! Why, you have a share in the firm already, and may call yourself a banker at once, and I hope to the Lord you will soon get a wife worthy of you. Heaven knows I've no ways to be able to turn to you when one wants five hundred pounds."

"Do you want a little money now, Billy? I have some money on board wages."

"The very thing I do want, my dear fellow. I have got into a scrape, Dick. It's a great comfort to me, Dick, that you didn't marry that simpering girl."

"Hush, Bill."

"Well, it's very good thing for yourself, then. I'll swear she was a screw."

"Forbear, Bill."

"Well, it's no uncommon good thing for her, then."

That is my only consolation," sighed the good Dick, as he handed his brother a bundle of notes, which, for the time, relieved the carefully counted over twice.

"Twenty-five pounds; thank ye, Dick."

II.

Bless us! Mr. Blorage has been a long time without appearing in that dining-room of his. Had the volatile Ellen, at the last moment that he walked up and down with that elastic step? No, no. She had not thrown away the chance of bidding Dick—had married an Honorable by name, if not by nature, but the title helped to the natural consequence that the fact there is no need to inform Society. If Dick's prayers could make her happy she was supremely blest.

No. Mr. Blorage existed, because he was dining in his own new, substantially built, elegantly furnished dining-room, contemplating with the first time, and he had thought naturally a solemn man, upon the whole of his present and future circumstance, drank success to it, and health to himself, and prosperity to his wife, whose health was running riot in his brain like an express engine going for a wager. He was the good and pleasant age of thirty-five, an independent gentleman, with thirty thousand pounds in possession, and safely deposited in the only bank that never breaks—the heart of a true woman. He had just built a lucrative and independent position in the very Bank where he had formerly been but as his not a responsible partner, he was only the considerable manager." For, as to partnership, thought Dick, he would never ask for me to lend my money through the speculations of others. I could not help it, poor Billy! I could not help my first-rate London school. As to my dear mother, Old Yorkshire, she would have died if I put her in?" just fell in, at time to make her comfortable."

Dick had grown rich, nobody quite knew how. He was always happy to see one, perhaps he realized the promise. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall be found after many days." He had done so, and found it. He had made one or two fortunate speculations, but Dick, the happy by old Grotius, was a morose brother clerk, who had not given him a civil word when alive, but bequeathed him all he died worth, and Dick was rich. Dick was rich, and Blorage, his heir, would be sure to spend it better than he had done. Dick's prayers, first ascertaining that there were no real heirs, had forthwith purchased a friend. He was rich, and because the owners wanted to sell them, and because no one but a rich man could afford to buy them. No sooner, however, did they become Dick's than they were dreadfully out of fashion. Dick's taste was way ran straight through them: the land was the very thing for building upon, and what was pleasanter than all, no one envied Dick. Every one said, "Lucky dog, Dick Burge right; he's a good fellow, and it's his due."

Dick was so decided to build himself a new house on this spot that he commenced it even before, one fine and near, entered into the scheme. The plans were approved of, and the first sure were for a building of patric property. The architect was received with a friendly shake of the hand, men were looked upon as part of the community. The house grew, rose, was finished, and with a quiet and minute inspection of all the neighbors. The laying of the foundation was a popular joke; the roofing-in was nearly followed by a merry-go-round, and the chimney-pots, the cherry from the assembled multitude. The first inhabitants of the structure were as rapturously hailed by all Dick's friends that it might have been supposed Mr. Blorage had privately intimated to the whole of them, individually and collectively, that he was about to make such a present of the achieved piece of architecture.

Of course there was to be a house-warming—a dinner and a dance—and Dick, with the most delightful identical fite, to come off the very next day, that could not Dick's engagements for the day before? Not because his dinner was to be so well appointed, not because his wines (he knew that a Tells too well this evening!) were unexceptionable, not because the music provided was the best that money could hire, not because his rooms were beautifully decorated, his chintzes of the sweetest patterns, his carpets Axminster and Brussels; but because two out of the sixty invitations he had issued had been accepted. Why two? And what two? In the whole selected circle of Mr. Blorage's brain he could only have answered, "Upon those two hangs my fate—the fate of my house."

He threw himself into one of those delightful spring-seated sloping-backed softly-cushioned armchairs, in which one's whole existence was never had the good fortune to repose. He took another glass of wine, placed his feet upon the fender, and his nose already rather ethereal.

"Yes, I am happy now. Lovely creatures! Bill doesn't like Fanny; he says she is like Ellen. Ah, poor Bill! He is not to be pitied for the rejection of those two cousins. Billy seems rather full of Florence. Well, well, that can't know about it—but it would never do to ruin poor Bill's happiness; I know what happiness is—and love is. I am not in love with Ellen, but you, see, I got over it." (When one means to say a thing, it is.) "Ah, but how glad I am that Florence is to be married. But I should like to know what that very quiet—still I have served me, I mean. Bill will have it she's unhappy. I hope not. Bill is not to be trusted in love affairs—if I submit—it, in short, I am taken in again. Bill says she is not. I don't know. I don't understand woman at all. I believe every word they say; I adore every soft smiles and winning glance, and I would not—nay, I could not—think ill of them for the world. I suppose I am a fool, as Bill says I am. What a thing it would be for me if some kind-hearted honest genius or fairy would endow upon me the power to give the gift of love to people appear just as they are, speak just what they think, that to be altogether! Ah, future mate mine! Where I was young, surely I read of a palace of truth belonging to some fairy—King, I fancy. Pardon—called Pluator. To be sure they got into a world of difficulties, but how much less miserable. But they were French people; whereas a good honest Englishman likes the truth, and will speak it whether he's miserable or not."

Mr. Blorage uttered the last sentence aloud, with great emphasis on the auxiliary verb; apparently giving force to his words by an energetic thump on the arm of his chair.

"My dear Sir take care!" said a voice in his ear. The sound was that of Billy's brother-in-law's body clear as a note of music.

Looking round, he found the good Dick pen reived, perched on the arm of the chair, a little of truth bottom-heavy, and his brother-in-law Bess on the cushion, by holding valiantly on to an elaborately crocheted antimacassar.

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered Mr. Blorage.

"Granted," said Billy. "Now open your hand and hold it steady."

Always ready to oblige, Mr. Blorage did as he was asked, and was considerably surprised that he was not surprised when she took a flying leap into the centre of his hand.

"Thank you, Dick," said she, arranging her little crushed skirts, "I owe you an apology. Do you want your house to be gifted with the power of truth-telling, Mr. Blorage?"

"I should like it," he answered, in some confusion.

The little lady shook her head.

"No, no, no. You will find it very annoying. Neither your servants, nor your friends, nor your relations will seem the better for it, Dick."

"Dick!" thought Mr. Blorage, "she called me Dick for one day," he stammered, in answer to the wise proceedings of Billy's little lady.

"I understand. Merely to enable you to select your friends. Is that your object, Mr. Burge, Dick."

"Yes, yes," he answered, eagerly. "Marriage needs as much selection as life does not mind being made a fool of for a short time—but for life!" Dick was a fool for life. The little lady was nearly upset by the shock.

"I will endeavor to save myself from falling the unfolded a pair of beautiful wings, whose transparent lustre of prismatic colors formed a sort of fairy round her head.

"How pretty you are," said Dick.

"Thank you, Mr. Burge! I have no appreciate me. My name is Veritis."

"Good Heavens!" said Dick. "I don't care about the enchantment of my house if you are to be always telling me the truth."

"I mean to live with you, Dick; but as for advice, you know I never give you an intelligence to guide you through every difficulty. You will have to knock at the door of your conscience for unerring guidance?"

"True," murmured Dick; "but still—"

"I see you hold to your own way, Dick, and as I will not force myself upon you I will grant your request. But inasmuch as enchanting the whole house, and consequently every person in it, is a more ways than one, I will confine the spell to this room. The following conditions to be observed—two conditions—before I enchant the chair.

"Name them."

"The first is, that no one but yourself is to be allowed to sit in it during their possession."

"Dear me," exclaimed Mr. Blorage, dubiously, "what is the second?"

"The second condition is, that whoever enters within your room shall sit in the chair, and must answer three questions before leaving the chair."

"But suppose they will do neither the one nor the other?"

Compliance with the first condition I will take upon myself to insure; the second condition you can't. It is you who must put the three questions."

"What three questions?"

"Pooh, pooh, Dick, don't give me more than my share of trouble. Put your own three questions to put, in order to obtain the good for which you have purchased me. Enchant the chair, you are undeserving of the favor."

Dick would have protested, but he was so fearful of disturbing the equilibrium of the delicate little creature's temperament at the moment that he only opened and shut his mouth.

"Dick, Dick, I shall be off, must be gone, though. The night is rather chilly, I think." She folded her arms in an almost human pocket a shadowing sort of cobwebby thing, wound it round her head, and then, with wonderful cleverness, drew it over her head, and tying it under her chin, "I shall be back, gentlemen," "Good-night, Dick. And good fortune to this house! And may it soon possess the only charm it wants—young wife for you, and a good mistress for itself!"

Before Mr. Blorage had time to answer, the palm of his hand was empty, and the fair little creature had disappeared.

III.

Mr. Richard Blorage was never quite clear during how long a time after the spirit's disappearance he sat thinking and dreaming. But the dining-room door having opened and shut several times during the prescribed period of absence, he was at length because conscious that it was not likely that the servants would shut of his own accord, and that it had probably been so under the hand of Jem, the butler, his new butler, the most respectful and obsequious of butlers, who had come into his service with a character so very unexceptionable, to be the last thing in the world to shock the spotless Penge for being so good as to take him for such a master.

Mr. Blorage rose hastily and rang the bell, being answered at once apparently by a party the supposition that when it rang he had once again had his hand on the door-handle.

Mr. Blorage was about to speak to the excellent Penge, when he was arrested by seeing that excellent butler seat himself with much familiarity in the chair his master had just vacated—the enchanted chair. He was sooner seated than he appeared, and was instantly changed. His countenance assumed an air of mooth self-complacency; he drew out from the depths of a mysterious pocket a snuff-box, helped himself to a pinch, and shook off a calm and deliberate manner.

"Penge," said Mr. Blorage, "he remarked; "I trust it is not disagreeable? Will you take a pinch?"

"Thank you, Sir."

Villains, ruffians, rogues, and fast men, are always forewarned, and, at the first start any slight attack of that weakness, they take care not to show it. Mr. Blorage, honest, natural creatures are constantly surprised, and are consequently a long time before they can recover themselves. So Mr. Blorage gazed at his butler, open-mouthed and open-eyed, and was not at all surprised, until he was suddenly recalled to a perception of the fact that he was in the face of the man who prepared out behind the chair.

The look of fun had performed her part of the contract, and had seated the butler in it by some supernatural power. Mr. Blorage could not perform his part of the contract.

As he stared, his eyes, ran his fingers through his hair, and blew his nose, perfectly unable to decide what questions he should put to Penge, the confident air of the man, looking through the conspicuous mock humility, moved Mr. Blorage to a hearty and violent fit of laughter. Whether he was sorry for Penge, though he felt that he alone was to blame for the position of the situation, restrain himself from laughter he could not.

"Penge," says Penge, "your great self-possession, 'you 'are a right to unsuse yourself at Penge, because I am not yours drunk?"

"Penge?"

"Penge. I ain't to be sure of the truth of the you. Yes'e drunk."

"Drunk or sober, I think I am a gentleman, Penge?"

"You may think so," returned the model butler, with great contempt; "but I don't. The notion of a real gent sin't by no manner o' means the same as a fine gentleman."

"And what are your ideas?" asked Dick, in a hurry, glad to hold off or wait for a new situation.

Dick blushed a little, as the model butler, with the easily duty to get this, his first visitor, out of the Chair of Truth and Enchantment.

"At all events, I hope you are comfortable, Penge? I trust you have had at least my share of ice."

"No, I don't, Blorage. I am formed for enjoyment; and how can I know enjoyment under a mean-spirited system that keeps the key of the wine-cellar?"

"But you agreed with me, Penge, when I engaged you, that it was the most satisfactory arrangement for all parties. Penge, you said you preferred it."

"Blorage, I considered as it looked well so to say: and having been used to a many fine story, what I said to myself was, 'Penge! you stick that to him, and you'll get the key of your wine-cellar your it out.' Which is what I expect, Blorage, or have I been fooled?"

Burning to release the prisoner, Mr. Blorage was racking his brain for the most delicate way to a furious peal of the door-bell suggested a very one.

"Who can that be, Penge?"

"Most likely some young scamp your brother."

Then, instantly rising, Mr. Penge said, in his most respectful possible manner, "I ask your pardon, Sir. I felt so very giddy just now that I had not took the liberty to take a seat I must have fainted."

"Never mind. Make no excuses, Penge."

"Thank you, Sir. I believe I will take a chair, Sir. This is such a cheerful young gentleman, Sir, that I always like the liveliness of his age." And Penge disappeared with alacrity.

The good Dick was in the chair, intending to occupy it himself during his brother's visit. But Penge was there much quicker than he.

"Hallos, Dick! What do you want with the best chair in the room? It is very unlike such a good-natured chap as you to appropriate the most comfortable seat."

He was in the chair! Dick sat down on the edge of another chair and wiped his forehead.

Bill, with his usual impetuosity in the magic chair, assumed a very rakish sad-up indifference, and commenced whistling a tune perfectly silent. Probably William was uncomfortable in the position of the second position, and, pushing his brain for three questions—three simple, harmless questions—to put to his brother, was about the weather? Nothing better. Bill could answer impromptu somewhat about the weather.

"Is it a fine night, Billy?"

"Fine enough for me. I want to shake off to Barnes's without being seen, and I came here on my way, partly to blind mother, and partly to twist a fellow into one out of you. Barnes's was a disreputable gaming-place.)

"Is it a fine afternoon?" interrupted Dick, in a violent hurry.

"Confounded cross. Bothering as much about my goings on as if I was cutting my teeth!"

"Is it a fine morning, you in love, Bill?"

"Yes; with myself. What's the good of loving any body else? I don't feel as if I could love a second fond of me as to forget himself or herself."

"I thought Florence—" interrupted Dick, hastily.

"Florence be hanged! Do you suppose I don't see that you are spooney upon Florence? But lookee here, Dick; you want to marry; now, I don't intend to let you marry. I'm not going to stand your being thrown away upon any other than your own relations."

"Come out of that chair, Bill!"

"I won't. It's a comfortable chair. I'm bent on telling you my mind. My mind has been full of you, Dick, ever since you began to build this house. That's a suspicious gallery, shut off by a green baize door. I said when I saw it, that means mischief. He means that part of the house for a Nur—"

"Come out of that chair, Bill!"

"I tell you I won't. As to your getting married, I'm not afraid of Fanny; her temper will never stand a month's courtship. She'll show her teeth in a fortnight. When I turned this matter over in my mind, I said to myself, 'Dick is safe from *her*. But Florence,' I said, 'may be dangerous; therefore I'll pretend to be a little affected that way myself.'"

"Here, Bill! Take five pounds—take ten pounds—but come out of that chair!"

"I would have done it for less than that, Dick, but as you are so flush and free of money, I'll take the ten. Good-evening, Dick; I promised mother to be back to tea."

With this sudden change Mr. William took himself out of the chair, and took his leave. Mr. Richard—too well pleased to have got him out of the chair to care for any thing more, and knowing that his nerves were incapable of bearing further strain—rushed up stairs and dived into bed. And, as if fearing that the chair would pursue him even there, and entice people to commit themselves, he pulled the bed-clothes over his head, and was fortunate in being unconscious during the rest of the night.

THE REST OF THIS MANUSCRIPT HE HAD PUT IN

HIS HAT-BOX.

IV.

WHEN Mr. Blorage awoke in the morning he was reminded by a slight headache that something unusual had occurred; but he came out of his cold bath as lively and fresh and full of spirits as if he were the combined essence of two or three dozen Mr. Blorages. He pranced down stairs—his own newly-built and Brussels carpeted stairs—like a young colt philandering in a clover meadow.

This was the great day of the house-warming, to be followed by events that were perfectly bewildering from the ecstasy of their anticipation. He was brought back to a state of common human bliss by a strong smell of burned wood or varnish, and found that in making the tea (he had lost himself in thinking how soon some fair hand might be making tea for him) he was endeavoring to stuff his little hot kettle (which phizzed and sputtered a remonstrance) into his new tea-poy, while the caddy appertaining thereto was catching fire on the hob.

Remedying these mistakes with the utmost expedition, in turning round he suddenly encountered the chair, and suddenly remembered its fatal property.

What was he to do? How get rid of the chair? Should he send it away? Should he lock it up? Should he destroy it? burn it? annihilate it? bury it?

As he seized hold of it, with the intention of performing one or other of these acts, he was conscious of a shock; his arms fell powerless to his sides; and a little fluttering noise made him look up. There, on the head of a chair, was the Lady Verita, her wings expanded, her tiny foot just poised on the carved shining top of the chair.

"It is of no use, Dick," she said, her little voice tinkling like silver music. "This chair was not enchanted merely for your whim. Sit down and listen to me."

Dick obeyed, and held out his palm. His heart leaped with joy as the little lady sprang lightly on to it.

"Lend me your watch, Dick, to sit upon."

Dick complied, and placed his watch with infinite care and gentleness for her use.

She seated herself gracefully, having folded her wings. Once more drawing out her fleecy atom of a handkerchief, she used it after the manner of mortals; though Dick hardly supposed that any thing so infinitely delicate as her nose could stand the test.

"Now, Dick, how naughty you are! You do not use my gift as you ought. Why were you thinking of burning my chair? Simply because it had done its duty in enabling you to see people as they really are, and know their thoughts?"

"But I do not wish to know them."

"My dear Dick, infinite Wisdom has given you susceptibility, intelligence, and reason. You only use the first. You are commanded to love your neighbor, but your susceptibility should not lead you into confounding all moral distinctions among your neighbors. Reason should step in, and enable you to make a practical use of susceptibility and intelligence. Do I make myself understood? I have had to read up for it."

"Lovely and beloved little creature, I know I am a fool, but let me reap the fruits of my want of wisdom. I would rather be foolish for life than entrap others into sitting in this chair."

"Dick, you require a lesson. Use it well, be patient, be submissive, and all will end well, both for you and for me. I hear your door-bell ringing. Adieu, Dick. Be wise and prudent."

The radiant wings expanded, the little handkerchief was tied under the tiny chin, and as Penge opened the door to usher in a visitor the little lady vanished.

"Be wise and prudent." The words kept tinkling a little silver sound in the ears of Mr. Blorage as he rose and welcomed the visitor shown in by Penge. His first essay at being wise and prudent made him hand her (for it was a female) at once into the post of honor—the Chair of Truth.

He was glad to perceive that his visitor was a pleasant little mild girl whom he had met once or twice at Dr. Evans's, the medical man of the neighborhood. He had a general idea that she was the daughter of an invalid widow, and that she was the eldest of a flock of brown healthy-looking children, to whom she acted as foster-mother, owing to the inability of their real mother to do any thing but lie on the sofa, and sigh for ease from pain and poverty.

He had so far noticed little Gatty Bland (who, by-the-way, was twenty-three years old, perhaps more) as to admire her eyes, soft and brown, the exact color of her hair. As she now sat in the enchanted chair, he was surprised at himself for never having noticed that she was really pretty. Her sweet innocent face had a bewitching air about it that peculiarly pleased him. And really, her tiny hands and her graceful movements strongly reminded him of the ways of the little Lady Verita.

"Mamma has sent me here this morning, Mr. Blorage, to beg your acceptance of the loan of a beautiful china bowl. There is not another like it in England, and she fancied it would be just the thing to hold a Trifle to-night."

"I thank her very much; but how did she know that I was going to have a Trifle to-night?"

"Oh, we know it very well. You give a ball to-night, and from our house we can see the lights, and faintly hear the music. Jenny and Albert are to sit up to-night a little longer than usual that they may watch the carriages."

"Then if I accept the loan of the beautiful china bowl, I must ask a favor in return."

"I will promise to perform it, Mr. Blorage, for I feel sure you will not ask any thing that I may not promise to perform."

"I am proud of being so trusted. I should wish to beg the favor of your company to-night, to see how well the Trifle looks in the beautiful china bowl."

"Ah, how I wish we could come! But we are very poor, and mamma is too great an invalid to take us out. We shall find much pleasure, though, in watching your gayety from our window, and we shall be delighted to think that our china bowl has helped to ornament your supper-table. Mamma was sure you would not consider the offer of it an impertinence."

No, indeed! Dick was an adept in the happy art of accepting a kindness in the spirit in which it was offered.

"Mamma has had great pleasure in watching the building of your house, Mr. Blorage. She said, a good man is going to inhabit it, and a good man always benefits a neighborhood."

"Your mamma is very kind," murmured Dick, a little confused, and beginning to blush. He was admiring Gatty Bland so much that he had forgotten she was a prisoner, and unconscious of the frankness of her words.

"Mamma is very good, Mr. Blorage, as we, her children, know. And I ought to return to her. I promised not to be absent more than half an hour, and it must be that now."

But though she looked distressed and anxious, poor Gatty could no more move until Mr. Blorage released her than the house could move.

He wiped his brow, ran his fingers through his hair, and prepared for action.

"And so your mamma is glad to have a near neighbor?"

"She is glad that you are our neighbor. When it pleases Heaven to release her from trouble and pain, and to begin our lonelier life of struggle, she thinks that the sunshine of a good man's heart may sometimes fall on her poor children in the shade."

"So it shall, my dear, please God! But, Gatty, you must marry.—Would you like to marry?"

"I don't know, Mr. Blorage; but I fear few will care to marry a little plain girl, with a turn-up nose, and a heart full of her own people, and who wants a nomination for—"

"Have you ever seen any one you would like to marry?" interrupted Dick, pleased with his wealth of questions.

"Only one, and that is you, Mr. Blorage! Good-by. I must run all the way home."

Finding herself released, Gatty sprang up, and ran out of the room: leaving Mr. Blorage turning from his natural color to white, from white to pink, from pink to crimson, from crimson to purple.

"Poor little dear thing, that I could have been so base and dishonorable as to ask her such a delicate question, when I had so many safe questions to ask—her age, her brothers' and sisters' names and ages, her godfathers and godmothers—if she liked new milk, cheese, eggs. Gracious Heaven! that I should have dared to put so preposterous a question, and receive such a—such a—such a—" Dick could not bring himself to name the quality of the answer. "But it's very pleasant to be so undeservedly appreciated—to be liked and loved for one's own sake. She is a nice little thing; she is a pretty little thing. Her nose certainly turns up; but I believe there never was a silly person known with a turned-up nose. She is very graceful. She flitted out of the room like a bird out of a rose-bush. I wonder what nomination she wanted!"

For the first time since it was enchanted Mr. Blorage looked complacently at the chair; but his meditations were interrupted by a respectful intimation from Penge that his master would oblige every body by getting out of the way, because the market-gardener had arrived with his flowers and decorations, the carpenter was waiting with his nails and ruler, and the Mr. Gunter of those parts was frantic to begin setting up his lights. So Mr. Blorage got out of the way for the rest of the day, and reappeared at dinner-time in due course, and afterward became the observed of all observers, as he led out the (in those parts) highly renowned and celebrated Lady Fitzcluck to open his ball with an old-fashioned country-dance.

Every thing had gone off well, up to the proud moment when Mr. Blorage drew on his new kid gloves for the (in those parts) eminently aristocratic Lady Fitzcluck. She was bulky, but she was light in hand, and she and Mr. Blorage danced with a spirit worthy of the occasion. Half way down thirty couples, Mr. Blorage became conscious of a circumstance. A stately old dowager was seated, in the centre of a circle of chairs, in the Chair of Truth. Howsoever it had got there, by whatsoever mysterious agency it had been brought there, there it was, with the dowager in it. She was encircled by a crowd, to whom she was holding forth, and evidently in no complimentary strain. Mr. Blorage rushed out of the country-dance at the instant when he ought to have paraded the (in those parts) highly fashionable Lady Fitzcluck down the middle; he rushed back again, and danced vehemently; he grasped the hand confidingly held across to him in the execution of the figure hands across, as if it were the throat of a burglar; in all the hurry, worry, and confusion he must think (and could not think) of three appropriate and respectful questions to put to that terrible and otherwise immovable old dowager. With his responsibility staring him in the face, he had hurled Lady Fitzcluck through a narrow gorge of dancers, when an unfortunate button of his coat entangled itself in the lace of a lady's dress, and in the perturbation of his feelings he went down the middle and up again, carrying a long and tattered shred, that lengthened as he went. Fanny's was the dress—Fanny was the sufferer. But she looked up into his face so forgivingly, and her soft blue eyes so smilingly met his, and her rosy lips spoke his pardon in such sweet tones, that he mentally said, "Dear, lovely Fanny, what an angel! What bliss to be loved by Fanny!" But when Florence stepped forward from among the dancers, with eager concern, her bright cheek flushed, her dark eyes sparkling, and her voice attuned to the gentlest tones of commiseration for the damage done to "dear Fanny's dear love of a pretty dress"—when she gracefully begged her partner to excuse her, "that she might pin up the dear love's tatters"—then Mr. Blorage felt very much inclined to repeat the above sentence over again, substituting the name of Florence for Fanny. Meantime all eyes were attracted to the horrible dowager in the Chair of Truth. Had any Painter been present he would have gone on his knees to beseech that dowager to sit to him for the personification of a Gorgon. Mr. Blorage felt, after all, that he could no more dare to ask her a question than if she had been his Black Majesty from below, arrayed in gorgeous female attire. There she must sit until kind Fate stepped in with three questions and released her. As he looked hopelessly toward the door, he saw the little piquante nose of Gatty Bland showing itself in good relief against a black coat near her. She had a little laced handkerchief tied under her chin; she went toward the dowager, changing the little laced kerchief into her hand; in her plain white dress she conveyed the dowager, all purple and gold, down the room, out at the door, and into the tea-room. He blessed Gatty Bland mentally, and finished his dance with high credit to himself, and perfect satisfaction to the (in those parts) rather-difficult-to-please Lady Fitzcluck. As soon as he was free he flew to seek a partner, either in Fanny the Fair or Florence the Beautiful.

They were together, and almost alone. They were together—horror!—in the Chair of Truth; Fanny on the cushioned seat; Florence on the stuffed arm. Florence was still employed in pinning up the tatters of the torn dress of Fanny.

"What a beautiful picture; what a lovely contrast!" thought Dick, as he approached.

"There, Dear!" said Florence, with a remarkably emphatic stress upon the last word; I have pinned you up, and done the best I could for you, Dear. But I am glad to see, notwithstanding, that you are a monstrous figure, and not fit to look at, Dear."

"Thank you, Florence, Dear!"

"Ah, you false thing! *I* see through your meekness and your affectation, as if you did not care about your dress. It is a pity Mr. Blorage can't see you at home."

"It's a pity Mr. Blorage can't see *you* at home. Aunt longs for the day when she can rid herself of you: indolent, selfish, and useless creature that you are."

"But Aunt comforts herself with the reflection that she has not such a fire-brand in her house as *you* are. Aunt can well afford to put up with a little indolence where there is so much good temper."

"It is better to be a little passionate than sulky, Love."

"Is it, Love? Mr. Blorage is the best judge of that. We have all our tempers, and you don't expect a perfect wife, do you, Mr. Blorage?"

"I am very imperfect myself," murmured the unfortunate Dick.

"Oh no, Mr. Blorage," cried Fanny and Florence together: "You are every thing that is nice and good-tempered. And this is such a love of a house that no one could be unhappy here."

Here the duet ceased, and solos began.

"You would always be cross and fractious, Fanny," said Florence.

"And you would always be rude and boisterous, Florence," said Fanny.

"For you are a virago, and you know you are," said Florence.

"For you are a hoyden, and you know you are," said Fanny.

"I am ashamed of you, my darling," said Florence.

"I am disgusted with you, my precious," said Fanny.

"Ladies, ladies!" expostulated Dick.

"She has the vilest temper, Mr. Blorage!" cries Florence.

"She can't speak a word of truth, Mr. Blorage," cries Fanny.

As Mr. Blorage turned hurriedly and appealingly from the one to the other, each now exclaiming, "Throw your handkerchief to *me*, Mr. Blorage!" he lost his balance, rolled over, and rolled the chair over. Picking himself up with all possible dispatch, and turning to apologize, he found that Florence, Fanny, music, lights, flowers, dancers, Lady Fitzcluck, and dowager, had all disappeared. There was nothing near him but *the* chair—overturned—and an empty wine-bottle.

V.

"Thank Heaven!" were the first spoken words of Mr. Blorage. His first act was to look for his handkerchief, which he hoped he had not thrown to either of the ladies. It was safe in his pocket. "It must have been a dream," he next remarked, eying the chair dubiously. "Yes, of course a dream," as he gathered courage from its motionless state. "But a very bad dream," as he felt encouraged to touch it, raise it, and examine it. As harmless a chair as ever upholsterer stuffed or gentleman bought! Gently he restored it to its proper place.

A knock at the door. Immediately followed by the appearance of the model Penge. It seemed an agreeable and satisfactory circumstance to the respectful Penge that his master was on his legs and awake.

"Shall I remove the things, Sir? It's close upon nine."

"Do so, Penge. And I think I will have a cup of coffee—rather strong, Penge."

"Yes, Sir."

What a relief it was not to see Penge sit down in the chair!

"It's a delicious cup of coffee, Penge," said Mr. Blorage, when it was brought, "and it so perfectly agrees with me that I think I'll take a run over to Dr. Evans's and play a game of chess with him."

The sharp night air smote him with a sudden giddiness, and every twinkling star appeared to be closely embracing a twin star that twinkled with still greater vigor; but he soon got over these delusions, and before he reached Dr. Evans's door was quite himself. On the way, however, he took himself seriously to task:

"How good of the night to be so fresh and fine, how kind of the pure stars to beam down on me so brightly, when I am a man full of evil and weak thoughts. I harbored a design against my fellow-creatures of the basest sort; and, to add to my crime, it was directed against one whom I meant for a wife! True, I know nothing of Miss Fanny or Miss Florence but the beauty of those two cousins, and a general sort of amiability that seems to belong to all girls. I'll make it my business to see more of both, and I'll try to be guided to a right choice at last."

Mr. Blorage was warmly welcomed by Dr. Evans, who opened the door to him.

"Now this is friendly. I have had a very anxious case, which has caused me much worry these three days. It is happily past the crisis now, and I was just saying to my wife how I should enjoy your stepping in."

"I am heartily glad I came."

"Of course you are. You are always kind and seasonable. When were you ever otherwise?"

The good Dick followed the Doctor (who was a voluble and hearty doctor) up the stairs into the presence of Mrs. Doctor. But Dick was unable to acknowledge Mrs. Doctor's cordial greeting by so much as a single word; for there before his eyes, seated on a little chair by Mrs. Evans's side, was Miss Gatty Bland, her innocent little face peeping out of a handkerchief tied over her head and under her chin.

"You know dear little Gatty, of course?" remarked the Doctor. "She is waiting for her mother's medicine.—I hope you have given Gatty a cup of tea, my dear?"

Mrs. Doctor's face expressed a profound contempt for Mr. Doctor's unnecessary reminder.

Meantime Dick sat down. He awaited with the calm composure of a victim of Fate for Miss Bland to offer him the use of her mother's beautiful china bowl.

She did nothing of the sort. In the ensuing half hour she made no allusion whatever either to china or to bowls, though the conversation turned upon no other subject than his approaching house-warming.

Dick was half sorry. He felt as if it would be so agreeable to thank such a charming little girl. If her mother had lent him her china bowl (he felt sure she possessed a china bowl) he must have called to thank her, and he felt a desire to become intimate with the family. He might, perhaps, be of service to them; was there any thing—or nothing—in that nomination he so nearly heard about? He invited Gatty to the house-warming, and anticipated her request for Jenny and Albert; he was not at all surprised to find that she *had* a sister Jenny and a brother Albert. But it did surprise him to see how pretty she became when joy flushed her cheeks and brightened her eyes, while several little dimples in the nicest corners of her face discovered themselves as she smiled her thanks.

"The very thing!" said Mrs. Evans; "a little gayety does more good than all my doctor's physic. Mr. Blorage, my dear, very thoughtful. You'll expect all four, I dare say—three girls and a boy."

"Only four! I expect eight at least."

"But, Mrs. Evans," whispered Gatty, "one of us must stay with mamma; that will be I, you know."

"My dear, *I* will see to that. I will step down in the morning, Gatty, and settle it all with mamma."

"And tell mamma from me," said the Doctor, "that I shall spend a couple of hours with her to-morrow evening. I want to study her case, and I shall like a little rest between your dances, Blorage."

"That is," said Gatty, smiling delightedly, "that you two are most kindly going to represent me for that time."

"Just so, my dear. What! Are you off, Gatty? Stay. We'll send our man Mike with you; the railway has brought a lot of ill-looking people about."

"Let me take you home, Miss Bland," said Dick.

"Oh! Thank you very much, Mr. Blorage. I own some of the people frighten me, though I think they mean no harm."

"We will have a game of chess when you come back, Blorage," says the Doctor.

What passed between little Gatty and her escort, and whether any thing passed on the subject of china bowls, nobody knows. The walk did not last longer than ten minutes. My private opinion is, that Dick treated Gatty all the way with the respect and deference due to a young princess accidentally committed to his care. When he returned to his game of chess, what with the remaining fumes of that bottle of wine, the extraordinary dream, and this odd approach to an interpretation of it, it is certain that he was in a romantic mood. He willingly listened to a long history of the Blands, during which Mr. and Mrs. Doctor maintained a laudatory duet very different indeed from the imaginary duet between Fanny and Florence.

"I only wish," cried the Doctor, at last, "that I had a son of thirty or thirty-five, with a good house, a good income, and a good heart. I would recommend him Gatty Bland for a wife with all my heart and soul, and he would thank me every year of his life ever afterward, even though he had to marry her whole family along with her!"

"Miss Bland," said Mr. Blorage, "spoke of a nomination—no, by-the-by, she didn't—it was a china bowl—dear me, what do I mean?—I think I hardly know what I do mean!"

"You look rather wild, Dick; of course I can't help you out. *I* don't know what you discoursed upon in your walk; but there appears to me no affinity between a nomination for the Blue-coat School and a china bowl."

"Oh! that's what she wants, is it? Blue-coat School! God bless my soul! Really a nomination, eh? Blue coat! Ah!—Check to your queen!"

Notwithstanding that check Dick lost the game. But he went home in a felicitous state of mind that made him feel as if he had won the game. He continued to repeat the word "Blue" to himself, as if he were under an obligation never to forget it. He went up to his bedroom chuckling "Blue;" he undressed chuckling "Blue;" he sat up in bed, after lying down, with a vehement "Blue;" and his last recollection was a struggle to say "Blue-nomicoatation."

VI.

Mr. Blorage arose in a contented and happy frame of mind. The great day was the greatest of successes; nothing marred the triumph of the dinner, nothing marred the beauty of the ball. The hard-faced dowager sat in *the* chair, but she was just as forcible and disagreeable as usual; no more and no less. Mr. Blorage danced with Lady Fitzcluck, and bespoke Fanny, and Florence, and Gatty; for Gatty was there, demurely happy. Trust Mr. and Mrs. Doctor for Gatty's being there!

Florence looked most beautiful. She was charmingly dressed in white tarlatan—three skirts—pinked—each skirt looped up with a mixture of white roses and pomegranate blossoms. A wreath of the same for her hair. Fanny was dressed in floating robes of blue—less blue than her eyes. Her fair curls were twined with silver leaves: she looked like a nymph; Florence like a queen. Not the greatest gossip in the room could say which was the favorite. Neither could the greatest or the least gossip in the room decide at what particular moment the star of both descended below Mr. Blorage's horizon.

But he has confided to somebody, who confided it to me, who now confide it to you, that Miss Florence ceased to be beautiful in his eyes when she sneered at the plainness of the Miss Blands' muslin dresses. "And it is real ivy in their hair, Mr. Blorage, so they can't have gone to any great expense to do honor to your ball." And Miss Florence glanced down at her own dress.

"I like them all the better for it," stoutly answered Dick.

As to Miss Fanny, she was *so* astonished at the impertinence of such people as the Blands thrusting themselves into society so much above them! And her star descended at the instant when she was thus overcome.

Mr. Blorage accomplished his dances with Fanny and with Florence, but did not accomplish his dance with Gatty Bland. For on the instant that he claimed her hand Dr. Evans (sent off by his wife presently after dinner) returned from taking care of Mrs. Bland.

"Oh! Mr. Blorage, I must go—thank you so much for the happiest evening I ever spent, and the prettiest sight I ever saw!"

"No no no, you must not go; a quadrille takes only twenty minutes to dance."

"But mamma is alone now, and I should be quite unhappy all that twenty minutes, even though dancing with you. But there is Jenny, she dances so well, and she loves it so much, and —don't think me conceited, Mr. Blorage—she is so pretty."

"She is the prettiest girl in the room—but one," says Mr. Blorage in a whisper. And as he assists Gatty to put on her cloak he sees her, with unspeakable admiration, tie her little laced handkerchief over her head and under her chin, and look so indescribably like the dear darling little creature of his vision that he longs—infamous as is (of course) the thought—to clasp her, then and there, to his heart! But instead of doing so he flies back to the ball-room and engages Jenny out of hand. Thus Gatty, when she went home, was able to tell her mother that she took a last peep at the beautiful scene, and saw kind Mr. Blorage asking Jenny to dance, and Jenny looking as pretty as even those two lovely cousins Florence and Fanny. "They say Mr. Blorage is to marry one of them, mamma, but I hope not."

"Oh, my Gatty!"

"Well, mamma, you know I see a good deal of them here and there, and I am sure they are only pretty girls. They do not appreciate his great noble generous heart. But now, mamma, to bed you must go. No more excitement for you to-night."

Happily the excitement in the little family lasted a good many days, and afforded food for conversation morning, noon, and night. Indeed it was yet as fresh as ever when, one morning, the post brought a piece of news that fairly surpassed the house-warming—a nomination to the Blue-coat School in favor of no less a personage than Master Albert Bland. The commotion in that cottage—Well! It's a blessed thing to want something, for then you can duly appreciate the favor of having it. And it is a blessed thing to be rich, and liberal withal, for then you can bestow the favor so appreciated. Meantime Mr. Blorage divided his time pretty equally between his little office at the Bank, Dr. Evans's, the house belonging to the father of Florence, and the abode within which dwelt the lovely Fanny's aunt. And all these visits, combined with the still existing effects of his dream, ended in consequences.

The first consequence occurred to the self-satisfied William. His slow brother Dick acquired the ridiculous habit of demanding what Bill did with those sums of money he was forever borrowing? And—unkindest thing of all—Mr. Richard insinuated, nay, he more than insinuated, he plainly told Mr. William Blorage that he expected such sums to be repaid in future. And to show that this was no idle threat, he produced a ledger, wherein a debtor and creditor account was drawn up between Mr. Richard Blorage and Mr. William Blorage: which account displayed a state of account so alarming to Mr. William that he reformed rather. Imagine Mr. Dick's pleasure when William, Billy, or Bill applied in sober seriousness for that post of junior of all the junior clerks, whilom so despised by him!

Second important consequence. Mr. Richard Blorage committed a piece of extravagance. He caused to be executed for himself a statuette in white marble. Any orderers of statues, or other things to be made after a fashion of their own, may calculate what an enormous sum Mr. Blorage paid for his statue. It must be ethereal-looking (he said), it must have extended wings, it must be lightly poised on one foot; but, above all, it must have a slightly turned-up nose, and a little lace hankerchief tied under the chin!

* * * * * * *

These consequences came to pass ten years ago. On the night of the thirty-first of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, let us take a peep into Mr. Blorage's house. Let us take a peep at Mr. Blorage in his dining-room. Dinner is over, wine and dessert are on table. The Chair is at the upper end of the room; above the chair is a lovely statuette on a carved oaken bracket.

Dick is reading the paper; so, at the same time, is some one else. Dick holds the paper in his right hand; his left hand clasps a little tiny hand of the said some one else: while the matcher to that small hand of the same some one else turns the leaves of the paper, so that Dick feels he has no want of another hand. If the owner of the small hand gets to the bottom of the page first—which she invariably does, being a woman—she lays her head confidingly on Dick's shoulder, and seems very well content to let it stay there as long as Dick chooses.

"But, hark! There is a noise overhead; a baize door closes with a muffled sound; there is a pattering of little feet, and there is a joyful chorus of little voices. Dick puts down the paper; his companion, flying to the door, opens it; in rush half a dozen small rosy boys and girls. (Most of these little children have noses of a slightly astronomical turn.)

Mamma prepares their dessert. There is a chair wanting at the table. In default of the missing chair, mamma wheels forward *the* Chair, and sits down in it.

"Papa, papa! Mamma is in the Chair of Truth," cries a child.

Clearly Mr. Blorage must have told his dream in the family circle.

"Then let us question her," says papa. "Mamma, are you happy?"

"Happy, as angels are said to be."

"Do you love us?"

"As (under God) my chief good, my life."

"Have you ever repented marrying Dick Blorage?"

This time the question is only answered by the surcharged eyes; expressive and loving eyes are often more ready to overflow from perfect happiness than from distress or pain.

HIS WONDERFUL END.

It will have been, 'ere now, perceived that I sold the foregoing writings. From the fact of their being printed in these pages, the inference will, 'ere now, have been drawn by the reader (may I add the gentle reader?) that I sold them to One who never yet—*

Having parted with the writings on most satisfactory terms—for in opening negotiations with the present Journal was I not placing myself in the hands of One of whom it may be said, in the words of Another—† I resumed my usual functions. But I too soon discovered that peace of mind had fled from a brow which, up to that time, Time had merely took the hair off, leaving an unruffled expanse within.

It were superfluous to veil it—the brow to which I allude is my own.

Yes, over that brow uneasiness gathered like the sable wing of the fabled bird, as—as no doubt will be easily identified by all right-minded individuals. If not, I am unable, on the spur of the moment, to enter into particulars of him. The reflection that the writings must now inevitably get into print, and that He might yet live and meet with them, sat like the Hag of Night upon my jaded form. The elasticity of my spirits departed. Fruitless was the Bottle, whether Wine or Medicine. I had recourse to both, and the effect of both upon my system was witheringly lowering.

In this state of depression, into which I subsided when I first began to revolve what could I ever say if He—the unknown—was to appear in the Coffee Room and demand reparation, I one forenoon in this last November received a turn that appeared to be given me by the finger of Fate and Conscience, hand in hand. I was alone in the Coffee Room and had just poked the fire into a blaze, and was standing with my back to it, trying whether heat would penetrate with soothing influence to the Voice within, when a young man in a cap, of an intelligent countenance though requiring his hair cut, stood before me.

"Mr. Christopher, the Head Waiter."

"The same."

The young man shook his hair out of his vision—which it impeded—took a packet from his breast, and handing it over to me, said, with his eye (or did I dream?) fixed with a lambent meaning on me, "THE PROOFS."

Although I smelt my coat-tails singeing at the fire, I had not the power to withdraw them. The young man put the packet in my faltering grasp, and repeated—let me do him the justice to add, with civility:

"THE PROOFS. A. Y. R."

With these words he departed.

A. Y. R.? And You Remember. Was that his meaning? At Your Risk. Were the letters short for *that* reminder? Anticipate Your Retribution. Did they stand for *that* warning? Outdacious Youth Repent? But no; for that, a O was happily wanting, and the vowel here was a A.

I opened the packet and found that its contents were the foregoing writings printed, just as the reader (may I add the discerning reader?) peruses them. In vain was the reassuring whisper—A. Y. R., All the Year Round—it could not cancel the Proofs. Too appropriate name. The Proofs of my having sold the Writings.

My wretchedness daily increased. I had not thought of the risk I ran, and the defying publicity I put my head into, until all was done, and all was in print. Give up the money to be off the bargain, and prevent the publication, I could not. My family was down in the world, Christmas was coming on, a brother in the hospital and a sister in the rheumatics could not be entirely neglected. And it was not only ins in the family that had told on the resources of one unaided Waitering; outs were not wanting. A brother out of a situation, and another brother out of money to meet an acceptance, and another brother out of his mind, and another brother out at New York (not the same, though it might appear so), had really and truly brought me to a stand till I could turn myself round. I got worse and worse in my meditations, constantly reflecting "The Proofs," and reflecting that when Christmas drew nearer, and the Proofs were published, there could be no safety from hour to hour but that He might confront me in the Coffee Room, and in the face of day and his country demand his rights.

The impressive and unlooked-for catastrophe toward which I dimly pointed the reader (shall I add, the highly intellectual reader?) in my first remarks, now rapidly approaches.

It was November still, but the last echoes of the Guy-Foxes had long ceased to reverberate. We was slack—several joints under our average mark, and wine of course proportionate. So slack had we become at last, that Beds Nos. 26, 27, 28, and 31 having took their six o'clock dinners and dozed over their respective pints, had drove away in their respective Hansoms for their respective Night Mail-Trains, and left us empty.

I had took the evening paper to No. 6 table—which is warm and most to be preferred—and lost in the all-absorbing topics of the day, had dropped into a slumber. I was recalled to consciousness by the well-known intimation, "Waiter!" and replying "Sir!" found a gentleman standing at No. 4 table. The reader (shall I add, the observant reader?) will please to notice the locality of the gentleman—*at No. 4 table.*

He had one of the new-fangled uncollapsable bags in his hand (which I am against, for I don't see why you shouldn't collapse, when you are about it, as your fathers collapsed before you), and he said:

"I want to dine, waiter. I shall sleep here to-night."

"Very good, Sir. What will you take for dinner, Sir?"

"Soup, bit of codfish, oyster sauce, and the joint."

"Thank you, Sir."

I rang the chamber-maid's bell, and Mrs. Pratchett marched in, according to custom, demurely carrying a lighted flat candle before her, as if she was one of a long public procession, all the other members of which was invisible.

In the mean while the gentleman had gone up to the mantle-piece, right in front of the fire, and laid his forehead against the mantle-piece (which it is a low one, and brought him into the attitude of leap-frog), and had heaved a tremenjous sigh. His hair was long and lightish; and when he laid his forehead against the mantle-piece his hair all fell in a dusty fluff together over his eyes; and when he now turned round and lifted up his head again, it all fell in a dusty fluff together over his ears. This give him a wild appearance, similar to a blasted heath.

"Oh! The chamber-maid. Ah!" He was turning something in his mind. "To be sure. Yes. I won't go up stairs now, if you will take my bag. It will be enough for the present to know my number.—Can you give me 24 B?"

(O Conscience, what a Adder art thou!)

Mrs. Pratchett allotted him the room, and took his bag to it. He then went back before the fire, and fell a biting his nails.

"Waiter!" biting between the words, "give me," bite, "pen and paper; and in five minutes," bite, "let me have, if you please," bite, "a," bite, "Messenger."

Unmindful of his waning soup, he wrote and sent off six notes before he touched his dinner. Three were City; three West-End. The City letters were to Cornhill, Ludgate-hill, and Farringdon Street. The West-End letters were to Great Marlborough Street, New Burlington Street, and Piccadilly. Every body was systematically denied at every one of the six places, and there was not a vestige of any answer. Our light porter whispered to me when he came back with that report, "All Booksellers."

But before then he had cleared off his dinner and his bottle of wine. He now—mark the concurrence with the document formerly given in full!—knocked a plate of biscuits off the table with his agitated elber (but without breakage), and demanded boiling brandy-and-water.

Now fully convinced that it was Himself, I perspired with the utmost freedom. When he become flushed with the heated stimulant referred to, he again demanded pen and paper, and passed the succeeding two hours in producing a manuscript, which he put in the fire when completed. He then went up to bed, attended by Mrs. Pratchett. Mrs. Pratchett (who was aware of my emotions) told me on coming down that she had noticed his eye rolling into every corner of the passages and staircase, as if in search of his Luggage, and that, looking back as she shut the door of 24 B, she perceived him with his coat already thrown off immersing himself bodily under the bedstead, like a chimley-sweep before the application of machinery.

The next day—I forbear the horrors of that night—was a very foggy day in our part of London, insomuch that it was necessary to light the Coffee Room gas. We was still alone, and no feverish words of mine can do justice to the fitfulness of his appearance as he sat at No. 4 table, increased by there being something wrong with the meter.

Having again ordered his dinner he went out, and was out for the best part of two hours. Inquiring on his return whether any of the answers had arrived, and receiving an unqualified negative, his instant call was for mulligatawny, the cayenne pepper, and orange brandy.

Feeling that the mortal struggle was now at hand, I also felt that I must be equal to him, and with that view resolved that whatever he took I would take. Behind my partition, but keeping my eye on him over the curtain, I therefore operated on Mulligatawny, Cayenne Pepper, and Orange Brandy. And at a later period of the day, when he again said "Orange Brandy," I said so too, in a lower tone, to George, my Second Lieutenant (my First was absent on leave), who acts between me and the bar.

Throughout that awful day he walked about the Coffee Room continually. Often he came close up to my partition, and then his eye rolled within, too evidently in search of any signs of his Luggage. Half past six came, and I laid his cloth. He ordered a bottle of old Brown. I likewise ordered a bottle of old Brown. He drank his, I drank mine (as nearly as my duties would permit), glass for glass against his. He topped with coffee and a small glass. I topped with coffee and a small glass. He dozed. I dozed. At last, "Waiter!"—and he ordered his bill. The moment was now at hand when we two must be locked in the deadly grapple.

Swift as the arrow from the bow I had formed my resolution: in other words, I had hammered it out between nine and nine. It was, that I would be the first to open up the subject with a full acknowledgment, and would offer any gradual settlement within my power. He paid his bill (doing what was right by attendance) with his eye rolling about him to the last, for any tokens of his Luggage. One only time our gaze then met, with the lustrous fixedness (I believe I am correct in imputing that character to it?) of the well-known Basilisk. The decisive moment had arrived.

With a tolerable steady hand, though with humility, I laid The Proofs before him.

"Gracious Heavens!" he cries out, leaping up and catching hold of his hair. "What's this! Print!"

"Sir," I replied, in a calming voice, and bending forward, "I humbly acknowledge to being the unfortunate cause of it. But I hope, Sir, that when you have heard the circumstances explained, and the innocence of my intentions—"

To my amazement I was stopped short by his catching me in both his arms, and pressing me to his breast-bone; where I must confess to my face (and particular nose) having undergone some temporary vexation from his wearing his coat buttoned high up, and his buttons being uncommon hard.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he cries, releasing me with a wild laugh, and grasping my hand. "What is your name, my Benefactor?"

"My name, Sir" (I was crumpled, and puzzled to make him out), "is Christopher: and I hope, Sir, that as such when you've heard my ex—"

"In print!" he exclaims again, dashing the proofs over and over as if he was bathing in them. "In print!! Oh, Christopher! Philanthropist! Nothing can recompense you—but what sum of money would be acceptable to you?"

I had drawn a step back from him, or I should have suffered from his buttons again.

"Sir, I assure you I have been already well paid, and—"

"No, no, Christopher! Don't talk like that! What sum of money would be acceptable to you, Christopher? Would you find twenty pounds acceptable, Christopher?"

However great my surprise, I naturally found words to say, "Sir, I am not aware that the man was ever yet born without more than the average amount of water on the brain, as would *not* find twenty pound acceptable. But—extremely obliged to you, Sir, I'm sure;" for he had tumbled it out of his purse and crammed it in my hand in two bank-notes; "but I could wish to know, Sir, if not intruding, how I have merited this liberality?"

"Know then, my Christopher," he says, "that from boyhood's hour I have unremittingly and unavailingly endeavored to get into print. Know, Christopher, that all the Booksellers alive—and several dead—have refused to put me into print. Know, Christopher, that I have written unprinted Reams. But they shall be read to you, my friend and brother. You sometimes have a holiday?"

Seeing the great danger I was in, I had the presence of mind to answer, "Never!" To make it more final, I added, "Never! Not from the cradle to the grave."

"Well," says he, thinking no more about that, and chuckling at his proofs again. "But I am in print! The first flight of ambition emanating from my father's lowly cot is realized at length! The golden bowl!"—he was getting on—"struck by the magic hand, has emitted a complete and perfect sound! When did this happen, my Christopher?"

"Which happen, Sir?"

"This," he held it out at arm's-length to admire it, "this Per-rint."

When I had given him my detailed account of it, he grasped me by the hand again, and said:

"Dear Christopher, it should be gratifying to you to know that you are an instrument in the hands of Destiny. Because you *are.*"

A passing Something of a melancholy cast put it into my head to shake it, and to say: "Perhaps we all are."

"I don't mean that," he answered; "I don't take that wide range; I confine myself to the special case. Observe me well, my Christopher! Hopeless of getting rid, through any effort of my own, of any of the manuscripts among my Luggage—all of which, send them where I would, were always coming back to me—it is now some seven years since I left that Luggage here, on the desperate chance, either that the too too faithful manuscripts would come back to me no more, or that some one less accursed than I might give them to the world. You follow me, my Christopher?"

"Pretty well, Sir." I followed him so far as to judge that he had a weak head, and that the Orange the Boiling and Old Brown combined was beginning to tell. (The old Brown being heady is best adapted to seasoned cases.)

"Years elapsed, and those compositions slumbered in dust. At length Destiny, choosing her agent from all mankind, sent You here, Christopher, and lo! the Casket was burst asunder, and the Giant was free!"

He made hay of his hair after he said this, and he stood a tip-toe.

"But," he reminded himself in a state of great excitement, "we must sit up all night, my Christopher. I must correct these Proofs for the press. Fill all the inkstands and bring me several new pens."

He smeared himself and he smeared the Proofs, the night through, to that degree, that when Sol give him warning to depart (in a four-wheeler), few could have said which was them, and which was him, and which was blots. His last instructions was, that I should instantly run and take his corrections to the office of the present Journal. I did so. They most likely will not appear in print, for I noticed a message being brought round from Beaufort Printing House while I was a throwing this concluding statement on paper, that the ole resources of that establishment was unable to make out what they meant. Upon which a certain gentleman in company, as I will not more particularly name—but of whom it will be sufficient to remark, standing on the broad basis of a wave-girt isle, that whether we regard him in the light of—* laughed, and put the corrections in the fire.

* The remainder of this complimentary sentence editorially struck out.

† The remainder of this complimentary parenthesis editorially struck out.

* The remainder of this complimentary parenthesis editorially struck out.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FREDERICKSBURG.

WE illustrate this memorable event, which took place on Thursday, December 11, on pages 817 and 820. The following extracts from the correspondence of the *Herald* and *Times* will serve to explain our pictures. The *Herald* writer, on 11th, says:

THE BOMBARDMENT.

Last evening, at sundown, the movement commenced. Batteries hastened to the front, wagon trains were removed from the vicinity of the anticipated battle, the ponderous pontoons joined the current hurrying riverward, and night closed down upon us bright and beautiful, with our pulses throbbing quick with eager expectations. Artillery never seemed to rumble so noisily before, and the sharp cluck of the iron axles echoed far and near, as if in league with the enemy. Down by the river every thing was as quiet as peace. Our pickets, composed of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania regiment, sat listlessly about their fires, watching the rebel sentries and crunching hard tack. The river swept smoothly by, placid as the sky above, and just over there, so close one almost wished to tell them of their error, stood the rebel sentries, while a soothing movement of rushing waters in the rapids up stream swelled softly down the valley. From the thresholds of the city the sharp yelp of curs rang now and then discordantly upon the ear; but with the batteries in position the cause of their outcry would be removed, and silence again settle down upon the town, broken only by the tones of the town-clock telling the midnight hours. And so the time slipped along. The moon climbed higher up, and the falling dew whitened into frost upon our pouches, while the horses, restless in the chill night air, moved to and fro uneasily in their harness.

At two o'clock our pickets were withdrawn, and at three the pontoon train drove down to the water. Lumber was noiselessly piled upon the ground, and the huge boats slid from off their trucks. Then we hear a splashing in the river—a dark pathway lengthens out upon the silver surface, shadows flit here and there along its track, the lusty blows of hammers re-echo from side to side. And yet no sound comes from the enemy. "Have they evacuated the place?" "Are we not to fight here after all?" is asked. Suddenly, Crack! crack! crack! from a hundred muskets tells us the ball is opened. A cry of pain comes up the bank from the gallant engineers, mules dash off, with pontoons thundering after, across the plot; the musketry grows louder and the whiz of bullets more frequent; frightened teamsters fly, panic-stricken, and the artillery horses plunge at the caissons. Suddenly, boom! goes a gun—another and another, until thirty pieces are pouring shot and shell upon the devoted city. Graham, who did so gloriously at Antietam; Kirby, with Ricketts's old Bull Run battery; Miller, Durell, Tyler, Smith, Hazard, Kinsey, and Dickson, all join in the uproar, and musketry is lost to the ear in the mighty roar that re-echoes again and again from hill to hill. Gradually the fire slackens, and the engineers again attempt the completion of the bridge, but in vain; and after a third trial they fall back, bearing in their arms their wounded, dead, and dying.

It was designed to lay down two bridges at once, one at the lower and the other at the upper end of the city. The enemy, posted in the houses and cellars, upon the bank of the river, were safe from our infantry, and maintained a continuous fire. Our infantry returned the fire spiritedly, but finding it impossible to drive the rebels from their cover, finally withdrew, leaving the disposition of the enemy to our artillery.

By this time it was sunrise. The engineers (Fiftieth New York) and the Fifty-seventh and Sixty-sixth New York regiments had suffered heavily, and the wounded

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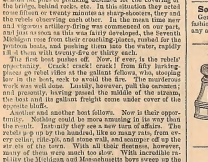
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